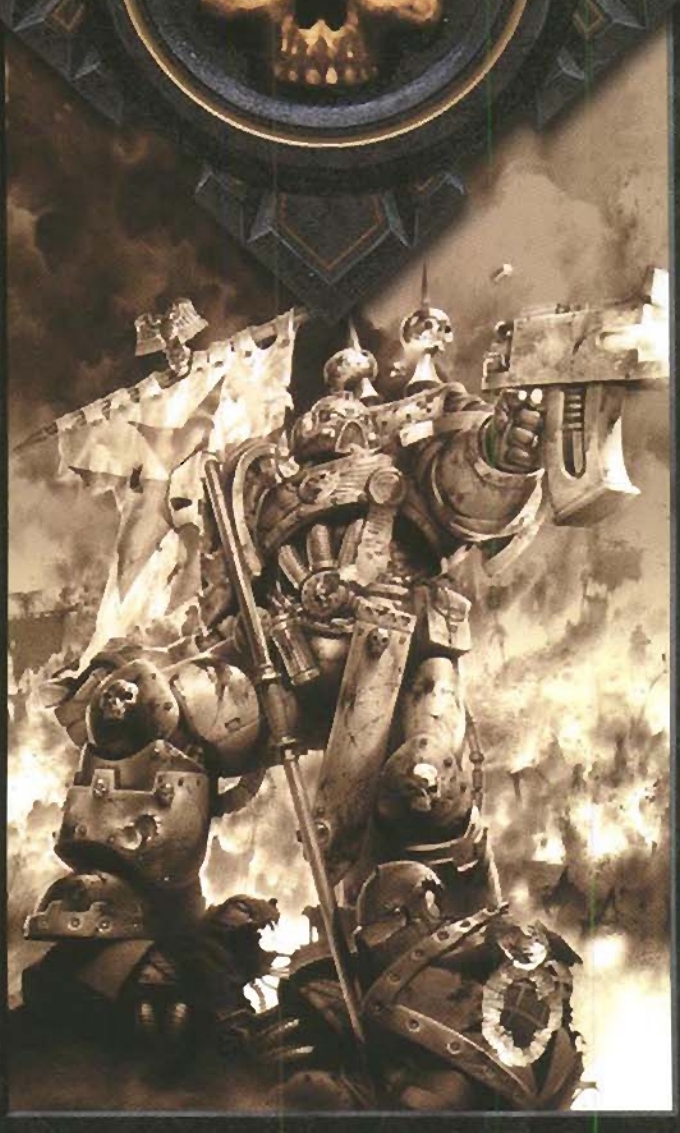
Index Astartes



A holy tome focusing on the Imperium's finest warriors, the Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes

WARHAMMER 40,000

GAMES WORKSHOP



Matt Hutson's assaulting Iron Warriors break through the Imperial Guard defence.



The Dark Angels begin their strike on the Eldar.

FOREWORD

by Andy Chambers, Warhammer 40,000 Overfiend



Greetings brethren and welcome to the first book of the Index Astartes! This book is part of a series dedicated to the Space Marines of the 41st Millennium, elite genetically enhanced super-warriors created to free humanity at the dawn of the Great Crusade. Once thought of as loyal to the point of incorruptibility, the very forces that freed Mankind went on to plunge the newborn Imperium into the terrifying civil war of the Horus Heresy. The legions of Space Marines who followed Warmaster Horus into the worship of the dark gods of Chaos and turned against their brother-marines are also detailed here. Their fall into damnation remains a fearful demonstration of the seductive perils of Chaos and the need for vigilance amongst those still loyal to the Immortal Emperor who created them.

Space Marines – and their corrupted counterparts, the Chaos Space Marines – have been one of the most powerful and popular images within the Warhammer 40,000 game universe since its earliest days. So much so that big guys with big guns in loads of armour is such a sci-fi favourite that it's possible to find Space Marine analogues in games, books and films everywhere. As well as strong imagery, it is the depth of history, the ancient traditions and the rivalries of the different Space Marine Chapters which has made them unique, and that's what we've gathered here for your entertainment and edification.

Index Astartes began as a series of articles in White Dwarf magazine all about Space Marines in general and focussing on their origins, history, organisation and weaponry in particular. This laudable idea has rapidly grown into a monster, especially since we began the First Founding project to detail the 'primogenitor' Space Marine legions and their nigh-mythical Primarchs. This has been... entertaining as it has meant pulling together dozens of fragmentary references from GW publications over the last two decades and in some cases summarising entire books of background material into woefully few pages.

But with the First Founding legions, including most of the best known and (in)famous legions it has been tremendously rewarding. This great task would have been impossible without the dedicated players who have supplied a great deal of the material in this book. Their hard work in trawling through ancient tomes for the slightest mention of a forgotten battle or fallen hero has made the whole thing akin to archaeology, which is only appropriate for Space Marine Chapters with histories stretching across ten thousand years of galactic strife.

Although the Index Astartes books are primarily intended as sources of background and inspiration for Space Marine collectors, we have also introduced rules and army list variants for the Chapters portrayed. These are official supplements to the Warhammer 40,000 game, typically balanced by giving Chapter specific capabilities and unique unit types in exchange for restrictions on their organisation in accordance with their particular predilictions.

If you are interested in collecting Space Marines, it is well worth mentioning that Games Workshop's Mail Order service and our online webstore are great sources for checking out the truly staggering range of Space Marine miniatures. All the different models made for Space Marines over the years totals up to a range so vast it is impossible to show it all in a retail store. Also, our dedicated staff are nearly all Space Marine fanatics too, and they'll be happy to help with any enquiry, no matter how obscure.

If you would like information on where your nearest store is or details on Mail Order and the Games Workshop web store, check out your latest issue of White Dwarf.



Index Astartes



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Index Astartes

RITES OF INITIATION

The creation of a Space Marine

by Rick Priestley and Gav Thorpe

With a soft hum, the doors opened and a burly figure stepped through, swathed in a red cloak. As the elevator doors hissed shut behind him, Inquisitor Thraxx gazed around the chamber.

"Apothecary Malus?" Thraxx asked the room in general and one of the assembled Space Marines stepped forward, his power armour replaced by a long white robe.

"I am he," the Apothecary replied in a deep voice, bowing his head slightly to look at the Inquisitor.

"I have come to Varsavia to further investigate the purity of the Silver Skulls' gene-seed, following a study of the reports by your Lord of the Household."

"Of course, Inquisitor," Malus replied smoothly. "I shall show you our Apothecarion. We have nothing to hide."

The Origin of the Legions Astartes

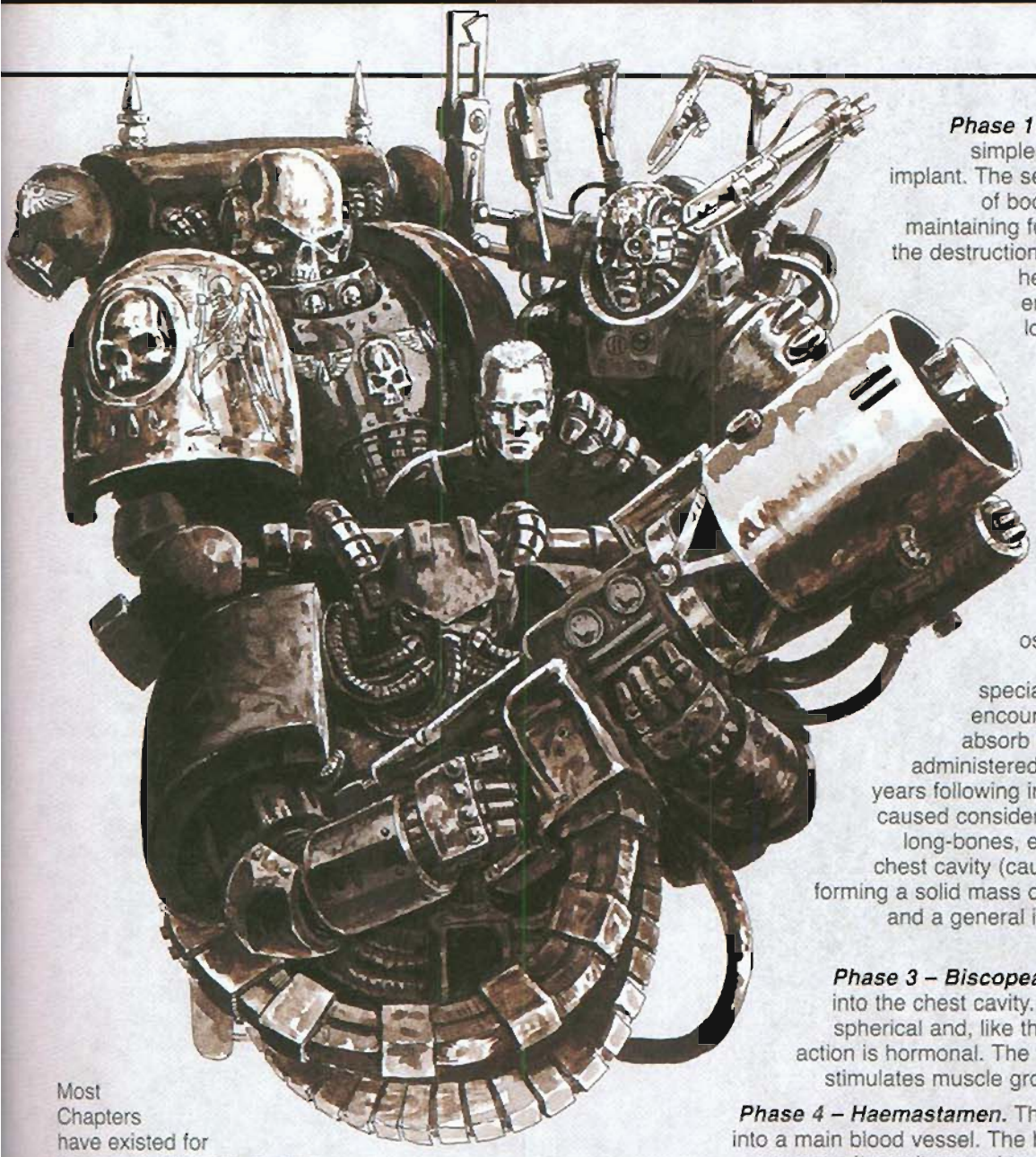
The Legions Astartes (Space Marines) were instrumental in the early wars that put the Imperium on the galactic map. At the end of the Age of Strife, Earth was a single sovereign planet which had only recently become free of volatile warp-storms. With the sudden dispersal of these storms, it became possible once again for spacecraft to travel to and from Earth. Earth's forces carved out an empire that stretched almost half way across the galaxy within two hundred years. This was the Great Crusade.

Research and development leading to the creation of the Space Marines was undertaken in the 30th Millennium immediately prior to the beginning of the Great Crusade. This work was conducted in laboratories built deep inside Earth. The objective of the program was to create a caste of warrior elites, characterised by super human strength and unflinching loyalty. The first of these warriors were used by the Emperor to reconquer Earth and subjugate the various barbarian tribes and rival factions that contested for control of the planet. Later, the Emperor created twenty beings known as the Primarchs. Quite what the Emperor intended for the Primarchs is not known, but while they were still mere infants they were snatched from Earth by a great Chaos vortex and scattered around the galaxy. The Emperor's geneticists continued their studies and created the first true Space Marines, as other scientists engineered the first suits of powered armour and boltguns.

During the Great Crusade, the Emperor encountered the Primarchs in turn, each having risen to a position of authority within the cultures they had been deposited in, due to their superhuman skills and physiques. It was found that the genetic data of the Primarchs could be used to greatly speed up the development of the organs and genetic material needed to make a Space Marine, and the event known as the First Founding occurred. Twenty Space Marine Legions were formed, each led by one of the Primarchs, and his genetic data was passed on to his warriors. After the Primarch Horus rebelled against the Emperor, the Legions were split into many smaller fighting forces during the period known as the Second Founding. These forces are called Chapters and consist of roughly a thousand battle brothers.

Gene-seed and Zygotes

There are nineteen varieties of gene-seed corresponding to the nineteen different superhuman organs that are surgically implanted into a Space Marine.



Most Chapters have existed for thousands of years. During that time, gene-seed belonging to some Chapters has mutated. This has resulted in changes in the exact nature of the artificially cultured organs. Such changes may sometimes make an implant useless. In other circumstances, changes in an organ might reduce its effectiveness or cause strange new effects. Whatever the result, it will affect the entire Chapter – all Space Marines belonging to a Chapter share implants cultured from the same original gene-seed.

As well as mutant implants, many Chapters have lost one or more types of gene-seed due to accident, genetic failure, or some other cause. Very few Chapters therefore possess all nineteen implants. All possess the carapace implant (phase 19). It is this implant which marks a Space Marine for what he is, irrespective of other implants, training or psycho-surgery.

Implants

The nineteen organs created by the ancient technicians of the Emperor are described below. Each of these organs is extremely complicated and because many of the organs only work properly when another organ is present, the removal or mutation of one organ may affect the exact functioning of the others. For these reasons, implants must be constantly monitored, and many Marines have to undergo corrective surgery or chemotherapy to re-balance their metabolism.

Phase 1 – Secondary Heart. The simplest and most self-sufficient implant. The secondary heart is capable of boosting the blood supply or maintaining full life functions even with the destruction of the recipient's original heart. The Phase 1 implant enables Marines to survive low oxygen concentrations and traumatic injury.

Phase 2 – Ossmodula. This is a tubular shaped organ whose small size belies its complex structure. The ossmodula monitors and secretes hormones affecting epiphiseal fusion and ossification of the skeleton. At the same time, the specially engineered hormones encourage the forming bones to absorb ceramic based chemicals administered in the Marine's diet. Two years following implantation, this will have caused considerable strengthening of the long-bones, extreme ossification of the chest cavity (caused by growth of the ribs forming a solid mass of inter-laced bone plates) and a general increase in the size of the recipient's skeleton.

Phase 3 – Biscopea. This organ is implanted into the chest cavity. It is small, approximately spherical and, like the Ossmodula, its primary action is hormonal. The presence of the biscopea stimulates muscle growth throughout the body.

Phase 4 – Haemastamen. This tiny organ is implanted into a main blood vessel. The haemastamen serves two purposes. It monitors and to some degree controls the Phase 2 and 3 implants. The organ also alters the constituent make-up of the recipient's blood. As a result, Marine blood is considerably more efficient than ordinary human blood, as it has to be when you consider the extra biological hardware a Space Marine carries inside him!

Phase 5 – Larraman's Organ. This is a liver shaped, dark, fleshy organ about the size of a golfball. It is implanted into the chest cavity along with a complicated array of blood vessels. The organ generates and stores special 'Larraman cells'. If the recipient is wounded, these cells are released into the blood stream. They latch onto leucocytes in the blood and are transported to the site of a wound. Once in contact with air, the Larraman cells form a skin substitute of instant scar tissue, staunching the flow of blood and protecting any exposed wound area.

Phase 6 – Catalepsean Node. This brain implant is usually inserted into the back of the skull via a hole drilled into the occipital bone. The pea-sized organ influences the circadian rhythms of sleep and the body's response to sleep deprivation. Normally, a Marine sleeps like any normal man, but if deprived of it, the catalepsean node 'cuts in'. A man implanted with the node is capable of sleeping and remaining awake at the same time by 'switching off' areas of the brain sequentially. This process cannot replace normal sleep entirely, but increases a Marine's survivability by allowing awareness of the environment whilst resting.



Phase 7 – Preomnor. The preomnor is a large implant which fits into the chest cavity. It is a predigestive stomach which allows the Marine to eat a variety of otherwise poisonous or indigestible materials. No actual digestion takes place in the preomnor. Individual sensory tubes assess potential poisons and neutralise them or, where necessary, isolate the preomnor from the rest of the digestive tract.

Phase 8 – Omophagea. This is a complicated implant. It really becomes part of the brain, but is actually situated within the spinal cord between the cervical and thoracic vertebrae. Four nerve sheaths called neuroclea are implanted between the spine and the preomnoral stomach wall. The omophagea is designed to absorb genetic material generated in animal tissue as a function of memory, experience or innate ability. This endows the Marine with an unusual survival trait. He can actually learn by eating. If a Marine eats a part of a creature, he will absorb some of the memories of that creature. This can be very useful in an alien environment. Incidentally, it is the presence of this organ which has created the various flesh eating and blood drinking rituals for which many Chapters are known, as well as giving the names to Chapters such as the Blood Drinkers, Flesh Tearers, etc.

Phase 9 – Multi-lung. This is another large implant. The multi-lung, or 'third' lung, is a tubular grey organ. Blood is pumped through the organ via connecting vessels grafted onto the recipient's pulmonary system. Atmosphere is taken in by means of a sphincter located in the trachea. In toxic atmospheres, an associated sphincter muscle closes the trachea and restricts normal breathing, thus protecting the lungs. The multi-lung is able to absorb oxygen from poorly oxygenated or poisonous air. Most importantly, it is able to do this without suffering damage thanks to its own efficient toxin dispersal, neutralisation and regeneration systems.

Phase 10 – Occulobe. This small slug-like organ sits at the base of the brain. It provides the hormonal and genetic stimuli which enable a Marine's eyes to respond to optic-therapy. The occulobe does not itself improve a Marine's eyesight, but it allows technicians to make adjustments to the growth patterns of the eye and the light-receptive retinal cells. An adult Marine has far better eyesight than a normal human, and can see in low light conditions almost as well as in daylight.

Phase 11 – Lyman's Ear. This organ enables a Marine to consciously enhance and even filter certain types of background noise. Not only is hearing improved, but a Marine cannot become dizzy or nauseous as a result of extreme disorientation. Lyman's ear is externally indistinguishable from a normal human ear.

Phase 12 – Sus-an Membrane. This flat, circular organ is implanted over the top of the exposed brain. It then grows into the brain tissue until completely merged. The organ is ineffective without subsequent chemical therapy and training. However, a properly tutored Marine may then enter into a state of suspended animation. This may be a conscious action, or may happen automatically in the event of extreme physical trauma. In this condition, a Marine may survive for many years, even if bearing otherwise fatal injuries. Only appropriate chemical therapy and auto-suggestion can revive a Marine from this state – a Marine cannot revive himself. The longest known period of deanimation followed by successful reanimation is 567 years in the case of brother Silas Err of the Dark Angels (d.321 M.37).

Phase 13 – Melanochrome, or Melanochromic Organ. This organ is hemispherical and black. It functions in an indirect and extremely complicated manner. It monitors radiation levels and types bombarding the skin, and if necessary, sets off chemical reactions to darken the skin to protect it from ultraviolet exposure. It also provides limited protection from other forms of radiation. Differing melanochrome organ gene-seed from Chapter to Chapter leads to variations in skin and hair colour, and in some Chapters all of the Marines may have identical coloration, such as is found in the albino warriors of the Death Spectres Chapter.

Phase 14 – Oolitic Kidney. This red-brown and heart shaped organ improves and modifies the Marine's circulatory system enabling other implants to function effectively. The oolitic kidney also filters blood extremely efficiently and quickly. The secondary heart and oolitic kidney are able to act together, performing an emergency detoxification program in which the Marine is rendered unconscious as his blood is circulated at high speed. This enables a Marine to survive poisons and gases which are otherwise too much for even the multi-lung to cope with.

Phase 15 – Neuroglottis. Although the preomnor protects a Marine from digesting anything too deadly, the neuroglottis enables him to assess a potential food by taste. The organ is implanted into the back of the mouth. By chewing, or simply by tasting, a Marine can detect a wide variety of natural poisons, some chemicals and even the distinctive odours of some creatures. To some degree, a Marine is also able to track a target by taste alone.

Phase 16 – Mucranoid. This small organ is implanted in the lower intestine where its hormonal secretions are absorbed by the colon. These secretions initiate a modification of the sweat glands. This modification normally makes no difference to the Marine until activated by appropriate chemotherapy. As a result of this treatment, the Marine sweats an oily, naturally cleansing substance which coats the skin. This protects the Marine against extremes of temperature and even offers a slight degree of protection in a vacuum. Mucranoid chemotherapy is standard procedure on long space voyages and when fighting in vacuum or near-vacuum.



Phase 17 – Betcher's Gland. Two of these identical glands are implanted, either into the lower lip, alongside the salivary glands or into the hard palette. Betcher's gland works in a similar way to the poison gland of venomous reptiles by synthesising and storing deadly poison. Marines are rendered immune to this poison by virtue of the gland's presence. The gland allows the Marine to spit a blinding contact poison. The poison is also corrosive. A Marine imprisoned behind iron bars could easily chew his way out given a few hours.

Phase 18 – Progenoids. There are two of these glands, one situated in the neck, the other deep within the chest cavity. These glands are important to the survival of the Marine's Chapter. Each organ grows within the Marine, absorbing hormonal stimuli and genetic material from the other implants. After five years, the neck gland is mature and ready for removal. After ten years, the chest gland becomes mature and is also ready for removal. A gland may be removed any time after it has matured. These glands represent a Chapter's only source of gene-seed. When mature, each gland contains a single gene-seed corresponding to each zygote implanted into the recipient Marine. Once removed by surgery, the progenoid must be carefully prepared, its individual gene-seeds checked for mutation, and sound gene-seeds stored. Gene-seeds can be stored indefinitely under suitable conditions.



Phase 19 – Black Carapace. This is the last and the most distinctive implant. It looks like a film of black plastic when it's growing in the tanks. This is removed from its culture-solution and cut into sheets which are implanted directly beneath the skin of the Marine's torso. Within a few hours the tissue expands, hardens on the outside, and sends invasive neural bundles deep inside the Marine. After several months the carapace will have fully matured and the recipient is then fitted with neural sensors and transfusion points cut into the hardened carapace. These artificial 'plug-in' points mesh with features integral to the powered armour, such as the monitoring, medicinal and maintenance units. Without the benefit of a black carapace, a Space Marine's armour is relatively useless.

Variations between Chapters

Each organ serves a specific function as outlined above. Although a Chapter's Apothecaries and surgeons are able to perform the necessary implant operations, they do not necessarily understand the exact functioning of each organ.

The processes involved are incredibly ancient. Procedures are handed down from generation to generation, becoming increasingly ritualised and misinterpreted. For these reasons, the efficiency of each organ differs from Chapter to Chapter, depending on the condition of that Chapter's gene-seeds and the degree of debasement of its surgical procedures. In some Chapters, mutation of gene-seed, poor surgical procedure, or inadequate post-operative conditioning, has twisted the functioning of implants. For example, the omophagea gene-seed of the Blood Drinkers has mutated so that all Blood Drinkers have an unnatural craving for blood. In other Chapters individual organs are either useless or absent altogether.

Reproducing Zygotes

Gene-seed can only be obtained by removing one or both progenoid organs from a living (or very recently deceased) Marine. For this purpose, Space Marine Apothecaries carry a special device known as a reductor, which they can use in battlefield conditions to remove the progenoid glands of a fallen Marine. The whole purpose of the progenoid organ is to provide gene-seed to enable the Chapter to continue. It is not possible to create a zygote in any other way. Each Chapter's stock of gene-seed is therefore unique to itself. Gene-seed has a great deal of religious significance to a Chapter, representing its identity and future. Without gene-seed, a Chapter has no future. The extinction of a type of gene-seed means that a zygote has been lost forever. The extinction of a Phase 18 or 19 gene-seed would effectively mean an end to a Chapter.



As each Marine has only two progenoid glands, the rate at which a Chapter can create new Marines is restricted. It may take many years for a Chapter to rebuild itself after heavy losses. Gene-seed is often rendered useless if a Marine is exposed to high radiation levels or other forms of genetic disturbance. The efficiency of different Chapters' progenoid gene-seed also varies, so some Chapters are able to make up their numbers faster than others.

Founding new Chapters

According to their charter, each Chapter is obliged to send 5% of its genetic material to the Adeptus Mechanicus on Mars. This 'tithe' has two purposes. Firstly, it enables the Adeptus Mechanicus to monitor the health of each Marine Chapter. Secondly, it enables the Adeptus Mechanicus to store gene-seed with a view to founding new Chapters.

A new Chapter cannot be founded overnight. A single suitable gene-seed must be selected for each zygote. Zygotes are then grown in culture and implanted into human test-slaves. These test-slaves must be biologically compatible and free from mutation. Test-slaves spend their entire lives bound in static experimental capsules. Although conscious, they are completely immobile, serving as little more than mediums within which the various zygotes can develop. From the original slave come two progenoids, which are implanted within two more slaves, from which come four progenoids and so on. It takes about 55 years of constant reproduction to produce 1,000 healthy sets of organs. These must be officially sanctioned by the Master of Adeptus Mechanicus and then by the High Lords of Terra speaking for the Emperor. Only the Emperor can give permission for the creation of a new Chapter.

Recruitment and initiation

The various implants cause vital changes in a Marine's physique and mental state. Many of these changes are controlled by natural hormonal secretions and growth patterns. Implants may not prove effective, or may not become fully functional, if they are carried out once the recipient has reached certain stages of natural development. It is therefore inevitable that recruits must be reasonably young. Tissue compatibility is also essential, otherwise organs may fail to develop properly.

The third consideration is mental suitability. The catalepsean node, occulobe, and susan membrane will only develop to a useable condition under the stimulus of hypnotic-suggestion. A recruit must therefore be susceptible to this particular treatment.



These considerations mean that only a small proportion of people can become Space Marines. They must be male because zygotes are keyed to male hormones and tissue types, hence the need for tissue compatibility tests and psychological screening. If these tests prove successful, a candidate becomes a neophyte. With the completion of organ implantation and attendant chemical and hypnotic training, the subject becomes an initiate. An initiate receives training before joining the ranks as a full brother. A Marine usually joins the ranks between the ages of 16-18, but such are the hormonal changes induced by the process of creating a Space Marine that recruits are physically fully grown before then. Pressures during wartime may accelerate the process.

The Risks

Although the Chapters are careful to select only the most suitable candidates, not all neophytes survive to become initiates. This is due in part to the degeneration of knowledge amongst the individual Chapters that makes screening procedures less effective than they once were. Nor are operational methods entirely satisfactory in some cases. In many Chapters implant surgery is heavily ritualised, and is often accompanied by scarring, incantation, periods of prayer, fasting and all sorts of mystical practices which compromise medical efficiency. For example, the Space Wolves' Phase 17 implant has slightly mutated so that Space Wolves' canine teeth continue to grow throughout their lives, turning them into vicious fangs over several centuries. The length of fangs is a source of Chapter tradition, and is even part of their organisation, hence the veterans of their heavy weapons squads being known as Long Fangs.

Another Chapter about whom there is widespread rumour regarding their gene-seed are the Blood Angels. They often lapse into a battle-induced frenzy, known as the Black Rage, and can become berserk warriors who thirst for blood and raw flesh. The Blood Angels search eternally for a cure to the Curse of Sanguinius, but at the same time the Death Companies made up of such Marines are highly valuable shock troops, who are almost impervious to pain and rend apart their foes with their bare hands.

Another extreme example of gene-seed deterioration can be found in the Black Dragons Chapter, whose ossmodula

The Marines tensed as they heard the faint but unmistakable sound of an approaching mole mortar shell. Battle-brother Draeg was already moving before the earth began to bulge upwards – hurling himself flat onto the rising shell before his brothers even saw it. He was only fully aware of his action when his world exploded in white flame that hurled him into darkness.

It was the feel of cold air on his face and the acrid smell of burnt flesh that revived him to a dim awareness. He struggled to ignore the pain of his shattered body and made his remaining eye focus on the figure that knelt beside him.

"Your wounds are too grave, brother," he heard the Apothecary speak, as though from a great distance. "Do you desire the Emperor's Peace?" The Apothecary raised the Reductor, and Draeg was dimly aware of the click as the bolt was drawn back into the firing position. With what remained of his life, Draeg tried to speak. The Apothecary seemed to understand.

"The others? They are whole, brother. You saved them. Your name is entered in the Book of Honour."

Draeg nodded weakly and closed his eye. His gene-seed would return to the Chapter.





STAGES IN SPACE MARINE INITIATION

Phase	Implant	Age range for implantation	Notes
Phase 1	Secondary heart	10–14 years	Phases 1–3 can be introduced at the same time.
Phase 2	Ossmodula	10–12 years	
Phase 3	Biscopea	10–12 years	
Phase 4	Haemastamen	12–14 years	Phases 4–5 can be introduced at the same time.
Phase 5	Larraman's organ	12–13 years	
Phase 6	Catalepsean node	14–17 years	Hypnotherapy begins.
Phase 7	Preomnor	14–16 years	Phases 7–9 are usually introduced simultaneously.
Phase 8	Omophagea	14–16 years	
Phase 9	Multi-lung	14–16 years	
Phase 10	Occulobe	14–16 years	
Phase 11	Lyman's ear	14–16 years	
Phase 12	Sus-an membrane	15–16 years	
Phase 13	Melanochrome	15–16 years	
Phase 14	Oolitic kidney	15–16 years	Phases 14–15 may be introduced at the same time.
Phase 15	Neuroglottis	15–16 years	
Phase 16	Mucranoid	16 years	
Phase 17	Betcher's gland	16–17 years	
Phase 18	Progenoids	16–18 years	
Phase 19	Carapace	16–18 years	Final implant.

implant functions in an abnormal way. This leads to the growth of bony crests on the head, and blade-like protuberances from the forearm and elbow. Like the Death Company of the Blood Angels, warriors inflicted with such abnormal developments are formed into a separate fighting unit. Known as the Dragon Claws, they sharpen their additional protrusions and sheath them in adamantium to turn them into vicious close combat weapons.

If an implant fails to develop properly, it is likely that a Marine's metabolism will become badly out of synchronisation. He may fall into a catatonic state or suffer bouts of hyperactivity. In either event, he will probably die.

Those unfortunates that do not die almost invariably suffer mental damage, degenerating into homicidal maniacs or gibbering idiots. When a Chapter is at full strength these misfits may be put out of their misery. However, if the Chapter is short of Marines they are often allowed to live, and may be placed within their own special units. Those who display uncontrollably psychotic tendencies can be recruited into suicide assault squads.

Some Chapters deliberately foster such creatures, even going so far as to implant deformed zygotes into some initiates. This is very dangerous, and the practice is discouraged by Imperial edict. But old traditions die hard.

"This is where the main implantation takes place," announced Malus, gesturing to a wide steel table that looked more like a torture device than surgical apparatus. Various bindings of differing sizes were chained to its surface, along with a complex mechanism of blades, saws and drills which hung on a hydraulic arm over the operating table. The floor around its feet, which the Inquisitor noted were bolted into the flagstones, was stained dark red from centuries of spilt blood.

"Rest assured, we are most vigilant in our ablutions and the maintenance of cleanliness," Malus told the Inquisitor, noticing his gaze on the discoloured flags. "Many of the organs must be implanted whilst the subject is in a fully coherent status, and there can be much pain, more than we can compensate for with pharmaceuticals."

"I see," the Inquisitor replied after a moment's thought, his hand resting on a great iron ring protruding from the bench, positioned to grip the occupant's chest.

"And where do you keep the gene-seed before it is implanted?" he asked, turning to face Malus.

The Apothecary gestured to a massive reinforced door behind the Inquisitor. Coils of pipes ran through the walls, and large runes of Varsavian script were painted in red across the door lintel.

"Afraid it will get stolen?" the Inquisitor commented sarcastically, pointing towards the heavy barring on the portal.

"No, Inquisitor," Malus replied heavily. "The gene-seed storage facility is the most heavily armoured location in the fortress-monastery, even including the arsenal. If the monastery is destroyed, it will survive and the Silver Skulls can be reborn in the future. We do not take any risks with that."

Psycho-chemical and other conditioning

Implantation goes hand-in-hand with chemical treatment, psychological conditioning and subconscious hypnotherapy. All of these are essential if the Marine is to develop properly.

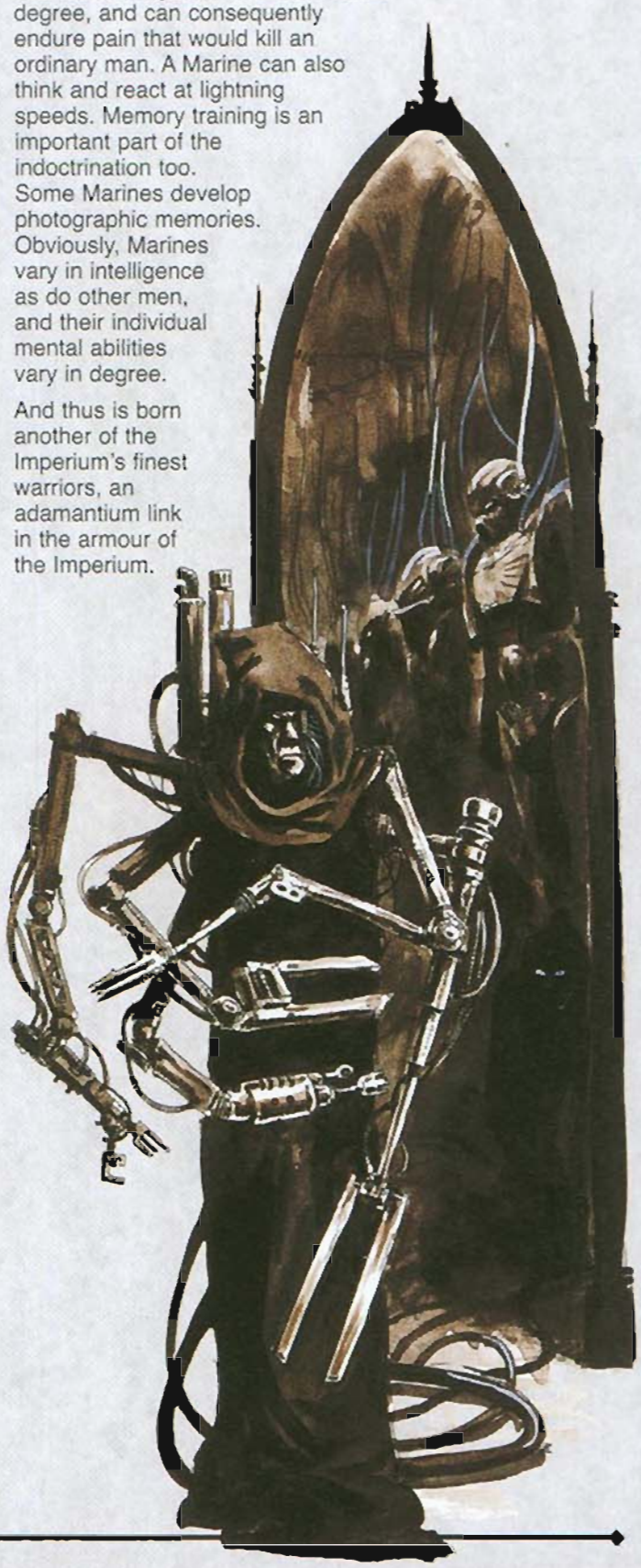
Chemical treatment – Until his initiation, a Marine must submit to constant tests and examinations. The newly implanted organs must be monitored very carefully, imbalances corrected, and any sign of corrupt development treated. This chemical treatment is reduced after completion of the initiation process, but it never ends. Marines undergo periodic treatment for the rest of their lives in order to maintain a stable metabolism. This is why their power armour suits contain monitoring equipment and drug dispensers.

Hypnotherapy – As the super-enhanced body grows, the recipient must learn how to use his new skills. Some of the implants, specifically the Phase 6 and 10 implants, can only function once correct hypnotherapy has been administered. Hypnotherapy is not always as effective as chemical treatment, but it can have substantial results. If a Marine can be taught how to control his own metabolism, his dependence on drugs is lessened. The process is undertaken in a machine called a hypnomat. Marines are placed in a state of hypnosis and subjected to visual and aural images in order to awaken their minds to their unconscious metabolic processes.

Training – Physical training stimulates the implants and allows them to be tested for effectiveness.

Indoctrination – A Marine is more than a human with extraordinary powers. Marines have extraordinary minds as well! Just as their bodies receive 19 separate implants, so their minds are altered to release the latent powers within. These mental powers are, if anything, more extraordinary than even the physical powers described previously. For example, a Marine can control his senses and nervous system to a remarkable degree, and can consequently endure pain that would kill an ordinary man. A Marine can also think and react at lightning speeds. Memory training is an important part of the indoctrination too. Some Marines develop photographic memories. Obviously, Marines vary in intelligence as do other men, and their individual mental abilities vary in degree.

And thus is born another of the Imperium's finest warriors, an adamantium link in the armour of the Imperium.



SPACE MARINES



CODEX SPACE MARINES

Space Marines are Humanity's finest warriors, bred for war in a universe where Mankind stands upon the brink of destruction.

This 48 page codex contains all the information that you will need to field a Space Marine army.


Space Marine Command Squad


Space Marine Tactical Squad


Space Marine Devastator Squad


Space Marine Terminators


Space Marine Assault Squad

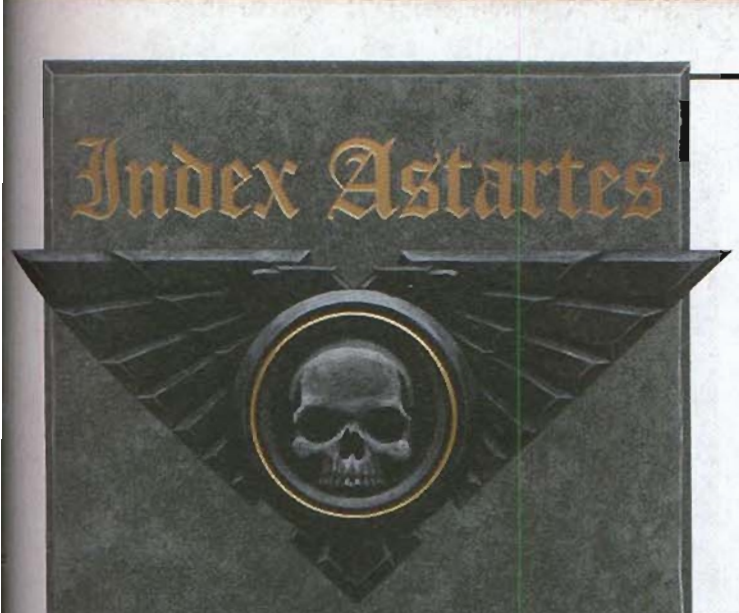

Space Marine Scouts


Space Marine Land Raider


Space Marine Battle Force

Available from Games Workshop stores, our online webstore, Mail Order and independent stockists.

Index Astartes



CODEX ASTARTES

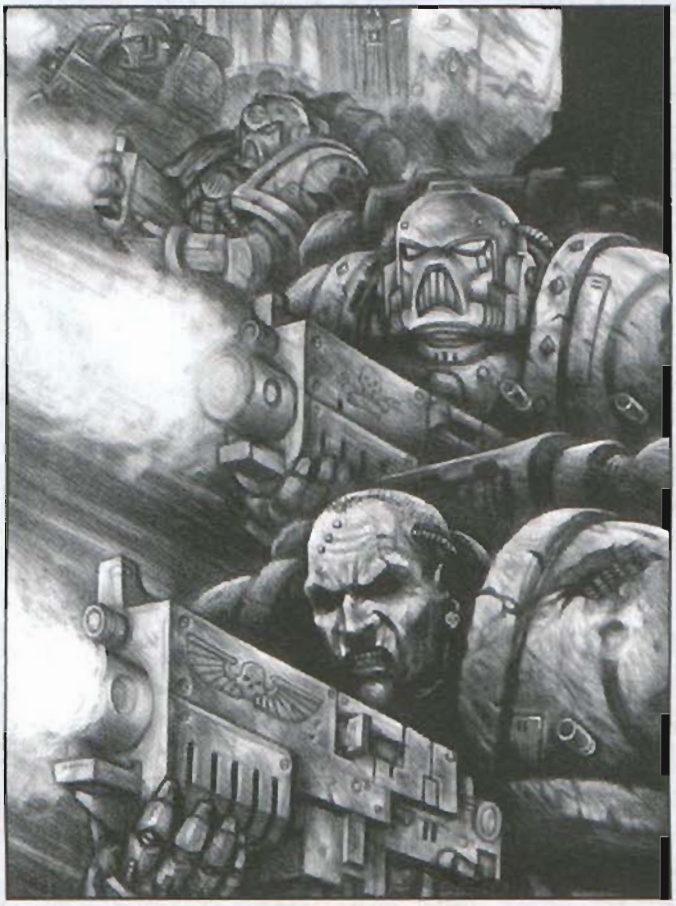
The holy tome of the Space Marines

by Rick Priestley and Andy Chambers

The Codex Astartes describes the organisation, tactical operation and countless other aspects of Space Marine doctrine. Subjects as diverse as religious instruction and strategic supply are all covered in great detail within its thousands of holo-pages. Over the following pages we will look at the origins of this ancient tome and also how it states a Space Marine Chapter should be organised.

The Horus Heresy

Of the original twenty Primarchs, Horus was the greatest and most beloved of the Emperor and so was appointed his Warmaster. He was placed in charge of the entire north-eastern battlefront of the Great Crusade and only Lion El' Jonson and Leman Russ approached his tally of victories. Little did the Emperor know that Horus really served a darker master. The gods of Chaos, malevolent beings from the warp, had corrupted Horus and his armies, turning them from the Emperor's light. Their plan was a foul and devious one. They would allow the Emperor to possess the galaxy for a fleeting moment only. He would be encouraged to stretch his empire further and further from Terra, until his forces were scattered thinly along the galactic fringe. Then the dark gods would strike and crush the Emperor with one swift blow. When rebellion erupted, Horus led more than half of the Space Marine Legions into the bloodiest civil war ever to engulf the galaxy and laid siege to the Emperor's Palace. It would take many pages to describe the battle for Earth, suffice to say the war ended when the Emperor teleported onto Horus's battle barge and slew the Warmaster in single combat. The titanic struggle saw the Emperor mortally wounded and from that moment on he ceased to live in the conventional sense. Rogal Dorn, Primarch of the Imperial

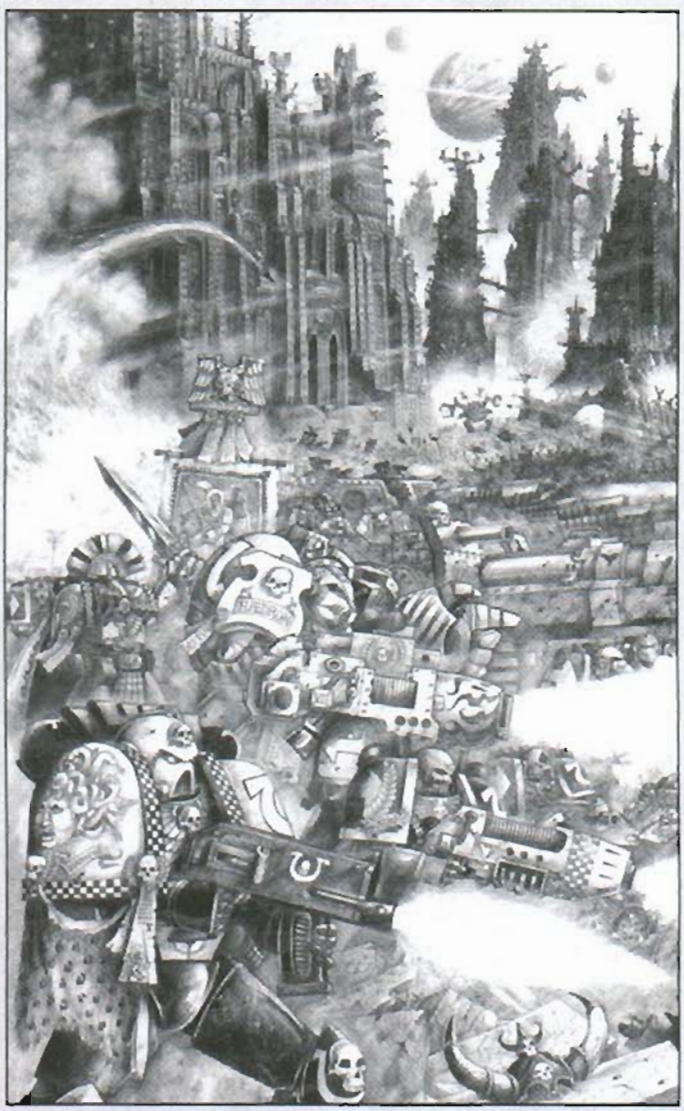


Fists discovered the Emperor's dying body and carried it back to Earth where he was interred in the life preserving mechanism of the Golden Throne. And for ten thousand years since that day, the Emperor has ruled immobile and immortal from the throne of Earth.

Though the Horus Heresy was at an end, the galaxy was in turmoil once more. The armies of the Imperium were destroyed or scattered and worst of all, the Emperor could no longer walk amongst his warriors. The leadership and guidance he had given humanity for thousands of years was suddenly absent. To lead Mankind, a council was formed of the twelve most powerful individuals in the Imperium. They became known as the High Lords of Terra, and their role was to rule the Imperium on behalf of the Divine Emperor.

The Codex Astartes

The newly created High Lords established the organisation of the Imperium that remains familiar to this day. The first High Lords laid down the structure by which the Adeptus Terra operates, and described the feudal responsibilities and duties of planetary lords. One of their most important accomplishments was the reorganisation of the Imperium's armed forces. This task was undertaken almost single-handedly by the Primarch of the Ultramarine Legion of Space Marines, Roboute Guilliman, who quickly and efficiently codified the structure of the Imperial Guard, the Fleet and the Space Marines. Of all his works the most influential is the Codex Astartes, the great prescriptive tome that lays down the basic organisational and tactical rules for Space Marines.



THE DARK FOUNDING

Not all the foundings of Space Marine Chapters are recorded in exact detail. However, the Adeptus Terra maintains a single bank of original gene-seed from every single Chapter ever created since the Horus Heresy. There is one notable exception: the Thirteenth Founding, also known as the Dark Founding. No-one knows how many Chapters were created by the Dark Founding or what became of them. Perhaps the secret lies in some deep vault in the record office of the Adeptus Terra. Maybe the Space Marines of the Dark Founding are still out there somewhere, waiting to return to the world that created them.

The Horus Heresy had revealed weaknesses in the gene-seed of several Space Marine Legions which had been exaggerated by the accelerated zygote harvesting techniques needed to keep the huge Space Marine Legions up to strength. The powers of Chaos exploited this growing physical and mental corruption to turn Horus's troops against the Emperor. The prime objective of the new Codex Astartes was to recognise and expunge these weaknesses.

The Codex decreed that Space Marines would be created and trained over a controlled period of time. The genetic banks used to cultivate implants would be carefully monitored and cultivated organs would be subject to the most stringent tests of purity. Young initiates would undergo rigorous trials of physical and psychological suitability before they were accepted, and only those of the highest calibre would be chosen.

On Earth the Adeptus Terra created genetic repositories to produce and store Space Marine gene-seed. These banks were used to provide all new gene-seed for Space Marines, and, to prevent cross-contamination, the genetic material of each of the old Legions was isolated. Henceforth the new Space Marine Chapters would receive gene-seed only from their own genetic stock.

The gene-seed of the Traitor Legions was placed under a time-locked stasis seal, although at the time many believed these dangerous gene stocks should be destroyed. By taking direct control of the genetic stocks, the Adepts on Earth could ultimately control the Space Marines. Now they alone had the power to destroy or create Space Marine armies at will.

The Second Founding of the Space Marines was decreed seven years after the death of Horus. The existing Space Marine Legions were broken up and refounded as smaller, more flexible formations. Where the old Legions were unlimited in size, the new formations were fixed at approximately one thousand fighting warriors. This corresponded to the existing unit called the Chapter, and in future the Chapter was recognised as the standard autonomous Space Marine formation. No longer would one man have power over a force as powerful as a Space Marine Legion.

The existing Space Marine Legions were divided into new Chapters, one Chapter keeping the name and colours of the original Legion, while the remaining Chapters would take new titles and colours. Most of the old Legions divided into fewer than five Chapters, (the Space Wolves divided into only two) but the Ultramarines were divided many times. The exact number of new Chapters created from the Ultramarines is uncertain: the number listed by the oldest known copy of the Codex Astartes (the so-called Apocrypha of Skaros) gives the total as twenty three, but does not name them.

As a result of the Second Founding the Ultramarines' gene-seed became the favoured gene-seed of most subsequent foundings. The new Chapters created from the Ultramarines are often referred to as the Primogenitors, or 'first born'. All the Primogenitor Chapters venerate Roboute Guilliman as their founding father and patron.

The Codex Astartes further defines the tactical roles, equipment specifications and uniform identification markings of the Space Marines. These guidelines have evolved over the centuries, and the Codex Astartes of the 41st Millennium is a highly developed treatise combining the wisdom of hundreds of military thinkers throughout history. Some of its contents seem petty and restrictive, hardly worthy of the great mind of the Primarch. Others describe actual battles together with comments on the tactics employed and the decisions of the commanders of the day. As such the Codex Astartes is revered as a holy text, and many Chapters regard its recommendations as sanctified by the Emperor himself.

The Codex Chapters

The Chapters that rigidly follow the recommendations of the Codex Astartes are sometimes referred to as Codex Chapters. These Space Marines adhere to the Codex as the model for their organisation, identification markings and tactical doctrine. Of all the Codex Chapters the most famous is the Ultramarines, the Chapter of Roboute Guilliman himself, and many of the other Codex Chapters are descended from their genetic line.

Most Chapters, however, do not stick so rigidly to the Codex patterns laid down either for organisation, tactical roles or other processes. Many Chapters are largely organised according to the Codex but are further shaped by their home world and the personality of their Primarch. The Blood Angels and Dark Angels are prime examples of this. A small number of Chapters are vastly different from the Codex, and owe nothing at all to it. The most famous of these 'wild' Chapters are the Space Wolves, whose strong-willed Primarch, Leman Russ, moulded his Chapter very much in his own image irrespective of other influences.

The Adeptus Terra has never felt it necessary to enforce the Codex absolutely. Indeed it is doubtful whether it could. However, with subsequent foundings they have always favoured the Ultramarines' gene-seed and created new Codex Chapters from their line. With the passage of time, some of these Chapters have subsequently strayed from the strict letter of the Codex, introducing new variations but remaining broadly faithful to the principles laid down by Roboute Guilliman many thousands of years before.

"To die without purpose is not a service to the Emperor. It is a heresy to waste lives entrusted to you as an Imperial officer. There is nothing shameful or disloyal in righteous retreat. But in withdrawing from the enemy's presence, allow him no succour. That which cannot be saved must be destroyed. Leave no weapons, armour, transport, food or water in your passing. Scorch the earth at his feet, and leave him desert and desolation as his victory gifts."

Codex Astartes

Subsequent Foundings

The history of the Imperium since the Heresy is not a continuous story. There have been periods of rebellion and anarchy, times when the balance of power has suddenly changed and history has been quite literally rewritten. Many of the subsequent foundings of Space Marines belong to these troubled times, making it almost impossible to be certain when some Chapters were created or even how many Chapters have been created at all. It is believed that there are approximately a thousand in existence today, scattered throughout the galaxy. Of these more than half are descended from the Ultramarines, either directly or through one of the Primogenitor Chapters of the Second Founding.

The Second Founding

It is not certain how many new Chapters were created by the Second Founding. Many Imperial records were lost during the Age of Apostasy, a troubled time that lies across the history of the Imperium like an impenetrable veil. In all likelihood some of the Chapters created during the Second Founding have since been destroyed leaving no record of their deeds. Others have been lost in more recent times and their names are now all that remain of them.

THE CURSED FOUNDING

The Twenty First Founding was the largest since the Second Founding. It took place sometime immediately before the Age of Apostasy, a time of civil war which divided and almost destroyed the Imperium. The new Chapters were dogged by bad luck right from the start. Several disappeared mysteriously whilst in action or in warp space.

Every surviving Chapter of the founding is affected by spontaneous genetic mutation of its gene-seed. As a result the Chapters have gradually dwindled in size as their inability to raise and induct recruits means that battle casualties cannot be replaced. Worse still, some Chapters have developed genetic idiosyncrasies, mutations which strain the tolerance of the Inquisition and threaten the Chapters' survival. Few Chapters have suffered as ignominious an end as the Flame Falcons whose spontaneous and extreme physical corruption turned them into a race no longer human or sane. The Chapter was declared Excommunicate and driven from its home world of Lethe by the Grey Knights.

Chapter Organisation

Following the Horus Heresy the Space Marine Legions were divided into Chapters consisting of roughly 1,000 warriors. A large section of the Codex Astartes is dedicated to structuring the organisation of these Chapters. A Chapter consists of ten Companies each numbering 100 Space Marines. A Company consists of ten squads of ten men including a Sergeant. In addition to this basic fighting unit, each company has its own Captain, Standard Bearer, Chaplain and Apothecary.

Every Company, with the exception of the Scout Company, maintains Rhino transports for their squads and officers. The 1st Company is also equipped with Land Raiders to carry Terminator squads. It is customary for Dreadnoughts to remain with their Company as their fearsome presence bolsters the Company's fighting strength.

A Chapter also includes a number of officers and specialists who stand aside from the Company organisation. These individuals are known as the Headquarters staff and they may be assigned to fight with a Company in battle. Included amongst them are psychic Librarians from the Chapter's Librarius and Techmarines, together with their servitors.

Although the Codex describes a number of ranks and responsibilities within the Headquarters staff, only a very few of these officers actually accompany the Chapter to war. Many are non-combatants of advanced years whose roles are to recruit and train new members or administrate the Chapter. Some ranks described by the Codex include the Chapter's Ancient (or Standard Bearer), the Master's Secretarius, the Lord of the Household, the Chapter's Armourer, the Commander of the Fleet, Victuallers, the Commander of the Arsenal, Commander of Recruits and Commander of the Watch.



CODEX ASTARTES
CHAPTER ORGANISATION

HEADQUARTERS

ARMOURY
Techmarines
Servitors

HEADQUARTER STAFF
Master of the Chapter
Senior Officers
Administrative Staff
Support Personnel

LIBRARIUS
Chief Librarian
Epistolaries
Codiciers
Lexicaniums

BATTLE COMPANIES

SECOND COMPANY
Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:	Support:
6 Tactical	Dreadnoughts
2 Assault	Rhinos
2 Devastator	Land Speeders
	Bikes

THIRD COMPANY
Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:	Support:
6 Tactical	Dreadnoughts
2 Assault	Rhinos
2 Devastator	Land Speeders
	Bikes

FOURTH COMPANY
Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

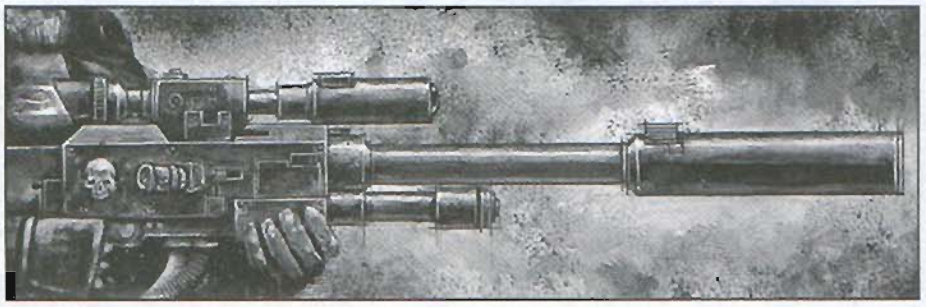
Squads:	Support:
6 Tactical	Dreadnoughts
2 Assault	Rhinos
2 Devastator	Land Speeders
	Bikes

FIFTH COMPANY
Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:	Support:
6 Tactical	Dreadnoughts
2 Assault	Rhinos
2 Devastator	Land Speeders
	Bikes

The 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th are Battle Companies, each consisting of six squads of Tactical Space Marines, two of Assault, and two of Devastators. These four Battle Companies form the main battle lines and generally bear the brunt of the fighting. The Assault squads of the Battle Company may be deployed as Bike squadrons or Land Speeder crews.

Of the ten Companies comprising a Chapter, the 1st Company consists of veteran troops and is invariably the most powerful. The 1st Company is the only one trained to use the treasured suits of Terminator armour.



VETERANS

FIRST COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:
20 Terminator
or 10 Veteran

Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Land Raiders

SCOUTS

TENTH COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary

Squads:
Scouts

Support:
Bikes

The Chapter's 10th Company is its Scout Company consisting of a number of Scout squads. Scouts are youths who have been recruited and partially transformed into Space Marines. Until their physical transformation and training is complete they fight as Scouts. There is no formal size for a Scout Company as the rate of recruitment is not fixed.

RESERVE COMPANIES

SIXTH COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:
10 Tactical

Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Bikes

SEVENTH COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:
10 Tactical

Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Land Speeders

EIGHTH COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:
10 Assault

Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Land Speeders
Bikes

NINTH COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:
10 Devastator

Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos

Companies 6 and 7 are Tactical Companies, each consisting of ten Tactical squads. These are intended to act as a reserve and may be used to reinforce the main battle line, launch diversionary attacks or stem enemy flanking moves. The 6th Company is also trained to fight on bikes and the entire Company may be deployed as bike squadrons. Similarly the 7th Company squads are trained to fight from Land Speeders enabling the Company to fight as a light vehicle reserve formation.

The 8th Company is an Assault Company consisting of ten Assault squads. This is the most mobile Company and is often used wherever a strong hand-to-hand fighting force is needed.

The 9th Company is a Devastator Company, consisting of ten Devastator squads armed with heavy weapons. They anchor defence points and provide long range fire support.



Squad Organisation

According to the Codex Astartes, Space Marines are organised into three different types of squad: Tactical, Assault and Devastator. Each of these squads has a unique battlefield role and are designed to operate together to provide mutual support and maximum flexibility. In addition to these three squads the 1st (Veteran) Company can be formed into Terminator or Veteran squads while the Scouts are always fielded as Scout squads.

Tactical squads are the most commonly found squad in a Chapter. A Tactical squad is led by a Sergeant and includes nine other Space Marines. Of these, seven Space Marines are armed with boltguns, whilst the remaining two can be armed with boltguns or, alternatively, one may carry a heavy weapon and the other may carry a special weapon. This combination is the most tactically flexible and offers a good mixture of capabilities within the squad.

Assault squads are specialists at fighting in hand-to-hand combat. Each squad consists of a Sergeant and nine Space Marines equipped with jump packs and armed with a close combat weapon in each hand. Common armament consists of a bolt pistol and chainsword. Optionally, two of the Space Marines may carry plasma pistols. This combination is ideal for fast-attacking, close-quarter fighting assault troops.

Devastator squads consist of a Sergeant and nine Space Marines. Up to four Space Marines may be armed with heavy weapons, whilst the remainder will carry boltguns. This is the most heavily armed type of Space Marine squad of all and they are deployed wherever extra fire support is needed, especially when the Chapter faces enemy tanks or fortified positions.

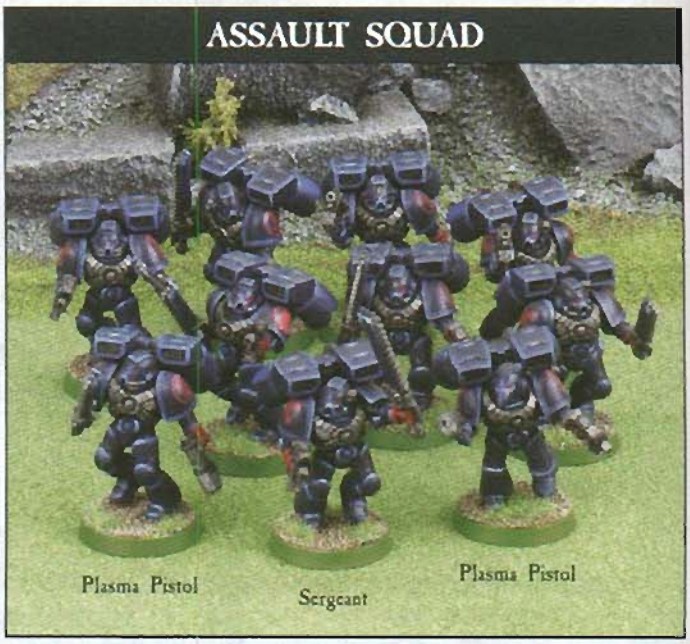
Terminator squads wear the uniquely powerful Terminator armour. This is massive in construction, virtually turning a Space Marine into a one-man tank. Every Chapter has a limited number of Terminator armoured suits, and each is an ancient artefact crafted many thousands of years ago. Terminators are less mobile than other Space Marines and are primarily used in boarding actions or at extreme close quarters when heavy firepower cannot be brought to bear.

Veteran squads are organised exactly like the Tactical squads of the Battle Companies. The Sergeant and the nine Space Marines are all Veterans. These squads are rarely deployed en masse but are sometimes used to strengthen an attack or provide the Chapter with flexible, hard-hitting reserves.

Scout squads consist of a Space Marine Sergeant and four to nine Scouts. The role of the Sergeant is to train the Scouts and lead them in battle. Only Sergeants of considerable experience and status are designated for this role.

All Space Marine squads with the exception of the Scouts are nominally of ten troopers, but can be divided into two separate battle squads in combat. This gives each unit a further degree of flexibility in action.







IMPERIUS DOMINATUS

The Age of Battle has begun.

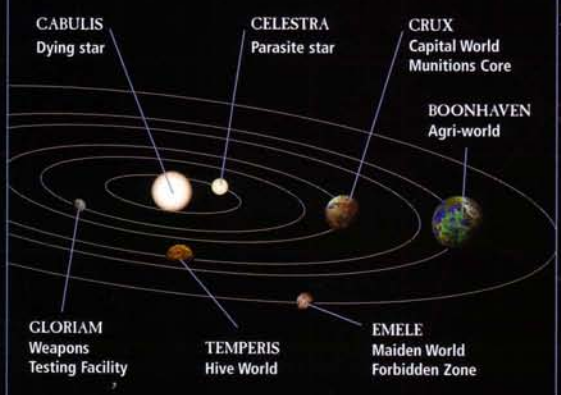
The fires of war burn brightly from star to star. Everywhere the fortresses of Man are steeped in blood and ancient enemies appear from the darkness. Sensing weakness they gather for the kill. They know as we know that night approaches and all mortal life shall be extinguished. We know, as they cannot, that there shall be a new dawn and a new day when we will rise and they will be driven into the darkness forever.

INDOMITABLE WRATH
Emperor Class Battleship



Hundreds of mighty craft, such as the Indomitable Wrath, prowl the inky blackness of the void, ready to dispense swift death.

BINARY SYSTEM 'CABULIS'



Cabulis, primarily a munitions tithe zone, is a typical example of a binary system. One of its suns is a parasitic star that has reduced its partner to little more than a stellar skeleton. The entire Cabulis system has been plunged into a desperate war of attrition with the seemingly unstoppable Waaagh! Gragnatz.

HOLY TERRA
Blessed in his authority,
here dwells the most beneficent Emperor.



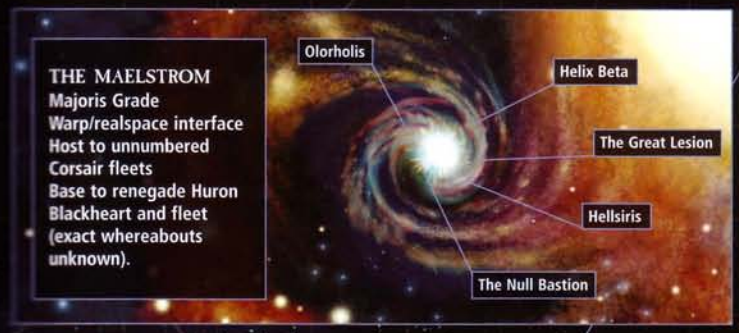
Terra is the slow-beating heart of the Imperium, a sacred world of power and majesty that has become legend. It is the site of the Golden Throne; the demesne of the Immortal Emperor of Mankind. The breathtaking architecture of its soaring buildings strike awe into the hearts of the supplicants below. Forbidding statues of angels and Primarchs loom down from their eyries, their sightless stare driving out all thoughts of heresy. Truly it is such a blessing to set foot upon Glorious Terra that most pilgrims never leave.

PLEURIC SYSTEM, VAN REILAC BELT



The Pleuric System appeared from nowhere on the millenial cusp of M.41. It was not documented in any Imperial records or star charts and, being largely habitable, was almost immediately consumed by wars between rival houses of Rogue Traders. Whether the system has always been hidden within the Van Reilac belt or was born of the Warp is open to speculation.

SEGMENTUM OBSCURUS
SEGMENTUM SOLAR
SEGMENTUM PACIFICUS
SEGMENTUM TEMPESTUS
HALO STARS
SCARUS SECTOR
CALIXIS SECTOR
FINIAL SECTOR
GOTHIC SECTOR
UHULIS SECTOR
REDUCTUS SECTOR
THE VEILED REGION
THE EYE OF TERROR
THE MAELSTROM
Naogeddon
Dimmamar
STORM OF THE EMPEROR'S WR
Cypra Mundi
Mordian
Valhalla
Belis Corona
Piscina
Chinchare
Cadia
Fenris
Molov
Hydraphur
Armageddon
Elysia
Lastrati
Prospero
Golgotha
Terra
Ryza
Catachan
Gathalamor
Necromunda
Badab
Macharia
Krieg
Luther McIntyre
Tallarn
Chiros
Ophelia
Nocturne
V'run
Aleusis
Solstice
Bakka
Antagonis
Illustris
Gryphonne IV



THE MAELSTROM
Majoris Grade
Warp/realspace interface
Host to unnumbered Corsair fleets
Base to renegade Huron Blackheart and fleet (exact whereabouts unknown).

THE BLOODMOONS OF THEX PRIME
(approx. 15% of total Thexian Trade Empire)



Hailing from the oxidised worlds known as the Bloodmoons, the Thexian Elite are a bimorphic race few in number but strong in influence. They are masters of manipulation and have worked themselves into integral positions in the Borlac, Loxatl and Nicassar civilisations. Though Thexians are famously persuasive, when guile is not enough their battle form is quite horrifying to behold.

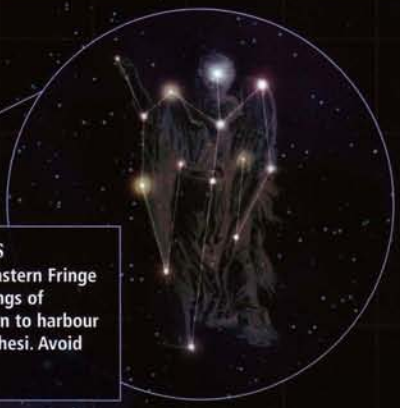
CRAFTWORLD IYANDEN
Eldar Craftworld, last sighted 992.M41

Eldar Runeform 'The Shrine of Asuryan'

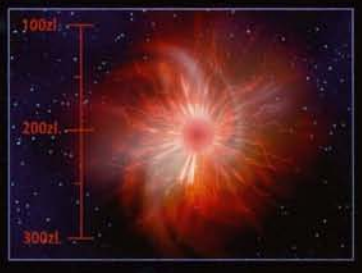


The nomadic remnants of the Eldar race ply the stars in Craftworlds; not spacecraft, so much as gigantic space-borne cities. Some xenoscholars believe that the Craftworlds themselves possess a gestalt consciousness comprised of the ghosts of fallen Eldar who once lived upon them. As with all Eldar craft, they are just as likely to attack Imperial forces as they are to come to their aid.

Quisto'rol
Lunaphage
GHOUL STARS
Porteus
Angelis
Coelia
Desperation
Asylus
Sable
ULTIMA SEGMENTUM
Formund
Hexos
Kar Duniash
Corinthe
Attila
Cirillo Prime
The Ymga Monolith
Vengeance
THE EASTERN FRINGE
Schindelgheist
THE TAU EMPIRE
CHARADON SECTOR
Ichar IV
Espandor
Blackreach
False Hope
Salem



THE GRENDL STARS
Constellation on far Eastern Fringe once known as the Wings of Sanguinius. Now known to harbour the hyper-violent Barghesi. Avoid at all costs.



Anomaly 'Hadex' ++Unclassified++

SPATIAL ANOMALY 'HADEX'
The 'red hole' known as Hadex is uncategorisable and possibly even sentient. It is believed that it constantly spews time from other dimensions into the southern spiral arm of our own galaxy, thereby distorting all attempts to monitor or control it. The outer rim of Hadex is dotted with ghost ships, trapped in a kind of stasis from which there can be no release.

THE REALM OF ULTRAMAR



MACRAGGE
UL01.01
Orb. Dist. 2.01AU
Adeptus Astartes Chapter Planet
Tithe Grade: Aptus Non
Aestimare: D0
Population: 400,000,000
Defeat of Hive Fleet Behemoth
(qf: BattleMacragge 745.M41)

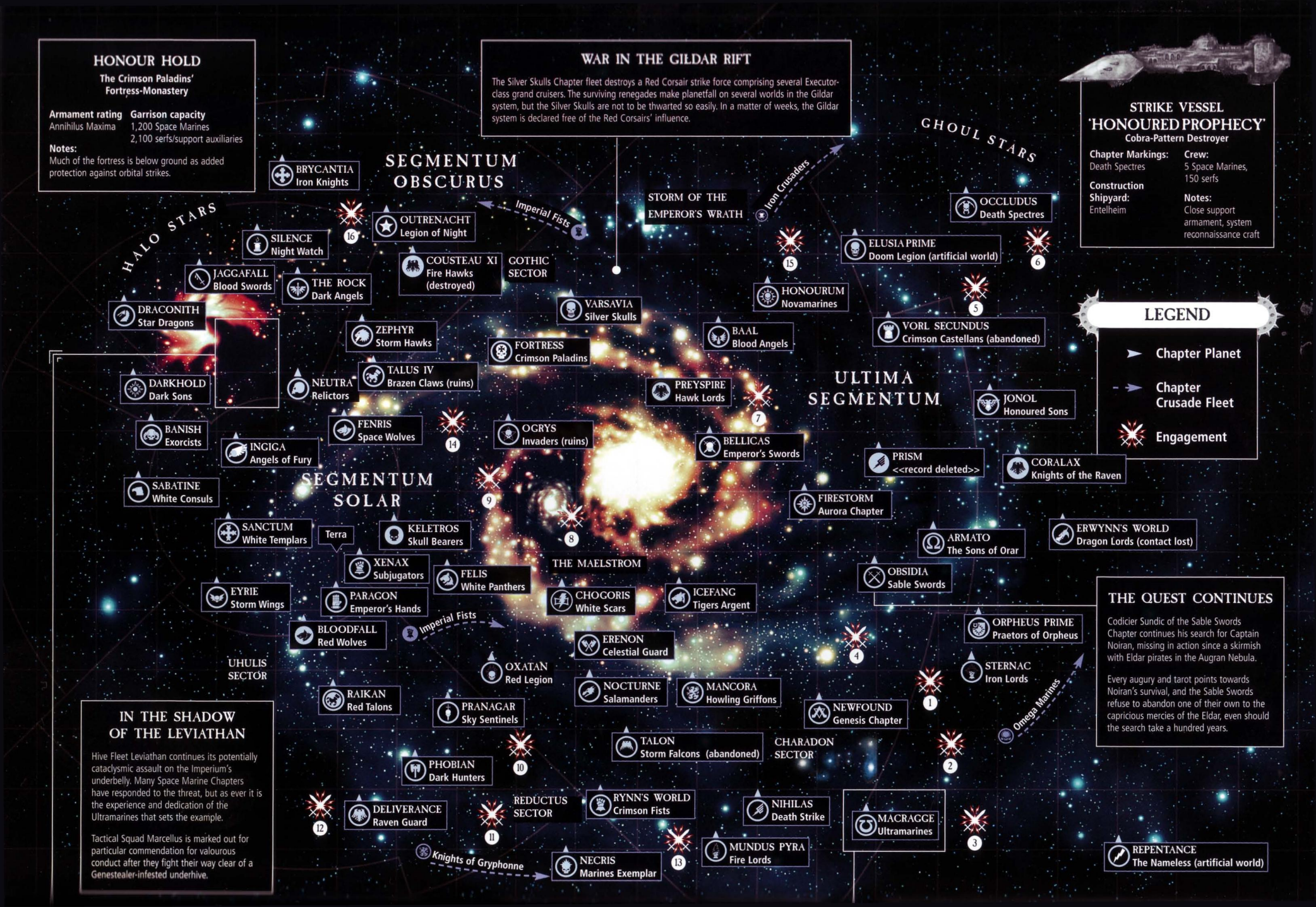


Home of the Ultramarines Chapter, Ultramar is an Empire of beautiful and highly developed civilised worlds that stand as an indomitable bulwark against the encroaching darkness of the Eastern Fringe.

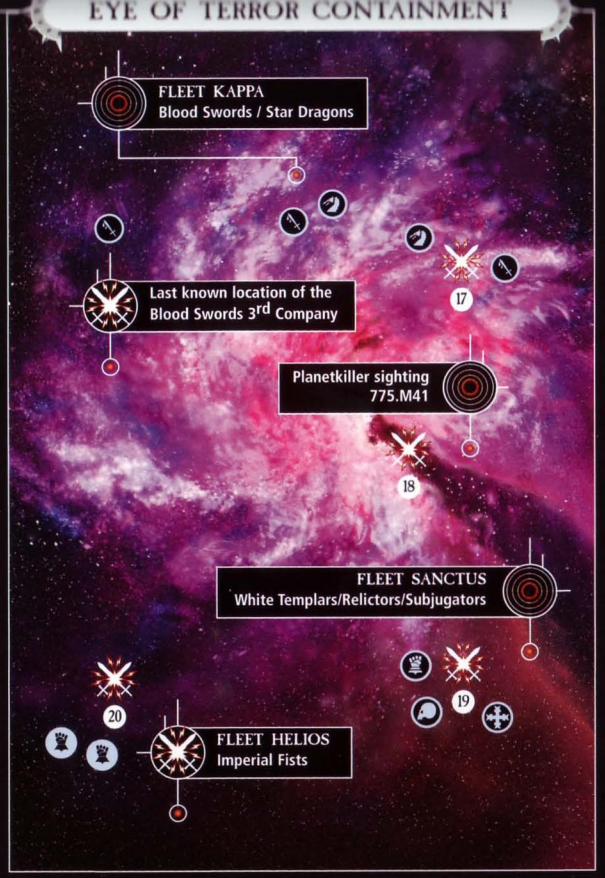
THE THREAT WITHOUT
The majority of the Tyranid Hive Fleets thus far encountered have originated from the galactic east. Several tendrils of Hive Fleet Behemoth and Hive Fleet Kraken have been engaged and neutralised at great cost in life, but many tendrils remain. Worse still, many xenologisticians believe that the vast majority of the Tyranid race is watching and waiting in the cold void.



Known advance of the Eastern Hive Fleets. 998.M41


HONOUR HOLD
The Crimson Paladins' Fortress-Monastery
Armament rating
Annihilus Maxima
Garrison capacity
1,200 Space Marines
2,100 serfs/support auxiliaries
Notes:
Much of the fortress is below ground as added protection against orbital strikes.
WAR IN THE GILDAR RIFT
The Silver Skulls Chapter fleet destroys a Red Corsair strike force comprising several Executor-class grand cruisers. The surviving renegades make planetfall on several worlds in the Gildar system, but the Silver Skulls are not to be thwarted so easily. In a matter of weeks, the Gildar system is declared free of the Red Corsairs' influence.
STRIKE VESSEL
'HONOURED PROPHECY'
Cobra-Pattern Destroyer
Chapter Markings:
Death Spectres
Crew:
5 Space Marines, 150 serfs
Construction Shipyard:
Entelheim
Notes:
Close support armament, system reconnaissance craft
HALO STARS
SEGMENTUM OBSCURUS
GHOUL STARS
STORM OF THE EMPEROR'S WRATH
Imperial Fists
Iron Crusaders
GOTHIC SECTOR
BRYCANTIA Iron Knights
OUTRENACHT Legion of Night
SILENCE Night Watch
COUSTEAU XI Fire Hawks (destroyed)
JAGGAFALL Blood Swords
THE ROCK Dark Angels
DRACONITH Star Dragons
DARKHOLD Dark Sons
BANISH Exorcists
INGIGA Angels of Fury
SABATINE White Consuls
OCCLUDUS Death Spectres
ELUSIA PRIME Doom Legion (artificial world)
HONOURUM Novamarines
VARSAVIA Silver Skulls
ZEPHYR Storm Hawks
FORTRESS Crimson Paladins
TALUS IV Brazen Claws (ruins)
NEUTRA Relictors
FENRIS Space Wolves
OGRYS Invaders (ruins)
BAAL Blood Angels
VORL SECUNDUS Crimson Castellans (abandoned)
PREYSPIRE Hawk Lords
BELLICAS Emperor's Swords
ULTIMA SEGMENTUM
JONOL Honoured Sons
PRISM <<record deleted>>
CORALAX Knights of the Raven
FIRESTORM Aurora Chapter
ARMATO The Sons of Orar
ERWYNN'S WORLD Dragon Lords (contact lost)
SEGMENTUM SOLAR
Terra
SANCTUM White Templars
KELETROS Skull Bearers
XENAX Subjugators
FELIS White Panthers
THE MAELSTROM
EYRIE Storm Wings
PARAGON Emperor's Hands
CHOGORIS White Scars
ICEFANG Tigers Argent
OBSIDIA Sable Swords
BLOODFALL Red Wolves
Imperial Fists
ERENON Celestial Guard
ORPHEUS PRIME Praetors of Orpheus
STERNAC Iron Lords
UHULIS SECTOR
OXATAN Red Legion
RAIKAN Red Talons
NOCTURNE Salamanders
MANCORA Howling Griffons
PRANAGAR Sky Sentinels
NEWFOUND Genesis Chapter
Omega Marines
TALON Storm Falcons (abandoned)
CHARADON SECTOR
PHOBIAN Dark Hunters
REDUCTUS SECTOR
DELIVERANCE Raven Guard
RYNN'S WORLD Crimson Fists
NIHILAS Death Strike
MACRAGGE Ultramarines
Knights of Gryphonne
NECRIS Marines Exemplar
MUNDUS PYRA Fire Lords
REPENTANCE The Nameless (artificial world)
LEGEND
Chapter Planet
Chapter Crusade Fleet
Engagement
IN THE SHADOW OF THE LEVIATHAN
Hive Fleet Leviathan continues its potentially cataclysmic assault on the Imperium's underbelly. Many Space Marine Chapters have responded to the threat, but as ever it is the experience and dedication of the Ultramarines that sets the example.
Tactical Squad Marcellus is marked out for particular commendation for valourous conduct after they fight their way clear of a Genestealer-infested underhive.
THE QUEST CONTINUES
Codicier Sundic of the Sable Swords Chapter continues his search for Captain Noiran, missing in action since a skirmish with Eldar pirates in the Augran Nebula.
Every augury and tarot points towards Noiran's survival, and the Sable Swords refuse to abandon one of their own to the capricious mercies of the Eldar, even should the search take a hundred years.

EYE OF TERROR CONTAINMENT



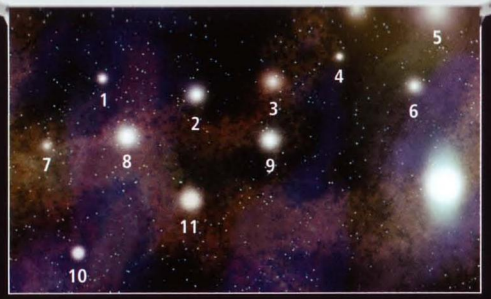
STAR FORT GARRISON ALLOCATION 998.M41

- Imperial Fists
- Star Dragons
- White Templars
- Exorcists
- Dark Sons
- Subjugators
- Silver Skulls
- Relictors
- Blood Swords

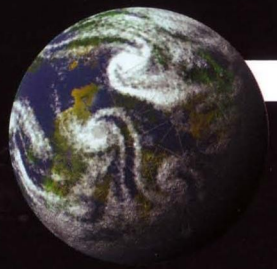
"We shall never rest while a single renegade draws breath. Let them fear our names."

Captain Leitz
Exorcists Chapter

ULTRAMAR



1. Tarentus	Agri World	**6. Iax**	Garden World
2. Quintarn	Agri World	**7. Masali**	Agri World
3. Konor	Adeptus Mechanicus Research World	**8. Talassar**	Ocean World
		9. Macragge	Chapter Planet
4. Calth	Cavern World	**10. Talasa Prime**	Inquisition Fortress
5. Espandor	Cardinal World	**11. Parmenio**	Training World



MACRAGGE

Adeptus Astartes Chapter Planet

Home of the Ultramarines Chapter, Ultramar is an empire of beautiful and highly developed civilised worlds that stand as an indomitable bulwark against the encroaching darkness of the Eastern Fringe.

IN DEFENCE OF MANKIND

"Let them bestride the galaxy like the gods of old, sheltering Mankind from destruction at the hands of an uncaring universe."

From the teachings of Roboute Guilliman as laid down in the Apocrypha of Skaros

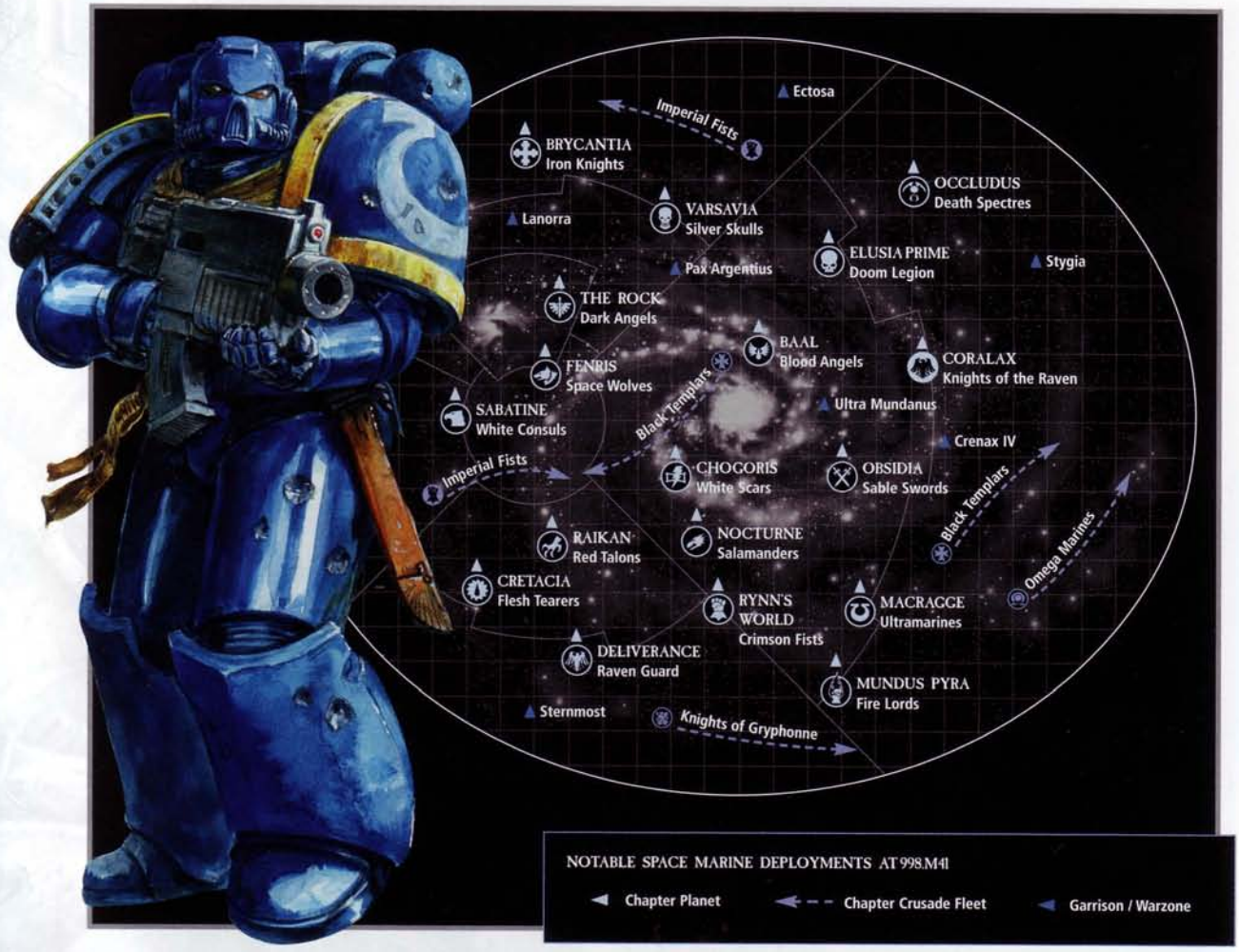
The Space Marines are Mankind's most mobile fighting force. As a result, it would be impossible to accurately catalogue even a small percentage of their actions. This map therefore shows only the most notable Space Marine campaigns and fortresses at 998.M41.

NOTABLE ONGOING ENGAGEMENTS 998.M41

1. Combined force from the Ultramarines and Genesis Chapters engage the growing might of Waaagh! Irontoof.
2. Multi-Chapter force deployed in response to Tau expansion.
3. Ultramarines 5th Company conducting operations against Eldar pirates in and around the Drasanac Nebula.
4. Three Companies of Sable Swords conducting Exterminatus against the Necron-held world of Eldritch.
5. Doom Legion 4th Company ordered to quell rebellion on Neo Khartoum. Civilian casualties exceeding projections.
6. Death Spectres deployed at Chapter strength in opposition to Hive Fleet Jormungandr. Further reinforcements en route.
7. Contact lost with Hawk Lords 7th Company. Hostile action by xenos forces suspected.
8. White Panthers Chapter crush systematic rebellion in the Dynathi cluster. Chapter Master Jorus Shadowmaw killed in action.
9. Imperial Fists 2nd Company engaged with outlying elements of Waaagh! Dethzarka. 6th and 9th Companies despatched in support.
10. Salamanders 5th Company conducting search-and-destroy actions against several suspected Tomb Worlds in the Heracles sub-sector.
11. Hive Fleet Leviathan containment operations. Two dozen Chapters engaged to a greater or lesser degree. Captain Aajz Solari of the Raven Guard in overall command.
12. Waaagh! Skullkrak continues to rage through Targus and other nearby systems. Captain Kayvaan Shrike of the Raven Guard believed to remain operative in this area, despite the lack of recent contact.
13. Under-strength Crimson Fists' Companies assist in the ongoing battles against the Arch Arsonist of Charadon.
14. Two Companies from the Angels of Fury rout Word Bearers warband.
15. Novamarines task force Septus under attack from Chaos Renegades believed to be in the employ of Huron Blackheart.
16. The ongoing War for Armageddon. Upwards of twelve Chapters still engaged in battles against Ork warbands. Current projections indicate operations will extend well into .M42 or beyond.
17. Daemon Warpship 'Accursed Eternity' sighted in the Balanor system. Containment Fleet Kappa moving to investigate.
18. Containment Fleet Sanctus engaging substantial Black Legion assault force. Casualties heavy, but victory is imminent.
19. Imperial Fists Star Fort 'Endeavour of Will' under attack by an Iron Warriors warband. Enemy commander is believed to be the infamous Warsmith Shon'tu (ref: a435-34 Siege of Malodrax).
20. White Consuls report banishment of Greater Daemon tentatively identified as the Fateweaver.

THE SPACE MARINES

They are the Adeptus Astartes, the Angels of Death, the Saviours of Mankind.



The Adeptus Astartes are the most powerful of all human warriors. In many respects they are not really human at all, but superhuman beings forged by genetic modification, arduous training and the rigours of strict discipline. Space Marines are the embodiment of the Emperor's will – their roaring boltguns bring death to the enemies of Mankind, their presence in battle the difference between life and death. They are the Angels of Death, and none can stand against them.

Space Marines are organised into independent armies, called Chapters, of which there are roughly one thousand spread throughout the galaxy. Each Chapter has its own ships, its own heraldic uniforms and its own distinct identity and traditions. Unlike other military formations within the Imperium, a Space Marine Chapter is entirely self-sufficient, with its own forges, warships and support facilities.

Most Chapters operate from a Chapter Planet – a world within the Imperium, owned and governed by the Space Marines that maintain a base there. Some Chapters are not planetbound at all; their base of operations can be a vast space fleet, an orbital asteroid or a space station. As some Chapters rule entire planets, systems or sub-sectors, a Space Marine Chapter Master may act as the head of government as well as a marshal of war.

All the Space Marines in a Chapter belong to its warrior cult. These warrior cults preserve traditions and practices that date back to the earliest days of the Emperor's reign. Space Marines from a single Chapter are therefore spiritual brothers as well as brothers-at-arms. This dual existence as physical and spiritual warriors is what forges the Space Marines into such dedicated and determined warriors.

SPACE MARINE POWER ARMOUR

Most humans who have any contact with Space Marines will know and recognise the most common types of Space Marine armour quite readily. However there are older types of armour (also known as marks) which remain in service to this day and whose design differs greatly. Indeed, many of the older variants have special associations for particularly old or honoured Chapters and so may be worn by ceremonial guards or by elite units. Other Chapters are less formal in their use of armour, mixing various types into their fighting units with little or no regard for conformity. The degree of uniformity within a Chapter varies a great deal and is often determined by historical precedent or tradition.

Each Chapter's power armour is maintained by skilled Artificers. These are not Space Marines, but dedicated servants who spend their lives working for the Chapter. Over the history of a Chapter, especially talented Artificers become famous and justly celebrated, and examples of their work are much sought after. When a Space Marine earns a combat honour it is the Artificers who fashion the honour badge and fasten it onto the Marine's armour. Similarly, the Artificers make rank badges, long service accolades and other awards of distinction.

Artificers religiously hunt down elements of ancient armour. Such pieces will be lovingly restored, often plated with silver or gold, and then painstakingly engraved with naturalistic scenes, abstract designs or Chapter badges. Older types of armour are associated with the past history of many Chapters and often with the deeds of heroic individuals. A piece of armour that belonged to an old Chapter hero is valued above all others, for it implies his presence on the battlefield, witnessing the deeds of his successors. In this way, a single armoured plate or helmet might be heir to a long and famous history, having belonged to a whole succession of Space Marine heroes and been worked on by many renowned Artificers.

As well as resurrecting old pieces of armour for notable Space Marines, the Artificers also decorate and modify armour to suit particularly revered individuals. As a result of the Artificers' efforts over the many thousand years a Chapter has been in existence, it is quite common to find suits which combine elements of the different marks as well as quite unique suits which have customised armoured plates or helmets. Some Chapters reserve such armour for special individuals, officers, or high ranking commanders. There is no fixed rule on this, it is a matter of Chapter tradition and preference how such armour is used. However, it is generally the case that very high ranking officials inherit special suits of armour, which they may then combine with their own existing suits so that their individual honours or personal pieces of armour are retained when they are appointed to a new position. So does a Chapter's power armour evolve down the centuries, each and every greave and gorget a recollection of mighty deeds and terrible battles won.



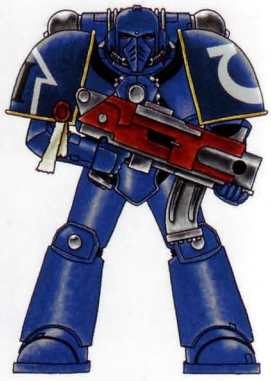
Mk1 "Thunder" Pattern



Mk2 "Crusade" Pattern



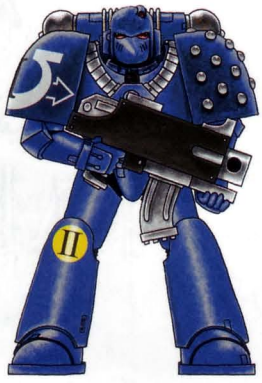
Mk3 "Iron" Pattern



Mk4 "Maximus" Pattern



Mk5 "Heresy" Pattern



Mk6 "Corvus" Pattern



Mk7 "Aquila" Pattern



Mk8 "Errant" Pattern

SPACE MARINE HERALDRY

Space Marines usually display their Chapter symbol on their left shoulder guard, and a symbol denoting their squad designation on their right shoulder guard. A Space Marine's helmet also frequently displays battle honours or rank, either through colour or insignia.



Tactical Space Marine of the Ultramarines Chapter.



Typically, Sergeants have red helmets. Veterancy is indicated by a white laurel.



This Space Marine's Veteran status is shown by a white laurel.



Here, Veteran status is indicated by the white helmet.

SQUAD MARKINGS



2nd Company Command squad
Heraldic colour: Yellow/Gold



1st Company, 9th Veteran squad
Heraldic colour: White/Silver



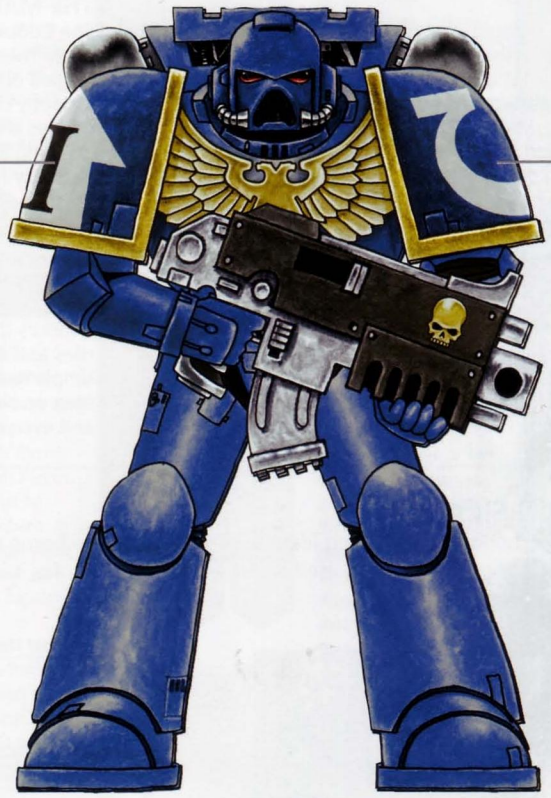
3rd Company, 4th Tactical squad
Heraldic colour: Red/Sanguinite



2nd Company, 8th Assault squad
Heraldic colour: Yellow/Gold



9th Company, 9th Devastator squad
Heraldic colour: Blue/Ultramarine



CHAPTER SYMBOL VARIANTS



2nd Company
Heraldic colour: Yellow/Gold



1st Company Veteran
Heraldic colour: White/Silver



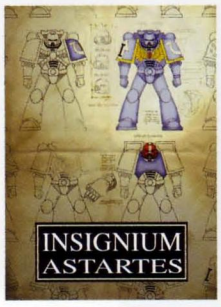
3rd Company Sergeant
Heraldic colour: Red/Sanguinite

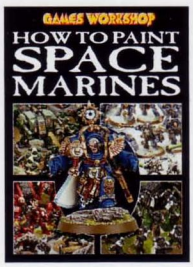


2nd Company
Heraldic colour: Yellow/Gold



9th Company
Heraldic colour: Blue/Ultramarine





For a wealth of further information on Space Marine markings, heraldry and insignia, see Insignium Astartes (available from the Black Library) and How to Paint Space Marines.

HONOUR BADGES

Space Marines are awarded badges of distinction for all manner of heroic deed or worthy action. Though some honours are simply painted onto the armour, while others are elaborate carvings, all are highly regarded by the recipient and his Brother-Marines. Each Space Marine Chapter has its own variations of awards, ennoblements and honour badges, according to its history and traditions. The badges displayed below are amongst the most common accolades and see use in almost all Chapters.



THE IRON HALO

This simple badge has its origins in the earliest days of the Imperium. Often painted onto a Marine's armour as a red badge, the Iron Halo is the insignia for an exceptional leader and strategist. It is displayed on the shoulder armour or helmet of the Brother-Marine as a mark of rank.



THE IRON SKULL

A badge of ancient origin, the Iron Skull is awarded for leadership. It is the Codex insignia for a sergeant and is often displayed on the shoulder armour or helmet of a Space Marine of this rank. Classical convention is to represent the Iron Skull as a red device.



IMPERIAL LAUREL

Deeds of valour leading to great victory are rewarded with the Imperial Laurel. The wreath is often worn as a crown or sculpted onto the Brother-Marine's helmet. The Codex demands that Company and Chapter Standards be born into battle only by warriors awarded the Imperial Laurel.



PURITY SEAL

The Purity Seal is not so much an honour as a blessing. Before a campaign the Chapter's Chaplains pass through the ranks chanting litanies and invocations. Honoured individuals are marked by the Chaplains for special blessings recorded on the parchment streamers and affixed to their armour with the great wax seal.



THE MARKSMAN'S HONOUR

The Codex insists that those warriors who prove their combat accuracy should be singled out so that their skill may be instantly commanded. Marksman's Honour badges are believed to have been forged by encasing in gold bolter shell cases fired in battle by Roboute Guilliman himself.



SKULL AND MOTTO

In addition to the specific badge of the Iron Skull, there are many other icons and emblems which incorporate the skull. As honours these often have a multitude of uses and meanings. Often combined with simple mottoes, the skull honour can be seen on shoulder pads, helmets, kneepads and even on bolter cases or vehicles.

THE HONOURS OF CAPTAIN SICARIUS

Cato Sicarius has been awarded many honours over a long lifetime of service. All are borne upon his armour, whether as stylised representations or electrum castings. The armour itself is also a noble burden, for it incorporates elements borne by some of the Chapter's most notable heroes.

Aquila
Honour badge proclaiming great wisdom. Awarded at the commencement of the Dantaro campaign – Sicarius' first action as Captain of the Second Company.

Eternium Ultra
There are few such revered relics in Ultramar as these. They mark Sicarius as High Suzerain of Ultramar and defender of the eight systems.

Imperial Laurel
Awarded in the wake of the Crusat Minor planetstrike 733.M41.

Honorifica Valourum
In recognition of exceptional bravery when fighting Orks during the Battle for Dyzanyr.



Personal Heraldry
Sicarius' left shoulder pad originally hails from a suit of Mark II 'Crusade' armour worn by Captain Orar during the Scouring. The heraldry combines the Iron Halo, the Ultramarines Chapter icon and the golden aquila that marks Sicarius as the Grand Duke of Talassar.



The Valour Crest
The right to bear a crest must be earned through acts of near suicidal bravery. Sicarius won his crest during the nine-day battle for Fort Telendrar. The colours of the crest are those of the noble house from which Sicarius was recruited, countless decades ago.

Victorex Alpha
In recognition of exceptional valour during the Siege of Rynneth V.

CODEX CHAPTERS

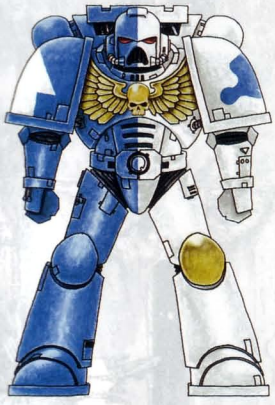
Tradition dictates that there are always roughly one thousand Space Marine Chapters – a selection of which are shown on these pages. In truth, this number is little more than an approximation. Chapters are constantly being founded, disbanded or eradicated, and it is doubtful that any accurate record of the Adeptus Astartes is maintained.

It can be said that there are three categories of Space Marine Chapter. The first and largest group could perhaps be called the scions of Guilliman – those Chapters directly descended from the Ultramarines and their Primogenitors. These Chapters maintain their own traditions, as is to be expected, for the Codex Astartes insists that each Chapter should have its own name, badge and heraldry. Nonetheless, they honour Roboute Guilliman as Primarch and his successor, the ruler of Ultramar, as their distant liege. Should the Lord of Ultramar ever find himself in need of aid, he will find these Chapters ever willing and able to fight at his side. Such Chapters follow the Codex Astartes with as much dedication and passion as the Ultramarines, viewing its dictates as tactical doctrine and spiritual guidance in equal measure.

With the Ultramarines' gene-seed the favoured foundation for new Chapters, these scions of Guilliman are an ever more dominant force upon the galactic stage.

Chapters in the second category are disciples who owe their genetic inheritance to another Primarch, but follow the Codex Astartes as keenly as their divergent heritage allows. While primarily composed of successor Chapters, this group also includes several Chapters of the First Founding – notably the Imperial Fists, White Scars and Raven Guard. These Chapters can never be Ultramarines, for their gene-seed is not that of Roboute Guilliman. Nevertheless, they will ever aspire to the standards and teachings of the great Primarch.

The third and final group are aberrants; Chapters who, through quirk of gene-seed, mutation or stubbornness, eschew the Codex Astartes in favour of other structural and combat doctrines. Some, such as the Blood Angels and their successors, strive to be worthy of Guilliman's legacy, but their recalcitrant gene-seed drives them ever further from it. Others, such as the Space Wolves and the Black Templars, remain stubbornly independent, looking to their own founder's ways of war and caring little of how they fare in the eyes of others. These aberrant Chapters were always few in number and their presence diminishes further with each passing decade, for their gene-seed is no longer the source of fresh Chapters. Such divergent Chapters play little part in this volume, for this is the tale of the Ultramarines, and all those who follow their example.



EAGLE WARRIORS
The Eagle Warriors are a fleet-based Chapter, continually on campaign in the systems conquered by Roboute Guilliman during the Great Crusade.





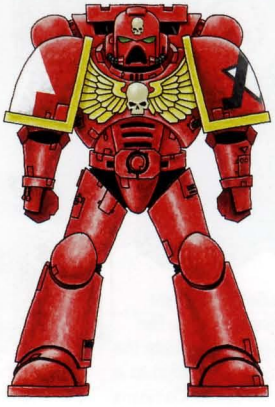
BLACK CONSULS
Recorded as annihilated at the Siege of Goddeth Hive, 455.M41. Current status unknown.





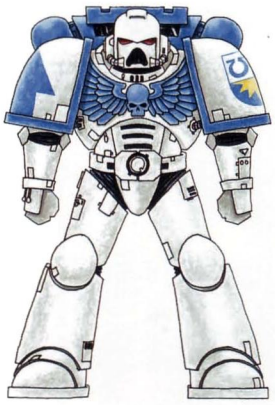
SILVER SKULLS
The Silver Skulls believe that the Emperor guides their purpose and take to the battlefield only when portents demand it. Such mercurial behaviour does not sit well with some Imperial commanders, but victory is seen as ample compensation by most of their allies.





GENESIS CHAPTER
First amongst the Primogenitors, the Genesis Chapter are dogmatically loyal to the memory of Roboute Guilliman, and can be counted upon to fight at the Ultramarines' side without hesitation.

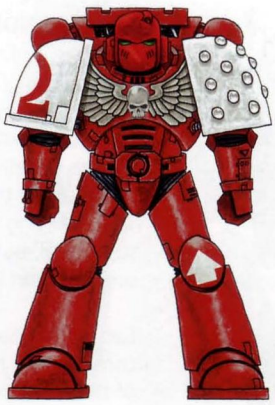




PRAETORS OF ORPHEUS

The technological lore of the Praetors of Orpheus is second only to that of the Adeptus Mechanicus. Many believe that the two are tied by more than shared service in the Emperor's name. The Praetors of Orpheus are highly active in systems neighbouring Pavonis.





THE SONS OF ORAR

Orar is a mythical figure in the histories of the Space Marines, an Ultramarines Captain who won great renown in the wake of the Horus Heresy. Details of the Sons of Orar's founding are lost to Imperial records. The legends of the Chapter claim Orar as spiritual patriarch.

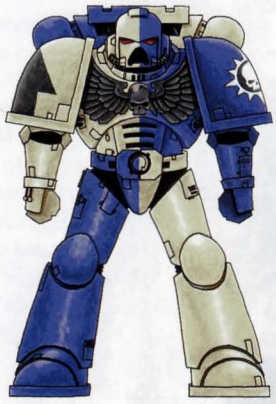




AURORA CHAPTER

The armoury of the Aurora Chapter boasts more Predators and Land Raiders than three other Space Marine Chapters combined. Their name has become a byword for armoured assault across the entire Ultima Segmentum.





NOVAMARINES

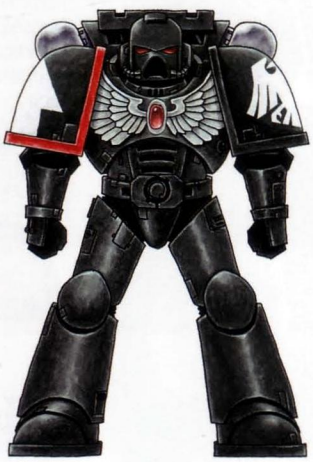
The Novamarines are scattered throughout the galaxy, and have not fought together as a Chapter since the early years of M37.



RAVEN GUARD

The Raven Guard are masters of the unseen war, engaging in frontal battle only when no other option presents itself. In pursuit of their covert goals, the Raven Guard depend heavily on Scout forces able to act alone for extended periods of time, and rapid-reaction forces such as jump-pack equipped assault troops who can quickly capitalise on the foe's weaknesses. Thunderhawk strikes and Drop Pod assaults are commonly employed by the Raven Guard for much the same reason. Indeed, they have a great many more of these craft than any other Chapter. Deliverance, the Raven Guard's Chapter Planet and base of operations, has the production capacity of a small forge world, ensuring that the Raven Guard rarely lacks for the materiél to prosecute its campaigns.

Raven Guard Captains are fiercely independent, and it is incredibly rare for the Chapter to fight as a whole. Individual companies are completely autonomous and are quick to lend their aid to Imperial commanders across the galaxy, with or without the sanction of their Chapter Master. Such behaviour has led some to question the Raven Guard's soundness, but most recognise that such fluidity of command proves the presence of formidable discipline, not its absence.







"In the darkness all men are equal, save those that embrace it."

Captain Kayvaan Shrike
Captain of the Raven Guard 3rd Company





Personal Heraldry
Captain Ravenclaw

Lightning claws
'Hawk's Talons' pattern







Nocturne-pattern master-crafted flamer

SALAMANDERS

Born out of fire, the battle brothers of the Salamanders Chapter have jet-black skin and burning red eyes – a daemonic appearance brought about by a reaction between their unique genetics and the high levels of radiation on the Chapter Planet of Nocturne. This terrifying appearance is entirely superficial, but has intimidated more than one rebellion into submission without a shot.

Each of the Salamanders' seven line companies is recruited exclusively from one of the seven settlements on Nocturne. This inevitably leads to a certain amount of rivalry between the companies, but serves to bind the Salamanders' fighting units even closer in brotherhood and determination.

Skills of the forge and artisanship are highly favoured on Nocturne, and each Salamander is expected to refine and maintain his own armour and weaponry. This compensates for the Salamanders' relatively low fighting strength and slow recruitment rate, as each battle brother has access to far superior wargear than a Space Marine in another Chapter might.



Company Banner
Salamanders 2nd Company

**"Into the fires of battle!
Unto the anvil of war!"**

Battle-cry of the Salamanders



HAWK LORDS

The Hawk Lords eschew Drop Pods in favour of Thunderhawk gunships for low-altitude insertion. They are the undisputed masters of such tactics, and it is not unknown for Thunderhawk pilots of other Chapters to hone their skills on temporary service as part of a Hawk Lords' Talon Wing.





DEATH SPECTRES

Stationed beyond the bounds of the Imperium, the Death Spectres maintain constant vigil to ensure that the supernatural inhabitants of the Ghoul Stars never again threaten the galaxy.

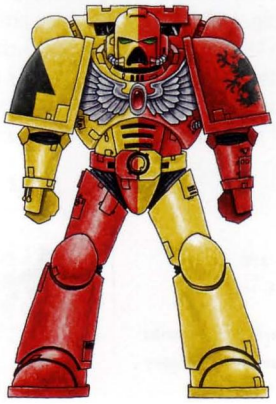




DARK HUNTERS

Founded in the dark days of the Occlusiad, the Dark Hunters have a reputation for being particularly grim and resolute warriors. They are one of the seven Chapters charged with the elimination of the Chaos Renegades faction known as 'The Punishers'.

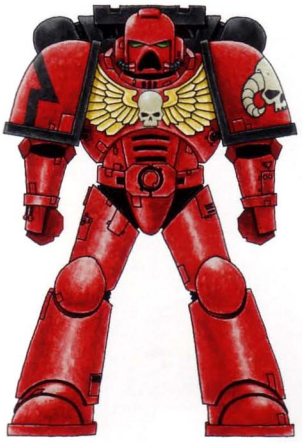




HOWLING GRIFFONS

Few Chapters have won as much renown as the Howling Griffons. They fought in the Badab War, the Vengeance Crusade, the overthrowing of the mad Regent of Amar, and thousands of other major engagements. The current location of the Howling Griffons is unknown.

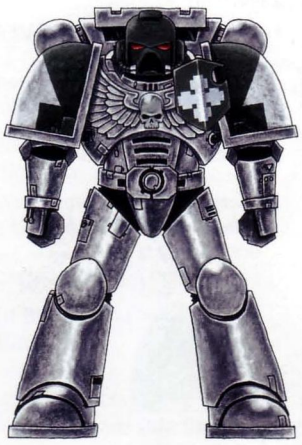




EXORCISTS

The Exorcists maintain two additional Scout Companies for a total of twelve companies in all. Without such a high influx of neophytes, the Exorcists would cease to exist, for their training methods are highly unconventional. The Exorcists are currently serving with distinction in the Battle for Armageddon.

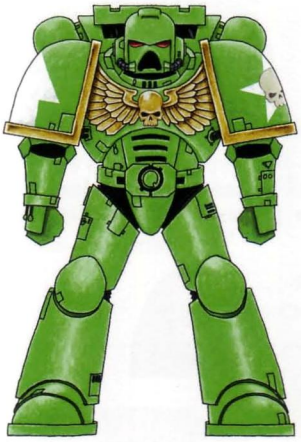




IRON KNIGHTS

The Iron Knights are crusaders in the proud tradition of Rogal Dorn. They are one of the twelve Space Marine Chapters that send a champion to the centennial Feast of Blades, and are the only Chapter to have won the contest on two consecutive occasions.

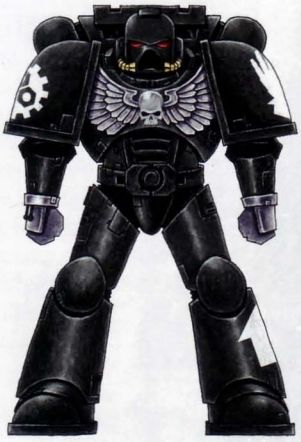




INVADERS

Currently under-strength after an all-out assault on Eldar Craftworld Idharae, the Invaders Chapter is reported as operating in a support role to the Novamarines on the doomed planet of Skyfall.

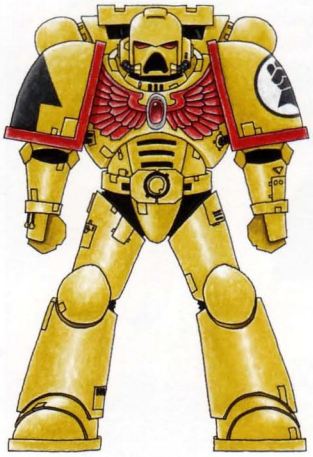




IRON HANDS

The Iron Hands abhor weak flesh, and make extensive bio-mechanical modifications to their physical forms in order to purge their failings. The Iron Hands make no secret of their ties to the Adeptus Mechanicus, a relationship viewed unfavourably by other Space Marines.







"The Emperor commands us.
Dorn guides us. Honour shields us.
Fear our name, for it is vengeance."

From the teachings of Rhetoricus

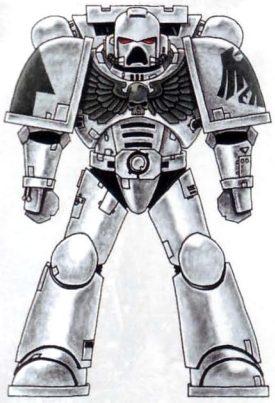
THE IMPERIAL FISTS

Rogal Dorn, the Imperial Fists' Primarch, was a tenacious and steadfast warrior whose final moments were of courage and supreme sacrifice. Though many millennia have passed since Dorn's death, his example still drives the Imperial Fists onwards to fresh victories. Indeed, if the Imperial Fists have a fault it is that they continue to strive when others would have yielded the battle. In the past, such stubbornness has rescued many a victory from the ashes of defeat, but only at a steep cost in lives.

The Imperial Fists and their successors have been instrumental in holding the Imperium together through the very bleakest of times. Several Chapters have been formed from the gene-seed of the Imperial Fists, each as famously stubborn as its progenitor. These Chapters, the Crimson Fists and Black Templars amongst them, form a tightly knit brotherhood of Space Marines, united by blood and the honour of their shared Primarch. It is unsurprising, therefore, that the Imperial Fists are judged second only to the Ultramarines as paragons of the Adeptus Astartes, and held as exemplars of everything that a Space Marine is heir to.



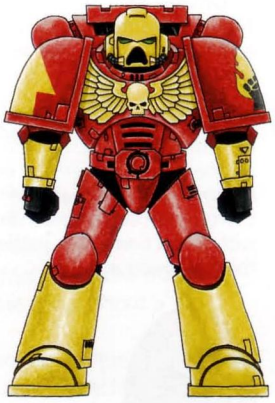
The Fist of Dorn
Imperial Fists honoured artefact



KNIGHTS OF THE RAVEN

The Knights of the Raven Chapter is currently engaged in hit-and-run attacks on Hive Fleet Kraken. This arduous deployment is penance for coming to blows with Brother Marines from the Aurora Chapter – a conflict ended only by the intervention Marneus Calgar.





FIRE LORDS

The Fire Lords precede assaults with a barrage of incendiary missiles, and hurl themselves at the charred foe before the flames have burnt themselves out.





SABLE SWORDS

Founded in the latter years of M41, the Sable Swords have swiftly proven themselves the equal of more established Chapters with a series of decisive victories over the upstart Tau Empire.

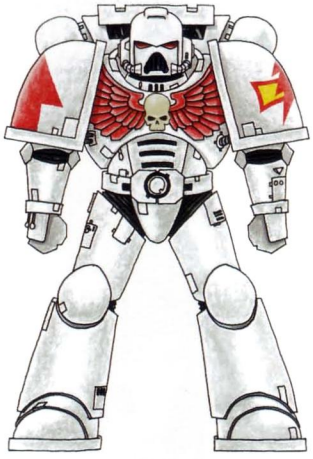




DOOM LEGION

The Doom Legion is responsible for maintenance and garrison of the Faithful's Deliverance, *the pre-Heresy star fortress that overlooks the notorious Elusian Maze asteroid fields. Few other Space Marine Chapters can boast spacebound firepower of this magnitude.*







"If you can see us, we are dangerous indeed. But that is as nothing to the peril you face if you cannot see us, and all you can hear is our laughter."

White Scars proverb

WHITE SCARS

White Scars are the masters of reconnaissance and adherents of the hit-and-run attack. They are hunters and raiders without peer, using ultra-rapid deployment to ensure that the foe's first sight of them is also his last. Such were the teachings of the Primarch Jaghatai Khan, and in the millennia since his disappearance these doctrines have been honed and refined in countless battles. Most Space Marine tanks are too slow for such methods of battle, so the White Scars' artificers have become adept at modifying the motive units of Predators, Vindicators and even Land Raiders to ensure that White Scars bikers and recon elements are never left without fire support. As the Great Khan once taught, speed is worthless if the blow it delivers is robbed of strength.

Though the White Scars embrace any opportunity to make war in the Emperor's name, they most of all welcome any opportunity to test their skills against other foes of their ilk, such as Ork Kults of Speed or Saim-Hann Wild Riders. The White Scars believe that to confront and defeat such enemies is the ultimate test of worth. Such victories are celebrated with gusto and enshrined in memory forever.





White Scars biker helmets with tribal markings





"We have been wounded sorely. Yet still we stand, with fire in our eyes and valour in our hearts. Let them think us beaten. We shall teach them otherwise."

Pedro Kantor
Crimson Fists Chapter Master

CRIMSON FISTS

The Crimson Fists are a Chapter on the edge of extinction, their fortress-monastery destroyed and their numbers all but obliterated when Waaagh! Snagrod descended on the Loki sector. Yet the Crimson Fists fight on, bearing the blows of a cruel fate with a stoicism that has become legend across the Imperium. Even amongst the elite ranks of the Space Marines, the remaining Crimson Fists are held as warriors without peer, forged in the fire of the most terrible and hopeless battles.

As one would expect of successors to the Imperial Fists, the Crimson Fists are steadfast and stubborn warriors, reluctant to yield so long as victory is possible. Nonetheless, the Chapter's brush with annihilation has tempered this ardour with grim reality.

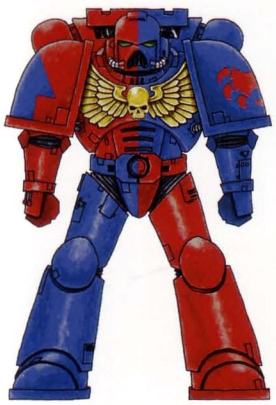
The Crimson Fists' future now lies with a handful of Space Marines, their lives to be expended for greater rewards than the salving of personal pride. Now the Battle Brothers of the Crimson Fists fight for more than the Emperor, more than honour and renown. They fight so that their Chapter may survive, and one day regain its former glories.



Crimson Fists Chapter Banner



Powerfist showing heraldry of Captain Cortez





BRAZEN CLAWS

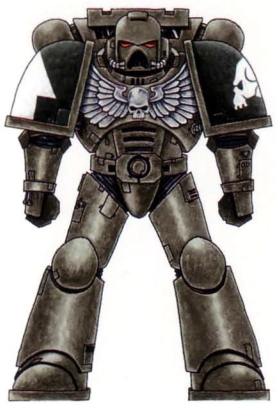
After the destruction of their Chapter planet by daemonic forces, the Brazen Claws embarked on a crusade into the Eye of Terror. There have been few sightings since their departure, but Lord Castellan Creed of Cadia insists that the Brazen Claws are still active in the Imperium's defence.





IRON LORDS

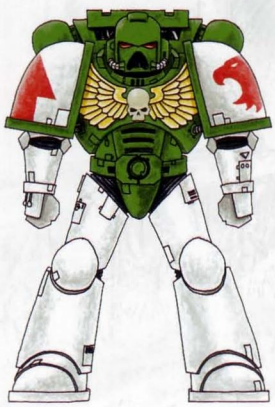
It is by the efforts of the Iron Lords that the Barghesi are confined to the Grendl stars and, more importantly, that Hive Fleet Kraken is stymied from harvesting the Barghesi's destructive biological potential.





RELICTORS

The Inquisition has become suspicious that the Relictors are developing an unhealthy fascination with tainted artefacts. As a result, they have requested that other Space Marine Chapters keep a close watch upon the Relictors' activities lest they turn Renegade.





THE MENTORS

Shrouded in mystery, the Mentors are untrusting of other Chapters, and prefer to work alone and unobserved by all save their foes. Imperial records indicate that the Mentors are currently engaged against the Eldar of Biel-tan Craftworld and the Orks of the Charadon system.



First founding chapters

Index Astartes

THE UNFORGIVEN

The Dark Angels Space Marine Chapter

by Graham McNeill, Jervis Johnson and Andy Chambers

Since the founding of their Legion at the birth of the Imperium, the Space Marines of the Dark Angels have been feared by their enemies and held in awe by those they protect. Stubborn and relentless in battle, ever vigilant and zealous in pursuit of their duties, the Dark Angels are among the Emperor's most faithful servants. Yet it was not always so. For ten millennia, the Dark Angels have harboured a sinister secret, an act so terrible and shameful it threatens everything the Dark Angels hold most dear – and may yet bring them eternal damnation.

Origins

The true origins of the first founding Chapters are intrinsically tied up with the birth of the Imperium and the legendary times when the divine Emperor still walked among men. The truth of what occurred in those distant ages is lost now, preserved only in the ancient tales of Chapter history maintained by Space Marine Librarians and, perhaps, within the endless vaults of the Library Sanctus on Holy Terra. But against the terrible weight of ten millennia of history, facts are rare and supposition is commonplace. Know then these few facts.

The Dark Angels have the honour of being the first Space Marine Legion, created by the Emperor to fight in his Great Crusade to liberate the human race from aliens and the domination of dark gods. Their victories are the stuff of legend and, despite whispered rumours concerning the Chapter's history, they are considered by many to be the greatest of all the Space Marine Chapters. The character of each of the First Founding Chapters is strongly shaped by the personality of its Primarch, or First One, and the Dark Angels are no exception.

The Librarians of the Space Marines possess stories of the creation of the first Primarchs by the Emperor. They tell how the Emperor, unstoppable in His blessed divinity, reunified the tribes of war-torn Terra and led them into the light. He knew the time was coming to reunify all of Mankind, scattered across the galaxy by the Age of Strife. He also knew that such a great undertaking could not be achieved alone, for even one as mighty as he could not be in all places at once. And so he began to forge for himself the Primarchs, the first ones. They were sons of his blood, yet not mere copies. Each was engineered to be a leader of men, a warrior and a hero tempered by wisdom and strength, both physical and spiritual. These progeny of the Emperor would lead Mankind away from the dark powers and into a golden age.

But some disaster is known to have befallen the Emperor's works on Luna before they were complete. The unborn Primarchs were lost, scattered among the stars. Many stories and legends have risen about the scattering of the Primarchs. Some tell that the Dark Gods foresaw the Emperor's plans and sought to destroy their unborn foes, but only succeeded in dispersing them. Others maintain that it was the Emperor himself who cast the Primarchs adrift on the tides of the galaxy that they might learn to live truly away from the chrome and ceramite of the laboratorium. Others still maintain that it was the nascent Primarchs themselves who chose to depart the Emperor's care, seeking knowledge alone.

It is likely that only the Emperor himself knows the truth. What is known is that after this date he turned his hand to genetically enhancing and modifying human subjects using the template of the lost Primarchs' gene strands. In this way the first Space Marine legions were created and it was they who accompanied the Emperor on his reconquest of the galaxy.

The Librarians of the Dark Angels recall ancient tales of how their Primarch, he who would become known as Lion El'Jonson, was found on their lost home world – the beautiful but blighted world of Caliban. The mutation and corruption of the Chaos realm cursed Caliban and made it one of the deadliest worlds in the galaxy. By all rights the infant Primarch should have died within minutes of his arrival. How he managed to survive is a mystery as Jonson never spoke of his early years on Caliban.

The inhabitants of Caliban are said to have been a proud, martial people, brought up to live and die by the sword. The surface of Caliban was covered in lush forests, inhabited by all manner of terrifying beasts that had been warped by Chaos. The ferocity of these creatures forced the planet's inhabitants to build brooding stone fortresses in huge clearings hacked from the forests and it was from these castles that the warrior elite of Caliban ruled.

The Lay of Luther tells how a band of knights from a group known only as the Order discovered the Primarch-child deep within the forest. Their leader, a young man named Luther, brought the Primarch back to the fortress monastery of the Order and gave him the name Lion El'Jonson, which in the tongue of Caliban means 'The Lion, the Son of the Forest'. Jonson easily adapted to the ways of humankind, learning the customs of his race and adopted home world in a remarkably short time. As time passed, Jonson and Luther became like brothers, each seeming to complement the other's abilities and skills. Tales of their exploits and victories spread around Caliban and the number of young men wishing to join the Order grew every year.

Imperial scholars believe that Jonson led a planet-wide crusade against the taint of Chaos that dwelt within the forests. The Grand Masters of every monastery joined Jonson and the Order in their crusade, and within a decade the entire world was rid of the dark powers that had once plagued it. Free from the tyranny



THE LION AND THE WOLF

One of the most famous tales of rivalry ever to be told across the galaxy is that of the Dark Angels and the Space Wolves, and goes back to the days of the Great Crusade. As the Space Marine Legions pushed back the frontiers of the Imperium, each Primarch strove to excel in the eyes of the Emperor and none more so than Leman Russ, Primarch of the Space Wolves. Only Horus and Lion El'Jonson could claim more victories than Russ and this was a constant frustration to him. It was on the world of Dulan where the Space Wolves were fighting alongside the Dark Angels that matters came to a head. The Tyrant Durath had personally insulted the Emperor, sacrificing thousands of Imperial priests to his patron daemon, and both Russ and Jonson desired the honour of slaying this heretic. The headstrong Primarch of the Space Wolves flew into a rage when Durath proclaimed that Russ was the Emperor's lap dog and would be fed to his pet Grox.

Russ swore that he would cut Durath's head from his shoulders and demanded that the Dark Angels allow him to lead his Space Wolves in an immediate assault on the Tyrant's Crimson Fortress. Jonson had spent days scouting the weak points of the fortress, meticulously planning the attack and was not about to let some hot-headed barbarian ruin his carefully laid plans. He refused Russ's demand and began the assault, storming the fortress with remarkably few casualties. Russ, caught in a swirling combat at the base of the wall, could only howl in anger as he watched Jonson slay Durath high on the walls of the keep. After the battle Russ stormed into the halls of the fortress and struck Jonson a blow to the head. The two Primarchs wrestled for a day and a night, each unable to overcome the other's skill.

At last the pair broke apart and Russ began to laugh, seeing the humour in what had occurred. Jonson was silent though. He saw Russ's first blow as treacherous, and as the Space Wolves Primarch laughed, Jonson struck him unconscious. Now he considered honour to be satisfied. The prostrate Russ was carried from the fortress by his men and, when he regained consciousness, the Dark Angels had already departed to fight in the Alisorc campaign. Russ swore he would avenge the stain on his honour and, to this day, whenever the Space Wolves and Dark Angels meet, one of their number is called upon to refight the ancient duel of the Primarchs in order that honour may be satisfied.

of Chaos, the planet of Caliban flourished like never before and, in recognition of his triumph, Jonson was proclaimed Supreme Grand Master of the Order and ruler of Caliban. It is also whispered that, although openly he was proud of Jonson's achievement, Luther felt the first faint stirrings of jealousy that was to fester and grow until one day it would almost destroy everything that he and Jonson had built.

As Jonson and Luther were battling against the Chaos creatures of the forest, the Emperor was reconquering the galaxy on the Great Crusade with his Space Marine Legions. When the Emperor reached Caliban, it is said that he and Jonson immediately recognised the bond between them, and the Emperor was united with one of his lost Primarchs. According to the Apocrypha of Skaros, Jonson was given control of the Dark Angels Legion of Space Marines which had been made in his image, and Caliban was decreed the home world of the Dark Angels. The warriors of the Order clamoured to join their ranks and in time the entirety of the Order became Space Marines. It is believed that it was Luther who would be the first to become so enhanced, and he became second only to Jonson in command of the Legion. Yet when the Emperor left Caliban to continue the Great Crusade, he took Jonson and the majority of the Dark Angels Legion with him. Luther and the remainder of the Legion were left to protect their home world and guard against the return of Chaos. This much can be found in the archives of the Imperium, but the remainder of the Dark Angels' earliest history and their terrible betrayal is well hidden. Only the inner circles of the Dark Angels themselves and, perhaps, the highest members of the Inquisition know of Luther's subsequent treachery and the sundering of the Legion itself.

The Betrayal

The Great Crusade continued and world after world fell to the Dark Angels. Word of Jonson's victories and fame reached every corner of the galaxy. On Caliban, the smallest embers of jealousy and envy in Luther's heart were stoked into a raging inferno with each tale of his brother's valour and skill in battle. His role as warden of some forgotten planet grew in his mind to become a vile stain on his honour, and the noble knight that Luther had been was lost in a morass of bitterness and spite.

When the Horus Heresy erupted and many of the Space Marine Legions turned against the Emperor, Jonson was fighting alongside Leman Russ, Primarch of the Space Wolves, on the far side of the galaxy. When the two Primarchs learned of Horus's betrayal, they put aside their feuding, gathered their Legions and began the journey back to Earth. But the journey was long and beset by difficulties so that by the time they arrived, the battle for Earth was over and the traitors had been defeated. The cost of the victory had been high. The Imperium lay in ruins and the Emperor's wounds forced him to ascend to the life-preserving mechanism of the Golden Throne. Jonson was stricken with grief that he had not been able to guard the Emperor against Horus's treachery, and it was in sorrow that he returned to Caliban for the first time in many years.

But as the Dark Angels' ships moved into orbit over their home world at the end of an arduous voyage, a withering salvo of fire blasted from the planet's surface, sending crippled ships burning into the atmosphere like falling stars. The fleet pulled away from the planet in confusion and Jonson attempted to discover the reason for the attack. The Dark Angels were to discover a horrifying tale of betrayal. It is this tale which has remained the Dark Angels' terrible secret for over ten millennia, and which they will take almost any action to conceal.

Over many decades Luther had corrupted the warriors of Caliban, projecting his bitterness and jealousy onto the Dark Angels left in his care. His powerful oratory had twisted them with an all-consuming hatred of those who had stolen their glory and abandoned them to be little more than caretakers. Like Horus and the other traitors, Luther had been corrupted by the insidious lure of Chaos. His pride and hubris had been all the Dark Gods needed to make him theirs.

The Primarch's thoughts can only be imagined, but Jonson had fought his way across the galaxy at the Emperor's side to rid countless planets from the taint of Chaos only to find his beloved home world lost to those same forces. When he discovered the truth, his fury was a terrifying thing to behold. His ships moved to destroy those who had betrayed him and began

ruthlessly bombarding the planet's surface, regardless of the planetary defences. The forests burned and the ground shook with the fury of the battle as ships and defence-towers smote each other with the power of suns. Little by little the defences were shattered, until Jonson finally ordered the invasion and personally led the assault on Caliban, his heart burning with the thirst for vengeance.

The fallen Dark Angels had taken refuge in the vast fortress-monastery of the Order and now Jonson led his warriors against his home, knowing that Luther would be waiting for him.

The Primarch faced his former brother and knew that he was lost to him, that the dark powers had destroyed the honourable man he had once been. The Primarch was a living god amongst men, but Luther had been elevated by the Chaos powers to be his equal in almost every way. The two warriors fought in a battle the like of which had never been seen before and has never been witnessed since. The ancient home of the Order was reduced to rubble in their epic battle as the Dark Angels fleet continued to bombard the planet, flattening the citadels of every remaining monastery. Caliban's surface began to crack and heave under the constant shelling, the fury of the Dark Angels blinding them to the devastation they were wreaking on their own world.

Only the Masters of the Dark Angels know more than this, and they tell it to no one. However the ancient Codicium Astartes Mortis or Book of the Angels of Death describes the battle between Luther and Jonson. "[They] fought with superhuman strength, equally matched in all but purpose ... eventually Luther stumbled, his neck exposed to his brother's [righteous blade]. As Luther fell, Jonson raised his sword high, but [even in his rage] could not bring himself to deliver the killing blow. Luther had no such qualms and, as Jonson hesitated, he unleashed a terrible sorcerous attack that mortally wounded the Primarch ... Luther towered above [The Lion] and as he watched the Primarch struggle to stand, his face contorted in agony, the veil lifted from Luther's eyes and he realised the full horror of his betrayal. Not only had he forsaken his friend, his Legion and the Emperor, he had betrayed the nobility within himself. He cast his weapon aside and collapsed next to Jonson, his sanity shattered by the enormity of his actions."

Around Caliban the warp convulsed as the dark powers realised that they had once again been thwarted. If accounts are true, their titanic rage tore a rent in the very fabric of space around Caliban and a warp storm of utmost fury spewed forth from the rent to engulf the planet.

A swirling vortex of unleashed warp energy swept across Caliban. Furious, planet-wide earthquakes wracked the surface of the planet and it began to split open. The relentless bombardment by the Dark Angels' fleet had already weakened the planet and to their horror it broke apart and was no more, the debris of its death spasms sucked into the maelstrom of the warp. All that remained of Caliban were the ruins of the Order's fortress-monastery.

The Dark Angels maintain that the ruined fortress was empty, but the Codicium Astartes Mortis states "When the Dark Angels descended to the dead rock, they discovered Luther, curled in a foetal ball, endlessly repeating the same phrase. Over and over he told the Dark Angels that the [Watchers in the Dark] had taken the Primarch and one day they would return him to forgive Luther his sins. The Space Marines searched the drifting asteroid but could find no trace of their Primarch. Lion El'Jonson had vanished."

COMMANDER AZRAEL, SUPREME GRAND MASTER OF THE DARK ANGELS



The current and, many would say, greatest Chapter Master of the Dark Angels was recruited from the feral world of Kimmeria from amongst the wild, headhunting tribesmen. His wild nature was tempered by the Chapter and he soon proved himself to be a noble and honourable warrior. As a humble Brother-Marine he fought in many victorious battles during the Scouring of Truan IX and rose to the position of Force Commander during the crushing of the techno-revivalist uprising on Faze V, an undertaking which brought him much accolade from the Chapter's masters. With such victories behind him it was not long before Azrael was inducted into the Deathwing and given command of 3rd Company. As captain of this Battle Company he fought in countless campaigns and won much respect from his peers, becoming Master of the Deathwing in 917.M41.

The Grand Master of the Dark Angels secretly chooses his successor from the Inner Circle, and when the Chapter's Grand Master died in 939.M41 it was inevitable that Azrael would succeed him. Azrael was presented with the Lion Helm and the Sword of Secrets, items of supreme significance for the Dark Angels and the symbol of office for the Grand Master. With these icons came the honorific title, Keeper of the Truth. Azrael continues to lead the Chapter in battle and his noble demeanour and unblemished honour continue to be an example to all.

In the aftermath of the fall of Caliban the senior members of the Chapter assembled in a secret conclave and decreed that knowledge of the fall of their brothers should forever remain with them. No one must learn of the schism that had split their Chapter or that Space Marines of the Dark Angels had turned to Chaos. Should this dreadful secret become known, the Chapter would surely be destroyed and all hopes of expunging the stain to their honour would be forever lost.

An Inner Circle of the Chapter's most senior officers was formed to guard this dangerous knowledge and every man swore oaths of unspeakable binding. Luther's traitors, the fallen Dark Angels, had disappeared deep into the warp during the cataclysm, the Dark Gods' fury scattering them throughout space and time. Until every Fallen Angel was captured and made to repent, there would be no peace for the True Sons of the Lion. So long as even one of the Fallen remained alive and unrepentant, the Chapter would be Unforgiven, cursed by their brothers to eternally atone for the sins of the past.

Home World

After the titanic battle between Luther and Jonson, all that remained of Caliban was the rock upon which stood the ruins of the Order's fortress monastery. Drilling deep into the bedrock, and rebuilding the fortress ruins, the Dark Angels transformed the dead asteroid into their new home, called The Tower Of Angels in High Gothic, more commonly called The Rock. Countless tunnels, halls and chambers were constructed and, in time, even warp engines were constructed to allow the Rock to move from star to star. As a result, the Rock does not stay in one place for any length of time and Dark Angels recruits come from a variety of different worlds. Each recruit is screened thoroughly and from the moment he becomes a Dark Angels his past life is irrelevant. All that matters to him now is the Chapter.

Many dark secrets lie deep within the Tower of Angels. Dungeons that have remained unopened in centuries and secret caves that are sealed with adamantium doors and bound with holy sigils conceal vast stores of ancient archeotech. Only the most senior members of the Dark Angels, the Masters and the Inner Circle are aware of these chambers and may unlock their dread secrets.

Combat Doctrine

With the break up of the Space Marine Legions after the Horus Heresy, the Dark Angels were split into Chapters according to Roboute Guilliman's Codex Astartes. With the exception of the Deathwing and the Ravenwing, the Dark Angels follow standard Space Marine combat doctrine and their dogged resistance against overwhelming odds is legendary. In situations where even other Space Marines would fall back, the Dark Angels will fight to the bitter end rather than give ground to their foes. This is also reflected in their stubborn refusal to move in the face of the enemy, even in situations where it would sometimes be tactically beneficial for them to do so.

The Dark Angels are also notoriously intolerant of non-humans and will refuse to fight alongside armies that include alien races. They are highly suspicious of outsiders and often appear unreasonably aloof and intransigent. Indeed there have been a number of occasions where the Dark Angels have withdrawn suddenly and with no explanation from a warzone when confronted by an Imperial Inquisitor or Missionary.

Organisation

To an outsider, the organisation of the Dark Angels is much the same as other Codex Chapters, ten Companies each of 100 men. It is at the higher levels of command that the Dark Angels become quite different to other Chapters. Each Chapter has a number of senior officers and specialist troopers who stand apart from the main body of Space Marines, and in the Dark Angels these men are known as the Inner Circle. Only warriors who have fought through the ranks for many years and have proved their loyalty to the Chapter time and time again are allowed to progress into the Inner Circle. It is these sinister individuals who shoulder the burden of the Dark Angels' secret shame and it is they alone who decide who is worthy to join their ranks. Each company of the Dark Angels is led by a Master of the Chapter who has passed through the Deathwing into the Inner Circle.

The first two Companies of the Dark Angels are where the greatest difference between other codex Chapters lies. The 1st Company is known and feared as the Deathwing, veterans who only ever take the field of battle in bone-white Terminator armour. Originally, the armour was black, but after a single squad of Terminators freed their home world from Genestealer infestation, it was forever decreed that their armour would be white to honour their valour. The 2nd Company is the Ravenwing, and those who make up its ranks are masters of high speed attack. Every warrior rides a bike or land speeder and is organised into squadrons of five vehicles rather than ten man squads. Rather than the normal dark green colours of the Dark Angels, the Ravenwing's armour is painted jet black.

The remainder of the Chapter is organised along strict Codex lines, with the 3rd, 4th and 5th Companies forming the Battle Companies, the 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th the Reserve Companies and, lastly, the 10th Company is made up of Scouts.

Beliefs

The Dark Angels Chapter gives praise to the Emperor of Mankind but, much to the chagrin of the Ecclesiarchy, do not revere him as a god. Like most First Founding Chapters, the Dark Angels venerate their Primarch as much as they do the Emperor, who they worship as the founder of the Imperium and as their creator. To the Dark Angels the Emperor is a man, not a god.

The driving force of the Chapter is the hunting of the Fallen Dark Angels who were swept into the vortex that destroyed Caliban. Only by hunting down and capturing each of the Fallen Angels will the shame of the Dark Angels be absolved in the eyes of the Emperor. The Fallen have been scattered throughout time and space and thus the Dark Angels' ten millennia quest is far from over. It is this which drives them and they will follow up any rumour, no matter how slim, if it offers a chance of recapturing one of the Fallen. Should one be captured, he is taken back to the Rock and thrown in the darkest dungeon where the fearsome Interrogator-Chaplains attempt to make him repent his past sins. Should he repent, his death is swift and relatively painless, but in most cases he will refuse and the Chaplain will be forced to use any methods to force him to repent. Often this will result in the Fallen's death, but this is a small price to pay for adding his name to the Book of Salvation.

Gene-seed

As the first Space Marine Legion, the Dark Angels' gene-seed is one of the purest and least degraded of all. With the break-up of the Space Marine Legions following the Horus Heresy, the Dark Angels gave rise to three successor Chapters, the Angels of Absolution, the Angels of Redemption and the Angels of Vengeance. Collectively these Chapters are known as the Unforgiven and each continues the work of its parent Chapter in hunting the Fallen.

There are no known aberrations in the Dark Angels' gene-seed, which makes the reluctance of the High Lords of Terra to utilise it in the founding of new Chapters perplexing. No doubt there are other successor Chapters of the Dark Angels, but their names and when they were founded are unrecorded.

Battlecry

"Repent! For tomorrow you die!"

USING A DARK ANGELS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

See Codex: Dark Angels for the Dark Angels army list. Note that the following modification applies:

Dark Angels Tactical squads can substitute a Plasma cannon for a Lascannon at no additional points cost.

DARK ANGELS

Since the founding of their Legion at the birth of the Imperium, the Dark Angels have been feared by their enemies and held in awe by those they protect. Stubborn and relentless in battle, ever vigilant and zealous in pursuit of their duties, the Dark Angels are among the Emperor's most faithful servants. Yet it was not always so. For ten millennia, the Dark Angels have harboured a sinister secret, an act so terrible and shameful it threatens everything the Dark Angels hold most dear – and may yet bring them eternal damnation...

The Dark Angels exhibit a number of differences to a Codex Chapter. First is the colour of their uniform: although the majority of the army has dark green armour, the First Company, called the Deathwing, is coloured bone-white and the second Company, the Ravenwing, is black.

HEADQUARTERS STAFF

Master of the Chapter, Senior officers, Administrative Staff, Support Personnel plus Armoury & Librarius.

DEATHWING

1st (Veteran) Company

Command

Squads:

20 Terminator

RAVENWING

2nd Company

Command

Squadrons:

Bikes

Attack Bikes

Land Speeders

BATTLE COMPANIES

3rd Company

Command

Squads:

6 Tactical

2 Assault

2 Devastator

4th Company

Command

Squads:

6 Tactical

2 Assault

2 Devastator

5th Company

Command

Squads:

6 Tactical

2 Assault

2 Devastator

RESERVE COMPANIES

6th Company

Command

Squads:

10 Tactical

7th Company

Command

Squads:

10 Tactical

8th Company

Command

Squads:

10 Assault

9th Company

Command

Squads:

10 Devastator

SCOUTS

10th (Scout) Company

Command

Squads:

Scout

At the Command level the Dark Angels have Grand Masters in place of Force Commanders and Interrogator-Chaplains in place of Chaplains. Company markings are represented by a badge rather than applied to the rims of the shoulder guards and both officers and squads are often seen wearing robes over their armour.

ORGANISATION

The greatest difference between the Dark Angels and other Codex Chapters lies with the first two Companies. The First Company is known and feared as the Deathwing, veterans who only ever take to the field of battle in bone-white Terminator armour. The Second Company is a formation totally different from a Codex Chapter. Called the Ravenwing, every warrior rides a bike or Land Speeder and is organised into squadrons of five vehicles rather than ten-man squads.

HISTORY

With the exception of the Deathwing and the Ravenwing, the Dark Angels follow standard Space Marine combat doctrine and their dogged resistance against overwhelming odds is legendary. In situations where even other Space Marines would fall back, the Dark Angels will fight to the bitter end rather than give ground to their foes.

And the terrible shame that the Dark Angels hold so secret? None must learn of the schism that split their Chapter at the time of the Horus Heresy or that Space Marines of the Dark Angels turned to Chaos. Should this become known, it would mean the destruction of the Chapter, and all hopes of expunging the stain to their honour would be lost forever.



PAINTING DARK ANGELS



Drybrushing is an effective way to paint Space Marine armour. The trick is to carefully build up the layers of colour to get an effective gradation. The model is assembled and undercoated black, keeping the boltgun seperate to help with painting the chest eagle.

PAINTING THE ARMOUR

1



Undercoat the model with Chaos Black spray

2



Drybrush the armour with Dark Angels Green, spending the time to really build up the colour.

3



Mix up equal parts of Dark Angels Green and Snot Green and drybrush this onto the armour.

4



Using Snot Green, lightly drybrush the edges of the armour.

RED EYE LENSES



1



Apply a basecoat of Scab Red to the whole of the eye lens.

2



Paint half the lenses, towards the front of the helmet, Blood Red.

3



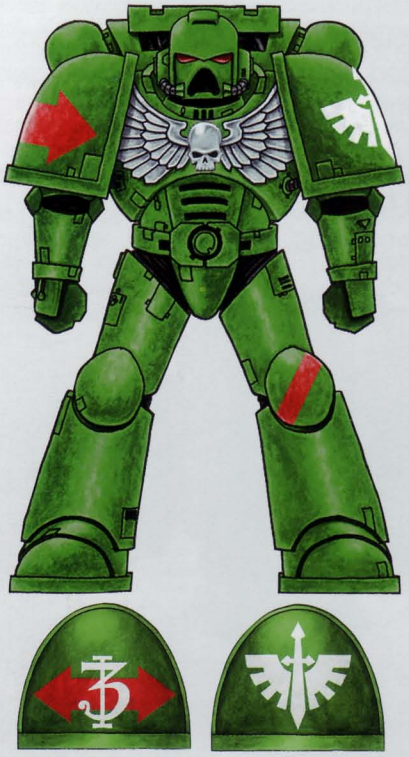
Apply a little Blazing Orange to the inner corner of the lenses.

4

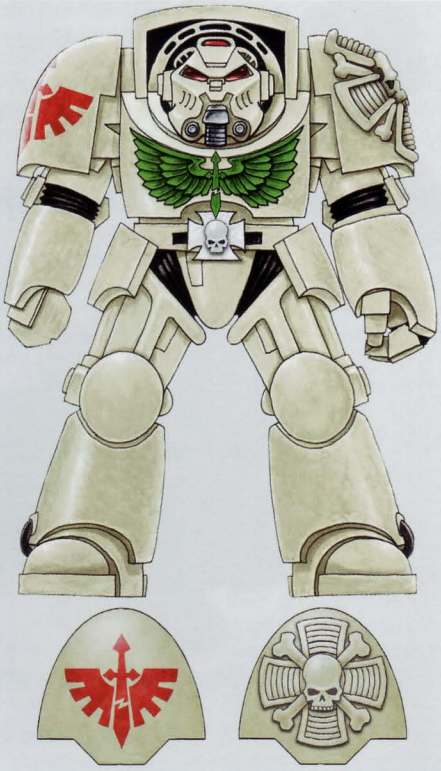


The final touch is a tiny dot of Skull White in the rear corners.

DARK ANGELS



Although the Dark Angels adhere closely to the Codex Astartes in their organisation, there are important differences between them and other, more orthodox, Chapters. The Deathwing have bone-coloured tactical dreadnought armour with a red chapter badge on their right shoulder. The Ravenwing have black armour and a unique Company badge on both their shoulder guards and vehicles. The Third through Ninth Companies are marked with heraldic designs on their kneepads whilst their tactical badges are red and are often marked with a white squad number on top.



Tactical Squad Absalom of the Third Company under Master Issachar



Brother Areli armed with boltgun



Brother Thaddeus armed with meltagun



Brother Nahum armed with plasma cannon



Brother Sergeant Absalom with bolt pistol and chainsword



Brother Jeremiel armed with boltgun



Brother Baruch armed with boltgun



Brother Joash armed with boltgun



Brother Abishai armed with boltgun



Brother Terach armed with boltgun



Brother Uriel armed with boltgun



Brother Abner armed with lascannon



Brother Gamaliel armed with plasma cannon



Brother Sergeant Mordecai with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Shadrach armed with lascannon



Brother Abimelech armed with plasma cannon

Devastator Squad Mordecai of the Third Company under Master Issachar

Assault squad Uzziah of the Third Company under Master Issachar



Brother Tobias armed with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Matthias armed with bolt pistol & chainsword



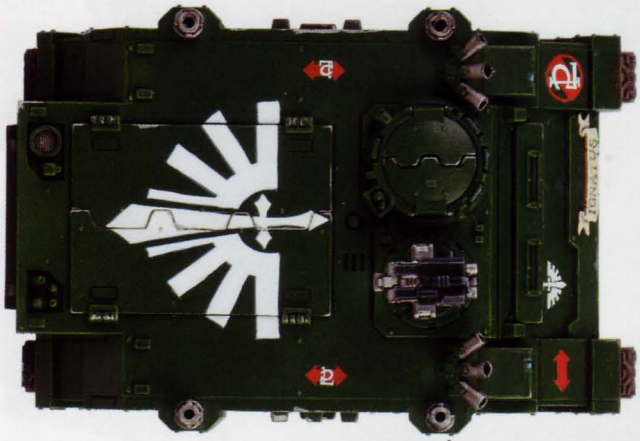
Brother Sergeant Uzziah armed with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Hillel armed with plasma pistol & chainsword

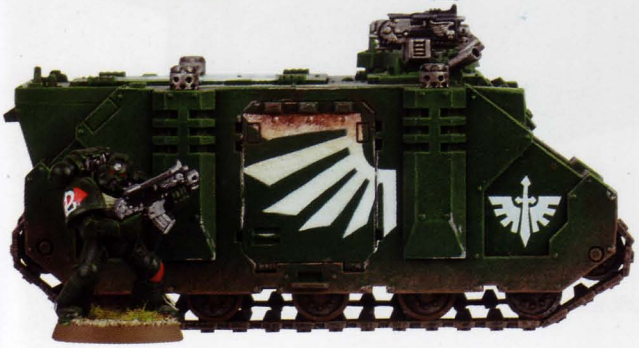


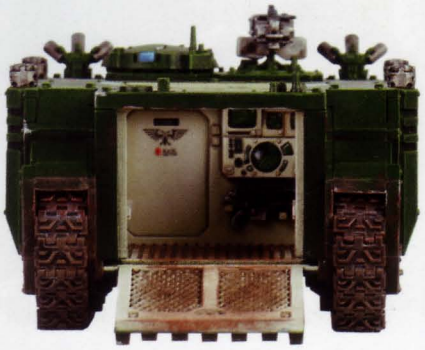
Brother Uriel armed with bolt pistol & chainsword



Transport Rhino *Ignatus*, attached to Squad Absalom of the Third Company









Brother Zedakiah armed with boltgun



Brother Elishus armed with plasma gun



Brother Abishae armed with plasma cannon



Brother Sergeant Tobias with plasma pistol & chainsword



Brother Barruc armed with boltgun



Brother Gamal armed with boltgun



Brother Nahemia armed with boltgun



Brother Ushia armed with boltgun



Brother Abimadan armed with boltgun

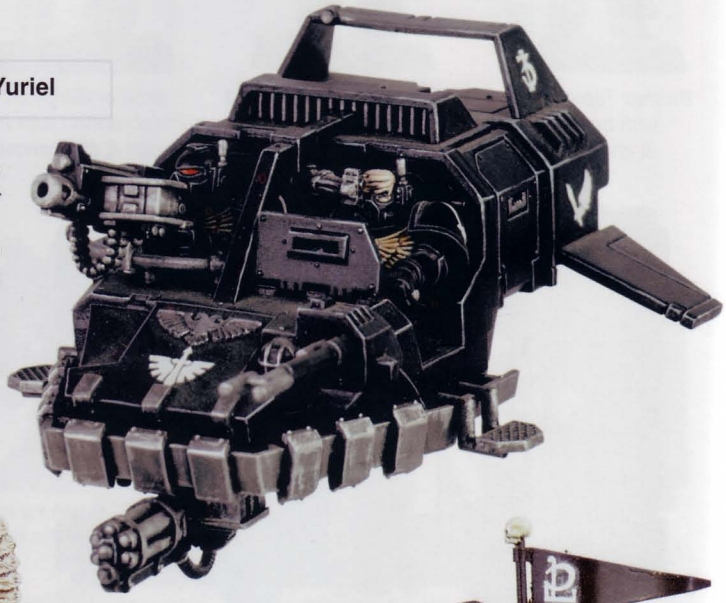


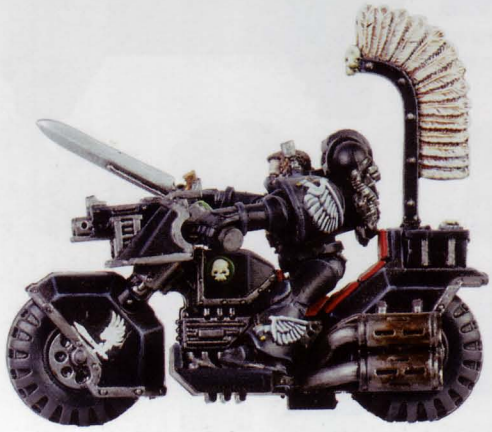
Brother Ishach armed with boltgun

Tactical Squad Tobias of the Fourth Company under Master Boaz

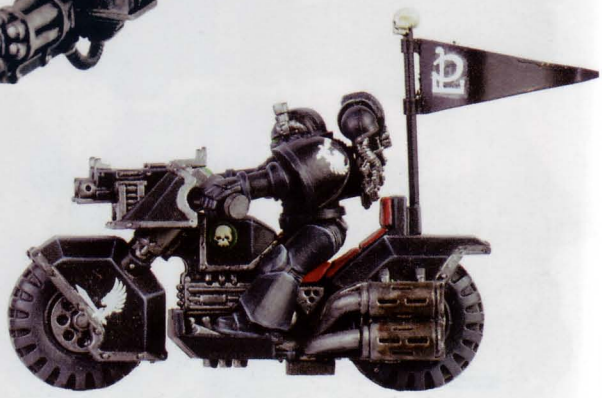
Elements of the Ravenwing under Master Yuriel

Ravenwing Land Speeder Tornado armed with heavy bolter & assault cannon, crewed by Brother Jeremiah and Brother Eoch





Veteran Sergeant Reuban with power sword



Brother Elija

Squad Mattias of the Deathwing under Master Josuah





Brother Shadra armed with storm bolter & power fist



Brother Cain armed with heavy flamer & power fist



Brother Sergeant Mattias armed storm bolter & power sword



Brother Abednego armed with storm bolter & chainfist



Brother Joadar armed with storm bolter & power fist



Land Raider *Zachaeus* attached to Squad Mattias of the Deathwing

THE DARK ANGELS

"No respite, no forgiveness, no mercy. For we are the Emperor's wrath."
Interrogator-Chaplain Asmodai from the Third Litany of Malediction.



The Dark Angels are the honoured First Chapter of the First Founding, the original Space Marines, founded before the Imperium of Man had even been created. The Dark Angels Legion fought beside the Emperor during the Great Crusades, and can claim to have liberated or captured hundreds, if not thousands of worlds for the Imperium.

Created using the geneseed of the Primarch Lion El'Jonson, the Dark Angels Legion took Caliban as its home, close to the Eye of Terror. During the dark days of the Great Heresy, when it seemed that the hard won Imperium of Man must fall to the daemon-worshipping traitor Horus, the Dark Angels came within an inch of betraying their Emperor and joining Horus' corrupt rebels. Disaster was narrowly averted, but only at a great cost, and in the aftermath Caliban was destroyed. All that remains today is the Rock, an asteroid splinter of the Chapter's former homeworld, now converted into the Dark Angels' fortress-monastery.

Today the Chapter wreathes itself in secrecy and darkness. They guard ancient secrets that only the Inner Circle of the Dark Angels is privileged to know. From their base they launch relentless campaigns against the enemies of Mankind, striking suddenly, without warning, and with terrible, pitiless fury. But many on Terra believe the Chapter's loyalty is questionable, and that they continually act without regard for the wishes of the rulers of the Imperium. They say that the Chapter is beyond the control of the High Lords of Terra, and worst yet, beyond the restraints of the Emperor's Inquisition. Suspicion of the Chapter is rife, for without the correct controls who knows where the Chapter's true loyalty lies, or what heresy might be breeding within the dark corridors of the Rock?

The Supreme Grand Master of the Dark Angels cares not for such rumours. His Chapter's deeds speak louder than words. For ten thousand years the Dark Angels have fought for their Emperor, driven by a fervour for absolution from their past and a need to remove the stain of disloyalty.

On Vraks, the Dark Angels responded rapidly to the Segmentum High Command's request for assistance. Azrael, the current Supreme Grand Master of the Chapter, responded with a massive show of strength, committing almost half the Chapter's strength to Vraks. Why such a large deployment? Nobody except the Inner Circle knows – but it cannot be ignored that the appearance of Traitor Space Marines on Vraks must have acted as a draw to the Dark Angels. Perhaps this was a chance to settle an old score from ten thousand years ago? To exact revenge from those who joined Horus' rebellion and almost brought about the ruin of the Dark Angels and the Imperium?

The Chapter launched an attack against Vraks star port with the aim of destroying the planet's ability to land reinforcements. The Chapter's battle-brothers fought a furious battle against the renegade militia, and finally encountered the enemy they were seeking – the Alpha Legion warband of Arkos the Faithless. Azrael hoped to capture Arkos or his followers so that his Chaplains could interrogate them for new intelligence about the Fallen. Although the star port was captured and then destroyed, Azrael failed to outwit the Alpha Legion, and was himself almost killed whilst fighting Arkos in hand-to-hand combat. Only the intervention of the Deathwing, led by Interrogator-Chaplain Belphegor saved the Supreme Grand Master's life, although Arkos, no doubt aided by his own gods, also escaped.

DARK ANGELS STRIKE FORCE

Vraks Devastation Force

Headquarters


Supreme Grand Master Azrael


Interrogator-Chaplain Belphegor


Land Raider Prometheus x 1


Damocles x 1

Librarium


Librarians x 5

Apothecarion


Apothecaries x 6


Rhino x 2

1st Company (Deathwing)


Terminators x 25


Land Raider x 2

2nd Company (Ravenwing)


Crew x 30


Land Speeder x15

3rd Company


Master Orias


Chaplain


Apothecary


Tactical x 20


Assault x 20


Devastators x 20


Rhino x 6


Dreadnought x 1

Armoury


Predator Annihilator x 4


Whirlwind x 15


Vindicator x 9


Predator Destructor x 8


Razorback x 10


Sentry guns x 12

Fleet



Battle Barge - *Angel of Retribution*



Strike Cruiser - *Sword of Caliban*



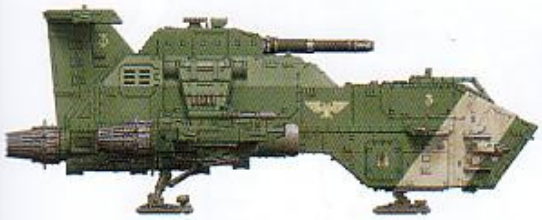
Nova class x 2



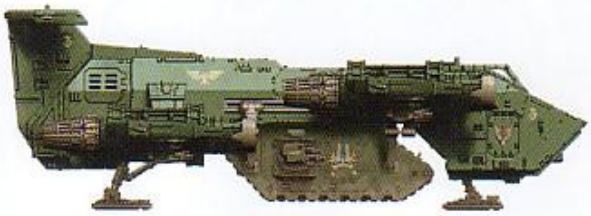
Strike Cruiser - *Salvation*



Hunter class x 2



Thunderhawk Gunship x 15



Thunderhawk Transporter x 22



Drop Pods x 42

5th Company



Master Helbron



Chaplain



Apothecary



Standard Bearer



Tactical x 60



Assault x 20



Devastator x 20



Rhino x 10



Dreadnought x 4

6th Company



Chaplain



Apothecary



Tactical x 70



Rhino x 7

8th Company



Assault x 50



Rhino x 5

9th Company



Devastator x 40



Rhino x 4

Armoury



Techmarine x 17



Servitor x 76



Land Raider x 8



Land Raider Crusader x 2

DARK ANGELS
DEATHWING TERMINATOR SQUAD
Squad Arbalan, 1st Company



1. Veteran Sergeant Arbalan
Squad Commander. 92 Missions.

1.



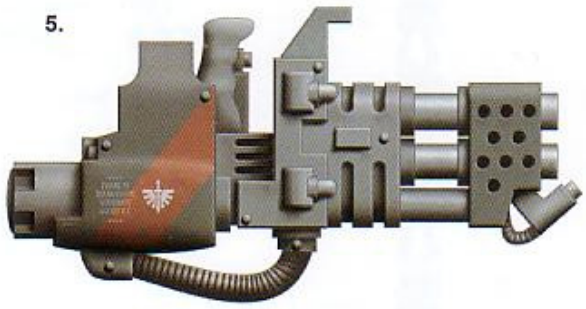
2-4.



SQUAD ARBALAN

One of five Deathwing Terminator squads which took part in the final battle to annihilate the defenders of Vraks star port. At the height of the battle, Squad Arbalan was engaged in ferocious house-to-house fighting against Alpha Legion traitor marines. Arbalan's squad and their Land Raider transport conducted a counter-attack to rescue fellow Dark Angels trapped by an Alpha Legion ambush and surrounded. They broke through and secured an escape route, for the loss of a single battle brother – killed by a direct hit from a meltagun as the squad withdrew.

5.



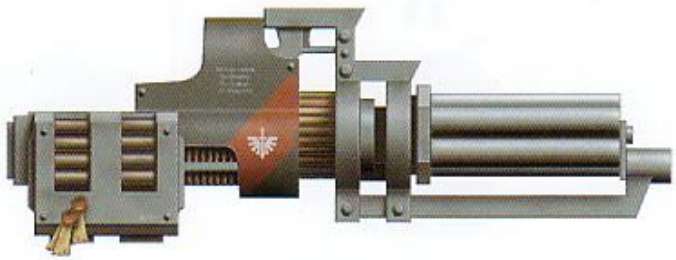
TERMINATOR WEAPONS

1-4. Storm Bolter. (Umbra pattern)

Storm bolters are a development of the standard boltgun, designed for close quarters combat. They have a higher rate of fire than the standard boltgun, but correspondingly have a drop-off in accuracy due to the weapon's ferocious recoil whilst rapid firing.

5. Heavy Flamer. (Ultima pattern)

The heavy flamer unit is a standard support weapon for Terminator squads, used for tunnel fighting and room clearance. It is a savage weapon, firing a stream of super-heated promethium, generating temperatures in excess of 900°C, incinerating anything hit. Such is the weapon's fearsome reputation that many foes will flee rather than face the prospect of a terrible death.



Alternative heavy weapon – assault cannon. (Ultima pattern)

Instead of the heavy flamer unit, many Deathwing squads are equipped with an assault cannon, a six-barrelled, self-loading autocannon with a very high rate of fire.



2. Veteran Brother Nestor
52 Missions.



3. Veteran Brother Aviel
Squad 2-i-c. 90 Missions.



4. Veteran Brother Ares
22 Missions.
KIA on Vraks.



5. Veteran Brother Zariah
39 Missions.

DARK ANGELS
TACTICAL COMBAT-SQUAD BOREAS
2nd Tactical Squad, 5th Company



1. Veteran Sergeant Boreas
48 Missions.













SQUAD BOREAS

As part of 5th Company's deployment on Vraks, Squad Boreas fought for ten consequtive days at Vraks star port. For flexibility on the battlefield, the ten man squad was split into two five-man combat squads for the duration of the battle. The first half was led by Veteran Sergeant Boreas, whilst the second half was led by Veteran battle bother Gideon.

TACTICAL SQUAD WEAPONS

1. Power sword and Plasma pistol (MkII Mars pattern).
As a squad leader, a veteran battle brother may choose to carry a sword. This master-crafted weapon contains a small powerfield generator in the pommel. When activated, it wreaths the blade in a crackling energy field that disrupts anything hit at a molecular level, greatly assisting armour penetration.

The plasma pistol uses the same ancient technology as the plasma gun but, whilst devastating at close quarters, also suffers all the reliability drawbacks of its larger cousins.

2. Boltgun with 'Dark-Eye' nightscope (MkII Ultra pattern).
This boltgun includes the 'Dark-Eye' nightscope, a modification sometimes favoured by Space Marines that have earned the Marksman's Honour. It provides enhanced low-light sighting via the weapon's link to the powered armour's autosenses. Increased magnification and powerful infra-targeting make this scope a useful addition to a squad fighting at longer ranges.

3-4. Boltgun (MkIV Ultra pattern).
See overleaf.

5. Plasma gun (MkV Mars pattern).
The plasma gun fires highly energised hydrogen plasma, accelerating the 'plasma bolt' via a linear magnetic accelerator. Upon impact the plasma explodes with the destructive heat of a small sun. Whilst effective, plasma weapons are very unreliable. The colossal energies generated by the weapon must be contained within a magnetic field. Failure of this field can result in the weapon overheating in a catastrophic meltdown.



2. Brother Aryen
32 Missions.



3. Brother Xaron
19 Missions.
KIA on Vraks.



4. Brother Rakiel.
14 Missions.



5. Brother Adama
20 Missions.
WIA on Vraks



2. Brother Maor
19 Missions.
WIA on Vraks



3. Brother Aharon
27 Missions.
KIA on Vraks



4. Brother Noam
7 Missions.



5. Brother Zachariah
21 Missions.

DARK ANGELS
TACTICAL COMBAT SQUAD GIDEON
2nd Tactical Squad, 5th Company



1. Veteran Brother Gideon
34 Missions.
WIA on Vraks

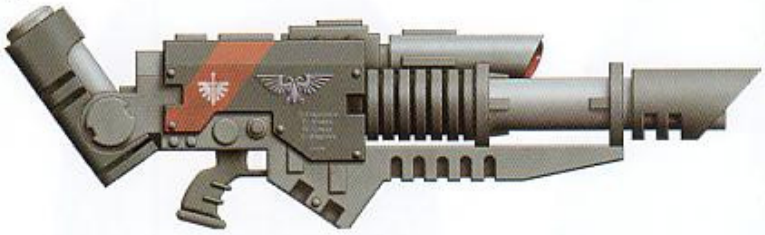


Right shoulder pad.
Squad number and designation marking.



Left shoulder pad.
Chapter badge.

5.



TACTICAL SQUAD WEAPONS

1-4 Boltgun (MkIV Ultra pattern).

Boltguns are the Codex issue armament of all Space Marine Chapters. They fire self-propelled bolts that detonate after penetrating a target, literally blowing it apart from within. They are superbly made, constructed by skilled artisans of the Chapter's armoury, and many weapons are ancient artefacts of the Chapter.

5. Lascannon (MkVII Mars pattern).

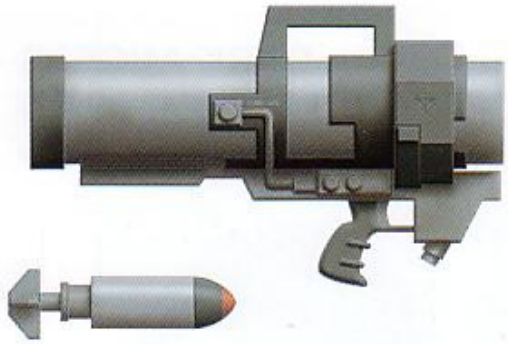
Each Tactical squad is equipped with a single heavy weapon, allowing greater battlefield flexibility, as the squad can be used in a support fire role, with the bolt gun equipped battle brothers protecting the heavy weapon.

This squad has been issued a lascannon for use in an anti-armour role. The lascannon fires a powerful blast of laser energy capable of cutting through the thickest armour plating. The weapon itself is very encumbering, and only the Space Marine's greatly enhanced strength and power armour allows the weapon to be man-portable. Most lascannons are tripod or vehicle mounted, but this pattern has been specifically developed to meet the requirements of Space Marine Chapters.

1-4.



Other Space Marine Weapons



Missile Launcher

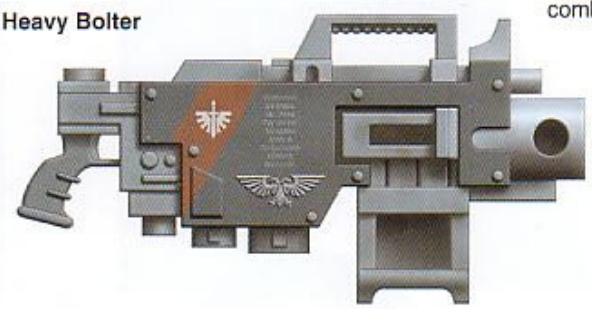
Missile Launcher
The man-portable tactical missile launcher provides a squad with flexible heavy weapons fire. It fires an armour-piercing krak warhead (shown here), capable of eliminating hard targets and enemy vehicles at long range. It can also provide anti-infantry suppressive firepower with fragmentation missiles. This is the Mk III Mars pattern missile launcher. It is a single shot weapon, and must be reloaded after each shot. Squad members will carry extra missiles for the weapon

Bolt Pistol
Carried as a side arm by many Space Marines, and issued as standard to battle brothers armed with heavy weapons and special weapons. The pistol fires the same rounds as the bolt gun, using the same technology. Capable of single shot or three round bursts, the pistol lacks range and accuracy, but the bolt's stopping power mean it is highly effective at short ranges and during close combat. The weapon's magazine holds ten rounds.



Bolt Pistol

Heavy Bolter



Heavy Bolter
This heavy weapon is sometimes issued to squads instead of the missile launcher or lascannon for fire support. In the hands of a Space Marine, assisted by his power armour, the heavy bolter become a man-portable weapon. The heavy bolter fires a larger, heavier bolt over longer range that the standard bolt gun and is supplied by a high capacity 40 round magazine, or a disintegrating belt. The weapon can also be fitted with a bipod, so it can be used in a sustained fire role.

Other squad shoulder pads

As well as Tactical squads, each battle company also fields Assault and Devastator squads. These squads bear their own markings and their squad number on the right shoulder pad – shown here.



Right shoulder pad.
8th Assault squad.



Right shoulder pad.
9th Devastator squad.

Vehicle Markings

Dark Angels vehicles bear a variety of markings both for identification, dedication and protection. Just as with the Chapter's battle-brothers, each vehicle's 'soul' must be protected from corruption through purity and loyalty to the Emperor.



Chapter Iconography.
Symbols are often castings taken from the company shrines of the Fortress-Monastery or, in rare cases, taken from the Emperor's Palace on Terra. This icon's scroll-work carries the vehicle's name.



Litanies.
Prayers and litanies taken from the Chapter's important religious works engraved into the vehicle.



Parchment and Purity Seals.
Dedicational scrolls and purity seals protect the vehicle's machine-spirit from possession or malfunction.



Company Number.
Each vehicle either belongs to a company or is attached to a company from the Chapter armoury for the campaign.

DARK ANGELS



A Dark Angels Tactical Squad



A Dark Angels Ravenwing Squadron



A Dark Angels Assault Squad



Deathwing Terminators and Dark Angels Land Raider



Asmodai, Interrogator-Chaplain



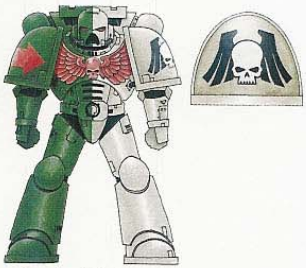


SUCCESSOR CHAPTERS

The Dark Angel's Successor Chapters, described opposite, each have their own iconography.



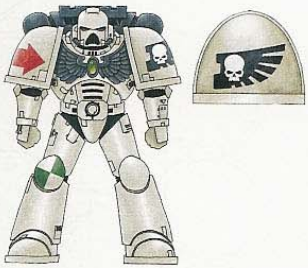
Angels of Vengeance



Angels of Redemption



Disciples of Caliban



Angels of Absolution



Guardians of the Covenant



The Consecrators

Shown here are a variety of Space Marine models, painted in the colours of specific Successor Chapters as shown above. Of course, you may like to invent your own unique Unforgiven Chapter, complete with insignia of your devising. The only guideline to consider is that the Successors usually adopt dark, brooding colours.



Angels of Absolution
Company Veteran



Disciples of Caliban
1st Company Terminator



Guardians of the Covenant
Company Veteran



Guardians of the Covenant
2nd Company biker



Consecrators
Company Master

SUCCESSOR CHAPTERS

When the Space Marine Legions were split into Chapters after the Horus Heresy, it is written in the few surviving histories that the Dark Angels Legion sired at least three new Chapters. These are the Angels of Absolution, the Angels of Vengeance and the Angels of Redemption, but more of these so-called 'Successors' are said to exist. Certainly, more were created than are recorded, and all of these Chapters are extant to this day. These Chapters collectively call themselves the Unforgiven, and they pursue their own, shadowy agenda, forever seeking to absolve themselves of the Dark Angels' ancient sin.

Each of the Unforgiven Chapters follows the Dark Angels' pattern of organisation closely, and each has its own Inner Circle. They all have formations which are similar to the Deathwing and Ravenwing Companies, although they are not named as such. Some of these Chapters use special uniforms and markings for these units, while others do not.

The Chapters of the Unforgiven coordinate their actions in regards to their secret mission and it is not unknown for the Supreme Grand Masters of the Chapters to hold summit meetings on the Rock.

LEGION	PRIMARCH	WORLD	SECOND FOUNDING CHAPTERS
Dark Angels	Lion El' Jonson	[Caliban]	Angels of Absolution, Angels of Redemption, Angels of Vengeance
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Emperor's Children	Fulgrim	[Chemos]	Excommunicate Traitoris
Iron Warriors	Perturabo	[Olympia]	Excommunicate Traitoris
White Scars	Jaghatai Khan	Mundus Planus	Marauders, Rampagers, Destroyers, Storm Lords
Space Wolves	Leman Russ	Fenris	Wolf Brothers
Imperial Fists	Rogal Dorn	Terra	Black Templars, Crimson Fists
Night Lords	Konrad Curze	[Nostramo]	Excommunicate Traitoris
Blood Angels	Sanguinius	Baal	Angels Encarmine, Angels Sanguine, Fleshtearers, Angels Vermilion, Blood Drinkers
Iron Hands	Ferrus Manus	Medusa	Red Talons; Brazen Claws
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
World Eaters	Angron	No Record	Excommunicate Traitoris
Ultramarines	Roboute Guilliman	Macragge	Novamarines, Patriarchs of Ulixis, White Consuls, Black Consuls, Libators, Praetors of Orpheus, Inceptors, Genesis Chapter
Death Guard	Mortarion	[Barbarus]	Excommunicate Traitoris
Thousand Sons	Magnus the Red	[Prospero]	Excommunicate Traitoris
Lunar Wolves	Horus	[Cthonia]	Excommunicate Traitoris
Word Bearers	Lorgar	[Colchis]	Excommunicate Traitoris
Salamanders	Vulkan	Nocturne	None Known
Raven Guard	Corax	Deliverance	Black Guard, Revilers, Raptors
Alpha Legion	Alpharius	No Record	Excommunicate Traitoris

LEGION: *Name of Legion when founded.*
PRIMARCH: *Name of Primarch from which Legion allegedly drew its geneseed.*
WORLD: *Where Legion was based. Worlds in parentheses subsequently destroyed.*

SECOND FOUNDING CHAPTERS – *Chapters named in Apocrypha of Davio [M.33].*
EXCOMMUNICATE TRAITORIS – *Those Legions who turned during the Great Heresy as reported in the Grimoire Hereticus [M.35]*

The Dark Angels and their Second Founding successors refer to themselves as the Unforgiven.

Source: Mythos Angelica Mortis (M.36)

All records expunged from library – order origination unknown

"The Space Wolves encourage genetic deviancy [re; extraordinary growth of canines] and show extreme unorthodoxy in their tactics and organisation."

Source: Inquisitor Horst (M.37)

Blood Angels and their successors follow unconventional and deviant gene-replication practices which has led to the debasement of their gene-seed.

Rumours of ' Red Thirst' and ' Black Rage' still perpetuate, despite numerous investigation.

Source: Report - Inquisitor Damne (M.34)

All records expunged from library – order origination unknown

These are the named Successors to the Ultramarines Legion (Apocrypha of Davio), though the Apocrypha of Skaros states there are 23 Second Founding Chapters but fails to name them.

Source: Compiler Atreax (M.41)

The Ultramarines Legion is responsible for nearly 3/5ths of the gene-core of the current Space Marine Chapters. The Ultramarines Chapter rules large empire in Galactic South-East, known as Ultramar, one of the most powerful institutions on the Eastern Fringe.

Source: Liber Astartes (M.37)

The Lunar Wolves were renamed Sons of Horus (c.125.M30). After the death of Horus, they became known as the Black Legion.

Source: Grimoire Hereticus (M.35)

THE ANGELS OF VENGEANCE



The deeds of the Angels of Vengeance are less well known than those of the other Unforgiven Chapters, for they shun fame and laurels even more than the other Unforgiven, concentrating on their duties to the exclusion of all else. All of their companies wear armour of jet black. This is a throwback to the original panoply worn by the Dark Angels Legion. The Angels of Vengeance embody one particular aspect of the Dark Angels' character above others – what might be described as a devotion to their cause bordering on the single-minded. The Chapter is wont to become embroiled in battles other forces would have little hope of winning, and of emerging, bloody and battered, but victorious.

The Angels of Vengeance are known for their unrelenting hatred of any and all enemies of the Imperium, and are thus extremely proactive in seeking out and attacking the alien, the traitor and the servant of Chaos.

The Angels of Vengeance are known to have suffered severe losses on several occasions; the result of their absolute refusal to accept any foe might prove their equal. It is suspected that the Chapter's very future has been put in jeopardy more than once. In the aftermath of the Siege of San Apolis, losses were so severe that the Chapter was forced to spend almost a century replenishing its ranks and its gene-seed stocks before it could do battle once more.

GUARDIANS OF THE COVENANT



The Guardians of the Covenant are an Unforgiven Chapter whose adopted home world lies close to the western rim of the Imperium. The Chapter has fought many battles along the marches of Segmentum Pacificus, and has spearheaded a number of crusades into the Halo Stars. The Guardians of the Covenant gained special honours for their deeds during the Lelith Incursion, when they saved an entire sub-sector from the alien Leliths' particularly appalling brand of subjugation.

The Chapter is known for its exceptionally monastic character, and its brothers very much regard themselves as warrior-monks. They pursue the scholarly arts as much as the martial, and are assiduous in studying the teachings of the Emperor and of their Primarch. Their banners, armour and the flanks of their vehicles are covered in spidery, hand-written and illuminated text extracted from the pages of the Codex Astartes, the Requiem Angelis and many other tomes held sacred by the Space Marines. The Chapter's Fortress Monastery takes the form of a mighty cathedral, its spire piercing the clouds of their mountainous home world of Mortikah VII.

THE DISCIPLES OF CALIBAN



The founding of the Disciples of Caliban is shrouded not only in mystery but also controversy. It is believed that Dark Angels Chapter Master Anaziel made a strong request of the High Lords of Terra for a Chapter to be raised late in the 37th millennium. Much debate followed, for it was unheard of for a Chapter Master to make such a request, and although no clear reason was given by the Dark Angels the request was eventually granted and the Disciples of Caliban were created.



It is generally acknowledged that Anaziel had the Disciples of Caliban created for a very specific and secretive purpose – rumoured amongst the other Unforgiven to be the pursuit and capture of the renegade known as Cypher, though none outside of the Disciples of Caliban Inner Circle know if this really is their true purpose. The Disciples of Caliban are a very mobile Chapter, and their fortress fleet has been sighted in conflicts the length and breadth of the Imperium, and sometimes far beyond. Speculation exists that many of these conflicts were instigated or fuelled by the presence of Cypher, and the Disciples of Caliban have become expert at detecting even the most subtle tell-tale signs of the Fallen.

Their Founding geneseed was of the highest pedigree held by the Dark Angels at the time, and scrutinised to a standard far beyond even that required by the Adeptus Terra. To this day the purity of the Chapter's geneseed is constantly monitored for the slightest sign of corruption or degradation, and it has the most exacting standards of recruitment of any of the Unforgiven. The warriors of the Disciples of Caliban are virtuous and noble to the highest degree, utterly unflinching in their sacred duties. The Chapter fleet houses great reliquaries celebrating the successes of their warriors and their forebears, and each Company has several Relic Bearers who carry these artefacts to war to inspire the battle brethren to the greatest feats of valour. The most sacred of these relics is the Lionus Censum, an immense scroll that details the names and deeds of the Chapter's most decorated Battle Brothers.

THE CONSECRATORS



The Consecrators are a Chapter almost entirely absent from the histories of the Imperium. Their deeds are largely unrecorded, and no record of their existence is to be found in any known archive prior to the third century of the fortieth millennium. The Chapter's first appearance is in the works of the Administratum field notary Corwen Quilp, in his widely circulated, epic account of the Second Kuppukin Schism.

At the height of this terrible war, Army 52 was surrounded by the schismatics and reduced to a meagre twenty depleted regiments, when the entire Consecrators Chapter deployed in their support. Though they did not answer any of Army 52's transmissions, the Consecrators launched an immediate and devastating attack upon the enemy's centre of power. Within six hours, the Consecrators had wiped out the schismatics' entire high command structure, breaking the back of the rebellion, and essentially winning the war.

Their task complete, the Chapter withdrew, not to be seen for another three decades, when its 4th Company fought alongside the Dark Angels at the Arrulas Intervention. Though his descriptions are characteristically vague, Quilp is very specific on one element of the Consecrators' appearance – he noted that the brethren bore all manner of holy relics, and used the most ancient patterns of armour, weaponry and vehicles. It was as if, the field notary commented, the Consecrators had inherited the most revered arms of the Dark Angels Legion, preserving them lovingly, and bearing them down the ages against the foes of the Lion.

THE ANGELS OF REDEMPTION



The Angels of Redemption are a Chapter celebrated throughout the Imperium, their deeds almost as famed as those of the Dark Angels themselves. They have fought in many great wars, either alone or as part of a greater force. In common with all of the Unforgiven Chapters however, they are wont to stand apart from their own allies.

The common strand in all such battles is that the Angels of Redemption display a particular zeal to right the ancient wrongs of the Dark Angels. Nothing can dissuade the Chapter from its mission to hunt down the Fallen, and nigh every battle fought is calculated to bring the Chapter that much closer to its ultimate goal. It has been noted that the Dark Angels have on occasion withdrawn from a campaign in order to pursue their own, undisclosed ends. The Angels of Redemption have acted in this manner far more often than their progenitors, often with tragic consequences. It was at the height of the Defence of Gatlinghive that the Angels of Redemption redeployed at the moment of the Orks' final assault, leaving the seven brigades of the Gatlinghive Militia to face an Orkish horde three million strong. The Angels of Redemption were never called to account for this act, and there were no survivors to press any form of inquiry. The Angels themselves embarked upon a hunt that led them to capture a particularly notorious Fallen Dark Angel, a former company master by the name of Baalakai. To the Unforgiven, such a victory was evidently worth the cost in the lives of the Gatlinghive militia, and the population they fought in vain to protect.

Perhaps due to this incident, and similar events, Imperial forces have on occasion actually declined the aid of the Angels of Redemption, despite the terrible insult implicit in doing so. The consequences of this have yet to emerge, but could range from Inquisitorial censure to outright excommunication, dependent upon the Chapter's actions in coming years.

THE ANGELS OF ABSOLUTION



The Angels of Absolution are known to have close ties with the Dark Angels Chapter, and have on numerous occasions launched joint operations with their progenitor formation. The Angels of Absolution Chapter's 2nd Company has worked closely with the Dark Angels' Ravenwing, pooling the two Chapter's resources in order to hunt far and wide for the Fallen.

The Ravenwing and Angels of Absolution's 2nd Company worked together to deadly effect at Archangel VII, for example, where a small band of Fallen Dark Angels and their followers were found to be ensconced at the icy death world's northern pole, in a region utterly inimical to life.

Having tracked down these Fallen, it fell to a joint strike by the Deathwing and the Angels of Absolutions' 1st Company to assault their fortress. The enemy proved experienced, well-organised and ferocious, and the assault raged for two full days, costing the lives of a full dozen Terminators before the fortress was breached. In the action that followed, the combined force encountered three of the Fallen, and though one was slain in the battle, the remaining two were both seized and taken to the Rock.

In doctrine and temperament the Angels of Absolution are very close to the Dark Angels. The two Chapters' teachings are largely consistent – the only noted divergence lies in the emphasis placed on the Chapter's guilt concerning the Fallen. Though a subtle distinction, it appears the Angels of Absolution consider their own sins expunged by the actions of their forefathers in the Fall of Caliban. Though the Angels of Absolution fear no spiritual damnation from the Fall, they consider themselves responsible for meting out the punishment upon the traitors as an act of temporal contrition.



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BACK TO INDEX ASTARTES SECTION

FALLEN ANGELS

BY SCRIBE JERVIS JOHNSON

Being a short history of the Dark Angels and the Fallen. Based on the author's original work for the Chaos Space Marine Codex.

THE BIRTH OF THE FALLEN

The Fallen Dark Angels have their origin in the dying days of the Horus Heresy, when Lion El'Jonson, Primarch of the Dark Angels Chapter of Space Marines, returned to his homeworld of Caliban. As the unsuspecting ships of Jonson's fleet moved into orbit they were met by a devastating barrage of defence laser fire. Stunned by the ferocious attack, Jonson withdrew and attempted to find out what had happened on his homeworld.

"Damn you Luthor - how could you betray us? We were your brothers, and now we must join you in eternal damnation."
Lion El'Jonson, Primarch of the Dark Angels



A captured merchant ship soon provided the answer; when Lion El'Jonson had left Caliban to take part in the Great Crusade, Luther, his second in command and life-long battle brother, had been left behind in charge of the remainder of the Chapter. Despite the importance of Luther's position, it was not one that suited his ambitious personality, and soon his role as planetary governor of some half-forgotten backwater world seemed more and more like an insult to him. These seeds of jealously grew until Luthor had become a man obsessed, whose own neuroses had pushed him over the edge. He became easy prey for the Chaos gods, who used their terrible powers to make Luthor one of their followers and dangerous beyond imagining. Using his renowned skills at oratory, Luther convinced the Dark Angels under his command that they had been shamed, that the Emperor had turned his face from them, instilling his own Chaos-fuelled feelings of jealousy and rage in the Dark Angels who had been left on Caliban during the Great Crusade. When the Primarch returned, these feelings erupted into open rebellion.

The fury of Jonson and the loyal Dark Angels at this terrible betrayal knew no bounds. Jonson himself immediately led an attack against Luthor's head-quarters. What followed was a fight of titanic proportions

during which the two equally-matched adversaries struck blow upon blow against each other, tearing down the monastery around them until the whole massive edifice had been levelled by their battle. Meanwhile, the massed guns of the fleet pounded the planet, until the very surface of Caliban began to crack and heave under the strain of the bombardment.



As the planet itself started to break apart, the battle between Jonson and Luther reached its climax. Luther, aided by the powers of Chaos, unleashed a furious psychic attack that knocked Jonson to his knees and left him mortally wounded. But as the dying Primarch struggled to stand, his noble features wracked with pain, it was as if a curtain was lifted from Luther's eyes and he realised the full extent of what he had done. His was a triple betrayal, of his friend, of the Dark Angels, and of the Emperor. The truth shattered his sanity and he slumped down beside Jonson, no longer willing to fight.

Luthor's psychic cry of pain and despair echoed through the warp and the Chaos gods realised that, once again, they had been defeated. They lashed out in fury and frustration. A rent appeared in the very fabric of space and a warp storm of unprecedented fury engulfed Caliban. In an uncontrollable, swirling flood of psychic energy, the warp rushed into the physical universe.

Those 'fallen' Dark Angels who had served under Luther and his clandestine masters were sucked from the face of Caliban into the warp and scattered throughout space and time. Caliban, already weakened by the loyal Dark Angels' bombardment, was ripped apart and destroyed, the debris being sucked into the warp.

THE HUNT FOR THE FALLEN

This story of treachery and betrayal is the Dark Angels'secret shame. None know of it other than the DarkAngels, their Successor Chapters and, maybe, theEmperor on his Golden Throne. Even within theChapter itself very few brother-Marines know exactlywhat happened during those fateful days. It is onlywhen Dark Angels reach the Deathwing that they learnthe story of Luthor's betrayal. More terrible still, theylearn that many of the Dark Angels who followed Lutherare still alive. These damned warriors are the FallenAngels.

Not all of the Fallen Angels have succumbed to thepowe of Chaos to the same degree. A large number ofthe Fallen have embraced the ways of the Dark Gods, becoming true Chaos Space Marines. However, manyothers realise that their actions during the fall ofCaliban were wrong. Disgusted by the corruptinginfluence of the Chaos Gods and unable to reconcilethemselves with the Dark Angels, they lead a solitaryexistence. Many become mercenaries or pirates,roaming the galaxy as masterless men. Others arewilling to atone for their sins and in an attempt to do so have integrated themselves back into human societies.

"It is my sacred duty to save your soul from the DarkGods of Chaos, and I will save your soul, even if you die in the process."
Asmodai,



Dark Angels Interrogator Chaplain

But their subsequent actions are irrelevant in the eyesof the Dark Angels, who believe that the only way they can rid themselves totally of their shame, and restoretheir honour and trust within the Emperor's eyes, is ifall the Fallen are found and either made to repent orare slain. This is by no means an easy task. The Fallenare dispersed throughout space and time as eitherisolated individuals or in small bands, and the DarkAngels can go for years without hearing any rumoursthat might lead them to one or more of the Fallen.

then they do however, and their mission is a success, those Fallen that are captured are taken back to the Rock. Deep inside its dungeons Interrogator-Chaplains attempt to make the Fallen repent. Occasionally they and for their pains die quickly. More often than not though the captured Fallen refuses and suffers a long, drawn-out and agonising death at the hands of those who would save his soul.

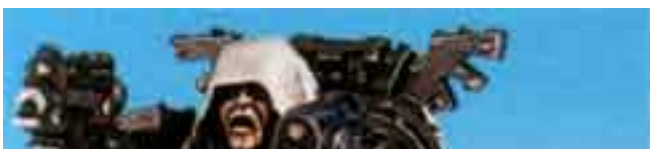
THE LION SWORD

The Lion Sword is the weapon that Lion El'Jonson wielded in his final confrontation with the arch-heretic Luther. The blade of the sword was broken in half in the epic struggle, but was saved by Cypher before the Dark Angels homeworld was destroyed and all of the Fallen Angels were scattered through time and space. He carries it at his side to this day. It cannot be used in combat, but is a potent holy relic for both the Dark Angels and Fallen Angels none-the-less. Some believe that if the sword is taken before the Emperor then the two halves will rejoin as one piece, and this act will show that the Emperor bestows his forgiveness on the Dark Angels and Fallen Angels for their failure and betrayal all those millennia ago.

CYPHER, THE FALLEN ANGEL

(Full rulesfor using Cypher in Warhammer 40,000 can be found inCodex Chaos Space Marines)

Cypher is an enigmatic and sinister character. He appears as if from nowhere, bringing death and destruction with him, and then vanishes just as abruptly as he appeared. Strangely, it is rare that Cypher himself instigates the violent acts that invariably occur when he is present, it is rather that he seems to act as a catalyst which fans any feelings of hatred or mistrust into a raging, uncontrollable fire.



Cypher rarely speaks, and when he does his tones are



clipped and his words few. No one knows his real name, and no one in living memory has dared ask him what it might be. However, the occasional glimpse of the dark green power armour beneath the long robes that Cypher wears means there can be no doubt that he is one of the Fallen. In many ways he epitomises their fate, being cursed to wander through time and space, never to be able to return home.

"I know not if he represents the greatest threat or greatest hope for the future of the Imperium. I only pray we stop him before we find out."
Inquisitor Bastalek Grim

However, there are some who whisper that Cypher may in fact represent the Fallen Angels' only chance of redemption, and that his seemingly random appearances hide a pattern which reveals that he is slowly moving across the galaxy towards Earth and the Emperor himself. They also point to the fact that Cypher carries a sword which he never draws or uses in combat, and that this could be the fabled Lion Sword, wielded by Lion El'Jonson himself, and thought lost forever following the Primarch's final confrontation with the arch-heretic Luther. Whatever the truth of this, it is certainly the case that if he is ever in one place for any amount of time then his presence seems to attract others of the Fallen, though none know how they are able to find him or why they gather.

Probably because of this, the members of the Dark Angels Inner Circle hate and fear Cypher more than any other Fallen Angel, and would willingly perform almost any act no matter how vile in order to capture or kill him. That they have so far not managed to do so speaks volumes of Cypher's almost supernatural prowess and ability to escape capture.

Index Astartes

CHILDREN OF THE EMPEROR

The Emperor's Children Space Marine Legion

by Chris Cook

For countless centuries, stretching back to the ancient times of the Horus Heresy, the corrupted Space Marines of the Emperor's Children Legion have been the bane of the Imperial Inquisition, spreading their foul and decadent ways across the galaxy like a plague of immorality. Loyal Inquisitors train for decades to steel themselves against the temptations of Slaanesh in order to combat this seductive, deadly threat to Imperial order. Yet, long ago, these agents of Chaos were counted among the servants of Mankind; indeed, they once were the most devoted warriors of the Emperor.

Origins

Long ago, during the Age of Strife, warp travel became impossible and all the worlds which humanity had claimed were cut off from one another, forced to fend for themselves without the support of their neighbours in other star systems. The Libram ex Dominar, one of the few surviving texts from this time, tells that Chemos was one such world, a mining colony dependent on interstellar trade for food. The planet's rulers made every effort to extract enough raw food from the harsh environment to feed their people, but Chemos was a world dying a slow death. This all changed when one day the guards on the walls of Callax, the largest remaining factory-fortress, saw a meteor descend from the clouds, trailing fire across the sky before impacting barely a mile from the fortress walls. Though little manpower could be spared, the ruling Executive of Callax sent a handful of scouts to investigate the impact site, hoping for some evidence of human survivors on other worlds. What they found became legend.

In the centre of the crater, surrounded by the white-hot remains of a stasis capsule, was a child, barely more than a baby. Orphans were normally put to death on Chemos – the Executive spared no resources to look after those who were unable to return their investment by working in the factories – but the captain of the Callax scouts looked into the eyes of the child and saw something more than human. In defiance of tradition, the captain of the scouts appealed to the Executive. Because of his value to Callax, the captain was allowed to adopt the infant as his own. He named his adopted son after an old legend long-since discarded by the people of Chemos, the mythical god of creation Fulgrim. The child named after this legend soon created a legend of his own, one that would become known to all the people of his world.

Fulgrim grew unnaturally fast, becoming a strong, capable man. At half the age of his fellow workers he was able to fulfil his obligations to the Executive, working for days without rest. Not only was he physically proficient, he quickly grew to understand the technology of the machines he worked with, and began to contemplate their improvement. By the fifteenth anniversary of his fall from the sky, Fulgrim had risen from the ranks of the workers, first becoming an engineer then one of the Executive itself. Learning of the slow deterioration in Callax and the other settlements of Chemos, Fulgrim set himself the task of saving his world.

One by one he convinced his fellow members of the Executive to fight against the entropy that was destroying Chemos. Under Fulgrim's leadership, teams of engineers travelled far from the factory-fortresses, reclaiming long-dead outposts in the planet's most inaccessible regions. The

ancient mines were reopened and expanded, bringing more and more minerals into Callax and allowing the construction of more sophisticated machines. Recycling efficiency grew until, at last, Callax was producing more than it consumed. Seeing his people prosper, Fulgrim took pride in fostering the re-emergence of art and culture, reclaiming the spirit of humanity that had been sacrificed so long ago in the struggle for survival. As Callax grew, the other settlements began to ally themselves with Fulgrim. Fifty years after Fulgrim fell from the sky he rose to sole rulership of Chemos.

It was not long after this that the planet's isolation came to an end. From the grey sky came a flight of dropships, armoured and battle-scarred, each bearing the same symbol, a two-headed eagle. On hearing of this, some fragment of memory stirred in Fulgrim. Chemos had no formal army, but the dropships' landing zone had been surrounded by the Caretakers, the police-soldiers responsible for maintaining order in the factory-fortresses. Fulgrim sent word to the Caretakers to stand down and allow the visitors from above into Callax.

In his spartan quarters, Fulgrim was faced by armoured warriors from the stars. Their faces bore the scars of many battles, and from their shoulders hung scrolls listing their achievements. Their armour and weapons were finely-worked, and their banners and pennants were works of art. Fulgrim recognised that these men were not merely advanced, but civilised – his lost brothers from the stars had preserved the arts he had longed to return to Chemos. From the midst of these warriors stepped their leader, the Emperor of Humanity. Fulgrim surveyed him and, without a word, knelt and offered his sword. On that day Fulgrim swore to serve the Imperium with all his heart.

From the Emperor himself, Fulgrim learned of Terra, of the Great Crusade to reclaim the galaxy, and of his own origins.



THE CLEANSING OF LAERAN

(Recorded by Scribe First Order Wendel Voss in the year of the Emperor's grace 893/M31)

Shortly after the beginning of their own Crusade, the Emperor's Children encountered a hitherto-unknown alien race, who called themselves the Laer. Analysis of captured scouts and envoys showed the Laer to be concentrated in a single star system, Laeran. Nonetheless they had the potential to be a powerful foe. Like the Emperor's Children themselves, the Laer prized perfection in all aspects of civilisation. By the use of chemical manipulation from birth, individual Laer were adapted to their roles, whether they be workers, soldiers, diplomats, even artists. Observers from the Adeptus Administratum wondered if perhaps the Laer might be made a protectorate of the Imperium as conquering such an efficient race could prove to be a long and costly endeavour.

Fulgrim refused any notion of co-operation. Only Humanity was perfect, he insisted. For an alien race to hold its own ideals to be comparable to those of Humanity was blasphemy in its most blatant form, and deserved nothing less than annihilation. He ordered his Lord Commanders to attack immediately, beginning a war that the Administratum predicted would last decades. Fulgrim heard this prediction, and shook his head. "In one month's time," he said, "the Eagle will rule Laeran."

In every theatre of war the battle was joined. The Emperor's Children attacked the Laer in space, on the surface of their worlds, beneath their oceans and over the hulls of their orbital platforms. Everywhere they faced enemies adapted to their conditions – warships connected bio-electronically to their crew's minds, liquid-breathing sea warriors, scouts capable of moving as fast as a speeder, gunners whose eyesight allowed them to target individual Space Marines in squads miles distant. The casualties on both sides were horrendous - it is estimated that, if not for the excellence of the Legion's Apothecaries, more than half of its warriors would have died from their wounds.

The Laer never surrendered - their last warriors died fighting in the ruins of their capital city. One month after he had begun the attack, Fulgrim planted a standard displaying the Imperial Eagle over their corpses, leaving it the only thing standing on the worlds of the Laeran system. Over seven hundred of his men were dead, six times that number injured, but Fulgrim believed he had proven himself correct. Against the most finely-honed alien warriors ever encountered, Humanity had proven itself more powerful.

[Archivist's note: The Laeran system, for ten thousand years now, has been home to three cities and a dozen mining colonies, all traces of its former rulers are gone.]

Though the story was fantastic he knew it to be true, and at the Emperor's request Fulgrim travelled to Terra to join his Legion, the Emperor's Children. Unlike the other Legions fighting in the Crusade, the Emperor's Children were few in number – an accident had destroyed nearly all of the precious gene-seed and, with the Primarch himself lost, the rebuilding had been a slow process. Fulgrim addressed the two hundred warriors who were then all that the Legion could muster. To them he gave the sacred task of bringing the Emperor's wisdom to all the stars in the sky. "We are His children," the Book of Primarchs relates he told them, "Let all who look upon us know this. Only by imperfection can we fail him. We will not fail!"

So inspired was the Emperor by the words of his newly-found son that he bestowed on Fulgrim's Legion a unique honour: the Emperor's Children would be permitted to display the Imperial Eagle on their armour's chestplates, the only Legion then allowed to display the symbol in such a manner. Fulgrim was anxious to begin his conquest of the unknown regions of the galaxy, but realised that his two hundred warriors were far too few to undertake a crusade on their own. With the Emperor's blessing he and his Legion joined the Luna Wolves, and Fulgrim fought side-by-side with his brother Horus, aiding him in his newly-assigned task of pacifying the Eastern Fringe of the galaxy. The Warmaster himself praised Fulgrim and his Legion, declaring them the living embodiment of the Adeptus Astartes.

Swelled by new recruits drawn from Chemos and Terra, the Emperor's Children finally mustered the strength to undertake a crusade alone, and Fulgrim proudly led his warriors into the unknown. To countless worlds he brought the rule of the Emperor, crushing any resistance in the certain knowledge that any who fought against the Emperor fought against Humanity itself. From the growing ranks of his Legion, Fulgrim selected a few individuals, the bravest, strongest and noblest, to become Lord Commanders, each given charge of a full battle company. Fulgrim taught the Lord Commanders personally, taking care that they were worthy of the honour of being the representatives of the Emperor. In turn the Lord Commanders passed Fulgrim's words on to the officers under their command, and they to their squads. In this way, through their leaders, each Space Marine of the Emperor's Children Legion followed the Emperor himself. To honour the Emperor, they strove for perfection in all things: battlefield doctrine was obeyed to the letter, tactics and strategy were studied in minute detail and perfected, and the Emperor's decrees were memorised by every Space Marine, adhered to in every way. While the Emperor's Children, like many Legions, considered the Emperor a man, not a god, their reverence and adoration for him bordered on the fanatical.

Home World

During its isolation, the archivists of Chemos recorded a picture of a bleak, unforgiving world. Warmed by two small, distant suns and surrounded by a nebular dust cloud, it experienced neither day nor night, only a perpetual grey twilight in which the stars never shone. Settled long ago as a mining colony, the cities of Chemos had fallen into decay since their isolation from Terra. Without resources from other worlds thousands starved, and eventually it fell to a few hardy fortress-factories to keep humanity alive on Chemos. Short of food, water and energy, the people of Chemos were forced to limit themselves to the meagre supplies available – all citizens worked every waking hour, operating the vapour mines that drew moisture from the thin air, and the huge synthesisers that endlessly recycled food, turning yesterday's waste into today's sustenance. Recreation, art and leisure were sacrificed in order to ensure survival, and efficiency became the only value adhered to.

After coming under the rule of Fulgrim and its rediscovery by Imperial forces, Chemos quickly expanded its industrial base

to become an important source of processed minerals. The fortress-monastery of the Emperor's Children was established in the centre of Callax, drawing recruits from the strongest, bravest and most intelligent of the planet's population. Though Fulgrim himself never returned to Chemos, he took great care to see that his will, as the emissary of the Emperor, was followed. The recruits from Chemos proved themselves strong and resourceful fighters, but even so only a handful of them passed the rigorous tests imposed by Fulgrim to satisfy himself that they were worthy of becoming one of the Emperor's Children.

After the lifting of the Siege of Terra, and the end of the Horus Heresy, Imperial forces set out to assault Chemos from orbit, intending to destroy the Emperor's Children's fortress-monastery and eradicate any trace of Chaos from the world. Following this action Chemos was quarantined by the Inquisition, and in the past ten millennia no further information, not even a record of Exterminatus, has appeared in Imperial databases regarding the world.

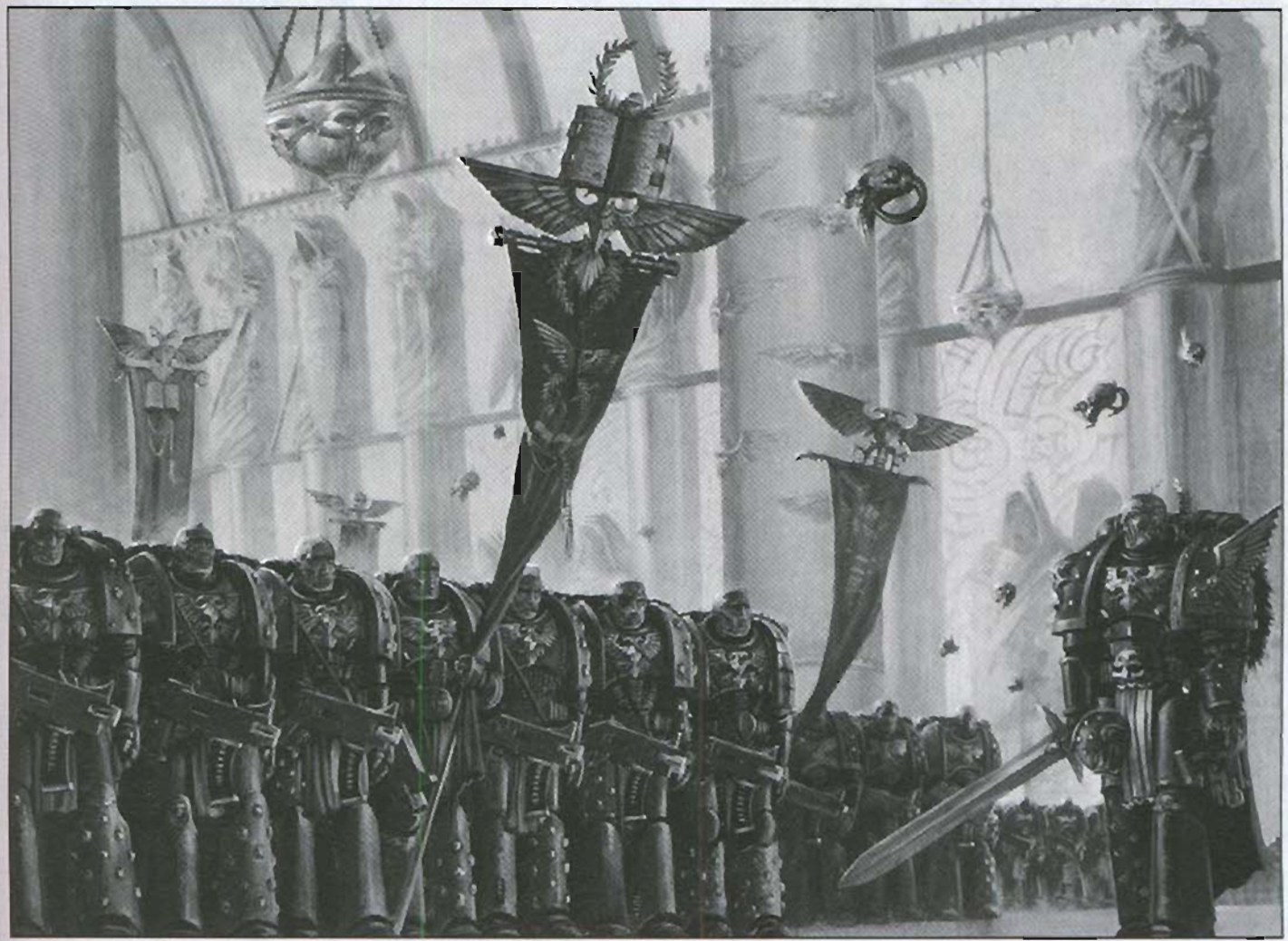
Combat Doctrine

Studying ancient battle and status reports, the scribes of the Inquisition have pieced together some of the practices of the Emperor's Children Legion, though the original doctrine texts were lost with the Legion itself. The Legion accepted nothing less than perfection in all their endeavours, and worked ceaselessly to perfect their military operations. Each and every Space Marine trained every waking hour for his assigned task, whether it be foot soldier, driver, gunner, scout or sniper. Every aspect of battle was analysed and used to their advantage, from terrain and weather to deployment or reserves. Nothing was left to chance.

In combat the Emperor's Children were as brave as any Space Marine who ever lived. Sustained not merely by the example of their peers but by a deep individual belief in their duty, they fought to the best of their abilities in all conditions, whether the battle was a massive attack or a simple patrol. It was widely believed that no Space Marine of the Emperor's Children had ever been routed in battle. Similarly, the Legion was highly demanding of forces allied with it – signs of hesitation or inefficiency in the Imperial Guard or even their brother Space Marines were not tolerated. The principle of leading by example was ingrained into every fibre of the Emperor's Children, and they had little patience for any other regime.

Organisation

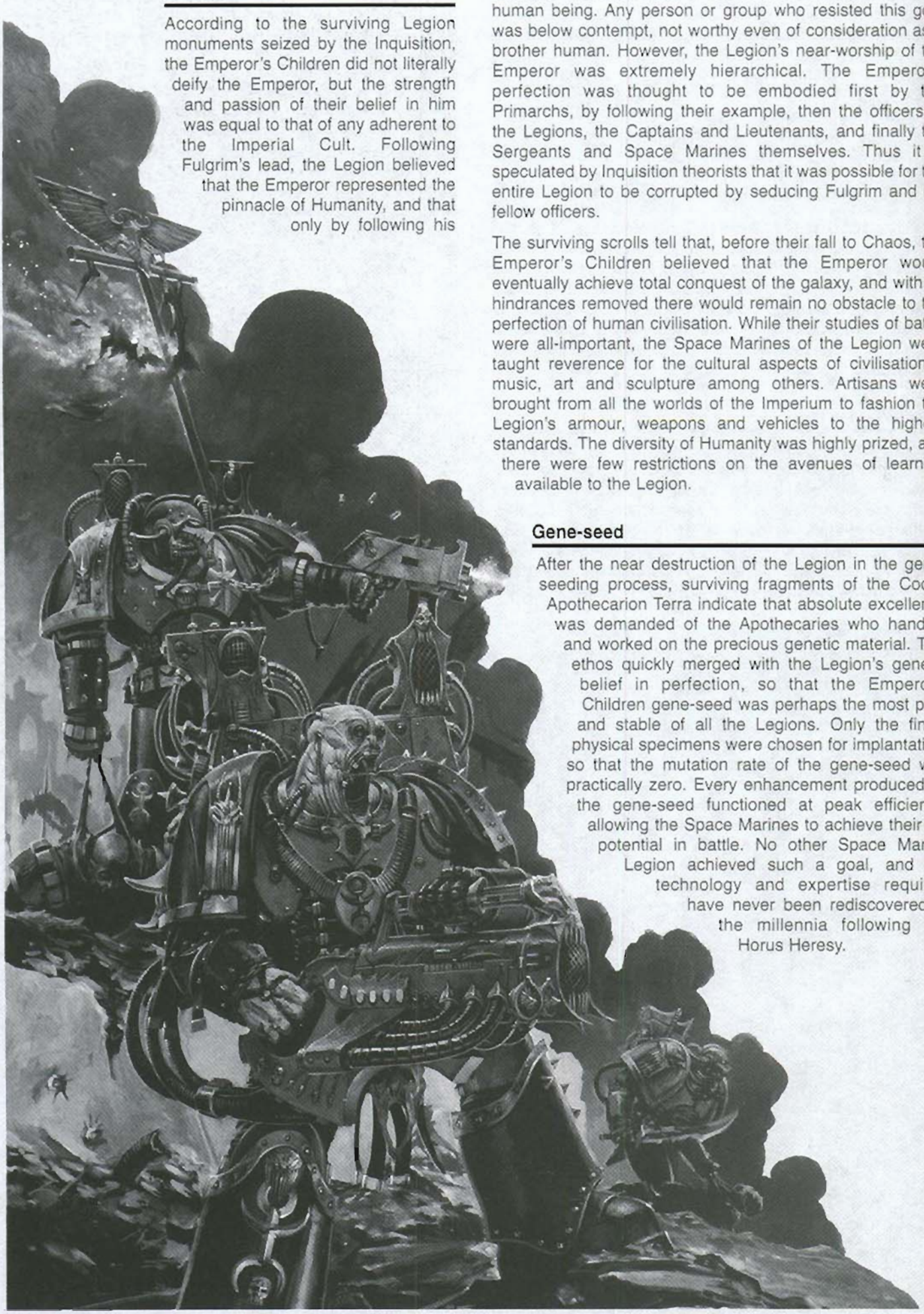
From its humble beginnings, the Emperor's Children Legion continued to grow until it met its eventual end in the Eye of Terror. By the time Fulgrim joined the Warmaster in rebellion his Legion comprised 30 Companies, each led by a Lord Commander, a charismatic individual who embodied the best qualities of a Space Marine. As each Space Marine looked to his superior officer for guidance, each Company inherited its manner and practices from its Lord Commander. Though this was the case with many Legions, the Emperor's Children had a strength of devotion to their leaders that was almost unmatched.



Beliefs

According to the surviving Legion monuments seized by the Inquisition, the Emperor's Children did not literally deify the Emperor, but the strength and passion of their belief in him was equal to that of any adherent to the Imperial Cult. Following Fulgrim's lead, the Legion believed that the Emperor represented the pinnacle of Humanity, and that only by following his example was it possible to attain one's full potential as a human being. Any person or group who resisted this goal was below contempt, not worthy even of consideration as a brother human. However, the Legion's near-worship of the Emperor was extremely hierarchical. The Emperor's perfection was thought to be embodied first by the Primarchs, by following their example, then the officers of the Legions, the Captains and Lieutenants, and finally the Sergeants and Space Marines themselves. Thus it is speculated by Inquisition theorists that it was possible for the entire Legion to be corrupted by seducing Fulgrim and his fellow officers.

The surviving scrolls tell that, before their fall to Chaos, the Emperor's Children believed that the Emperor would eventually achieve total conquest of the galaxy, and with all hindrances removed there would remain no obstacle to the perfection of human civilisation. While their studies of battle were all-important, the Space Marines of the Legion were taught reverence for the cultural aspects of civilisation – music, art and sculpture among others. Artisans were brought from all the worlds of the Imperium to fashion the Legion's armour, weapons and vehicles to the highest standards. The diversity of Humanity was highly prized, and there were few restrictions on the avenues of learning available to the Legion.



Gene-seed

After the near destruction of the Legion in the gene-seeding process, surviving fragments of the Codex Apothecarion Terra indicate that absolute excellence was demanded of the Apothecaries who handled and worked on the precious genetic material. This ethos quickly merged with the Legion's general belief in perfection, so that the Emperor's Children gene-seed was perhaps the most pure and stable of all the Legions. Only the finest physical specimens were chosen for implantation, so that the mutation rate of the gene-seed was practically zero. Every enhancement produced by the gene-seed functioned at peak efficiency, allowing the Space Marines to achieve their full potential in battle. No other Space Marine Legion achieved such a goal, and the technology and expertise required have never been rediscovered in the millennia following the Horus Heresy.

Battlecry

"Children of the Emperor! Death to his foes!"

Horus Heresy

With his Primarchs and Space Marines executing the Great Crusade, the Emperor returned to Terra, intent on strengthening the Imperium which his forces were building. Most knew that his place was at the heart of his Imperium, but one man disagreed: Warmaster Horus, master of the now re-named Sons of Horus Space Marine Legion, mightiest of the Primarchs. In his arrogance, Horus believed the Emperor to be weak, a man unworthy of the battles fought in his name. Upon hearing evidence of Horus's betrayal, the Emperor sent seven entire Legions of Space Marines to challenge the Warmaster, if necessary to destroy him. The Emperor's Children were the first to arrive in the Istvaan system, where Horus waited, and Fulgrim met Horus in person to demand he account for his actions. Instead, Horus succeeded in corrupting his brother Primarch to the powers that now held sway over him. The Council of Charon, formed after the Horus Heresy to discover the causes of the traitor Primarch's betrayals, concluded that Fulgrim's respect for Horus allowed the Warmaster to influence him, weakening him enough for Chaos to lure him away from the Emperor. Slowly, as he and Horus talked, Fulgrim's loyalty to Terra crumbled, replaced by a burning desire to destroy the false Emperor, whose rule held back Humanity from the perfection Fulgrim had always believed it capable of. Seduced by Horus's words, Fulgrim turned to the promise of a new Humanity, a Humanity that would rise to the peak of civilisation, a Humanity free of the oppressive rule of the false Emperor. Slaanesh whispered to Fulgrim, promising perfection in all things, and Fulgrim gave himself willingly to his new god.

As Fulgrim turned, so too did his Lord Commanders. They knew their Primarch to be the embodiment of perfection, and needed little convincing to follow him into Slaanesh's service. Returning to their Legion, Fulgrim and his Lord Commanders met with their captains, preaching to them the glory of Chaos. The captains in turn passed the worship of Slaanesh to their subordinates, and so on until the entire Legion had forsaken the Emperor. Denouncing the teachings of their former idol, they turned wholeheartedly to Slaanesh, giving the Prince of Chaos the same measure of devotion they had once shown to the Emperor. Slaanesh, in turn, bestowed visions of paradise on the Emperor's Children, a galaxy of ultimate freedom, where no evil was possible because every experience was a source of pleasure. The Legion's Chaplains exhorted their brothers to pursue this dream, to savour every sensation. The perfection of the Emperor's Children became perfect hedonism, limitless in its scope, unstoppable in its fury. When loyal Space Marines arrived on Istvaan V, the Emperor's Children were first among the traitors who stood against them, aiding in the massacre of the loyal Legions with gleeful savagery.

Horus's rebellion spread, casting the entire Imperium into turmoil. When Horus laid siege to Terra itself, the Emperor's Children were at his side, but they took little part in the slow process of whittling down the massive defences of the Imperial Palace. Instead Fulgrim turned his Legion loose on the uncontested areas of the planet, where billions of terrified humans cowered at the sight of the followers of Chaos, suddenly stripped of the protection they had counted on from the Palace. The brutality and slaughter of Istvaan repeated itself, but on a far, far greater scale. With the concentration of Chaos around Terra, the Apothecaries and Sorcerers of the Emperor's Children drew on the power of Slaanesh to enhance their pleasures, wantonly desecrating not only their minds and bodies, but now their immortal souls as well. Daemons were summoned and set loose among prisoners, feasting on their flesh as they died, while the Space Marines themselves sought even greater excesses of carnage and carnality. Fulgrim directed the slaughter with glee, believing that his Legion were setting their victims free from the chains of the Emperor's rule, and allowing them to feel true Humanity at the limits of experience. In that time, as the Siege of Terra raged around them, the Emperor's Children are reckoned to have murdered more than forty times their number of unarmed, defenceless people in their efforts to create new stimulants to feed their addiction to pleasure. How many more died simply to sate the bloodlust of their killers cannot be guessed at.

EIDOLON, LORD COMMANDER OF THE EMPEROR'S CHILDREN

Lord Eidolon was the first Space Marine selected by Fulgrim to lead an entire company of the Emperor's Children, and was commonly regarded as the most proficient of all the Lord Commanders. Until the corruption of the Legion, Eidolon dedicated himself to mastering all aspects of warfare. His troops fought equally well in sieges, holding actions, rapid strikes and gruelling campaigns, never displaying any inexperience or inefficiency no matter what was demanded of them.

Eidolon regarded Fulgrim as a father in the literal sense, considering his bond of gene-seed to be as strong as true parentage. Though he accepted that he could never equal the Primarch in power, Eidolon nevertheless spent every waking moment studying Fulgrim's tactics and strategies, his writings and orations, in the hope of being as close to his leader's perfection as he could possibly become. Despite considerable effort, scholars in the service of the Inquisition have been unable to determine whether or not Eidolon survived the Siege of Terra. Unsubstantiated rumours claim that Eidolon is responsible for hundreds, if not thousands, of gruesome raids on Imperial worlds in the past ten thousand years, and have suggested he may have served as lieutenant to Abaddon the Despoiler, consort to Queen Sylelle and champion of the Daemon Prince N'Kari. No Inquisitor has yet succeeded in locating the source of these rumours, but, without undisputable evidence, the Inquisition will not declare Eidolon dead.

Post-Heresy

At the height of the Siege of Terra, Imperial history records that Horus faced the Emperor in single combat and was defeated. With his death, the Legions of Chaos fell into disarray, and so the Emperor's Children were forced to flee, scattered along with the rest of the traitor fleets. Those Imperial vessels which pursued Fulgrim's fleet from Terra followed a trail of devastated worlds, where corpses were

piled high, survivors pleaded to be allowed to die to escape their nightmares and, ominously, thousands more were simply missing, never seen again. Eventually, after countless atrocities, the Emperor's Children reached the Eye of Terror where they and their fellow traitors hid from the vengeance of the Imperium. According to the Inquisition's Hades Oracle, the Emperor's Children quickly exhausted their supply of slaves and playthings, and began to prey upon the only victims available: the slaves and servants of the other Traitor Legions. The resulting wars were terrible and bloody, but there could be only one eventual result, and finally the Legion of the Emperor's Children was shattered.

Of the fate of Fulgrim himself, none are sure. The enemies of Slaanesh claim he was killed during the battles against his fellow Legions, but robot-crewed Mechanicus trawlers recovered neither his body nor the remains of his battle barge. Among the remains of the Emperor's Children, it is rumoured that he was rewarded for his devotion to pleasure, and that he was elevated by Slaanesh to become a Daemon Prince, lord of a Daemon world. Over the millennia, many of the Emperor's Children, along with other Slaanesh-worshipping Space Marines, sought Fulgrim's world, hoping to discover limitless pleasure, but none have returned. After ten thousand years the Inquisition still maintains a strike force devoted to pursuing rumours, however slight, of the traitor Primarch's existence.

The Emperor's Children, now leaderless, continued to pursue ultimate pleasure, finding solace for the loss of their Legion in the horror of battle, joining with other corrupted Space Marines devoted to Slaanesh in vile crusades. Most became Noise Marines, twisted creatures addicted to fury and tempest, only satisfied by the roar of explosions and the screams of the dying. Only the most extreme sensations can provoke a reaction from these jaded veterans, causing them to decorate their armour in dazzling, clashing colours, and adorn it with shimmering silks and golden chains. Despite their insanity, they remain vicious, savage warriors, delighting in the destruction they cause in battle, willing to serve any master in return for fresh slaves upon which to practice their devotion to Slaanesh. Some even rise to become warlords in their own right, striving to recreate the days millennia ago when Fulgrim led his Legion across countless worlds in an orgy of pain and death. These creatures are even more terrifying than the maniacs who serve them: from beyond pleasure-fuelled insanity they survey the galaxy with savage glee, never content to rest, always striving to surpass their latest indulgence with new, even more decadent experiences. Warbands of the Emperor's Children are thankfully rare, for there cannot be a fate in the galaxy worse than to fall prisoner to them.

USING AN EMPEROR'S CHILDREN ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

Warbands of the Emperor's Children form the core of Slaanesh's armies, the elite driving force behind the billions of cultists seduced to Slaanesh's service. While other Legions still maintain some semblance of the command structure they once possessed, the Emperor's Children who survived the inter-Legion wars now exist as cult-like bodies, their leaders ruling by force of will alone. The only focus of admiration for devotees of Slaanesh is senseless indulgence in physical pleasure, and so the leaders of warbands are the most violent, sadistic and debauched creatures imaginable. An Emperor's Children army is chosen from Codex Chaos Space Marines, with the following exceptions and special rules:

Characters: Warbands of the Emperor's Children are invariably led by a highly charismatic champion of Slaanesh who has earned the Mark of his or her god. An Emperor's Children warband must be led by a Chaos Lord or Daemon Prince with a Mark of Slaanesh.

Note that, as the army is always led by a character with a Mark of Slaanesh, Noise Marines may always be taken as Troops or Heavy Support units.

No character may be given a Mark other than that of Slaanesh. Characters with the Mark of Slaanesh may buy a Sonic Blaster (two-handed weapon) for +5 points.

Sacred Number: The sacred number of Slaanesh is six, and this number figures heavily in rituals intended to seek the god's favour. Any squad of Noise Marines that numbers exactly six models may upgrade one of its members to an Aspiring Champion for no additional points cost.

High on Pain: When engaged in close combat, pain serves only to further heighten the stimulation craved by the Slaaneshi. Any Independent Character who is wounded but not killed in an assault will automatically pass any Morale Check they are forced to make during that same Assault phase. This also applies to any squad led by the Independent Character.

Sonic weapons: Though not all of the Emperor's Children are perverted to the degree of Noise Marines, many still enjoy the cacophony of their sonic weapons. Any lascannon taken by a Chaos Marine Veteran or Chaos Marine squad may be upgraded to a blastmaster for +5 points. Any meltagun in the above squads may be upgraded to a sonic blaster for +3 points. Any lascannon in a Chaos Havoc squad may be upgraded to a blastmaster for no additional points cost.

Noise Marine Terminators: Noise Marine Terminators cost 46 points for a basic model with combi-bolter and power weapon and have +1 Attack. They count as Fearless and can take any of the usual Chaos Terminator weapon upgrades at the normal cost. Also they may replace their combi-bolter with a sonic blaster at a cost of +10 points. Up to three models may replace their combi-bolters with one of the following: a blastmaster at +30, or a doom siren at +15 points. The points value is a modification of the rules in WD230 and applies only in Emperor's Children armies.

Cult Troops: The following units may not be used: Khorne Berzerkers, Plague Marines, Thousand Sons. Apart from Slaanesh Terminators, Cult Terminators may not be taken.

Daemons: Daemonic units must be Slaaneshi in nature, ie, Greater Daemons must be Keepers of Secrets, Daemon Packs must be Daemonettes, Daemonic Beasts must be Fiends and Daemonic Cavalry must be Steeds of Slaanesh. Nurglings and Juggernauts of Khorne may not be taken.

Heavy Support: Aside from the deadly bombardments of Noise Marines, long-range firepower is poorly regarded among Slaaneshi Space Marines, and few persist in the use of heavy weapons or support vehicles once their personal prestige allows them the chance to partake of bloody hand-to-hand combat. The following units count as 0-1, ie, a maximum of one of each may be used in any army: Chaos Havocs, Chaos Predator, Chaos Land Raider.

Dreadnoughts: To a Slaanesh follower, encasement in a Dreadnought represents an unbearable separation from the joys of sensation. When taking Frenzy tests, Emperor's Children Dreadnoughts are subject to the Blood Rage result on a roll of 1-2. On a roll of 3-5 the Dreadnought behaves normally, and on a roll of 6 it is subject to the Fire Frenzy result. The Dreadnought's twin-linked bolter may be upgraded to a twin-linked Sonic Blaster at a cost of +8 points.

With a blow that would have killed a normal human outright, the Black Legion Traitor Marine sent Evenus, champion of Slaanesh, slamming into the hard ground. Exquisite pain flooded his senses and for a brief moment Evenus passed out in a hedonistic fugue.

Opening his eyes, Evenus marveled at the grandiose energies arcing across the vivid purple sky above. An instant later and the peril of his situation penetrated his consciousness. In one graceful motion he swung his power armored form from the path of the blade as it struck the rock where moments before his head had lain.

Screeching in unearthly delight Evenus stood and faced off against his assailant. The two combatants circled around the power sword embedded in the ground between them, each tensed for the other's move.

The thrill of combat coursed through the champion's body. He lived for moments such as these; moments when one came so deliciously close to death that the entire universe stood balanced on a knife-edge. Evenus licked his lips and regarded his opponent's expressionless, helmeted face. He took in every subtle movement, every gesture, time slowed to a crawl as the champion tensed every super-human muscle in expectation and anticipation.

In the sky above, warp lightning traced a jagged scar across the heavens, and for a moment the scene before Evenus exploded in a multi-hued display. His ultra-sensitive eyes absorbed every tone and nuance of light reflected on his enemy's armor. In that instant of diversion the Black Legionnaire drew his bolt pistol and pulled the trigger. Evenus focused on his opponent's finger as it closed on the trigger; he watched the muzzle-flare blossom and the angry bolt propel itself towards him, cracking his archaic power armor at his right hip and detonating as it buried itself in his flesh.

Looking down at his wound, the slightest sigh escaped the champion's lips.

"I thank you, brother."

In a single, fluid movement Evenus sprung forward and gripped the sword in both hands. Using the momentum of his lunge to pull it free, he swung the weapon in a wide arc, beheading the Black Legionnaire with a supernatural grace born of ten thousand years of incessant and most gratifying conflict.

As the headless corpse crashed to the rocky ground, Evenus surveyed the scene around him. The desolate landscape of Ethemiel played host to a scene of death and destruction that brought a smile to Evenus's full lips. The warriors of the Black Legion had come under a flag of truce to parley with Evenus and his Emperor's Children warband. On a whim, the Slaaneshi champion had decided he would not honor that truce; he would rather slay than talk. Today at least.

A squad of his Noise Marines stood atop a mound of Black Legion dead. Their weapons singing a chorus of discordant ruin that cut a swathe through their enemies, who fell clutching their heads as the psycho-sonic effects of the weapons reduced them to pulp inside their armor. Evenus inhaled deeply as he savored the atonal refrains, appreciating every variation and cadence, especially relishing the mingled screams of the gibbering victims.

The battle was fast approaching its conclusion, and Evenus felt a pang of disappointment that the delightful slaughter must soon end. He watched his elite veterans bear down on the remnants of the Black Legion force, the cavorting Slaaneshi followers cutting down the last few legionnaires until only one remained. With a glint in his eye, Evenus voiced a sibilant hiss. His warriors froze in mid strike, chainswords roaring mere inches from the Black Legionnaire's body.

"Now we shall have our parley."

The Emperor's Children veterans dragged the Black Legion warrior before their master and forced their captive to kneel in the dust. With delicate grace, they removed the Chaos Space Marine's helmet and tenderly but firmly, made him look up at Evenus. The Black Legionnaire's eyes displayed an intensity of hatred the champion of Slaanesh had come to expect of the false Emperor's lackeys, but had rarely seen in a Traitor Marine.

"Well? You are the messenger of Abaddon, are you not? What message would you deliver?" Evenus moved close to the Black Legionnaire as he questioned him, anticipating the answer before it came.

The renegade gasped through the pain inflicted by his wounds, and with visible effort delivered his master's missive. "My Lord Abaddon calls in your debt, Evenus. He commands you and your forces attend him. Your services are once again required."

"And if I have more... important distractions?"

"You don't."

Evenus' eyes narrowed as he pondered the meaning of the message. He had known the call would one day come, when Abaddon the Despoiler would exert the influence he had over Evenus, and so many other lesser champions of the Chaos powers who fought one another eternally within the Eye of Terror.

"I would far rather nail your head to the door of my temple, my brother, but I shall instead allow you to deliver my response. Tell your master I shall attend him. Tell him I expect payment though, in the fashion to which I have become accustomed."

"Oh, you shall be paid, Evenus, as shall we all. You shall receive more payment than even you know what to do with."

Evenus licked his lips, and smiled.

NOISE MARINES

The birth of the Noise Marines goes back to the days and nights when Fulgrim and his Emperor's Children first heeded the silky whispers of Slaanesh upon the world of Davin, just before the outbreak of the Horus Heresy. In the warrior lodges of the Davin tribes, Horus introduced Fulgrim and his chief lieutenants to all manner of elaborate feasting and drinking, exotic narcotics and other pleasurable diversions.

Entranced by the ecstatic celebrations, the officers of the Emperor's Children took these debased practices back to the rest of their warriors, and in this way the cult of Slaanesh took root in the Legion. Ever since then, the Emperor's Children have sought to indulge every excess and depravity they can imagine, pushing the boundaries of their minds as far as they can, honing their bodies to the limit of blissful endurance.

Dedicated to Slaanesh, and every excess their bodies can experience, a Noise Marine's hearing is a thousand times keener than a normal person's and can distinguish the subtlest pitch in tone and volume. This affects the Noise Marine's brain directly, causing extreme emotional stimulation that makes all other sensations pale and worthless. The louder and more discordant the noise, the more extreme the emotional reaction provoked, until only the din of battle and screams of the dying can stir a Noise Marine. His mind ceases to function and becomes a mere receptacle for the sensations ignited by the music of the apocalypse and the shrieks of the wounded as they dance upon the path of destruction.

Noise Marines wear armour painted in a variety of bold colours, as the Noise Marines' senses are so distorted that only the most extravagant colours and patterns register on their minds. They are armed with a variety of outlandish weapons – the Sonic Blaster, Blastmaster and Doom Siren – that produce deafeningly loud, psycho-sonically and pyrotechnically explosive attacks.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Noise Marine	4	4	4	4	1	5	1	9	3+
Noise Champion	4	4	4	4	1	5	2	10	3+

Unit Type: Infantry

Special Rules

Fearless, Mark of Slaanesh (included in profile).

SONIC WEAPONRY

Sonic Blaster: Unleashing waves of devastating harmonics, a sonic blaster rips its target apart. It has two profiles depending on whether it is used to unleash short riffs or a long discordant wail. The whole unit must choose the same firing mode.

Range	Str	AP	Type
24"	4	5	Assault 2 or Heavy 3

Doom Siren: A Doom Siren is an arrangement of pipes and tubes that magnifies the war cry of the Noise Marine to make a sonic attack. Instead of shooting with another weapon, the wearer can make a shooting attack using the following profile:

Range	Str	AP	Type
Template	5	3	Assault 1

Blastmaster: The Blastmaster is a weapon that focuses a throbbing bass note into an explosive crescendo that can burst eyeballs and rupture organs. By varying the frequency of the blast, the effect of the weapon can be altered to produce differing effects.

Announce which frequency is being used by a model armed with a Blastmaster when nominating the enemy unit being targetted.

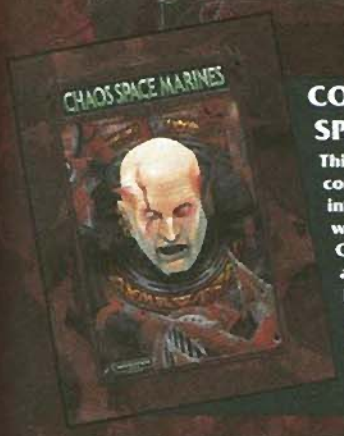
Varied Frequency

Range	Str	AP	Type
36"	5	4	Assault 2, pinning

Single Frequency

Range	Str	AP	Type
48"	8	3	Heavy 1, Blast, pinning

CHAOS SPACE MARINES



CODEX CHAOS SPACE MARINES

This 48 page codex contains all the information that you will need to field a foul Chaos Space Marine army, and details the life and crimes of the Traitor Legions since their flight into the Eye of Terror.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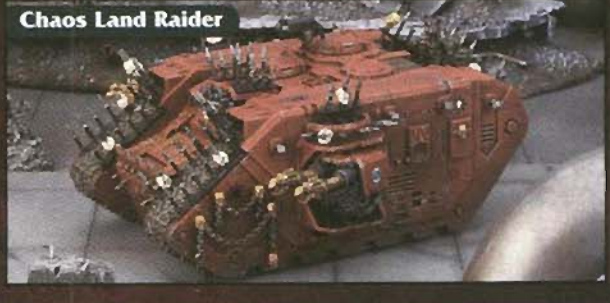
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Index Astartes

BITTER AND TWISTED

The Iron Warriors Space Marine Legion

by Pete Haines

The Iron Warriors were the battering ram of the Great Crusade, hurled at every unbreakable wall or inaccessible citadel that stood between the Emperor and the establishment of the Imperium of Man. The blood and sweat shed during those distant times was wasted when the Iron Warriors turned on their brother Space Marines on Istvaan V and ensured that their once-proud name would be forever synonymous with treachery and heresy.

Origins

The Iron Warriors are a Legion of the First Founding, formed when the Imperium was young and the Emperor walked amongst his people. As with the other Legions, they were created after the Primarchs had disappeared. Although the Iron Warriors did not know their Primarch, during those early years they did inherit common characteristics, notably an affinity for technology and a coldly efficient logic, both of which served them well when calculation was needed, but left them lacking in faith. Tragically for the Iron Warriors, they were ultimately to be confronted by a threat against which the only possible defence was unshakeable faith.

On Olympia the Emperor found the Primarch from whom the Iron Warriors had been fashioned – Perturabo. Dark and melancholy, with a mind like a razor, he was warlord to the Tyrant of Lochos and, like his Legion, was a master of siege craft. By a curious twist of fate, Perturabo had been put in the one place where there was nothing for him to learn but the extent of his own superiority.

Olympia was, in those days ten thousand years gone, a rugged and mountainous world, its population concentrated within a multitude of city states. The ready availability of quarried stone and the terrain made the control of strategic passes and high ground the key to military security.

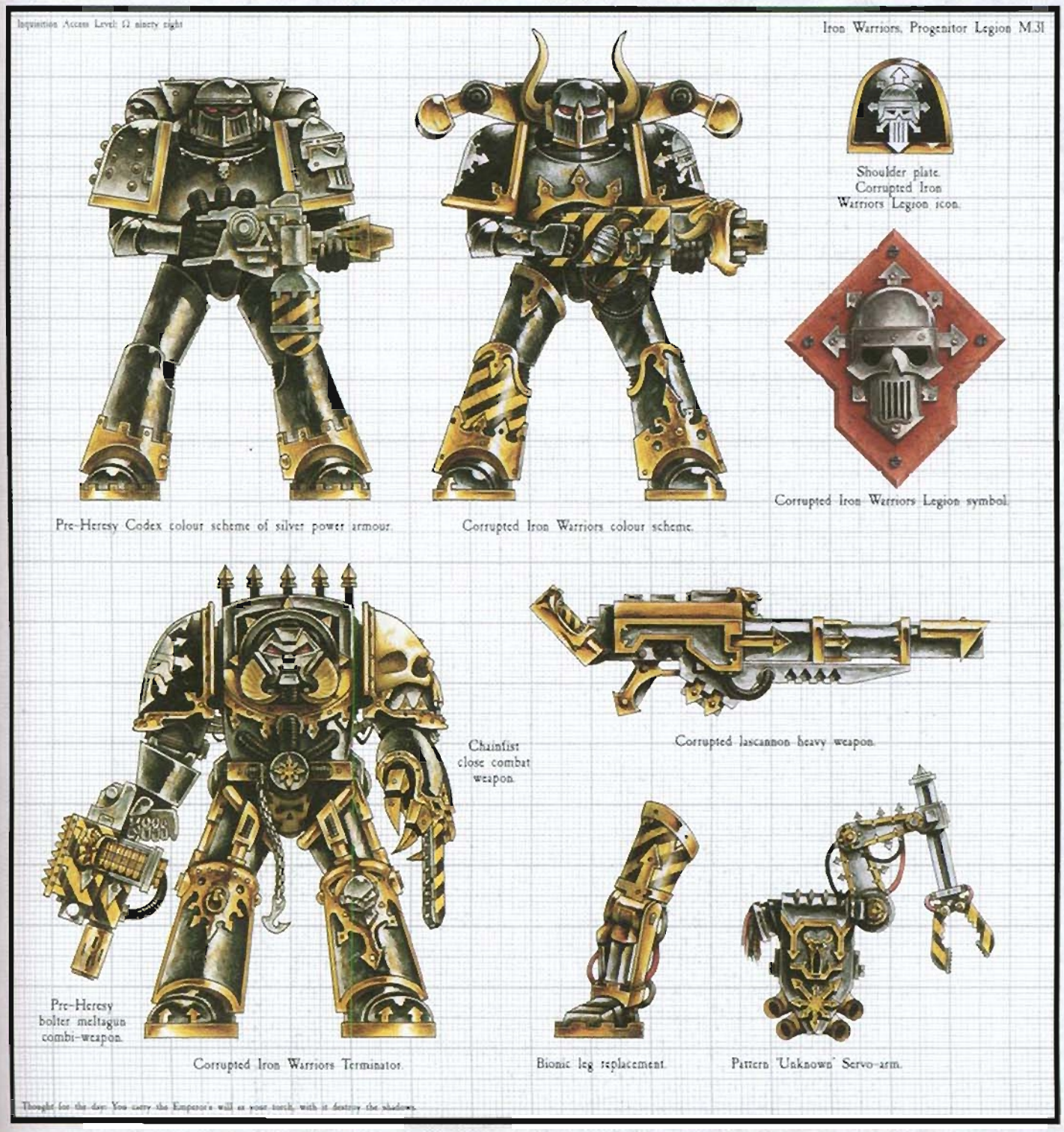
The young Perturabo was discovered climbing the sheer cliffs below the city state of Lochos. Aware that this was no ordinary child, the city guard brought him before the Tyrant of Lochos, Dammekos. Intrigued by the strange, dark child, Dammekos took him into his household as if he were his own family. Perturabo never trusted the Olympians and, although Dammekos took time and trouble to win the trust and affection of the boy, Perturabo did not respond with any warmth. Many saw him as a cold youth but, when one considers that he had been cast alone into a strange world with no clue as to his own origins or the reason for his unusual abilities, this is perhaps harsh.

When the Great Crusade reached Olympia, Perturabo pledged his loyalty to the Emperor and, as was his custom with his Primarchs, the Emperor granted Perturabo command of a Space Marine Legion and suzerainty of the planet as the Legion's home world. The deposed Tyrant of Lochos spent the last few years of his life trying to marshal support to reclaim Olympia. He failed, but created an undercurrent of unrest that was to be harnessed many years later.

There was little time to delay. With the Great Crusade in full swing, Perturabo recruited new Iron Warriors from amongst the Olympians and conducted a lightning campaign against the nearby world of Justice Rock and the heretical Black Judges. The new recruits served well and their triumphant return was celebrated in the Palimodes Fresco, now known only through fragmented holo-recordings.

The Iron Warriors led by Perturabo were devastating siege troops. Expert engineers with cross-training from the Priesthood of Mars, they quickly built on their already impressive reputation. Whilst the Iron Warriors were determined to serve Mankind and their Emperor, their specialisation was an unfortunate one. The nature of siege warfare is long periods of dull, back-breaking labour broken by the most brutal, merciless combat imaginable. Men, even Space Marines, cannot withstand hell indefinitely and combat fatigue began to brutalise the Iron Warriors. The custom existed that once the siege lines were complete the besieged must either surrender or expect no quarter. With each campaign the Iron Warriors came to prefer the latter. Battle was to these Space Marines a release from the tedium of life in the siege trenches.

As the Crusade moved forward, many Iron Warrior citadels were established on liberated worlds guaranteeing a safe line of communications. There is a grim irony that the first and last military use of these citadels was to resupply Horus' forces on their traitorous march on Terra. Tiny numbers of Iron Warriors garrisoned the new fortifications. Where the likes of Russ, Vulkan and Magnus refused to split their forces, Perturabo obeyed his orders with increasing bitterness. The Iron Warriors were turning into a garrison Legion with tiny deployments all over the Imperium. For example, the infamous Iron Keep on Delgas II was garrisoned by one squad of ten Iron Warriors despite the world having a disgruntled population of almost 130 million. Resentment began to build up throughout the Legion and particularly with Perturabo himself.



The passage of years and the carnage of the Heresy have long destroyed any possibility of proving why the Iron Warriors were treated with such casual disdain. Having finally found the truth of his existence, Perturabo was initially fanatically devoted to the Emperor and was ready to embrace missions that the other Primarchs avoided. The Iron Warriors' indisputable success then led to them being 'typecast' to the extent that they became an automatic choice for a siege or garrison mission. But all troops need time for rest and reorganisation if they are to be at their best. Clearly some authority chose to keep the Iron Warriors in action despite the harm it was doing. The Emperor may have been deliberately testing Perturabo's faith but, given that Horus, as Warmaster, had control over the precise conduct of many campaigns, it is more likely that he was responsible. When the Heresy began, it was clear that Horus had already established 'understandings' with other Legions. In hindsight, it is perfectly conceivable that Horus was working to demoralise and derange the Iron Warriors to make them more malleable.

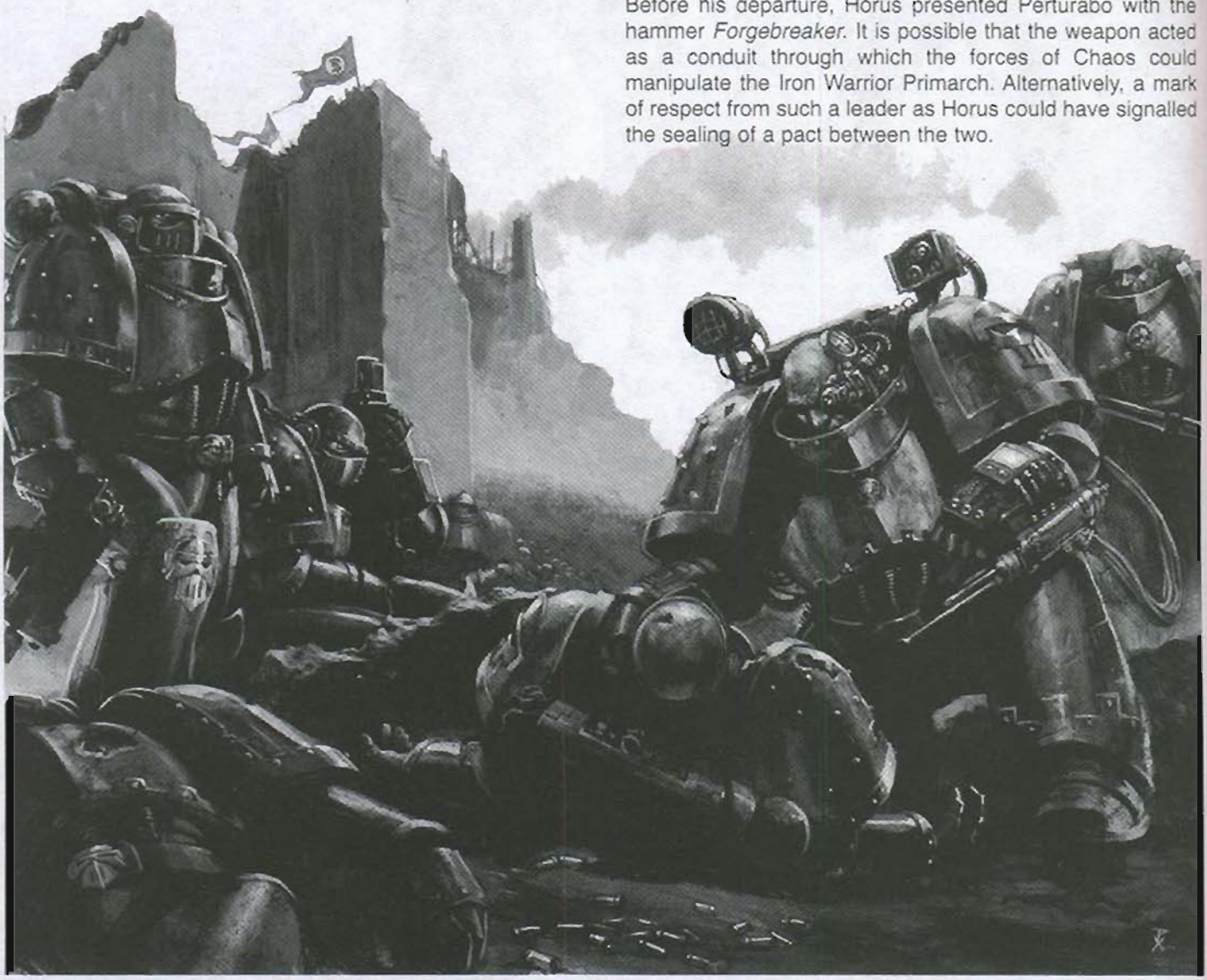
It is widely claimed that Perturabo was envious of Rogal Dorn. Given Dorn's well-attested vanity, one can imagine how frequent reference to the perfection of the defences of the Emperor's Palace on Terra might have antagonised his brother Primarch. Dorn had this effect on a great many people but Perturabo brooded on it and let each boast become an open wound that a cunning manipulator could pull and prod to elicit a response.

It is undoubtedly true that the other Primarchs kept Perturabo at a distance. This may be attributable to his technical genius that was far in advance of any of the others. Perturabo could match wits with Adeptus Mechanicus Magi on anything from warp drives to macro cannons. This was reflected in the way his deeds are recorded in the legends passed down from those times. In one famous story describing the occasion when Leman Russ and Jaghatai Khan routed the Orks of Overdog Mashogg, Perturabo features only as the 'comrade' who calculated the optimum way to bypass Mashogg's low orbit defences.

The Heresy

In the midst of the cleansing of the Hrud Warrens on Gugann matters were brought to a head. It was Horus who broke the news to Perturabo that Olympia was in rebellion. Dammekos had died and the population, incited by demagogues, had taken up arms. Perturabo was by this time tired of repeatedly having to prove his worth and now, after all his battles, the thought of being the only Legion unable to hold its own home world appalled him. Horus made the most of the opportunity.

Before his departure, Horus presented Perturabo with the hammer *Forgebreaker*. It is possible that the weapon acted as a conduit through which the forces of Chaos could manipulate the Iron Warrior Primarch. Alternatively, a mark of respect from such a leader as Horus could have signalled the sealing of a pact between the two.



Perturabo and the Iron Warriors suppressed the rebellion on the streets of one city state after another. No one was spared. It was the principle of surrender or no quarter, and the Iron Warriors had grown accustomed to granting no quarter. Perturabo watched on as unmoved and cold as the fortifications in which he taken such pride were overcome. By the time the massacre was over, Olympia had been culled into slavery with almost 5 million civilians dead.

As the pyres burned through the long Olympian night, the Iron Warriors slowly realised the extent of what they had done. One moment they were humanity's heroes assaulting the Hrud and the next they were committing genocide. Perturabo was like a man emerging from a drunken stupor who finds blood on his hands, only dimly aware of how it got there, but is aware of an oppressive feeling of shame nonetheless. He knew that the Emperor could never forgive him his crime.

It was in this doomed mood that the Iron Warriors received news and orders. The news would have been shattering under normal circumstances, but when heard in ruins that were thick with the stench of the dead, it was apocalyptic. Russ' Space Wolves had attacked Magnus' Thousand Sons on Prospero. Horus had turned renegade along with his own Sons of Horus. Angron's World Eaters and Mortarion's Death Guard were also with him. Fulgrim and the Emperor's Children had tried to reason with Horus, but had been seduced into joining him instead. Now the universe exceeded the Iron Warriors in madness. Confused bewilderment gave way to the realisation that, with the entire Imperium in flames, their excesses were irrelevant.

According to the accompanying orders they had received, the Iron Warriors were to join six other Legions to face Horus on Istvaan V.

The events on Istvaan V are part of the Heresy legend. The Iron Warriors joined with the Night Lords, Word Bearers and Alpha Legion to destroy the three Legions in the task force who remained loyal.

After Istvaan, the Iron Warriors were let loose. Finally freed from doomed missions, they were possessed with a terrible energy. On a dozen worlds, an Iron Warrior Warsmith replaced the true governor and tithes were paid under the shadow of fortified battlements.

A strong contingent of the Legion accompanied Perturabo to Terra where he supervised the siege of the Emperor's Palace. Here his skills were invaluable and the Iron Warriors found a sublime pleasure in tearing the edifices of the Imperium down. The end was near for the defenders when the Emperor confronted Horus on his battle barge and defeated him. Like many of Horus' followers, the Iron Warriors fled to the Eye of Terror, securing a new home world where they could brood on the turn of events and plot vengeance.

The rest of the Iron Warriors defended their small empire based on Olympia, but there was no refuge from the retribution of the loyalist Legions. The Imperial Fists supported the Ultramarines in a decade-long campaign to liberate the subjugated worlds. They discovered the Iron Warriors to be like a barbed hook that, once embedded into a victim, could only be removed with great risk of injuring the patient further. The Olympia garrison held out for two years, eventually triggering their missile stockpiles when defeat was unavoidable. They left a blasted wasteland that, like the other Traitor Legion home worlds, was declared Perdita.

Home World

Like the other Traitor Legions, the Iron Warriors have seized a planet within the Eye of Terror and made it their new home world.

Knowledge of the worlds within the Eye of Terror is scant at best and the realm of Chaos rarely stays the same for long. Medrengard is frequently depicted as a world turned into a vast fortress, all trace of its original form lost under mountains of impossibly high towers, its core penetrated by plunging dungeons. Whilst this is feasible within the Eye of Terror where the laws of physics do not apply, it is inconsistent with Iron Warrior fortifications in real space which are far more advanced in design and construction. Many depictions of worlds within the Eye of Terror have been derived from nightmarish visions rather than actual observation, and this may be so with Medrengard.

Inquisitor Maul performed an extended reconnaissance of the Eye of Terror in M.38. Although he was not cogent upon his return, his ship's interior bulkheads were covered by script in the Inquisitor's own blood describing what he had seen. Medrengard was described as a bleak gaol world where slaves toiled and died while great Chaos warships were tethered to its tallest towers wherein resided the Warriors themselves.

Combat Doctrine

The Iron Warriors follow a simple method. They commence battle with a sustained bombardment utilising every gun at their disposal. The basis of this is a complex fire plan in which every weapon is directed with utmost care at the optimum target for maximum effect. Where possible, the Iron Warriors will coordinate with Traitor Titan Legions to add to their own considerable firepower. The bombardment can last for weeks as the Iron Warriors rarely seem to be short of ammunition. They handle their weaponry well, with formations moving forward to fire and then redeploying before any reprisal. Often their entire force will move laterally to bring their fire against enemy weak points, with the result that counter-attacks flounder helplessly in the teeth of the Iron Warriors' weapons.

Where possible, field fortifications will be used to reinforce the line. Iron Warrior doctrine includes extensive use of fortifications to tie opponents down with the absolute minimum number of troops. This in turn keeps the bulk of the Iron Warriors troops fresh and available for assaults.

When a breach has been forced in the enemy's defences it will initially be probed by veterans and infiltrated, then the gap will be prised open with firepower until a storming force can be unleashed.

These storming forces are based around fast moving heavy armour which can move instantly from relentless barrage to lightning-fast advance. Breaches are then widened until the defences are shattered. For the key moments in battle when a position absolutely must be taken, the Iron Warriors adopt an ice-cold ferocity that is comparable to the Blood Angels or World Eaters but *only* when the moment is right and *never* for longer than necessary.

THE IRON CAGE

The one real triumph in the period following the Heresy was the reason for Perturabo's ascension to the rank of Daemon Prince. The Iron Warriors had been close to breaching the defences of the Imperial Palace but had been thwarted by Horus' death. Afterwards their empire was dismantled by the Imperial Fists by virtue of overwhelming superiority of numbers. On Sebastus IV, therefore, Perturabo set a trap for their Primarch by building the self-styled 'Eternal Fortress'. Upon hearing of the fortress, Rogal Dorn publicly declared that the Imperial Fists would dig Perturabo out of his hole and bring him back to Terra in an Iron Cage. Roboute Guilliman pleaded with Dorn to let him help but just as Perturabo planned, Dorn was arrogant enough to undertake the mission alone.

Rogal Dorn expected honourable battle but that was not Perturabo's agenda at all. The Eternal Fortress was a sophisticated trap. At its centre was a keep sitting in the middle of twenty square miles of bunkers, towers, minefields, trenches, razorwire, tank traps and redoubts. Radiating out from the keep in the shape of an eight-pointed star were underground tunnels that connected the surface fortifications. All the entrances to the underground network were concealed and the keep itself was a decoy of no real value. Most fortifications are limited by the need to protect something. The Eternal Fortress was twenty square miles of killing ground.

Perturabo and the Iron Warriors waited below the surface for the first shots of the Imperial Fists' orbital barrage. As soon as it commenced they replied with a number of remote weapons silos located well away from the Fortress. The Imperial Fists countered precipitately with Thunderhawk-borne troops attacking the silos and a full combat drop of the rest of the Legion. As soon as the attacks on the silos were under way, the missile stockpiles were detonated. Thousands of tons of debris was hurled into Sebastus' atmosphere making communication between ground troops and fleet virtually impossible.

The detonation was the signal for the Iron Warriors fleet to attack. The Traitor fleet was no stronger than that of the Imperial Fists but the loyalist Thunderhawks were on the planet's surface. Also the Chaos ships had many Iron Warriors amongst their complements eager to man the assault boats. The Imperial Fists fleet tried to hold but was forced inexorably out of position. After a few hours the only targets being engaged on the planet were coordinates pre-planned by Perturabo.

Under fire from space, the Imperial Fists proceeded with their assault in parade ground formation on a four-company front. Perturabo watched them from an observation tower and carefully began to destroy them. First the minefields did their work then, when the Imperial Fists reached the first expanse of fortifications, the Iron Warriors manned their trenches and opened fire. While the trenches held the loyalists' attention, squads of Iron Warriors with krak grenades and melta bombs emerged from hidden bunkers and attacked the tanks halted by the fortifications. The Imperial Fists turned back to fend off this threat and for a time were pinned down amidst the tank traps. Once more they rallied and swept forward to overrun the Iron Warrior trenches only to find them empty. So it continued – Perturabo dissected the Imperial Fists tank by tank, squad by squad. Rogal Dorn remained convinced that victory was in sight and pushed his men on. Perturabo pulled back some of his defenders and called upon others to hold – a stratagem that fractured the Imperial Fists, first into companies then into squads. By day six of the battle, each Marine fought virtually alone, and Dorn's troops were reduced to burrowing into the mud and piling up the dead bodies of their brethren for cover. Still Perturabo remained patient, he allowed Dorn to rampage around the trenches calling his name and demanding personal combat, content that the sight of their Primarch's impotence would demoralise the Imperial Fists.

The siege of the Eternal Fortress was to last for three more weeks. The Imperial Fists had burrowed into the killing zone and were unable to escape. Although his captains called for a breakout, Rogal Dorn would not give the order. He refused to believe the evidence of his eyes and continued to call for one last charge or for Perturabo to face him. Unable to abandon their Primarch, the Imperial Fists prepared to die with him.

If Perturabo had a failing it was that he had grown to enjoy tormenting his enemies too much. He could have finished off the Imperial Fists at any time but chose not to. Fortunately for Rogal Dorn, Roboute Guilliman put the Imperium before pride and had brought the Ultramarines to the rescue. The powerful Ultramarine fleet forced the Iron Warriors back while their Thunderhawks plunged through the dust clouds to evacuate the Imperial Fists. Perturabo had no desire to fight two Chapters and concentrated on preventing the Imperial Fists evacuating their dead and wounded.

Rogal Dorn was a broken man. It was nineteen years before he and the Imperial Fists could once again go to war. They left over 400 Marines at the Eternal Fortress and every refugee carried horrific wounds.

The gene-seed captured was sacrificed to the Dark Gods in return for Perturabo's elevation to Daemon Prince. One insult had been avenged, and since then the Iron Warriors have lived only to settle accounts with the corpse on the Golden Throne.

Once they have an opponent at their mercy, the Iron Warriors are content to surround them and destroy them at their leisure, always preferring to let shell and laser beam do their work for them.

The Iron Warriors are expert sappers, engineers and miners and have acquired a formidable siege train of specialist equipment over the centuries. This includes Termite tunnellers, a Leviathan transport, Dreadclaw assault boats adapted for planetary landings and a large assortment of Imperial-built artillery. These are used very sparingly and are maintained and guarded by the 1st Company. Additionally they have a number of Corvus assault pods which allow them to make use of any supporting Titans as siege towers. The Iron Warriors are so frequently supported by Titans that some Imperial experts have asserted that they are part of the same formation. This is not widely accepted, but the theory is a reflection of the Legion's predilection for heavy barrages.

Organisation

The Iron Warriors are organised as a number of Grand Companies each commanded by a Warsmith. Originally each Grand Company would have had a similar organisation totalling approximately a thousand Space Marines, but now they vary in size enormously. The Warsmiths themselves are all extremely gifted in combat engineering, many maintaining a large contingent of slave-mechanicians to perform the more menial work.

It is uncertain how many Grand Companies there are at any given time. At the time of the Heresy, the Legion had at least twelve Companies, although with the widespread deployment of many small detachments of the Legion at the time it is impossible to be sure.

Like many of the Traitor Legions, their current organisation is completely non-standard. A Grand Company will often be divided into component detachments led by lesser champions. A tendency towards operating in multiples of three has been noted, although this is far from being verified. Suitable recruits are taken (willingly and unwillingly) to Medrengard where they are selected periodically by Warsmiths for their Grand Company and subjected to ordeals until they prove themselves worthy.

The first Obliterators witnessed amongst Chaos forces were amongst the Iron Warriors and, on very rare occasions, Iron Warriors have manifested the ability to 'morph' weapons, although with nothing like the versatility of the Obliterators.

Beliefs

The Iron Warriors believe that the Emperor used them to fight the bloodiest battles of his Crusade and then let the other, more favoured Primarchs take all the glory. They also believe that Rogal Dorn turned Olympia against them so that they would be disgraced and discarded after they had served their purpose. They will have vengeance on both.

They see themselves as titans of old who are loose in the universe, doing whatever they like, knowing that no natural or man-made law can stop them. They honour the Chaos gods as a pantheon but are not truly devout themselves. Their greatest loyalty is to Perturabo who they believe saved them from being sacrificed by the false emperor.

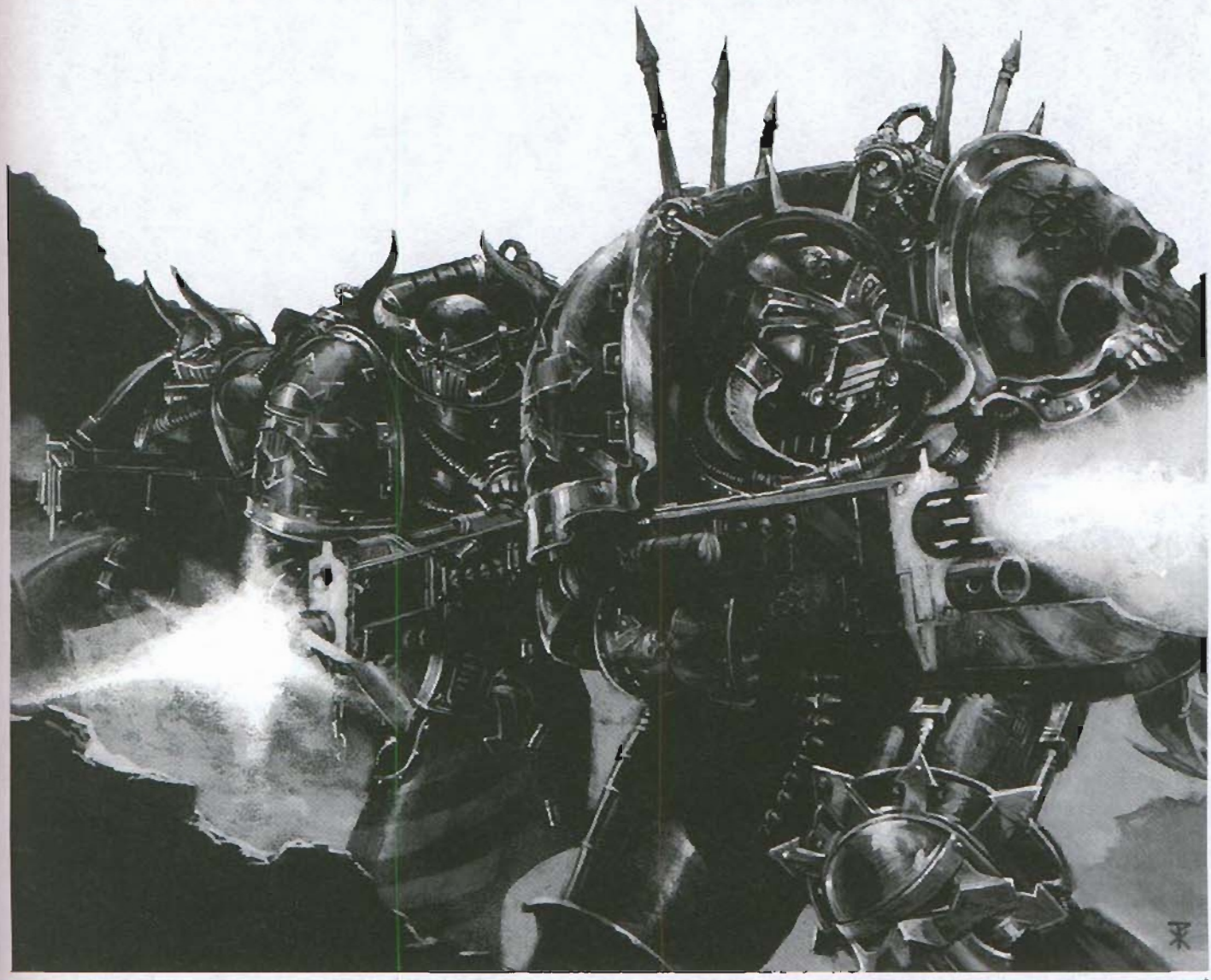
Gene-seed

The Iron Warriors are a first founding Legion and bear the gene-seed of Perturabo. Since turning to Chaos they are subject to varying degrees of mutation and have been known to replace mutated limbs with cybernetic ones.

They have a marked tendency toward suspicion and paranoia but are also extremely intelligent with naturally well-developed problem solving abilities.

Battle-cry

Monotone chant of "Iron Within, Iron Without".



USING AN IRON WARRIORS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

Iron Warriors use the following units from Codex Chaos Space Marines.

HQ *(see special rules below)*	Warsmith or Daemon Prince, Sorcerer.
ELITES	Chaos Obliterators, Chaos Terminators (no Cult Terminators), 0-1 Khorne Berserkers, Chaos Space Marine Veterans.
TROOPS	Chaos Space Marine Veterans, Chaos Space Marines.
FAST ATTACK	Chaos Space Marine Bikers, 0-1 Chaos Raptors.
HEAVY SUPPORT	Chaos Havocs, Chaos Dreadnoughts, Chaos Predators, Chaos Land Raiders, 0-1 Corrupted Vehicle *(see below)*.

The following rules and Codex changes apply when using an Iron Warriors Chaos army. Note that the entire Chaos army must be Iron Warriors, not just one or two squads.

Force Organisation

Whichever Force Organisation chart is being used, the Iron Warriors may drop two choices from the Fast Attack section and replace them with a single extra Heavy Support choice. They may not reduce the number of Fast Attack choices below one. On Standard Missions, therefore, the Iron Warriors could limit themselves to one Fast Attack choice which will in turn provide them with one extra Heavy Support choice.

New Wargear

Servo Arm: Some Iron Warriors are equipped with a powerful servo-arm which can be used to carry out battlefield repairs. The servo-arm counts as a power fist in close combat, always attacking once and hitting on a 4+. It may be used at the start of any Iron Warriors turn to repair an immobilised vehicle that is in base contact with the Space Marine on a D6 roll of 6. **30 points**

Bionics: Bionics allow a Space Marine who has suffered a crippling injury or debilitating mutation to return to action. There is a chance that an attack or shot will hit a bionic part – when the model loses its last wound, put it on its side. At the start of the next turn, a roll of 6 on a D6 will allow the model to continue fighting on with one wound. **5 points for Iron Warriors**

SPECIAL RULES

• A Warsmith replaces the Chaos Lord entry. They are identical apart from the name change.

• With the exception of Berzerker Aspiring Champions, no member of an Iron Warriors army can bear a Mark other than that of Chaos Undivided. Berzerker Aspiring Champions may bear the Mark of Khorne and use Khorne gifts.

• The only Chaos vehicle gifts permitted to an Iron Warriors army are Daemonic Possession and Destroyer, although Destroyer may only be fitted to a Rhino transporting a Berzerker squad.

Heavy Support

0-1 Corrupted Vehicle

This can be either a Vindicator (see Codex Space Marines) or a Basilisk (see Codex Imperial Guard). The Iron Warriors prize these weapons highly and repair wrecks for their own use.

A crew of thralls and servitors operates the Basilisk, so its BS with its hull heavy bolter remains at 3, and it is still open topped. All the weapon options in the list entry can be used although no Imperial Guard vehicle upgrades can be used. The Basilisk cannot be daemonically possessed as it is open topped and possession requires a sealed hull.

SIEGE MASTERS

The Iron Warriors have formidable siege skills and as such count as Siege Masters. This has several effects on the scenario special rules as detailed below:

Fortifications: Siege Masters receive +1 armour penetration against bunkers, and their own bunkers have Armour Value 14.

Hidden Set-Up: When moving over a minefield, Siege Masters only trigger a mine on a 6+.

Obstacles: A Siege Master tank trap has an Armour Value of 12.

Preliminary Bombardment: When resolving preliminary bombardment, Siege Masters are better able to direct their supporting fire. They receive one extra roll for every 500 points being used. This can result in a single unit being hit several times. The Siege Master cannot choose to roll extra dice against a unit that has already been attacked; all the dice attacking a particular unit must be rolled together.

Stubborn Defence: When occupying fortifications in missions where they are the defenders, Siege Masters are treated as being *stubborn*. They will automatically pass any Morale checks even in situations where normally they would automatically fail. They may never use the Voluntary Fall Back optional rule but test for pinning as normal. Outside fortifications and in fortifications built by the enemy (ie, when attacking) they get no benefit.

THE ENEMY OF MY ENEMY



THE MAN WAS too weak to scream as Obax Zakayo picked him up by the ankle and tossed him into the wide fanged jaws of the furnace. None of the other slaves looked up at this fresh atrocity. None dared to. The wrath of Obax Zakayo was a capricious thing; unpredictable and random and no-one in this sweltering hell could be counted safe from his spite.

The murderous giant took a lumbering step through the orange-lit nightmare of the forge temple, bellowed commands laced with grating static booming from the vox-amp built into his burnished iron shoulder guard. Yellow and black chevrons edged the plates of his power armour and hissing pipes wheezed from every joint, leaking stinking black fluids and venting puffs of steam with every step. He carried a screaming axe, its edge toothed and brutal, and a crackling energy whip writhed on the end of a mechanised claw attached to his back.

Billowing clouds of steam and exhaust gasses filled the forge, shot through with streaks of bright flames. Fat orange sparks flew from vast grinding machines and rivers of lava-hot metal streamed from colossal cauldrons – each larger than a titan's head – into grooved weapon moulds. Monstrous, debased creatures in vulcanised rubber masks with rounded glass eye sockets and ribbed piping running into tanks carried on their backs cracked barbed whips. They lurched with a twisted, mutated gait and gurgled monotone commands to the hundreds of slaves that filled the screaming forge.

That such malnourished, wretched specimens of humanity could still live and work in such a terrible place was testament to the indomitable spirit that had sustained them in the time since their capture. None amongst them knew how long it had been since they had been dragged in chains from the proud defence of an Imperial citadel to this nightmare world. A world where a black sun beat down from a sky that burned a retina-searing white and from which smoky black threads poured into a cyclopean city of such insane proportions that men had been driven mad just by gazing upon its impossible geometries for too long.

Some three thousand men had been brought to this world, called Medrengard by its inhabitants, though less than a quarter of that number still lived. Whipped, beaten and fed barely enough to survive, their incarceration was little more than a slowly enacted death sentence. The grinning face at the end of the forge's nave roared and seethed, filling the air with a screeching howl of fury. Here, an incarcerated daemon's immaterial energies drove the ceaseless hammering of giant pistons while its anger heated the furnaces with the power of a star. Golden wards carved into the floor bound the daemon to its fate, and its red eyes blazed above the forge, driving men to madness and murder.

But such was a small price, and gladly paid by the masters of the forge. A hundred slaves or more died every day, but the Iron Warriors cared not.

Where a hundred died, a thousand more would be brought to work until death claimed them as well.



A TRIO OF TRACKED bulldozer engines hauled themselves into the forge, dragging rusted troughs behind them through the knee-deep ash. More of the rubber-masked mutants drove the dozers and, even before they stopped, slaves clustered around them, leaning over the edges of the troughs to scoop up handfuls of the thin, greyish gruel that slopped around their bases. Men who had once called each other brother and had fought the dark powers shoulder to shoulder, punched and kicked each other bloody

as they fought for the meagre scraps their captors allowed them.

Sergeant Ellard carefully made his way through the press of bodies to where a slumped figure sat exhausted, his head drooping between his knees. Unkempt, filth-encrusted hair that had once been blonde, but was now dull and grey covered most of the figure's ash-smeared face.

'Sir,' said Ellard, 'some food.'

The figure looked up, red-rimmed and bloodshot eyes stared at the sergeant through the lank rats' tails of his hair, but said nothing.

'Sir, you have to eat,'

'Why?'

'Because you'll get sick if you don't eat.'

'We're already dying, Ellard, remember? The Adeptus Mechanicus made sure of that with their damned cancers, so what's the point in postponing death?'

Ellard squatted on his haunches, still holding out his dripping hands, coolly regarding his commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Mikhail Leonid.

'Because we're soldiers of the 383rd Jouran Dragoons,' said Ellard. 'We don't give up until the last breath has been crushed from us.'

'Just like Corde,' said Leonid.

'What?'

'Never mind,' said Leonid, holding out his hands and allowing Ellard to pour what passed for nourishment into his hands. He looked at the grey liquid, oily patches of Emperor only knew what floating like a frothy scum on its surface. He raised his hands to his mouth and drank the foul broth, feeling the gristly lumps of meat catch in his throat. He didn't know what meat it was and didn't want to think too hard about the strongest possibility of its identity.

He felt his stomach cramp and fought the familiar urge to vomit its contents onto the ground. The carcinogens he and his regiment had been infected with were making their presence felt and Leonid closed his eyes as a jagged spike of pain ripped through his gut.

But Ellard was right, they were soldiers of Jouran and the Emperor, and they did not give up, no matter that they were all dead men who refused to lie down. He forced down the last mouthful of the gruel and watched as the Iron Warrior bastard, Obax Zakayo, marched down the length of the forge, the loathsome claw on his back cracking the energy-wreathed whip into the huddled masses of slaves.

'On your feet, scum!' he bellowed. 'There's work to be done. I'll grind your bones to powder and feed you to the daemon of the forge! Up! Up!'

How could it have come to this? Though it seemed he had spent a lifetime toiling in this nightmare existence, he knew it could not have been long. A few scant months since the citadel of Hydra Cordatus had fallen to the Iron Warriors and they had been dragged off in chains to the echoing prison hulks in orbit.

His last sight of the citadel had been of its walls being cast down, its once-proud buildings in flames and the desecrated corpses of Captain Eshara's Imperial Fists scattered before the Valedictor Gate like offal. Herded like animals onto the darkened prison barges of the traitors, they had been kept chained and beaten until arriving at this terrifying place.

Leonid knew that the galaxy was a big place, with many strange and incredible sights, but this was something else entirely. Hoary old veterans told tales of worlds located in a horrifying place known as the Eye of Terror, where mighty daemons and the followers of the Ruinous Powers ruled supreme. They spoke of insane worlds where gods whose name could never be spoken held sway over all before them and who shaped their worlds to their lunatic whims. Like others, he had laughed at these tales, though there had always been an edge of fear to the laughter. What if they were true?

Now he knew they were.

The shadow of Obax Zakayo swallowed him, the monster in dark iron armour thrown into silhouette by the fires of the furnace.

'You. Slave. Stand up,' ordered the Iron Warrior.

Leonid rose to his feet. To disobey Obax Zakayo was to die and, as wretched as their lot was, he was damned if he'd die at this bastard's hands.

The Iron Warrior leaned down, the hot breath from his helmet's rebreather making Leonid gag and the yellow light from his visor bathing him in a sickly glow.

'Slaves bring you food. You are their leader?'

'I was,' nodded Leonid. 'Not now.'

Obax Zakayo laughed, the noise a harsh grating that scraped along Leonid's nerves like a rusty blade. He plucked at a tattered epaulette on Leonid's shoulder, wiping away a film of grease and ash to reveal the faded gold shoulder boards of a lieutenant colonel.

'You let yourself be captured,' said Obax Zakayo. 'The gods of battle will mock you for all eternity, slave.'

'Better that than be damned for all eternity,' snapped Leonid.

'Damned?' chuckled Obax Zakayo, as though hearing the word for the first time. 'Perhaps, but I am immortal. Powerful. What are you?'

Leonid said nothing, feeling his hatred swell, but keeping a tight grip on its power. Hot pain suffused his limbs and though he was weary beyond measure, he stood firm in the face of the taunting Iron Warrior.

From the corner of his eye he caught a glimpse of furtive movement and heard a muffled cry over the heavy hammering of the forge and the roar of the imprisoned daemon. Obax Zakayo caught the motion and turned in time to catch a fleeting glimpse of a swinging iron bar before it hammered into his helmet.

Leonid ducked back as the traitor dropped to one knee.

A group of scrawny slaves clambered across the engine block of the lead trough-hauler, dragging the masked creatures from within and bludgeoning them with jagged lumps of hardened ore. The daemon forge howled in glee at the slaughter, its wailings rising to a screaming gale.

Gunshots filled the forge and a handful of slaves went down. Blood spurted, spilling into the hissing weapon moulds and filling the air with its stink. Mutants tried to reverse the remaining two trough-haulers, but the enraged slaves were upon them, tearing them apart with a fury borne from months and months of systematic abuse and torture.

Sergeant Ellard reacted first, running over to join the slaves clambering across the nearest trough-hauler.

'Turn it around!' he bellowed, pointing to the forge's main doors, which were being dragged shut by gangs of twisted mutants. Leonid grinned ferally, realising that this was their chance, when a powerful spasm tore through his stomach and doubled him up in pain. He dropped to his knees and vomited the putrid gruel he had eaten, feeling his stomach contract as it tried to expel his stomach lining.

A fierce madness seized the slaves as they beat their tormenters to bloody ruin, tears of released horror streaking their filth-encrusted faces. Giant cauldrons of molten metal passed overhead as one of the Jouran slaves finally managed to take control of the lumbering vehicle. The trough-hauler lurched forwards, its tracks spinning clouds of choking ash into the air.

Leonid watched as the cheering slaves clambered aboard, whooping in savage joy as it headed towards the exit and the burning white sky beyond.

Then Obax Zakayo regained his feet and raised his arm, a mass of twisting pipes, hissing vents and gun barrels. Leonid tried to shout a warning, but the

pain in his belly had stolen his voice. Foot-long tongues of flame blasted from Obax Zakayo's arm, explosive bolts ripping across the side of the trough-hauler, spilling slaves and blood to the ground. Screams and cries of pain echoed through the forge as the Iron Warrior worked the killing fire of his weapon over the slaves.

'No!' cried Leonid. 'Stop!'

Obax Zakayo laughed in the face of Leonid's protestations, reaching down to haul the former lieutenant colonel to his feet to better witness the slaughter. Blood and viscera coated the sides of the trough hauler as it slewed over to the side of the forge, the top of its driver's head blasted clear. Slaves scattered before the Iron Warrior's lethal retaliation, abandoning the trough-hauler to find cover.

Leonid twisted in his captor's grip, watching as the trough-hauler slammed into the stanchions supporting the greased rails carrying the vast cauldrons of molten metal. The vehicle wasn't moving quickly, but its sheer mass was enough to rip the stanchion from its moorings and crumple it with its momentum. The cauldron currently traversing the forge swayed in slow motion, tipping slowly to one side before toppling from the rails and dropping to the floor.

A wave of fiery liquid spilled out, magma-hot ore turning flesh, bone and metal to stinking clouds of vapour in a heartbeat. Scores of slaves perished in seconds, the trough-hauler dissolving into hissing molten slag. Rivers of red-hot metal rolled onwards in a deadly tide, the intricately carved runes of embossed gold on the floor flashing to steam under the heat.

As the river of molten metal rolled onwards to the forge mouth, yet more of the runes were obliterated and the roaring of the bound daemon in the forge rose to fresh heights of relish as more and more of the wards imprisoning it were destroyed.

Suddenly realising what must happen, Obax Zakayo dropped Leonid and ran for the forge's exit, leaving the gasping Jouran coughing and spluttering as the hissing metal began cooling and slowing its advance.

But by then the damage was done.

The last rune dissolved and the daemon broke free.

Imprisoned for millennia, the scion of the warp was in no mood to be merciful and lashed out in blind fury, a frothing miasma of black light with a swirling vortex of forms and geometries twisting through its nebulous matter. Those closest to the daemon drew breath to scream, but did not have time to do so the flesh sloughed from their bones.

Leonid rolled aside as a dark tendril slashed the ground, leaving a hissing residue in its wake. A whipping, octopoid form writhed in the dark light, feeding on the powerful energies of fear and hate swirling around the inside of the forge. Streamers of black, oily matter whiplashed around the forge, slicing men to bloody ribbons and lifting others high into the air.

Skeletal husks dropped to the floor, bled dry of their souls and Leonid scrambled onto a growling piece of machinery to escape the creeping tide of cooling – though still fearsomely hot – molten metal. Throughout the forge, slaves scrambled for high ground, fighting like animals to secure their safety. Men hurled one another into the fires in desperate attempts to prolong their own lives.

The darkness flailed like madness given form, expanding and solidifying tentacles of dark matter smashing through the walls and roof of the forge as easily as a man might destroy a doll's house. With a tortured shriek of shearing metal, the latticed girders of the roof and far wall buckled and tumbled to the floor. Leonid covered his head with his arms as smaller fragments and sheets of corrugated iron crashed down around him, praying to the God-Emperor that he might survive this carnage.

Long seconds passed before he realised that he was still alive and the screaming daemon was silent. He risked a glance through his fingers, seeing the burning white sky through the giant tear the vengeful daemon had ripped through the walls of the forge. Of the daemon itself, there was no sign, save a spot of darkness flaring into the sky.

Leonid grimaced in pain. Staring too long at that impossible sky was like staring directly into the sun, and he wrenched his gaze from its hateful brightness.

Little remained of the trough-haulers save hissing piles of molten metal. Here and there flames licked across the bones and charred limbs of slaves and mutants protruding from the hissing ore. The dull throbbing of the forge faded as the daemon-powered engines slowly ground to a halt, the hammers and pistons starved and useless.

As Leonid took stock of the devastation the escaped daemon had wreaked, he was relieved to see Sergeant Ellard pull himself from behind the ruins of a giant milling machine.

Scores had died in the abortive – and unplanned – escape attempt, and those who had survived were too stupefied to take advantage of the momentary lack of overseers.

Leonid knew he had seconds at best to capitalise on the situation when the forge doors crashed open and a dozen Iron Warriors were thrown into stark relief by the bone-white sky.

Whatever chance they might once have had vanished like ash on the wind.



LEONID KEPT HIS eyes glued to the bleak, grey rockcrete platform, whorls of dust and ash describing wind-blown spirals before him. He tried to shut out the hateful screams of the sleepers as the burning sky blazed white above them, beating down with fierce brightness, the dark hole of the sun rippling like a baleful eye. Fellow slaves and Jourans were pressed tightly around him, the stench of unwashed bodies, blood and fear mingling to create a heady cocktail of aromas.

The former lieutenant colonel shivered as daemonic scents gusted through them, expelled like corpse-breath from the newly formed tunnel mouths.

He risked a glance into its haunted blackness, feeling a splintering pain in his head as his limited senses tried to comprehend the shifting images of multiple realities intersecting with the sound of clashing blades and bells.

He felt every molecule in his body vibrate as the resonant frequencies of this dimensional abscess widened, rippling waves of sickness and filth spreading from this wound in space-time.

He could feel a terrible imminence, like the tension in the fabric of the sky before a storm. Something was coming. Something so dark and ancient that his mind could not even begin to comprehend the scope of its evil.

Then Obax Zakayo moved between him and the tunnel and its spell was broken.

'You sense it's coming intersection don't you, slave? The Omphalos Daemonium.'

Leonid did not answer, his guts clamping in pain at the sound of such damned syllables given voice and wishing again that he had died on the journey to this cursed place.

The failed escape attempt in the forge had been paid for in the blood of his former soldiers. Obax Zakayo strode through the cowering survivors of the daemon's escape, clubbing slaves to death with each sweep of his fist. Slaves were dragged from their hiding places and hurled onto spinning lathes, pressed into crushers or lowered into steaming vats of ore. Limbs were ground to gory stumps and bones crushed to powder

within the jellied ruin of their flesh. No pain went unexplored and no form of suffering was omitted from the Iron Warriors' retribution. Within minutes, hundreds were dead, slaughtered to sate the traitors' lust for pain and humiliation.

Obax Zakayo had lifted Leonid from the ground and held him before his battered visor.

'You are their leader.'

'No,' gasped Leonid. 'I told you, I don't–'

'They still look at you as their leader,' interrupted the Iron Warrior. 'For this I will kill some of them now. Keep your men in line or I will kill all of them. Not you, though. Just them. All of them.'

'But-'

'Silence,' snarled Obax Zakayo. 'Just do it. You are no use here now that the daemon has gone. You are to be taken to the Warsmith Honsou and put to work in his weapon-shops. Try and escape from him and you will not be dealt with so lightly.'

Marched from the devastated forge, those slaves not fed inch by inch to the machines had been driven out into a twisting labyrinth of fortifications crowned with blades and kilometres of deep trenches lined with corrugated sheets of metal. Forests of razorwire linked armoured blockhouses and pillboxes bristling with heavy artillery pieces and guns that defied all proportion and reason.

The rumble of artillery fire was a constant drone at the edge of hearing, but who was fighting and why was a mystery. Dozens of slaves died en route to whatever fate awaited them at the hands of the Warsmith Honsou, dropping in exhaustion or starvation or from the merciless beatings and random killings inflicted by Obax Zakayo.

The gruelling death march continued for days though on a world such as this, where the sun never set and the skies never darkened, time was an absurd notion. Each day brought fresh horrors and new obscenities: roads lined with eviscerated bodies – human, alien and some so grossly misshapen as to defy any classification of form. Towers of skulls, harvest fields of billowing flesh and great monoliths raised with the scrimshawed bones of the dead.

Leonid saw that each step brought them closer to a range of brooding, smoke wreathed mountains, their topmost peaks lost in the brightness of the sky and obscured by a layer of dark clouds. Pillars of coiling, sentient smoke rose from the plains around the mountains, called by some nameless attraction to conceal whatever terrors and wonders lurked above in the darkness.

No matter their course, the sinister mountains always drew closer and Leonid knew with dreadful certainty that they were their destination. In the same realisation, he also knew that none of them would survive to reach the heights of those dreadful peaks.

Each glimpse of the desolate mountains through the twisting circumvallation simultaneously fascinated and repulsed him. The citadel of Hydra Cordatus had been constructed by an unknown genius of military architecture, though compared to the monstrous fortifications raised on this world, it was a mere trifle – a footnote to the dark grandeur of this world's defences. Leonid doubted that anything could penetrate these redoubts or that any foe could cast down its walls.

Finally, their march had come to an end. A barbed gate of bronze led into a rectangular, earthen arena, fully a kilometre wide and twice that in length. From somewhere nearby he could hear screaming; wails of the damned in torment that set his teeth on edge and seemed to pierce his skull with lancing, glass shards of pain. The ground underfoot was surprisingly soft and loamy, crimson liquid oozing from the water-logged earth. As Leonid looked more closely, he saw that the ground was not water-logged, but soaked in fresh-

spilled blood, bones and grinning skulls gleaming whitely through the red ground.

His mind reeled at the prospect. How many must have been drained of their lifeblood to irrigate such a vast space so thoroughly? How many arteries had been emptied to satiate the vile thirst of this dark, dark earth?

Leonid's stomach knotted in disgust, but he had nothing in his belly to expel and dry heaved as the awful stench of fresh blood filled his senses. Sergeant Ellard held him upright as they marched across thick, timber duckboards to the centre of this place, this killing ground.

Was that it? Was this a place of execution? Had they been brought here so that their blood might mingle with the thousands who had already been drained?

He shook off Ellard's hand, determined to meet whatever fate the Iron Warriors had planned for them on his feet and unaided. As they drew nearer to the centre of the arena, Leonid saw a long strip of rockcrete had been built atop the blood-soaked ground and dull, bloody rail tracks laid, running across the middle of the arena and ending at opposite walls. As they mounted the steps to the rockcrete platform, the source of the screaming was finally revealed to the Jouran slaves.

Each sleeper laid between the rail tracks writhed in agony; a jigsaw of bodies and limbs knotted together by some dark sorcery, screaming in lunatic fever-dreams, their cries like a choir of banshees. Eyes and mouths churning in the fluid matter of each sleeper gave piteous voice to their suffering before being forced from form to formlessness that another soul might vent its endless purgatory.

Men dropped to their knees, weeping at this fresh vileness, the frayed ends of their sanity unable to bear any more. Obax Zakayo hurled them from the platform, spinning the gibbering madmen to land in red splashes. No sooner had they landed than fleshless, bony hands reached up through the dark earth, clawing and grasping at their bodies and dragging them below the surface to whatever fate awaited them beneath.

Leonid tried to shut out the gurgling cries of the doomed men who drowned in the bloody ground to feed the rapacious souls beneath.

He shut his eyes…

Splintering crystals of alternate existences clash and jangle, detaching from the walls of one plane and shifting their position to resonate at a different frequency. Echoes in time allow the planes to shift and change; altering the angles of reality to allow the dimensions to unlock, dancing in a ballet of all possibilities.

…and cried out, his eyes snapping open again, dizzy and disorientated. He reached out to grab Ellard, steadying himself on his sergeant.

'Sir?'

'Emperor's blood!' hissed Leonid, looking around the death arena. He felt a sickening vibration deep in his bones as a restlessness rippled through the ground. The jagged stumps of bone jutting through the ground retreated into its sanguineous depths and the screaming sleepers howled with renewed anguish.

Where the rail tracks vanished into the walls of this vast courtyard, streamers of multi-coloured matter were oozing from the stonework.

Rippling spirals of reflective light coiled from the mortar, twisting the image behind like a warped lens. The walls seemed to stretch, as though being sucked into an unseen vortex behind, until there was nothing left but a rippling veil of impenetrable darkness, a tunnel into madness ringed with screaming faces.

Warped realms, a universe and lifetimes distant, flow together, joining all points in time on the bronze bloodtracks. On a journey that leads everywhere and begins nowhere, the Omphalos Daemonium pushes itself from

nothingness to form. Snaking from its daemonic womb and leaving nothing but barren rape and death in its wake.

Obax Zakayo laughed, though Leonid could feel the fear that lurked beneath.

And the Omphalos Daemonium came.



THOUGH HIS screaming flesh had warned him of the might and power of its evil, it had been but the merest hints of the thing's diabolical majesty. Roaring from the tunnel mouth like a brazen juggernaut of the end times, the Omphalos Daemonium shrieked along the bloodtracks towards the horrified slaves.

Some tried to run: they were struck down. Some dropped dead with fright while others curled into foetal balls and soiled themselves like newborns.

Leonid dropped to his knees at the sight of the monstrous daemon engine.

'It is fitting that you give homage,' nodded Obax Zakayo.

Vast bone-pistons drove it forward, iron and steel flanks heaving with immaterial energies. Bloody steam leaked from every demented, skull-faced rivet as wheels of tortured souls ground the tracks beneath it to feast on the oozing blood of the dead earth.

Deep within its insane structure, it might have once resembled an ancient steam-driven locomotive, but unknown forces and warped energies had transformed it into something else entirely. The thunder of its arrival could be felt by senses beyond the pitiful five known to humankind, echoing through the planes of reality that existed and intersected within the Eye of Terror, where such things were the norm rather than the incredible.

Behind it came a tender of dark iron and a juddering procession of boxcars, their timbers stained with aeons of blood and ordure. Leonid knew somehow how that millions had been carried to their deaths in these hellish containers; carried to whatever loathsome destination this horrifying machine desired and then exterminated. The Omphalos Daemon-ium slowed, the sleepers driven beyond sound in their torment as the towering daemon engine halted at the edge of the platform.

Leonid wept tears of blood, his bladder and bowel voiding as the power and evil of the daemon engine swept through him. He thought he heard booming laughter and the grinding squeal of warped timber doors sliding open on runners rusted with blood.

He rolled onto his back, seeing gusts of blood-laced steam hiss from the armoured hide of the Omphalos Daemonium. Brazen laughter rippled through the tendrils of steam as they writhed on some evil business of their own. Each tendril thickened and became more solid as they wormed through the writhing forms of the slaves on the platform.

One lifted a sobbing man from the ground, wrapping itself around his body like a snake. Like quicksilver, the other tendrils whipped over, latching onto the body and attacking it like predators in a feeding frenzy until there was nothing left.

Leonid blinked, too numb with horror to react as he saw the tendrils of smoke vanish and eight figures appear standing in their place. They wore grey, featureless boiler-suits and knee-high boots with silver buckles along the shins. Each carried a fearsome array of knives, hooks and saws on their leather belts.

Their faces were human in proportion only, flensed of the disguise of skin and glistening with revealed musculature. Crude stitches crisscrossed their skulls and, as they turned their heads as though hunting by scent, Leonid saw

they were utterly featureless save for distended and fanged mouths. They had no eyes, nose or ears, only discoloured, cancerous swellings that bulged and rippled beneath their fleshless skulls.

The daemons circulated through the slaves, selecting men at random and lifting them from the ground to snap their spines and fasten fanged jaws to the blackened and swollen melanoma on their necks. Leonid pressed his hands to his ears as the daemons suckled on the cancers that grew and multiplied within the bodies of the Jouran slaves.

One passed within a metre of Leonid and he felt a suffocating fear rise up in him, though he could barely believe that his terror could rise to greater heights.

He saw its patchwork face swing towards him the tumourous tissue in its neck bulging with a horrid appetite as its blackened fingers reached for him, gripping his tattered uniform and hauling him upright. Its touch felt like rotted meat, wriggling with the suggestion of maggots and freshly hatched larvae. Its dead skin mask was inches from his face, its breath like a furnace of cadavers. It moved its undulating face around his, as though tasting his scent.

'The Sarcomata favour you,' hissed Obax Zakayo. 'Corruption of the flesh given form and purpose, the malignancies devouring your body are the choicest sweetmeats to them.'

Leonid waited for death, but the Omphalos Daemonium had greater purpose for him than mere murder, roaring in impatience as the Sarcomata's mouth descended to the swellings on his neck. The daemon hissed in submission before tossing him through the doors of the boxcar directly behind the Omphalos Daemonium. He landed on a carpet of decomposing matter that stank of excrement and blood.

Their loathsome hunger sated for the moment, the Sarcomata herded the rest of the slaves into the boxcars, packing them in tightly before shutting them in the darkness with nothing but their terror for company.



'WHERE DO you think they're taking us?' said Ellard.

'I don't know, sergeant,' replied Leonid, 'but I heard that bastard Obax Zakayo mention a name. Honsou, I think.'

'Honsou?'

'Aye, that's what it sounded like.'

'I've heard that name before,' said Ellard.

'You have? Where?'

'On the prison hulks that brought us here. By the sound of it, I think he was their war leader on Hydra Cordatus.'

Leonid shivered, remembering the sight of the Iron Warriors' leader as he stood before the walls of the citadel. Captain Eshara had called him a Warsmith and Leonid remembered the blasted rune standard and the nauseous terror that settled in his belly at the sight of such an ancient and terrible warrior.

If they were truly to be delivered into the hands of such a monstrous being, then perhaps death at the hands of the Sarcomata would have been preferable to this stinking hell. Nearly a hundred men were packed tightly into a boxcar made to carry half that number, and the stench was an assault on the senses. So crammed were they that each man was forced to stand upright, pressed tightly against his comrades, unable to make more than the smallest movement. Men wept and wailed, slatted shafts of bright light dopplering through the warped timbers of the boxcar as the daemon engine rattled and clattered its way up into the mountains.

Leonid could taste smoke in the air and an acrid tang of electrical build-up, like he'd felt deep in the Machine Temple of the citadel. He pressed his face to a blade

of light, peering out into the bright day. Ash-stained rocks flashed past, green sparks flaring from the soul wheels as they carried the Omphalos Daemonium higher.

The dark layer of clouds drew nearer, parting every now and then to reveal a tantalising glimpse of a jagged spire, a bladed bastion or a gun-studded redoubt. As the daemon engine began turning in a long, lazy curve, Leonid saw that their route carried them across an impossible bridge of dizzying proportions. Thousands of girders and beams were laced together in a gravity-defying structural lattice that spanned a gorge of gargantuan proportions. Its bottom was lost to sight, roiling mists and screeching beasts swooping through in its lightning-filled depths.

'We have to get out of here, sergeant.'

'I know. But how?'

'I don't know yet, but we're all dead men if we stay.'

'Most of the men I know who would have been handy in a fight died in the forge temple. We don't have much in the way of forces.'

'You think I don't know that, Ellard?' snapped Leonid. 'Even if we die trying it's got to be better than what we're being taken to. The forge of Obax Zakayo was bad enough. I don't want to find out what this Honsou's going to be like.'

Ellard nodded and rested his head wearily against the wall of the boxcar, staring out into the desolate landscape. Deep lines ringed his eyes and Leonid noticed for the first time how haggard his sergeant had become. Like most officers, Leonid had relied heavily on his sergeants to run his company, and none more so than Ellard. To see a man of such formidable physical presence reduced to such a wasted creature was dispiriting in the extreme.

Leonid yawned, suddenly bone-deep tired and felt his eyelids drooping. Dimly he heard a series of dull cracks, like gunfire, but was too weary to react.

'Get down, sir!' called Ellard, leaping forward to drag Leonid to the floor of the boxcar. Tightly-packed bodies hampered his efforts, but the sergeant's strength, though diminished, was still prodigious, and he was able to bundle his commanding officer to the ground.

'What the hell are you doing?' asked Leonid.

'Stay down!'

Leonid rolled onto one elbow as the sides of the boxcar exploded inwards with fist-sized bullet impacts. Shafts of light speared in as the bullets stitched a path across the side of the boxcar, slashing bloody paths through the packed slaves. Blood and screams filled the air as men jerked like mad things under the fusillade.

Gunsmoke drifted through the bedlam-filled car. Dead men slumped against one another, held upright by the press of bodies. Blood pooled on the floor, swilling out the doors as Leonid heard a thunderous impact on the roof of the boxcar.

'What the hell's going on?'

'I think we're under attack, sir. Or being rescued. I'm not sure which.'

A crackling trio of blades punched through the bronze roof of the boxcar and a massive fist tore the sheet metal back as though it was no more than paper.

Silhouetted against the dazzling whiteness of the sky was a huge figure in midnight black power armour. A Space Marine…

Sudden hope flared as the figure shouted, 'Slaves! Rise up and fight! Fight the Iron Warriors!'

Leonid clambered to his feet, fresh energy filling his limbs at this answer to his prayers. The Space Marine looked up along the length of the train and said, 'Hurry. The Sarcomata will gather soon.'

Laughing hysterically in relief and released fear, Leonid began climbing to freedom, the splintered holes in the side of the boxcar providing ample hand and foot holds. He pushed his head above

the level of the roof, relishing the cleansing feeling of the wind whipping through his hair. He hauled himself through the hole the Space Marine had torn in the roof and pushed himself to his knees, reaching down to help Ellard.

The sky blazed white above them, the black sun beating down with greasy dark tendrils to somewhere beyond yet another range of mountains. Leonid forced his gaze from the sight as the energy claws retreated into the Space Marine's gauntlet.

Looking closer, Leonid saw that the warrior's armour was a far cry from the gleaming brilliance of the Imperial Fists he had seen on Hydra Cordatus; ravaged with dents, scarred and patched in dozens of places with crude grafts and filler. Hot vapours vented at his shoulders from the nozzles of a massive jump pack, and a white symbol – a bird of prey of some kind – had been painted over with a jagged red cross. His helmet bore a similar symbol across his visor.

Looking along the length of the boxcars, Leonid saw yet more of the Space Marines. Clad in an eclectic mix of colours and styles of armour, almost all of them bore a different Chapter symbol on their shoulder guards. They pulled slaves from captivity and herded them towards the rear of the daemon engine's boxcars and, glancing down into the filthy prison he had escaped from, Leonid saw that he and Ellard were the only two to follow the Space Marine's order to climb out. Perhaps forty men remained, staring up with terrified eyes at the armoured warrior.

'Who are you?' shouted Leonid over the roar of the wind.

'I am Ardaric Vaanes of the Red Corsairs,' said the warrior, drawing a pistol. 'Get behind me.'

Leonid and Ellard scrambled across the roof, hugging its rough surface closely. Leonid risked a glance over the edge of the roof and experienced a moment's sick vertigo as he stared down into the abyss the daemon engine was crossing. He rolled onto his back in time to see Obax Zakayo clamber onto the roof, his lashing energy whip coiling above his helmeted head.

'Look out!' shouted Leonid as the whip cracked.

Vaanes brought up his arm to deflect the blow, the crackling lash ensnaring his limb and discharging a powerful corona of blue light. Ardaric Vaanes grunted in pain, his pistol clattering to the roof of the boxcar and skidding to the edge.

The Space Marine backed away from the giant Iron Warrior, risking a glance at Leonid and Ellard.

'Get to the front!' he shouted. 'You have to stop this daemon-thing before we reach the gatehouse. Go now!'

Obax Zakayo's whip lashed again, driving Vaanes to his knees as Leonid and Ellard scrambled along the roof to peer over the bladed front of the boxcar. The Iron Warrior took a ponderous step towards the convulsing Space Marine, his mechanised claw reaching out to snap his neck.

Vaanes roared and thrust with his lightning-sheathed blades. Obax Zakayo batted the blow aside with his axe as his mechanised claw clamped on Vaanes's gorget.

'You renegades dare try to steal the slaves of Warsmith Honsou?' snarled Obax Zakayo. 'For this you must die.'

The claw tightened on the Space Marine's neck, and Leonid heard the crack of ceramite over the rushing wind. White sunlight glinted off metal and he saw the Space Marine's pistol juddering at the edge of the boxcar's roof.

He reached over and dragged the heavy gun closer, amazed at its bulk and weight. Too heavy for him to fire one-handed, he rolled onto his back, cradling the gun to his chest and supporting its weight on his forearm.

He pulled the trigger, the recoil hurling the gun from his hands. He rolled and grabbed the pistol's oversized grip before the weapon could tumble into the abyss below.

But his shot was accurate, or at least accurate enough to matter. It struck the visor of Obax Zakayo's helmet and spun him around. The claw choking Ardaric Vaanes released its grip and the Space Marine leapt to his feet to face the Iron Warrior.

'Go! Quickly!' he bellowed, pointing further along the bloodtracks. 'I told you to stop this thing before we reach the gatehouse!'

Leonid turned and gazed through the dark smog ahead, not truly believing the sight before his eyes.

Emerging from the darkness ahead was a fortification built into the mountain from dark madness, standing in defiance of all reason. Its steepled towers wounded the sky, its massive gateway a snarling void that swallowed the tracks the Omphalos Daemonium travelled upon. Its walls were darkened, bloodstained stone, veined with unnatural colours that should not exist and which burned themselves upon the retina. Lightning leapt between its towers and the clanking of great engines and machines echoed like thunder from beyond its walls. And this was but a gatehouse?

'Blood of the saints!' whispered Ellard.

'I couldn't agree more,' said Leonid.

The clash of weapons behind them and the sight of the monolithic fortress drove them on and the two Jourans slithered forwards on their bellies to the end of the boxcar. A miasma of evil and uncounted aeons of torment pulsed from the howling daemon engine, and Leonid felt blood drip from his nose and ears the closer they crawled.

He pushed himself up, ready to make his way onto the daemon engine. A horrifying, bloodstained tender was coupled between it and the boxcars, filled with dismembered corpses. Red steam trailed from the thundering engine, spinning like bloody streamers as the Sarcomata feasted on the cadavers.

'We'll need to move quickly,' said Ellard.

Leonid nodded and swallowed his disgust, dropping into the oozing carpet of bodies. The tender lurched on the bloodtracks and he fell, throwing his arms out before him and sinking knee deep in gore and severed limbs. Ellard dropped next to him and pulled him upright. Together they waded unsteadily through the bodies, corpse gases and semi-coagulated blood misting the air with every step. The tendrils of bloody steam slithered around them, more solid than smoke had any business being.

'Emperor forgive us,' said Ellard as a slack, dead face rolled over under his boot.

Leonid gratefully reached the end of the tender, keeping an eye on the circling smoke.

He hauled himself over the lip of the tender, turning back to help his sergeant.

A ghostly face swam out of the smoke, a fleshless patchwork of musculature with no features save a fang-filled mouth.

'Hurry!' shouted Leonid, dropping Ardaric Vaanes' pistol behind him and dragging Ellard forward. Wraith-like arms wrapped themselves around the sergeant's shoulders and began pulling. Only partly formed, the Sarcomata's strength was not the equal of the two Jourans, and Leonid hauled Ellard from the tender with one last desperate heave.

The two men collapsed on the iron deck at the back of the Omphalos Daemonium, a bronze doorway rattling in its frame behind them. Leonid could see no handle, tasting ashes and the scent of burning flesh gusting through an iron grille at its top. Solidifying smoke-trail bodies of the Sarcomata began climbing from the tender, hissing with hunger at these fresh morsels.

The two Jourans backed into the door, Leonid dropping to one knee to recover the fallen pistol. One of the Sarcomata pounced towards him, clawed arms reaching for his neck.

The pistol boomed and ripped the top of the daemon's head off. Daemonic blood splashed the door, the metal undulating as the blood hissed and vanished like droplets on a hot skillet. The entire doorframe rippled and, as Leonid fell back against the door, it opened as though freshly unlocked.

He sprawled into a blisteringly hot engine room, Ellard wasting no time in following him inside and slamming the door shut behind him. The door buckled in its frame as the Sarcomata hurled themselves against it, desperate to feast on the cancers within them. Leonid could feel their hunger as a physical thing as he groggily pushed himself to his feet.

As he saw where their desperate flight had taken them, he wondered whether they might have been better off taking their chances with the Sarcomata. The interior of the daemon engine defied geometry, impossibly stretching beyond the limits of vision to either side, a sweltering, red-lit hell cavern, larger than the forge temple of Obax Zakayo. A wide-doored firebox roared and seethed, tended by a giant in a clanking, mechanical suit of riveted power armour and thick, vulcanised rubber. Over its ancient iron armour, it wore a blood-stiffened apron, and a crown of metal horns sprouted from a conical helmet with a raised visor.

Muttered doggerel and guttural curses spat from beneath the helmet as the figure approached a long line of dangling chains and pulleys, each with a limbless human torso skewered on a rusted hook. The figure stabbed a long billhook into a headless torso and thrust it into the firebox. He stoked the daemon engine with flesh and blood, and belching stacks spewed ashen bodies into the air.

'There…' said the figure, its voice rasping and hoarse. 'What need I incantations or words? Word magic is poor man's sorcery; it is flesh magic that is strong. Flesh powers ye, blood sustains ye and I bind thee.'

'What the hell is this?' said Leonid, casting uneasy glances over his shoulder at the rattling door.

Though his words were spoken in a whisper, the armoured giant stiffened and turned quickly to face them, its butcher's blade held out before it.

'Well then, what's this? The Sarcomata come knocking at my door and flesh comes to throw itself in the fires? Good flesh, helpful flesh. Much better than the deadmorsels we get…'

Leonid raised the pistol and said, 'Who are you?'

'Me?' said the giant, swinging his blade from side to side. 'I's the Slaughterman. Iron Warrior true. Cut and slice, cut and slice. Flesh for the machine. Blood for the cogs and flesh for the fires.'

The firebox growled, clawed tongues of flame slashing in vain at the giant's turned back. He chuckled, the sound sending shivers up the Jourans' spines, and shouted over his shoulder.

'No, no, no, you won't be eating my skin and bones, daemon. Thrash and struggle all you want. Bloodmeat for me, deadflesh for you.'

'You feed this thing bodies?' said Ellard, his revulsion plain.

'Yes, deadflesh feed the daemon, two hooks ready for you two. Fresh meat for me. I will cut you up nicely, dress your flesh with reverence, and sup your blood as it spills onto me. Now come here like good flesh so I can chop you.'

The Slaughterman beckoned with an encrusted gauntlet.

Leonid raised Vaanes's pistol and said, 'I don't think so. Just stop this thing and I won't kill you.'

The Slaughterman laughed, and shook his head as he advanced towards Leonid. 'You kill me? No, you are meat, nothing more. We will talk no more and you will die.'

Leonid fired the pistol, the bolt striking the Slaughterman square in the chest. Sparks flew and a frothing gruel of fluid and matter dribbled down his filthy

apron. The giant snarled, his blackened features twisted in rage.

'You shot me,' he said. 'I cut you to death slowly now. Cut your flesh screaming into morsels that I will feed you. I will feed you your feet, your legs and then your arms. And then I will give you to the Omphalos Daemonium and you will know true pain.'

Leonid fired again, but this time the bolt was smashed aside by the Slaughterman's billhook.

With a roar, the Slaughterman charged, his giant blade sweeping down to cleave Leonid in two. Leonid ducked and rolled aside, the billhook scraping a flaring gouge in the floor.

Ellard ran behind the Slaughterman, desperately searching for a weapon, as Leonid stood and fired again. The bullets went wide, smacking wetly into the hanging torsos and blowing them apart from the inside.

'No!' shouted the Slaughterman. 'Not the deadflesh. Bad flesh must stop. Needs to be chopped quick.'

The giant Iron Warrior turned as Leonid backed into the swaying cadavers, firing into the butcher's rack of meat, ripping them from their hooks in a hail of bullets.

The Slaughterman wailed and roared, his billhook slashing a path through the meat towards his prey. Leonid kept the trigger pulled until the hammer slammed down on an empty chamber. Bloody hooks swung and jangled before him, scraps of meat still sliding down the dark metal. One hook slid to the floor, a looping pile of chains rattling down from the winch above. As the Slaughterman pushed the last cadaver aside and stood face to face with Leonid, he saw Ellard standing beside the levers that controlled the chain pulley mechanism. The firebox seethed in hunger behind the Slaughterman.

Leonid reached down and grabbed the hook, holding it before him like a weapon.

'Bad flesh, you. No reverence for you now. Chop, chop, chop. Deadflesh.'

The Slaughterman leaned down, and Leonid could finally see his face beneath the conical, horned helmet. Vacant and puffy, his features were curiously child-like, with a rotten-toothed grin and rheumy eyes that spoke of an unthinking cruelty.

One meaty gauntlet reached down, scooping up Leonid before he could dodge aside and lifting him from the ground. He grunted in pain as the giant lifted him up.

'Bad flesh,' said the Slaughterman. 'Won't even wet my blade with you. Just bite you into pieces.'

The Slaughterman's jaws cracked as they opened, stretching and swelling as if to swallow him whole. Foetid breath, reeking of decomposing matter, wafted from the depths and Leonid gagged, kicking at the Slaughterman's gut in desperation.

As the Slaughterman's jaws reached down towards him, Leonid swung the butcher's hook upwards in a vicious arc.

Bone splintered as the iron point punched through the giant's jawbone before exploding through his eye-socket.

Leonid fell to the floor as the Slaughterman howled in pain, the chain attached to the end of the hook pulling taut as Ellard frantically cranked the winch. The Slaughterman dropped his weapon and scrabbled at the barb, black blood spraying from the wound as he sought to pull some slack in the chain.

But Ellard was having none of it, reeling the Slaughterman in, winching the chain screechingly along its rails and dragging the wounded giant towards the firebox. His howls were piteous, but Leonid had no sympathy for the monstrous cannibal.

Daemonic flames leapt from the firebox, blazing claws slashing at the Slaughterman's back. He screamed, fighting to get clear, but the tormented daemon had him and was not about to release its grip. Incandescent flames

enveloped the Slaughterman and he was dragged into the inferno of the daemonic firebox. Soon he was lost to sight and the heavy iron door slammed shut behind him as the maniacal daemon within wreaked its terrible vengeance on its captor.

No sooner had the firebox's door shut than the vast bone-pistons slowed and the hissing machineries released scalding bursts of steam. The orange glow that pervaded the engine room faded and the impossible geometries of the chamber began returning to those dimensions that did not baffle the senses.

Leonid dropped to his knees, exhausted beyond words as the horror of the past few days threatened to overwhelm him. Ellard stumbled over to him and offered him his hand.

'I can't believe it. We got him.'

'Yes, sergeant, we did. Well done.'

'Now what do we do? Is this thing stopping?'

'Certainly feels like it.'

Leonid glanced over at the bronze door they had come through. Strangely, the thudding booms of the Sarcomata had ceased. Was their very existence somehow linked to the daemon within the firebox or even the Slaughterman himself? Even as he formed the thought, the door exploded inwards and Ardaric Vaanes stood framed in the white light of the sky.

'You did it,' he said, sounding surprised.

'Yes, we did,' agreed Leonid. 'Did you kill Obax Zakayo?'

'No, but he's gone. Gone with the rest of the boxcars.'

'What are you talking about?' said Leonid, limping towards the door.

As he and Ellard left the Slaughterman's domain, they saw that the tender was all that was left attached to the Omphalos Daemonium. Battered-looking Space Marines filled it, but the boxcars were nowhere in sight.

'What the hell did you do?' screamed Leonid. 'I thought you came to rescue us?'

'No,' said Ardaric Vaanes. 'We were never here to save you. We came to stop the Iron Warriors getting more slaves for their weapon shops. Without slaves they cannot make weapons to fight us.'

'You killed them,' said Ellard, looking down the tracks for any sign of the boxcars.

'Trust me, if they truly understood what awaited them in Honsou's citadel, they would thank me for my mercy.'

'Mercy! You bastard, those were my men,' shouted Leonid. 'I fought shoulder to shoulder with them and you betrayed their courage.'

'They were not the men you fought beside any more. You know this. They were broken. But you have steel in you, I can see it plain as day. If you wish, you may come with us and strike back against the Iron Warriors. But decide now; we are through the gatehouse, and its guards will be upon us soon if we are not away.'

Vaanes climbed into the tender and held his hand above the coupling mechanism.

'Are you with us?' he asked.

'Go with you? We don't even know what you are,' said Leonid.

'We were once Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes and fought for the Emperor, but now our only allegiance is to each other,' said Vaanes. 'Our former battle-brothers would call us renegades, but right now we are the nearest thing you have to friends.'

Leonid started to reply, but felt Ellard's hand on his shoulder.

'Sir, he may be right.'

'He killed our men, sergeant!'

'I know, and we will never forget that, but as Castellan Vauban used to say "the enemy of my enemy…"'

'…is my friend,' finished Leonid.

WARHAMMER 40,000

BITTER AND TWISTED

This month the Legions of Chaos are bolstered by the release of an Iron Warriors squad and an Iron Warriors Warsmith. You can find the rules for the Iron Warriors in the Index Astartes compilation.

The implacable Iron Warriors have landed!



An Iron Warriors Warsmith

An Iron Warriors squad, including an Aspiring Champion, plus Warriors with a lascannon and a meltagun.



COMMIT TO:	INQUISITION RECORD KW 93/03u4	TRANSMITTED:	SPIRIT OF DOMINICA (INISCURI SYSTEM)
CROSSFILE TO:	IMPERIAL RECORD 03323/9302	TRANSMITTER:	ASTROPATH PRIME.SOLIS
		RECEIVER:	ASTROPATH-TERMINUS GAIUS
INPUT DATE:	4393597.M38	THOUGHT:	FAITH IS THE STRONGEST OF ARMOR.
INPUT CLEARANCE:	CLASSIFIED		
AUTHOR:	INQUISITOR MAUL		

>>> My Lords,

It is with shock and anger that I must report to you that our fortress-archive at Auxesia has fallen. My team and I arrived here three days past, in response to our lay-brethren's pleas for aid. I have spent that time gathering what details I could so that you may formulate an appropriate and, I trust, timely response. My Lords, Auxesia and our most sacred library is now a blasted ruin, the sight of which has reduced many of my compatriots to tears.

The testimony that follows was compiled from the engrams of servitor TF/927, stationed aboard Inquisition Orbital Augur AUV-839/93.

The invaders were the traitors of the Iron Warriors legion, led, so far as we can deduce by Ferrous Ironclaw, the Warsmith of the Iron Warriors' second grand company. As you know, this bitter and sadistic creature has been responsible for numerous attacks on Imperial worlds since the time of the Heresy, and his presence in this sector fills me with dismay.

The attack came completely without warning. Before local forces could be mobilized, the traitor fleet arrived in high orbit and neutralized the majority of Auxesia's defense assets with a heavy and sustained orbital bombardment. Iron Warriors drop pods and Dreadclaw assault craft soon filled the sky, landing in the vicinity of the fortified city of Damia, where our archive was located. What little resistance the defenders could muster was destroyed in short order.

The traitors encircled the hastily prepared Imperial lines and established their fortifications, cutting off further relief or escape. Successive lines were constructed and fortified over the course of the next twelve days, with a Redan pattern continuous entrenchment constructed. The heavy weapons emplacements so characteristic of the Legion soon studded the lines, with the Iron Warriors' staple lascannons and heavy bolters much in evidence.

[In this deployment we see the Legion's reliance on heavy weaponry aptly demonstrated, and I am led to wonder what damage a well-equipped and motivated assault oriented force could wreak amongst such a tactically unbalanced deployment].

The traitors displayed the twisted cunning and ingenious logic we have come to expect in their construction of field fortifications +++Augur scan schematics attached+++. With the final (third parallel) line complete, the Iron Warriors commenced their bombardment of the city on the thirteenth day. Damia was equipped with an ancient void-shield array, and this held out for the first three days of the assault. The Iron Warriors threw thousands of tons of ordnance at the shield, including plasma torpedoes from orbit and Earthshaker and Doomblaster shells from the ground. They even utilized *Doomstrike missile launchers* evidently captured in earlier engagements.

The void-shield could not withstand such punishment, and eventually collapsed. With the protection of the shield lost, the defenders saw no alternative but to launch a desperate counter-attack. Twelve companies sallied forth through the city's main gate. Those who did not fall victim to the miles of razorwire, tank traps and mine fields were cut down in a brutal crossfire from concealed positions along the Iron Warriors' line.

The bombardment carried on for a further seven days, until one dawn the heavily fortified gatehouse collapsed under concentrated shelling. This was evidently the opening the Iron Warriors had awaited, and they now commenced their ground assault. From the length of the trench lines, Rhinos and Land Raiders swept forward, heading for the ruins of the gatehouse and other, smaller breaches in the wall. Termite tunnelers were used to transport the elite of the traitor force directly to targets beyond the walls, and Terminators were teleported from the fleet in orbit to points of resistance along the wall.

The remainder of the siege consisted of brutal street-to-street fighting, followed by the wholesale slaughter of the defenders as they attempted to escape the doomed city. In the following days, the invaders set about an orgy of destruction, and the Augur was rendered blind by the volumes of smoke released by the fires left in the traitors' wake.

We arrived two months after the Iron Warriors' fleet was first detected. Upon entering orbit we found a world shrouded in smoke and ruin. The Iron Warriors had left. Our first concern was for the sanctity of our archive-shrine, fearing as we did that the records held therein were the objective of the attack. It saddens me to report that our library is destroyed utterly, but it furthermore puzzles me that it did not appear to have been desecrated by the invaders.

In less than two months, the traitors had reduced an entire world to ruins. One hundred thousand Planetary Defense Force troopers lay dead, and Auxesia's capital and every major settlement was reduced to rubble. As far as I can see, the traitors had not even set about their siege with the intention of capturing land or assets - they appear to have fought simply for the sake of causing death and destruction in the names of their foul masters. As I have remarked in the past, it appears to me that the traitors of the Iron Warriors Legion will not suffer a fortress or redoubt to stand lest they themselves have constructed it. Any other structure is a blasphemy to them and they are compelled to cast it down.

My Lords, once again I submit my request that a survey mission be sanctioned to penetrate the Eye of Terror. For too long have we suffered the predations of these traitors and I beg that I be allowed to breach their realm.

You most obedient servant,

Inquisitor Tybalt Maul <<<

Transmission ends <<<



"Cursed am I, who has seen past the skein of time that prevents Man from perceiving his future! I have seen every one of you die a thousand times and I welcome this execution, knowing that I am to be spared the horror that awaits this world. Armour clad warriors of bronze and iron, their axes hungering for slaughter, come for your blood. Chaos is the ruler of this world now: 'tis its dominion where life breeds to feed it. Cries of pain are music for its banquet and the stench of terror the sweet flavour of its feast. So light your fires and scar the life from my body as you burned the visions from my eyes. I welcome it..."

Valediction of the Heretic Prophet of ElPhanor

Index Astartes
First Founding

An in-depth look at the First Founding Legions of the Adeptus Astartes.

LIGHTNING ATTACK

The White Scars Space Marine Chapter

by Graham McNeill and Pete Haines

Known and feared throughout the Imperium for their highly mobile way of war, the Space Marines of the White Scars are the masters of the lightning strike method of attack, able to tear into their foes and vanish before they can respond. Fierce warriors, bearing the ritual scars of bravery, they fight with all the tribal savagery of their home world and bring swift death to all enemies of the Imperium.

Origins

The Apocrypha of Skaros speaks of the White Scars only rarely and even then the text is colored by the fact that much of what is said comes from the White Scars themselves. One legend tells that their young Primarch set out on his own from Terra to discover the galaxy for himself, while another speaks of him being abducted as a baby. The truth is likely to be somewhere in-between. Whatever the true story, the Liber Historica Vangelia records that Jaghatai Khan arrived at a world in the Segmentum Pacificus designated by Imperial cartographers as Mundus Planus, but known to its inhabitants as Chogoris. It was, and still is, a fertile world with lush greenery, soaring mountains and azure seas, which, at the time of the Great Crusade, had achieved a blackpowder level of technology. A Census Imperialis of the day records that the dominant Chogorian empire at this time was an organized aristocracy which had conquered most of the planet with well-equipped and highly disciplined armies. Armored horsemen and densely packed blocks of infantry had won every campaign their ruler, the Palatine, had fought.

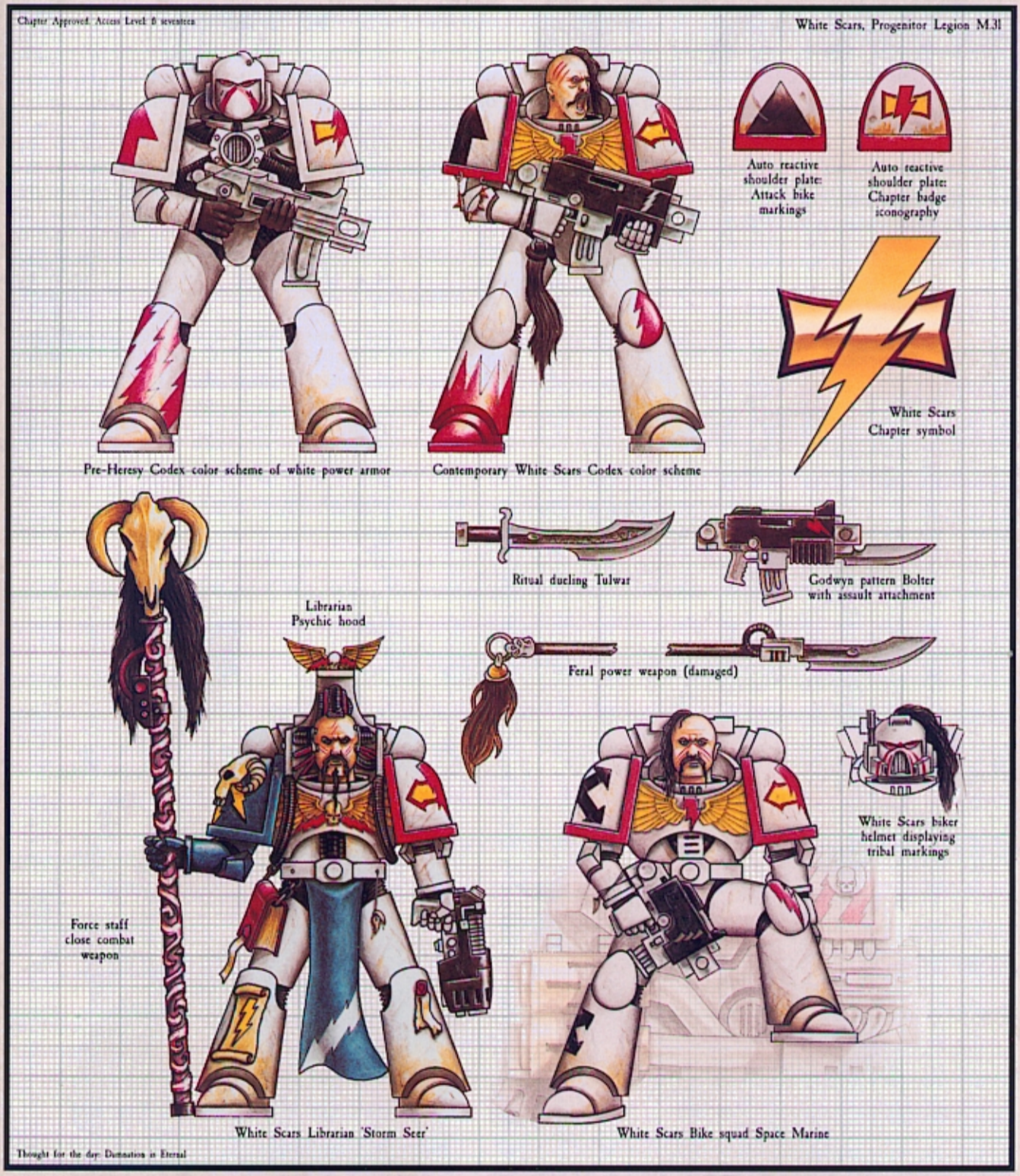
The history of the White Scars begins with Jaghatai Khan, one of the greatest military strategists of all time. It is thought that one of his generals, Ogedei, penned 'The Great Khan of Quan Zhou' after the Primarch's disappearance, and it is this ancient text which has provided Imperial historians with one of the best accounts of his life. Chogorian sources have also left copious and often wildly exaggerated records of his exploits.

To the west of Palatine's empire was a vast, wind-blown steppe, known as the Empty Quarter, home to nomadic tribes of savage horsemen who for centuries had roamed the vast grasslands. The tribes of the steppes lived in tents and followed a cycle of seasonal migration from summer pastures to protected winter valleys in the Khum Karta Mountains. Consummate horsemen and archers, these disparate tribes frequently fought one another for control of ancestral pastureland or – as Ogedei's Opus would have it – the sheer joy of battle. Chogorian armies had never invaded the Empty Quarter as the dry and desolate lands were of no value to the Palatine. However, Chogorian nobles would often lead hunting bands into the steppes and take whole tribes east as slaves or capture a lone tribesmen to hunt through the mountains for sport. (Many passages in 'The Great Khan' are devoted to detailing the full extent of Chogorian atrocities. The blood rituals and sacrifices described within these passages have led many Imperial scholars to postulate that the Palatine's empire may have been dedicated to worship of the Dark Gods.)

Jaghatai Khan's legend began near the Quonon river when Ong Khan, the leader of a small tribe known as the Talskars, encountered the Primarch. He believed that the glowing

child was a gift from the gods and took him into his family and named him Jaghatai. It was said of Jaghatai that since his early childhood he had a 'fire in his eyes', a Talskar term for a great warrior. It was also said about him that rival tribes hated the child because he had the wisdom to see beyond the constant warfare of the steppes.

A colorful passage in 'The Great Khan of Quan Zhou' known as 'The Blooding' relates that while Jaghatai was young, raiders from the rival Kurayed tribe slew his adopted father and killed many of the Talskar men in a vicious ambush. Jaghatai was already the greatest warrior amongst his tribe with many ritual scars of courage, and warriors flocked to join him when he set out to avenge these deaths. He led an attack on the Kurayed village and razed it to the ground, killing every man, woman and child in a frenzied massacre. Jaghatai bathed in his enemies' blood and took their chieftain's head to mount above his tent. It was these events that were to shape the Primarch into the man he would become – a man of fierce honor, loyalty and ruthlessness. With blood and honor satisfied,



Jaghatai swore to bring an end to the destructive internecine wars that were destroying his people, to unite the people of the Empty Quarter, and to bring an end to brother fighting brother.

Following this victory, Jaghatai became Khan of the Talskars and fought many battles against Chogorian hunting bands and other tribes of the steppes. Each defeated tribe was brought within the Talskars and became part of his army. His military talents and the sheer force of his personality won him many followers and soon his warriors numbered like the stars, the army becoming known as the Mathuli, a Talskar word meaning 'irresistible force'. He made military service mandatory and combined warriors of different tribes into the same units to break up tribal associations, fostering a fierce loyalty to the army and ultimately to himself. He promoted men purely on the basis of ability and brought a feeling of shared purpose to everyone he came into contact with.

Ten summers after Jaghatai's victory against the Kurayed, while the army was moving to its winter camp in the mountains, Jaghatai was pitched from the treacherous cliffs when a freak avalanche carried him and dozens of others thousands of feet to the rocks below. After much lamentation, the tribe continued onwards. But while the fall had killed the tribesmen, the Primarch managed to survive. Chogorian history records that at this time a hunting band led by the Palatine's only son discovered a wounded tribesman deep in the mountains and began hunting him through the snows. What exactly happened in the freezing valleys of the mountains is unknown, but a single, horribly mutilated rider tied to his saddle was all that finally returned to Chogorian lands, the head of the Palatine's son hung around his neck. The man also carried a message from Jaghatai, 'The people of the steppes are yours no longer.'

When the snows retreated, the enraged Palatine gathered an army and marched west, determined to wipe the barbarian tribes from the face of the planet. But he had underestimated the skill and cunning of Jaghatai Khan. In the Valley of the Khans, on the Lon-Suen Plain, the Palatine's armies met Jaghatai's forces. The battle was said to have lasted a day and a night. The tribes of the steppes fought like they hunted, a ring of lightning fast horsemen coordinating movements to corral their human quarry. Unlike their enemy, who wore heavy steel mail, the Mathuli wore light leather armor, allowing for less protection, but greater mobility.

Accustomed to decisive hand-to-hand combat with their foes, the Palatine's army was no match for the Khan's horsemen and their relentless bowfire. Though significantly outnumbered, Jaghatai outmaneuvered, out-thought, and



out-fought them. The defeated Palatine and his bodyguards were only just able to fight their way through the Mathuli ring of death and fled to the capital city. Those soldiers who remained were slaughtered almost to a man. One Chogorian survivor described the battle plain as an ocean of blood. The tribal leaders and holy men, the Stormseers, gathered after the battle and proclaimed Jaghatai the Great Khan, Ruler of All Within the Lands.

Jaghatai Khan then began the invasion of the Palatine's realm, three of his armies drawing off forces by attacking cities on the outskirts of his enemy's domain. Jaghatai and his most able general, Subedei, led another army across a secret route through the Kuzil Quan desert, a region believed to be impenetrable. Emerging seemingly from nowhere, Jaghatai's army surprised the Palatine's garrison at the gates of Kushaba and slaughtered the entire force. Other cities fell in quick succession and Chogorian historians record that bodies littered the roads like stones in a quarry, razed fields smoldered, and those few who were spared the carnage prayed for deliverance from the fury of the Khan.

In the years that followed, Jaghatai's army overran Chogorian lands, defeating their best armies, storming their walled cities, and slaying its nobles. Cities that lay in Jaghatai Khan's path had two choices: surrender or face total destruction. Never before had such pillage and plunder been witnessed. Some sources claim that millions were killed by the bloodthirsty tribesmen, but contemporaries of Jaghatai Khan assert that these figures are vastly inflated. However, it is certain that many hundreds of thousands died and the people of the Chogorian empire believed that the 'devil-faced savages' were supernatural demons exacting divine vengeance for the sins of man. Eventually Jaghatai's invasion reached the Palatine's stronghold, Cophasta, a magnificently rich city on the eastern coast. He demanded his enemy's head on a spear or the city would die and he would leave no stone standing. Within the hour, a group of nobles from the city brought him that very thing.

The Khan's power now stretched from ocean to ocean, the largest empire the planet had ever known, conquered by a single man in less than twenty years. Though Jaghatai Khan dominated a vast area, he knew that his people had no desire to rule such a realm. His new empire had grown from his urge to unite the tribes and exact vengeance upon his enemies, not from any hunger to occupy their lands. Ultimate power rested with the Khan and his generals and although they were well organized militarily, the tribes had no developed concept for ruling settled populations.

The historian, Carpinus, who compiled a detailed history of the Great Crusade (the so-called Speculum Historiale), notes that Jaghatai's armies finished the destruction of the Palatine's realm a mere six months before the Emperor reached Chogoris. When the two men met, it is said that the Khan knew he had met someone who embodied the ultimate ideal he had striven for, a man who could unite all the stars in the sky. At his palace in the city of Quan Zhou, in front of all his generals, he dropped to one knee and swore eternal fealty to the Emperor. The Primarch was given command of the 5th Legion, which adopted the long facial scars of the Talskar tribesmen that ran from forehead to chin, and renamed themselves the White Scars. The Great Khan ascended to the heavens with the Emperor, passing the Khanship to his general Ogedei. Many of Jaghatai's followers elected to join their Khan and became Space Marines within the Legion.

The White Scars went on to fight in some of the bloodiest battles of the Great Crusade and the lightning fast style of warfare employed by Jaghatai Khan on the steppes would prove to be equally effective on the nightmare battlefields of distant worlds. During the Horus Heresy, when the Imperium tore itself apart in a bloody galactic civil war, the White Scars fought on scores of different worlds and their banners indicate that the Legion helped to defend Terra and fought at the gates of the Imperial Palace.

Jaghatai Khan fought alongside his warriors for perhaps another 70 years before his eventual disappearance in a region of space close to the Maelstrom. After the defeat of Horus, Jaghatai had embarked on a quest to rescue his fellow tribesmen captured by the Eldar in his absence during the Great Crusade. The White Scars maintain that

JUBAL KHAN, GREAT KHAN OF THE WHITE SCARS

When the Great Khan of the White Scars dies, the Stormseers of the Chapter gather in the deepest caves of the Khum Karta in the Valley of the Khans to decide upon his successor. Each Brotherhood Khan who believes himself worthy must present himself before the Stormseers and prove himself to them. The horrors the Stormseers subject each claimant to are a mystery and those that survive the trials never speak of them. When the Great Khan Kyublai vanished fighting the Dark Eldar in 943.M41, four hopefuls gathered in the Khum Karta mountains. Only Jubal Khan survived the Stormseers' ordeals and returned to Quan Zhou to be anointed Great Khan.

Since then, Jubal Khan has proved himself time and time again, leading many successful campaigns against Orks, Tyranids, Eldar and countless other alien races. During the Jopal Uprising, his First Brotherhood was so successful at destroying enemy supply lines and disrupting communications that a huge proportion of the main rebel strength was diverted from front line operations to deal with them. Imperial Guard regiments were then able to smash through the weakened rebel line and bring the insurrection to a close.

Jubal Khan is currently involved in the Armageddon war where Imperial forces have been stretched to the limit after Ghazghkull's invasion. The Great Khan's forces are launching lightning raids on Ork held worlds and vanishing like smoke before the Greenskins can muster sufficient forces to engage them. Thus far his White Scars have proved to be instrumental in delaying many Ork offensives, allowing Imperial garrisons to better prepare for the onslaught. White Scars operations in the Deadlands region of Armageddon were so successful that they were able to effectively destroy an entire Ork brigade without taking a single casualty or expending a singe round of ammunition.

THE LOST KIN

The Great Khan of Quan Zhou dedicates an entire volume to the Lost Kin of the White Scars. This volume tells that many years after Jaghatai's departure with the Emperor on the Great Crusade, an evil storm fell upon the world of Chogoris in the shape of the Eldar's dark brothers, who brought terror and pain on a scale never before seen. With their superior technology and weaponry, the aliens were able to easily defeat the scattered tribes, and tens of thousands of slaves were dragged screaming from the planet. It was only following the death of Horus that Jaghatai learned of these terrible events and swore mighty oaths of vengeance against the Dark Eldar. The Khan was relentless in his pursuit, and it is said that during the horrifying battle of Corusil V, he and his First Brotherhood pursued a mighty Dark Eldar lord through a pulsing gateway to the shadowy realm of blood which these degenerate aliens call home. The alien portal closed before the rest of the Khan's soldiers could follow and, the mighty Jaghatai Khan vanished forever from the Imperium. Robbed of their Khan, the White Scars have held an enduring and unquenchable hatred for these bloodthirsty aliens, and whenever the White Scars encounter the Dark Eldar, their fury knows no bounds. To this day, the ultimate fate of Jaghatai Khan remains a mystery, and whether he and his warriors still battle between dimensions or have long since perished, none can say.

he and his veteran warriors fought the leader of one of the murderous alien kabals and that they were drawn into the horrifying realm that exists outside of space and time to battle the Dark Eldar for all eternity. How much of this tale can be taken at face value is uncertain, and it is more than likely that the Khan's ship was simply lost in the warp as travel through this region of space is fraught with peril.

Home world

Chogoris is a fertile world that still exists in a semi-feudal state. With the departure of the Great Khan, Ogedei became the new leader of the tribes and, while he was a great warrior, he was no Jaghatai Khan. Without the Primarch, the tribes soon returned to their warring ways and within the space of a few years, the unified nation created by Jaghatai had ceased to exist. The tribes went back to their homelands and life carried on much as it had before the arrival of the Great Khan. Some of the Primarch's biographers claim that Jaghatai Khan must have known that this would happen and yet left anyway. They suggest that perhaps he desired it in order to keep his people strong to provide future recruits for his new Legion. Indeed, in the millennia that followed, many men would rise to unite the tribes, but none as spectacularly as Jaghatai Khan.

To this day the leader of the White Scars is known as the Great Khan and dwells in Jaghatai's palace of Quan Zhou, atop the highest, most inaccessible peak in the Khum Karta mountains. The marbled fortress monastery is a magnificent sight, but few outsiders have ever been allowed within. The city and its savage beauty is famed throughout the Segmentum and its walls are said to contain rivers and forests running with game, which the Khan hunts for sport.

The Stormseers of the White Scars venture down into the steppes every ten summers to observe the tribes and their battles, picking the best and bravest warriors and returning them to Quan Zhou to become Space Marines. The pyre-tombs of fallen White Scars in the Khum Karta (which means 'The Mountains that Scrape the Stars') are places of great pilgrimage for young tribal warriors, and those that survive a journey through one of these dangerous valleys are considered especially courageous.

Combat doctrine

The method of war taught to the tribes by Jaghatai Khan has served them well in the millennia following his reunification with the Emperor. Lightning fast hit and run attacks by highly mobile forces that destroy the enemy piece by piece and never allow a decisive engagement is their modus operandum. Speeding bikes and ultra-rapid deployment means that the White Scars can react much more swiftly than most Chapters and are almost never outmaneuvered on the battlefield.

Heavily armored opponents find themselves chasing shadows as the White Scars encircle their forces and attack where they are weakest. Many an enemy who thought himself safe behind his lines has learned the error of his ways when howling White Scars Scout Bikers come speeding out of nowhere to attack his flanks and rear. Having been born in the saddle, the Scouts regularly take to the field of battle mounted on their bikes.

Though the Space Marines of the White Scars prefer to keep their enemies at arms length, they are fully capable of engaging in bloody assaults. The elite bike squads are rightly feared and Assault squads dropping from the skies on trails of fire and attacking with howling bloodlust are a terrifying sight with their fearsome scarred faces.

Organization

The predominant organizational unit amongst the people of the steppes is the tribe and a measure of this is true of the Chapter itself. Fierce rivalries, blood-feuds and internecine warfare are a way of life for the young men of the steppes and help to prepare them for when they must fight to prove their worth to the Chapter's Stormseers. However, once a warrior has been chosen to join the White Scars, his tribal allegiance is replaced with loyalty to the Great Khan of the Chapter. Warriors from different tribes are therefore mixed with one another in squads to break up individual tribal loyalties. Squads are then organized into Brotherhoods, units which are roughly equivalent in size to a Codex company, though on average are slightly smaller.

The remainder of the Chapter is organized slightly differently to most Codex Chapters, due to the higher proportion of Bike squads and Land Speeder squadrons. The White Scars preferred fighting style does not allow them the use of as many heavy weapons as other Chapters and as a result they have no Devastator squads. Their reliance on fast moving fire support also means that

most tanks are too slow for the White Scars, and those they do have are stripped down versions that can keep up with the rest of the army. Dreadnoughts are not employed by the White Scars, as the cold, metal sarcophagi of these mighty constructions evokes a horror of eternal confinement that goes against the White Scars' philosophy that when a warrior dies, his soul should be free to travel to the afterlife.

Beliefs

The White Scars Space Marines hold true to the vision of Jaghatai Khan in the ultimate unification of Humanity. They venerate the Emperor as the ultimate Uniter and as their founding father, but not as a deity. The Stormseers teach that it is the White Scars' duty to destroy the enemies of the Emperor in preparation for the day when he will rise from the Golden Throne to begin the next Great Crusade to unify the galaxy. And on that day, Jaghatai Khan will return from the void to once again lead his people to their destiny.

The lightning bolt is a potent symbol to the White Scars, as it exemplifies their style of battle and echoes the warrior scars they bear on their faces. It also represents the lightning which the Stormseers call to smite their enemies, and these sinister warriors preach that so long as the spirits of air and land heed their call, the White Scars will never falter in battle.

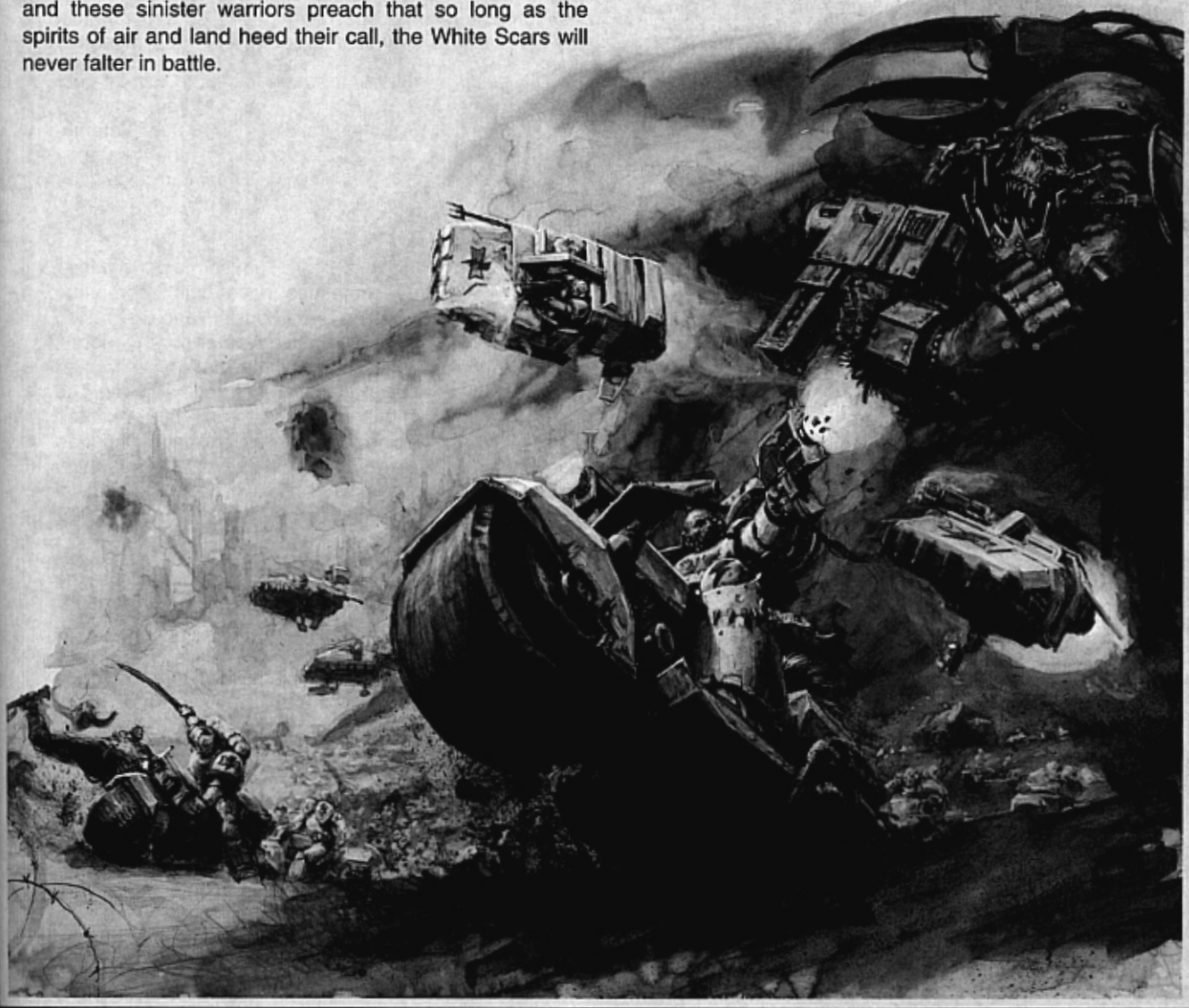
Gene-seed

The gene-seed of the White Scars appears to be stable and initially displayed no aberrations or mutation. However, with the introduction of genetic material from the steppes tribesmen, the genome seems to have inherited their wild savagery and thirst for war. Despite the teachings of the Khans and Stormseers, it is not unheard of for tribal feuds to flare up between fellow squad members. In addition to this, there have been several recorded instances where White Scars Brotherhoods have bloodily exceeded their mission objectives, such as the infamous 'Red Highway Massacre'.

Whether such incidents are as a result of some inherent flaw in the White Scars' genetic material or came about after the integration of the tribesmen is unknown, but the Adeptus Mechanicus is eager to know which. The White Scars successor Chapters, the Rampagers, Marauders, Destroyers and the Storm Lords are all equally ferocious and fine examples of the combat teachings of Jaghatai Khan.

Battlecry

'For the Khan and the Emperor!'



USING A WHITE SCARS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

White Scars use the following units from Codex Space Marines.

HQ	Space Marine Hero, Librarian, Chaplain, Command squad*.
ELITES	Terminator squad*, Terminator Assault squad*, Veteran squad*.
TROOPS	Tactical squad*, White Scars Bike squadron, Scout squad.
FAST ATTACK	Assault squad *(cannot remove jump packs)*, Scout Bike squadron, Land Speeder squadron, Land Speeder Tornado, Land Speeder Typhoon.
HEAVY SUPPORT	Attack Bike squadron, Predator Annihilator, Predator Destructor, Land Raider *(may only be used as a Terminator transport)*, Whirlwind.

**Must be equipped with a transport or be mounted on bikes (see below).*

The following rules and Codex changes apply when using a White Scars Space Marine army.

SPECIAL RULES

Born in the Saddle: White Scars are the best natural bikers in the Imperium. They can control their bikes over the most difficult ground and maintain control with their legs while handling weapons.

They may re-roll any failed Difficult Terrain test but must accept the new result. They may also use an additional close combat weapon while riding a bike for +1A where this equipment is available to them. Normally, this is not possible as one hand must be used to control the bike.

This ability is possessed by bike-mounted Command and Veteran squads, Bike squadrons, Attack Bike squadrons, Scout Bike squadrons and Independent characters equipped with Space Marine bikes.

Bike Squadrons: White Scars Bike squadrons may be up to 10 models strong. All squadron members not armed with a plasma gun, meltagun or flamer may be armed with an additional close combat weapon at +1 point. They may use these in conjunction with their bolt pistols for +1 Attack.

Mounted Veterans: White Scars Veteran squads and Command squads may be mounted on Bikes for an additional +20 points per model. Their basic weaponry will be bolt pistol and additional close combat weapon. No heavy weapons can be carried, but all other weapon upgrades remain available. If one model in the squad is mounted, then the rest of the squad must be as well.

Counter-Attack: White Scars mounted on Bikes can react quickly to any attack. To represent this unengaged White Scars mounted on Bikes (but not Attack Bikes) which are part of a unit that has been assaulted may move up to 6" to get into base contact.

Flankers: The White Scars often deploy Scout Bike squadrons in wide, flanking positions to exploit hasty or ill-advised enemy moves. It is widely reckoned that every mistake made against the White Scars is paid for in blood. Any Bike-mounted White Scars Scout unit may begin the game in reserve regardless of whether reserves can be used in the mission being played. When they enter the table they may arrive from any point on the table edge not available to enemy reserves.

Hit & Run: White Scars mounted on Bikes (but not squads including Attack Bikes) may choose to leave close combat. Declare this at the end of the Assault phase after all Morale checks have been taken. The Bikes fall back 3D6" in any direction and then regroup at the end of the move. Enemy models may only consolidate. Note that units which have been forced to fall back because they failed a Morale test may not make a second fall back move in the same turn.

Drop Pods: If a White Scars army elects to deploy from drop pods then the requirement to mount Terminators in Land Raiders and to provide transport vehicles for Veteran, Command and Tactical squads is waived – the army may not therefore contain any Rhinos, Razorbacks or Land Raiders (not at all, no exceptions!).

NEW WARGEAR

Power Lances: The White Scars fight so much from their saddles that their Techmarines have built appropriate weapons to suit this style – the power lance being an example of this. It is an alternative type of power weapon costing 15 points which is available as a one-handed weapon with no special limitations to their Armoury. The power lance grants +1 Initiative to any bike-mounted model that is charging or counter-attacking. Once an opponent gets inside their guard though, the improved weapon length becomes a disadvantage and they get -1 Initiative whenever they aren't charging or counter-attacking.

Holy Relic: Horsetail Talismans – These replace the normal Codex Space Marines Holy Relic costing 40 points. The Horsetail Talisman is a powerful reminder of the Chapter's origins. It can be revealed in each and every White Scars' Movement phase during which the bearer has moved and is no longer in a vehicle. Any unit of White Scars (not vehicles other than Bikes or Attack Bikes) that has at least one model within 6" of the bearer of the Talisman when it is revealed may move an extra D6" rather than firing in the following Shooting phase. This is similar to a fleet of foot move, although it represents crazed riding as well as powerful running.

Chapter Banner: If the White Scars have a Chapter Banner then it will combine the abilities of a Horsetail Talisman and a normal Sacred Banner.

KOR'SARRO KHAN

CAPTAIN OF THE WHITE SCARS 3rd COMPANY

Kor'sarro Khan is the White Scars' Master of the Hunt, the fifty-first individual to hold that honorific since the days of the Great Jaghatai Khan. This title is unique to the White Scars Chapter. They, above all other Chapters, seek the blood of an adversary who, through quirk of fate or artifice, has battled them and lived to tell the tale. Such enemies cannot be allowed to glory in their small victories of survival. Every twenty-five years, at the height of the Rites of Howling, the Master of the Hunt is despatched to seek out one such foe and bring their severed head back to the White Scars fortress monastery as trophy and proof.

As Captain of the 3rd Company, Khan can draw upon many resources in pursuit of his prey, and often embarks upon a hunt with companions chosen from the Battle-Brothers under his command. A pursuit can take months or years as Khan tracks his quarry from warzone to warzone and world to world. Though the hunt may be postponed as wars and other duties interfere, it is never abandoned. Sooner or later the quarry is tracked, cornered and beheaded.

Kor'sarro's return to Chogoris is a time of great celebration and moonlit feasting, for it marks the passing of a hated nemesis. When the carousal is done, Kor'sarro surrenders the prey's severed head to the High Chaplain, who takes up a brand from the flames and burns the eyes from the dead skull. The hymn of vengeance is sung as the flesh burns and peels, and the quarry's name is struck from the roster of the hunt. The head itself is masked in silver and set upon a lance, its hollow gaze destined to forever stare out over the approach to the fortress monastery. The White Scars' citadel is high in the Khum Karta mountains; the road is long, yet the silvered heads of the slain line every pace of its passage.

Over his years as Master of the Hunt, Kor'sarro Khan has brought nearly a score of quests to a successful conclusion. Some of the White Scars' greatest foes, such as the Daemon Prince Kernax Voldorius and the Eldar pirate lord Varaliel, had evaded previous Masters of the Hunt only to have their heads severed by Kor'sarro's blade.

"Surround yourself with the greatest warriors at your command, or cower in the deepest and darkest hole you can find. It matters not. I shall take your head for the Great Khan and for the Emperor."

Kor'sarro Khan
White Scars 3rd Company



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Kor'sarro Khan	6	5	4	4	3	5	3	10	3+

SPECIAL RULES

And They Shall Know No Fear, Combat Tactics, Independent Character.

Master of the Hunt: Kor'sarro Khan, and models in his unit, benefit from the hit and run and furious charge special rules (see the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook).

Chapter Tactics: If you include Kor'sarro Khan then all units in your army exchange the **Combat Tactics** special rule for the ability to outflank. If you choose to do this, all dedicated transports also gain the ability to outflank – see the **Reserves** mission special rule. If more than one character in your army has the **Chapter Tactics** special rule, you must choose which will apply.

WARGEAR

Moondrakkan: The bike Moondrakkan was originally commissioned for the fourth Master of the Hunt. Moondrakkan is a Space Marine Bike (see page 100 for details). If riding Moondrakkan, Kor'sarro Khan has the ability to run in the Shooting phase and has the fleet special rule (see the rulebook for details).

Moonfang: This is an ancient power sword and a relic of the White Scars Chapter. Any rolls to wound on which Kor'sarro scores a 6 will cause Instant Death, regardless of the target's Toughness.

WHITE SCARS



A White Scars Commander leads his bike squadron to battle



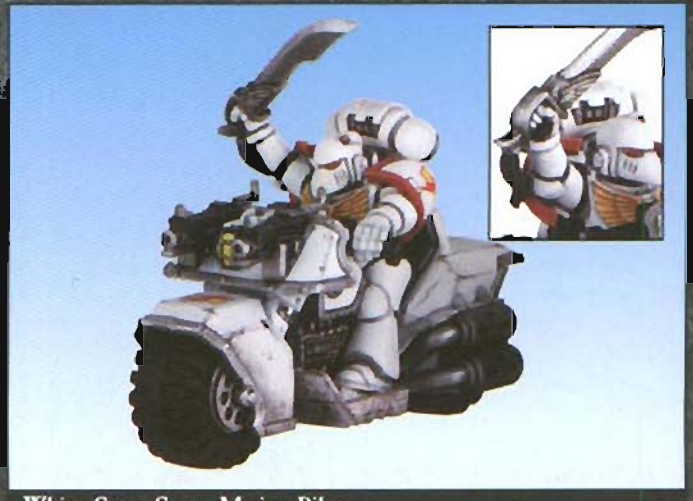
White Scars Space Marine Commander on bike



White Scars Space Marine Biker



White Scars Space Marine Biker



White Scars Space Marine Biker

Index Astartes

BLOOD FRENZY

The Flesh Tearers Space Marine Chapter

by Matthew Sprange and Gav Thorpe

The Flesh Tearers Chapter was created during the Second Founding, from the Blood Angels Legion. The Flesh Tearers possess the same savagery and fearsome reputation as the Blood Angels, but have also inherited the Black Rage. Indeed, the Black Rage has become more apparent and it is now only a matter of time before the entire Chapter is consumed.

Origins

During the terrible, bitter fighting of the Horus Heresy, the Blood Angels' Primarch, Sanguinius, was killed by the Warmaster Horus in the Emperor's assault on the traitor's battle barge. The psycho-genetic after-effects of this trauma were not fully realised until later – the resulting Black Rage flaw had yet to be recognised. So, according to the dictates of the Codex Astartes, the Blood Angels Legion of Space Marines was broken into Successor Chapters, each numbering around 1,000 battle brothers and in possession of a fraction of the old Legion's geneseed stock. One of these Successor Chapters was the Flesh Tearers.

Following the dreadful slaughter of the battle on Terra, the Flesh Tearers were granted a single battle barge, *the Victus*, and immediately headed off into deep space with orders to crush any remaining rebel strongholds. For three millennia the battle barge was directed to the loneliest regions of galactic space, the Flesh Tearers Space Marines on board crusading against worlds still loyal to the dead Warmaster and ruthlessly driving back any alien incursions that crossed their path. During this time of exploration and battle, the Flesh Tearers gained a reputation for outright savagery, far outstripping the rumours surrounding their parent Chapter, the Blood Angels. Even the distant High Lords of Terra heard tales of whole populations slaughtered whenever traitorous followers of the fallen Warmaster were found, and entire convoys of ships destroyed when they tried to flee the Flesh Tearers' bloody retribution.

But the galaxy is a huge place and communications can be unreliable. The High Lords ruling the Imperium in the Emperor's name saw the amount of previously hostile worlds pacified by the Flesh Tearers' actions and in this time of rebuilding after Mankind's dreadful civil war, they were satisfied and did not look too closely.

The Flesh Tearers Chapter journeyed through space on board the *Victus*, dispensing the Emperor's justice to all who would stand against Him. Taking centuries in its course, the *Victus* navigated its way through the far western reaches of the galaxy, intent on irradicating the increased alien presence rumoured to be there. Eventually, the Flesh Tearers discovered the isolated, forgotten world of Cretacia.

Home world

The oversized world of Cretacia was the fourth planet in a system of seven, and at first approach it appeared to be uninhabitable. Finding Cretacia perpetually shrouded in dense cloud, the Flesh Tearers effected landings on the planet to discover what lay below. What the Marines discovered was a planet to rival any deathworld known in its lethality to human life.

A trackless landscape of dense jungles and steamy swamps harboured many vicious reptilian, amphibious and insectoid

forms of life. Many Space Marines were lost to these hostile creatures on the first day before effective perimeters could be established. Even so, patrols still reported casualties from insects as big as men with sharpened proboscises that could penetrate power armour, huge reptilian predators, almost as large as Scout Titans, that ripped through entire squads, and gigantic herbivores that could easily crush an unwary Space Marine with a massive foot.

The Flesh Tearers quickly fought back against these immense creatures. Squads were engaged in hunts to cull as many of the native monsters as possible, ostensibly to clear more landing areas, though garrulous Imperial Scholars now speculate that these hunts were for no other reason than to satiate the Flesh Tearers' lust for killing. As the patrol squads ranged further through the jungles and swamps, incredibly, humans were found.

The humans discovered were apparently descended from some long lost colony originally formed millennia ago during the Dark Age of Technology, but had since devolved into an extremely primitive state. Lacking all but the most rudimentary aspects of a language, these primordial humans had somehow managed to not only adapt to living amongst the titanic monsters that roamed Cretacia, but to actually thrive in the hostile environment. They proved to be incredibly strong and had superior reflexes to compensate for their more limited intellects, giving rise to a race that was fierce enough to defend itself against the largest of the creatures that preyed upon them.

The Flesh Tearers promptly rounded up hundreds of the ferocious humans and the Chaplains and Sanguinary Priests of the Chapter set to work, testing their minds and bodies in soul-destroying trials to determine any evidence of corruption caused by their long isolation from the Master of Mankind. Though extremely backward and primitive, the Flesh Tearers deemed them free of deviancy.

Chapter Master Amit saw the value of the world of Cretacia. The inhospitable terrain and deadly creatures provided an ideal testing ground for his troops, whilst the primitive humans already inhabiting the world could easily be moulded into potential battle brothers. Declaring Right of Conquest, Amit founded a permanent home for his Flesh Tearers.

Geneseed

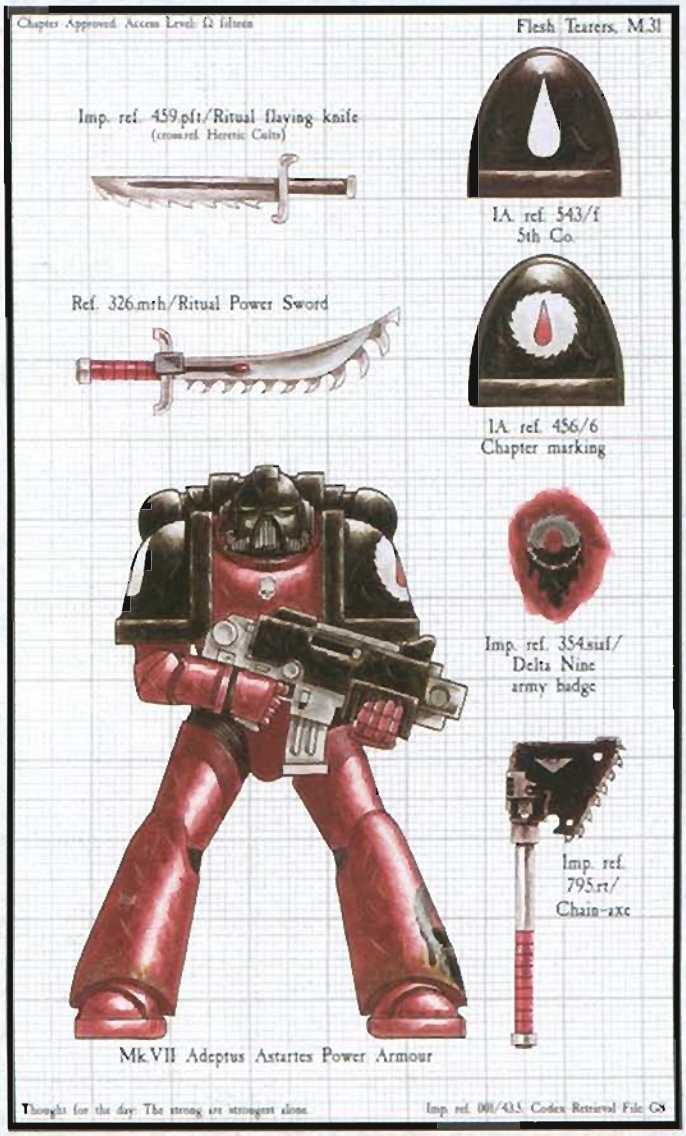
The Flesh Tearers dropped the Blood Angels' practice of blood transfusions to new recruits when they split from the Legion after the Heresy, but by this time Sanguinius' pain had already become so bound within the Chapter's geneseed itself that they could not escape the effects of the Black Rage. Indeed, the Black Rage seems to have become more uncontrollable, perhaps because of their isolation or a change in their gene-replication practices. It has now become apparent that the Flesh Tearers' geneseed has mutated a great deal over the past ten thousand years and degenerated vastly. Every year, more and more Flesh Tearers succumb to the Black Rage, with very few being able to survive more than two hundred years before the Curse of Horus overtakes them. Cretacia has provided the Flesh Tearers with a good source of recruits in the past, as the primordial humans make excellent potential Space Marines; only a small percentage of them reject the genetic modifications that make a Space Marine superhuman, while their simple minds are easily adapted to the mental

SETH, CHAPTER MASTER OF THE FLESH TEARERS, GUARDIAN OF THE RAGE



Chapter Master Seth has presided over the Chapter of the Flesh Tearers for over 100 years. In his time he has experienced many great victories, but has also seen too many of his battle brothers fall to the Black Rage. He has earned a great degree of enmity with most other Imperial armies he has fought alongside. Imperial Guard and Adepta Sororitas commanders are often simply ignored, whilst other Marines grow frustrated with Seth's impetuous desire to instantly destroy all enemies.

In battle, Seth can always be found in the vanguard of his forces, leading his Marines through incredible acts of savagery and bloodshed. When the Flesh Tearers' presence is not required on the battlefield, he becomes stern and dour, forever preoccupied with the doom he now believes is impossible for his Chapter to avoid.



CARNARVON, HIGH CHAPLAIN OF THE DEATH COMPANY, WATCHER OF THE LOST



The High Chaplain of the Death Company, Carnarvon, bears a terrible responsibility, as it falls to him to watch over all 400 remaining Space Marines of the Flesh Tearers Chapter for the onset of the Black Rage. This is a position he has occupied for nearly 250 years and it is whispered by many that the strain of watching so many of his friends and comrades descend into the Rage, becoming raving lunatics hungry only for blood, has started to take its toll on his sanity. At this time, he has the final word as to who must be inducted into the Death Company and which of those Marines must be permanently incarcerated in the Tower of the Lost when they fall so far into madness that even he cannot control them. When not in combat, Carnarvon spends most of his time within the Tower of the Lost, watching over his charges, ostensibly to find a path that will allow them to rejoin the Chapter. However his constant secrecy has a great many of the Flesh Tearers questioning his motives.



conditioning all Space Marines undergo. However, even this supply of battle brothers has proved insufficient as the Flesh Tearers defective geneseed accelerates in its degradation.

This has increased the burden on the Chaplains and Sanguinary Priests whose responsibility it is to restrain brethren whose violent and uncontrollable behaviour forces them to be kept apart from other Marines. They are habitually locked away in a purpose-made prison known as the Tower of the Lost, located many miles from the main stronghold of the Fortress-monastery. The victims of the Black Rage imprisoned within the Tower of the Lost constantly howl their fury at the walls surrounding them, their wailing cries competing with the roars of the huge creatures that prowl the swamps around the Tower. The Chaplains and Priests constantly search and experiment, anxious to discover a cure for their lost brothers and bring them back into the Chapter, knowing all the time that the Black Rage will soon consume them as well. It is the duty of the Librarians of the Flesh Tearers to travel widely, desperate to find the ancient and sacred texts which they believe must exist, in the hope of finding lasting salvation from their curse.

Combat Doctrine

The Flesh Tearers are considered by Imperial strategists to be the epitome of a dedicated assault force. Those who have actually witnessed their bloodthirstiness in action, however, report of seemingly calculated brutality and savagery on an unparalleled level. A Flesh Tearers army in battle seeks nothing more than to rush towards the enemy with all haste in an effort to tear them apart with chainswords and power fists and, if need be, their bare hands and teeth.

Heavy weapons and armoured vehicles are eschewed in all but the very largest of armies, as the barely controlled blood lust that arises in every battle drives each Flesh Tearers Space Marine forward to destroy their enemies in close combat. The extremely limited vehicle resources of the Chapter tend to be concentrated on transports such as Rhinos and Razorbacks, as the Flesh Tearers prefer to surge forwards and take the enemy with bolt pistols and power axes.

When confronted by enemies who cower within bunkers and fortifications, the Flesh Tearers employ short-ranged melta weapons, power fists and even their own raw strength. Once unleashed, they will permit nothing to stand between themselves and the gratification they can find only in close combat. There have been occasions, though none well documented, when allied forces have accidentally interposed themselves between the Flesh Tearers and their foe. The Flesh Tearers remain unrepentant to this day regarding the savage consequences of this folly.

The terrible violence that follows a Flesh Tearers army has made many other forces of the Imperium extremely wary of fighting alongside these Space Marines. Carefully laid plans can be shattered by the Flesh Tearers' eagerness for combat, and their bloodthirsty actions on the battlefield have sickened even veterans of countless wars. The Chapter has been under almost constant Inquisitorial investigation following the Kallern Massacres of M.36, and some Imperial Guard officers have dared to refuse the dubious honour of fighting alongside the Flesh Tearers, particularly after rumours started to spread concerning their vindictive assaults on entire planetary populations during the Arcata Uprising of M39.

Relatively few forces have fought alongside the Flesh Tearers more than once. Claims regarding their unnatural behaviour during their Feast of Victory, during which many enemy prisoners disappear, have meant that few force commanders are willing to stay in the vicinity once the fighting is finished.

Organisation

Though originally formed within the dictates of the Codex Astartes, the Flesh Tearers have been ravaged by the curse of the Black Rage and now number barely four full companies. Unless some salvation can be found, their numbers may be halved within the next millennium.

Though the Chapter tries to adhere to the Codex Astartes, adjustments to the structure of their companies have been necessitated by their depleted numbers. All four are considered to be 'Battle Companies' with no reserves being present anywhere in the Chapter. Each Marine is fully expected to be proficient in Tactical, Assault and even Devastator duties, as well as being skilled in the operation of all the Chapter's remaining vehicles. In theatres of war, individual squads will rapidly change their role to suit the mission and equipment on hand. In addition, the 1st Company, breaking from the tradition of most Space Marine Chapters, is not a pure veteran force, as so few Flesh Tearers are able to withstand the pressure of the Black Rage long enough to gain such status. Instead, individual squads of Veteran Marines are formed within each company out of the most accomplished warriors they have.

The Flesh Tearers' fleet is also comparatively small, with the battle barge *Victus* being their only major warship. The *Victus* is millennia old, but has been kept in fighting condition and is capable of transporting the entire Chapter. A far more common sight for the enemies of the Emperor are the seven rapid strike vessels which the Chapter keeps in operation. Each has been modified to carry an entire company.

Battlecry

The Flesh Tearers have developed a dreadful cry when they charge that, amplified by their power armour's vox-systems, has been known to stun lesser enemies into utter submission. To date there have been no recordings made of their cry, though the few survivors of their assaults have described it as a wailing sound that drove deep into their minds, bringing to the fore an absolute terror that made it almost impossible to halt the Space Marines' brutal assault.

USING A FLESH TEARERS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

A Flesh Tearers army is chosen using the list in Codex Blood Angels, with the following exceptions and special rules:

Limited Resources

As Flesh Tearers forces tend to have little in the way of armoured vehicles, only one tank (Predator, Whirlwind, Vindicator or Land Raider) may be chosen for each detachment. You are, however, unlimited in the number of Rhinos and Razorbacks you may choose to take.

Death Company Dreadnoughts

There are many renowned heroes within the ranks of the Flesh Tearers, and whilst the Sanguinary Priests have had some successes in restraining the Black Rage of the ancient warriors entombed within the Dreadnought hulls, it is inevitable that, sooner or later, they will succumb to Sanguinius' Pain.

Only one Dreadnought or Furioso Dreadnought (one in total not one of each) may be taken within a Flesh Tearers army. However, you may take as many Death Company Dreadnoughts as you wish, within the normal limitations of the Force Organisation chart and the points value of the army.

The Call of the Black Rage

Flesh Tearers suffer from the genetic defect of the Black Rage even more so than the other Blood Angels successor Chapters. Its veteran fighters are very prone to its affects and frequently suffer the curse before a battle. When rolling for the Death Company, the first model removed from a unit must always be its Sergeant. In addition, Command, Veteran and Terminator squads roll again on a roll of 5 or 6 rather than just a 6.

DEATH COMPANY DREADNOUGHT

					Armour:				
	Points	WS	BS	S	Front	Side	Rear	I	A
Dreadnought	135	4	4	6 (10)	12	12	10	4	3(4)

Type: Walker. **Crew:** One Space Marine.

Weapons: Two Dreadnought close combat weapons (bonus attack already included in the profile above), one storm bolter and one meltagun.

Options: The storm bolter may be upgraded to a heavy flamer at an additional cost of +10 pts.

Note that Death Company Dreadnoughts have no vehicle upgrades (extra armour is redundant and they are too crazed to use searchlights or smoke launchers).

SPECIAL RULES

Tear Attack: A Death Company Dreadnought can use its two close combat weapons to tear apart enemy vehicles and therefore rolls 2D6 + Strength when working out armour penetration against vehicles.

Black Rage: A Death Company Dreadnought must move towards the enemy as fast as possible, and must assault an enemy within range in the Assault phase.

Rampage: It is nearly impossible to stop a Death Company Dreadnought once it is in battle as it simply ploughs into the enemy, disregarding any danger or damage. The Dreadnought therefore ignores any 'Crew Shaken' or 'Crew Stunned' results on the Damage table.

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WARRIORS OF OLD

Space Marine Dreadnoughts

by Graham McNeill, Pete Haines & Andy Chambers

Spearheading the assaults of the Space Marines, Dreadnoughts are feared by all foes of the Imperium. On the battlefield they are death incarnate, with powerful weapons blasting their foes and lethal close combat weaponry crackling with deadly energies. There are few opponents in the galaxy who can stand against such armoured savagery.

Standing three times the height of a man, Space Marine Dreadnoughts are amongst the oldest war machines fighting on the battlefields of the 41st Millennium. Some Dreadnoughts are even said to date back tens of thousands of years to the Great Crusade, when the Emperor himself walked amongst his people. The art of their construction has long since been lost, the arcane knowledge required passing into ritualised mythology, and each Chapter's Dreadnoughts are treasured relics. They are a living embodiment of the Machine God, representing the ultimate fusion of the biological and the mechanical, as each one contains a living, sentient being. The pilots encased in the shell of a Dreadnought often have memories stretching back many thousands of years, and these ancient warriors are a tangible link to their Chapter's past and heritage.

Centuries of War

The biological component of a Dreadnought is no ordinary man, it is one of the Old Ones, a mighty Space Marine hero who has suffered grievous wounds in battle and is deemed worthy to be placed within the armoured sarcophagus of a Dreadnought. The interment of the Old One's shattered remains is a ritual of great significance, involving his fellow battle brothers, the Chapter's Techmarines and its Apothecaries. It is considered a great honour for a Space Marine to be placed within a Dreadnought, and these ancient warriors are much respected by their fellow battle brothers. The Old One is suspended in amniotic fluids and surgically implanted within the armoured sarcophagus where mechanical senses allow him to perceive the world around him. In this way he can continue fighting for the Emperor for many centuries to come, never leaving his metal body until its destruction.

In battle, Dreadnoughts are a terrifying foe to face, advancing with thunderous strides as incoming fire spatters from their thick adamantium armour. Electro-motivated fibre-bundle muscles power their heavy limbs, allowing them to fire devastating weapons on the move and to fight with all the skill and ferocity they possessed as a Space Marine. As well as fearsome warriors, the accumulated wisdom of their centuries of battle is a valuable resource, and their vast experience means that they have fought in almost every form of engagement imaginable. Almost nothing can defeat a Space Marine Dreadnought in an assault, and its close combat weapons can tear apart even the most heavily armoured vehicles. Dreadnoughts are exceptionally difficult to slay in battle and, in most cases, only the complete destruction of the sarcophagus will kill the pilot. Destroyed Dreadnoughts are only ever abandoned in the direst of circumstances and Space Marines will fight with righteous fury to retrieve a fallen Dreadnought so that they can lay its occupant to rest in the Chapter's sepulchres. The recovered shell will then be lovingly restored to full operation to await its next occupant.

The Old Ones

When not in action, Dreadnoughts slumber within sealed stasis vaults in the depths of their Chapter's fortress monastery to extend their lives. The resting place of a Chapter's Dreadnoughts is a holy shrine, and the Techmarines tend to their ancient charges with great care, fastidiously applying the sacred oils and unguents while chanting the Litanies of Preservation. To honour these courageous warriors, the Techmarines allow them to sleep, and only awake the Dreadnoughts in times of great need. When called to fight, the Dreadnoughts are removed from their vaults and the Rune of Awakening is struck upon their hide.

As the Dreadnought continues to fight through the centuries, the Old One's grip on the material world inevitably begins to slip and he spends more and more time dormant, his mind becoming ever more distant. One of the oldest recorded Dreadnoughts is Bjorn the Fell-Handed of the Space Wolves. Bjorn was a young warrior in the days of the Primarchs and was said to have fought alongside the Primarch Leman Russ himself. Since his interment in the armoured shell of a Dreadnought, he has fought in some of the most famous battles of the Imperium's blood-soaked history and even led his Chapter in defence of their home on Fenris.

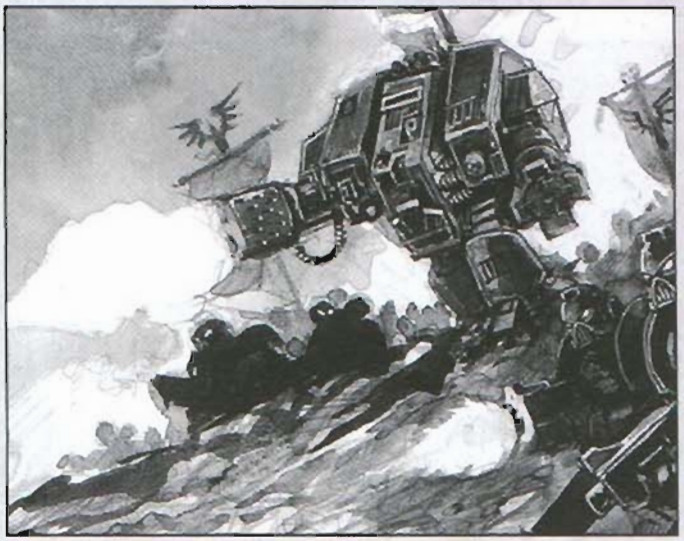
The Art of Death

Dreadnoughts are called upon when the fighting is sure to be close and bloody. They are best employed in situations where there is plenty of cover for them to take advantage of so that enemy weapons cannot draw a line of sight to them. They excel at fighting in built-up areas, underground tunnels and boarding actions where they can quickly close with the enemy and bring their devastating assault weapons to bear. The weapon points on a Dreadnought allow it to be armed with a variety of armament configurations depending on the tactical situation, and these weapons are broadly similar to those carried by Space Marine Terminators. Dreadnoughts were once used as test beds for new weapon patterns intended for suits of Terminator armour, in particular early models of plasma cannons. However, Dreadnought weapons benefit from increased stability, better targeting systems and a greater ammunition capacity than those carried by Terminators. The sheer size of a Dreadnought also allows it to fit liquid nitrogen cooling systems for its rapid firing weapons, resulting in less overheating and fewer jams.

As well as powerful heavy weapons, Dreadnoughts can also be fitted with lethal close combat weapons that incorporate magna-coil servos to increase the strength of the arms. These allow them to grip and rotate, tearing gaping holes in even the strongest materials, or punch through the thickest armour. The Furioso Dreadnought of the Blood Angels is a prime example of this, its strength easily capable of rending even a Land Raider to pieces.

Death Unleashed

Throughout history Dreadnoughts have been involved in the bloodiest battles inscribed in the annals of the Imperium. Their acts of heroism are the stuff of legend across all the realms of Man and few sights are more inspiring, or more terrifying, than to see one of these great mechanical juggernauts rampaging across the battlefield. Many Dreadnoughts become famous in their own right with tales



being told of their courage and sacrifice in the name of the Emperor all across the Imperium.

Three such mighty warriors are Brother Damos of the Angels Porphyr, Brother Severus of the Ultramarines and the legendary Bjorn the Fell-Handed of the Space Wolves. The smallest chapter of their history would fill a manuscript many pages long, their service to the Emperor stretching back over many thousands of years. Indeed, in the case of Bjorn, it goes all the way back to the times of the Primarchs. Detailed here are three of their most famous actions in the defence of the Imperium.

Ghattana Bay: The Battle for Gate IX

During the Third War for Armageddon, the largest recorded Dreadnought versus Dreadnought confrontation occurred during the attack on the Ghattana Bay Water Processing Plant. Water would be a key resource on Armageddon when the Fire Season arrived and Ghattana Bay was the source of every drop reaching Armageddon Prime.

The Ork attack on the plant had stalled badly. Options were now running out for the Ork Warlord Judrog Irontoof and he committed every Dreadnought and Killer Kan in his force to a single attack. Aiming for a point in the Space Marine line weakened by an earlier Kommando attack, over a hundred Ork machines stomped forward in a densely packed phalanx.

The defenders were battered by the Ork weaponry, their positions swept by the sheer weight of fire. Land Speeder squadrons were blasted from the skies by massed big shootas while bunker after bunker was silenced by salvos of Ork rokkits. Judrog's charge breached the defences and burst onto one of the plant's access roads, leading between towering purification tanks. The Ork machines rumbled on, their power claws ripping each successive gate apart as they pressed deeper into the plant. As they approached Gate IX, however, they were surprised to see the barrier rise to reveal a line of eight Space Marine Dreadnoughts drawn up across the roadway. At their front was Brother Damos of the Angels Porphyr. Critically wounded during the Scouring of Hume and entombed for the last three thousand years, he had faced a hundred such situations before and prevailed. The Dreadnoughts standing with Damos were armed for long-range combat with a mixture of lascannons, autocannons and missile launchers. Their first salvo was devastating, the front line of Ork Dreadnoughts melted under


IN HONOUR

their barrage but were battered aside as the rest clanked forward. The Space Marine Dreadnoughts had better weapons, and each step the Orks made towards the Space Marines cost them dearly, but eventually they were in range and could reply. The Ork Dreadnoughts could not match the accuracy of the eight Space Marine Dreadnoughts facing them, though. Each was a veteran of centuries of war, each a paragon of their Chapter's qualities, each a hero whether clad in flesh or metal.

An advance of four hundred metres had cost the Orks seventeen Dreadnoughts. They still came on though, and howled in fury when they saw the Space Marine Dreadnoughts step back to allow a heavy security gate to be lowered blocking the road. Speeding up they hurled themselves against it, rending the thick steel with their hydraulically powered claws, determined not to let their quarry escape.

Flight was not the plan, however. On the other side of the ruptured gate, the Space Marine Dreadnoughts were ready. There were another nine Dreadnoughts led by Brother Weylands of the Omega Marines, all armed with power claws and a mixture of shorter ranged assault cannons, multi-meltas and heavy bolters. Behind them stood Brother Damos' Dreadnoughts on a rampart of earth and sundered concrete so they could see over the front line. Both ranks opened fire together and for seven long minutes they stood thirty metres from the Orks, firing non-stop into the tightly packed mass of machines. Then the front rank ceased fire, its weaponry white hot, and thundered into close combat. The Orks were tightly packed in the roadway, the sustained fire had given them no chance to press forward and the Killer Kans at the back blocked their retreat. The Ork force was irretrievably entangled, some machines lifted off the ground by the press, unable to move, the front five ranks a smoking ruin. The Space Marine Dreadnoughts cut into them, Brother Weylands leading the way, climbing up over the destroyed Dreadnoughts until he was striding over the packed hulls of still operable machines, alternatively crushing them with stamps and punches. Where a power weapon reared up at him a swift multi-melta shot silenced it.

It had been a bold attack by Judrog's Dreadnoughts but, unsupported and caught at a complete disadvantage, they were helpless. It is testament to their ferocity and fighting spirit that not one Ork machine fled.

The final reserve destroyed, Judrog had no choice but to withdraw. Rearmed Thunderhawks were beginning their attack runs and ammunition was becoming scarce. The defeat would cost Judrog dearly but there was no celebration in the Marine lines. Of the seventeen ancient Dreadnoughts committed to battle, seven had been utterly destroyed with the loss of over 9,000 years of battle experience and loyal service. The Battle at Gate IX remains their testament.

Bjorn the Fell-Handed: The First Battle of The Fang

Some of the most ancient Dreadnoughts in the Imperium are those of the Space Wolves Chapter. These venerable warriors have fought the enemies of the Emperor for many centuries or, in some cases, even millennia. Perhaps the most renowned of these is Bjorn the Fell-Handed, a warrior so incredibly ancient that he walked beneath the same skies as the Primarch Leman Russ himself. He was the first Great Wolf of the Chapter following the disappearance of Russ and led the first Great Hunt to find him.

BROTHER DAMOS OF THE ANGELS PORPHYR

Brother Damos commanded the 9th Company of the Angels Porphyr, a stalwart veteran of three centuries of battle. His Devastator squads were the very model of efficient fire support and wherever his men fought, the armoured might of the enemy would be wary. It was during the Scouring of Hume as he led his men in the defence of Hill 236 that a surprise attack on the Space Marines' position by rebel Marauder bombers caught him in the open as he moved between his linked bunkers. By all rights the bombardment should have killed Damos, but when the attack was over, his brother Space Marines found that the bloody shreds of his body still drew breath. He demanded the chance to fight on, and thus his remains were placed in stasis and transported back to the Chapter's fortress monastery where he was implanted within the armoured sarcophagus of a Dreadnought. For three thousand years he has remained entombed within his armoured body and, as he did in life, Damos provides a solid anchor of fire support for his brothers, guiding the deployment and firing of the Chapter's Devastators.

Bjorn's time as Great Wolf was to be short-lived, however. The Saga of the Fell-Handed tells of his mortal wounding in battle as he led the Space Wolves in the rescue of their kin from the Dreadsun Fortress. His attack was successful, but left Bjorn crippled and on the brink of death. Not even the formidable skills of the Wolf Priests could save him and Bjorn's last whispered words as a creature of flesh and blood were that he be placed within the armoured sarcophagus of a Dreadnought. And for the next five hundred years, Bjorn continued to fight for his beloved Chapter, tearing apart the enemies of the Emperor with the lightning claw that had been his favoured weapon while he still walked as a man. On Algol Nine he destroyed the daemon Thran'saba and in Quaran's deserts he slew the Ork Warlord Makrima. The rogue psyker Vornalan died by Bjorn's hand and thus bloody rebellion on Thranx was averted.

But even flesh and steel cannot live forever. The long years of war began to take their toll and Bjorn took to spending longer periods in dormant slumber in the vaulted stasis chambers below the Halls of the Great Wolf. In honour of such a loyal and courageous warrior, the Chapter's Iron Priests allow him his rest, and lovingly maintain his adamantium shell. Once every thousand years, Bjorn awakes and speaks to the Rune Priests, regaling them with sagas long forgotten, testing them on their knowledge of the ancient legends to ensure that the ways of Russ are still being followed. Only in times of dire need would the Iron Priests even consider waking Bjorn, one such occasion being the First Battle of the Fang.

The circumstances leading to the First Battle of the Fang and Bjorn's part therein form a cautionary tale that warns of the danger of trusting visions granted by Chaos. Magnus the Red, cyclopean Primarch of the Thousand Sons, had carried a burning hatred of the sons of Russ ever since they

MORIAR THE CHOSEN



On the corpse-strewn fields of Glamorga, Captain Moriar of the Blood Angels fell in battle, grievously wounded unto death and beyond even the lore of the Chapter's Sanguinary Priests. At a loss to save his mortal remains, his flesh was interred within the armoured shell of the Dreadnought constructed by the master artificer, Brother Morleo. Moriar is not the first to inhabit this magnificent machine and will no doubt not be the last. Upon regaining his senses, it became clear that Moriar's battle fury had not abated and his psyche was wracked with visions of Sanguinius. The Black Rage consumed him, but Moriar survived its ravages and continues to fight alongside his battle brothers in the forefront of every assault. It is rumoured that the Red Thirst has claimed Moriar and that the Chapter's armourers have modified his Dreadnought in order that he may drink deeply of this vital fluid of life.

destroyed his home world of Prospero in the dark days of the Great Betrayal. Magnus' followers attacked worlds near Fenris, slaughtering whole populations and laying waste to entire planets in a campaign of terror lasting many years. The Great Wolf Harek Ironhelm sought in vain to engage Magnus in battle, but was chasing shadows as his enemy eluded him at every turn. As more worlds were ravaged, Harek's desire to slay Magnus grew to become an obsession and his quest took him deep into the Eye of Terror, eventually leading him to the world of Gangava. Here he believed that he had found the Thousand Son's secret base and fell upon the world with fire and steel. But Harek had been deceived – the forces present upon Gangava were merely an elaborate ruse executed by Magnus, and as he led the bulk of his Chapter's strength against the allied Chaos forces on Gangava, the Thousand Sons themselves appeared in orbit around Fenris and launched an all-out assault on the home of the Space Wolves, the Fang.

The Fang's defences consisted of a skeleton force of Space Wolves and thralls and its fall seemed assured. Only the most courageous leader could have had any hope of saving the Fang and thus it was decreed that Bjorn the Fell-Handed would be woken from his millennial slumbers to lead the defenders in this most desperate hour.

Bjorn took charge of the Space Wolves, one of the few rare instances where a Dreadnought has commanded a Space Marine force. Bjorn's courage and wisdom in battle were an example to all, and for forty days and forty nights Magnus' warriors could not breach the Fang's defences. Bjorn had fought on Prospero many centuries ago as a Blood Claw and had lost none of the savagery that these hot-blooded young warriors are famed for. He was ceaseless in his determination to withstand the enemy at the gates and his defence of the Fang is regarded as a masterpiece in the art of leadership and military organisation. He planned daring sallies into the ranks of the Thousand Sons and in the midnight dark of the tunnels beneath the Fang he led desperate defences, rallying Space Marines and thralls time and time again as they were forced further and further within their home. Collapsing tunnels as they went, the defenders killed hundreds of enemy warriors, leading them into Bjorn's carefully prepared fire traps and giant cave-ins.

Eventually a pack of Wolf Scouts, led by Haakon Blackwing, were able to breach the ring which Magnus had thrown around Fenris and carried word of the battle to the Great Wolf. Harek's anger and shame were terrible to behold and he immediately returned to Fenris with the full might of the Chapter. Howling Space Wolves descended from orbit and fell upon the Thousand Sons, driving them completely from the Fang. On its lower slopes, Harek and Magnus finally met in single combat, but Magnus was one of the Primarchs, now elevated to a Daemon Prince by the Powers of Chaos, and was more than a match for Harek. The Great Wolf fell, but with his last breath of life was able to grievously wound Magnus before the Thousand Sons fled from Fenris. It is said that it was Bjorn himself who carried Harek to his final resting place on the Fang's upper slopes. With his work complete, Bjorn then returned to the Hall of the Great Wolf to slumber until the day his Chapter should need him once more.

Ironclaw & Brother Severus of Tarentus: The Battle of Macragge

Brother Severus arrived on Macragge as one of sixteen aspirants who had triumphed in competitive games between Quintarn, Tarentus and Masali. These games are held between the triple worlds each seven years to determine which youths should have the honour of attempting to join the Ultramarines Chapter on Macragge. The games which Severus participated in were noted as particularly spirited and hard-fought on this occasion, with over a third of the participants killed or seriously injured.

The young Severus was accepted by the Ultramarines and successfully completed his training in 356.M41. According to records, Brother Severus's early career in the Scout Company was unremarkable, but once he came to full status as a Brother Marine he was frequently commended for his wisdom and far-sightedness. He received his Marksman Honour while a member of the 6th Company in 358.M41 in combat against Eldar pirates, and an Imperial Laurel in the following year after being wounded in the cleansing of Copul IV. In 362.M41 Brother Severus was promoted to Sergeant in the 3rd Company, commanding a squad through the Siege of Belios and the first Balur Crusade.

When Sergeant Severus and his squad broke through a dangerous Ork encirclement on Balur he was inducted into the prestigious 1st Company, receiving his Terminator honours in 367.M41. The promising career of Brother Sergeant Severus was cut tragically short in 371.M41 when he was critically injured during the Battle of Corinth. Ultramarine Apothecaries used his mortal remains to replace those of Brother Commodius in the Dreadnought Ironclaw which was also damaged on Corinth. Severus adapted well to the transition into the amniotic tomb of a Dreadnought body, retaining all of his former wisdom and battlecraft.

Severus' list of battle honours over the succeeding three centuries grew too long to be listed, culminating in his

eventual return to Corinth on 698.M41 during the seven year Corinthian Crusade. In 745.M41 Brother Severus participated in the Joran retaliation against the alien Tau Empire, but the expedition proved ill-starred and the 3rd Company's Captain, Ardias, was killed shortly before the whole force was withdrawn. Urgent new orders sent the company back to Macragge to defend it from the advance of Hive Fleet Behemoth.

Of the great battle in space over the beleaguered world little can be said here, but the masterful defence by Marneus Calgar, Lord of the Ultramarines, can be read of in other places. In the aftermath it fell to the 3rd Company, under the newly elected Captain Fabian, to recapture the northern polar defence fortress on Macragge itself. Tyranid swarms had penetrated the orbital defences and overrun the sprawling complex of laser silos and bastions. The first landings by the company barely held their ground against the swarms of creatures which emerged from the shattered bunkers and tunnels to oppose them, only being driven back by the combined fire of Devastator squads and Thunderhawk gunships. Captain Fabian summoned three Dreadnoughts; Severus's Ironclaw, Maximus's Victory and Dicloetian's Agrippa to assist his troops in clearing the forbidding underground tunnels.

The twisting, intersecting passages were already subtly altered by the aliens' presence, dripping mucus and resounding with horrifying shrieks and screams. The dead laid everywhere, contorted and mangled by the violence of their passing. More than once, Tyranids hid among the dead before ripping into the advancing Ultramarines from ambush. Casualties mounted and the Space Marines were forced to use flamers to burn their way forward. The Dreadnoughts were moved ever closer to the front of the advance as squads peeled off to guard intersections. Agrippa was leading when a flank attack broke across the company like a wave of razor-fanged destruction. In seconds, two squads were overrun and hacked down by a dozen Tyranids. Agrippa's assault cannon painted the walls with Tyranid ichor as they rushed forward, and Maximus was reduced to trampling them underfoot when his power fist was torn away. But the veteran Dreadnought still held the perimeter against the bio-engineered monstrosities until Severus arrived to crush the survivors.

With his searchlight piercing the darkness, Severus now led the advance of the 3rd Company into Silo 8, the cavernous housing of a giant, ship-killing laser battery. As the last squads cleared the entrance, a nightmarish horde of Tyranid creatures spilled out of the shadows on all sides. A hail of obscene projectiles cut through the Space Marine lines, corroding through armour and flesh wherever they struck. Lithe killing beasts tore into the Ultramarine lines with horrifying ferocity, their scythe-like talons clashing against chainswords and armour as bolters chattered frenziedly. Once again it was Severus that held the line, throwing the creatures back with his steel-strength and crushing power fist. The surviving Ultramarines rallied around the giant fighting machine as it blasted through the aliens' ranks, and the next wave of monstrosities swept down upon them.

A fearsome Hive Tyrant, as massive as a Dreadnought itself, thundered into the Ultramarines with a shriek of fury. Three Brother Marines fell to a single sweep of its claws before Severus charged into the beast. A terrible struggle ensued as the blessed servos and ancient fibre-bundles of Ironclaw were pitted against the preternatural strength of the alien monster's steely sinews. The Tyrant sent Severus reeling with one mighty blow of its claw, but the old Dreadnought recovered and sparks flew as its fist crashed into the creature's carapace. Foul ichor sprayed from the gouting wounds, temporarily blinding Severus' sensors. The beast caught the Dreadnought a terrible blow, tearing through its leg to leave it sprawling helplessly. At this moment Captain Fabian leapt into the fray, knocking aside the creature's claw and evading its scything return swing before blasting it in the head with his plasma pistol until it reared and screamed a final howl of death agony.

With the loss of the Tyrant and the guidance of the hive mind, the Tyranids fell into confusion. The Ultramarine bolter fire cut down the survivors mercilessly as they turned to flee. The 3rd Company was saved and went on to cleanse the polar fortress in its entirety. After the battle, Ironclaw was restored and Severus continues to serve with the 3rd Company to this day. Among the long list of honorifics he has accumulated, the Battle of Macragge remains the proudest, including as it does a share in the first ever accredited kill of a Tyranid Hive Tyrant in close combat.



CHAOS DREADNOUGHT



D6	RESULT
1	**Fire Frenzy.** The Chaos Dreadnought may not move or assault this turn. At the beginning of the Shooting phase it must pivot on the spot towards the closest visible unit (friend or foe!) and fire all of its weapons against it – twice! If the Chaos Dreadnought cannot fire any ranged weapons, treat this result as a '2-5 Sane' result instead.
2-5	**Sane.** The player controls the model normally.
6	**Blood Rage.** In the Movement phase, the Chaos Dreadnought must move as far as possible towards the nearest enemy. In the Shooting phase the Chaos Dreadnought may not shoot, but gains the Fleet special rule, and must run towards the nearest enemy, ending its move facing towards this target. The Chaos Dreadnought must then assault this enemy in the Assault phase, if able. If the Chaos Dreadnought is immobilised, treat result as a '2-5 Sane' result instead.

Dreadnoughts are giant, bipedal armoured war machines that fight alongside troops in battle. A Dreadnought is piloted by a single crewman installed in a foetal-like position at the Dreadnought's heart and connected by nervous system implants and mind impulse units. Dreadnoughts provide invaluable support blasting the enemy with heavy weapons or smashing opponents aside in hand-to-hand combat with gigantic claws and blades. The secrets of building Dreadnoughts are incredibly old and virtually lost. Most of the Dreadnoughts of the Traitor Legions date back to the Horus Heresy. It is rare for the veteran warrior entombed in a Space Marine Dreadnought to turn renegade, though on occasion a Dreadnought succumbs to battle psychosis built up over centuries, even millennia, of constant warfare.

Dreadnoughts used by the Chaos Space Marines are truly ancient machines that have been salvaged and rebuilt many, many times over a hundred centuries of warfare. While it is considered an honour amongst the Loyalist Space Marines to be interred for eternity into a Dreadnought, the Chaos Space Marines consider being consigned to a Dreadnought as a living death – a torturous, mocking punishment from the Dark Gods.

The Chaos Space Marines abhor the thought of a half-life locked away inside the imprisoning womb of a Dreadnought, where they can no longer see battle with their own eyes or feel the kick of a bolter in their fist. For them, it is better to die and find final release in the surging maelstrom of the warp than spend eternity locked in an adamantium shell, fighting the Long War as a maniacal machine. As a result, most Chaos Space Marine Dreadnoughts are completely psychotic. A creeping insanity mixed of fear and fury has riddled their brains over the long millennia. Between battles, the sarcophagus containing the trapped body of the Dreadnought pilot is disconnected and dragged clear of the Dreadnought's armoured shell. Even so, the Dreadnought itself is kept chained like a beast when it is not actually fighting, for fear that some residual spark of the pilot's soul may remain within it and send it into a berserk rampage of death and mutilation.

As the raiding ships of a Chaos Space Marine fleet approach their prey, the Dreadnought's weapons are prepared and loaded, and its sarcophagus is installed. The madness of the interred Chaos Space Marine grows as he rises from his dormancy. It is at this point that the lunatic beast of flesh and metal is unleashed once more upon the enemy.

				Armour				
	WS	BS	S	F	S	R	I	A
Dreadnought	4	4	6	12	12	10	4	3

Unit Type: Vehicle (Walker)

Special Rules

Crazed: At the start of the Chaos Movement phase, roll on the table opposite for each unengaged Dreadnought.

Index Astartes

PSYKANA LIBRARIUS

Space Marine Librarians

by Anthony Reynolds

The Librarians of the Space Marine Chapters are mighty warrior-mystics, inspiring figures who wield incredible and devastating powers. They are an integral part of the Adeptus Astartes, outstanding warriors who utilise their psychically enhanced wisdom and knowledge to fulfil the role of oracles and psychic communication within the Space Marine Chapters. Such powers come at a price, however, and only those with the strongest willpower are capable of withstanding the constant pressures that come with psychic awareness. For every successful psyker, there are countless others whose lack of control threatens to doom them to an eternity of torment. Of those psykers whose strength of will enables them to control their powers, the most highly trained and potent are the Librarians of the Adeptus Astartes.

The Insidious Curse of the Psyker

The growing number of psykers within the Imperium is seen by some as the next evolutionary step for Mankind. However, these are the very early, tentative stages, for such an advancement will take countless generations to fully evolve, and the powers of the psyker are not yet refined. Psychic ability is both the greatest boon to Mankind and its most dangerous threat. Without psykers, the entire system of interstellar communication and travel would cease to exist, consequently resulting in the fall of the Imperium. Lacking these powers, the Imperium would become nothing more than a series of scattered and isolated systems. Warp travel is only made possible for Humanity with the guiding light of the Astronomican, a psychic beam stretching 70,000 light years across space from its source on Terra. The pure psychic energy needed for this great undertaking is created by the combined 'voice' of ten thousand specially trained psykers, a soul draining labour that exhausts their life-force within months, leaving them little more than shrivelled husks. This 'voice' is focused and directed by the immortal Emperor, who projects the pure psychic energy into the galaxy. This beacon is vital to the specially trained and psychically attuned Navigators, who require it in order for them to have any possibility of steering a safe path through the turbulent and inconsistent non-reality of warp space.

Those of particular strength of mind, if discovered when young, may be nurtured so that their abilities can benefit Mankind in such ways. The psykers schooled by the Scholastica Psykana generally operate within a particular specialised area, whether it be as Astropaths, trained for interstellar communication within the Adeptus Astra Telepathica, or as Navigators within the Adeptus Astronomica. The Librarians of the Adeptus Astartes, however, fulfil a much more varied and combat oriented role, and as such they are chosen from amongst those of exceptional ability and skill.

Those with psychic ability draw their power from the turbulent realm of the warp, also known as the Ether, the Immaterium or the Empyrean, as recorded in the Scriptorum Arcanum. This alternate dimension is a twisted reflection of the known physical world, a horrific and constantly shifting domain that defies the accepted laws of the material universe, inhabited by malevolent and predatory astral creatures. When a psyker uses his power, he opens a gateway between the two realms, drawing energy from the warp into himself. If a psyker is unprepared or inexperienced he may inadvertently attract the attentions of daemons, drawing them to him like moths to a

flame. According to the codices of the enigmatic, daemon-hunting Ordo Malleus, these warp-entities are capable of traversing the link the psyker has formed between the two dimensions, assaulting his mind, ripping the very soul from his body and dragging it screaming to an existence of eternal torture within the warp. As such, the twisted realm of the warp is sometimes referred to as the Sea of Souls. A particularly powerful daemon may attempt to force its way into the physical realm by overwhelming the body of the hapless psyker, and from there endeavour to inflict as much psychic and physical suffering as possible on the material world.

Those with a limited degree of psychic ability, but who lack the strength of will to fully control it, are one of the most dangerous forces threatening the Imperium, and they are hunted down without remorse by the Inquisition. As a matter of course, the number of minds considered dangerous far outweigh those that are embraced by the Imperium. Some of those condemned are transported to Terra aboard one of the Black Ships, where their sacrifice may benefit all of Mankind. It is said that their life-force is fed to the insatiable needs of the undying Emperor in order to sustain him, enabling his glorious light to remain indefinitely within the physical realm. Indeed, to be born with psychic ability is a terrible curse, and



Iron Hands Lexicanium Ranked Librarian

Raven Guard Chief Librarian in Tactical Dreadnought Armour

White Scars Librarian 'Storm Seer'

Salamanders Codicier Ranked Librarian



EZEKIEL, GRAND MASTER OF LIBRARIANS, KEEPER OF THE BOOK OF SALVATION, HOLDER OF THE KEYS

Ezekiel is the present Grand Master of Librarians within the mysterious Dark Angels Chapter. He endures a tremendous burden, being the sole bearer of the darkest and most sinister secrets of this most evasive and insular of Chapters. He determines who may enter the Inner Circle, for he alone can see into the very soul of a man and judge whether he can bear the burden of the knowledge such a position brings. The strength of his will is legendary and he holds the Book of Salvation as a mark of his position. This book lists the names of all those of the Fallen that the Dark Angels have captured over the millennia, and as such is an item of great significance for the Chapter. The Librarians of the Dark Angels are all members of the Deathwing, and they act as the guardians of the dungeons carved deep within the bowels of the Tower of Angels. Ezekiel was given the title Guardian of the Keys in recognition of the role that he and his brothers fulfil by keeping the dungeons secure. Ezekiel uses his considerable power to aid the Interrogator-Chaplains in their grisly work, invading the minds of the Fallen and undermining their mental resolve. His insidious abilities have driven many foes into insanity as he whispers doubts and confusions directly into their minds. This ability is utilised on the battlefield, worming his way deep into the minds of the enemy and encouraging the growth of their fears, filling them with images of hopelessness and defeat that erode the willpower of even the most disciplined of warriors.

CHIEF LIBRARIAN MEPHISTON, LORD OF DEATH

Mephiston is an awe-inspiring figure, viewed by the Blood Angels with fear and reverence in equal measure. His entrancing eyes penetrate into the very depths of the soul, engaging friend and foe alike with their terrible brilliance. The Blood Angels see him as the spiritual son of their Primarch Sanguinius, and as a great hope for the entire Chapter, for it was he who first overcame the agonising experience of the Red Thirst. The Blood Angels strive to emulate his courageous strength of will, in the hope that they too will be able to conquer their terrible curse. In the depths of the madness brought on by the Red Thirst, Mephiston re-lived the final agony of his dying Primarch. He arose transcendent from his insanity, suppressing his overwhelming lust for blood through sheer force of will. The mental strength that was needed to survive this ordeal was phenomenal, and he fights a continuing battle to keep it in check.





CHIEF LIBRARIAN TIGURIUS

Chief Librarian Tigurius is the highest ranking of his order within the proud and highly respected Ultramarines Chapter. A fierce and wise warrior-mystic, he attained his exalted position after proving his worth time and again over many years of arduous campaigning, primarily against the savage and brutal Orks. He was one of the few survivors of the Ork attack on Boros, where he witnessed the mysterious appearance of the black armoured Space Marines known as the Legion of the Damned. His psychic mastery is augmented by the Hood of Hellfire, a uniquely modified psychic hood of ancient design. It is a powerful version of the standard psychic hood, an arcane creation that crackles with barely suppressed energy as it enhances the strength of his devastating mental assaults.

many attempt to hide their powers from detection. Without the correct training, a psyker teeters on the brink of eternal damnation. Entire planetary systems have been brought under daemonic dominion, creating hellish worlds of tortured slaves, due to a single psyker lacking the mental discipline to not use his gifts.

Space Marine Librarians

Space Marine Librarians are amongst the most potent of all of Mankind's psykers, highly talented and trained to the highest levels. A highly trained Librarian can manipulate the energy of the warp in extraordinary ways, and with spectacular effect.

Librarians train their minds and bodies constantly to reinforce their willpower, for the danger involved is great. While the Chapter Apothecaries test the physical gene-structure of potential Space Marines, the Librarians are responsible for testing their psychic ability and willpower. They do this to seek out and nurture those who show talent, but more importantly to weed out those who possess some ability whose untrained minds would endanger the entire Chapter.

Those initiates displaying the required psychic talent and willpower are inducted into the Librarium, where they commence their intensive years of study and development in conjunction with the strict training of their brother Space Marines. These initiates are recruited from a variety of sources, depending on the means and position of the Space Marine home world or Chapter-Fortress. Some Chapters recruit their Librarians solely from amongst those chosen as potential Space Marines, while other Chapters select their number from amongst the most talented and disciplined of young Primaris Psykers of the Scholastica Psykana.

The need for vigilance is never treated lightly, and the Librarians of every Chapter routinely engage the minds of its Space Marines in order to ensure their purity. They are meticulous in their record keeping, chronicling any discovered deviancy for future reference. Space Marines exposed to particular psychic strain and trauma, such as through contact with alien horrors or the warping influence of Chaos, must undergo a series of strict screening and cleansing rituals conducted by the Librarians in order to confirm the integrity of the precious gene-seed. For the Space Marines, gene-seed is the Chapter's life-blood, the most invaluable of possessions, and must be kept pure at all costs. Any trace of perversion or corruption within the gene-seed must be eradicated utterly if the Chapter is to survive.

The Librarium of the Chapter is typically an ancient and immense structure, housing the collective knowledge that the Chapter has acquired over the millennia. Scribes work ceaselessly within its walls, labouring to duplicate the older texts as they are gradually destroyed by time. The Librarians of the Chapter are charged with the upkeep of the Librarium, and it is their responsibility to maintain its integrity. Only they know the full wonders and horrors that are contained within the ancient vellum pages, deeds both heroic and heinous. Thousand year-old tomes, bound in cracked and faded leather, sit side by side with newer works in an immense and ever expanding collection. Indeed, the Librarium is often enlarged as time passes in order for it to be able to house the perpetually increasing number of volumes held within. Imperial envoys tell fantastical stories of the rare and ancient arcane technologies that reside within a Librarium's hallowed walls, great humming data repositories that store unfathomable amounts of information. The Librarium will often include an archaic catalogue containing countless data crystals, each crystal holding a lifetime of accumulated wisdom. Many Librariums contain a smaller inner Librarius, where the most dangerous and heretical texts are kept. This area is accessible to only a select few of the Chapter's Chief Librarians, as befits the dangerous and blasphemous nature of the texts. Merely glancing at the twisted pages of these dangerous volumes would send most men spiralling deep into insanity, and they can only be viewed under the most controlled conditions and with careful preparations of the mind.

The various official ranks within the Librarians' order serve to describe the particular functions that they perform within the Chapter and within the Librarium itself. The lowest of the battlefield ranks is the Lexicanium, whose job it is to act as record keepers, creating the initial reports that are to be added to the Librarium. These summary accounts chronicle the history of the Chapter, varying in nature from campaign and battle details to the beliefs and philosophies of the Chapter. The next rank of Librarian is that of Codicier, awarded to the older, more experienced Space Marines who critically evaluate the reports of the Lexicaniums, finalising their form for inclusion in the Librarium. The Epistolary stands a level higher still, and is one of those typically turned to when the need arises for psychic communication. This power can be used to project the mind of the Librarian across warp space itself if necessary. This is a similar ability to that

THE RUNE PRIESTS OF THE SPACE WOLVES

The Rune Priests of the Space Wolves are one notable exception to the doctrines of the Codex Astartes, a comment that can be applied to the entire Chapter. [Other particularly noteworthy exceptions include the Librarians of the Crimson Shades, the White Scars and the Novamarines.] While the role that Rune Priests play within the Chapter is not so different from the traditional Codex role, it is in the methods they employ where they differ significantly. They act as record keepers, much like Codex Librarians, though they memorise their histories in great sagas rather than in written form. They act as advisors to the Great Wolf as well, counselling him in times of war. The particular psychic powers and practises they employ, however, are based on those of the traditional shamans of their home world, Fenris, and as such are very different to the Codex form. Young skalds are taught the complex and arcane lore of their people by the older Rune Priests, their methods having remained unchanged for countless centuries. The Rune Priests are independent and ferocious warriors, wise and deliberate in their methods and rituals. They cast runes to predict the ebb and flow of events to come, the runes often carved from the bones or teeth of one of the various totem animals of the Fenrisians. The teeth of the great wolves that prowl the icy world are noted particularly for their power.

The Rune Priest holds a different attitude towards psychic powers than that of the other Codex Space Marine Chapters. Where typical Codex Librarians hold to the belief that their power is a manipulation of the pure essence of the warp, the Rune Priest believes that his power comes from the living energy of Fenris, as well as from within. The innate power of Fenris can be channelled into his totems by the Rune Priest, so that he may always carry this power with him wherever he may be within the galaxy.

used by the Astropaths of the Adeptus Astra Telepathica, who are relatively common throughout the Imperium. However, such is the strength of will of the Librarians that they have no need to undertake the tortuous ritual of Soul Binding that the Astropaths must endure. More commonly, the Epistolary is used to communicate over shorter distances, coordinating attacks and relaying battle orders.

The Chief Librarians are the highest ranking members of their order, and their mastery and control of the mystic arts is awesome to behold. The Chapter and its commanders rely heavily on the council of these most powerful of psykers and, acting within their role as advisors, the Librarians have countless centuries of experience at their disposal. Through a combination of wisdom and considerable psychic powers of premonition, the advice of the Chief Librarians is greatly respected within the Chapter. On the battlefield, however, is where their abilities truly come to the fore, as their overwhelming psychic powers devastate the armies and defences of their enemies, rending them apart with pure force of will.



The tactical worth of the Librarians is tremendous. The psychic shockwave and turbulence that is created as a ship moves in and out of warp space can be felt by them, and so the actions of an enemy can be effectively anticipated and countered. They are the equal in battlefield prowess of any other Space Marine, and the devastating psychic powers that they wield will often tip the balance in the Chapter's favour in a close fought conflict. The psychic abilities of the Librarians are utilised in various forms on the battlefield. Most directly, the Librarian can channel the power of the warp through his body, striking at the enemy with devastating blasts of concentrated energy. With their powers of prescience, they can sense and predict the movements of the enemy, providing a distinct tactical advantage. Messages and communications can be relayed using the Librarian's considerable psychic powers, and these types of communications have the advantage over more physical forms, such as comm-links, of being completely undetectable to all but the most powerful of psykers.

Arcane Equipment

There is a myriad array of equipment that the Librarians of the Adeptus Astartes make use of to amplify and focus their already considerable psychic powers. The variety of these arcane items is so great that it makes a general classification of them impossible, and their use varies amongst the different Chapters, as well as being dependent on the personal preferences of individual Librarians. Some favour the use of the Emperor's Tarot in predicting the twisting paths of the future, a tool used for divination throughout the Imperium. The psychic hood is an intricately designed helmet, fitted with an array of psychically conductive wires and crystals, which is often used by a Chapter's Librarians. This helmet serves to amplify the psyker's abilities, enabling him to disrupt the flow and manipulation of the warp by others. As such, it is an effective counter to the psychic abilities of rogue and alien psykers. Ritually purified force weapons are utilised by the majority of Librarians. They come in a variety of forms, most generally appearing as swords and axes. Psychically attuned to the mind of its wielder, the force weapon is a potent armament that the psyker uses as a conduit through which his power is channelled. Coiling psychic energy flows around the crystalline matrices etched into the weapon, released on impact in an explosive display of power. The weapons have a colossal force when utilised against creatures of the warp, which are particularly vulnerable to attacks made with the same form of energy that makes up their own warp-spawned forms.



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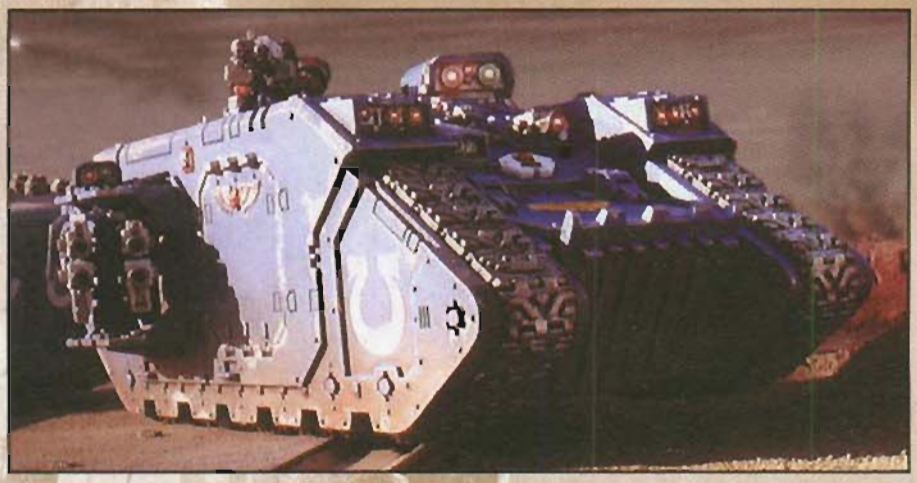

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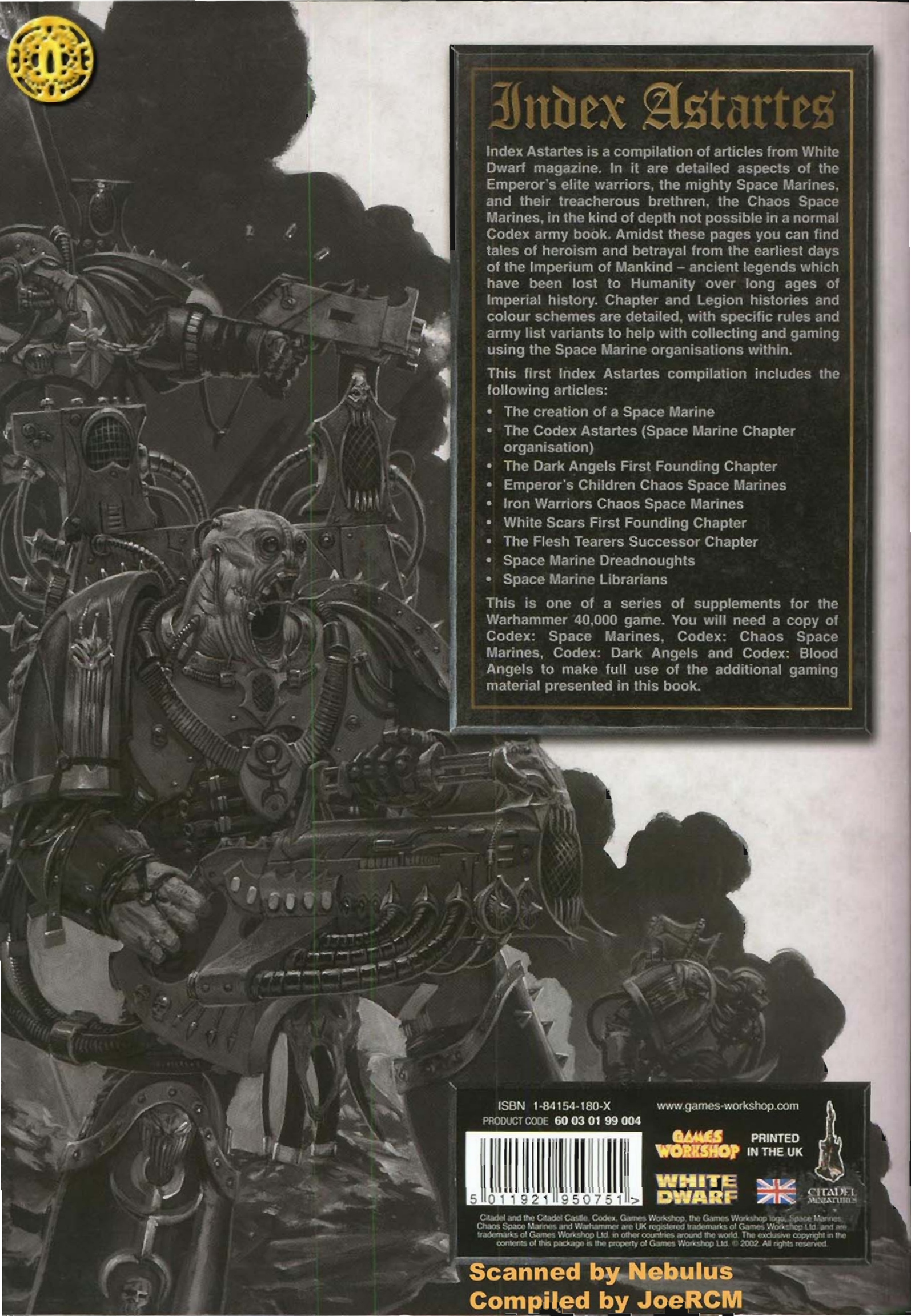
Kevin Balchin's Flesh Tearers attack an Ork settlement.



The Salamanders execute a well planned trap for the marauding Dark Eldar.



Index Astartes

Index Astartes is a compilation of articles from White Dwarf magazine. In it are detailed aspects of the Emperor's elite warriors, the mighty Space Marines, and their treacherous brethren, the Chaos Space Marines, in the kind of depth not possible in a normal Codex army book. Amidst these pages you can find tales of heroism and betrayal from the earliest days of the Imperium of Mankind – ancient legends which have been lost to Humanity over long ages of Imperial history. Chapter and Legion histories and colour schemes are detailed, with specific rules and army list variants to help with collecting and gaming using the Space Marine organisations within.

This first Index Astartes compilation includes the following articles:

- The creation of a Space Marine
- The Codex Astartes (Space Marine Chapter organisation)
- The Dark Angels First Founding Chapter
- Emperor's Children Chaos Space Marines
- Iron Warriors Chaos Space Marines
- White Scars First Founding Chapter
- The Flesh Tearers Successor Chapter
- Space Marine Dreadnoughts
- Space Marine Librarians

This is one of a series of supplements for the Warhammer 40,000 game. You will need a copy of Codex: Space Marines, Codex: Chaos Space Marines, Codex: Dark Angels and Codex: Blood Angels to make full use of the additional gaming material presented in this book.

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Index Astartes II



A holy tome focusing on the Imperium's finest warriors, the Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes

WARHAMMER 40,000

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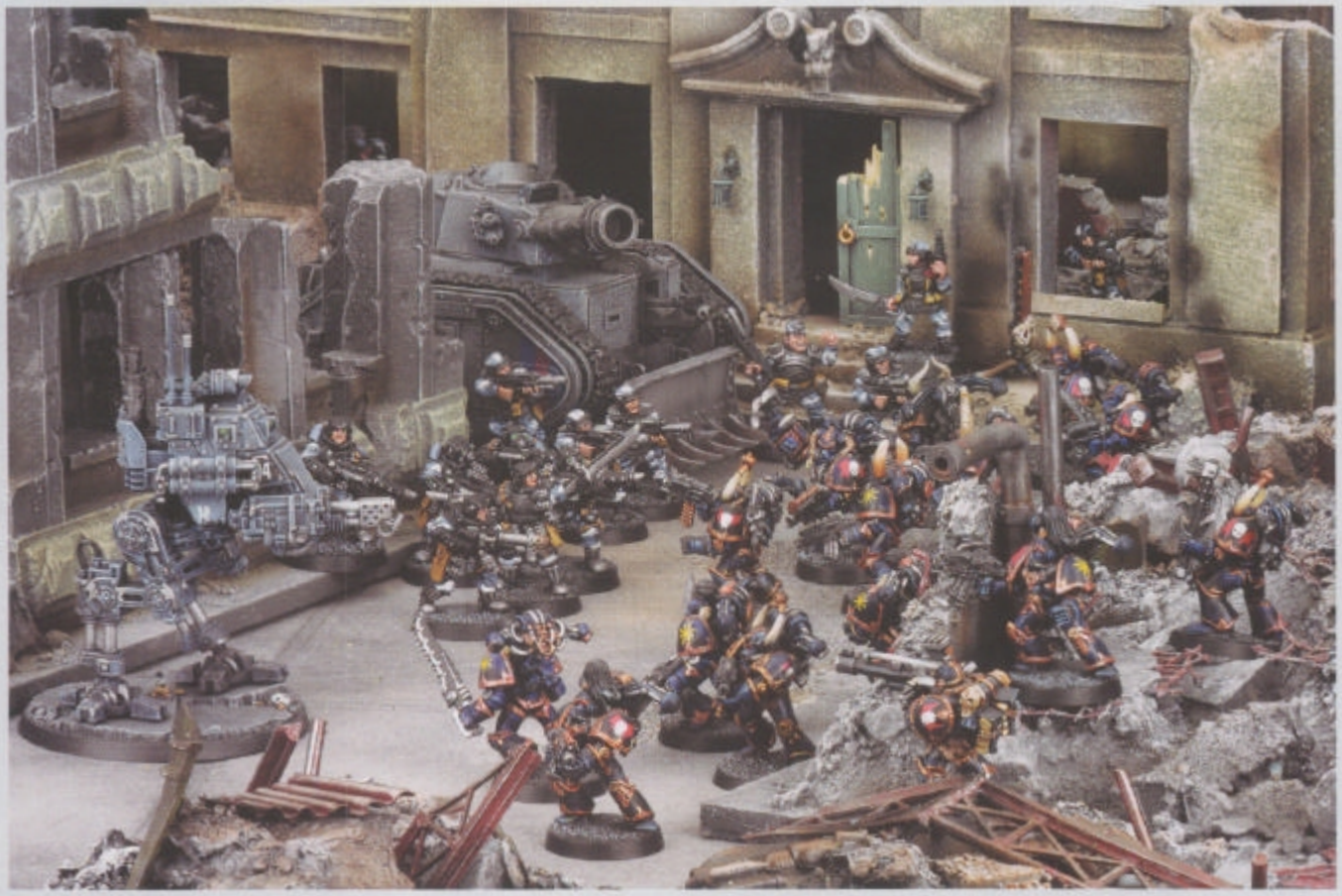


In a ruined city, Night Lords break cover to attack the Cadian Imperial Guard.



The elite forces of the Blood Angels take on the servants of the Blood God.

FOREWORD

by Andy Chambers, Warhammer 40,000 Overfiend



Greetings brethren and welcome to the second book of the Index Astartes! This book is part of a series dedicated to the Space Marines of the 41st Millennium, elite genetically enhanced super-warriors created to free Humanity at the dawn of the Great Crusade. Once thought of as loyal to the point of incorruptibility, the very forces that freed Mankind went on to plunge the newborn Imperium into the terrifying civil war of the Horus Heresy. The legions of Space Marines who followed Warmaster Horus into the worship of the dark gods of Chaos and turned against their brother-marines are also detailed here. Their fall into damnation remains a fearful demonstration of the seductive perils of Chaos and the need for vigilance amongst those still loyal to the Immortal Emperor who created them.

Space Marines – and their corrupted counterparts, the Chaos Space Marines – have been one of the most powerful and popular images within the Warhammer 40,000 game universe since its earliest days. So much so that big guys with big guns in loads of armour is such a sci-fi favourite that it's possible to find Space Marine analogues in games, books and films everywhere. As well as strong imagery, it is the depth of history, the ancient traditions and the rivalries of the different Space Marine Chapters which has made them unique, and that's what we've gathered here for your entertainment and edification.

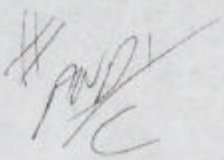
Index Astartes began as a series of articles in White Dwarf magazine all about Space Marines in general and focussing on their origins, history, organisation and weaponry in particular. This laudable idea has rapidly grown into a monster, especially since we began the First Founding project to detail the 'primogenitor' Space Marine legions and their nigh-mythical Primarchs. This has been... entertaining as it has meant pulling together dozens of fragmentary references from GW publications over the last two decades and in some cases summarising entire books of background material into woefully few pages.

But with the First Founding legions, including most of the best known and (in)famous legions it has been tremendously rewarding. This great task would have been impossible without the dedicated players who have supplied a great deal of the material in this book. Their hard work in trawling through ancient tomes for the slightest mention of a forgotten battle or fallen hero has made the whole thing akin to archaeology, which is only appropriate for Space Marine Chapters with histories stretching across ten thousand years of galactic strife.

Although the Index Astartes books are primarily intended as sources of background and inspiration for Space Marine collectors, we have also introduced rules and army list variants for the Chapters portrayed. These are official supplements to the Warhammer 40,000 game, typically balanced by giving Chapter specific capabilities and unique unit types in exchange for restrictions on their organisation in accordance with their particular predilictions.

If you are interested in collecting Space Marines, it is well worth mentioning that Games Workshop's Mail Order service and our online webstore are great sources for checking out the truly staggering range of Space Marine miniatures. All the different models made for Space Marines over the years totals up to a range so vast it is impossible to show it all in a retail store. Also, our dedicated staff are nearly all Space Marine fanatics too, and they'll be happy to help with any enquiry, no matter how obscure.

If you would like information on where your nearest store is or details on Mail Order and the Games Workshop web store, check out your latest issue of White Dwarf.



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Index Astartes
First Founding

WOLVES OF FENRIS

The Space Wolves Space Marine chapter

by Phil Kelly

Since the Imperium came into being, the Space Wolves have fought tooth and nail for the cause of the Emperor. Among the most famous of the Chapters of the Adeptus Astartes, their name and actions are known from one side of the galaxy to the other. As headstrong as they are fierce, the Space Wolves are experts at close-quarter fighting, and their warriors compete keenly for glory on the battlefield. The Space Wolves live to fight, and death holds no fear for them.

Origins

The cornerstones of the Imperial creed are related across a hundred thousand worlds. Although the details vary, it is widely acknowledged that, millennia ago, the Emperor of Mankind walked upon the face of Terra. His mighty deeds unified the race of Man in a spiritual golden age, and legends of his greatness have been told across the galaxy for countless centuries. The vaults of the Library Sanctus contain many truths such as these, held sacred by the Librarians of the Adeptus Astartes since the birth of the Imperium. One of the most coveted and respected of these legends concerns the creation of the Primarchs.

The Emperor, at the height of his powers, was virtually omnipotent. Yet the Emperor of Mankind could not be in every place at once, the blinding beacon of his light could not illuminate all the dark corners of the galaxy. And so the Emperor created the Primarchs, sons born from his holy blood, each a paragon of humanity that surpassed Mankind in every way. Each of these first-born were brought into being as leaders, warriors whose might was tempered by serenity and wisdom.

There are no records as to how the Primarchs became so widely spread across the galaxy. The prevalent theory maintains that as the Primarchs were still incubating in their nascent state in the laboratories of Luna, they were scattered to the far corners of the galaxy. One certainty to arise from this foundation of mystery is the fact that the Emperor subsequently used the lost Primarch's gene-seed as a template for a genetically engineered species of superhumans, the Space Marines.

Every one of these enhanced warriors were many times more powerful than an ordinary human soldier, and it was with these elite troops that the Emperor intended to unite the galaxy. Legion upon legion of the Legiones Astartes were created in their Primarchs' image. One of the greatest of these legions would become the Space Wolves.

Many of the Imperium's records concerning the Space Wolves' heritage owe much to the life's work of Gnauril the Elder, a contemporary of the ancient Fenrisian king Thengir. His sagas have been retold word for word across continents where possessions are scarce and the written word completely unused. That such records remain, even after millennia had passed, is a testament to the awe that the Fenrisians reserve for their mythology. Gnauril tales, many of which detail the early years of Leman Russ' life, have passed into the folklore of Fenris itself.

In the far north-west of the galaxy, on a remote and frozen ice world named Fenris, one of the infant Primarchs came to rest. Given the harshness of the climate, it is safe to say that a lesser being would have died almost immediately. It seems highly likely that the Primarch was adopted by a Fenrisian she-wolf; Leman Russ himself mentioned his lupine parentage on more than one occasion. Russ' wolf companions, Freki and Geri, are widely believed to have been his original pack-brothers, growing to maturity at much the same time.

Gnauril's saga, *'The Ascension of the Wolf-King'*, tells of one fateful Helwinter when the young Primarch joined his pack in a raid on a nearby settlement. Running into the village on all fours, a pack of lean, howling wolves behind him, he smashed his way into the village storehouse and gorged on great shanks of salted meat. The wolves were attacked by the villagers before they could carry the spoils to their starving kin, and the Primarch fought with unfettered ferocity to allow his fellow wolves to escape. The villagers had not seen the like, and petitioned their liege, King Thengir of Russ, to rid them of this menace. Within the week, a hunting party was sent out 'with drake-poison on their arrows and knives sharp enough to slice through oak.'

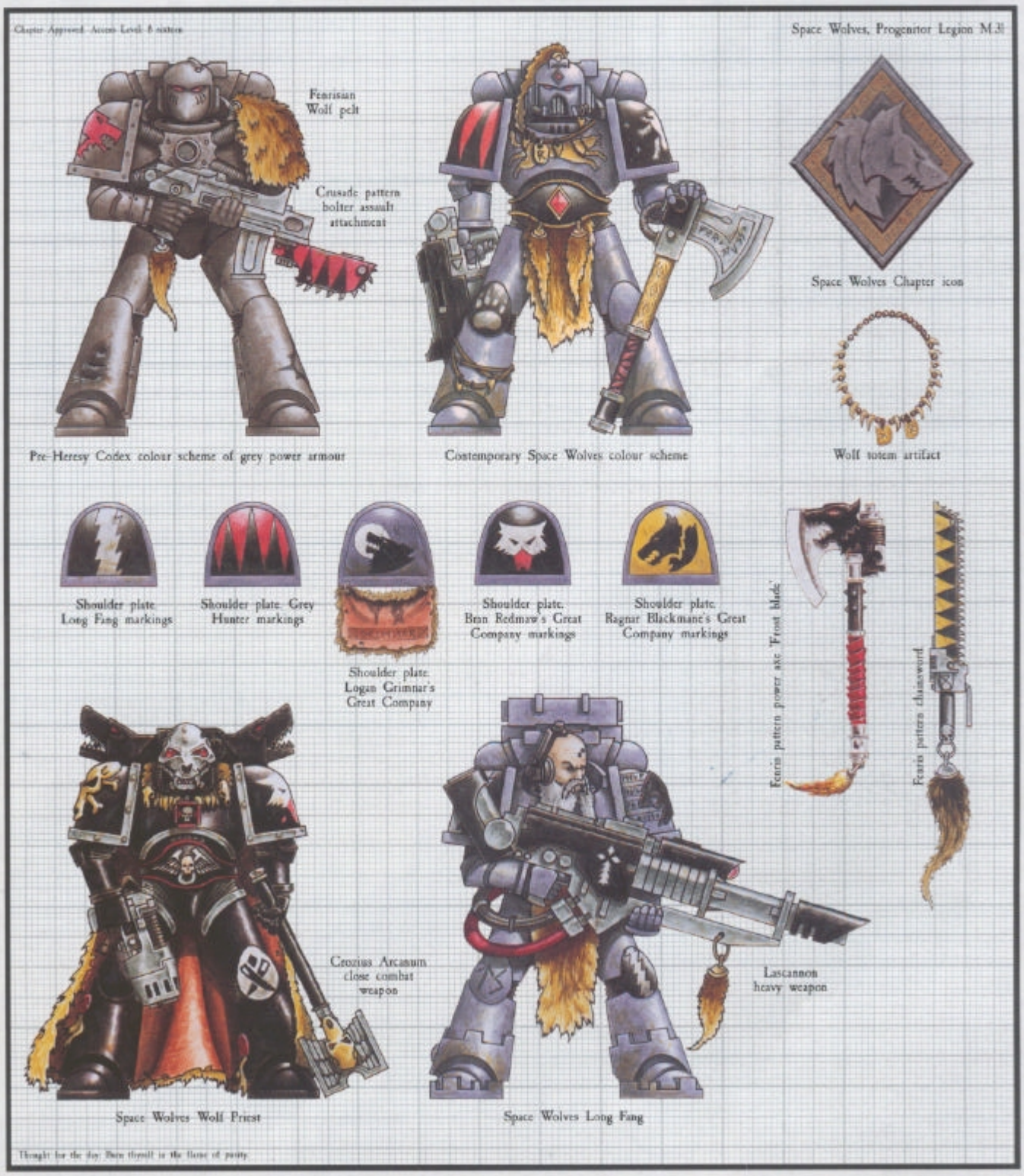
Many of the Primarch's pack died as a result of this action, pierced by the spears and arrows of the hunters. Even the venerable she-wolf that defended the litter was impaled through the throat, ending the lives of five hunters before she finally succumbed to their poisoned arrows. But the wolf-child was spared as he crouched growling over the she-wolf's corpse, the poison slowly affecting his iron constitution, barbed arrows sticking like quills from his face and back. The wolf-child was bound and

gagged tightly with strips of gut and sinew cut from the corpses of his pack, and thrown before King Thengir himself.

The saga continues in detail, telling of the Primarch's first contact with the royalty of Fenris:

> "In the evening the wolf-man was ungagged, and the King demanded that the feral creature grovel for his life like a dog. The strange beast drew itself up to its full height and roared so loud and so long that some of the younger men had to leave the hall. The wild-eyed creature spat a great gobbet of blood and poison at King Thengir, his golden eyes shining with regal pride."

Over the next few years, the wolf-child was taken into the care of the King himself. He was taught how to use a battle-axe, how to fish and, soon after that, how to speak. The Primarch matured quickly, absorbing knowledge at an incredible rate. He also showed a natural aptitude for weaponry, in addition to being unmatched in unarmed combat. Quick to roar with laughter or bellow tunelessly in song, the Primarch slowly realised that he was more human than wolf, and that he was far greater than either. When Russ handed the Champion of the King's



Guard his battle-axes during their third sparring session, Thengir admitted to himself that the young man was destined for greatness. The Primarch soon spoke with powerful eloquence, and one evening, King Thengir deemed him worthy to receive a true name.

Thus it was that Leman of the Russ was truly born.

Much of what is known of Leman Russ's early years is borne of hearsay and legend as his fame quickly spread throughout the land. The legends of Fenris cite him as being able to pluck an oak from the earth and snap it in twain over his back, facing armies of the King's enemies and sending them running without sustaining a scratch, wrestling a Fenrisian Mammoth to the ground and roasting it whole for his meal that evening. When Thengir died, there was no question as to the succession. King Leman Russ took his place on the throne.

Each Allwinter's Eve, in the halls of the Fang, the Space Wolves' Fortress-Monastery, the Rune Priests recount in great detail the saga of Leman Russ. Every one of the Space Wolves knows the tale by memory, and the legends are passed down from solemn Priest to naive cub with the greatest of reverence. In this way the saga of Leman Russ is kept alive to this day.

Due to their oral tradition, the following legend has not been written down in any form by the Space Wolves. However, the clandestine introduction of a vox-corder to the Feast of the Wanderer by Inquisitor Chalfont, a guest at the table of Cormack Wolftongue, has provided Imperial scholars with the following transcription:

"Thus it came to pass that Russ was hailed as King of all Fenris, his judgement as strong as his sword-arm and his authority indisputable.
No man nor beast could best the Wolf-King.
No tribe could stand against his armies.
Within Russ's kingdom a truce existed between man and wolf.
His court was attended by the fiercest of warlords and the most beautiful of maidens. Tales of his mighty conquests spread like forest fires,
and it was not long before the eyes of Terra turned upon his deeds.

Such was Russ's fame and so great were his accomplishments,
The Holy Emperor of Terra did take it upon himself to meet with the Wolf-King.
He believed, in the core of his soul that this mighty warrior was one of his true sons.
He knew well that Russ would not bow to his rule without being beaten in a contest.
The Emperor was convinced of his own power, and knew that such a challenge would be as nothing to him.
Who could best a living god?
Who could stand firm in the presence of Humanity's king?
And so it was that the great, sky-spanning ships of the Emperor
Travelled to the centre of the sea of stars
Settling on the hard, cold skin of Fenris scant years after Russ's ascension to the throne.

The Emperor, clad in a long, plain robe, entered King Leman Russ' court
Through a yawning cave mouth in the south of Fenris he came.
His divine aura was hidden from the curious eyes of the King's court
And his towering physique was cloaked with runes of disguise and confusion.
Half his face was within the shadow of his hood.
In his hands he carried the oaken staff of the wanderer.
But to the sharp-eyed and sober, his nature was clear;
The great wolves of Fenris slunk away at the stranger's passing.

Slouched on his oaken throne sat Leman Russ,
A flagon of fine mead in one hand and the leg of a roast bear in the other.
Freki and Geri, the Kin-Wolves, lay curled about his bare feet, and a great pool of blood glittered in the torchlight around the base of his throne.
The court had been hunting, and did not take kindly to the interruption of their feast.
The wanderer approached the gnarled wood of the throne and its gargantuan occupant, and stood firm, staring hard at where Russ was presiding over the feast.
The court grew silent as the Wolf-King's growl reverberated around the walls.
Freki stood at the sound, baring his fangs,
Geri, old beyond his years, proved wiser than his brother.
The stranger was meeting their master's gaze unflinchingly.

It was then that the stranger offered his Challenge.
The nature of the contest was for the King to decide.



If he won, the stranger asked for nothing
but to be allowed to drink at the right
hand of Russ during the feast.
The shouts of the household rang against
the shields strung around the roof,
the laughter at this preposterous
suggestion shared by all present.
Russ demanded that should the wanderer
fail, he would serve at the King's
behest for a year.
Grimly, the stranger accepted.

The Wolf-King did not wish to spoil a
good feast;
His first challenge was to an eating
competition.
The food was brought forth on vast
brass shields, and the stranger ate well
indeed, consuming many times more
than the stoutest warriors present
without pause.
But by the time he looked up from his
platter, Russ was finishing his third
Auroch.
The vast, red bones lay around him, not
a morsel of meat to be seen.
Giving voice to a thunderous belch,
Russ grinned at the wanderer,
Fangs glittering red in the torchlight.
The stranger bowed his head.

But the King was enjoying his sport.
He realised that the brown-cloaked
traveller had the spirit of a Fenrisian.
And so challenged the newcomer to a
drinking bout.
The second contest began, sounded by a
clarion horn.
But by the time the wanderer had reached
his sixth barrel of strong Fenrisian mead,
there was no more to drink.
The Wolf-King had drained the entire
feast dry,
Consuming enough to fell a whole
Great Company.
The light of anger appeared in the
wanderer's eye.

If he was not to be given the chance,
how could he prove his mettle?
If all that would greet him was derision
and scornful laughter,
How could he welcome this warrior, so
fond of his mead, as his lost child?
Driven by disappointment, the wanderer
called Leman Russ a drunkard and a
glutton,
Able to achieve nothing more than filling
his face and bellowing hollow boasts.

At this, the court fell silent.
None even dared to breathe as the Wolf
King drew himself up to his full height,
The bloodied carcass of his meal
crunching beneath his feet.
Russ drew his greatsword and stepped
onto the banqueting table, a growl rising
in his throat.

The Wolf-King calmly laid down the
consequences of his last challenge,
and his court backed away as one.

Time seemed to stop as the Emperor of
Mankind threw away his cloak,
the hood falling from his face, his true
form revealed.
Standing far taller than any man present,
swathed in light and clad in baroque
golden armour,
The God-Emperor stepped onto the
banqueting table.
His sword shimmered as it was drawn
from its gem-encrusted scabbard.
With a roar that shook the walls of the
court, the Wolf-King leapt.
Battle was joined between the two
titanic figures.

The Emperor fought gracefully and with
precision,
His every act like liquid fire, his
swordsmanship faster than the eye could
follow.
The Wolf-King attacked with the force
of pure fury,
Tempered by years of living by his
skill and wits alone.
The lustrous gold of the Emperor's
burnished armour
Reflected the glimmers of torchlight
and the eyes of a thousand onlookers.
The Wolf-King's skin glistened with
sweat and blood,
His matted hair flying around him as
he roared and howled.

The speed and passion of Russ's attack
A perfect fusion of martial prowess and
a focus that was nothing less than total,
Convinced the Emperor without doubt
that this was one of his lost sons.
Swinging his power fist around in a
blurring golden arc
The Emperor struck Leman Russ full in
the face.

(It has been noted in the transcription that at this point in the recording a great cheer erupts from all present. This part of the legend seems to be the cause of much mirth amongst the audience, all of whom have evidently heard the tale before).

It is testimony to the fortitude of our
Lord Russ
That within the hour he was able to
think clearly once more,
Recovering quickly from a blow that
would have destroyed any mortal man.
Russ made little show of his headache.
It was as a result of ingesting mighty
quantities of Fenrisian mead
Rather than the result of the duel.
But nevertheless, with bloodied smile
and broken fang,
He swore fealty to the Emperor of
Mankind.

It is well known among Imperial scholars that, when given proof as to his origins, Leman Russ did indeed pledge his sword to the Emperor. His teaching and training went swiftly; it was a matter of weeks before the Emperor judged Russ worthy of leading his armies in the holy war across the galaxy. Leman Russ was introduced to the warriors who bore his mark within their very genes. And so it came to be that Leman Russ became the father, progenitor and Lord of the Space Wolves of the Adeptus Astartes.

Leman Russ settled into his role as the Primarch of the Space Wolves. He was gifted with a great suit of armour blessed thricefold by the Emperor himself. His greatsword was replaced with the legendary Frostblade Mjalnar, whose teeth were fashioned from the maw of the Great Kraken Gormenjarl and whose blade, it was claimed, could cleave the very ice mountains of Fenris in twain. It was without question that the Space Wolves Legion accepted the towering Wolf-King as their Primarch and leader and, over the next few years, they became as sons to Leman Russ.

In time, all of the Primarchs were united with their respective Legions; the records of that time speak of a golden age of conquest and success. The forces of the Imperium were unstoppable in their quest to unite the galaxy in the worship of the God-Emperor. Russ plunged headlong into the fighting at the forefront of every battle, vanquishing all before him. Throughout the long and various battles of the Great Crusade, the Space Wolves and their lupine allies were at the front line. Russ strode at the head of his Legions, slaughtering all who dared stand before him, his coming announced by the howling of the pack.

The Horus Heresy

Russ's actions met with such rampant success that his conquests led him into the far corners of the galaxy, many light years from the Segmentum Solar. Thousands of worlds were reclaimed in the Emperor's name, and it seemed that the Golden Age would never draw to a close. Until, in an act that would scar the galaxy forever, Russ's brother Primarch Horus, the progenitor of the Luna Wolves, turned from the light.

The Horus Heresy was a time of total war, a great schism rent across the Imperium in the wake of the Great Evil One's folly. Horus' trickery and deceit ensnared no less than nine Space Marine Legions, whether by coercion, misdirection or corruption.

The Space Wolves, although not present for many of the final battles

when the forces of Chaos laid siege to the Emperor's Palace itself, were heavily involved in the foundations of the Horus Heresy. It was in the disastrous beginnings of this time that the Sons of Russ began their ages-long blood feud with the Thousand Sons Space Marines Legion.

In contrast to the Space Wolves, the Thousand Sons Space Marines were fixated with the pursuit of lore and, as a result, much can be gleaned from the tomes recovered since their fall. There are even accounts of the ruination of the Legion; most notably the Fall of Prospero, but all are tinged with the bitterness of defeat. Within these rotting texts, the Space Wolves are painted in the worst light imaginable. However, with the careful integration of the legend of the Space Wolves that portrays this time, and the collation of events that appear in both accounts, it is possible to put together a fairly accurate picture of what truly started the blood feud between these two Legions.

Magnus the Red was a giant of a man, standing far taller than even his brother Primarchs, his hair and complexion a livid red. Most remarkable of all was the enormous cyclopean eye set deep into the Primarch's forehead; where normal men have two eyes, Magnus had one. His strength was lauded as rivalling that of Russ, but he preferred to expend his energies learning and pursuing ancient arcana than the art of battle. His physical peculiarities were never remarked upon by the other Primarchs; after all, Sanguinius was blessed with wings and Leman Russ himself bore the sharpest of fangs. Nonetheless, the Wolf-King feared that the taint of Chaos was ingrained within the giant's soul. But the Emperor would not hear of his suspicions, as Magnus was one of his own sons.

As the events leading up to the Horus Heresy ripened into terrible fruition, Magnus the Red sent a psychic message to the Emperor. No records exist as to what the message was, but more than one source theorises that it was a warning against the treachery of Horus. Although the message was said to be of great import, it inadvertently revealed the true extent of the practices of the Thousand Sons. The Emperor refused to believe that Horus, his favoured son, would betray him, and he rose in anger against Magnus's warning. As the flame-haired Primarch opened a psychic connection to the Emperor, the Emperor was aghast at the extent of the research Magnus had conducted into heretical and blasphemous arts. In the Emperor's eyes, the Thousand Sons had probed too deeply into mysteries better left alone, willingly walking into the lair of the beast. Magnus' explanations did not pacify the Emperor, and Russ' worst suspicions were confirmed. At Russ' insistence, the Emperor was persuaded that Magnus was the traitor, not Horus. Horrified, the Emperor commanded Russ to leave immediately for the Thousand Sons' home world. The Wolf-King mustered his Legions about him, and prepared once more to go to war.

Prospero was once the very image of paradise. Great towers of ice and ivory studded the landscape, and beautiful gardens and peaceful lakes were abundant. Russ believed that this veneer of civilisation and culture hid a roiling foundation of evil. In his eyes, every scholar, scribe and sorcerer had delved too far into the mire of Chaos, had drunk too deeply from the blasphemous waters of forbidden knowledge. There was no option; the Wolf-King knew that he must follow the Emperor's command to the letter: cast down the Thousand Sons.

After a lengthy and punishing series of bombardments, the legions of the Wolf-King fell upon the inhabitants of Prospero in an avalanche of howling fury. The savagery and ferocity of the Space Wolves' attack enabled them to strike through to the heart of Prospero's capital, but the Thousand Sons had prescience enough to prepare their final defences. By the time the Space Wolves had slaughtered their way to the gates of the largest citadels, the Legions of Magnus the Red were waiting for them.

The ensuing battle raged day and night without pause, the Space Wolves fighting with furious zeal, the Thousand Sons battling for their very home world. By all accounts, although there is little in the way of specifics, the war between the Legions took many days and cost thousands of lives.

Ultimately, for all their wisdom, the Thousand Sons could not stand against the fury of the entire Space Wolves Legion in the field of war. At the forefront of the Space Wolves' battlelines, led by Jorin Bloodfang, was the Thirteenth Great Company. They were those who adopted the form of the Wulfen, their bestial souls transforming them into nightmarish half-wolves in the heat of battle. The sheer scale of the carnage the Thirteenth Company caused opened a massive hole in the lines of the Thousand Sons, and soon the verdant pastures of Prospero ran red with streams of blood. Magnus' brave warriors were slowly but surely culled, their numbers melting under the intense fire of the Space Wolves' assault. Although they did not fear for their lives, they fought to their last breath to protect their lore and their home world.

The loss of each and every Space Marine is recorded in Prospero's Lament, and although its veracity is in question, it remains the only account of the cyclopean Primarch's horrifying bargain.

> "Magnus, squatting in his vast tower, watched in agony as his sons were torn to pieces by the barbarian Wolves of Russ. The howls of the pack resounded in his ears, destroying his concentration, breaking his psychic wards and driving him to the edge of madness. Bounding from his ebony throne, he flung his arms in the air and roared a plea for help, to save his Legion and their great works. As if something malign had been waiting for the Cyclops' call, the sky grew dark and the air boiled with energy. Magnus was infused with eldritch power, his frame buckling as vile changes were wrought upon his body and his soul. He gazed out from the parapets of his citadel at the landscape of pain stretching before him, and screamed.
>
> Hundreds of the Sons of Russ lost their minds completely as the magicks of Magnus took their toll. The skies cracked open, kaleidoscopic lightning blasting apart squad after squad of the savage Space Wolves. The very soil of Prospero sprouted ten-fingered hands like obscene fungi, clutching at the legs of the beast-warriors. And yet, they fought on regardless, sheer bloodlust inuring them against the numerous terrors now defending the citadels."

It can be presumed that this tale is continued from the Space Wolves' perspective of the titanic battle between Russ and Magnus, as related by the legend *'The War of the Giants'*, committed to memory by Inquisitor Bastalek Grim (1087345.M41/5586741.P12).

> "Magnus the Red took to the field of battle.
> The ravaged ground liquefying under his mighty strides
> As he cut a swathe through the ranks of the Space Wolves.
> Crushing everything in his path.
> Where his gaze fell, even the stoutest Long Fang turned white and died.
> The single orb in his forehead pulsed with an unnatural light,
> And his red mane stood on end with the energies coursing around him.
> Truly, this was an abomination in the eyes of the Emperor.
>
> Leman Russ leapt from the thick of the mêlée to intercept the rampaging giant.
> As he turned, Russ grabbed one of the traitors by the throat
> and flung it at the giant's face.
> Magnus's petrifying gaze was blocked for a moment, and with celerity unheard of, Russ charged bodily into the crimson behemoth.
> And yet he did not fall.

The giant moved far faster than a being of such size might.
Smashing his fist into Russ's chest with force enough to splinter his breastplate, pushing slivers of ceramite into Russ's heart.
But the Wolf-King was undaunted.
Grabbing the giant's arm as Magnus reared back for another blow.
Russ was brought near to the giant's face, and kicked him squarely in the eye.
Magnus's roar of pain shattered the sky above, and thick black blood began to rain from the heavens.

Russ took his chance, and grabbed his blinded foe about the waist.
Lifting the Cyclops clean off the ground, teeth grinding in a grimace of pain.
The Wolf-King broke the Cyclops' back.
The Thousand Sons, seeing their Primarch broken and cast down, turned and fled.
But as Russ raised the Frostblade Mjalnar to deliver the killing blow,
Magnus gasped a word of power and sank into the iridescent ground."

As for the conclusion of this epic battle, the accounts vary wildly. Some sources maintain that the sorcerers of the Thousand Sons opened a gate into the warp, fleeing into the jaws of Chaos rather than face the fury of the Space Wolves. Some claim that as his quarry escaped, Leman Russ swore an oath that he would destroy the legion to a man. Some claim that the traitor Legion became as ghosts, their diabolic patron protecting them from further harm.

But there are certainties about the flight of the Thousand Sons. They were not destroyed, and they salvaged much of their knowledge and arcane literature. Magnus himself was not killed, as he and his minions have plagued the Imperium for thousands of years since that day. Also, however they escaped, the Thirteenth Company, the Wulfen-Kind, were in pursuit. They have vanished from Imperial records since that time. The Space Wolves honour their loss by a blank stone in the Grand Annulus (qf. *'Observations from the Fang'* by the late Erasmus Bosch, Inq.8726/M40), and the Thirteenth Company has never been replaced.

The Disappearance of Russ

Once every 1,000 years, the ancient Dreadnought Bjorn the Fell-Handed is awoken from his dreamless sleep. He gathers the Chapter's Rune Priests to him, and retells the ancient sagas, testing them on their remembrance of their heritage. The following text is a direct transcription of Bjorn's account of Russ' disappearance, recorded by Vagnai Ravenmane in 7662/M35.

"The Feast of the Emperor's Ascension was as fine as any Space Wolf had seen. In celebration of the Emperor's final victory over the Great Evil One, thousands of his sons joined in the revelry. The torches that lined the walls were as stars in the night sky, and our spirits soared high as the vaulted roofs. The halls rung loud with song and laughter. At the head of the feast, surrounded by his closest friends, sat the Wolf-King himself, Leman Russ.

The Great Primarch climbed once more onto the ancient oaken banqueting table, the very same one on which he had fought the Emperor in a titanic and desperate struggle for his life and pride centuries before. One by one, the raucous voices stopped. Russ's speeches were legendary.

Seconds passed. Then minutes. The Great Hall was as silent as a barrow-tomb. All eyes were fixed on Russ.

But the Primarch made no sound, and his body remained frozen. We who were closest to him could see that his great yellow eyes were glazed over, that his iron muscles were locked in spasm. Slowly a sussuration of noise bled into the natural amphitheatre of the Hall as his warriors questioned what in the Eye of the Kraken could be happening. Surely this was a joke? Surely at any moment our roaring, charismatic King would bellow with deafening laughter, calling for more ale? Was it some kind of challenge, or something worse? We could not tell, and none dared to ask.

Suddenly, Russ fell heavily to his knees, a resounding crack reverberating around the hall and bringing utter silence once more. He turned to his most faithful retainers and, in a voice that no others could hear, not even I, issued his instructions. His face lined with sorrow, he addressed the throng, and his grave words sank deeply into every one of the Space Wolves' souls. As one, Russ and his retinue turned on their heels and strode out of the Great Hall. Only I, the youngest of the Primarch's favoured, was left behind.

Every year hence his place was laid at the feast. Every year his drinking horn was filled should he return. Seven long, painful years passed, and still Russ did not come home to us. It was a bleak time, and many say that the worst of all Helwinters raged outside the walls of the banqueting halls on the night when the Wolf Lords came to their decision. If Russ would not come back to us, then we would find him ourselves. Elected as Great Wolf, I led the Space Wolves in the search for our forefather. And thus the first of the Great Hunts began.

The Companies of the Space Wolves took to their ships, and sailed on different headings far into the Sea of Stars. The tale of the battles we fought and the worlds we discovered is a long one indeed, too long for any time save Allwinter's Eve. But ultimately, our search was in vain, earning nothing more than stories and hollow prophecy. And thus it was that the first Great Hunt ended in sorrow.

It is not unheard of for the spirit of Russ to grant a senior Rune Priest a vision, to speak directly into his mind. Their words are then the words of Russ himself, and it is then that a new Great Hunt is called. Although none have succeeded in our ultimate goal, many victories have been won, and many mighty tasks have been accomplished in the name of Russ. And we are left with the comfort of his final words: at the end he will return to us. For the final battle. For the Wolftime."

Home World

Fenris is a world of pain and hardship, swathed forever in freezing ice or unforgiving fire. It drifts in the far north-west of the galaxy, perilously close to the Eye of Terror, and yet its denizens remain pure. From space it is apparent that the vast majority of Fenris is covered in ice-cold water, and what little land mass there is floats as small islands of frozen earth and snow. Imperial scholars have wondered at the fact that, in the dark, long days of the Fenrisian winter, the oceans freeze over completely, swathing the planet in a hard, white skin.

One small continent is the only area of land that remains stable throughout the years, the land of Asaheim, which sits atop the crest of the world. The planet orbits its sun in a pronounced ellipse; as a direct result, the climate on Fenris ranges from ice cold during the most part of the year to searing heat in the summer. Even at the time when Fenris reaches its perigee, the primary continent remains intact, although it is ravaged by blazing lava and rivers of magma. Tectonic plates grind, mountains are thrown up, and chasms rend deep gashes in the skin of the planet. Yet somehow, amongst the shifting ice floes and fierce tides, the men of Fenris thrive.

As the constant ravages of a cruel and constantly changing climate harden its people, so too does it harden the native species. The prey, such as the herds of giant Fenrisian elk with their majestic and razor-sharp antlers, and the hulking mammoths that can crush a man's body to a pulp, are dangerous indeed. However, extensive observation has revealed the predators of Fenris to be among the most ferocious in the galaxy.

Ancient drakes and wyrms soar on the thermals above the shifting islands, thriving in geothermally heated caves. Sea serpents and kraken haunt the deeps, terrifying tentacled leviathans that can grow thousands of yards in length. The respected Magos Biologis Anatole Leviticus has theorised that these 'kraken', one of which is said to have been caught by Russ himself, are remnants an unsuccessful Tyranid invasion from the past.

Great white bears, raging beasts that weigh as much as an ice shark and are almost invisible in a blizzard, can be found prowling the frozen tundra, fully capable of smashing apart the strongest buildings to feed on the unwary occupants. But most dangerous of all, a predator so advanced that it is known throughout the galaxy, is the Fenrisian wolf. These iron-furred monsters range from the mass of a small horse to that of an armoured personnel carrier, and are possessed of a singular cunning. A brief series of studies proved that their jaws can leave impressions in plasteel. Perhaps the most terrifying thing about these beasts is that they live in packs and, when they are hunting, their prey has little hope of escape.

Given that many Space Wolves wear the pelts of these vicious creatures, having killed one such beast with their bare hands, the warriors of Fenris can be surmised to be mighty indeed. Born into a world of such omnipresent danger, only the toughest can thrive. Few worlds in the breadth of the galaxy hold any fear for the Space Wolves.

Organisation

In defiance of the Codex Astartes, the Space Wolves Chapter is split into twelve Great Companies. Each of these is led by a Wolf Lord, who answers only to the Great Wolf himself (for the last eight hundred years, the position has been occupied by the infamous Logan Grimnar). Each Great Company has its own headquarters or 'lair' within the Space Wolves' Chapter-fortress, the Fang. This mile-high edifice of steel dominates the mountain ranges of Asaheim, and is said to be the most steadfast Imperial fortress outside of Terra. The Fang serves as headquarters, cathedral and fortress to each of the Great Companies. In almost all respects, each of the twelve Companies is a free-standing body of troops, with its own weapons, spacecraft, forges, customs and heroes settled within the depths of the Fang.

These Great Companies take much from their current Wolf Lord, including his name. When the Wolf Lord dies in battle another is chosen to replace him, and so the Company will reinvent itself. This provides a fluid command structure within the Chapter (the mortality rate of Space Wolves is unsurprisingly high, given their yearning for close-quarter fighting, although a few particularly stalwart Wolf Lords have seen out their thousandth year). Each Wolf Lord chooses a symbol from the mythology of Fenris as his personal sigil, and it is this symbol that adorns the Company's banner.

Presiding over the twelve Great Companies is the household of the Great Wolf himself. This is comprised of all the Chapter's most venerable heroes; the Rune Priests, Iron Priests, Wolf Priests and Dreadnoughts. Their badge remains constant; the Wolf that Stalks the Stars, the personal emblem of Leman Russ himself.

Gene-seed

The Space Wolves' gene-seed is as unique as it is deadly. The frightening potency of the first gene-seed to be implanted into an aspiring Son of Russ is legendary, and has accounted for the lives of hundreds of Fenris's warriors; those it does not kill, it transforms into a slavering monster.

The Canis Helix is necessary, however, as without this essential part of Leman Russ' heritage the other gene helices cannot be implanted at all. Unfortunately the genetic coding of the Canis Helix contains a number of acids that are not synthesised by the human body, and they have a dramatic effect on the physique of the potential Space Marine. The ravages of this unique gene first take effect during the aspirant's indoctrination. Ultimately, he is cast out into the wilderness to make his own way back to the Fang. The gene works hideous changes on the warrior's mind and body; he reverts to a primal state where his bones split and buckle, thick hair sprouts from across his body and his only desire is to gorge on fresh meat and glut himself on hot blood. His body mass grows by up to eighty percent, many of his bones fuse, and vestigial fangs sprout from his gums as he undergoes the transformation. Whilst his body is wracked with pain, the warrior must overcome the gene lest it overcomes him. It is common knowledge that the nights of Fenris are prowled by giant, feral creatures, known as the Wulfen, who failed to overcome the curse. To become one of the Wulfen is to fail, and truly become a monster.

If the aspirant manages to find his way back to the Fang across chasms and glaciers populated by snarling predators and blasted by freezing winds, he is implanted with the remainder of the Space Wolves' gene-seed, stabilising the Canis Helix and completing his genetic indoctrination into the ranks of the Sons of Russ. A minority of these warriors do not completely conquer the gene-seed's original effects, however, and in times of great stress, they revert to the hulking, bloodthirsty state that haunts their genetic structure like a ghastly shadow. This is the Curse of the Wulfen, and it is rightly feared.

Beliefs

The warriors of Fenris are brought up on tales of monsters and heroes, sky-straddling wolves and world spanning sea-beasts. They have a proud tradition of storytelling, and value a good tale almost as much as a good fight. The mythology of Fenris is crowded with the deeds of heroes, and many of their legends stem from the Fenrisian Wolves that prowl Asaheim. These pagan beliefs are looked upon with scorn by the Ecclesiarchy, but the Sons of Russ refuse to give up their beliefs even when their fangs are long and their skin weather-beaten and wrinkled. Superstition is rife, and the Space Wolves regularly enter battle festooned with totems and talismans to bring luck and ward off evil spirits.

Central to their belief system is Leman Russ, who they look upon as more than just a man, and to whom they attribute the deeds of a god. Heroes are held in the highest esteem, and none more so than their Primarch, who they believe will return to fight alongside them at the end of the world.

Combat Doctrine

The forces of the Space Wolves have a very different approach to martial strategy from their brother Space Marines. There are several distinct types of squad, or pack, in each Great Company, and each fulfils a different role in battle. As a Space Wolf progresses through his life, he may rise through the ranks until he is old and his fangs are long. If his bravery and might are without question, he will be asked to join the Wolf Guard, or even become a Wolf Lord himself.

Most Space Wolves begin their careers as Blood Claws, hot-headed young warriors who cannot wait to prove themselves, charging in howling packs at the front lines of the enemy in their efforts to garner personal glory. The Blood Claws are the shock troops of the Space Wolves and spearhead the majority of assaults. If they survive to become mature and capable warriors, they will be elevated to the ranks of the Grey Hunters, tempered by battle but nonetheless ready to give their lives in

the name of honour. When the Space Wolves are fully mature, their hair grey and their canines pronounced, they are likely to be inducted into the Long Fangs, veteran soldiers who are disciplined and steady even in the heat of battle, and hence are entrusted with the Company's heavy weapons.

The bravest and strongest of the Space Wolves, after proving themselves in a feat of exceptional valour or martial prowess, may become Wolf Guards. The Wolf Guard either lead less experienced packs of warriors into battle, or form a retinue for the mightiest warrior of the battleforce, the Wolf Lord. Few can stand against these heroic warriors, equipped as they are with the best wargear in the Company's armoury, making them virtually unstoppable in close combat.

The Space Wolves' combat doctrine is unfortunately nowhere near as organised as their brother Chapters. Given that they live for the honour of battle, it is almost certain that the younger Space Wolves will abandon a standard tactical structure in favour of simply rushing headlong at the enemy, howling at the tops of their voices. This has been known to aggravate many allied commanders over the millennia, including Lord Solar Macharius himself, who famously recorded his displeasure in the Tactica Ultimatum.

> "The Blood Claws of the Space Wolves endanger not only themselves but the lives of their comrades in arms. If they are so eager to die, and they will not heed the words of their superiors, then let them rush headlong into the jaws of the lion. We can only hope some of them get caught in its throat."

However, far from being uncontrolled berserkers, the Space Wolves as a Chapter simply relish the thrill of close combat above all else. Nonetheless, their battle tactics are undeniably effective; the Space Wolves have fought in a similar manner on a hundred thousand battlefields since their conception, and are unlikely to stop merely to conform to the precepts of the Administratum.

Battle-cry

The battle-cry of the Space Wolves varies from Great Company to Great Company. However, it is certain that when the assault is launched, every member of the attacking force will raise his voice in a blood-curdling howl.



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BACK TO CODICIUM IMPERIALIS SECTION



WOLVES OF FENRIS

The following volume on the Space Wolves Chapter has been compiled and condensed from the Codex Astartes. This massive tome contains detailed information on all of the Space Marine Chapters, and is kept constantly up to date by Imperial scholars. Each entry in the book is thousands of pages long, and it is therefore impossible to reprint even a fraction of the entry that describes the Space Wolves. After all, the very idea that one could describe the proud history of a Space Marines Chapter in a few pages, or even a few dozen pages, is clearly ludicrous! Instead I have confined myself to giving the reader some idea of how the Chapter was founded and how it is organised. Hopefully this overview will prove of use to those who, like me, study the history and background of the different Space Marine Chapters.

CHAPTER HISTORY

Every Space Marine Chapter reflects the world on which it was raised and the character of its founder. The Space Wolves reflect the world of Fenris and the personality of their Primarch, Leman Russ. The cold, deadly world of Fenris schools its people in survival and constant warfare. The Space Marines, or Space Wolves as they call themselves, are chosen from the best warriors of a warrior race and the most able survivors of a folk for whom each day is a struggle to stay alive. They are hunters and trackers without peer, and fearless warriors for whom dying in battle is the noblest of achievements. They learn early in life that loyalty to their clan and their leader is the highest virtue and carry this loyalty over to their Chapter.

> The unholy ones stand before us and do not fear us. Their bravery is born of ignorance, for they know us not. We are the warriors of FENRIS! Forged by ice and fire. Tempered by battle. We live for WAR! Follow me my brothers, and let us teach these simple-minded fools what we arc made of and let us teach them fear.
>
> ***Ulrik the Slayer, before the cleansing of the Temple of the Precious Gift***

The Creation of the Space Wolves

The Space Wolves were one of the original twenty Space Marine Legions. They were created to take part in the Great Crusade, the Emperor's conquest of the galaxy which established the Imperium as it is today. As part of the Great Crusade the Emperor created a number of genetically engineered super-humans with extraordinary powers, . which he called the Primarchs. Fearing the growing strength of the young Emperor, the powers of Chaos spirited away the Primarchs before they could reach maturity, and scattered them on different planets all across the galaxy. Only later, during the Great Crusades themselves, was the Emperor able to recover all of the Primarchs.

Before then the Emperor was unable to duplicate the long and arduous work which had created the Primarchs. Instead, from the residue genetic helices of the Primarchs the Emperor created twenty Space Marine Legions, each utilising the genetic material derived from one of the Primarchs. Thus the warriors of the First Founding

Legions echoed to some degree the particular strengths and powers of the Primarch whose genes were used to develop their implants. The implants of the Space Wolves were developed from the genetic helix of the Primarch Leman Russ, and so Space Wolves to this day have some of the qualities of this great man.

Leman Russ

As already described, the young Primarchs had been stolen by the powers of Chaos and cast to planets across the galaxy. At this time the Emperor had no idea where they were or even whether they were alive at all. By the time they were recovered during the Great Crusade, the Primarchs had grown into adulthood amongst whatever civilisations existed on the planets where they happened to be. Leman Russ was found and raised upon the planet of Fenris.

The world of Fenris was discovered early on during the Great Crusade, lying, as it does, in the north-western part of the galaxy. The youthful Leman Russ was identified by the Emperor's agents and united with the Space Marine Legion that bore his genes. Legend has it that it was the Emperor himself who finally confronted the barbaric Primarch and won his fealty by defeating him in single combat.

Fenris

The Space Wolves hail from the planet of Fenris, a world of ice and fire that lies on the edge of the Imperium closest to the Eye of Terror, from which come the raiders and despoilers of the foul Chaos gods. For the most part its surface is covered with water, and its tiny land mass is made up of small islands scattered sparsely upon the mighty sea. The only sizeable continent, Asaheim, lies at the north pole.

The climate of Fenris is erratic and deadly, and any life form that survives here has to be tough in order to do so. The planet follows an elliptical orbit round its pale sun. The Great Year, the period it takes Fenris to orbit its sun, is approximately two Earth years. For much of the long year the world is bitterly cold, and when the planet reaches the furthest point from the sun all of its seas are covered with a thick mantle of ice. As the planet sweeps closer to the sun, the Wolf's Eye as it is known swells in the sky and a brief summer blazes. The sky burns as great tectonic plates clash. Blazing islands rise from the sea, lava streaming down their slopes. Volcanoes erupt and churn the oceans. Mighty tidal waves scour the coasts and lands sink as quickly as they rise. Sometimes entire mountain chains erupt and ash clouds black out the sun, creating the conditions of virtual nuclear winter. At other times, when the planet basks in summer, the heat is trapped and greenhouse warming sets in. As continents break apart and new lands erupt from the sea, whole populations take to their longships to settle the newly formed islands or escape the scorched remains of their previously fertile homelands. This continual migration results in constant, bitter warfare as each tribe attempts to take possession of and establish supremacy on the newly formed lands.

Kraken and sea dragons lurk in the depths, surfacing to prey on the unwary. Razor-jawed ripperfish, capable of stripping the flesh from a man in seconds, dwell near the surface. From the warm caves in the islands, mighty dragons emerge to soar on the thermals. In the cold lands of the uttermost north, packs of iron-furred Fenrisian wolves hunt teeming herds of elk and caribou. This deadly world breeds deadly men. Here only the strong survive and the weak perish quickly. Born on such a harsh world, few places in the galaxy hold any terror for the Space Wolves.

The Helwinter

Fenris is one of the deadliest worlds in the Imperium. Its weather is infamous: winters are cold and icy; the brief summers are almost intolerably hot. However, once every few years or so comes the season known as Helwinter. The planet's long orbit takes it far from the sun, and it becomes cold for many standard years. At the same time the planet passes through a swarm of meteors that bombard its surface like a rain of missiles. The contrails of the descending meteorites fill the night skies, and the impacts cause the earth to shake like a frightened beast.

During this period the tribes of Fenris take to their ships and search the icy seas for places of safety. Loading all their possessions onto their longships they navigate through the icebergs in search of harbour. Some make their homes on the very surface of these floating islands of ice. Others are lost to the mighty tidal waves caused by meteorite impact. Many more will die when attacked by ice whales and kraken.

Kraken are the most terrifying monsters of the deep. They come to the surface only during Helwinter, which is just as well, for full grown kraken can measure as much as five miles long with tentacles that lay a full twenty miles. Normally they dwell only in the deepest of ocean trenches but the tectonic shifts caused by the constant meteor impacts disturb them and cause them to rise.

Some have speculated that kraken are the remains of a Tyranid bio-weapon left from the invasion of the Hive Fleet Kraken, hence the name. Others say that they gnaw out the roots of continents and will one day devour all the land.

One of the most ancient tales of Russ tells of how he went fishing one day and caught the Father of Kraken, the legendary monster whose tentacles girdle the world and hold entire continents in their grip. Russ is said to have pulled the monster from the sea by lifting it by its tentacles. When his awed comrades shuddered in terror, Russ declared it was too small and threw it back, saying he would return later when the tiddler was full grown.

Imperial scholars think that this story is mere legend but with a core of truth. Russ may have encountered a kraken and killed one. It would not have been beyond the power of a Primarch such as he. Indeed, this kraken may be the source of the so called kraken's egg, a giant leathery piece of flesh more than fifty foot across that lies within the trophy room of the Fang.

The Lion and the Wolf

The relationship between the many Space Marine Chapters have not always been cordial despite their common loyalties to the Emperor and the Imperium. Ancient rivalries, territorial conflicts and all manner of other circumstances exist to create discord amongst them. Few rivalries, however, are as deep-rooted or as well known as that between the Dark Angels and the Space Wolves.

The Space Wolves maintain that it was Lion El'Jonson, Primarch of the Dark Angels, who began the feud with the Space Wolves. Supposedly the Space Wolves and Dark Angels were fighting alongside each other when, suddenly and without orders, El'Jonson broke ranks and led the Dark Angels into the attack. The Space Wolves found their flank unprotected, and many warriors were slain when the enemy counterattacked. More galling to the proud Leman Russ was the fact that the Dark Angels swept all before them and easily won the battle.

After the conflict, hot-tempered and fearless, Russ stormed after El'Jonson and set about the Dark Angels leader. After a long and close fought battle the two Primarchs collapsed with exhaustion, each swearing vengeance upon the other. Thus began the long and bitter feud between the two Primarchs, which never really ended and which continues to this day, after a fashion. Though the two Chapters have fought alongside each other since, and won

many battles together, their mutual loyalties have done little to dispel their enmity. More than once they have fought each other, and suffered greatly as a result. Yet neither is prepared to forget the vows of vengeance made by their progenitors so many years ago.

The Horus Heresy

The rebellion of Warmaster Horus tore the Imperium apart at its very birth. Horus was the Emperor's most trusted General and commanded almost a third of the forces of the Imperium at the time he rebelled. The conflict set Space Marine against Space Marine as Legions (as the Chapters were then known) sided both for and against Horus. At first, few suspected the heinous evil that was to be revealed as the Horus Heresy, and some Legions stood aside from the conflict unsure of what to do. Some of the Legions that sided with Horus did so out of a sense of loyalty to their old Warmaster. Legend has it that Horus denounced the Emperor and convinced his followers that the leader of humanity had been stricken with a murderous insanity spawned of warp-contagion or worse still, daemonic possession. His loyal troops had no reason to suspect Horus at the time. It was only later that they had cause to regret their decision, for it was Horus who had pledged allegiance to the Chaos gods in return for powers unimaginable to mortals, even such mortals as the Primarchs.

The Space Wolves remained loyal to the Emperor throughout the Heresy and took part in some of its most renowned actions. From those times, ten thousand years ago, come few details of any certainty. It was a time of legends. It was an age of war. Such records as made have not survived, and only later did chroniclers of the Administratum describe the bloody events of those days. According to their own tradition, the Space Wolves were pivotal in one of the early campaigns of the war, when the entire Legion attacked and devastated the Thousand Sons Space Marines on their home world of Prospero. The Primarch of the Thousand Sons, the cyclopean giant Magnus the Red, is said to have fought Leman Russ whilst all around the rival Space Marines battled for supremacy. Eventually the Thousand Sons gave way and Magnus the Red fled with what remained of his forces. It was while pursuing the Thousand Sons that the Space Wolves lost the Thirteenth Company, the Wulfen. Since then the Space Wolves have never had a thirteenth Company nor has any Wolf Lord born the badge of the Wulfen.

The Space Wolves were not present during the final battle for Earth which ended the Heresy and doomed the Emperor to a living death in the stasis field of his Golden Throne. Afterwards, Leman Russ was to rage against events that kept him from his beloved Emperor. He led the Space Wolves deep into the Eye of Terror in pursuit of the renegade Space Marine Legions of Chaos.

With the enthronement of the Emperor came a different age, and the rule of the Imperium passed into the hands of the High Lords of Terra. Both the High Lords and the Primarchs feared the resurgence of Chaos. Many worlds were purged. On many planets the tainted were sought out and destroyed. Everywhere the rapidly expanding ranks of the Inquisition prospered.

Never again would the Imperium tolerate the possibility of Space Marine armies falling under the influence of the great enemy. The original Space Marine Legions were broken up into smaller Chapters and a code was drawn up to redefine their role and jurisdiction within the Imperium. The new Chapters that were created became known as the Second Founding. The Space Wolves were never a very large Legion and so were divided only once, creating the ill-fated Wolfbrothers Chapter.

The Ghost Of Russ

No one knows what happened to Leman Russ. Some say he disappeared in the Eye of Terror while searching for his old friend and rival, the Primarch of the Dark Angels. Some say that he was on a secret mission from the Emperor when he was slain in battle by a Greater Daemon of Chaos, and that his spirit is lost in the warp. Others say that, to this day, he walks disguised among mankind, watching over the people of his Emperor and guarding them from the Power of Chaos.

All that is known is that he vanished on the Feast of the Emperor's Ascension in the year 197 after the Emperor was incarcerated within his Golden Throne. It is said that his eyes glazed over and that he had the look of a man who was overcome with a vision. He rose from the great table, put down his drinking horn, and summoned his most favoured retainers. Of these, only Bjorn the Fell-handed, the youngest, was left behind when he departed.

No one knew where Russ had gone. The Space Wolves waited for his return. Every year his place was laid at the feast table, and every year his great drinking horn was filled in case he should return. Seven years passed and still he did not come.

After seven years the surviving Wolf Lords gathered and elected Bjorn their leader, awarding him the title Great Wolf. Bjorn gathered all of the warriors together in the Great Hall of the Fang, and announced the Great Hunt. Russ's people would seek their master. The Companies took to their ships and sailed in separate directions across the Sea of Stars. They sought him in many worlds and many places. They fought battles and overcame monsters and the tale of their deeds is too long to recount, save on Allwinter's Eve when the Rune Priests gather to chant the sages. They sought and they sought but of Russ they found no sign till eventually they were recalled to Fenris bearing nought but a few dismal prophecies and the tale of their adventure. Thus the first Great Hunt ended in failure and sadness.

Since that day there have been other Great Hunts. Sometimes Russ appears to a Great Wolf in a vision and tells him it is time. Sometimes he haunts the dreams of the Chapter's Rune Priests and their words cause the Great Wolf to declare another Great Hunt. These are times of daring deeds and high adventure when the Chapter takes to the Sea of Stars and seeks their lost leader. They have never been successful but each Great Hunt has achieved some great good.

The second Great Hunt led to the recovery of the Russ's armour from the Temple of Horus on Rudra on the edge of the Eye of Terror. The fourth Great Hunt uncovered the Corellian Conspiracy and foiled its efforts to overthrow the Administration in a bloody coup. The ninth Great Hunt led to the destruction of the Genestealer infested worlds of the Gehenna systems.

It would seem that whenever the ghost of Russ appears to his people he has some mighty task in mind for them. Who knows what the next one will be.

THE MAKING OF A SPACE WOLF

Space Wolves are chosen from the bravest and noblest youths of Fenris. In the constant tribal warfare for possession of land, each youth is given a chance to fight and die in service of his warrior gods, the Emperor and Leman Russ. Space Marines must be selected young for them to have any chance of surviving the difficult transformation from normal human to superbeing. Unwittingly, the tribes aid this process by organising all their young warriors into packs of Wolfbrothers. These packs are always at the forefront of battle, keen to win the honour and respect of their elders. Another more powerful drive also motivates them; the knowledge that while they are Wolfbrothers, the eyes of the gods are upon them and they may be chosen to join the Sons of Russ.

On Fenris, strangers stalk the lands of men. They are a frightening sight; huge, burly warriors with burning eyes, cloaked in the pelts of wolves. In the long halls, tales are told round the fires of mysterious strangers who arrive in the depths of winter and challenge the strongest and most boastful warriors to tests of strength and drinking. The strangers always out-wrestle the strongest Wolfbrothers and out-drink the staunchest. They pick the worthy and take them away into the dark, never to be seen again by friends and kin. No one can stop them either by pleading or force of arms; few would dare even try.

These same mysterious strangers can often be seen standing on the high ground above the field of battle. Sometimes, when the longships come ashore for battle and plunder, they will be watching, and woe betide any warrior foolish enough to try to strike them. Sometimes the strangers descend after the battle and choose the bravest of the combatant Wolfbrothers. Often the chosen ones are on the point of death, but as long as their wounds are to the fore, the strangers do not care. They take the youths away, brooking no interference. Some say they vanish into the lightning, others that a great flying ship comes down to collect them. All know that the warriors have gone to join the gods.

At times a Wolfbrother will perform a feat of tremendous bravery such as harpooning a white whale or slaying a dragon. Then the strangers will appear as if drawn by the rumour of courage. They talk to the youth and assess him, and if he measures up to their deeds the youth too will disappear.

These mysterious strangers are the Wolf Priests of the Space Wolves; the Choosers of the Valiant. The youths they pick will be tested to become Space Wolves; these are known as aspirants. If they succeed, the geneseed of Leman Russ will be implanted in their bodies.

The Questioning

When the aspirants next awake they find themselves in the Halls of the Fang. This is the titanic citadel of the Space Wolves, located at the heart of the northern continent of Asaheim, the one geologically stable area on the planet. They are met by the massed ranks of the Space Wolves, and the Wolf Priest who brought them is nowhere to be seen. The assembled warriors ask them why they think they are worthy to join the Emperor's chosen. The aspirants must respond favourably to this first and gentlest of tests. If they are suitably proud and their bearing is noble, the Space Wolves will continue to ask more and more questions. If the candidate quails before the massed ranks of wolf-fanged giants then he has already failed. He will be taken aside and led into the mountain depths to be given a place among the Chapter's thralls. Having looked upon the interior of the Fang, he can never return to his folk.

The questioning becomes ever more robust and insulting and the aspirant is expected to rise to the challenge, to give as good as he gets. If he does not then once more he has failed. If he does well, then after the questioning he is dismissed to a cold bare chamber, there to meditate upon his fate.

The assembled Space Wolves will, meanwhile, discuss the aspirant. If they decide he is worthy then he will be given the chance to become a member of the Space Wolves. If not, then he becomes a thrall. Only one aspirant in ten is given the chance to become a Son of Russ.

The Feasting

If the aspirant is chosen he is led into a darkened chamber and laid down upon a blood-stained slab. The Wolf Priest re-enters and the operation to implant the geneseed and the extra organs that go to make a Space Marine begin. When the aspirant awakens he finds himself once again in the Great Hall. He is welcomed with a roar and applause and settles down to the feasting table. He is told that he must eat a whole elk and drink a barrel of ale, as Russ once did. The aspirant is given no choice, and must keep eating and drinking. Plate after plate of steaming meat is brought to him; tankard after tankard of foaming ale is raised to his lips. He must keep eating for his new brothers will give him no respite. Eventually the young aspirant will pass out, drunk on strong ale and gorged on venison, his stomach full to the point of being distended. His last memory is usually being put to sleep in a soft bed. This is truly a warrior's paradise, he thinks.

The Blooding

When the aspirant awakens he is freezing cold. He lies naked in the snow with a knife of meteoric iron close at hand. He is feverish and distressed. His head throbs and his muscles ache. His gums bleed and his mouth burns. Near him stands the Wolf Priest that selected him, who tells the aspirant that the true test has now begun. To prove himself worthy he must make his way back to the Fang and gain entrance. He is now at the other side of the continent, a thousand miles away from home. The Wolf Priest disappears and the aspirant is truly on his own.

Although the aspirant does not know it, the feast had a purpose. The geneseed is beginning to work on his body, rushing through it and restructuring it. Muscle mass is being added, bones are beginning to fuse together, and the very structure of his brain is beginning to alter, quickening his reactions and heightening his perceptions. Vestigial fangs are starting to emerge. The venison provides the raw protein for this, and the sacred ale was laced with the necessary trace chemicals to fuel the change.

The aspirant knows none of this. He is wracked with pain and his body stretches and grows. His mind is haunted by visions and sanity fades. He becomes wolf-like, feral, maddened by agony and hunger. Now is the worst time, he is constantly hungry because his changing body needs more and more nourishment if it is to sustain growth. Failure to provide this will be fatal as his body begins to cannibalise itself.

These first few days are the most critical. The aspirant must feed often. He is usually left near a source of food such as an elk herd. Near mindless, he must hunt them down, eat their raw flesh and drink their blood. Some aspirants, unable to meet the challenge, perish. Some, whether due to some flaw in themselves or the geneseed, never get beyond this stage. They become mindless creatures, with an animal's cunning. They continue to grow and hunger for flesh, eventually becoming Wulfen, the most feared monsters on Fenris. Others only partially overcome this stage, and in later life will revert to the Wulfen state in times of crisis.

The Returning

If the aspirant survives the First few days then his sanity and intelligence slowly return. He looks on the world anew and finds it changed. His senses are keener. He can see for ten miles, hear the crack of a twig a league away, smell the musk trails of deer and wolf. He finds he has grown strong beyond the imagining of a mortal man, able to uproot trees and run for days without tiring. He is almost immune to the biting chill. He recalls who he is and how he came to where he is, which is just as well, for he will need all a man's intelligence as well as the superhuman powers of a Space Marine to cover the distance to the Fang. The land is full of danger from wild beasts, awful weather, and the constant threat of landslide and avalanche.

The elks of Fenris are huge beasts, standing near twelve foot at the shoulder, with razor sharp antlers ten foot

across. They can easily trample a hunter to death and one sweep of their horns can disembowel a man. There are huge white bears, savage engines of destruction twenty foot tall, weighing many tons. Most feared of all are the packs of Fenrisian Wolves, one of the most vicious predators in the known galaxy. The smallest of these great grey wolves are the size of ponies, and the oldest can attain the size of a Rhino armoured personnel carrier. They are amazingly intelligent and always voraciously hungry. Their pack tactics make them the most efficient hunters on the surface of the world. Working together, they isolate and hunt down even the largest prey.

It is these wolves that make Asaheim virtually uninhabitable to man, and tales of these red-eyed, howling beasts are used to quieten unruly children in the Islands. The legend goes that in ancient times mankind lived on Asaheim and grew weak and decadent. Russ saw this and was most displeased, and in his anger unleashed his wolves and they drove man out of his ancestral home. Only when folk are worthy enough to drive out the wolves will they be able to reclaim their land.

To combat the cold, the aspirants make themselves clothing from the hides of their prey and attach their ceremonial knives to branches to make spears. Then they begin to cross the land, passing through wolf-haunted forests and over freezing plains. Slowly the land rises before them and the Fang comes into view, visible hundreds of miles away. To reach their destination the aspirants must now climb cliffs and traverse glaciers. In the mountains the aspirants encounter dragons and blood eagles. Food becomes scarce. Many aspirants die on this pilgrimage. Those who do not will eventually find themselves before one of the Fang's many gates. Here, at the heart of the northern continent, where the mountains meet over the pole, they will see the Fang in all its glory for the first time.

Warriors are assembled at the gate to greet the aspirants. This time their applause has no irony. They are welcomed as a brother. The Great Wolf takes their oath of fealty and they are invited anew to another feast. After this their real training begins. New organs are implanted, changing them even more. But from the moment that they reach the Gates Of Fenris they have become Space Wolves.

THE FANG

The Fang, the famed Citadel of the Space Wolves, is a great tower that rises above the atmosphere of Fenris.

The foothills of this huge artificial mountain cover hundreds of miles, and the Fang itself rises up twenty-five miles, a dagger driven into the belly of the sky, towering out of the planet's atmosphere. It is one of the mightiest citadels in the Imperium outside the fortified world of Earth. The citadel is fortified with resistant armour and cloaked with void shields more powerful than any starship's. Great weapon bays point defence lasers at the distant stars. A huge geo-thermal spike runs down the core of the mountain and provides power for the Chapter's weapons and workshops. The mountain is crowned with a spaceport large enough for entire space fleets to be re-fitted. Thousands of miles of corridor wind down into the mountain's dark heart where the Iron Priests and their servitors craft weapons forged in fire from the planet's molten heart.

Famous Battles of the Fang

It is one of the greatest Citadels of the Imperium, and several times during its long history it has almost fallen to enemies. The first time was during the 32nd Millennium, after the end of the Horus Heresy. Magnus the Red, Primarch of the Thousand Sons, determined to take revenge for the devastation of his home world Prospero by Leman Russ and his followers, launched a series of devastating raids on the worlds near Fenris. Great Wolf Harek Ironhelm sought for many years to bring Magnus to battle. Several times Magnus appeared to him as a vision

among the ruins of devastated cities and taunted the Great Wolf for his inability to stop him. After many fruitless efforts to catch up with the raiders, Harek became obsessed and took to searching worlds along the edge of the Eye of Terror itself. Eventually he found what he believed to be the Thousand Sons' secret base on Gangava and launched a full-scale attack against it.

In this he was deceived. Gangava was held by a strong garrison of Chaos forces allied to Magnus but these were a distraction. Even as Harek attacked Gangava, the fleet of the Thousand Sons and their Chaotic levies appeared in orbit over Fenris. The Fang was held only by a skeleton force of Space Wolves and their thralls. For forty days and forty nights the Thousand Sons assaulted the Citadel. Bjorn the Fell-Handed, most ancient of the Space Wolves' Dreadnoughts, was awoken from his long sleep and took charge of the defence. Under Bjorn's direction the Space Wolves fell back to the innermost chambers of the Fang, collapsing the tunnels as they went. Simultaneously, a force of Scouts, under Haakon Blackwing, managed to escape from the Citadel and take ship to Gangava, bringing word of the siege to Harek.

Harek was overcome with fury and shame at his folly and immediately returned to Fenris, taking the Space Wolves with him. Finally, on the slopes of the Fang itself, he met Magnus in battle. The evil Primarch was too strong for him and slew Harek, but not before taking a terrible wound himself. The Thousand Sons withdrew before the blood-mad Space Wolves. Harek was buried on the upper slopes of the Fang, and his crypt is now a shrine. It is said that when Rune Priests undergo their ordeal of initiation they must make a pilgrimage there and be warned by the spirit of Harek against trusting visions granted by Chaos.

CHAPTER ORGANISATION

The Space Wolves are organised in a very different manner to most other Space Marine Chapters. The Chapter dates from the First Founding and its structure owes more to the personality of Leman Russ than it does to the Codex Astartes. It also reflects the preferred fighting style and social organisation of the native Fenrisians.

The Space Wolves Chapter is made up of a dozen Great Companies, all of whom owe allegiance to the Chapter's commander, the Great Wolf. Space Wolf Great Companies are rather larger than the companies found in other Space Marine Chapters and are much more self-sufficient. In most ways, each Great Company is a separate army in its own right, and it is very rare for members of one Great Company to be placed under the command of leaders from another. All Space Wolves are headstrong and in the past this has even led to a Wolf Lord forswearing his oath of fealty to the Great Wolf and striking out on his own. This last happened in 815.M41, when Great Wolf Sven Ironhand revoked his oath and led his Great Company into exile on the Eastern Fringes. He was declared outlaw by Logan Grimnar, and a new Great Company was raised to replace the one that was lost. Some say that Sven went on to carve out an Empire in the Eastern Fringes and rules there to this day.

Each Great Company has its own lair within the Fang and its own allocation of starships and weapons. Each company is led by a Wolf Lord and his circle of advisors. The company is known by the name of its Wolf Lord, and will often be identified by the runes which form his name in the Fenrisian language. Each Wolf Lord takes as his totem one of the legendary wolves of Fenris, which according to legend were tamed by Leman Russ in ancient times. The Wolf Lord's totem becomes the insignia of his Great Company and will be worn upon the armour of his followers. When a Wolf Lord dies his replacement chooses a new insignia for the Company. This means that the name and insignia of each Great Company are constantly changing, a fact that has caused some confusion amongst Imperial scholars in the past. For example, Ragnar's Great Company is named after its Wolf Lord Ragnar Blackmane, who took as his totem the Blackmane Wolf, the Howler in the Night. Previously the Great Company was known as Barek's Great Company, after its Wolf Lord Barek Thunderfist, and it bore as its insignia the

Thunderwolf, who is said to still run before Russ around Fenris, the sound of its paws being the thunder, the glint of its teeth the lightning.

Tales are told of a thirteenth Great Company whose Wolf Lord took as his sign the pelt of the Wulfen, the legendary spirit of evil whose curse can still turn Space Wolves into monsters of that name. This Wolf Lord, his name has been lost to the ages, said that he could overcome anything, even the curse of the Wulfen, and that was why he took it as his totem. His hubris cost him dear; the Great Company vanished into the Eye Of Terror during the Horus Heresy, and none know of its fate. Since then the Space Wolves have traditionally considered the number thirteen unlucky and a portent of bad omen.

In addition to the Great Companies there is the household of the Great Wolf himself, within whose walls dwell the Chapter's priests and Dreadnoughts. The emblem of the Great Wolf's company is always the wolf rampant, the wolf that stalks the stars; the emblem of Russ himself. When a new Great Wolf is elected his followers from his Great Company will either replace their old insignia with the sign of the Wolf Rampant, or add the sign to their armour so that they bear both their old sign and their new one. The current Great Wolf is Logan Grimnar, one of the Imperium's longest serving warriors. This cunning and fierce warlord has led the Space Wolves for over five centuries.

Each Great Company is made up of various elements. The company is led by its Wolf Lord, who has a personal retinue of picked warriors, the Wolf Guard. The majority of troops in the company are Grey Hunters, warriors of proven ability. Also present are packs of youthful and glory-hungry Blood Claws, as well as wiser, older Long Fangs.

With the exception of the Wolf Guard, warriors of the Great Companies fight in squads known as packs. These packs are formed when an aspirant is accepted into the Space Wolves, and the members of the pack will usually remain together for the duration of their service. New members are never added to a pack, and this means that the members of a Long Fang pack were inducted and have fought together throughout their long service with the Chapter. In battle, Space Wolves risk their lives for their pack-brothers without a second thought. This creates debts of honour and friendship that may take centuries to repay. Even after pack-brothers have moved on, these bonds remain, binding the members of a Great Company together with chains of honour and loyalty stronger than tempered steel.

It is easy to tell a Space Wolves Space Marine's role by his appearance. Space Wolves grow progressively more grey-haired as they grow older; their fangs become longer and their skins become even more tanned and leathery. The veterans, called Long Fangs, are the Company's long range support troops. The mature warriors are Grey Hunters who are used in a variety of roles. The youngest and least experienced troops are the Blood Claws, whose role is to act as assault troops.

The structure of a Space Wolf Great Company is less formalised than that of many other Chapters. Forces are organised on a temporary basis with whatever troops seem necessary assigned to the task. If any man has the specialised skill needed to do the job, he will be listened to regardless of his rank. The Space Wolves are a band of brothers and their leaders are first amongst equals; they hold their position because they have the respect and trust of their comrades. It is true that many of the Wolf Lords are held in awe by their men but the forces of the Chapter resemble a warrior band more than a formalised army. Because of this there are no Sergeants in a Space Wolves force; instead the most respected warrior in a pack will act as the pack leader. On a battlefield, leadership falls to whichever senior warrior is present. Thus, depending on circumstance, Space Wolves can be led by Wolf Priests, Wolf Guard, Rune Priests or simply the most respected warrior in the band.

The Space Wolves are sometimes seen by outsiders as being less disciplined than other warriors of the Imperium, but this is not really true. Every man knows his task and knows the honour of his unit depends on him performing it well. As war blazes across the Imperium the Space Wolves are always found in the forefront of battle, keen to get to grips with the foe, frost blades at the ready, mighty howling battle-cries drowning out the screams of the enemy. In battle they always follow Russ1 maxim: conquer or die!

LEADERS AND UNITS OF THE SPACE WOLVES

Below are described all of the different warriors and units which make up the Space Wolves Chapter. As has already been noted, the Space Wolves do not follow the precepts laid down by Roboute Guilliman in the Codex Astartes, and nowhere is this more evident than in the unique selection of unit types and leaders that make up the Chapter.

Wolf Lords

The Wolf Lord is a Great Company's finest leader, chosen by acclamation of the Company from the ranks of the Wolf Guard. Bravest of the brave, mightiest of the mighty, the Wolf Lord leads the Company, and all its warriors owe him their fealty.

The Wolf Lord is selected from the ranks of the Wolf Guard on the death of the previous Wolf Lord. His fellow Wolf Guard make the choice after having consulted with the Long Fangs and Priests, and their choice is respected by all. He is a man who has proved himself time and again in battle, who has performed many exceptional feats of heroism and who has also shown wisdom and cunning in battle. The warriors that follow him have total faith in his honour and courage.

Each Wolf Lord vies with the others for glory and a place in the Chapter's sagas. This competitiveness is reflected by their followers, who maintain a fierce rivalry with the other Great Companies. This often manifests itself in a desire to be the first to reach an objective during a campaign but is at its most evident during the great tournaments and drinking contests held on Fenris. Here representatives of each company vie with each other in races, wrestling matches, hunts and shooting contests. Much honour and gold is won and lost in the wagering. Sometimes this competitiveness leads to friction and the Wolf Priests must step in and arbitrate.

Wolf Priests

Where other Chapters have both Apothecaries and Chaplains, the Space Wolves have their Wolf Priests. The Wolf Priests are amongst the most revered men of the Chapter and are responsible only to the Great Wolf himself. They are hard, grim men, knowledgeable in the sagas of the Chapter's history. They recruit new brothers, oversee their training and minister to their spiritual needs. Wolf Priests are also wise in the ways of medicine. In battle they use these skills to ease the suffering of wounded comrades. They are responsible for performing the benedicto ultimatus and removing the geneseed of fallen Space Wolves.

Wolf Priests are chosen from the .anks of the Long Fangs. Becoming a Priest means severing all ties with their former pack-brothers and Great Company. It is a great loss, and they are mourned as dead by those they leave behind. To symbolise this they take on a new name when they don the sacred skull-embossed armour. This is important, for the Wolf Priests must be seen as impartial for they arbitrate in any dispute among the Companies. A convocation of Wolf Priests advises the Great Wolf on matters of Chapter law and discipline.

The Wolf Priests guard the Chapter's genetic seed, bio-culturing new implants and maintaining the vigour of the strain by weeding out any weakness or mutation. Their knowledge is deep, and for many centuries they have studied the effects of the cursed Wulfen gene helix in a search for a way to modify it and make safe the Chapter's genetic seed. However, their efforts have only succeeded in preventing the curse spreading, and it is unlikely that the damage can ever be repaired completely.

At least one Wolf Priest always stalks the surface of Fenris seeking promising new candidates to recruit into the ranks of the Space Wolves. Wolf Priests perform the ritual implanting of the geneseed and supervise every aspect of training the aspirants. Wolf Priests are the first Space Marines any new recruit has dealings with, and they sternly supervise their development. During training, Space Wolves gain an almost religious respect for these grim old men that never leaves them. A brawl between drunken Space Wolves can be broken up by a single word from a Wolf Priest. It is said that a Wolf Priest's face is the first and last that Space Wolves ever see. They look on it for the first time when they are recruited and for the final time when the Wolf Priest performs the benedicto ultimatus.

Rune Priests

Rune Priests are selected from those Space Wolves who show traces of psychic power. They are carefully screened to make sure their souls are untainted by the dark powers, then their spirits are strengthened by many tests, hardships and rituals. They must be utterly strong, secure enough in their faith to resist the whispered temptations of Chaos that all psykers must face. If they come through all the tests then they are deemed worthy of becoming a Rune Priest and are taught how to wield their awesome psychic energies for the good of their battle-brothers. If they fail, they die.

The Rune Priests have the gift of the Sight granted to the Emperor's chosen. By their gift of divination they chart the Chapter's future, and by their knowledge of the sagas they fix the Chapter's past. The Space Wolves keep no written history; their records are committed to the memories of the Rune Priests who learn all the sagas of the old days. These are recited on the Chapter's feast days and during the Festival of the Wolf Time that commemorates the Chapter's founding. This is held every twelve Great Years.

The cult of Russ is old, dating back to the time of the first founding and predating the establishment of the Adeptus Terra. To outsiders, its rituals seem primitive and almost heretical. They stress the power of Russ almost as much as the divinity of the Emperor. At the core of the faith are many prophecies concerning the Space Wolves and the natives of Fenris. Central to its tenants is the belief that the forces of evil will gather and return under the leadership of a resurrected Horus to destroy mankind. It is the duty of the Space Wolves to prepare for this last day, to be ready for the final battle. The Cult Of Russ teaches that the spirit of every warrior who dies bravely in battle joins the Emperor and strengthens him to fight this final battle. This is a grim, savage religion with the power to stir warriors to feats of great heroism.

A Rune Priest begins as a Skald. He is expected to learn the tale of a company's history, starting from its earliest days to the present. Every Great Year he will be assigned to a new Company to learn its sagas. Once he has learned the tale of each company he will be sent to whichever Rune Priest needs an apprentice and his training in the deeper mysteries begins. He learns to carve runes from the fangs of a wolf and is taught how to cast the Runes Of Divination. His armour is covered in runes of power which help focus his energies and allow the Rune Priest to focus his psychic powers in combat. As he progresses, he learns the sagas that tell the tales of the Chapter's Wolf Lords and heroes right back to the time of the First Founding. He will grow in strength and power until eventually

he may replace the old and failing Rune Priest. At every Wolf Time festival, great contests of saga-telling and psychic duelling are held to determine if a new High Rune Priest will be chosen. He is the leader of the Chapter's Rune Priests and advisor to the Great Wolf.

Many Rune Priests are psyber-linked to ravens. These creatures are known as the Choosers of the Slain by the Space Wolves, after their distant cousins seen circling over the battlefields of Fenris. The link allows the Rune Priest to see with the animal's eyes and control their actions. The ravens are freed to gather information from far and wide, and can also be used as messengers. The ravens are also used to observe the aspirants as they wander the land of Asaheim during the Blooding.

A full Rune Priest is an awesome sight. They are giant, weatherbeaten men, about whom hangs an aura of mystical power. Their armour is covered in ancient runes first carved by Russ himself, and when their powers are used these runes glow with balefire, focusing the Rune Priest's psychic energy. They are often cowled with the hides of a great white wolf and lean on the mighty oak runestaves that are seen as their badge of office. These staffs are made from wood taken from trees raised in the soil of ancient Earth back in the days when trees still grew wild upon that planet. They are highly prized treasures which gradually absorb the psychic imprint of their owner, becoming ever more closely tailored to his mind. It is said that if the Rune Priest lives to a great age his staff becomes a living part of him, and after his death the staff lives on, preserving something of his thoughts and powers.

Iron Priests

On Fenris, the Forgemasters are men set apart from the bulk of the population by their knowledge of weapon making and ironwork. The secrets of smithing are passed from father to son. Forgemasters are organised into the mysterious Guild of Smiths, which has links to the Iron Priests of the Space Wolves. Iron Priests are chosen from the apprentices of Forgemasters in secret rituals on the Isles of Iron. Here candidates are picked both by Wolf Priest and Iron Priest. They do not face the mass questioning of the massed Space Wolves but are instead examined by the Master Iron Priest himself, and their knowledge of the mysteries is tested.

To prove their courage they must place their hand into the blazing mouth of a great forge cast in the shape of a grinning Wolf's Head. This is the ultimate test where the aspirant must sacrifice part of his own flesh to achieve unity with the Machine-God. When the blackened stump is removed it is replaced with a servo-gauntlet grafted directly onto the aspirant's hand and linked to his central nervous system. The Machine-God has entered the aspirant's body and he has begun a lifelong journey to understanding its mysteries.

Iron Priests must undergo the ritual of the Blooding exactly like any other aspirant, and they then spend a period of training under the supervision of the Wolf Priests where they learn the use of weapons. At the end of this time they are sent on a pilgrimage to the Forge-World of Mars, where they undergo training with the Tech-Priests of the Adeptus Mechanicus. Here they learn many of the secrets of the Machine Cult.

During this time they may also acquire many bionic enhancements, symbolic of their unity with the Machine-God, and useful to any artificer. When they return to the Chapter they take their place among the ranks of the Iron Priests, looking after the many technical systems of the Fang, supervising building and engineering projects, and all of the myriad of complex technical tasks that are undertaken every single day. In their own workshops they create all of the fine mechanical artifacts and wargear used by the warriors and Priests of the Chapter. The Iron Priests also create Servitor workers, half-human and half-machine creatures which are task-adapted and almost mindless. They serve the Iron Priests and sometimes act as bodyguards in battle. Iron Priests seldom take a direct

hand in the fighting but their position within the Machine Cult means that they are well equipped with strange and exotic weapons seldom carried by other warriors.

The Iron Priests are mysterious figures to their battle-brothers. They possess strange skills and obscure knowledge from the elder days and their concerns seem remote and unworldly. They do not take part in any of the great contests and many of their rituals are secret even from their fellow Space Wolves. They are outsiders, even as the smiths are on the world of Fenris. Perhaps because of this, they are not resented. Their brother Space Marines see them as occupying the same position as the mysterious weapon makers did in their old society.

Dreadnoughts

Closest to the Iron Priests are the Dreadnoughts, ancient battle machines inhabited by the shrivelled bodies of crippled Long Fangs and Wolf Guard. When dormant these machines are tended by the Iron Priests; when they awake, the young priests listen to their stories of ancient days. For the Dreadnoughts are virtually immortal and have often been alive for a millennium or more, linked as they are to the life-support systems of their armoured carapace. These systems will keep the Dreadnought alive even if it is disabled in battle, and only the near complete destruction of the suit can cause the death of its wearer.

Bjorn the Fell-Handed is the oldest living creature on Fenris. He is almost as old as the Primarchs of the Chaos Space Marine Legions, and they are the oldest known living things in the galaxy, with the exception of the Emperor himself.

Bjorn walked at the side of Russ himself, and was the first Great Wolf of the Chapter after the Primarch disappeared. He led the Space Wolves on the first Great Hunt, the Chapter's epic but fruitless quest to find Russ, and it was he who reluctantly gave the order to cease the Hunt, when it became obvious that Russ was not to be found. As the first Great Wolf he was instrumental in resisting the attempts of the newly created Administration to force the Space Wolves to accept the dictates of the Codex Astartes, even going as far as to threaten to rebel if the Administration persisted. Such was the fragile state of the fledgling Imperium that the Administration withdrew its demands. Thus was the unique nature of the Space Wolves preserved.

Bjorn's heroic career as a Great Wolf was cut tragically short during the Proxima Rebellion when he heroically led a raid to free brother Space Wolves trapped in the embattled Dreadsun Fortress. The raid was successful but Bjorn suffered so many wounds that he was left paralysed and crippled, and not even the best efforts of the Wolf Priests could save him. Eventually, to preserve his life, what was left of his shattered body was transplanted into a Dreadnought.

For the nest five hundred years or so, Bjorn was constantly in the forefront of battle whenever the Space Wolves fought. He distinguished himself on Algol Nine when he slew the Daemon Thran'saba, and saved the Planetary Governor from sacrifice. On the desert world of Quaran he slew the Ork Warlord Makrina and thus broke the Waaagh-Makrina. On the Hiveworld of Thranx he slew the rogue psyker Vornalan and thus averted a terrible rebellion. Slowly, though, the years took their toll on this proud and ancient warrior, and he took to spending longer and longer periods dormant, in stasis sleep. Given his exemplary record and long history of dedication to the Chapter, his fellow Space Wolves left him undisturbed.

Since then Bjorn has been lovingly maintained by the Iron Priests of the Chapter, and is revered almost as much as Russ, as a living link with the Chapter's distant founding. Every thousand years he is awoken and tests the Chapter's Rune Priests on their knowledge of the sagas. He is only otherwise woken during periods of great crisis,

when the Space Wolves have need of every warrior, or when his, particular brand of wisdom and knowledge is sought after.

Other Dreadnoughts are not so ancient but are nearly as revered. They dwell apart from the Great Companies in a chamber within the Halls of the Great Wolf where they are available to him at an instant's notice.

The Wolf Guard

The Wolf Guard are the elite warriors of the Great Company. They are the pack brothers of the Wolf Lord himself, his companions and most trusted friends.

They have access to the Chapter's sacred Terminator suits as well as many personalised weapons. The Terminator suits are ancient artefacts, giant suits of the mightiest power armour, forged by the ancients and handed down from generation to generation. The honour of wearing one is much sought after by the warriors.

A warrior can only become a Wolf Guard by performing an exceptional feat of heroism such as defeating overwhelming odds in hand-to-hand combat, storming an enemy position single-handed or slaying a particularly mighty foe. A Space Wolves Space Marine can become part of the Wolf Guard at any age; a Blood Claw is as eligible as a Long Fang. It is by his deeds that he is selected, not his age. They must have proved themselves to be the bravest of the brave, since to become a Wolf Guard is the highest honour the Chapter can bestow.

In battle the Wolf Guard may form a small elite unit that acts as a bodyguard for the Wolf Lord, Priest or battle leader, or they are used to lead individual packs of Space Wolves, who welcome such heroes of the company into their ranks like long-lost brothers. A Wolf Guard has the pick of the weapons from the Space Wolves arsenal and is permitted to fight in whatever way suits him best; for most Wolf Guard this is in deadly hand-to-hand combat.

Long Fangs

Long Fangs are the eldest of the Space Wolves, grizzled veterans of a thousand combats. Due to a quirk in the Space Wolves' geneseed, their canine teeth grow throughout their life so these men have, quite literally, long fangs. They are like old oak trees, gnarled survivors of countless storms.

In their youth they hungered for honour as any Space Wolf does, eager to earn a place in the sagas. Now, after countless wars, their experience stands as a mountain, commanding awe and respect from those of lesser years. Their saga is almost complete. The hot steel of youth has been tempered by honour, the reward of glory, leaving a keen yet finely balanced warrior, as wise in battle as he is strong of arm.

Long Fangs see it as their duty to pass on their lore and to temper the headstrong battlelust of their younger battle brothers. Their cool under fire is legendary. Often Long Fangs have held the battlefield and triumphed after all others have died or fled. Although silver-haired, the Long Fangs are every bit as fit and strong as their younger brethren, and these hard bitten warriors are still able to show the younger Space Wolves a thing or two in a fight.

Long Fang units carry more heavy weapons than any other type of Space Wolves unit. They watch over their rash young battle brothers and give them supporting fire, using missile launchers, heavy bolters, lascannon and other heavy weapons to cut down the enemy from long range. Their cool heads and age-honed stealth are the very qualities that make for crack shots.

Grey Hunters

Usually by the time Blood Claws develop their first grey hairs the fury of the Blooding has receded, leaving them cunning and rational, as wily and deadly as wolves. They can control the urge to get straight to grips with the foe and are ready for the next stage in their initiation into the Chapter. They are sent out into the Hyperborean Wastes that lie to the west of the Fang to kill a Grey Wolf. The Grey Wolves do not grow as large as a true Fenrisian Wolf, but are nonetheless vicious predators, so a duel with one is far from one sided, even for a Space Marine. The Grey Hunter is expected to run the beast down and break its neck with his bare hands. He returns with the pelt as proof of his victory. Usually some part of the wolf skin is incorporated into his ceremonial dress or worn as a lucky charm.

The Grey Hunters make up the bulk of any force fielded by the Chapter. These are Space Marines in their prime, tempered by battle yet still hungry for a place in the Wolf Guard. They are men with a desire to win glory and they have the ability to do so. They are proud and fierce warriors who have acquired all the skills needed to see them through any combat. They are normally armed with a good mix of bolters, grenades and close combat weapons. They eschew heavy weapons like missile launchers in favour of tactical mobility.

In battle, the Grey Hunters stalk the enemy and blast at them from close range with their bolters before closing in to tear them apart in close combat. The battle ploys and cunning of the Grey Hunters are legendary. Often they will feign weakness, luring the enemy forward and then pouncing upon their foe. It is their uncanny calm and patience that distinguishes the mature warrior from the fiery young Blood Claw. When the moment comes, the Grey Hunters leap at their foe with the elation of a savage beast that has long stalked its prey and senses blood at last.

Blood Claws

Blood Claws are the youngest and most ferocious of the Space Wolves. Having only recently acquired the honour of a place in a Great Company they have the most to prove. The memories of the Blooding are still strong in them and they still possess the primitive animal fury that carried them through their time of trial. In battle, their lust for combat sometimes overcomes their discipline and they desire nothing more than to get into close combat with the enemy. They can be found in the thick of any fight, howling their blood-freezing battlecries. Blood Claws are particularly noted for their blood-mad, howling charges. Even the staunchest foe can be overwhelmed by these battle-crazed rushes. After dispatching a foe in single combat it is traditional for them to tear out his heart with their bare hands, and so literally blood their claws.

Wolf Lords make good use of the Blood Claws' ferocity by ensuring that they are well equipped with grenades, chainswords, plasma pistols and other weapons for close assault and using them as assault squads that lead the rest1 of the company into battle. Blood Claws are also found acting as a mobile strike force, mounted on bikes or using jump packs. The latter is not much favoured by older Space Wolves, but Blood Claws will use them; anything to get them among the enemy as quickly as possible.

Wolf Scouts

Wolf Scouts are very different to the scouts fielded by other Space Marine Chapters, a fact that has caused some confusion amongst Imperial scholars in the past. In most other Chapters new battle brothers are inducted into the Scout Company first, and it is there that they learn the skills required to become a full Space Marine. This is not the

case with the Space Wolves, where new aspirants become Blood Claws upon joining the Chapter.

Instead, in the Space Wolves Chapter, certain battle brothers are promoted to join the Scouts, in a similar manner that others are promoted to the Wolf Guard. However, promotion to the Scouts is based on the warrior's natural character and aptitude, rather than being in recognition of a feat of valour. Certain Space Wolves are simply not well suited to the close-knit and boisterous brotherhood of the pack. Instead they are solitary people who yearn for wide open spaces and isolation. They are taciturn men of few words, whose soul is touched by the call of the wild.

Such Space Wolves can be very disruptive to the smooth running of a pack, and as soon as they are identified by the keen senses and understanding of a Wolf Priest they will be asked if they wish to become a Wolf Scout. Most accept readily, though some are loath to leave their pack-brothers, especially if they owe debts of honour as yet unpaid. In such circumstances they will be counselled by the Wolf Priest until they understand that it would be for the best for all if they left. Any debts that they might owe will be called void, for all know that they will serve their brothers well in the Scouts.

To mark his transition to a Scout the warrior undergoes a ritual to find his Were-Spirit. The initiate must fast for several days, all the time attended by a Wolf Priest. When the time is right, the Wolf Priest calls upon the services of a Rune Priest who, with the aid of a potent hallucinogenic brew, guides the initiate into the spirit realm. There the Space Marine will soul-bind with one of the Were-Spirits of Fenrisian myth. According to Fenrisian tradition these creatures embody the traits and characteristics of the different animals that inhabit Fenris. By binding with such a creature one gains some of the traits of the living creature. Those that bind with the Were-Spirit of the Blood Eagle are said to be blessed with extraordinarily acute eyesight, for example, while one that binds with the Were-Spirit of the Snow Leopard will become unusually fleet of foot. Once the Scout has been bound with his Were-Spirit he is considered to have become a full-fledged Wolf Scout, and can never be accepted back into the Chapter proper. To mark the change, the Scout will have tattoos applied to his body. He may collect and wear totems to show the Were-Spirit to which he has bound.

Wolf Scouts are equipped with lighter weapons and armour than that worn by their battle brothers in the Great Companies. They are used to range ahead of a Space Wolves army, using stealth and infiltration to catch their foe unawares and cause maximum confusion amongst the enemy. Packs of Scouts will often be dropped deep behind enemy lines, from where they wage an ongoing guerrilla war, striking at the enemy when least expected, and then vanishing back into the wilderness that is their natural home. It is not unknown for Scout packs to operate like this for months, and in some cases years at a time. Such is the nature of a Wolf Scout that they do not find such a lonely duty onerous; indeed they seem to prefer such missions, as they call for little contact with anyone other than the victims that die silently at their hands.

Thralls & Servitors

The whole population of the Fang is supported by the thralls, failed aspirants and other native Fenrisians who have seen the inside of the fortress and cannot be allowed to return home. They are given honourable positions as warriors and guardians of the Space Wolves' home, and are trained to drive and maintain vehicles and spacecraft and use weapons. They are effectively Fenris' planetary defence force. Thralls are adopted by the Great Companies and have the position of privileged retainers.

Servitors are created by the Iron Priests as helpers and servants. Their bodies are grown from human gene-cells in vats of artificial nutrient, and although otherwise healthy, their minds are blank and incapable of development or

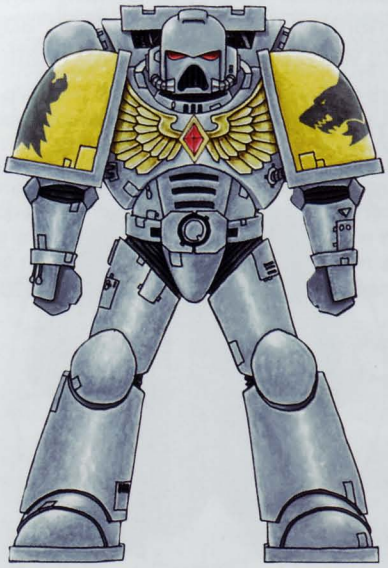
feeling much pain. Once fully grown, their bodies are implanted with bionic systems and psyberlink feeds that enable them to interface directly with the Chapter's machines. When the rituals are over, the servitor is little more than an automaton, tougher than a normal human, but robbed of free thought and emotions forever. The Servitors aid the Iron Priests in their multitude of technical tasks, never tiring and never complaining.

The Inheritance of Russ

For ten thousand years since the end of the Horus Heresy, the Space Wolves have continued to serve the Emperor faithfully and with honour. The Chapter has endured ages of constant warfare. It has survived times of anarchy within the Imperium, and periods of occasional isolation from Earth. Through all these years the Space Wolves have held true to the vow of Leman Russ to serve the Emperor.

It would be impossible to describe at any length the wars fought by the Space Wolves over their ten thousand year history. Indeed, not even their extensive records give a full account. Legends tell of fierce battles fought against Chaos Space Marines following the Horus Heresy. However, no formal history of those times survives. Some of the Chapter's earliest history is preserved only in the form of epic sagas, tales of heroism composed by Fenrisian bards at the courts of the Wolf Lords. Such tales form an important part of Space Wolves tradition, and it is in this form that Space Wolves warriors habitually recall the deeds of the past. There are many thousands of these sagas. Some seem so improbable as to be pure invention, but most contain a gem of truth, and all are accepted for what they are, a fitting testament to the heroes of the past.

SPACE WOLVES





The organisation of the Space Wolves Chapter bears no relation to the Codex Astartes. Rather than the Chapter being split into 10 Companies, there are 12 Great Companies, each led by a Wolf Lord with his own symbol, almost like a Chapter in its own right. Every member of the Great Company wears this badge, along with a tribal marking that identifies the individual packs. Each trooper wears different tribal honours that they earn through rights of combat, from feral wolf pelts to sacred runic symbols.





Bran Redmaw's Great Company



Gunnar Redmoon's Great Company



Sven Bloodhowl's Great Company



Engir Krakendoom's Great Company



Krom Dragongaze's Great Company



Harald Deathwolf's Great Company

Symbols of the Great Companies of the Space Wolves.



Brother Gunnar armed with bolt gun



Brother Lennart armed with bolt gun & power sword



Wolf Guard Magnus armed with storm bolter & power axe



Brother Rasmus armed with boltgun



Brother Søren armed with boltgun



Brother Peder armed with boltgun



Brother Anders armed with boltgun



Brother Gistav armed with boltgun



Brother Ivar armed with meltagun



Brother Tordis armed with boltgun & power axe

Grey Hunter Pack under Wolf Lord Ragnar Blackmane



Brother Asbørn armed with bolt gun

Brother Frans armed with bolt gun

Wolf Guard Holger armed with bolt gun & power fist

Brother Jakob armed with meltagun

Brother Ingeborg with bolt gun & power sword

Grey Hunter Pack under Great Wolf Logan Grimnar



Brother Viggo with boltgun & power axe

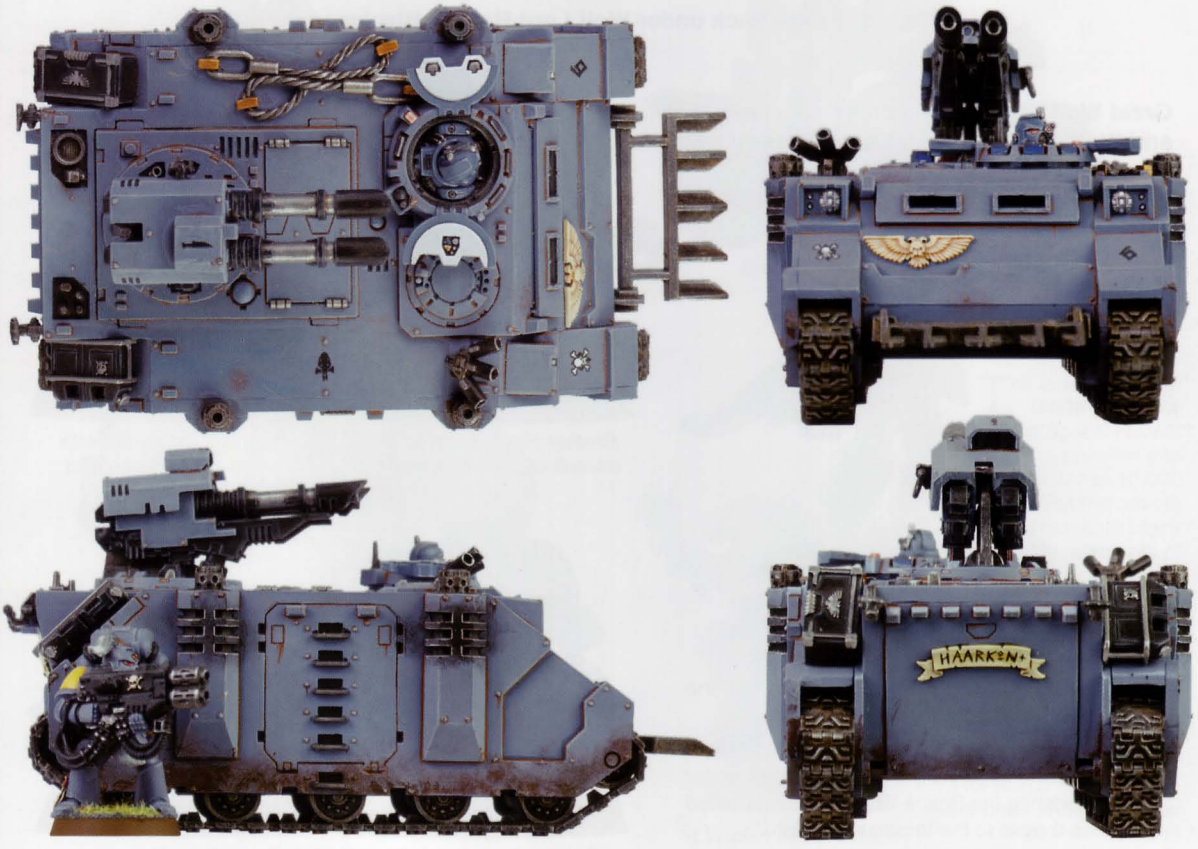
Brother Yngmar armed with boltgun

Wolf Guard Ragnild armed with boltgun & power sword

Brother Roald armed with flamer

Brother Olaf armed with boltgun

Grey Hunter Pack under Wolf Lord Egil Ironwolf



Razorback *Haarkon* attached to Wolf Lord Ragnar Blackmane



Brother Asbjørn with bolt pistol & power axe



Brother Inge with bolt pistol & combat knife



Brother Varg armed with meltagun



Brother Johannas with bolt pistol & combat knife



Brother Torvald with plasma pistol & combat knife

Wolf Scouts Pack under Wolf Lord Ragnar Blackmane



Brother Sven armed with plasma cannon



Brother Gunda armed with lascannon



Wolf Guard Stiggar with boltgun & power axe



Brother Berg armed with heavy bolter



Brother Tord armed with multi-melta

Long Fangs Pack under Wolf Lord Ragnar Blackmane

Great Wolf Logan Grimnar and Wolf Guard Terminator bodyguard pack



Wolf Lord Logan Grimnar armed with storm bolter & the Axe of Morkai

The Great Wolf Logan Grimnar has led the Space Wolves for over five centuries.

Like his predecessors and his fellow Space Wolves, Logan is a fearsome warrior under whose guidance the Space Wolves have defeated countless threats to the Imperium of Man.



Brother Havard armed with assault cannon & power fist



Brother Olaf armed with storm bolter & chainfist



Brother Per armed with storm bolter & power fist



Brother Liet armed with storm bolter & chainfist



Brother Hemming with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Søren with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Vilhem with bolt pistol & power sword



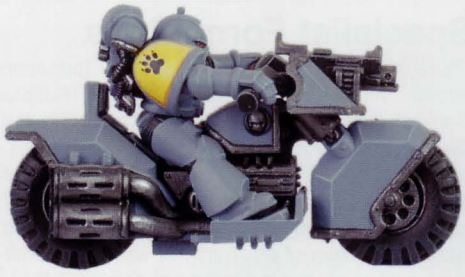
Brother Lars with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Lief with bolt pistol & power axe

Blood Claws Pack under Wolf Lord Ragnar Blackmane

Blood Claws Bike Pack under Wolf Lord Ragnar Blackmane



Brother Alfred



Brother Jørgen armed with power sword



Brother Folke



Brother Stigand armed with meltagun



Dreadnought *Alrik* under Wolf Lord Ragnar Blackmane



A Wulfen of the Space Wolves 13th Company

The legendary 13th Great Company of the Space Wolves Legion disappeared into the Eye of Terror 10,000 years ago. With the advent of the Thirteenth Black Crusade, elements of the Thirteenth Company have returned from the Warp.

Space Wolves of the Thirteenth Company still wear the original Space Wolves Legion colour scheme from before the Horus Heresy. They have been forced to repair their armour with scavenged parts from their fallen foes.

SPACE WOLVES



Venerable Dreadnought painted by Neil Thomason



Blood Claw Bikers roar into action.



A Predator Annihilator levels its lascannons at the advancing Necrons.



Wolf Lord by Anthony Warrington



A pack of Space Wolf Grey Hunters



Logan Grimnar leads a unit of Wolf Guard Terminators.



Wolf Lord by Darren Latham



Grey Hunters scour the mountains for their prey.



Long Fangs lay down a withering hail of fire.



Forge World Space Wolf painted by Franz Sander

Index Astartes
First Founding

EMPEROR'S FIST

The Imperial Fists Space Marine Chapter

by Pete Haines

The Imperial Fists are one of the most respected Chapters of the Adeptus Astartes. Not only is their loyalty to the Emperor acknowledged as absolute, but their standing with the institutions of the Imperium is unparalleled. Their reputation with the enemies of the Imperium is a greater source of satisfaction to them though. They have gained battle honours against eight major alien races, been instrumental in holding the Imperium together through the darkest of times, and have the honour of being one of the Chapters to have defended the Imperial Palace in the greatest battle of the Horus Heresy.

Origins

The Great Crusade had reached the Ice Hives of Inwit when Rogal Dorn presented himself to the Emperor for the first time. He arrived at the helm of *Phalanx*, the great mobile station that was to become the Imperial Fists' fortress-monastery. The ship was his gift to the Emperor and its like had not been seen since the Dark Age of Technology. The size of a small moon, its foredeck could dock a dozen cruisers and its superstructure was a towering forest of spires interlaced with flying buttresses. It shone like a small star, a precious treasure and a momentous portent in the days of the Crusade. The Emperor duly welcomed Dorn and appointed him to the command of the 7th Space Marine Legion – the Imperial Fists, returning *Phalanx* to serve as their Fortress-Monastery.

The 7th Legion had been formed on Terra as evidenced by its earliest battle honour 'Roma', now only discernable on a ceramite icon too precious even to be displayed in the Inner Reclusium. The 7th Legion had recruited heavily on Inwit and over 70% of its strength were aspirants. The Imperial Fists were therefore a rarity in that Battle Brothers and Primarch were united very early in their service to the Emperor and quickly formed an unbreakable bond. Born from the same gene-stock, Primarch and Legion had the same uncompromising self-discipline and total commitment to order.

The handful of Terran Battle Brothers brought a tradition of honour duels that was readily embraced by the Legion as a whole. Brothers still duel with swords following the same conventions. No man knows the true age of this form of ritual combat but it binds the brothers together, giving and receiving honour and remembering their Terran heritage even if far from their home.

The Legion's early actions were extremely successful; while the Great Crusade pushed forward, the Imperial Fists acted as the strategic reserve of the Emperor's forces. Able to deploy quickly and reliably where and when required, the Imperial Fists struck the decisive blow in many battles. Their detailed planning made them especially efficient at sieges and their resolute endurance made them superb city fighters. They remained the Emperor's Praetorians throughout the campaign and when he returned to Terra to build a capital from which to rule an Empire of a million worlds, the Emperor took Rogal Dorn with him. Dorn was charged with the task of fortifying the Imperial Palace, an honour that did not go unnoticed by the other Primarchs.

In all this time Rogal Dorn had sought no favour and exemplified the qualities of truth, courage and humility more than any other Primarch. Although some of the other Primarchs resented his closeness to the Emperor, most held him in high esteem. On Macragge, home of the Ultramarines, Dorn's statue is one of the four Primarchs that stand alongside Guilliman's in their Hall of Heroes. Jaghatai Khan is shown gifting Dorn with a dozen of his finest stallions as a gesture of eternal brotherhood shortly after the defeat of Horus in the illuminated preface of the Apocrypha of Skaros. Dorn's rivalry with Perturabo, Primarch of the Iron Warriors, was the most marked exception. One of Dorn's qualities was that he always, without fail, told the truth. On Schravann, the Iron Warriors won a great victory when they stormed the final refuge of the Badoon. They breached the defences and held while the other Legions carried the city beyond. During the victory feast, Horus proclaimed Perturabo the greatest master of siege warfare in the Crusade. Fulgrim, Primarch of the Emperor's Children

then asked Dorn whether he thought even the defences of the Imperial Palace could resist the Iron Warriors. Dorn considered carefully and then said that he regarded the defences as being proof against any assault if well-manned. Perturabo flew into a rage and unleashed a torrent of vitriol at Dorn, accusations so unfounded that the onlookers were dumbstruck. After this the two rarely spoke, neither Legion serving in the same campaign again. The Imperial Fists were ever at the Emperor's side and the Iron Warriors were part of Horus' vanguard.

After the Imperial Fists won a major victory against the Orks on the ash wastes of Necromunda, the Hive Lords consented to recruits being drawn from their population in gratitude. A Fortress-Chapel was duly consecrated but the Imperial Fists were there as esteemed guests, not masters. Rogal Dorn asked no special rights on the worlds where the Fists recruited. Some Primarchs, such as the increasingly mercurial Perturabo, took every opportunity to garrison a world and claim its tithes. Dorn is famously recorded as saying "I want recruits not vassals," and was always satisfied to keep his Legion as a military unit with none of the civil responsibilities that came with having a home world.

The Horus Heresy

When the drop site massacres on Istvaan revealed the full extent of Horus' treachery, the Emperor, accompanied by the faithful Rogal Dorn, was on Terra, determined to prevent Horus claiming the throne of the Imperium without a challenge. Along with the White Scars and the Blood Angels, the Imperial Fists put up a heroic defence of the Imperial Palace that has since passed into



CHAPTER MASTER VLADIMIR PUGH

Whilst not a particularly inspirational leader, Vladimir Pugh is as meticulous a planner as any Chapter Master in the Imperial Fists' history. In addition he excels in knowing who to promote and who to trust with critical missions – an appraising glance from Master Pugh can be bettered only by extensive probing from a Librarian. As a result when battle begins, Pugh can concentrate on commanding his Veteran reserve with absolute faith that his subordinates will not fail the Chapter.

legend. Then, when all hope seemed lost, they accompanied the Emperor in his last battle aboard Horus' battle barge. It fell to Dorn to discover the bodies of the Emperor, Horus and Sanguinius after the final drama had run its course. His grief was immense. Until that point Dorn had been true, noble and enduring, but now he became an avenging son. While the Ultramarines maintained order within the Imperium, the Imperial Fists hunted down the traitors, levelling fortress after fortress. Dorn led them, dressed in the black of mourning, his customary mercy set aside until the guilty were punished. While others shaped the new Imperium, Dorn immersed himself in implacable justice. It was rumoured that he saw the Emperor's death as his personal failure and his crusade as penance. After all, were the Traitors not his brothers? Whatever the cause, Rogal Dorn was absent from the highest councils until he was summoned back to Terra when Roboute Guilliman, Primarch of the Ultramarines presented his Codex Astartes as the future of the Space Marines.

Dorn was shaken, his quest for redemption had blinded him to changing times. He could not see why humanity would not trust the Imperial Fists because of what the Traitor Legions had done. Without the fire of battle to engage them, Rogal Dorn and the Imperial Fists hovered on the brink – the Emperor was gone and now it seemed that their very brotherhood was to be sundered. At this time of uncertainty, the Iron Warriors issued a clear challenge to the Imperial Fists by building a formidable fortress and daring them to attack.

The Iron Cage

Imperial Fist Chaplains teach that Dorn found strength in meditation. For seven days he resisted the pain glove until at last he was gifted with a vision of the Emperor. The Imperial Fists had wavered in their faith, thinking the Emperor gone, but they knew that he was still watching them from the Golden Throne. The Imperial Fists could no longer serve the Emperor that had been but they knew they must still be true to the Emperor that was. Rogal Dorn decreed that the Imperial Fists would symbolically enter the pain glove as a Legion and emerge redeemed as a Chapter. Dorn knew that many of his Battle Brothers did not wish to found new Chapters as the Ultramarines were eager to do. There would be far too many left for one of the new thousand strong Chapters. Leaving *Phalanx*, he led these die-hards against the Iron Warriors in their lair.

His doubts gone, Dorn focused on the enemy ahead. Perturabo was a master of fortification whose writings had been retained by Guilliman in his Codex. Dorn had always been his match though and, what was more, his honest warrior's soul was indignant. The Iron Warriors had rebelled and lost. Their master was dead and the Emperor still ruled. Yet still they dared raise their heretical banners over another Imperial world as if they had some right to be there. Dorn would not tolerate this. Without his customary caution and planning, Dorn led his men into the heart of the Iron Warrior defences. The battle should have favoured the treacherous trench-fighters, but the Imperial Fists endured. They countered every ambush and fought their way out of every trap. Rogal Dorn was a colossus who personally turned back attack after attack. Ammunition expended, Brothers fought in half-flooded trenches with combat knives, giving and expecting no quarter. Eventually it became apparent that the Iron Warriors could not finish them. For all their skill and ferocity, the Iron Warriors lacked the faith to make the ultimate sacrifice that victory demanded. While they paused, the Ultramarines intervened; Guilliman had decided that Perturabo's destruction was not worth the loss of Rogal Dorn and had brought his Chapter to drive off the Iron Warriors.

Cleansed by their sacrifice, the Imperial Fists immediately began their reorganisation. For the next two decades they went into retreat, their successor Chapters taking to the field in their stead. Dorn used this time to retrain the Chapter to embrace all aspects of the Codex Astartes. When they later emerged, their adherence to the Codex was matched only by the Ultramarines.

The New Imperium

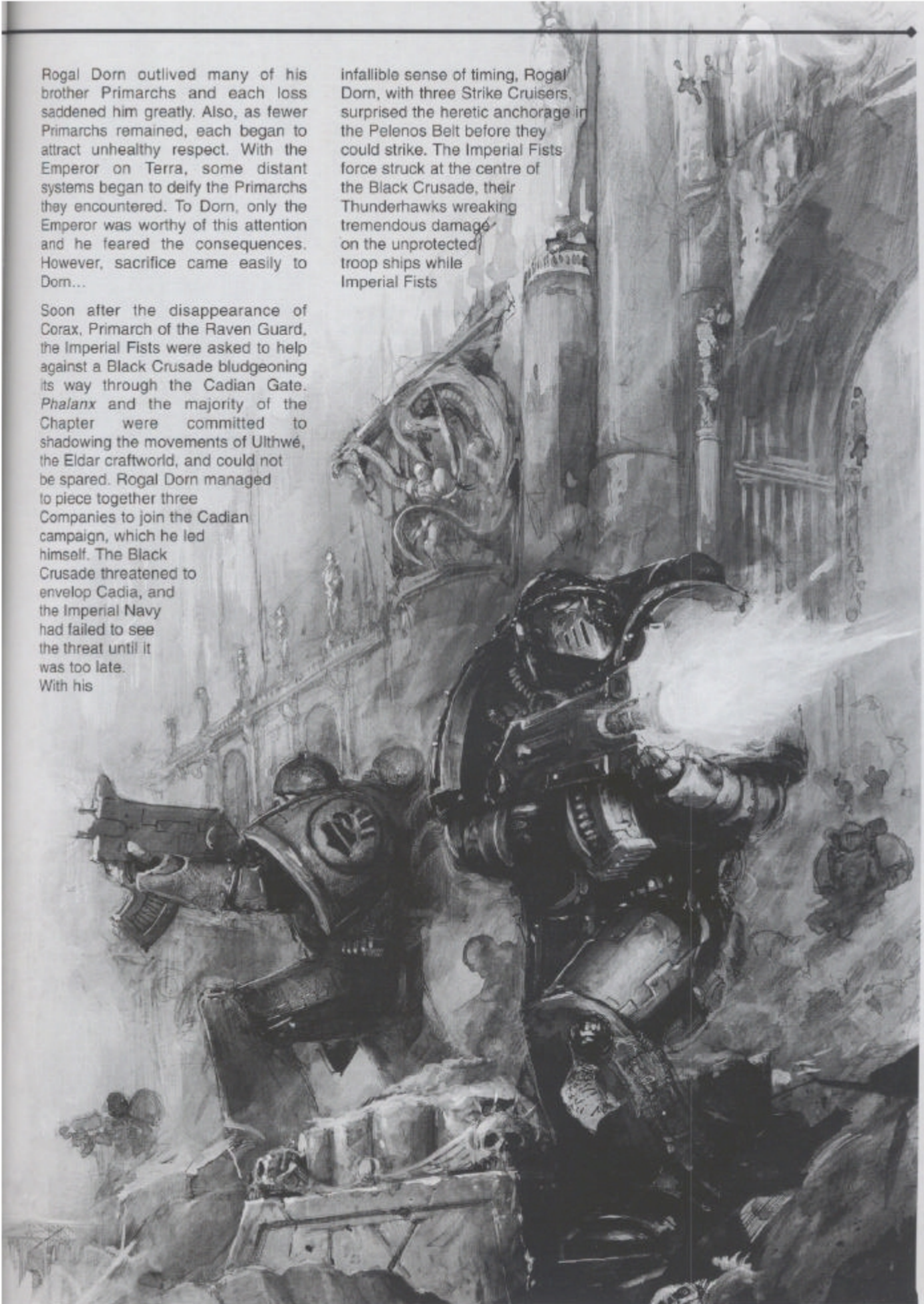
Early in their reorganisation, Space Marines from the Imperial Fists departed to found the Black Templars and the Crimson Fists. The willingness of Dorn to put his initial misgivings aside and embrace the Codex Astartes reassured the High Lords of Terra. Because they were not tied to a home world and had a mobile Chapter Fortress, the Imperial Fists could be more responsive to calls for help. In particular, Rogal Dorn was more amenable to requests from other institutions for assistance than other Primarchs, and this built a valuable store of goodwill. When the Age of Apostasy engulfed the Imperium none of the protagonists were willing to risk their good relations with the Chapter, which continued to conduct a campaign against the Ebon League unaffected. Often the Imperial Fists were able to unify the rival factions to face a local threat which would have otherwise found them divided and vulnerable.

CHAPLAIN LO CHANG

The moon-faced Chaplain is marked by crater-like wounds incurred when his helmet failed him. The craters feature the duelling scars common to the Imperial Fists. When Lo Chang preaches, he is swept up in devout ecstasy wherein his passion can inspire any Imperial Fists Space Marine to strive to be a true child of Dorn.

Rogal Dorn outlived many of his brother Primarchs and each loss saddened him greatly. Also, as fewer Primarchs remained, each began to attract unhealthy respect. With the Emperor on Terra, some distant systems began to deify the Primarchs they encountered. To Dorn, only the Emperor was worthy of this attention and he feared the consequences. However, sacrifice came easily to Dorn...

Soon after the disappearance of Corax, Primarch of the Raven Guard, the Imperial Fists were asked to help against a Black Crusade bludgeoning its way through the Cadian Gate. *Phalanx* and the majority of the Chapter were committed to shadowing the movements of Ulthwé, the Eldar craftworld, and could not be spared. Rogal Dorn managed to piece together three Companies to join the Cadian campaign, which he led himself. The Black Crusade threatened to envelop Cadia, and the Imperial Navy had failed to see the threat until it was too late. With his infallible sense of timing, Rogal Dorn, with three Strike Cruisers, surprised the heretic anchorage in the Pelenos Belt before they could strike. The Imperial Fists force struck at the centre of the Black Crusade, their Thunderhawks wreaking tremendous damage on the unprotected troop ships while Imperial Fists



Space Marines teleported aboard the largest warships before they could raise their shields. Although the powerful Chaos armada was able to overwhelm the Strike Cruisers one by one, they were unable to deal with the Imperial Fists assault teams. Rampaging through the enemy vessels, the boarding parties sought *out the engine rooms* and succeeded in disabling many warp drives. Their tasks accomplished, the boarders would call in Thunderhawks and move on to another vessel. Some managed to use their victims' own teleporters to move on and a few even captured batteries long enough to redirect their fire against the other Chaos ships. The uneven battle could end only one way, but Rogal Dorn was determined to inflict every last grain of damage, whatever the cost. He made his final stand aboard the crippled *Sword of Sacrilege*, a Despoiler class Battleship that had been rammed by the last Imperial Fist Cruiser. The final report by the serving Chief Librarian commended their souls to the Emperor before Dorn led a desperate attack on the *Sword's* bridge.

There was no Chaos attack on Cadia. The Imperial Navy arrived in force while the Traitors were still licking their wounds. Released by the sudden disappearance of Ulthwé, *Phalanx* and the Imperial Fists led the Imperial counter-strike. They caught the Chaos fleet in the midst of repairs and routed it decisively. Even without their Primarch, the Imperial Fists were able to get to the right place at the right time. They boarded the *Sword of Sacrilege* before it could flee and recovered what remained of Rogal Dorn. His engraved skeletal hand continues to be maintained in stasis, their holiest icon, and serves as a constant reminder of the commitment expected of a Space Marine.

Gene-seed.

The Imperial Fists gene-seed is very stable and has never exhibited signs of mutation. They have, however, lost the use of some of the more minor genetic enhancements of the Space Marines. Specifically they no longer possess the sus-an membrane that allows the Space Marine to enter a state of suspended animation. Neither do they have a Betchers gland, which allows a Space Marine to spit corrosive poison at a foe.

> "Do we bemoan such losses? No! We are the Fists! We do not need to hibernate or spit venom. We crush our enemies."
>
> Teachings of Rhetoricus

With the exception of a peculiar and unexplained need to scrimshaw the bones of past Battle Brothers when off duty, they have exhibited no weaknesses. One trait that has attracted scrutiny is the practice of using a device called the pain glove to punish infractions. Named after a more ancient device, the pain glove is actually an all-encompassing tunic of electrofibres suspended in a steel gibbet. The errant Space Marine is placed entirely within the device and kept conscious while waves of pain wash through him. Through this ordeal, the miscreant learns to



focus past the pain and strengthen his link with the Primarch. However, the Chapter tends to use the sanction with unusual frequency for a unit whose discipline is legendary. Considering the circumstances of Rogal Dorn's eventual death, it is clear that the Imperial Fists have a drive for self-sacrifice that they must continually battle to overcome.

"Pain is the wine of communion with heroes."

Teachings of Rhetoricus

Combat Doctrine

Initially, the Imperial Fists were an inflexible formation; each Company had an identical organisation and Company Commanders tended to be unimaginative. Overall planning was excellent, however, and this, coupled with the unshakeable determination of the individual Fists, made them an excellent assault formation against static defences. Throughout the Great Crusade, the Imperial Fists would be held in reserve waiting while other Legions pinned the enemy in position and identified the keystone of their defence. Inevitably, that position would then be shattered by the Fists. They were equally valuable when resolutely blocking, and often totally defeated enemy breakthroughs. The Legion had a willingness to fight until they won which few opponents could match. Rogal Dorn led from the front, a tireless warrior who, having set the strategy for a battle, would unerringly place himself in the most critical engagements.

In the immediate aftermath of the Heresy, the Imperial Fists became noticeably fiercer in their approach – attacking with virtually no reconnaissance and fighting on when a tactical withdrawal would have been wiser. With their adoption of the Codex Astartes, this tendency was less evident, although their determination was undiminished. Some of the more fanatical Battle Brothers had departed to become Black Templars – a Chapter on permanent crusade. Many of the more recent initiates, less rooted in the traditions and philosophy of the Fists, had departed to found the Crimson Fists. They quickly developed a reputation and a legacy of their own which was also a source of pride for the Imperial Fists. After the carnage of the Iron Cage, what remained was a hardened, veteran force fully able to embrace the concepts of the Codex Astartes.

Alongside the Ultramarines, the Imperial Fists have become the epitome of Codex doctrine. All ranks are able to make tactical decisions and are encouraged to act on initiative. The Imperial Fists combine all arms in flexible balanced battle groups each of which can present an opponent with a diversity of threats then press their attack so swiftly that the foe is overwhelmed before he can react. They retain their traditional skills in urban and siege warfare, although they are quite willing to engage and defeat the enemy in open battle. They will use fortifications on the defensive, but only after all more aggressive options have been exhausted. Their only weakness is perhaps a reluctance to accept the possibility of defeat that sometimes blinds them to risk.

LIBRARIAN FRANZ GRENSTEIN

Dusky-skinned, Grenstein's cheeks are criss-crossed with duelling scars. He is intense and preoccupied, taking his responsibilities to keep the Imperial Fists safe from psychic or daemonic enemies very seriously. On the rare occasions an Imperial Fists Space Marine is in contact with enemies bearing the taint of Chaos, it is Grenstein who will be assigned to help them regain their mental stability and ensure they have not brought the taint with them.

Battle-cry

First pronounced by the Chaplains and then repeated by the Battle Brothers before going into action:

"Primarch – Progenitor, to your glory and the glory of Him on Earth".

USING AN IMPERIAL FISTS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

The Imperial Fists are selected using Codex Space Marines.

SPECIAL RULES

Blind to the Risk: In a mission with a variable game length, when the game ends, the Imperial Fists' opponent may choose that a single extra turn of the game is played (one player turn each).

SIEGE MASTERS

The Imperial Fists have formidable siege skills and as such count as Siege Masters. This has several effects on some scenario special rules as detailed below:

Fortifications: Siege Masters receive +1 Armour Penetration against bunkers, and their own bunkers have Armour Value 14.

Hidden Set-Up: When moving over a minefield, Siege Masters only trigger a mine on a 6+.

Obstacles: A Siege Master tank trap has an Armour Value of 12.

Preliminary Bombardment: When resolving preliminary bombardment, Siege Masters are better able to direct their supporting fire. They receive one extra roll for every 500 points being used. This can result in a single unit being hit several times. The Siege Master cannot choose to roll extra dice against a unit that has already been attacked; all the dice attacking a particular unit must be rolled together.

Stubborn Defence: When occupying fortifications in missions where they are the defenders, Siege Masters are treated as being *stubborn*. They will automatically pass any Morale checks even in situations where normally they would automatically fail. They may never use the Voluntary Fall Back optional rule but test for pinning as normal. Outside fortifications and in fortifications built by the enemy (ie, when attacking) they get no benefit.

DARNATH LYSANDER

CAPTAIN OF THE IMPERIAL FISTS 1st COMPANY

Even for a Space Marine, Darnath Lysander has led a long and bloody career. As sergeant he was credited with the successful defence of Colonial Bridge and hailed as the vanquisher of the heretics of Iduno. As Captain of the 2nd Company he led the storming of the Eldar cruiser *Blood of Khaine* and rescued the Haddrake Tor planetstrike from disaster. For two centuries afterwards, Lysander led the Imperial Fists' 1st Company with distinction, earning the highest praises his Chapter could bestow.

Then, in the latter years of M40, the Strike Cruiser *Shield of Valour* was lost to the Warp, taking Lysander and a good portion of the 1st Company with it. Initially the Imperial Fists kept vigil, hoping that the Warp would give up its prize. But as the decades and centuries passed, no trace could be found of the *Shield of Valour* and the lost Captain did not return. In a sombre ceremony, Lysander's name was added to the roster of the fallen and his statue was raised in the hall of heroes.

Nearly a thousand years later the *Shield of Valour* re-entered normal space in outer orbit of Malodrax, an Iron Warriors stronghold on the western fringes of the Eye of Terror. Instantly ravaged by the full firepower of three orbital fortresses, the *Shield of Valour* was swiftly disabled. The handful of survivors, Lysander amongst them, were incarcerated and subjected to weeks of torture at the hands of his Chapter's hated foes. That Lysander survived at all is ascribed to incredible tenacity and a dauntless refusal to accept defeat. Within a month of his capture, though his body was broken and bloodied from the torments inflicted upon him, Lysander broke free of his restraints. Unarmoured, and initially with no weapons save for bare hands and righteous fury, Lysander and his fellows tore a bloody path through the streets of Malodrax's planetary capital, stole a shuttle, and escaped.

It is difficult to say which emotion ran strongest amongst the Imperial Fists' Chapter Council when they learnt that Lysander still lived – joy that one of their greatest heroes had been returned to them, or fear that his travails had left Lysander tainted and broken. For six months or more, Lysander stoically bore an exhaustive investigation in which every fragment of his body and mind were tested against Chapter records. Though the Chapter's Apothecaries and Librarians exerted every technique at their command, no trace of corruption, physical or spiritual, could be found. To the deafening cheers of his Battle Brothers – the oldest of which had not been born when the *Shield of Valour* was lost – Lysander was restored as the 1st Company's Captain.

Within six months of his return to power, Lysander led the Imperial Fists in the assault that laid waste to Malodrax, repaying in blood the indignities and tortures meted out in its dungeons. Before the dust had settled on Malodrax, Lysander was on the move once again. Gathering to him warriors from across the Imperium, Lysander vowed to scour the Iron Warriors from the galaxy once and for all. His crusade continues to this day.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Darnath Lysander	6	5	4	4	4	5	3	10	2+

SPECIAL RULES

And They Shall Know No Fear, Combat Tactics, Independent Character, Eternal Warrior, Bolster Defences (see page 71 for details).

Bolter Drill: Lysander has never lost the skills that made him the most efficient squad sergeant the Imperial Fists have ever known. Any models in a squad Lysander has joined can re-roll failed 'to hit' rolls when shooting with heavy bolters, storm bolters, bolters, and bolt pistols.

Chapter Tactics: If you include Lysander then all units in your army exchange the combat tactics special rule for the stubborn universal special rule. If more than one character in your army has the Chapter tactics special rule, you must choose which version will apply.

WARGEAR

The Fist of Dorn: This is a master-crafted thunder hammer. All hits from the Fist of Dorn are resolved at Strength 10 and add +1 to rolls on the vehicle damage table.



IMPERIAL FISTS



Imperial Fists Dreadnought



Imperial Fists Land Speeder



Led by their Captain, Imperial Fist Scouts bravely repel the Word Bearers.



Imperial Fists Captain
by Pierre-Adrien Heckler



Imperial Fist Bikers sally forth from their fortifications.

EAVY METAL
SPACE MARINES SHOWCASE

Based on the popular strip in Warhammer Monthly, Bobby Wong's incredible Bloodquest diorama won the Slayer Sword at the 2001 US Golden Demon awards. We were so impressed that we asked Bobby to come to the GW Studio so that we could take a closer look.

Bobby has extensively converted each model in the diorama (Leonatus alone has 85 separate components!) perfectly capturing the feeling of each character from the Warhammer Monthly story.







Captain Leonatus

Proteus







Cloten



Tranio

Index Astartes
First Founding

BRINGERS OF DARKNESS

The Night Lords Space Marine Chapter

by Phil Kelly

The Night Lords have always belonged to the darkness. Ever since their inception, the black seed of their Primarch infected them with violence and despair. Although they once fought with grim efficiency in the name of the Emperor, the Night Lords were among the first to turn to the darkness, sowing misery and fear like a plague across unnumbered worlds.

Origins

According to the heretical handwritten chronicle of his life, entitled simply *The Dark*, Konrad Curze's earliest memory was of descending from the heavens in a crackling ball of light to the night-shrouded planet of Nostramo. His embryonic form impacted on the dense cityscape of Nostramo Quintus, smashing though countless levels of debris and mouldering architecture, through the planet's crust and into the geosphere before finally coming to a halt near the liquid core of the planet. His descent left a scar in the virtually inviolable adamantium strata of Nostramo, the result of the supernaturally resilient Primarch's violent birth into a world that knew no light. The cratered pit his descent had carved into the planet was closed off and regarded with fear and suspicion. Theoretically, the only way the Primarch could have reached the surface was to have swum through molten metal, borne upwards through volcanic vents to the surface. The Arcana Progenitum of Nostramo Quintus details the incident in vague, awkward terms:

"...a glowing child-form it was, crawled from the Pit onto the broken street, hissing molten metal dripping from its limbs. It was a daemon, no less, with the body of an infant but the expression of an old man, its eyes black and cold as obsidian."

Due to the pollution-clogged atmosphere, Nostramo was barely better lit at noon than at midnight. A shroud of perpetual darkness kept the planet swathed in dull greys and deep blacks. Only the rich could afford the Nostraman idea of light, little more than dim blue illumination-strips in the ceilings of the ruling hierarchy's luxurious dwellings. The adamantium that riddled the planet's crust, Nostramo's chief export to its neighbouring worlds, was the reason for the thousands of metalworks and chemical plants that scarred the landscape and choked the air with noxious filth. The vast majority of the planet lived in abject poverty as foundry workers, whilst the rich grew in affluence, trampling down or killing any who dared oppose the status quo. Murder, theft and extortion were rife. Crime ran unchecked, the only gesture toward law enforcement was the horrific brutality meted out by the hierarchy's hired thugs upon those who opposed them. Depression was inescapable, and overpopulation was prevented not by war, disease or legislation, but by suicide.

Unlike many of his brother Primarchs, Konrad Curze raised himself, and his survival instincts and iron constitution undoubtedly carried him easily through whatever rigours the pollution-choked city of Nostramo Quintus could throw at him. He spent his early life stalking silently through the streets, feasting on the pack animals that prowled the barrens around the hive-like cities. He did not ascend to heights of intellectual prowess, he was not schooled by the finest tutors in the land nor taught the blade or axe by noble mentors. Rather he rose to the top of the food chain, at first eating rats and other vermin, then the black, lean dogs that stalked the choked streets, and finally the corpses of the many victims of Nostramo's corrupt society. His powerful form, clotted with filth and blood, fuelled the citizenship's fears of this feral menace.

The Purging of Nostramo Quintus

One of the better known facts about Konrad Curze was that he was cursed by visions of horrifying potency throughout his life. Rather than seeing the myriad possibilities the future could hold, as the sorcerous Eldar claim they are able to, the visions he would experience were inevitably dark and troubled, the blackest paths the future could take unwinding before him. Among the most debated writings of Curze's history are the revelations contained in volume two of '*The Dark*'.

"At times, in raptures of pain, I saw what was to occur laid out before me. In these waking dreams, I took countless lives with my bare hands, heads taken as trophies. I died again and again at the hands of my father. My sons butchered and maimed their brothers. My name was to become synonymous with dread. But most vividly and with most frequency, I saw my world pierced by a lance of purest light, splitting it, shattering it into dust."

Some unrecorded event during his maturation pitched Curze into a destructive cycle of persecution and murder, with his focus always upon the

structured criminal elements of Nostramo's society. This vigilante war may well have started small, with Curze merely intervening when he witnessed something he thought wrong, but soon he deliberately hunted down those members of society that transgressed.

At first, several prominent figures among the city's corrupt hierarchy went missing. Others were quick to fill their shoes. Later that year, as an unusually long and swelteringly hot summer set in, those who protested loudest also began to disappear. The citizens of Quintus quickly ceased voicing their objections. Bodies of known criminals were being found splayed, gutted like fish by the cruel attentions of an unseen assailant. The corpses of hierarchy officials were found hung by their feet from high windows. Headless bodies were found mutilated, opened so that their corruption could be exposed to the acidic air of Nostramo. Many of the corpses found that summer were unrecognisable due to the severity of the beatings they had fallen prey to. Body parts blocked the storm-drains, the beggars and children of the gutters quick to divest them of expensive jewellry and rich fabrics. It was obvious that Curze had no compunction in putting to death those that defied his law in displays of horrific brutality.

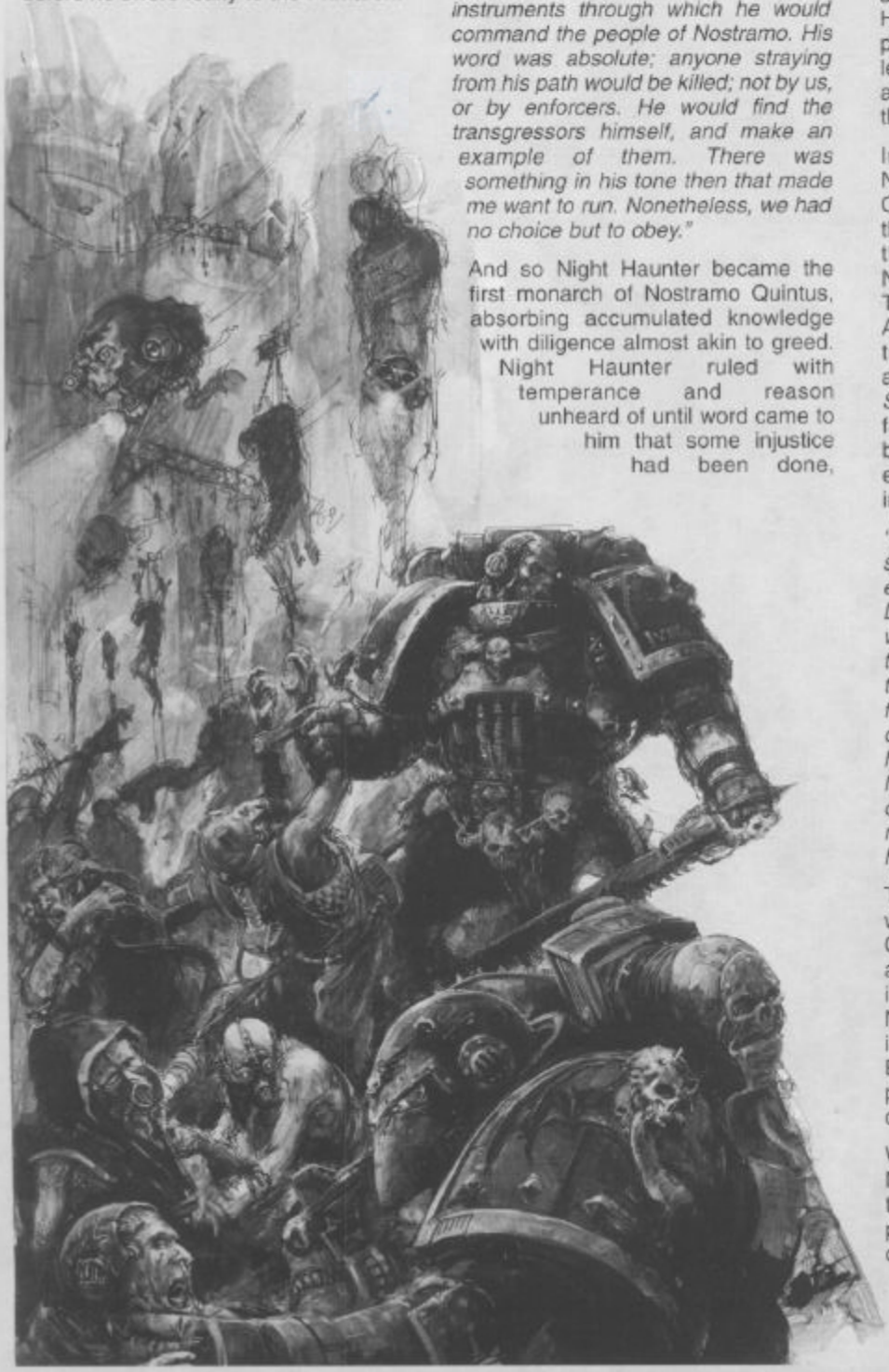
Within the year, the crime rate of Nostramo had fallen away to nothing. Society was transformed, and the ripples were felt all over the planet. Quintus developed a self-imposed curfew; none strayed out later than early evening. The midnight streets, previously buzzing with activity, were as silent as the grave. Mothers threatened disobedient children with the depraved attentions of the Night Haunter. Soon the name became more commonplace, used by the populace as a whole. Rumours of a hideous, dark creature that stalked the alleyways and tunnels, its filthy claws ever ready to disembowel those who strayed, abounded within the city. The citizens of Quintus lived a half-life of fear, silent lest their words should be taken as heresy. Nostramo was ripe for the rule of the Night Haunter.

The Dark King

Soon enough, Konrad Curze saw a glimpse of salvation for his world. There was simply no crime left, no



killers aside from himself. He was the only object of fear and hate left in his city. No longer did his people live in cringing anticipation of being robbed or shot whilst they slept, now they feared only him. He had taken the burden of evil upon himself, and found he was more than able to stand it. It seemed his martyrdom lent him strength, and soon even he began to refer to himself as Night Haunter. The following excerpt is taken from the last Annals of Ghereticus, a noble of some standing before he swore fealty to the Primarch.



"He was waiting for us, the few nobles left alive in Nostramo, and as he squatted engulfed in shadow we thought he was (fragment missing). He dwarfed the luxurious throne he was perched in, the magnitude of his presence incredible. I could hardly breathe as he (fragment missing), his pallid, sunken features coming into the light of the glow-strips. Just then, I thought he was going to leap, and I could not move.

But it seemed he had a use for us. We were to become his mouthpiece, the instruments through which he would command the people of Nostramo. His word was absolute; anyone straying from his path would be killed; not by us, or by enforcers. He would find the transgressors himself, and make an example of them. There was something in his tone then that made me want to run. Nonetheless, we had no choice but to obey."

And so Night Haunter became the first monarch of Nostramo Quintus, absorbing accumulated knowledge with diligence almost akin to greed. Night Haunter ruled with temperance and reason unheard of until word came to him that some injustice had been done, whereupon he alone would hunt the offender through empty streets until exhaustion forced his quarry to collapse. He would then proceed to mutilate his prey, although not beyond recognition. This unpredictable pattern of benevolent wisdom and hideous vengeance ushered the shocked populace into new realms of efficiency and honesty. Exports of adamantium to their neighbouring worlds tripled. The society existed in a terrible harmony of shared wealth and shared fear. None dared have more than his neighbour and under the shadow of Night Haunter's rule, the city grew well-lit and prosperous. And as Nostramo Quintus led, the rest of the planet followed, anxious to keep the Night Haunter from their doors.

Imperial historians have correlated Night Haunter's rule over Nostramo Quintus and its surrounding cities with the time the Great Crusade reached the fringes of the galaxy where Nostramo orbited its dying sun. The following is a fragment of Astropath Thoqual's personal records, transcribed during the Great Crusade as the Imperial battle barge *Divinity's Sword* entered Nostramo's system. So far sixteen Imperial Scholars have been fatally chastened after unwisely expressing their concern over the implications therein.

"I felt I knew well why the Emperor's ship changed course for that bleak orb, even before consulting the cards of the Lesser Arcanoi. They described great wealth, prosperity, stability. The Moon, the Martyr and the Monster lay in a triangle. The King lay reversed at the feet of the Emperor. Strangely, the sign of Hope was also reversed, and the horrific aspect of Death, ever present, lay above the entire tableaux. But the course was set, my misgivings as a mere breath against the maelstrom of his will."

The history of Nostramo was littered with references to an event called the Coming of the Light. The Emperor's arrival on Nostramo had such an indelible impact in the minds of Nostramo's citizens that the world was irrevocably changed. Though the Emperor's arrival brought hope to the populace, it ultimately brought a terrible curse.

When the eternally dark skies above Nostramo played host to the lights of the Emperor's fleet, the entire population of Quintus, one by one, overcame their fear. They stood in the cold streets, faces uplifted to the sky, many for the first time in their lives. Undeniably, light was coming to their world. It was growing brighter

by the minute. Men stood as children, mouths agape, eyes shielded from a light they could not understand. Many went into seizures of confusion and fear, many cried in joy, many crawled on their bellies, convinced they would all die.

The Emperor of Mankind had watched the way that this world worked from his divine auguries. The citizens were clean and efficient, working towards a common good with determination and silence. The night streets were completely empty as the entire planet slept. Evidently they lived in ignorance of the glory of the Imperium, but their King, undoubtedly possessing great authority and able to command unquestioning respect, had moulded the society into a model of productivity. Matchless efficiency. Natural conformity. Total obedience.

Due to the entourage of scribes, attendants and aides that accompanied the Emperor on his journey to the centre of Nostramo Quintus, it is possible to accrue a detailed account of the meeting between the Emperor and Night Haunter. Even some of the Emperor's words to the Primarch have withstood the ravages of time.

The Delegation of Light, as it came to be known, entered the city of Nostramo Quintus on foot. The drizzle of acidic rain ceased as if in acknowledgement of the Lord of Humanity's presence. Before them were the citizens of Nostramo, few of whom could bear to look directly at the glowing form of the Emperor, but many of whom wept as the healing light of his radiance reflected from the rain-slicked streets upon their pale faces. Those who dared to glance directly at the burnished gold of the Emperor's power armour found their delicate sight lost to them forever, the shining image of mankind's saviour burned indelibly into their jet-black eyes.

Strangely, not one of the citizens made a single sound at the passing of the Delegation. In his subsequent report, Captain Lycius Mysander of the Ultramarines mentioned that the pleading look in the eyes of those who dared to raise their faces must have been because the poor creatures had never seen any real kind of light before. Scholars have since speculated that perhaps they sought deliverance from the regime of fear shackling them to what were almost certainly bleak, joyless lives.

At the end of the sprawling broadway that led to Night Haunter's faceless tower stood the towering Primarch, his lank hair shielding his face from the light as the Delegation marched towards him. The crowds parted like dead wheat before a summer breeze. The Emperor opened his arms wide as he approached Night Haunter.

Suddenly, Night Haunter began to shake violently, his hands flying to his eyes, as if to claw them out. A thin scream issued from the Primarch's palsied lips, and he dropped to his knees. His closest advisors were taken aback; this was greater in severity than even the fits they had recently witnessed. Then, with a benevolent smile, the Emperor stepped forward and gently placed his glowing hands on the Primarch's head. His screaming stopped, his hands dropped to his sides, and his body became still. Night Haunter's advisors, fearing the worst, started forward, only to be stopped by the sheer force of the newcomer's presence.

The Emperor spoke to the Primarch, and his reply echoed clear across the plaza. Since that day, it has echoed across the gulf of time.

"Konrad Curze, be at peace. I have arrived, and I intend to take you home."

"That is not my name, father. I am Night Haunter, and I know full well what you intend for me."

The Fall of Nostramo

The glimpse of hope given to the citizens of Nostramo by the arrival of the Emperor was ripped cruelly away from them as the Emperor left with their monarch. Many were at first overjoyed that the Night Haunter had been taken from their midst, so that they could talk and act freely once more without fear of gory retribution. But despite the nominal presence of the Administratum, the society soon degenerated into a seething morass of corruption.

In fact, the punctual reports of Administrator-regent Balthius, stationed upon Nostramo after the Emperor's delegation left for Terra, grew steadily less frequent, eventually straying into depression and irreverence. It is rumoured by Administratum scholars of the period that he took his own life.

Worse still for the populace of the planet, the Emperor had shown that there was civilisation outside of Nostramo's tenebrous star system, that there were better places in the galaxy, and that these places had light and splendour. The curse inflicted upon the citizens was that of futile hope, as each knew in their hearts that these places were far beyond their reach. The Emperors' light had robbed Nostramo of its last defence against the darkness; ignorance.

> 'The Space Marines fear no evil, for we are fear incarnate.'
>
> – Night Haunter, Primarch of the Night Lords

Night Haunter quickly adapted to the teachings of the Imperium, though his manner remained dour and silent, even when introduced to his brother Primarchs. With the Primarch of the Emperor's Children, Fulgrim, as his tutor, he learned the complex doctrines of the Adeptus Astartes perfectly, committing them to memory with consummate ease. He often referred to Terra as a paradise, and his physique adapted to the diurnal cycles so unusual to his home planet. Soon, Night Haunter was incepted as the spiritual and military leader of the Night Lords, his genetic progeny, an entire legion of sons to whom the prodigal father had returned.

As the Great Crusade pushed onward once more, Night Haunter demonstrated a highly unusual grasp of military strategy, and his new Legion adapted to his tactics with intelligence and dedication. Although he excelled in many theatres of war, he was completely oblivious to the subtleties of negotiation and parley. It simply did not occur to Night Haunter to use anything less than total and decisive force to achieve his objective. This tendency spread quickly throughout the Night Lords' upper echelons until it was accepted without question. Where a simple surgical strike would suffice, Night Haunter regularly used excessive force to achieve his aims. On several occasions, the Primarch is recorded expressing the opinion that by utterly crushing the transgressor in full view of his compatriots, an enforcer not only solves the original problem beyond all doubt but ensures that those who observe it dare not stray from the path of Imperial law. Ultimately, the actual physical presence of the enforcer is not necessary to enforce the law. This was the belief underpinning Night Haunter's political and military tactics from the beginning.

Over the first few years of his rule as Primarch of the Night Lords, his legion utterly destroyed traces of heresy with the fanatical thoroughness of witch hunters. Night Haunter moulded his sons into an efficient, humourless force of warriors to whom killing was second nature, achieving their goals by any means necessary. It is recorded that

early in his career as a military commander, Night Haunter led his finest warriors against a temple devoted to the worship of an agricultural deity, burning the entire settlement to the ground.

An incident in which the Night Lords virus-bombed a continent because an emergent cult devoted to Slaanesh had been uncovered on a remote island was cited as an damning proof of their dangerous use of excessive force. Night Haunter encouraged his legions to decorate their armour with icons of fear and death to further enforce their already terrible reputation. Winged skulls, death masks, screaming faces and other hideous images were painted onto the legion's power armour with the greatest of care. Even the shrunken heads of their enemies often adorned the armour of the Night Lords.

The tactic proved incredibly effective. Soon the extreme measures of the Night Lords became infamous, the mere mention of their presence in a system enough to ensure that civilised planets paid all outstanding tithes, ceased all illegal activity completely and killed those who bore deformities rather than invite a purge from the Night Lords.

As his Space Marines fell in the front lines of battle, Night Haunter ordered new recruits from his home world of Nostramo. He knew the citizens of his home world would obey him without question, and was convinced that they would work towards the common good of the Imperium with the same dedication they evinced as his subjects. What Night Haunter did not know was that Nostramo had spiralled into the corrupt and decadent society it had been before he arrived. Only the most ruthless, hardy criminals remained healthy and strong on the cut-throat world of Nostramo, and it was these men, possessed of strength and vicious nerve but absolutely no scruples, that ended up populating the Night Lords' ranks. Warrior cults emerged within these black-eyed, pale recruits, pacts were made and oaths sworn. Incidents of the Night Lords' culling of defenceless populations increased with worrying frequency.

Although a son of the Emperor was answerable to none but the ruler of Mankind himself, Night Haunter's behaviour was looked upon with suspicion by his brother Primarchs. The scars left by his former life on Nostramo ran deep. Despite the fact that he spent time with his peers, the Primarch kept himself at a distance, never able to join in their camaraderie or share their joy. He still fell into convulsions, plagued by visions of his own death, of his Night Lords fighting war after war with the other Legions of the Adeptus Astartes. But despite the concern of his companions, he would not reveal any more than dark hints of the cause of his tormented spirit. This feeling of isolation gradually grew into paranoia, and the gulf between Night Haunter and the brotherhood of the Primarchs widened.

The matter of Night Haunter's heretical beliefs did not come to a head until some time later, and only because Night Haunter had managed to maintain some semblance of trust with his former tutor, the Primarch Fulgrim. Fulgrim's own outlook may have allowed him to understand Night Haunter's twisted logic, even if the resources the Night Lords expended on their purges could have been better spent elsewhere.

It has been concluded that when Fulgrim came to his aid after a violent fit, Night Haunter felt that he could confide his fears in Fulgrim. Given Fulgrim's reaction, it seems likely the Night Lords Primarch told of his certainty that he would be killed by his own father, that their children would die fighting amongst themselves rather than their enemies, and that the light the Emperor had brought to Nostramo would destroy it forever.

Fulgrim in turn confided Night Haunter's story to Rogal Dorn, who took exception to this slight on the Emperor's name. The following description of subsequent events hints at a confrontation between Rogal Dorn and Night Haunter, and given some of the writings it is obvious that the two came to blows. The excerpt is allegedly part of an account by Lord Princeps Ichabod Lethrai of the victory banquet held in honour of the pacification of the Cheraut System in 7232826.M29. It is kept in a solution of oils to prevent its degeneration, and is among the most closely guarded texts within the cloister-archives of the Library Sanctus.

"...Lying on the stone floor, breathing shallowly, was Rogal Dorn. Blood soaked his robes, great gouges of flesh were missing from his torso. Crouching on the giant warrior's chest like a hideous white gargoyle was the hunched, pallid form of Night Haunter, his flesh covered in a film of sweat. He was panting heavily, and matted hair fell down over his jet-black eyes as he turned to face us. He was weeping, but his face was contorted into a snarl, his features wracked with hate and guilt in equal measure."

The events immediately following this incident are not recorded, but it appears that the Primarchs held a conference amongst themselves, with Night Haunter exiled to his chambers. What decision they reached has been lost to history, but the conclusion of this terrible chain of events is engraved deeply in the tragic story of the Imperium's darkest hour.

When the council of the Primarchs disbanded many hours later, they found Night Haunter missing, his honour guard butchered to a man. The corridors, walls and ceiling of the cloisters leading from his quarters were slick with blood and peppered with pieces of shattered bone. Night Haunter had already mobilised his legion's craft. By the time the Primarchs had enough craft ready for pursuit, Night Haunter had already entered the warp.

Without the supernatural skill and incredible prescience of the Emperor's Primarchs, many of Night Haunter's pursuers could have been lost that day as the rogue vessels delved deep into the heart of the Empyrean. The journey, malleable within the warp, may have taken hours or months; no reliable records exist. But one thing was certain, despite their valiant pursuit, his brothers arrived too late.

The Night Lords' ships orbited Nostramo, hundreds of weapons trained on the shrouded planet, the *rays of the system's dying sun glinting* from barrels too numerous to count. As the fabric of space buckled and twisted, disgorging the few craft able to keep pace, the lances and mass drivers of Night Haunter's flagship opened fire upon the planet.

Beam after beam of incandescent light joined the fusillade, all concentrating upon the same point, a weak spot in Nostramo's adamantium crust theorised to be left by the Primarch's initial landing. The lasers of the Night Lords' ships focused a blinding lance of pure energy into the planet's core, and with a cataclysmic explosion, the dark planet burst apart.

The Horus Heresy

In the wake of his terrible act, Night Haunter became susceptible to the whispered temptations of Chaos. By this time, he was dangerously unhinged, leaving a trail of devastated worlds across the galaxy. Few civilised worlds were totally without blemish, and the pretexts on which Night Haunter launched full-scale invasions became less and less credible. Imperial reconnaissance craft followed

in the wake of the Night Lords' fleet, reporting back to the Emperor's throne room across unimaginable stretches of time and space.

The atrocities the Night Lords were wreaking in the Emperor's name were abhorrent. Blasphemous acts and horrendous violence were the signature of the Night Lords' visitations, the fleet pressing ever onwards so as to avoid retribution. The tastes of the Legion twisted from physical sadism and torture into the infliction of psychological damage, with the dark-armoured warriors beginning to slow their frantic orgy of destruction into premeditated campaigns of mind-numbing terror. They became connoisseurs of pain and despair, taking weeks in the infliction of misery and fear upon a planet, feeding upon the dark emotions they conjured. The Night Lords made sure to invade helpless, backward planets where the population could barely comprehend that Hell had come to their world, feeding on their confusion and fright like leeches.

No longer did Night Haunter crusade in the name of the Emperor, who he now denounced as a weak hypocrite without the courage to admit that his own doctrines were just as extreme. Now the Primarch fought in the name of death and fear, knowing full well how the horrific arsenal at his disposal could aid him in his malign work. Night Haunter changed physically during this time, his lips receding completely, his muscular frame hunching over, and his gnarled hands stretching into grasping talons.

Appalled by his son's grotesque acts, the Emperor was forced by repeated protests to call Night Haunter to account, demanding his presence for a full inquiry into his Legions' methods. But as the edict was issued, and the slow but powerful arm of Imperial law stretched out to Night Haunter, the greatest betrayal the Imperium had ever seen came to terrible fruition. Horus, first among the Emperor's chosen, betrayed him by converting several of the Space Marine Legions to the worship of Chaos. The true extent of his treachery became evident to the Emperor at Istvaan V, and the quest to bring the Night Lords to justice was abandoned as the Imperium tore itself apart in all-out war.

Night Haunter was quick to pledge allegiance to Horus, and it became clear that all the allegations levelled at the Night Lords were true. From the planet of Tsagualsa, deep in the wilderness area of space known as the Eastern Fringes, the Night Lords launched a campaign of genocide and purest evil that made their previous atrocities pale in



THE CULLING OF GRENDEL'S WORLD

In the year 2353843.M34, the Imperial frigate Hand of Mercy detected a residual distress call from a small isolated world in the Ysobael Cloud, a twisting system orbiting a small bright star deep in the reaches of the Eastern Fringes. When the world was investigated by the crew of the Mercy, every single inhabitant was found dead. Many of the symbols cut into the corpses were identifiable as the sigils of the Night Lords. After an understandably brief investigation, the crew filed a report on the incident, and a squad from the Scout company of the Mortifactors Space Marines was assigned to assess the situation. From their findings, they were able to glean much information about the methods with which the Night Lords conquered the worlds in their path.

The Night Lords initially observe the planet from orbit. This is evident due to their unerring accuracy in finding the communications centres of a given world, where they aim their initial attacks. These are blood-fuelled orgies of carnage, mangled corpses testament to the violence of the assault. The buildings and communications apparatus bear not even the slightest scar or burn; evidently the Night Lords eschew the wasting of ordnance during these purges.

It would be around this point that any frantic warning signals are abruptly cut off, and the screams and pleas of the dying replace any useful information. These demoralising sounds, in conjunction with static and whispered obscenities, are looped into the world's communication networks. Scenes of butchery and blood-soaked depravity are broadcast across the vid-screens of the terrified population. These looped images and messages were still playing, albeit in a stilted, halting pattern, when the Mortifactors Scouts investigated the empty habitats of Grendel's World.

None of the buildings on the planet were harmed in any way, showing clearly that the Night Lords have no interest in random destruction. If the planet had been able to muster any real defence, the damage wrought by a full-scale battle would be evident. The fact that this is lacking on a world hosting considerable military resource is testament to the Night Lords' skills.

After destroying the planet's electrical grid, the atmosphere is brought into a state of permanent night. This is achieved by the detonation of nuclear-level explosives in uninhabited areas, launched from the Night Lords' ships still in orbit. The resultant fall-out throws up such vast quantities of dust and irradiated smoke that the entire planet is consumed by a blanket of darkness, which was still blotting out the sun during the Scout team's investigation. Levels of radiation poisoning in the corpses littering the streets were dangerously high; presumably the loss of teeth and hair and the deterioration of skin tissue in the populace is a desirable side-effect for the Night Lords.

The psychological trauma caused by these tactics takes a considerable toll in itself, and roughly one third of the planet's casualties appeared to have taken their own lives rather than face the Night Lords. Once word had spread of the Night Lords' arrival, and the population had reached the point of hysteria, the Chaos Space Marines began their sport. This appears to have lasted several weeks, given the varied levels of decay exhibited by the corpses of Grendel's World inhabitants. Closer inspection revealed that roughly 14% of the populace died from fear itself; their cause of death not bolter round or chainsword, but total nervous failure. Men, women and children alike were found dead, and the all-pervading silence, coupled with the unnatural twilight of the nuclear winter, was profoundly unsettling even for the members of the Mortifactors.

Not a single body of a Night Lords Chaos Space Marine was found on the planet. However, given the symbols daubed in blood and the ashen corpses lying dead in their beds, in the streets, and in the parks, the fate of Grendel's World was unmistakably their work. It can only be hoped the senseless genocide of the populace can furnish us with a little more information on how to scour this menace from the face of the Imperium.

comparison. They pledged no allegiance to any particular Chaos power, looking upon such devotion with scorn. Instead, their Primarch fed on fear, and eventually became what he most loathed. Soon enough, the ranks of his once-proud Legion were entirely composed of sadistic murderers and criminals granted the power to oppress anyone they chose by the Primarch's own potent gene-seed. Rather than serving Chaos, the Night Lords used it as a tool in their inhuman works. The galaxy trembled at the very mention of the dread Legion, and slowly but surely, the Night Lords carved a bloody trail towards Terra.

Even at the conclusion of the Horus Heresy, when the Chosen One of Chaos lay broken and beaten on the burning remains of his battle barge, the Night Lords fought on with unforgiving ferocity. They continued to raid the Imperium, all military strategy and carefully planned campaigns of terror discarded in favour of wanton murder and destruction. The hand of Night Haunter was still evident in the acts of his Legion, but it is obvious from field recordings of the time that the battle orders of the Primarch had changed. Where they were originally cold and calculating, the Night Lords now struck against overwhelming odds, their tactics eventually betraying a self-destructive desperation. It is quite possible that Night Haunter was aware of the fact that the Emperor had finally issued the order for his life to be terminated at the hands of the Callidus temple of assassins. Fully half of the existing Callidus operatives were dispatched to locate and destroy the Primarch, hoping his death would disband the Night Lords forever.

The last words of Night Haunter stand as one of the great enigmas of Imperial history. It is thought that the assassin M'Shen was consciously allowed to infiltrate Night Haunter's grotesque palace on the world of Tsagualsa, an edifice constructed entirely from still-living bodies. Expecting to have to deal with numerous guards and loyal retainers, she was surprised to find the halls of bone and flesh completely deserted. The vid-log built into M'Shen's baroque vambraces, kept in stasis at the heart of the most venerated Callidus shrine, shows the final confrontation between the twisted Primarch and the avenging angel. The events are portrayed thus:

Sitting in a pool of shadow upon a throne made from the fused bones of his victims, a carpet of still-screaming faces leading up to gnarled, naked feet, sits Night Haunter himself. His

madness and hate radiate from him, palpable even through such a remote medium as a vid-log. M'Shen stops in her tracks when the fallen Primarch raises his head, her face reflected in the impassive, deep black pools of his eyes. Long moments pass. Then, in a voice thick with contempt and pain, Night Haunter speaks.

"Your presence does not surprise me, Assassin. I have known of you ever since your craft entered the Eastern Fringes. Why did I not have you killed? Because your mission and the act you are about to commit proves the truth of all I have ever said or done. I merely punished those who had wronged, just as your false Emperor now seeks to punish me. Death is nothing compared to vindication."

Then the vid-log blurs for a fraction of a second as M'Shen leaps forwards, and the last image in the recording is of dark, staring eyes brimming with madness above a lipless smile before the recording inexplicably shorts out.

Home World

Nostramo was a dark, bleak planet shrouded by vast clouds of dust and pollution. It had five major cities sitting at the habitable hub of the planet, Nostramo Prime to Nostramo Quintus, each city functioning as a self-contained industrial system. Due to the synchronicity in the orbit of Nostramo and Tenebor, the moon interposed between Nostramo and its dying sun, these cities experienced the equivalent of a Terran night even during the middle of a Nostraman summer. The physiology of the humanoids that lived there remained virtually identical to that of Humans from the Segmentum Solar, another argument in favour of Genetor-Chief Ratifer's Convergent Evolution Hypothesis, with the exception that none of the planet's indigenous life forms have irises; the visible part of their eyes consisted entirely of pupils. Their skin was very pale, and an acute form of albinism, though recessive, was common in the populace.

The geology of Nostramo was nothing short of priceless, as the crust had unprecedented amounts of naturally occurring adamantium. The presence of such abundant quantities of valuable metal meant that the cities of Nostramo enjoyed very profitable trading with their neighbouring worlds, although it is well known that these worlds sold the metal on at a much higher price to the traders of the Imperium. An entire strata of the planet's crust was comprised of this valuable metal, and it is thought that the planet had a very volatile core, hence its megatonne explosion at the hands of the Primarch.

Since the Night Lords lost their Primarch it would seem that they are one of many Chaos Space Marine forces based in the Eye of Terror. Most likely they have found some shadowy daemon realm in which to exist, although this conclusion is mere hypothesis. Without committing extensive resources, it is unlikely the Imperium will be able to tackle the threat of the Night Lords at their source.

Combat Doctrine

The Night Lords adopted the modus operandi of their Primarch without exception, and thrive in sowing fear and confusion among their enemy. It is common practice for Night Lords Chaos Space Marines to ensure that the communications of a target planet are shut down, broadcasting hideous messages and screams across the airwaves as they begin slaughtering the occupants at their leisure. It is very rare that the Night Lords voluntarily fight a force able to withstand them; they much prefer to attack the weak and frightened. Repeated instances have shown that the Night Lords will not give quarter, and are entirely bereft of mercy. Any poor soul offering to surrender will have his pleas answered by mutilation and painful death.

Night Haunter's Legion have no holy crusade, no belief that causes them to spread murder and misery to the worlds they visit. Similarly, they have no martial creed, all concept of honour eroded by the supplanting of vicious criminals into their ranks.

The Night Lords are masters of stealth, able to infiltrate a position quickly and silently. These arts appear to be innate to the legion, and come to the fore during the sick games they use to drive their prey into paroxysms of terror. Even before they turned to Chaos, the Night Lords adorned their armour with imagery of death; this is because they know that fear can be used as a weapon just as effectively as a chainsword or bolter. Given their predilection for picking on weaker foes, a fully-armoured Night Lords champion armed with a devastating array of weaponry is always more than a match for the foes he chooses to fight.

Beliefs

Night Lords are exceptionally versatile in their use of the forces of Chaos, employing the hell-spawned powers of each of the major Chaos deities with equal favour. It is just as likely that the Night Lords will be seen fighting alongside a group of foul Plague Marines as it is the warriors of the Thousand Sons. However, it has been ascertained that the Night Lords have nothing but scorn for faith in all its forms, whether it be the fanatical bloodlust of the Khornate Berzerker or the devotion of the Imperial creed. The only authority they recognise is that of temporal power and material wealth.

Observational evidence would suggest that the only reason the Night Lords fight is for the love of killing and the material rewards this can bring. They take great pleasure in gunning down defenceless prey, especially those too young or sick to stand up to them. It is certainly not for the thrill of battle that they fight, as an army of Night Lords can be expected to try every underhand trick in the book before resorting to honest combat. This is possibly a vestige of their ancestry in the criminal classes of Nostramo where it was commonplace to ruthlessly force the will of the strong upon the weak.

Gene-seed

The gene-seed of the Night Lords seems to be surprisingly pure. In fact, of all the Chaos Space Marine Legions, the Night Lords seem to bear the least evidence of mutation. This is perhaps due to a stable gene-seed stock, perhaps due to the fact they rarely associate themselves with a particular Chaos power for any length of time.

Although the Night Lords are distinguished by jet black eyes and pale skin, the real legacy of Night Haunter may be psychological. There is a tendency for paranoia and self-destructive behaviour in the Night Lords, and it is said that their sorcerers have a pronounced vulnerability to being wracked with painful seizures in which they experience visions, oblique or not, of the future. Night Haunter is believed to have only been able to see the darkest path of all possible futures, a terrible curse, and the visions tended to be self-fulfilling. It is to be hoped that the Night Lords' sorcerers suffer the same fate. This is as yet speculation. However, given their Primarch's susceptibility to such prophesies, it seems more than likely.

Battlecry

"We have come for you!"

NIGHT LORDS



Night Lords Icon Bearer



Night Lords Chaos Space Marine squad



Night Lords Chosen Terminators



A Night Lords Aspiring Champion leads his troops into battle



Dreadnought with Plasma Cannon and close combat weapon





















'EAVY METAL
CHAOS SPACE MARINES
SHOWCASE

Bruno Rizzo, from Games Workshop France, paid a visit to our Nottingham head office and brought some of his amazing Chaos models along to show us. Bruno has won Golden Demon awards in France, and it certainly shows in the standard of his painting!

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First Founding

ANGELS OF DEATH

The Blood Angels Space Marine Chapter

by Phil Kelly

The Blood Angels were once regarded as the most blessed of all the Legions of the Adeptus Astartes, possessed of the bravery and puissant skill of their Primarch, Sanguinius. But the events of the Horus Heresy dealt them a terrible blow, the loss of their angelic forefather himself. His death was so terrible that it left a deep scar in every member of the Legion, and ever since that dark day, it is whispered that the Blood Angels have carried a terrible curse within their veins.

Origins

Perhaps the most heretical belief whispered in the shadowy corners of the Imperium is that the Primarchs were touched by Chaos from their very infancy. It is generally thought, among Imperial scholars, that the genetic predecessors of the Adeptus Astartes were indeed taken from their cryo-chambers by the powers of Chaos. Some give credibility to the belief that the powerful magics ensorcelling the infant Primarchs, wrought by the divine Emperor himself, protected them from the depravations of these powers. Yet others would have you believe that, instead of being destroyed, they were cast out to the far corners of the galaxy, denied the shelter and succour that Terra could bestow.

It seems plausible that the powers of Chaos had attempted to pervert and distort the perfect works of the Emperor, but the possibility that one or more of the Primarchs were altered by Chaos at the very beginning of their lives must surely be preposterous.

The inhabitants of the desolate planet of Baal and its twin moons has never been culturally advanced enough to maintain written records of their history. Nevertheless, the oral tradition of the Baalite tribe known as The Blood describes the infant Sanguinius as bearing tiny vestigial wings even when he was first found, in the place now known as Angel's Fall. And not without reason, for Sanguinius was indeed angelic, not just physically, but also within his unblemished soul.

Many of the parables and psalms still recited by The Blood have been transcribed by Blood Angels Librarians over the years (the contemporary equivalents of the first Baalite tribe claim to house remote descendants of the original line), and are kept with reverence in the most holy shrine-archives of the Blood Angels.

Alas, the history of the tribe is unrecorded until the time of Sanguinius's descent. It can only be assumed that they were typical of the tribes of Baal Secundus, a miserable, godless group of individuals attempting to eke out some kind of existence upon their harsh, irradiated world. Baal Secundus has levels of radiation that would debilitate an unprotected man in seconds. As such, it can be surmised that when the tribe-brothers of The Blood found an unblemished cherub lying safe but naked on the scalding sands of their home world, his back adorned with tiny feathered wings, they considered him a mutant.

Ironically, it is said that many of the tribe wanted to put the one who would later show them salvation to a quick death. Although such ultimate blasphemy is difficult to credit, it must be remembered that at this stage the inhabitants of Baal were little more than barbarians. However, they must have felt the divinity of Sanguinius even before he could speak; compassion prevailed and the child, in every other respect more perfect and complete than any of those around him, was taken in.

Although the details of Sanguinius's early life are lost to time and memory, the notable events of his childhood have been told and retold so many thousands of times by the Baalite tribes that they are ingrained in racial memory. One of these tales describes how, before he had seen three weeks, he was the size of a child of as many years, fully capable of walking. He exhibited this capacity by wandering from the tribe's vigil, as curious as he was fearless. When his wards finally found him, he had strayed into the lair of a Baalite Fire Scorpion, a grotesque predator which, when rearing up, is twice the height of a man. The unarmed infant bested the creature, despite repeated blows from a sting coated with virulent poison that is said to burn a man from within in seconds.

Allegedly, the tribe ate well that night.

Like the other Primarchs, Sanguinius grew at an incredible rate, and his wings grew also. The feathers were as white and pure as a swan's, but as strong as those of the Imperial Eagle itself. His wings ultimately became mighty pinions that could bear him aloft through the scorching desert air,

inspiring awe and devotion from the lesser beings beneath.

A single year after his discovery at Angel's Fall, Sanguinius stood taller than any man the tribes of Baal's shrivelled moons had ever seen. His form was perfection, his beauty such that many could not look upon him lest their impure gaze be blinded. He could walk under the fiercest rays of the sun whilst his adoptive family scuttled at his feet, encumbered by the weight of their rad-suits. He could smash a path through a rockfall with the blade of his hand, best wild animals with but a glance and soar high into the sky on his mighty wings to observe the land below from the perspective of a god.

As Sanguinius reached maturity, the tribe prospered and grew under his guidance.

The transcription of Baalite myth provided by the ancient and venerable scholar Hyriontericus Lucidio (2342345M33) has been preserved with the greatest care since its interment in the altar-tomes of the Blood Angels. Hence, the following quote remains in its rawest form, transcribed from the words of Elder Imrait'il'thax directly into Lucidio's Baalite Scripture.

"They, the cannibal-mutants, numbered in their hundreds, far more than we. Blade sprouted from mouth, curdled eye stared, buckled hand clutched rusted sword. We knew death in that moment. Then the Angel started his work.

He, the Pure One, wanted no harm to befall us. He raged, at first a white, blazing light, then, as death walked beside him, a terrible red thing. His eyes and crown seemed to burn, intense, a corona of bright violence, a sandstorm of destruction. We were caught in the deadly beauty of his dance. And then there were no mutants, only silence, and he stood before us, dripping, still as the cairn."

Sanguinius soon rose to the pinnacle of society upon Baal Secundus, and under his leadership, the pure-blooded Baalite tribes soon united against the



infestation of mutants that had begun to plague the radioactive wastes of Baal. Despite being grossly outnumbered, those of the pure blood won the war against the foul mutants. Sanguinius's perfect and divine leadership, coupled with his total mastery of physical combat, drove back the tide of filth that threatened to drown the true people of Baal Secundus. In battle, his wrath was total and unstoppable. Perhaps inevitably, Sanguinius was worshipped as a god by his followers. They were convinced that paradise would follow in the crimson footsteps of the Angel.

And so it came to pass that, by the time the Emperor came to Baal, his lost son sat at the head of the Conclave of Blood. The High Majesty of Mankind had correctly divined the presence of one of his Primarchs upon the blighted planet of Baal Secundus, and led the finest of his men to the surface.

Note: At this point, scholars cease having to rely upon conjecture and the myths of primitives (however diligently recorded), as the entourage of the Father of Mankind included many distinguished persons and scrivener-artisans.

It is therefore known that, at the climax of the Conclave of Blood, the Emperor entered the massive natural amphitheatre carved from Mount Seraph by the ponderous tides of Baal's geology. Those of the pure blood attended Sanguinius' address in their tens of thousands. The Emperor stood within their ranks, a shining golden figure among the tattered warriors of The Blood. But the Emperor knew humility as well as divinity, and he listened as intently as any warrior there. Sanguinius gave a speech which lifted the very souls of his people, giving them more than hope, at its conclusion soaring into the air above them with a shout that every man there echoed. Thus, the Emperor was convinced without a doubt that this was indeed one of his missing sons.

It is also recorded that, when approached, Sanguinius recognised the Emperor immediately. Many believe that Sanguinius's reputed ability to forsee future events informed him of the Emperor's visit, explaining his reaction. He fell to his knees, crystal tears falling from his cheeks into the dust. Where they fell, alabaster flowers thrived upon the barren and foul soils of Baal Secundus. And so the Emperor bade him stand, and looked upon the myriad faces raised unto Him, proud and resolute. He saw that they were both fair in mind and deed, possessed of a small part of the nobility and strength of their leader.

So it was that, under Baal's blistering sun, the Blood Angels were born.

The Angels of the Blood

Imperial history recognises that the Emperor subsequently selected the best of Sanguinius' warriors and took them into his Great Crusade, raising them up into a full Legion of Space Marines. They were implanted with the very core of the Primarch's physical being; his pure and precious gene-seed. Under such a blessing no man could fail in his duty, and the Blood Angels added their might to those already fighting in the Emperor's crusade.

Those that remained upon Baal Secundus were entrusted with the holy duty of defending Mankind's birthright upon the planet, and ensuring that future generations of warriors were taught the Imperial creed and the truth of the gods that once walked amongst them. So it is that even now, with millennia passed since those fateful days, the Blood Angels take their new recruits from the moons of Baal.

To ascertain who is worthy to join the ranks of the Blood Angels, the youths from the tribes of the pure blood must take part in violent games and magnificent tournaments, battling against both the harsh landscape of their home world and, ultimately, their peers. This has been established practice since the very first time new recruits were summoned from The Blood, and the rituals remain much the same even now. The contests are held once every generation at Angel's Fall, the forbidding cliff where Sanguinius was first found, and are announced by 'great flying chariots' (the Thunderhawks of Veteran Blood Angels).

Aspirants must reach the Place of Challenge by whatever means they can, a process that itself weeds out the weaker warriors hoping to join the ranks of the Blood Angels. They must race across uncharted miles of hostile desert and leap from high cliffs with only their Angels' Wings to support them, a primitive assembly of skins and thin canes barely able to support the aspirant's weight. They must find their way through canyons infested with gigantic Fire Scorpions and Thirstwater, a liquid species that drains moisture from anything it comes into contact with. The dessicated husks of previous hopefuls speak well of those who have underestimated the danger posed by this threat. Once they reach the Place of Challenge, gladiatorial contests similar in scale to those held in the Ultramar system are held. Only the most skilled fighters survive.

Once the fifty or so victors have been separated from the unsuccessful aspirants, they will be taken up in the Thunderhawks to fulfil the next stage of their trials. Those that fail go on to occupy places of honour in their society, or to guard the Place of Testing until the next generation of aspirants is ready.

The successful aspirants are taken to the fortress-monastery of the Blood Angels upon Baal itself, where they see sights of such magnificent glory that many lapse into speechless states of awe. They are marched in front of their future battle-brethren, and it is here that the contrast between aspirant and Space Marine is truly made clear.

The atmosphere and climate of Baal's moons are known to have severe and debilitating effects on those who have lived on their unforgiving surfaces. Most of the aspirants bear the physical marks of their old lives; it is all but impossible for an ordinary man to live in such conditions and not feel the terrible kiss of radiation. Despite their youth, they are often bent and stunted, their ropy physiques riddled with lesions and blemishes, their growth stunted by malnutrition and constant hunger. In contrast, the towering physiques of the Space Marines around them are a sculptor's ideal of beauty, with smooth skin, sleek features and fine white teeth.

The aspirants are taken to the Great Chapel of the Blood Angels, where they observe a vigil for three days and three nights without rest. Some fall asleep despite their best efforts, and are taken away; their fate is unrecorded. Soon after, the Sanguinary Priests enter the candlelit chapel. These noble individuals fulfil the role of Apothecaries for the Blood Angels, but with a far more unusual duty. The Sanguinary Priests are entrusted with the care of Sanguinius's own blood. The chalice they offer the aspirants at the conclusion of the vigil is said to contain a small portion of this precious liquid. Once the aspirants have partaken of the Sanguinary Chalice, they fall into a profound, timeless sleep, and their heartbeat all but stops. They are then taken by

hooded Blood-Servitors to the Apothecarion, where the holy gene-seed of Sanguinius himself is implanted into their recumbent bodies.

The Blood-Servitors, chanting the Credo Vitae, take them to the Hall of Sarcophagi. This breathtaking chamber resembles a gilded cathedral in design, but could house many lesser structures with nary a spire touching its embossed roof. The walls are adorned with a vast array of mighty golden sarcophagi, each twice the size of a man. The sleeping aspirants are entombed within, dwarfed by the size of their caskets, and attached to a large network of life-support nodes. There they remain for a full year, fed intravenously with nutrients and injected with the Blood of Sanguinius.

Many aspirants die at this stage, their feeble forms unable to accommodate the incredible changes wrought upon them by the gene-seed. These unfortunates are best left undescribed. Those able to stand the trial of the blood grow swift and true, reaching proportions reminiscent of their spiritual forefather in a similar timescale. It is rumoured that occasionally an entombed aspirant will awaken well before the casket is opened, and live out a hideous existence of claustrophobic, blood-sodden darkness, emerging from their imprisonment catatonic, insane or worse.

If the aspirants' bodies adapt, they put on extra muscle mass and assimilate the organs implanted into them in the Apothecarion. As they slumber, they are gifted by vivid and strange dreams depicting the memory of Sanguinius himself. Thus the very essence of the Primarch permeates the minds of his new sons, and ever afterwards these potent emotions and memories will be permanently imprinted upon their souls.

When the aspirants are finally removed from their sarcophagi, they have changed so thoroughly that few could believe they were once the twisted creatures rescued from the living hell of Baal Secundus. They have become tall, immensely strong and superhumanly powerful. Their restructured bodies have taken on a haunting beauty reminiscent of their angelic forefather, their senses keener and their muscles stronger than tempered steel.

And yet, they have only completed the first step on the road to becoming a Blood Angels Space Marine.

THE DEATH COMPANY

Deeply ingrained within the Blood Angels' gene-seed is the encoded experience of Sanguinius, and many say that most deeply imprinted of all is the memory of his final battle with Horus. Sometimes an event or circumstance will trigger this 'race memory'. This appears to happen only rarely, often on the eve of battle, and it is likely to be a fatal experience for the warrior whose mind is suddenly wrenched into the distant past. What has become known as the Black Rage overcomes him, the memories and consciousness of Sanguinius intrude upon his mind, and dire events ten thousand years old flood into the present. This we know to be true.

To others a Space Marine overcome by the Black Rage appears half mad with fury: he is unable to distinguish past from present, and does not recognise his comrades. He may believe he is Sanguinius upon the eve of his destruction, and that the bloody battles of the Horus Heresy are raging around him. As well as Sanguinius's memories, the Space Marine is touched with a small portion of the Primarch's unearthly power, boosting the warrior's already prodigious strength and vitality to superhuman levels.

In order to keep the Black Rage in check, on the eve of battle the Blood Angels bend their thoughts to prayer and to the sacrifice of their Primarch so many centuries ago. Chaplains move from man to man, blessing each in turn and noting those amongst the brotherhood whose eyes may appear a little glazed, or whose speech is slurred or over excited. Some, almost all, overcome the ancient intrusion into their minds. All their warrior's training is directed at controlling it, beating it down into the depths of their being. But for some the imprint of Sanguinius is too strong, the memories too loud and demanding. As the Chaplains chant the Moripatris, the Mass of Doom, the chosen ones fall into the arms of their priests, and are taken away. The afflicted Space Marines are formed into a special unit called the the Death Company.

Suffused with the dying memories of their Chapter's Primarch, the warriors of the Death Company seek only one thing: death in battle fighting against the enemies of the Emperor. The Death Company paint their armour black with red saltires, crosses of blood red which symbolise the sacrifice of Sanguinius. The company is led into battle and directed towards the foe by the Chapter's Chaplains. The warriors fight with the certainty of death and are completely fearless, ignoring wounds that should fell even a Space Marine. Should they survive the battle they will probably die of their wounds afterwards, once the frenzied slaughter is past. It is thought that the Blood Angels welcome this death, as they fear their madness will later lead them down the darkest path of all. Better by far to die cleanly and quickly in battle than suffer such a fate...

The Horus Heresy

Perhaps more than any other Loyalist Chapter, the terrible events of the Horus Heresy had a horrifying and permanent effect upon the Blood Angels, and it is this tragic fate that has shaped the Chapter since that time. Warmaster Horus, once the Emperor's most trusted and beloved son, turned to Chaos, and plunged the dagger of betrayal so far into the heart of the Imperium that it is yet to recover from his evil deed.

In a tragic sequence of events, the corrupt and evil being that Horus had become managed to manipulate and coerce several other Primarchs, turning them against their own father and mentor, the Emperor himself. These events culminated in the combined attack of Warmaster Horus's forces upon the Emperor's Palace. Space Marine fought Space Marine, traitor battled loyalist until the fortifications of Terra's finest monument to divinity itself looked set to fall. Chaos was ascendant; the powers that Horus had allied himself with had given him power beyond imagining at the cost of his immortal soul.

Sanguinius is immortalised in the magnificent stained glass windows of the Sanctus Praetoria Imperator as fighting high above the raging battle, facing daemons so powerful they could unhinge the minds of great heroes with but a word. He single-handedly held the crenellations from the tides of daemonic filth attempting to wash into the holy chambers of the Emperor's Palace. Many accounts of the time praise the Blood Angel's

valour and unceasing efforts in their defence of the Eternity Wall space port. Although hundreds of Blood Angels died, they stemmed a sea of foulness the like of which had never been seen before. Many speak of the bright light bathing Sanguinius' sons as the Primarch slew his foes in the skies above with his mighty blade of fire. And yet, it was upon Horus's battle barge that Sanguinius was to fulfil his greatest duty.

In his victory, Horus became complacent, watching the battle from the bridge of his bloated leviathan of a command ship. He wanted to experience the Emperor's defeat first hand, to force him to his knees before he fed on the father of Mankind's soul. And in his folly, as his forces breached the defences for the last and final time, spilling into the corridors and chambers of the palace, Horus relaxed the psychic defences around his ship. At the speed of thought, the Emperor was aboard the hellish craft, Sanguinius close behind him.

It is known that Sanguinius was gifted with the power of foretelling, able to see visions of what lay ahead. His soul was pure, and the prophesies he spoke of inevitably came to be. It can thus be surmised that he knew full well he was going to his doom when he confronted the Warmaster, and yet he went without hesitation. Whether this act was prompted by fatalism or loyalty to the Emperor is a point debated by many Imperial theologians lacking in faith, however there is no doubt in the minds of the Blood Angels. They maintain that he walked into the lion's den out of duty, knowing full well what the outcome would be.

And thus it is that the Blood Angels alone know the details of their Primarch's fate. The sacrifice of their founder is echoed in the soul of every one of their number, and their souls burn with troubled dreams of Sanguinius's death. These inherited memories are so powerful that the Blood Angels are known to lapse into a fugue state known as the Black Rage, experiencing horrific visions of death and pain that they share with Sanguinius himself.



It is true that as a Blood Angel ages, as he sees more bloodshed and battle, he becomes more and more prone to the onset of the Black Rage. Chaplain Lestrallio, a great and tragic martyr of the Blood Angels, instigated a method that enabled those unfortunate few who fell into the Rage when the Chapter was in deep space to be of service nonetheless. The Lestrallio Procedure involves giving oneself to the Sanguiniary Priests when all attempts at stemming the Black Rage have been unsuccessful, and there are no enemies for the victim to slaughter in the throes of a heroic death. The volunteer is restrained, shackled in adamantium often at the cost of many Blood-Servitors, and brought into the bowels of the craft. There, in the darkness of the ship's Apothecarion, he is encouraged to talk of what he sees around him, his visions echoing those witnessed by Sanguinius within the unholy depths of Horus's battle barge.

The following account is an excerpt from the descriptions of Chaplain Lestrallio himself, recorded by a Blood Servitor in 2432053.M36. It remains the longest recorded example of the visions granted by the Black Rage, a testament to Lestrallio's great strength of will.

"It's dark... aagh! It burns! The taint is so strong... the smell... rot, foul rot and death... it's hot. So hot... I feel my feathers singe, furling against me to avoid touching the walls, the walls... this is Hell... thorns, spines pushing through wet flesh <subject goes into spasm> <subject screams in rage> *What's that... What's that!? So fast! Aaaaah! For the Emperor! Die! DIE!"*

<subject falls still, mutters unintelligibly, possibly a prayer>

"Where is he, where is he, you cannot stop me foul CHAOS FILTH! AAAGH!"

<subject spasms, gnashes teeth> *"curse this light..."*

"Burn! BURN! All of you! <indecipherable> *the walls, there are no walls, this tunnel made of flesh, rotted flesh, bursting underfoot, bleeding, the stench of pus...*<subject screams, then calms>

"I will find you, coward."

<six seconds pass, subject's eyes open>

"I name you Traitor! Face me! For the Emperor! FOR THE EMPEROR!"

At this point, after a violent spasm that lasted longer than any before and nearly shook his body to pieces, Chaplain Lestrallio died of massive physiological trauma. This is a regrettable side effect of the Lestrallio Procedure, but one deemed fitting by many among the Blood Angels.

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From the collated results of these experiments, it is possible to draw conclusions from the valuable evidence provided by those suffering the Black Rage. Sanguinius is thought to have undergone unimaginable psychic damage at the hands of the Warmaster who, it is believed by many Blood Angels, could not best him in personal combat.

Horus, in his limitless malice, made sure that Sanguinius's death was the most painful and foul that the boundless evils in his service could administer. The Warmaster's psychic assault echoed not just throughout space, but also throughout time, resonating in the souls of his children. The Primarch's sacrifice is thought to have kept Horus occupied long enough for the Emperor to reach the traitor in the very depths of his lair, where the Emperor eventually bested him at a terrible cost. The pain inflicted upon the Primarch was so total that every one of his sons carries the echo imprinted deep within their soul to this day.

And so it was that the Blood Angels came to bear their blood-curse, and they bear it still.

Home World

In ancient days Baal and its moons all had earth-like atmospheres. Several Explorator teams, equipped with state-of-the-art rad-suits, have studied Baal's moons in some detail. Beneath their blackened crusts was a wealth of information, as the strata bear very different patterns to what was originally expected. It was concluded that Baal itself was always a world of red rust deserts, but its moons could potentially have been paradises for mortal men, where folk concentrated on art and science rather than survival and conquest. The surface of Baal is dotted with ruined edifices, incredible monuments that must have been constructed with incredible skill to have stood the test of time. It is obvious that the people of Baal spent their time creating mighty monuments, carving the mountains themselves into statues of their rulers and their gods. Thus the Imperium was able to build a picture of life on Baal through architectural remains.

It is still unknown as to what exactly happened to change this idyllic state of affairs, a cause of great consternation among Imperial historians. All that is certain is that the cataclysmic and fearful events that changed the face of Baal forever happened at roughly the end of the Dark Age of Technology. The moons of Baal suffered terribly. Evidence of ancient weapons both viral and nuclear have been found, perhaps accounting for the incredible rad-count of the moons. The strata of these planets include plains of blackened glass and vast tracts of polluted desert. What were once seas became poisoned lakes of toxic sludge, now covered in layers of pallid dust. The folk of the system must have died in their millions. But somehow humanity has prevailed. The populace became scavengers, picking the bones of their own once-great civilisation. Without their now characteristic rad-suits many must have perished still, growing sickly and feeble as the atmosphere was radically altered. It is theorised by many Imperial scholars that in the dark time that followed the collapse of all order, some became worse than scavengers, and turned to cannibalism.

One side effect from the ensuing radioactive atmosphere was inevitable, however. In time, the accumulated chemical and radioactive toxins that built up in the survivors' bodies led to them devolving into mutants, shambling parodies of the men their forefathers had once been. The disintegration of society can be seen depicted at the Lasquo Caves of Baal Primus, grotesque images of mutants and madmen butchering the more wholesome members of the populace, drawn in ancient blood onto the parched walls.

But, as we know from the Baalite Scripture, there were some who held on to their humanity and preserved some semblance of sane behaviour, forming tribes the like of which adopted Sanguinius upon his descent. But these were the embattled few, as a new and savage culture evolved amid the ruins of the old. The only social unit left was the tribe. For human and mutant cannibal alike, the only folk they could rely on were their own kin.

The folk of the Baal system became nomads, shifting from place to place, picking the ruins clean, warring to preserve the spoils they had gathered. The tribes fought constant wars. Webs of alliances shifted constantly. Extinction awaited the slow and the weak. Where once the moons had been close to paradise, now they were close to hell.

For the few surviving humans, life must have been a constant struggle to exist. For a long time it must have seemed that Baalite humanity was doomed, and soon there would only be an endless desert ruled over by the feuding mutant tribes. Although we can only guess as to when, the miracle of Sanguinius's descent onto the planet introduced a new hope into a barren world.

Organisation

Although the Blood Angels share much of their organisation with their brother Space Marines, adhering in many ways to the precepts of the Codex Astartes, there are notable exceptions. The Blood Angels have several specialist units they do not share with any Chapter other than their successors; the Angels Vermilion, Angels Sanguine, Angels Encarmine, Blood Drinkers and Flesh Tearers. It is worth noting that, unlike the others mentioned here, the Blood Drinkers are strict followers of the Codex Astartes. Their markings are similar to those of the Ultramarines chapter.

Perhaps the most notable exception that the Blood Angels exhibit in their ranks is a preponderance of close combat troops. The chance to become one of the Blood Angels' Assault Marines is much sought after, as it is in close combat that these Space Marines can exorcise the ghosts of their ancestral memory. Even Devastator squads, those entrusted with the duties of fire support, have been known to run towards the enemy in an attempt to engage them in close combat (cf. the Trachesai Massacre, 230.M34).

The members of the Blood Angels 1st Company fight as assault troops when not equipped as Terminators, rather than as tactical squads as is the case with many of their brother Chapters. The entire 8th Company is dedicated to close combat, many of their members being amongst the finest assault troops in the Imperium. Those Space Marines not equipped with jump packs often make use of Land Speeders and Bikes to support their brethren. The 10th Company, consisting of a variable number of Scout squads, is unusual in that its members are extremely aggressive. They work their way into forward positions, infiltrating enemy positions

and relishing every opportunity they can take to close quarters and tear their enemies apart in a storm of blood. The other companies of the Blood Angels conform to the structure established by the Codex Astartes, although many of their Rhinos are customised with over-charged engines so that their passengers can reach the front line with haste. (Note: No doubt this straying from the precepts set out in the Rhino STC has an adverse effect on the vehicle as a whole). Specialist squads are distinguished by the colour of their helmets: Tactical squads are marked in red, Devastator squads in blue and Veteran Assault squads in yellow.

The Blood Angels Headquarters division includes a number of ranks that are not found in any other Chapter, reflecting their unique nature and organisation. These include the Sanguinary Priests, custodians of the holy blood of Sanguinius. It has been known for a Sanguinary Priest to administer a potent blood transfusion to a battle brother with his Exsanguinator, even in the midst of combat.

Another exception to standard Codex organisation is the inclusion of squads of Honour Guard, the high elite of the close assault cadres of the Blood Angels and the bodyguard of their most revered heroes. These warriors take the place of the usual command squad, and may include a Standard Bearer or Sanguinary Priest. It is said by some that few more formidable units exist in the entire pantheon of the Adeptus Astartes. The members of the Honour Guard are denoted by their helmets, marked in shining gold, a sign of hope for their allies and despair for their foes.

The Blood Angels are also famous for the Furioso pattern Dreadnought, a design perfected by the Chapter's Lord of the Forges many millennia ago to grant the opportunity of slaking the blood lust of Space Marine heroes even when their bodies are broken beyond salvation. The mighty twin power claws of the Furioso are a match for any opponent, and are capable of tearing open the adamantium hide of a Land Raider when the Furioso is gripped by battle-lust.

Finally, and perhaps most notably, the organisation of the Blood Angels is often disrupted by those who suffer from the Black Rage. These unfortunates are formed into the infamous Death Company. Alas, there is no way to predict exactly how this phenomenon will affect the Chapter's organisation until the battle itself.



Combat Doctrine

The companies of the Blood Angels generally fight as one would expect from a disciplined force of the Adeptus Astartes. The 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th are Battle Companies, and these four companies form the main battle lines and generally bear the brunt of the fighting. The specialist companies are kept in reserve and only deployed when necessary.

However, these Companies cannot be relied upon to fight in the structured, disciplined way of the Imperial Fists or the Dark Angels, for the strength of their genetic curse can turn even the most taciturn veteran into a berserker, wishing only to rend his enemy apart and slake his overriding thirst for battle. The Black Rage can possess any and all Blood Angels during the heat of battle, be they a Devastator squad or the driver of a Vindicator. As such, it is always uncertain as to whether a Blood Angels contingent will hold a position. It is just as likely that they will run screaming forward in an attempt to rip the enemy limb from limb with their bare hands. This has in the past led to the total massacre of the Blood Angels' foes on unnumbered occasions. Possibly one of the most famous of these was the Battle at Hive Tempestora, where the Blood Angels assaulted en masse with such undaunted ferocity that their charge smashed apart the enemy line, enabling them to establish a beachhead in a situation considered hopeless by Imperial tacticians. It is said that the fanatical zeal of the Blood Angels also enabled them to achieve the impossible throughout the Armageddon campaign. This unpredictability makes them extremely unpopular with other Imperial commanders, but the Blood Angels care not. They know that their constant struggle against the Black Rage makes them stronger, not weaker.

Battlecry

"By the blood of Sanguinius!"

Beliefs

Sanguinius was a visionary. During his early life he desired to lead his people to a new and better life. When he joined the Great Crusade he transferred this vision to a greater arena, but did not abandon it. He wanted a better life for all Mankind and an end to the strife brought on by the collapse of human civilisation during the Dark Age of Technology.

We have established that the outlook of Sanguinius did much to shape his Chapter. There is a mystical streak to many of the Blood Angels' doctrines, and also a strong belief that things can be changed for the better. After all, the process of transforming a scavenger into a tall, proud and handsome warrior is living proof of this tenet.

This belief can be seen in everything the Blood Angels do: they strive for perfection. Their works of art are things of beauty and symmetry. Their martial disciplines are practised unceasingly. Their doctrines are permeated with a sense of mortality and the fallen greatness of Man.

Physically the Blood Angels are among the longest lived of all the Space Marine Chapters. One of the peculiarities of their gene-seed is that it has vastly increased the lifespan of those who possess it, so it is not uncommon for Blood Angels to reach a thousand years of age. Indeed, the current Chapter Master, Commander Dante, has lived for nearly 1,100 years. These vastly extended lifespans allow the Blood Angels to perfect their techniques in art as well as in war. They have centuries in which to perfect the disciplines to which they turn their minds, and this accounts for the fact that Blood Angels' armour and banners are among the most ornate ever produced.

Perhaps the strangest of all the Chapter's traits was witnessed by Inquisitor Garillion on his sojourn to the fortress monastery on Baal in 1929734.M40. The Blood Angels have a habit of sleeping whenever possible in the sarcophagi used to create them. They apparently believe that in this timeless slumber, they are one step closer to Sanguinius, and seek to gain some insight into the psyche of their forefather. While the Blood Angels sleep in their sarcophagi their blood is cleansed and purified. The Chapter thus hopes to slow the long process of possible genetic degeneration until a permanent solution for the Black Rage can be found.

Nevertheless, it is clear to any who study the martial record of the Blood Angels that they enforce the Emperor's will with a fervour and zeal that equals or exceeds that of any other Chapter. In fact, these records point to the fact that the Blood Angels are responsible for many of the Imperium's successful actions, and that the number of aliens and heretics they have killed in the name of the Emperor is beyond count.

Gene-seed

This Chapter, once among the most blessed of all the Chapters, now shuns the company of the other Adeptus Astartes where possible. Some Imperial officers have reported suspicions that they are afflicted by a terrible thirst, a craving for blood, which paranoid scholars claim may be the first signs of a descent into Chaos. It is known that the Blood Angels themselves spend much of their time seeking a cure for their condition, but surely this does not mean that they are a Chapter trying in vain to keep the insidious tendrils of Chaos from their very blood.

The trials of their inheritance may well be the Blood Angels' greatest salvation, for it brings with it a humility and understanding of their own failings which make them the most truly noble of the Adeptus Astartes.

The fate of those unfortunates overtaken completely by their Primarch's legacy is known only to the Chapter itself. There are tales of a secret chamber within the Fortress Monastery on Baal, and of howling cries that demand the blood of the living. Unsurprisingly, none are willing to say for certain what secrets lie hidden in this haunted, desolate place.

There have been incidents when the Blood Angels have been stationed on distant worlds, where members of the local population have gone missing only to turn up later drained of blood (Rukh's Paradise, Amerialla Belt, Q34/9/4503/RT/Ultima Segmentum, 6569347.M36). It is possible that this is the work of cultists seeking to discredit the Chapter. It may even be that some of the more superstitious local citizens have taken to offering up sacrifices to their god-like visitors. However, those Imperial historians possessed of dark and fervent imaginations claim it is possible that these folk have been killed by Blood Angels overcome by an unholy thirst.

Some among those who entertain such unwholesome beliefs say that it is because Sanguinius was more touched by Chaos than the other infant Primarchs. They cite the fact that he possessed wings – an obvious mutation – to support their case. Their argument runs that the gene-seed which was extracted from him was flawed even before the first Blood Angels were created, and thus terrible consequences were preordained.

At the time when the First Founding Chapters were created, the Emperor himself oversaw the process of transferring gene-seed from Primarch to Space Marine. However, since the Emperor's interment in the Golden Throne, each Chapter has had a different method of controlling and managing the change. The Blood Angels originally practised Exsanguination, a process initially triggered by injecting aspirants with tiny samples of the Primarch's blood. Alas, this process ground to a halt after Sanguinius's death, but fortuitously some of his blood was kept in the relic known as the Red Grail. This living blood, even possessed of such incredible power, could not last for long in an unprotected state. Thus it was that the vitae of their dead Primarch was injected into the veins of the Sanguinary Priests. They became living hosts to the power of their Primarch. Even today, drinking the blood of the assembled Sanguinary Priests from the Red Grail is part of the ritual used in inducting new Blood Angels Priests. In turn, it is from these custodians of the pure lineage that the blood given to aspirants is taken.

It is possible that over the countless generations since the time of the Heresy, the cells within the blood of the Sanguinary Priests have mutated, slowly at first, but more quickly in recent years. As it is, the blood used in the induction of the aspirants to the Chapter is technically vulnerable to degeneration. It is theorised by some that errors in replication have resulted in the Blood Angels' development of a genetic flaw.

There are very few records of the occurrence of genetic instability in the early years of the Imperium, or throughout the long millennia during which the Blood Angels were shaped. In the present day, however, it is for their unstoppable thirst for battle that the Blood Angels are considered unstable. Their fearsome reputation precludes them from many alliances with other Imperial forces. Thus it is that the curse has spread like a cancer not only through the Blood Angels' body and psyche, but also through their honour.

BLOOD ANGELS

The Blood Angels were once regarded as the most blessed of all the Legions of the Adeptus Astartes, possessed of the bravery and puissant skill of their Primarch, Sanguinius. But the events of the Horus Heresy dealt them a terrible blow, the loss of their angelic forefather himself. His death was so terrible that it left a deep scar in every member of the Legion, and ever since that dark day, it is whispered that the Blood Angels have carried a terrible curse within their veins.

Although the Blood Angels share much of their organisation with their brother Space Marines, adhering in many ways to the precepts of the Codex Astartes, there are notable exceptions.

The Second through Ninth Company colours are displayed as blood drops on the right shoulder pad. A skull represents the First Company. A badge on the knee of their right leg identifies the ten squads in each Company. Specialist squads are distinguished by the colour of their helmets: the Commander's Honour Guard are represented by gold, Tactical squads are marked in red, Devastator squads in blue and Assault squads in yellow.

HEADQUARTERS STAFF

Master of the Chapter, Senior Officers, Administrative Staff, Support Personnel plus Armoury & Librarius.

VETERANS

1st Company
Command
Squads:
10 Terminator
or
10 Veteran Assault

BATTLE COMPANIES

2nd Company
Command
Squads:
6 Tactical
2 Assault
2 Devastator

3rd Company
Command
Squads:
6 Tactical
2 Assault
2 Devastator

4th Company
Command
Squads:
6 Tactical
2 Assault
2 Devastator

5th Company
Command
Squads:
6 Tactical
2 Assault
2 Devastator

RESERVE COMPANIES

6th Company
Command
Squads:
10 Tactical

7th Company
Command
Squads:
10 Tactical

8th Company
Command
Squads:
10 Assault

9th Company
Command
Squads:
10 Devastator

SCOUTS

10th (Scout) Company
Command
Squads:
Scout

ORGANISATION

One of the differences that Blood Angels exhibit in their ranks in relation to the Codex Astartes is a preponderance of close combat troops. The members of the Blood Angels 1st Company fight as assault troops when not equipped as Terminators. The other companies of the Blood Angels conform to the structure established by the Codex Astartes.

Before a battle, some Blood Angels succumb to visions of death and destruction brought about by the sacrifice to Sanguinius. Those that fail to quell their waking nightmare are formed into the Death Company, who will fight on regardless of the odds against them or the seriousness of their wounds.

The Blood Angels Headquarters include a number of ranks not found in any other chapter, most notably the Sanguinary Priest, custodian of the holy blood of their Primarch Sanguinius. Another exception to standard Codex organisation is the inclusion of squads of Honour Guard, who form the bodyguard of the Chapter's most revered heroes.

HISTORY

However, Blood Angels cannot be relied upon to fight in the structured, disciplined way of the Imperial Fists or the Dark Angels, for the strength of their genetic curse can turn even the most taciturn veteran into a berserker. The Black Rage can possess any and all Blood Angels during the heat of battle, be they a Devastator squad or the driver of a Vindicator. It is just as likely that they will run screaming forward in an attempt to rip the enemy limb from limb with their bare hands.



PAINTING BLOOD ANGELS



One quick way to paint troops to a gaming standard is to use ink washes. This is really effective on bright coloured Chapter colours such as the Blood Angels, where the natural shine that inks give to paint is often seen as a bonus. In this example, the painter preferred to apply the ink in a very controlled way, tidying up the armour plates where necessary to give an overall matt finish.

The Blood Angels tactical trooper has been assembled without the boltgun in place to make painting the chest eagle easier. The model was undercoated white and the boltgun black.

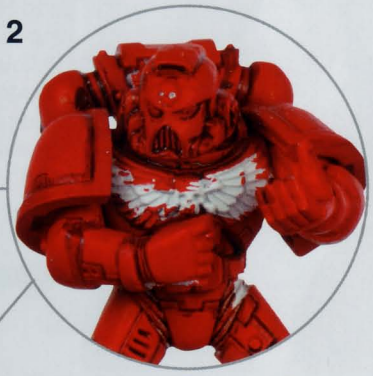
PAINTING THE ARMOUR

1



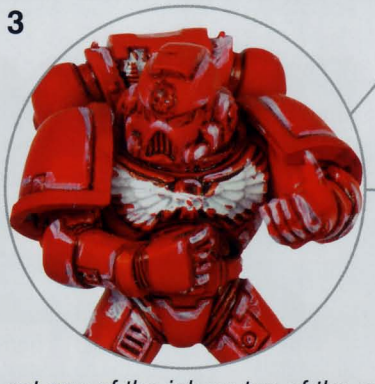
Over a white undercoat, first paint a coat of Blood Red onto the armour. You may want to apply a couple of coats to get an even coverage.

2



Mix equal parts of Red and Brown inks and paint it into the recesses of the armour plates to shade the model.

3



If you get any of the ink on top of the armour plates, re-undercoat the area with Skull White.

4



Repaint the armour plates Blood Red.

GREEN EYE LENSES



1



Paint the whole of the lens with a basecoat of Dark Angels Green.

2



Apply Snot Green, leaving a little of the original colour showing.

3



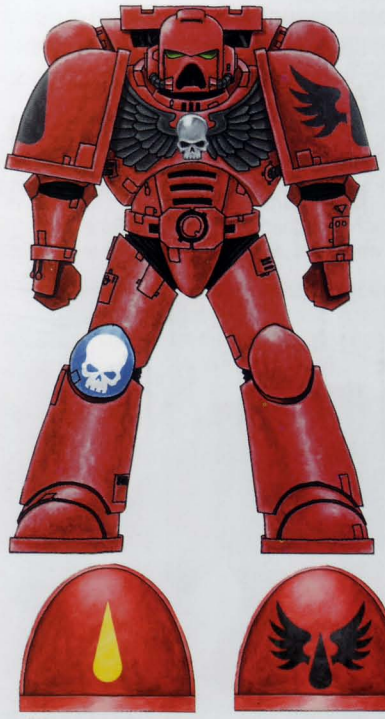
Paint on a final highlight of Scorpion Green to the centre of the lens.

4

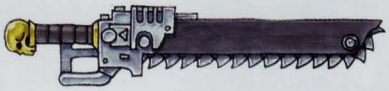


The final touch is a tiny dot of Skull White in the rear corners.

BLOOD ANGELS



There are a number of ways in which the livery of Blood Angels differs from a Codex Chapter. A badge on the right shoulder guard represents the Company colours. The First Company badge is a skull whilst the Second through to Fifth is a single blood drop with a different colour representing each Company. Reserve Companies have two blood drops instead of one. Tactical, Assault, Devastator and Honour Guard are identified by the colour of their helmets: red, yellow, blue and gold. Instead of squad numbers each of the ten squads in a Company has a specific badge on their right knee-pad.





Honour Guard helmet colour



Assault squad helmet colour



Devastator squad helmet colour

Blood Angel squad helmet variants.

Each Blood Angels Company is divided into ten squads, identified by a badge worn on the right knee of their power armour



1st squad | 2nd squad | 3rd squad | 4th squad | 5th squad | 6th squad | 7th squad | 8th squad | 9th squad | 10th squad



Brother Simeon armed with boltgun



Brother Titus armed with boltgun



Brother Ethan armed with boltgun



Brother Joses armed with boltgun



Brother Hosea armed with boltgun



Brother Festus armed with boltgun



Brother Demos armed with flamer



Brother Philemon with missile launcher



Brother-Sergeant Jacobus with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Marcus armed with boltgun

Tactical Squad Jacobus of the Second Company under Brother Captain Lazarus



Brother Micah armed with missile launcher



Brother Alpheus armed with heavy bolter



Brother Sergeant Caiaphas with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Onesimus with missile launcher



Brother Festan armed with heavy bolter

Devastator Squad Caiaphas of the Second Company under Brother Captain Lazarus



Brother Andreus with plasma pistol & chainsword



Brother Damaris armed with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Sergeant Aquila armed with bolt pistol & power fist

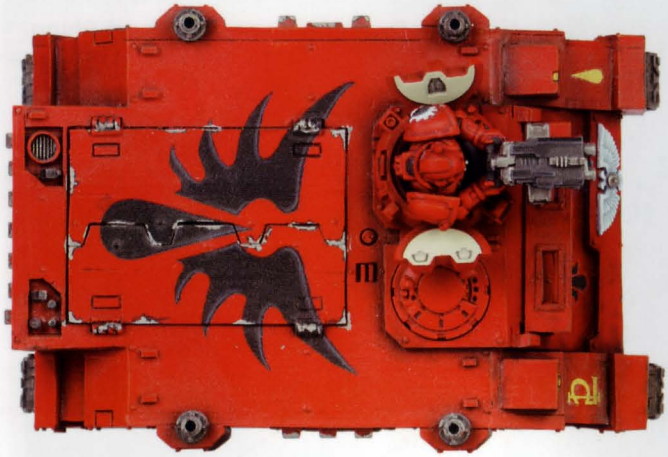


Brother Josiah armed with bolt pistol & chainsword



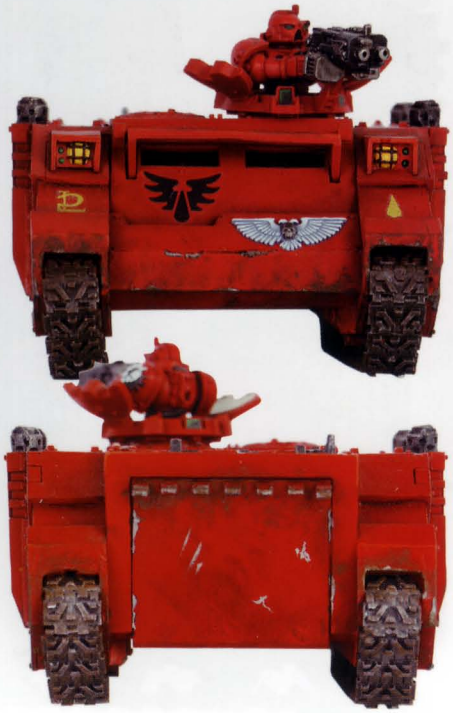
Brother Phineon armed with bolt pistol & chainsword

Assault Squad Aquila of the Second Company under Brother Captain Lazarus





Transport Rhino *Ulixis*, attached to Squad Theophilus of the Second Company





Brother Telos with heavy flamer & power fist | *Brother Corbo with storm bolter & chainfist* | *Brother-Sergeant Damaris with storm bolter & power sword* | *Brother Joses with storm bolter & power fist* | *Brother Simeonus with storm bolter & chainfist*

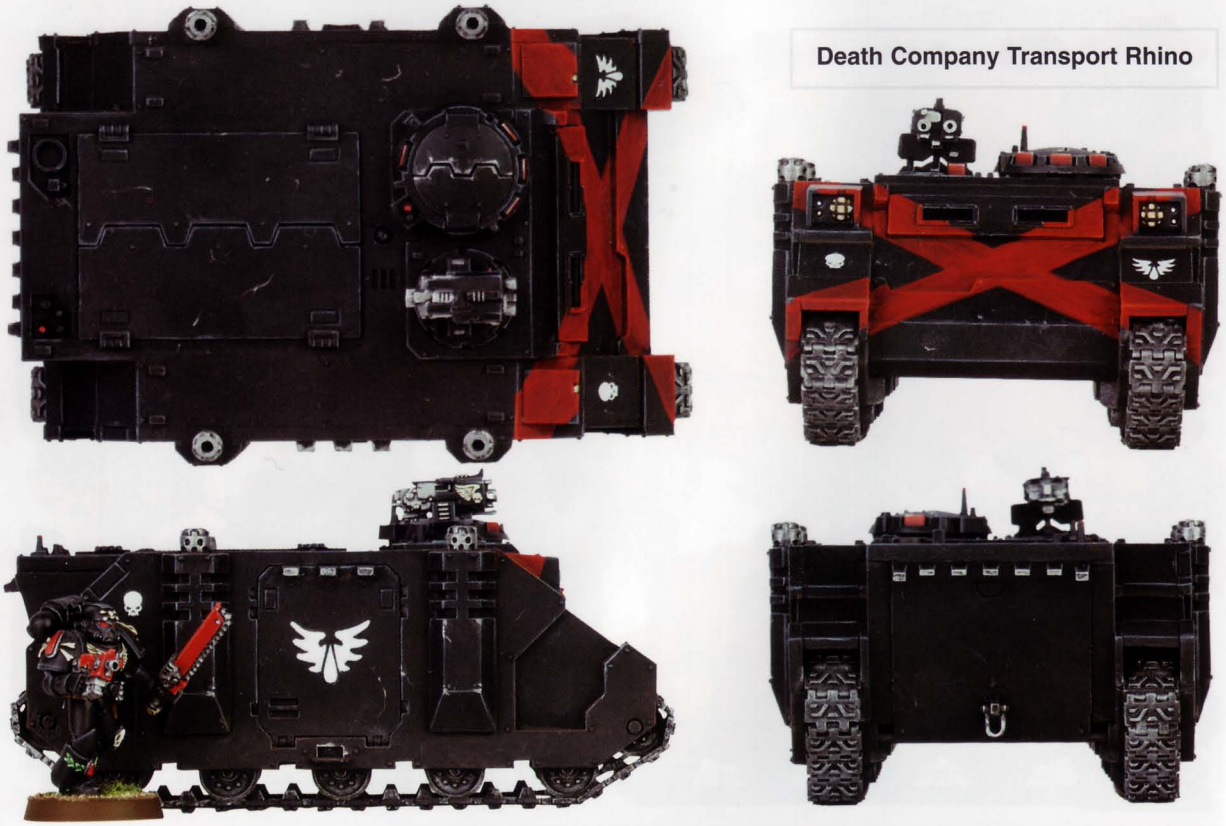
Terminator Squad Damaris of the First Company of the Blood Angels under Brother Captain Alphaeus

The Death Company



Brother Mialaichi with bolt pistol & chainsword | *Brother Titus with bolt pistol & chainsword* | *Brother Shimaeon with bolt pistol & chainsword* | *Brother Chaplain Nathaniel with bolt pistol & crozius arcanum* | *Brother Pontus with bolt pistol & chainsword*

Death Company Transport Rhino





Honour Guard Ananias armed with bolt pistol & power axe

Honour Guard Erastus with bolt pistol & Chapter banner

Commander Dante armed with Inferno pistol & power axe

Honour Guard Enosh with bolt pistol & narthecium

Honour Guard Malachi armed with bolt pistol & power sword

Commander Dante, Lord of the Blood Angels, and his Honour Guard



Furioso Dreadnought *Ionius* of the Second Company under Brother Captain Lazarus

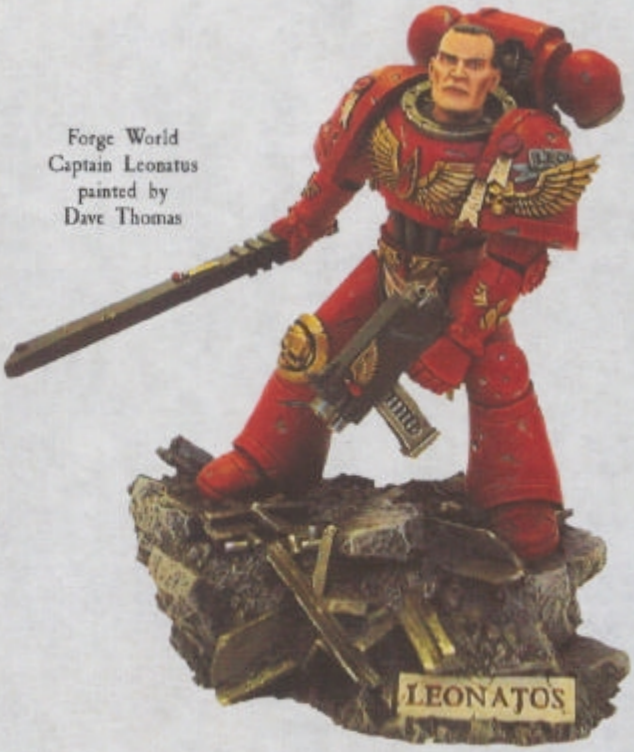
Baal Predator of the Second Company under Brother Captain Lazarus



BLOOD ANGELS



Furioso Dreadnought



Forge World
Captain Leonatus
painted by
Dave Thomas



Blood Angels Tactical Squad



Blood Angels
Predator Destructor



Chief Librarian Mephiston



Captain Tycho refuses to concede defeat at Hive Tempestora.



Blood Angels go over the top against Black Legion Chaos Space Marines



Company Standard Bearer



A Land Raider unloads its deadly cargo into the Chaos battle lines.

Index Astartes

PURGE THE UNCLEAN

The Grey Knights & Deathwatch Chapters

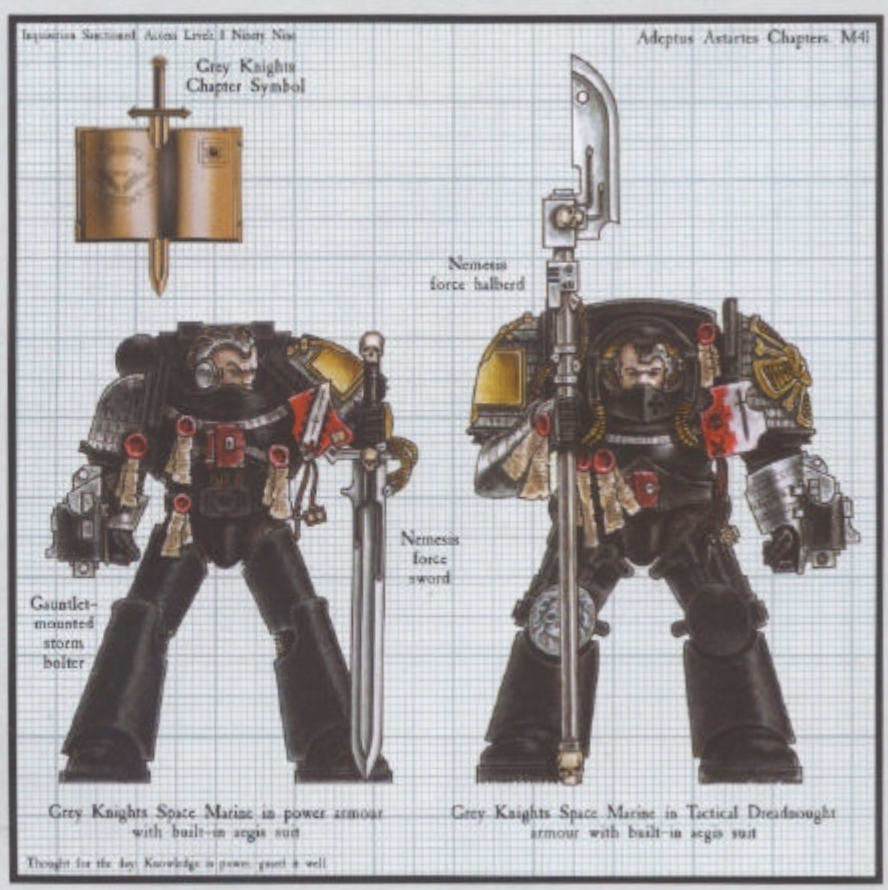
by Graham McNeill

The Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes are the mightiest warriors in the Imperium and their fury in battle is legendary. Few can stand against the might of a Space Marine Chapter and the foes of Mankind tremble at their name. But there are alien races whose evil is beyond human understanding and beings that exist outside the realm of realspace that seek to plunge Humanity into the realm of Chaos. To face such foes demands warriors whose hearts and souls are trained to withstand extremes of pain and terror, whose faith in the Emperor is as unwavering as it is strong. Since the dawn of the Imperium, two brotherhoods of specially trained Space Marines have fought these foes and defeated them. They are the Deathwatch and the Grey Knights.

The Grey Knights

Founded in great secrecy around the time of the Second Founding (although this is uncertain), the Grey Knights are amongst the most highly specialised defenders of Humanity in existence. Uniquely amongst the Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes, the Grey Knights Chapter has no antecedents, having been created from specifically engineered gene-seed. Legend has it that the Emperor himself ordered the creation of this unique Chapter to form a force designed to fight the dread creatures of Chaos, though, of course, this is impossible to verify. Following the awesome scale of bloodshed during the Horus Heresy, the necessity for such a force was clear. Designated Chapter 666, the Grey Knights are permanently attached to that most secretive of organisations, the Ordo Malleus. The Ordo Malleus is only ever spoken of in whispers and though its stated purpose is to keep watch on the Inquisition itself, its true purpose is far more sinister, the destruction of the daemonic.

The Grey Knights form the main fighting strength of the Ordo Malleus and, traditionally, its Chapter Master is a member of the Inner Conclave of the Inquisition. The men of the Grey Knights are no ordinary warriors. Plucked from the fiercest warrior cultures on a dozen different worlds, only the bravest and strongest youths are selected for the training. Aspirants are taken to the Chapter's base on



Saturn's moon, Titan, where they undergo arduous tests of faith, strength, endurance and courage that break all but the strongest warriors. Those few that survive the tests are then implanted with the gene-seed that will transform them into superhuman Space Marines. Now the aspirants are ready to begin their real training.

The most advanced bio-engineering and psycho-surgery is utilised to condition the Grey Knights into warriors of great prowess. The six hundred and sixty six Rituals of Detestation enable the Space Marines of the Grey Knights to face terrifying foes without fear and withstand pain that would cripple a 'normal' Space Marine. Their lives are filled with ritual, meditation and self-denial, designed to strengthen the mind and steel the soul against the horrors of the daemonic. The Chapter's warriors are heavily conditioned to resist the whispered seductions of Chaos and the honeyed lies of daemonic creatures. These precautions are vital and, thus far, have proven to be effective, as not a single Grey Knight has faltered in battle or become a pawn of the Dark Powers.

It is through unprotected psykers that daemonic creatures can gain entry to the material universe and it is for this reason that the Grey Knights are screened to exclude all but the most resilient psykers. The strongest and purest of these psykers are then trained until they reach a level of mastery that equals the powers of Librarians of the Adeptus Astartes. Those who distinguish themselves in battle may be elevated to the honoured position of the Grey Knights 1st Company and take to the field of battle in modified Tactical Dreadnought armour, more commonly known as Terminator armour, with bolt weaponry incorporated into the gauntlets. The Librarians of the Grey Knights are taught to combine their abilities in a gestalt power that far exceeds anything they could achieve alone. The Grey Knights fight in baroque, heavily ornamented suits of armour with the Chapter's symbol, a sword through a tome, prominently displayed. They fight with the finest equipment and weapons the Imperium can manufacture, mighty sigil-encrusted swords and halberds. These warriors alone can stand before the might of a Greater Daemon with any hope of banishing it back to the Immaterium from whence it came.

The millennia the Grey Knights have spent in battle against the forces of darkness has furnished them with blasphemous knowledge, painstakingly pieced together by the Inquisitors of the Ordo Malleus. This damned collection of knowledge is gathered together on Titan in the Librarium Daemonica, a gloomy repository of ancient tomes, crumbling parchments and data crystals that groans under the weight of the psychic evil that dwells within its walls. This is one of the most heavily guarded locations in the Imperium, and the threat of such knowledge falling into the wrong hands is taken very seriously by the Grey Knights. Each warrior of the Grey Knights carries a copy of the sacred Liber Daemonica, the holy battle rites of the Chapter, in a ceramite case on his breastplate and it is this which symbolises a Grey Knight's most potent weapon; an unshakeable faith in the Divine Emperor. The book contains the essential tenets of lore culled from the Librarium Daemonica by psychically monitored servitors. These servitors are permanently wired to toxin dispensers that can be activated immediately should some daemonic entity attempt to force a passage into real space through the servitor's brain.



The threat of Chaos permeates the entire galaxy and while the Chapter maintains a fortress-monastery on Titan, much of its strength is scattered

> The Daemon has many forms. You must know them all. You must tell the Daemon from his disguise and root him out from the hidden places. Trust no one. Trust not even yourself. It is better to die in vain than to live in abomination. The zealous martyr is praised for his valour: the craven and the unready are justly abhorred.
>
> Excerpted from the First Book of Indoctrinations

across the Imperium. Guided by the finest Navigators of the Navis Nobilite and conveyed by the fastest ships produced by the Adeptus Mechanicus, the Grey Knights stand ready to meet the foul minions of Chaos wherever they may strike. Typically, the warriors of these forces have trained together for their entire lives and the bonds of loyalty and honour that bind them are stronger than adamantium. Every Grey Knight is ready to lay down his life to ensure the safety of the Imperium and should that sacrifice be necessary, it is the fervent wish of all those who fall to be transported back to Titan and buried in the hallowed crypts beneath their fortress. A great basalt wall in the heart of the monastery is carved with the names of all those who have fallen in defiance of evil and, though no one outside the Chapter will ever know of their bravery, some of the Imperium's greatest heroes lie buried on Titan.

The Deathwatch

On uncounted battlefields, the servants of the Emperor must wage war against the vileness of alien creatures. Often the first, last and only line of defence against these abominations are mysterious figures in black powered armour who fight the aliens with preternatural skill and dedication. With the battle over, these figures vanish as quickly as they arrived, leaving no trace of the creatures they fought or that they were even there at all. These men are the Imperium's highly trained alien fighters. They are the Deathwatch.

The Deathwatch forms the Chamber Militant of the Ordo Xenos, the branch of the Inquisition tasked with the study, containment and, in most cases, extermination of alien races. However, it is not a single unified Chapter in the same way as the Grey Knights of the Ordo Malleus. The Space Marines of the Deathwatch are drawn from many different Chapters, all of which have sworn sacred oaths to maintain specially trained alien fighters and stand ready to deploy them at a moment's notice. These warriors are drawn together as and when needed to combat alien menace whenever and wherever it rears its ugly head.

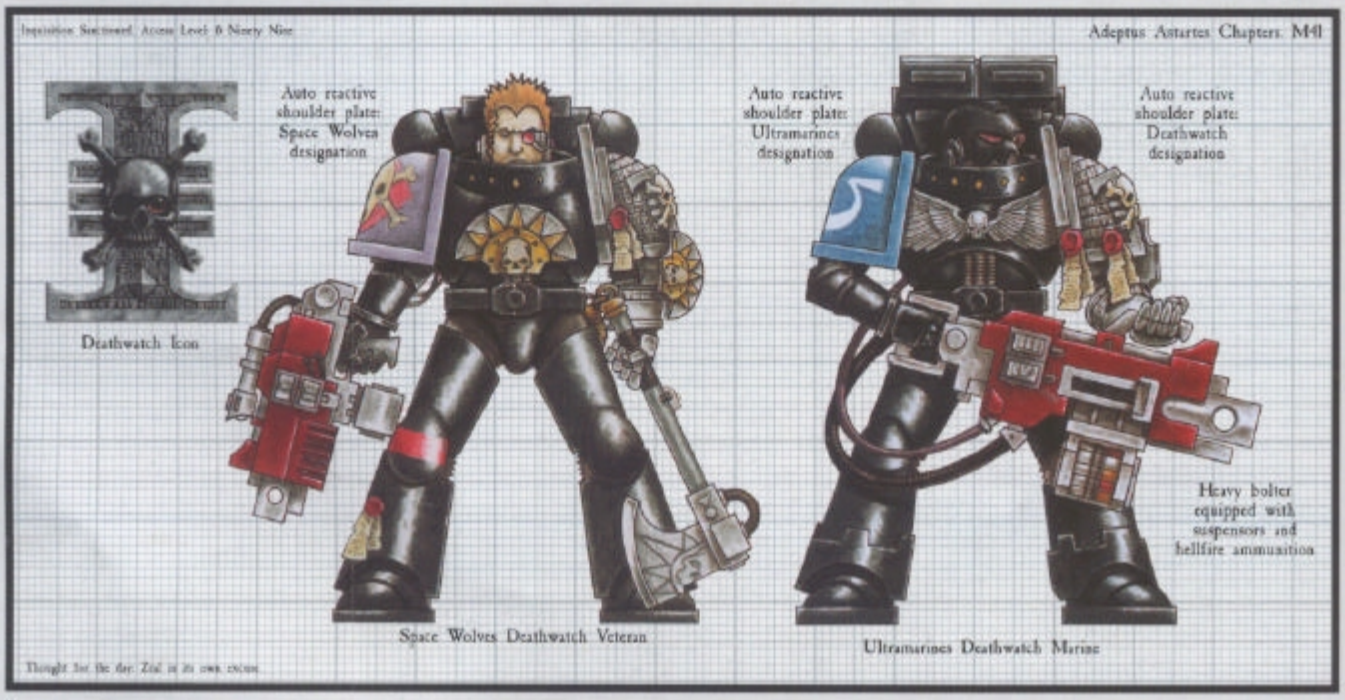
From the furthest corners of the galaxy to the very heart of the Segmentum Solar, there exist alien races that threaten the continued existence of Humanity. Every Space Marine Chapter and Imperial Guard regiment stands ready to fight these races, but the Deathwatch has been specially trained to fight aliens since its inception, thousands of years ago. Many such alien races, such as the C'tan and Necrontyr have lain dormant for thousands or even millions of years and the Deathwatch stand sentinel over their worlds, ready to fight should they awake once more. More dangerous than the most violent of Orks, these races were ancient before humans crawled from the oceans and their evil is beyond measure.

To guard against the return of these ancient alien races, lonely fortresses orbit desolate worlds on the edge of the galaxy where Deathwatch Space Marines maintain a constant vigil. In addition to this, secret bases are scattered throughout the Imperium, providing staging posts from where the Deathwatch can launch their missions. The Chapters from which the Deathwatch draws its members are constantly ready to despatch their alien fighters if called upon by a member of the Ordo Xenos. The warriors who have been given the honour of becoming a member of the Deathwatch ritually repaint their armour in the black of the Deathwatch, leaving a single shoulder plate bare to

CATECHISM OF THE XENO

To be Unclean
That is the Mark of the Xenos
To be Impure
That is the Mark of the Xenos
To be Abhorred
That is the Mark of the Xenos
To be Reviled
That is the Mark of the Xenos
To be Hunted
That is the Mark of the Xenos
To be Purged
That is the fate of the Xenos
To be Cleansed
For that is the fate of all Xenos

Extract from the Third Book of Indoctrinations



signify their Chapter of origin. A Space Marine's armour is never completely obscured by the Deathwatch colours as to do so would dishonour the armour's spirit and no warrior would be willing to run such a risk. Each warrior may also bear the Icon of the Deathwatch on his other shoulder plate and it is a great honour to be chosen. Once in the employ of the Deathwatch, there is no set length of service and its members will remain together for as long as its commander deems necessary. Each Space Marine can serve for a discreet period of time or a particular mission, which, in itself, may take many years. With the completion of their service, the Space Marines are free to return to their Chapter, their oaths of loyalty fulfiled.

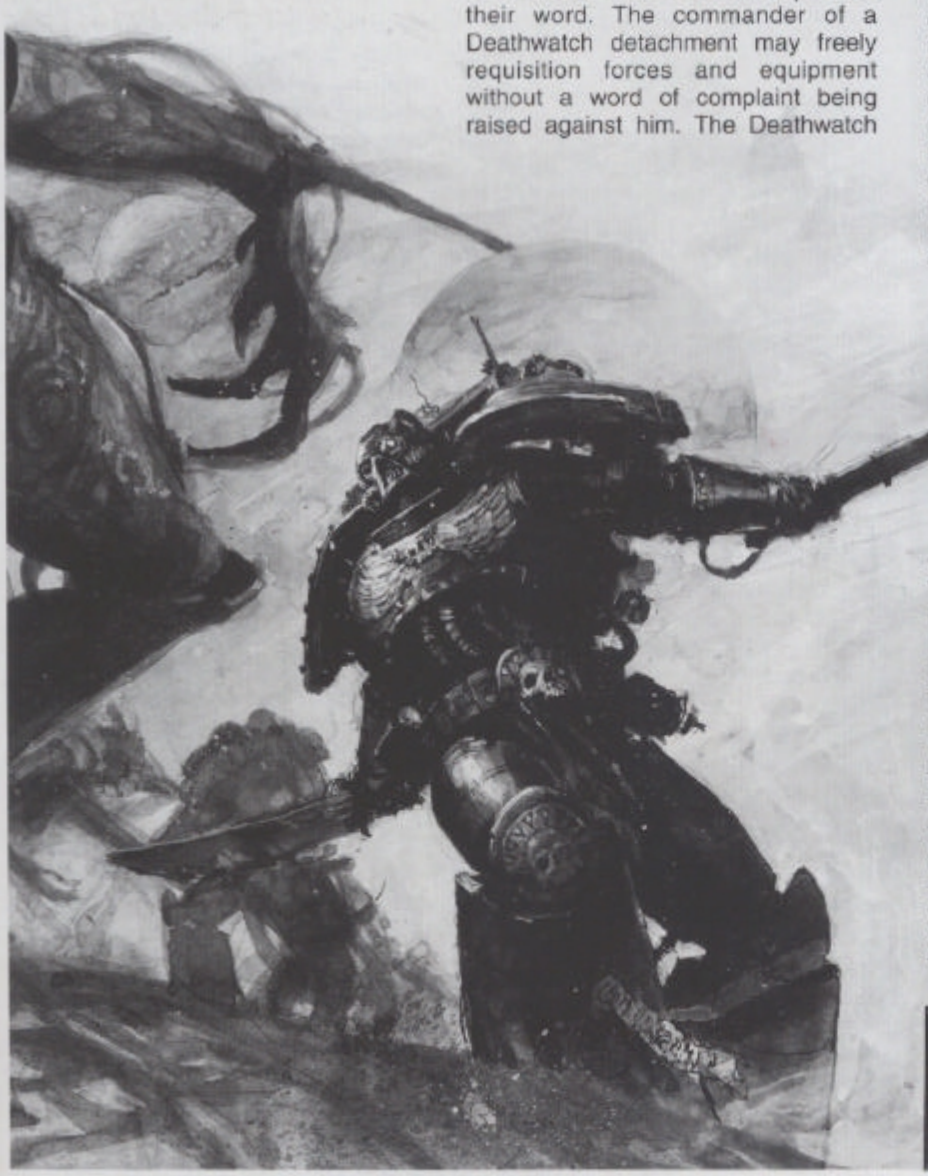
As well as the destruction of aliens, the Deathwatch are also charged with the recovery and study of alien artefacts and technology. Though distasteful in the extreme, members of the Inquisition are forced to study the heretical artefacts of the foes they must fight, and there are none more qualified to retrieve such items than the Deathwatch. Occasionally it becomes necessary to use the technology of alien races and, though such an undertaking is never entered into lightly, its use against aliens themselves is a pleasing irony. The Adeptus Mechanicus is always eager to profit from the Deathwatch's victories and the C'tan phase sword employed by the Callidus temple of assassins, was recovered by members of the Deathwatch from a long-dead Necrontyr world.

In battle, each team normally comes under the authority of an Ordo Xenos Inquisitor, but, in some exceptional cases, a Deathwatch Captain or Librarian may assume command if circumstances dictate. Their authority is absolute and none dare question their word. The commander of a Deathwatch detachment may freely requisition forces and equipment without a word of complaint being raised against him. The Deathwatch have access to the very best equipment, both Imperial and alien, and are trained to the highest standards.

> Do not ask, 'Why kill the alien?' rather, ask, 'Why not?'
>
> Battle Brother Artemis

There are many ways an Ordo Xenos kill-team can see action alongside regular Imperial forces. It may be that the team has uncovered an alien threat too great for it to deal with alone and needs the backup of a larger, more conventional force. Such was the case when a kill-team under the command of Inquisitor Reynaard discovered an alien worshipping cult on the world of Mandall IV. It was believed that the cult was localised to a particular district of the capital city, but when righteous retribution descended upon the blasphemers, the entire population of the city turned upon the kill-team. Reynaard and the Space Marines barely managed to escape with their lives and later returned at the head of over half a million soldiers. To ensure the destruction of the cult, Reynaard's forces laid waste to the city, leaving no trace that it had ever existed and killed every living creature within its walls.

Situations may also arise where an army of the Imperium has encountered a foe it is ill-equipped to fight and the Ordo Xenos dispatches a kill-team to provide support or purge the battlefield of alien contamination. The ravages of the K'nib in the Donorian Sector was halted by a Deathwatch kill-team commanded by Battle Brother Artemis himself following a request for aid from the colonel of the Kaslon Imperial Guard regiment. Artemis slew the Alcayde of the K'nib on Assumptus V and ended their incursions into Imperial space (though official records credit the Kaslon regiment with this victory). However it comes about, the support of an Ordo Xenos kill-team is always welcomed by Imperial commanders facing an alien threat.



> He who allows the alien to live, shares its crime of existence.
>
> Inquisitor Apollyon

Index Astartes

RIGHTEOUS ZEAL

The Black Templars Space Marine Chapter

by Gav Thorpe

The history of the Black Templars can be traced back to the Imperial Fists defence of the Emperor's Palace during the Horus Heresy. After the Traitor Legions had been defeated it was decided that the loyal Space Marines should be split into smaller Chapters. Rogal Dorn, Primarch of the Imperial Fists, reluctantly agreed and so the Black Templars were created. Since this time the Black Templars have been on the greatest and longest crusade the Imperium has ever known to prove their loyalty to the Emperor.

Origins

At the birth of the Imperium, during the Great Crusade, the Warmaster Horus was possessed by the Dark Gods of the Warp and declared himself rightful ruler of the Imperium. Along with Horus, nearly half the Space Marine Legions revolted against the Emperor's leadership, and from amongst their ranks arose warriors who were so wholly devoted to the Gods they became Champions – infused with the energy of Chaos, mighty warriors many times more powerful even than a Space Marine. Even as Horus's forces assaulted the Imperial Palace at the end of the Heresy, Rogal Dorn chose a warrior from amongst the ranks of his Imperial Fists to be the Emperor's Champion. Brother Sigismund, finest of the warriors of Terra, was given the best armour and weapons and swore a holy duty to seek out the Champions of Chaos and slay them. And so he did, counting fully two dozen of the warped creatures in his bloody tally before Horus was defeated and the Traitor Legions fled to the Eye of Terror.

At the end of the Heresy, the Primarch Roboute Guilleman of the Ultramarines Legion devised a military organisation that would spread the power of the Legiones Astartes, Imperial Navy and Imperial Army across the galaxy, so no longer would one individual wield the power of an entire Legion again. For the Space Marines, these rules were laid down in the Codex Astartes, a mighty tome that also dealt with unit organisation, markings, tactical doctrine and all other aspects of the Marines' structure. Rogal Dorn, Primarch of the Imperial Fists, responsible for the defence of Terra itself, refused to have his Legion broken down into much smaller Chapters, stating that it was his sacred duty to protect the Emperor and he could not afford to split his forces across the Imperium. Dorn called Guilleman a coward, for his Legion had not participated in the defence of the Imperial Palace, while the Ultramarines' Primarch accused Dorn of being a rebel and a heretic for refusing the dictates within his Codex Astartes.

Dorn would not relent, and neither would Guilleman; Leman Russ of the Space Wolves and Vulkan of the Salamanders agreed with Dorn for they too did not want their Legions scattered to the corners of the galaxy, but Ferrus Mannus, Primarch of the Iron Hands and Corax of the Raven Guard backed the Ultramarines. In the gulf left after the near-death of the Emperor, it seemed the Space Marines were destined to tear themselves apart in bloody conflict. When the Imperial Fists began to be violently persecuted for their supposed heresies, and the strike cruiser *Terrible Angel* was fired upon by the Imperial Navy, it was almost inevitable that once more internecine war would engulf the Space Marines and the Imperium. But, even as the newly formed Chapters and the old Legions were preparing for battle, Dorn relented. He agreed to the formation of two new Chapters from his Legion – the Crimson Fists and the Black Templars would join the Imperial Fists Chapter. He chose Champion Sigismund to lead the Black Templars and the Chapter took upon themselves the black and white panoply of his armour.

Sigismund had been chosen as the Emperor's Champion for his fervent faith in the Emperor and his undying devotion to mankind. Seeing the strife that currently beset the Legions Astartes, and the suspicion in which he and his battle brothers were held, he determined that a gesture of supreme faith was needed. As High Marshal of the Black Templars, Sigismund declared that after leaving Terra, he would prove his loyalty, never resting in the prosecution of his duties against the enemies of the Emperor. It is an oath that every subsequent High Marshal has renewed, and so the greatest and longest Space Marine crusade was begun. It has continued unbroken for ten thousand years.

Home world

The Black Templars have no single home world, instead they live in their Crusade fleets, upon many battle barges, strike cruisers and other craft such as training vessels and gigantic forgeships. The Black Templars establish Chapter Keeps on every world they conquer or reclaim for the Emperor. The main purpose of the Chapter Keeps is to recruit new Space Marines from the population, and to act as staging posts for mustering the Crusades together. These Chapter Keeps are sizeable, with chambers to accommodate two to three Companies of Space Marines, but are far smaller than the Fortress Monasteries of other Chapters. However, there have been hundreds of Chapter Keeps established over the millennia, some of which are still standing, others which have fallen into ruin and disrepair and are no longer manned.

The High Marshal himself has his own battle barge, the *Eternal Crusader*, and he can travel from Crusade to Crusade lending his military genius and spiritual guidance to those under his command. The *Eternal Crusader* is gigantic, even for a battle barge, having been expanded and refitted over ten thousand years, with extra docking facilities for escort ships, additional launch bays for shuttles and Thunderhawks, as well as accommodation for twice as many Space Marines than a normal battle barge.

Combat doctrine

The Black Templars have continued in the style of their founder, Sigismund, in preferring close combat to ranged warfare. Face-to-face with his enemy, a Space Marine can earn honour and respect and be sure that his foe is truly vanquished.

This is further emphasised by the fanaticism of Black Templars battle brothers, whose righteous anger makes them impatient and headstrong. They will drive towards the foe relentlessly, their own casualties only serving to spur them on faster, hungry for vengeance on the slayers of their brethren.

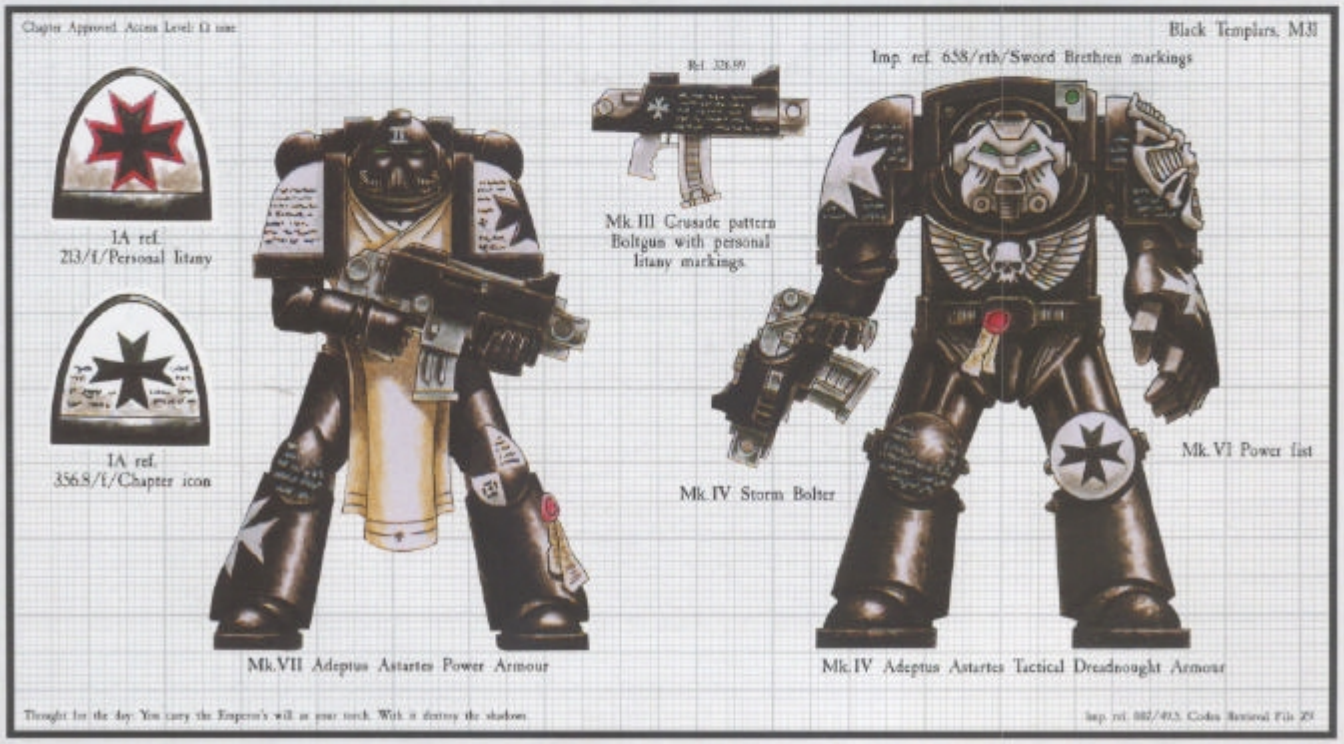
As part of their dedication to the Emperor, the Black Templars swear fell oaths of faith and protection. Before a battle, it is customary to renew one of these vows to the Emperor, the type of vow made focusing the thoughts of the Initiates on a particular aspect of their duties, encouraging extreme bravery, ruthlessness or sacred revulsion at the foe.

Organisation

The Black Templars are a fleet-based Chapter. They are rarely assembled as a Chapter, but instead are divided into a number of Crusades at any one time. Each Crusade is led by a Marshal, while the High Marshal is responsible for monitoring the progress of all the current Crusades.

There usually numbers three or more Crusades at any one time – their history shows that during the Treachery of Dalmark there were as many as fourteen Crusades fighting across the Segmentum Solar. The size of a Crusade can also vary widely, sometimes as few as fifty to one hundred Marines, sometimes the equivalent of several Companies from a Codex Chapter. Only the Black Templars themselves have even the roughest idea how many Black Templars Space Marines there are, but it is obvious that they are far more numerous than most conventional Chapters, although dispersed over a much wider area. If certain accounts are taken to be true, then they could even be as strong as five to six thousand Battle-Brethren in total, a force which in the present Imperium would be all but unstoppable if ever gathered in a single place.

The larger Crusades are often broken down by their Marshal into Fighting Companies, led by Sword Brethren given the additional honorific of 'Castellan'. Whether such Companies exist or not, individual squads are



THE EMPEROR'S CHAMPION



Ever since Sigismund was elevated to the rank of first High Marshal of the Black Templars, there are others who have risen to take his place as Emperor's Champion. The practice of having an Emperor's Champion has spread to other Chapters, but it is enshrined most strongly within the dogma of the Black Templars.

Each Crusade nominally has an Emperor's Champion, but in practice there is actually one for every fighting force. On the eve of battle, one amongst the Space Marine host will receive a vision from the Emperor and present himself to the Chaplains. They will anoint him as the Emperor's Champion, and he will be gifted with the best weapons and armour in the force. Although the actual weapon and armour may change, these are always known as the Black Sword and the Armour of Faith. In battle, it is the duty and honour of the Emperor's Champion to seek out the champions of the enemy and challenge them to single-combat, just as Sigismund first did at the Battle of the Emperor's Palace. Although few foes have specific champions, it is usually sufficient for the Emperor's Champion to kill any enemy leader, as well as anyone else who is unlucky enough to cross his path. It is considered a bad omen for the Emperor's Champion to fall, and if he does so, it is the duty of his fellow Brethren to bear his body from the field of battle and reclaim the Armour of Faith and the Black Sword.

gathered and dispersed in a fairly ad-hoc fashion, and Initiates will fight together regularly out of familiarity and comradeship rather than any imposed organisation.

Another pronounced break from the doctrines of the Codex Astartes by the Black Templars is the manner in which new recruits are trained. The Chapter Keeps recruit a few individuals each year who may be suitable to become Space Marines. Those found acceptable by the Chapter Keeps are given the initial implants that will eventually change the Neophytes into fully-fledged Space Marines. When roughly two dozen recruits are ready for additional bio-engineering and the start of their training, they are transported to one of the Crusade fleets. Here certain Battle Brothers of the Chapter, or Initiates as they are properly known, will each accept one of the recruits to be their Neophyte. It is the responsibility of the Initiate to train his Neophyte in the art of war and the rituals of the Black Templars, overseen by the Chaplains. During this time the Neophytes will undergo the remaining surgery to implant all of the specially grown organs that turn them into Space Marines. The Neophytes act as servants to their master, waiting on them at the great banquets and seeing to domestic chores; whilst on the battlefield the Initiate teaches their young pupil through example. This means that the Black Templars have no dedicated Scout Company, instead the Neophytes are spread across the entire Chapter, gaining valuable experience in a wide variety of combat situations and receiving personal attention and tuition from the Initiates.

The greatest warriors of a Crusade are inducted into the Marshal's household, in what would be the equivalent of the 1st Veteran Company of a Codex Chapter. Known as the Sword Brethren, these hardened fighters receive additional training, particularly in the use of Terminator armour, and are no longer responsible for the training of Neophytes. When a Marshal dies, or is elected by the other Marshals to succeed a dead High



Marshal, it is one of the Sword Brethren who will take his place. This is decided by ritual combat, during which all who contest the right to lead the Crusade will battle one another with various weapons, as well as pitting their strategic and tactical prowess against one another. The winner earns the right to be Marshal, upon approval by the High Marshal (there's has only ever been one incident of the High Marshal not approving), and the Sword Brethren will swear new oaths of loyalty.

Beliefs

All Space Marines are renowned for their fervent dedication, but the extremity of the Black Templars' faith is often described as fanatical, even rabid! They lust to crush the enemies of mankind; they have absolutely no tolerance of heretics, mutants, psykers, aliens or any other abomination against the Emperor. For ten thousand years they have crusaded to prove their loyalty, and this creed has become so embedded in their doctrines that they are utterly ruthless towards anyone or anything perceived as a threat to the Emperor. They will mercilessly wipe out the populations of worlds to expunge the sin of heresy, while the mere presence of a witch on a battlefield drives them into a rage of hate and vengeful bloodletting.

Gene-seed

The Black Templars' gene-seed is derived from the Imperial Fists, second only in stability and purity to that of the Ultramarines. It has been supposed by some that slight flaws in the hormonal organs of the Black Templars may make them slightly overactive, thus explaining their reputation for being quick to anger. However, this seems unlikely and the trait is more likely down to the fanatical nature of the Black Templars creed.

Chapter Motto

"No Pity! No Remorse! No Fear!"



THE LAND RAIDER CRUSADER



Marine-Artificer Simagus constructed the first Crusader pattern Land Raiders during the Jerulas Crusade, to aid the Black Templars in the numerous besiegements they had to fight reconquering the hive world. Other Chapters requested information regarding the Crusaders' remodelling as the tales of their successes spread, and in 763.M39 the Crusader pattern became officially recognised by the Techpriests of Mars (a mere formality, since it is estimated the design had spread to nearly three quarters of the Chapters by this time). The Crusader is a line-breaking tank, built and armed to plough into the enemy, and is particularly useful against foes who are entrenched or occupying other highly defensible positions. It has an expanded troop capacity and its special frag charges allow it to disgorge a sizeable squad of Space Marines or Terminators into the heart of their adversaries. The most common Crusader pattern has the specially designed Hurricane bolter arrays in its sponsons (originally constructed by Simagus from scavenged Rhino bolters), its heavy bolters replaced with assault cannons (taken from Dreadnoughts in the Jerulas Crusade) and a multi-melta on a pintle mount (Land Speeders proved too lightweight for the heavy fighting in the hives).

BLACK TEMPLARS



Dreadnought armed with twin-linked lascannons



The Emperor's Champion delivers righteous justice.



A Land Raider Crusader and Rhino storm the barricades.



Black Templar Marshal painted by Thomas Barse



Black Templars disembark from their drop pod.



Led by their Chaplain, Black Templar Assault Marines charge in



Black Templars Marshal

Emperor's Champion
painted by Darren Latham



Black Templar Command Squad



Black Templars engage the Eldar under covering fire from a nearby Dreadnought.

THE DONIAN CRUSADE
(985.M39)

The Donian Crusade began c.985.M39 to combat the swelling Ork population sweeping through the Donian sector and surrounding wilderness space in the southern Segmentum Pacificus. The original Marshal, Brother Austein, was killed in fighting on Nickel V and was succeeded by Marshal Wernher c.988. The Crusade lasted for roughly 17 years before the High Marshal declared it successful, Wernher moving to becoming Marshal of the Thangdron Crusade.

MARSHAL'S HOUSEHOLD

Marshal Wernher
Brother Tomas, Champion of the Emperor
Chaplains Augustin and Leuter
Crusade Banner Bearer Tonis
Household Banner Bearer Eckehart
2 Techmarines
4 Apothecaries
34 Sword Brethren
14 suits of Tactical Dreadnought armour
4 Dreadnoughts
7 Land Raiders (2 Phobos pattern,
3 Demos pattern, 2 Crusader pattern)
3 Rhinos
2 Predator Destructors
3 Predator Annihilators
3 Razorbacks
1 Whirlwind

FLEET ASSETS
Battle barge *Sigismund's Light*
Forgeship *Heracles*
Strike cruiser *Dorn's Sword*
3 Rapid strike vessels
19 Thunderhawk gunships

FIGHTING COMPANIES

FIGHTING COMPANY HEINMAN
Castellan Heinman
Banner Bearer Klesel
2 Techmarines
2 Apothecaries
145 Initiates
34 Neophytes
2 Dreadnoughts
3 Land Raiders (2 Demos pattern,
1 Crusader pattern)
7 Rhinos
2 Predator Destructors
6 Razorbacks
3 Whirlwinds
17 Jump packs

FIGHTING COMPANY LAZARUS
Castellan Lazarus
Banner Bearer Balthasar
3 Techmarines
2 Apothecaries
171 Initiates
56 Neophytes
3 Dreadnoughts
2 Crusader pattern Land Raiders
11 Rhinos
3 Predator Destructors
2 Predator Annihilators
7 Razorbacks
5 Vindicators

FIGHTING COMPANY GOTCHALCUS
Castellan Lazarus Gotchalcus
Banner Bearer Hildebrandt
1 Techmarine
1 Apothecary
87 Initiates
41 Neophytes
3 Rhinos
7 Land Speeders
24 Combat bikes
12 Scout bikes
4 Attack bikes
34 Jump packs

Note: The figures here are estimates made at the time the Crusade gathered. There are no records of non-combat personnel such as Servitors, Apprenta and so on.

The Crusade was later joined by the strike cruiser *Apocalypton* and at least 6 more rapid strike vessels. The number of Space Marines on board these vessels is unknown.

THE BLACK TEMPLARS

After the Great Heresy, Rogal Dorn, Primarch of the Imperial Fists, resisted attempts to break up his Legion, but when the Imperial Fists began to be persecuted as heretics, Dorn relented. To prove his loyalty to the Emperor, the first High Marshal of the Black Templars, Sigismund, assembled a massive war fleet and began the greatest Space Marine crusade in the history of the Imperium. It has lasted for 10,000 years.

The Black Templars are a fleet-based Chapter, with many battle barges, strike cruisers and other craft, such as training vessels and gigantic forgeships. They are rarely assembled as a Chapter but instead are divided into a number of Crusades, each one numbering several hundred Space Marines. Each Crusade is led by a Marshal, while the High Marshal is responsible for monitoring the progress of all the current Crusades.

The Black Templar Chapter has no single homeworld which they can call their own. Instead, they establish Chapter Keeps on every world which they conquer or reclaim for the Emperor. The main purpose of these Chapter Keeps is to recruit new Space Marines from amongst the finest warriors of the native population. Chapter Keeps also perform an important role as staging posts for mustering the Crusades together.

Note: The following rules are taken from Codex: Armageddon. You will need Codex: Space Marines to use these rules fully.

SPECIAL RULES

RIGHTEOUS ZEAL: Whilst most Space Marines under heavy fire or facing difficult odds in close combat will fall back, ready to counter-attack, the Black Templars will hurl themselves at the enemy with even greater determination and fervent anger. If a Black Templars unit ever has to fall back, it will not fall back. Instead, the unit heads towards the nearest enemy unit. The distance of this special move is the same as a fall back move would be, so most units advance 2D6" and this is halved if they go through difficult terrain (or is 3D6" for units with jump packs, etc). If this movement takes the unit into contact with an enemy unit, the Black Templars count as making a sweeping advance, with all the benefits and disadvantages that this entails; they count as assaulting, enemy units yet to shoot can still target them and unengaged enemy models may assault them.

Designer's note: *Morale checks for shooting casualties are taken at the end of the Shooting phase, but this rule has been included to cover any Morale checks that may occur in the Shooting phase (like the Salamanders' new psychic power).*

In close combat, Black Templars automatically pass any Morale checks they have to make. Black Templars may never use the optional voluntarily fall back rules.

PURITY SEALS: All Black Templars characters have purity seals for no extra points cost. Black Templars units may also be given purity seals, at +2 pts per model. Neophytes may not be given purity seals. If one model with purity seals is still alive in the unit then the entire unit gains the benefits. Due to the Righteous Zeal rules given above, purity seals allow the squad to roll an extra dice and discard one dice of your choice for their movement towards the enemy, rather than for fall back moves as is normally the case.

MIXED ARMOUR: Black Templars squads often have models with different armour saves. The normal casualty removal rules for shooting are slightly altered to take this into account.

When removing casualties for a unit with mixed armour saves, the Black Templars player must use the armour save of the majority type of model in the unit. So, if there are more Initiates than Neophytes, use their 3+ armour save, but if the Neophytes outnumber the Initiates, use the 4+ saving throw. If there is an equal number of Neophytes and Initiates, use the Initiates' 3+ save. Casualties must be taken from the troop type whose armour save you used; for example, if you save using the Initiates' armour, casualties must come from the Initiates first.

VOWS: The Black Templars must swear one of the following vows before a battle. Choose which vow your army has sworn after you've determined the mission but before either army sets up. Vows don't affect Black Templar vehicles unless noted.

Accept Any Challenge, No Matter The Odds.
Any unit in the Black Templars army must assault the enemy if they are in range at the start of the Assault phase and they must make an advance move if they win a combat, if they would normally be allowed to do so. In close combat, the Black Templars always hit on a roll of 3+, regardless of their opponent's WS (this vow has no effect against vehicles without a WS). Neophytes in a unit hit normally. If only Neophytes remain in a unit, they are not bound by this vow. Dreadnoughts in the army are bound by this vow.

Uphold The Honour Of The Emperor.
The Black Templars are convinced that the Emperor will protect them and refuse to skulk behind cover like cowards. Black Templars units may not count cover for saving throws or when assaulted. However, such is their faith in themselves that they shrug off even the most severe wounds, so gain a 6+ invulnerable saving throw. Neophytes may count cover as normal but do not gain the invulnerable save.

Suffer Not The Unclean To Live.
When rolling to wound in close combat, Black Templars add +1 to their dice roll (ie, if you need a 4+ to wound then a 3+ will succeed). A roll of 1 always fails to wound. The Black Templars need to summon their holy strength, so strike at -1 to their Initiative. Neophytes strike and wound normally.

Be Pure In Mind, Body And Soul.
Of all deviants, Black Templars abhor witches and warlocks the most. The faintest sign of heretical psychic power drives them into a violent fervour. This vow affects all Black Templars units, including vehicles. If there is an enemy psyker on the table at the start of the Black Templars' first Move phase, the Black Templars must make an additional move towards the enemy before their normal movement. The distance moved is 2D6" (roll for each unit) and each unit must move the full distance, ending the move closer to the enemy than when they started, if possible. After this initial surge forwards, units may make their normal move without restriction. All units count as moving that turn when resolving their shooting (vehicles count as moving under 6", unless they move over 6" during their normal movement). The Black Templars only get this extra move in the first turn of the game.

BLACK TEMPLARS ARMY LIST

Black Templars use the following units from Codex: Space Marines and from the new entries below. Note that, with the exception of the Command Squad, Black Templars units don't have Veteran Sergeants.

HEADQUARTERS	1 Emperor's Champion (Doesn't use up any choices on the Force Organisation chart); Black Templars Marshal; Chaplain; Command Squad*
ELITES	Terminator Squad; Terminator Assault Squad; Dreadnought; Space Marines Veteran Squad
TROOPS	Black Templars Squad
FAST ATTACK	Black Templars Assault Squad; Black Templars Bike Squadron; Attack Bike Squadron; Land Speeder Squadron; Land Speeder Tornado; Land Speeder Typhoon
HEAVY SUPPORT	Predator Annihilator; Predator Destructor; Vindicator; Land Raider; Land Raider Crusader; Whirlwind

** May exchange bolters for bolt pistol & close combat weapon.*



What is your life?

My honour is my life.

What is your fate?

My duty is my fate.

What is your fear?

My fear is to fail.

What is your reward?

My salvation is my reward.

What is your craft?

My craft is death.

What is your pledge?

My pledge is eternal service.

HEADQUARTERS

1 EMPEROR'S CHAMPION

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Emperor's Champion	105	5	4	4	4	2	5	2	9	2+

The Emperor's Champion must be taken in a Black Templars army even if both players have agreed not to use special characters.

Wargear: Artificer armour, Terminator honours (bonus included above), purity seals, iron halo, master-crafted bolt pistol, the *Black Sword*. The Champion cannot be bought extra equipment.

SPECIAL RULES

The Black Sword: The *Black Sword* can be used with one or two hands. If used as a single-handed weapon it's treated as a power weapon with +1 Strength, and may be used in addition to the Champion's bolt pistol. If used as a double-handed weapon it counts as being a power fist.

Challenge: At the start of any Assault phase that the Champion is in combat, he may issue a challenge. Your opponent must choose an enemy character to fight him, who is involved in the same close combat as the Champion but doesn't have to be in base contact with him. A challenge can't be refused. Move the models into base contact and fight out the close combat as normal. No other models may attack the Champion or his opponent during a challenge. The outcome of the challenge decides the outcome of the close combat that the Champion and his opponent are involved in; only the wounds they inflict on each other are used to determine which side has won. Wounds inflicted by other models in this combat are not used to work out the result of the combat.

Always an Independent Character: The Emperor's Champion always fights as an independent character and so may never be accompanied by a Command squad.

BLACK TEMPLARS MARSHAL

	Pts/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Marshal	45	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	9	3+
High Marshal	60	5	5	4	4	3	5	3	10	3+

Options: The Marshal may have any equipment allowed from the Space Marine Armoury.

SPECIAL RULES

Independent Character: If unaccompanied, a Marshal counts as an independent character.

Command Squad: The Marshal may be accompanied by a Command squad, see the entry in Codex: Space Marines. A Marshal and his Command squad count as a single HQ choice.

TROOPS

BLACK TEMPLARS SQUAD										
	Pts/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Initiate	15	4	4	4	4	1	4	1	8	3+
Neophyte	11	3	3	4	4	1	4	1	7	4+

Squad: The squad consists of between 5 and 10 Initiates. In addition, up to 5 Neophytes may be included in the unit.

Weapons: Initiates are armed with either bolt pistols and close combat weapons, or bolters (all Initiates must be armed the same way, they can't mix weaponry). Neophytes are armed with either shotguns, or bolt pistols and close combat weapons (Neophytes may mix their weaponry).

Options: One Initiate may be armed with one of the following weapons: power weapon and bolt pistol at +10 pts; power fist and boltpistol at +15 pts; heavy bolter at +5 pts; missile launcher at +10 pts; lascannon at +15 pts; plasma cannon at +15 pts; multi-melta at +15 pts.

One other Initiate may exchange his normal armament with one of the following weapons: flamer at +6 pts; meltagun at +10 pts; plasma gun at +6 pts.

The entire squad may be given frag grenades at an additional cost of +1 pt per model and krak grenades at an additional cost of +2 pts per model.

Transport: If ten or less models, the squad may be mounted in a Rhino for +50 pts or, if it has 6 or less models, a Razorback at a cost of +70 pts (see Codex: Space Marines for upgrades).



Black Templars do not have Scout squads. Instead, Initiates 'adopt' a Neophyte to train, teaching them their skills and educating them in battlecraft. In return, a Neophyte must serve their Initiate, attending to their day-to-day needs and waiting on them at the Chapter feasts.

FAST ATTACK

BLACK TEMPLARS ASSAULT SQUAD										
	Pts/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Initiates	25	4	4	4	4	1	4	1	8	3+

Squad: The squad consists of between 5 to 10 Initiates

Weapons: Bolt pistol, close combat weapon, frag grenades. Each model has a jump pack.

Options: The entire squad may be equipped with krak grenades at +2 pts per model and melta bombs at +4 pts per model.

Up to two models in the squad may either exchange their bolt pistol with a plasma pistol for +5 pts, or may exchange their close combat weapon with a power weapon for +10 pts, or a power fist for +15 pts. Any model may exchange its bolt pistol for a storm shield for +3 pts.



As with the other Black Templar battle-brethren, bike squads also have a duty to train Neophytes in their particular battle skills. In contrast, ancient tradition forbids Assault squads from taking Neophytes, as these units are usually in the thickest of the fighting and suffer the heaviest losses. Such risks cannot be taken with the Chapter's future warriors before they are fully trained.

SPECIAL RULE

Deep Strike: Black Templar models equipped with jump packs may *Deep Strike*.

BLACK TEMPLARS BIKE SQUADRON										
	Pts/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Initiate Biker	35	4	4	4	4(5)	1	4	1	8	3+
Neophyte Biker	25	3	3	4	4(5)	1	4	1	7	4+

Squad: The squadron consists of between 3 and 5 Initiates. In addition, you may also include up to 3 Neophytes. All models are mounted on Space Marine bikes.

Weapons: Each bike is fitted with twin-linked bolters. Each rider is armed with a bolt pistol.

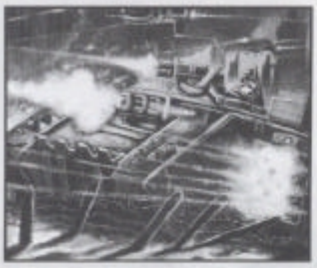
Options: Up to two Initiates in the squad may exchange their bolt pistol for one of the following: flamer at +3 pts; meltagun at +10 pts; plasma gun at +6 pts; power weapon at +10 pts.

The entire squad may be equipped with frag grenades at an additional cost of +1 pt per model and krak grenades at an additional cost of +2 pts.



"Your honour is your life. Let none dispute it."

Captain Navarre of the Black Templars 4th Crusade



The Crusader variant of the Land Raider was developed by the Black Templars during the Jerulas Crusade, to aid them in the numerous sieges which they had to fight in order to reconquer the hive world. As news of the Crusaders' success spread, other Space Marine Chapters requested information regarding their remodelling of the Land Raider, and in 763.M39 the Crusader pattern became approved by Mars (not that this had stopped many Chapters using it beforehand). The Crusader is designed to smash into the enemy lines, disgorging the Space Marines into the heart of their adversaries. Its numerous short-ranged weapons allow the Crusader to weaken the enemy before the assault is launched and to provide a torrent of firepower to support its cargo once they are in combat.

HEAVY SUPPORT

LAND RAIDER CRUSADER					
	Points	Front Armour	Side Armour	Rear Armour	BS
Crusader	255	14	14	14	4

Type: Tank **Crew:** Space Marines

Weapons: The Land Raider Crusader is armed with two 'hurricane' pattern bolters, a twin-linked assault cannon and a multi-melta. The Crusader is also equipped with frag assault launchers.

Options: The Crusader may have the following vehicle upgrades: dozer blades at +5 pts; hunter-killer missile at +15 pts; pintle-mounted stormbolter at +10 pts; searchlight at +1 pt; smoke launchers at +3 pts.

Transport: Note that a Land Raider Crusader may only be taken as a Heavy Support choice, never a transport option. Due to the extra space created by removing the large generators required for the lascannons, a Crusader has an increased carrying capacity. A Crusader may carry up to 15 Space Marines or 8 Space Marine Terminators. Note that it may still only carry one squad and independent characters (ie, you can't put a ten-man squad and a five-man squad inside at the same time).

Availability for other Space Marine Chapters: Other Space Marine Chapters may take Crusader pattern Land Raiders, but their greater rarity outside the Black Templars Chapter means that other Chapters are limited to having a maximum of only one.

SPECIAL RULES

Extra Armour: All Land Raider Crusaders have additional armour plating to ensure that they can reach the enemy with their transported squad intact. A Crusader counts as having the extra armour vehicle upgrade, so it treats any 'Crew Stunned' result on the damage tables as a 'Crew Shaken' result instead.

'Hurricane' bolters: Each 'hurricane' bolter counts as three twin-linked boltguns. The Crusader may always fire its 'hurricane' bolters, regardless of how far it has moved or what other weapons it is firing.

Frag Assault Launchers: The front of the Crusader is studded with explosive charges, designed to hurl shrapnel into the enemy as the troops inside charge out along the assault ramp. Any unit which assaults on the same turn it disembarks from the Crusader counts as having frag grenades.



HIGH MARSHAL HELBRECHT

Helbrecht exemplifies the qualities of stubborness and unswerving loyalty to the Emperor that are the marks of the Black Templar Chapter. He was elected High Marshal in 989.M41, and is currently leading the Black Templars as they storm Ork space hulks in the Armageddon system.

Weapons fire strobed through the dark corridors of the hulk. The cacophony of shrapnel and ricochets ringing against rust-splotched bulkheads was like the foundry of a mad god. The Initiates covering the doors out of the generator room were engaged in a fierce firefight with the Orks outside, soon the alien scum would amass enough strength to rush the handful of Black Templars opposing them. High Marshal Helbrecht turned to the Techmarine kneeling beside the heavy thermic charge they had brought aboard.

"How much longer Brother Hexil?" He shouted over the roar of weapons.

Techmarine Hexil did not look up from the fine adjustments he was making as he replied "The weapon's spirit was offended by the rough treatment it suffered on arrival High Marshal. If its containment loop is not realigned by the proper supplications it will fail to consume itself and grow to the correct size for full devastation."

"Try to hurry Brother, we don't have much..."

The High Marshal was distracted by a sudden increase in the firing at one of the doors. Howls and yells announced an Ork attack was imminent. He crossed to it in three quick strides, just in time to meet the aliens' rush. A huge Ork leader crashed through the doorway and eviscerated an Initiate with a thrust beneath his breastplate. Helbrecht parried its next blow and countered with a swing perfectly timed to catch his foe off balance from his missed attack. The glittering energy field of his ancient power sword slashed through the Orks' neck with barely a hint of resistance and the great Ork fell clutching spasmodically at the stump of its neck.

Helbrecht leapt forward into the lesser Orks behind, hacking and slashing with little finesse but horrible effectiveness. Limbs and heads flew apart. In seconds the doorway was filled with twitching corpses. Brother Mikael came up with his flamer and the surviving Orks were driven back down the corridor by a wall of flames.

"The charge is prepared" called Brother Hexil.

Helbrecht instantly switched comm-channels with a nerve impulse. "High Marshal to Light of Purity, immediate recovery - code blue".

The Templars moved to the centre of the chamber and were teleported to the waiting strike vessel in a blinding flash of light. Seconds later, the thermic charge blasted a new crater in the flank of the Ork space hulk.

BLACK TEMPLARS

The origins of the history of the Black Templars can be traced back to the Imperial Fists defence of the Emperor's Palace during the Horus Heresy. After the Traitor Legions had been defeated it was decided that the loyal Space Marines should be split into smaller Chapters. Rogal Dorn, Primarch of the Imperial Fists, reluctantly agreed and so the Black Templars were created. Since this time, the Black Templars have been on the greatest and longest crusade the Imperium has ever known to prove their loyalty to the Emperor.

The Black Templars are a fleet based Chapter, establishing fortress-monasteries on the planets they pacify. They are rarely assembled as a Chapter but are divided into a number of Crusades, each led bya Marshall. The number of troops and vehicles that make up these Crusades varies widely, from as few as fifty Space Marines, to as many as would make up the compliment of several full Companies of a Codex Chapter.

The Black Templars for this reason have no use for a standard system of Company colours or unit markings. The Chapter icon is displayed on both shoulder guards with black rims. Sometimes the individual trooper will add personal liturgy or an honour badge to one of the shoulder guards, often replacing the Chapter icon altogether.

THE DONIAN CRUSADE (985.M39)

The Donian Crusade began c.985.M39 to combat the swelling Ork population sweeping through the Donian sector and surrounding wilderness space in the southern Segmentum Pacificus. The original Marshall, Brother Austein, was killed in fighting on Nickel V and was succeeded by Marshall Wernher c.988. The Crusade lasted for roughly 17 years before the High Marshall declared it successful, Wernher moving to becoming Marshall of the Thangdorn Crusade.

MARSHAL'S HOUSEHOLD

Marshall Wernher
Brother Tomas, Emperor's Champion
Chaplains Augustin & Leuter
Crusade Banner Bearer Tonis
Household Banner Bearer Eckehart
2 Techmarines
4 Apothecaries

34 Sword Brethren
14 suits of Tactical Dreadnought armour
4 Dreadnoughts
3 Rhinos
3 Razorbacks
7 Land Raiders
(2 Phobos pattern, 3 Demos pattern, 2 Crusader pattern)
2 Predator Destructors

3 Predator Annihilators
1 Whirlwind

Fleet Assets[1]
Battle barge *Sigmund's Light*
Forgeship *Heracles*
Strike cruiser *Dorn's Sword*
3 rapid strike vessels
19 Thunderhawk gunships

FIGHTING COMPANY HEINMAN

Castellan Heinman
Banner Bearer Klesel
2 Techmarines
2 Apothecaries
145 Initiates

34 Neophytes
2 Dreadnoughts
3 Land Raiders
(2 Demos pattern, 1 Crusader pattern)

7 Rhinos
2 Predator Destructors
6 Razorbacks
3 Whirlwinds
17 Jump packs

ORGANISATION

The Black Templars Crusades bear almost no relation to the Codex Astartes at all. The army doesn't have Tactical squads as such, but battle-brethren called Initiates, who are armed with either bolters or close combat weapons. The Black Templars have no dedicated Scout company. Instead the new recruits, or Neophytes, are adopted by the fully-trained Space Marines. The Initiate then takes on the training of the Neophyte, overseen by the Chaplains.

HISTORY

The Black Templars have continued in the style of their founder, Sigismund, in preferring close combat to ranged warfare. Face-to-face with his enemy, a Black Templar can earn honour and respect and be sure that his foe is truly vanquished. They drive towards the foe relentlessly, hungry for vengeance on the slayers of their brethren.



PAINTING BLACK TEMPLARS

Painters often use extreme highlighting to paint the edges of armour plates once the rest of the painting is complete. In the case of this Black Templar, this is in fact the only painting technique you need to apply. This helps to keep the armour looking black rather than turning it grey.

The Space Marine's shoulder pads are undercoated white separately, the rest of the model is undercoated black. The weapon is painted separately.

PAINTING THE ARMOUR



1



Paint a line of Codex Grey around the edge of the armour plates.

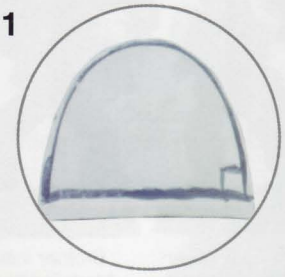
2



Highlight with Fortress Grey.

SHOULDER GUARDS

1



Apply a line of Shadow Grey onto the edge of the white shoulder guard for shading.

2



Paint the rim of the shoulder guard Chaos Black then highlight as rest of the armour.

METAL



1



Apply a drybrush of Boltgun Metal.

2



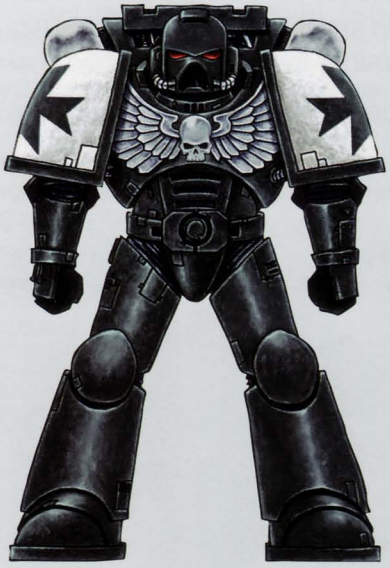
Then paint on a wash of Black Ink.

3



To finish off, drybrush with Chainmail.

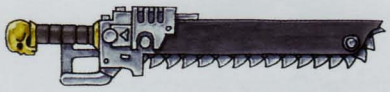
BLACK TEMPLARS



Contrary to the precepts of the Codex Astartes, the Black Templars have a much looser organisation, with troops fighting in Crusades to achieve a particular objective rather than any kind of imposed structure. For this reason Black Templars troops have no use for Company colours, tactical markings or squad numbers. The only badge they have is the Chapter icon, which appears on a white field on their shoulder guards. Even then, this symbol has no standard size or position on the surface of the shoulder guard and individual troopers add devotional seals and mottos as they see fit.











Brother Initiate Christoph with bolt pistol & chainsword

Brother Neophyte Jürdii with bolt pistol & combat knife

Brother Initiate Klaus armed with meltagun

Brother Sigmund with bolt pistol & power sword

Brother Neophyte Rüdiger with bolt pistol & combat knife

Brother Initiate Markus with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Neophyte Edmund with bolt pistol & combat knife

Brother Initiate Gunther with bolt pistol & chainsword

Brother Initiate Gebhard with bolt pistol & chainsword

Brother Neophyte Karsten with bolt pistol & combat knife

Brother Initiate Theodor with bolt pistol & chainsword

Brother Initiate Kurt with bolt pistol & chainsword

Black Templar Squad Sigmund of the Fighting Company Heinman



Brother Friedrich with chainsword & storm shield



Brother Horst armed with chainsword & storm shield



Brother Sergeant Lothar with bolt pistol & power fist



Brother Berthold with chainsword & storm shield



Brother Stefan with chainsword & storm shield

Black Templar Assault Squad Lothar of the Fighting Company Heinman



Emperor's Champion Dietrich

In battle it is the duty of the Emperor's Champion to seek out the champions of the enemy and challenge them to single combat.

Elements of Assault Squad Johann of the Fighting Company Gotchalcus



Brother Gregor with meltabomb & chainsword



Brother Sergeant Johann with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Konrad with bolt pistol & chainsword

Land Raider Crusader of the Fighting Company Albrecht





Black Templars Standard Bearer
by Kev Walker

BLACK TEMPLARS CRUSADE



Black Templars offer a great opportunity to personalise shoulder pad designs on individual troopers.



Richard Baker

Richard: *Black Templars have a very simple colour scheme – black armour and white shoulder pads! The black on these miniatures was given two highlights, the first with Codex Grey and then a much finer highlight of Fortress Grey. I think it is important to keep these highlights small and sharp so that the armour looks black and not grey. Details on the shoulder pads are picked out in Shadow Grey.*



The metal is Boltgun Metal highlighted with Mithril Silver.

The tabard on the High Marshal on the far left is painted with Bestial Brown and then highlighted with Bleached Bone and finally Skull White.



Black Templars High Marshal with Iron Halo added from plasticard.



Initiate



Neophyte



Black Templars Space Marine force. The squad in the centre mixes Space Marines (Initiates) and Scouts (Neophytes).

Index Astartes

FOR THE EMPEROR

Space Marine Chaplains

by Anthony Reynolds

Space Marine Chaplains are the spiritual leaders of the Adeptus Astartes. They accompany their brother Space Marines into battle, chanting liturgies and exhorting them to great feats of bravery. They are terrifying and sinister figures, garbed in black ceramite power armour, and wearing their death's head masks. Ferocious and devoted, they are inspirational Space Marines who are found wherever the fighting is thickest. They lead their brethren from the fore, and perceive battle as the highest form of worship in the galaxy. The Chaplains rejoice in the slaughter of their enemies, rendering praise to the Emperor and to the founder of their Chapter as they fight.

Chaplains and the Ecclesiarchy

"Rejoice! Let the glory of battle envelop us! Let our enemies fear us, for we are the Emperor's wrath!"

Chaplain Remataan,
Imperial Fists Chapter

For over ten thousand years the Ecclesiarchy has been a powerful organisation within the Imperium. The Imperial Cult preached by the Ecclesiarchy, also known as the Ministorum, has become the sole official religion within the Imperium, and it wields tremendous power. Its influence is enormous, and the followers of the Ministorum are zealous and unwavering in their belief and faith. The Ecclesiarchy is notoriously xenophobic and aggressive towards any perceived taint within Humanity. Any deviancy from the teachings of the Imperial Cult is dealt with harshly. Persecutions are frequent throughout the Imperium as the Ecclesiarchy attempts to maintain its powerful position, stamping out any cults and religions that could threaten its authority.

The Cults of the Space Marines were formed long before the Ecclesiarchy became a powerful force within the Imperium, and they hold to their beliefs stubbornly, disdaining the fanatical ravings of the Ministorum. Their ideology features fundamental theological differences from the teachings of the Ecclesiarchy. The main point of contention between the Space Marines and the Ecclesiarchy occurs in how they perceive the Emperor. To the Ecclesiarchy, the Emperor is a god, the most divine being, the Saviour of Mankind and its eternal guardian. The Space Marines revere the Emperor as a brilliant, inspired man, but a man nonetheless. This forms a major schism between the two organisations.

Some amongst the Ecclesiarchy see the Space Marines as dangerous, heretical deviants, and certainly Wars of Faith have been fought for far less. However, the Space Marines are unfailingly loyal to the Emperor, even if they do not recognise his divinity. At the same time, the Space Marines are to be revered for they share aspects of their genetic structure with the Emperor himself. An uneasy truce has developed between the Adeptus Astartes and the Ministorum, though occasional disputes shatter this wary peace.

The Chaplains of the Space Marine Chapters are gifted with their sacred Rosarius by the Ecclesiarchy in recognition of the link between the two organisations, though this is little more than a symbolic gesture of peace between them. Most commonly, this powerful protective amulet is worn around the neck in the form of an ornate cross, and it is sometimes referred to as their 'soul armour', capable of protecting them even from a direct hit by a lascannon.

Codex Roles within the Chapter

"At battle's end, speak the Liturgy in a clear voice. Respect the bravery of the living. Give the Rite of Passage to the fallen. Honour the battle gear of the dead. To do all this with reverence, even when exhausted by battle and weary from the field, is the duty of the Chaplain. It is his burden and his satisfaction."

Interrogator-Chaplain Isiah,
Dark Angels Chapter

Space Marine Chaplains are important figures within the Chapter, and they are well respected by their Brother Marines. They have a strong bond with the other members of the Chapter, featuring heavily within the daily lives of the Space Marines from an early stage. They are one of the first faces encountered when new recruits join the Chapter as neophytes, and it is the Chaplains who preside over their indoctrination. The Chaplains teach them of the Chapter's cult beliefs, and direct them in memorising the various hymnals and liturgies that they are required to know. Though notoriously strict and fiery individuals, they are also renowned for their sense of duty and responsibility for their Brother Marines. They fight with inspired passion and belief, ever watchful for the well-being of their comrades.

The Chaplains are the spiritual leaders of their brethren, and guide the Space Marines in the oaths of loyalty sworn to the Chapter. Praise is rendered to the Emperor and the Primarch for the inception and existence of the Adeptus Astartes, although the way each is perceived varies from Chapter to Chapter. The Emperor is recognised as their founder and the saviour of Humanity, but is most often regarded as an awe-inspiring man by the Adeptus Astartes. Some Chapters worship their Primarch as a god or demi-god, while others praise them as superior, yet mortal beings, mighty heroes from an age long past.

The central shrine where prayer and worship is conducted is called the Reclusium, and it lies within the Chapter's fortress monastery. It is a place of particular cultural and spiritual reverence. This most holy place contains ancient artefacts and relics of particular significance, often holding fragments of the Primarch's armour, as well as the battle gear of heroic figures from the Chapter's history. Company and Chapter standards hang from its hallowed walls. The Chaplains lead their sermons within the vast Reclusium, rousing the Space Marines with their passionate exhortations. The battle barges and strike craft of the Chapter's fleet also hold towering cathedrals within their armoured halls, enabling Space Marines to confirm their devotions when far from the Chapter's Fortress Monastery. Indeed the majority of the Chapter is often scattered across the galaxy, fighting in campaigns that may last hundreds of years. However, the Chaplains preach a very practical minded form of worship, and the presence of a formal chapel is not always necessary. The Chaplains accompany their battle brothers in their crusades, guiding them spiritually wherever they may be. They lead them in prayer and ritual, whether it be within the Reclusium, aboard a strike craft or in the midst of battle itself.

Devotional Armour

The archaic and ornate armour that the Chaplains wear may be hundreds, if not thousands of years old. They are revered pieces of equipment, and are perceived as mobile shrines in themselves. The black armour is frequently decorated with an array of ancient tokens and embellishments, often in the form of purity seals, devotional pendants and such. These



sigils come in a range of forms, often appearing as winged skulls, the Imperial Eagle or other Chapter-oriented symbols of dedication. The face plate of the Chaplain's helmet commonly resembles a death's head skull, inspiring fear in the enemy, as well as respect and devotion in their comrades.

Part of the formal regalia that the Chaplain carries is his staff of office, the potent Crozius Arcanum. This arcane and most holy of items is used in official ceremonies and worship, and is often topped with an Imperial eagle or winged skull. The staff is carried to war by the Chaplain, reflecting the ritual importance of battle to the Space Marines. The Crozius incorporates a powerful energy field, enabling it to punch through all forms of armour with ease, smiting the Chaplain's enemies in bright bursts of energy and faith.

Glorious battle is seen as the highest form of worship for the Chaplains. Their primary role is as inspiring, spiritual warriors, and they are chosen from amongst the most fiery and devoted of Space Marines. They lead their brothers from the fore, chanting the liturgies of battle while they slay their foes, exhorting their fellow Space Marines to greater feats of arms in the name of the Chapter and the Emperor. They encourage their battle-brothers to relive the glories of the Emperor, each warrior aspiring to the miraculous feats their founding father was capable of.

Chapter Variations

"Acknowledge death as it approaches, but do not succumb to its touch, for your purpose is great..."

Chaplain Hanius,
Blood Angels Chapter

Chaplains are the purveyors of the Chapter's cult, ensuring its continuation and survival within the Space Marine ranks. The Codex Astartes dictates the role that the Chaplains play within the Space Marine Chapter, as epitomised by the steadfast Ultramarines Chapter. However, the cult beliefs have been in existence for over ten thousand years, and over this time the various Chapters have branched apart, each respective cult following their own path with their own unique belief system. As a consequence, the roles that the Chaplains play will often vary between the different Chapters.

The Interrogator-Chaplains of the enigmatic and secretive Dark Angels Chapter are a sinister variation from the traditional Codex. The are driven solely by the pursuit and reclamation of their damned brethren, the Fallen. The Chapter is fanatically consumed with the finding of these heretics, and those who are captured are handed over to the Interrogator-Chaplains. Hidden within the depths of the Dark Angels fortress monastery, known as the Tower of Angels, these menacing Space Marines undertake their grisly duty as they attempt to draw a confession from the lips of the Fallen. The Interrogator-Chaplains give a quick death to those rare few who repent, and lingering torment to those who do not. For each of the Fallen who confesses his sins, the Interrogator-Chaplain may add a single black pearl to his sacred Rosarius. The most successful of all the Dark Angels Interrogator-Chaplains was the great Master Molocia, who died after three hundred years of service to his Chapter. Throughout his illustrious career, he secured ten black pearls for his Rosarius, an achievement unmatched within the Dark Angels' ranks.



The role of the Chaplain within the Iron Hands Chapter is fulfilled to an extent by the Iron-Fathers, who also carry out the role of elite Techmarines. Their beliefs have altered over the millennia so that they hold a particular reverence for the mechanical, and this has seeped into their cult beliefs. The Iron-Fathers are rumoured to spend a time of apprenticeship on Mars, home planet of the mysterious Adeptus Mechanicus. There are those within the Ecclesiarchy who see the Iron Hands as corrupted, for they appear to venerate the Machine God more than the Emperor himself. The mutual distrust between the Iron Hands and the Ministorum has erupted into bloodshed on several occasions and, not surprisingly, the Ecclesiarchy refuses to gift the Chapter with the sacred Rosarius.

The Chaplains of the tragically flawed Blood Angels are the guardians of the Chapter, constantly vigilant for the first signs of the Black Rage amongst their battle-brothers. The Black Rage afflicts some members of the Blood Angels before a battle, their minds becoming unhinged as they relive the moment of their Primarch's death. On the eve of battle, the Chaplains move amongst the Space Marines as they are engaged in their prayers and devotions. They chant the Moripatris, the Mass of Doom, and carefully check for the first signs of the terrible curse. Those who succumb to the affliction are removed from their brethren to become a part of the Death Company. They are led into battle by the Chaplain himself,

and their madness and frenzy lends them superhuman strength and powers of resilience. They tear into the enemy without hesitation, shrugging off wounds that would make even their hardened battle-brothers fall. They would rather seek death in battle than risk succumbing to the even more debilitating catastrophe of the Red Thirst. Dark rumours can be heard that those who fall to such depths are kept atop the Tower of Amareo on the Blood Angels' home planet of Baal. Here they are said to exist for all time, howling for the living blood that they crave. The Chaplains are said to administer to these degenerates, although what actually becomes of the twisted creatures is a secret know only to the Blood Angels Chaplains themselves.

The Wolf Priests of the ferocious Space Wolves Chapter fulfil the dual role of both Chaplain and Apothecary of Codex Chapters. They adorn themselves in wolf totems, and often wear an intimidating wolf skull helm over their heads. They minister to both the physical and spiritual well-being of their wolf-brethren, and they are fully responsible for the indoctrination and recruitment of young 'Blood Claws' from amongst the fierce, nomadic sea-faring people of their icy home world, Fenris. They can often be seen from afar, watching from a high vantage point as the native warriors battle each other. They pick suitable candidates from amongst those who display particular promise and bravery.

The beliefs of the Space Wolves Chapter more closely resemble those of the hardy, feral tribes than those of strictly Codex Chapters. They hold great respect for personal bravery and great deeds, but have little regard for inherited power. They do not venerate the Emperor as a divine being, although this is not particularly unusual amongst the Adeptus Astartes. The Emperor is revered as the only warrior to ever have bested their Primarch, the headstrong Leman Russ, in hand-to-hand combat. They have little more than contempt for the Ecclesiarchy, although the Wolf Priests will often wear the sacred Rosarius. However, their Rosarius is altered to represent a wolf totem rather than an Ecclesiastic icon. When they call on the Emperor and their Primarch in battle, it is not so much to seek their aid, but rather to call their attention so as to witness personal deeds and accomplishments.



WOLF PRIEST ULRIC THE SLAYER

Ulric is an ancient and revered figure, held in awe by his fellow Space Wolves. As a young Blood Claw, full of unrestrained fury, he fought in the First War for Armageddon where he earned a fearsome reputation. He engaged the enemy on the ash wastes of that tortured planet as part of the Great Company of Wolf Lord Kruger. Despite his relative lack of experience, he fought with astonishing skill and savagery. In one conflict he dispatched three traitorous World Eater Space Marines, earning the dubious honour of the respect of the corrupted Legion, who praise martial skill above all else. Ulric has recruited many Space Wolves who have gone on to become mighty warriors. Greatest of these are Logan Grimnar, the current Great Wolf, and the impetuous and tactically brilliant, if unorthodox, young Ragnar Blackmane.



ULTRAMARINES CHAPLAIN CASSIUS

Cassius is the oldest living Space Marine within the faithful and valourous Ultramarines Chapter. Approaching four hundred years old, he fought by the side of the current Grand Master of the Ultramarines, Marneus Calgar, as they fought off the Tyranid Hive Fleet Behemoth. He is heavily scarred, his skin weathered and leathery, and his hair pure white. Despite his age, he fights with inspired passion and ferocity, and leads the warriors of the Ultramarines into battle against the enemies of the Imperium still. His age has tempered his battle skills with great wisdom, and his counsel is well respected amongst his brethren. He has a particular hatred for Tyranids, to whom he has lost so many battle brothers. He leads daring attacks against them whenever possible, totally fearless of the towering monstrosities, and inspiring his companions to remarkable feats of bravery.



SALAMANDERS CHAPLAIN XAVIER

Chaplain Xavier was said to epitomise the Salamander ideal more completely than any other Space Marine in the long history of the proud Chapter. A great upholder of the Promethean Cult, he encouraged dedicated acts of endurance and belief, and it is said that he slew with his bare hands one of the ancient, monstrous salamanders native to his home world of Nocturne. Xavier could spur his battle brothers to great acts of fortitude and resilience, and it is said that when he led them, the Salamanders never fell back before an enemy. He was killed whilst leading a heroic counter-attack against the twisted members of a Dark Eldar raiding force that had ravaged numerous settlements across the jungle-world of Drykeena. Mortally wounded and pierced by countless blades, he fought on, stubbornly refusing to fall. Only once all his foes were vanquished, their bodies piled around him, did he let his grievous wounds overcome him. His body was returned to Nocturne by his brethren, and his name is spoken with reverence.



ASMODAI, MASTER INTERROGATOR-CHAPLAIN OF THE DARK ANGELS CHAPTER

The Interrogator-Chaplains are specialists in their vicious field, but none is more adept than the sinister Asmodai. Such is his fearful reputation that the enemy would rather die than fall into his hands. Rumours of the horrific tortures he can inflict abound, and it is said that he can keep his victims alive for weeks on end as he subjects them to increasingly agonising torment. He is single-minded in his devotion to this dire responsibility, and he makes use of the horrific Blades of Reason to encourage the Fallen to repent their sins. The Blades are etched with labyrinthine neural-wires which cause unbelievable pain to the nerve fibres they sever. Though they cause intense pain and anguish, their effects are not fatal, and so the torture may continue virtually indefinitely, until the subject is both physically and mentally broken, and willing to confess his foul crimes.



BLOOD ANGELS CHAPLAIN LEMARTES, GUARDIAN OF THE LOST

Chaplain Lemartes is a particularly strong-willed figure within the battle-hungry Blood Angels Chapter, leading into battle those of his damned brothers who have succumbed to the Black Rage. Lemartes is himself affected by the tragic curse, although through supreme strength of will he is able to have some control over its fury. The authority he commands is matched only by Commander Dante himself, and such is his respect amongst his brethren that he is able, with a word, to restrain the blood-frenzied nature of even those under the influence of the Black Fury. Equipped with his terrifying death mask, he is a fearful figure of doom, a nightmare to behold as he charges into combat, unleashing the full fury of his barely contained rage.

THE CURSED FOUNDING

An investigation into a mysterious Space Marine founding

by Graham McNeill

To:	Inquisitor Belial
From:	Inquisitor Apollyon
Date:	999.M41
Subject:	Excavation of Adeptus Mechanicus geno-lab
Thought for the Day:	Strength through stability

Fellow Inquisitor, I contact you now with grave news. A matter has arisen on the world of Incunabla that may well threaten the delicate balance of the Imperium we strive to preserve. I have taken steps to remedy this situation, ordering a detachment of Grey Knights to the planet, but fear that events may have already progressed too far. I believe that our Thorian 'brothers' in the Inquisition have once again attempted to make their wild and heretical beliefs a reality. Only time will tell whether I have acted in time.

An agent of mine, inserted within the Adeptus Mechanicus some years ago, recently reported disturbing news from an archaeological site on the dead world of Incunabla. Details were slow in forthcoming, but it seemed clear that buried deep within the rock of this barren world were secrets that have lain undiscovered these last five thousand years. Secrets regarding a founding of the Adeptus Astartes Space Marines sometimes referred to as the Cursed Founding. Having intercepted and examined the majority of the Adeptus Mechanicus Astropathic transmissions, I believe that elimination of this site is the only viable option open to us. Such technology has no place in the Imperium if we are to preserve its stability. I present my findings to you and await further guidance.

Adeptus Mechanicus
Archaeological Expedition TH/21/36

Project Leader: Explorator Magos Marco Pteronus

Date: 998.M41, days 23 - 38

DAY 23 - 27

Despite the frequent, curt reassurances from Brother Lequara that we were in the correct location, our initial investigations into the anomalous readings which our divination auguries registered were less than promising. Incunabla is a desolate place indeed and what Lequara expected to find so close to holy Terra was quite beyond me. Surely anything of promise would have been revealed to the Adepts of the Machine God before now? However, he does seem to have considerable sway with the Departmento Munitorum, and the funding, equipment and supplies he has provided for our expedition have proven to be most useful. Therefore I was inclined to indulge his fantasy that there was something worth excavating on Incunabla, while secretly deciding how best to obtain more equipment from him. How wrong I was to be proved!

DAY 28 - 33

After much to-ing and fro-ing we were finally able to triangulate the anomalous readings and descended to the planet's surface. The location of the readings proved to be a jagged black mountain peak surrounded by a highly volatile magnetic field and despite such a hazardous external environment, Brother Lequara demanded that we immediately don pressure suits and venture outside. Almost as soon as the Explorator team stepped beyond the protective hexes of the crawler, systems began to fail on our pressure suits. I believe that the strong magnetic field and lack of a proper blessing had angered the machine spirits and caused them to rail against such treatment. In response, Lequara activated a device the likes of which I have never seen before and this seemed to calm the machine spirits of our suits. As I craned forwards for a closer look at this device he concealed it from my view and, admonishing us to continue forward, he led us towards the mountain.

We trudged ever upwards, the sky darkening and the temperature dropping rapidly. I advised Lequara that we should return to the crawler and continue our exploration on the morrow, but he would have none of it. I continued to urge him to reconsider and he shot me a look of utter ruthlessness such that I shall never forget. As we neared the top of the peak, we came upon a small ledge that apparently ended at a sheer basalt rock face. I say apparently because as we halted, Lequara muttered a few words into the strange device he carried and a section of the rock seemed to blur and shift as though caught in some kind of optical distortion. I stood amazed as revealed

before us was a scarred adamantium door clearly marked with the Imperial Eagle. The door resisted all our attempts at opening it and Lequara at last decided to wait until the following day when we would be able to bring up the powerful las-cutters he had furnished us with.

DAY 34 - 36

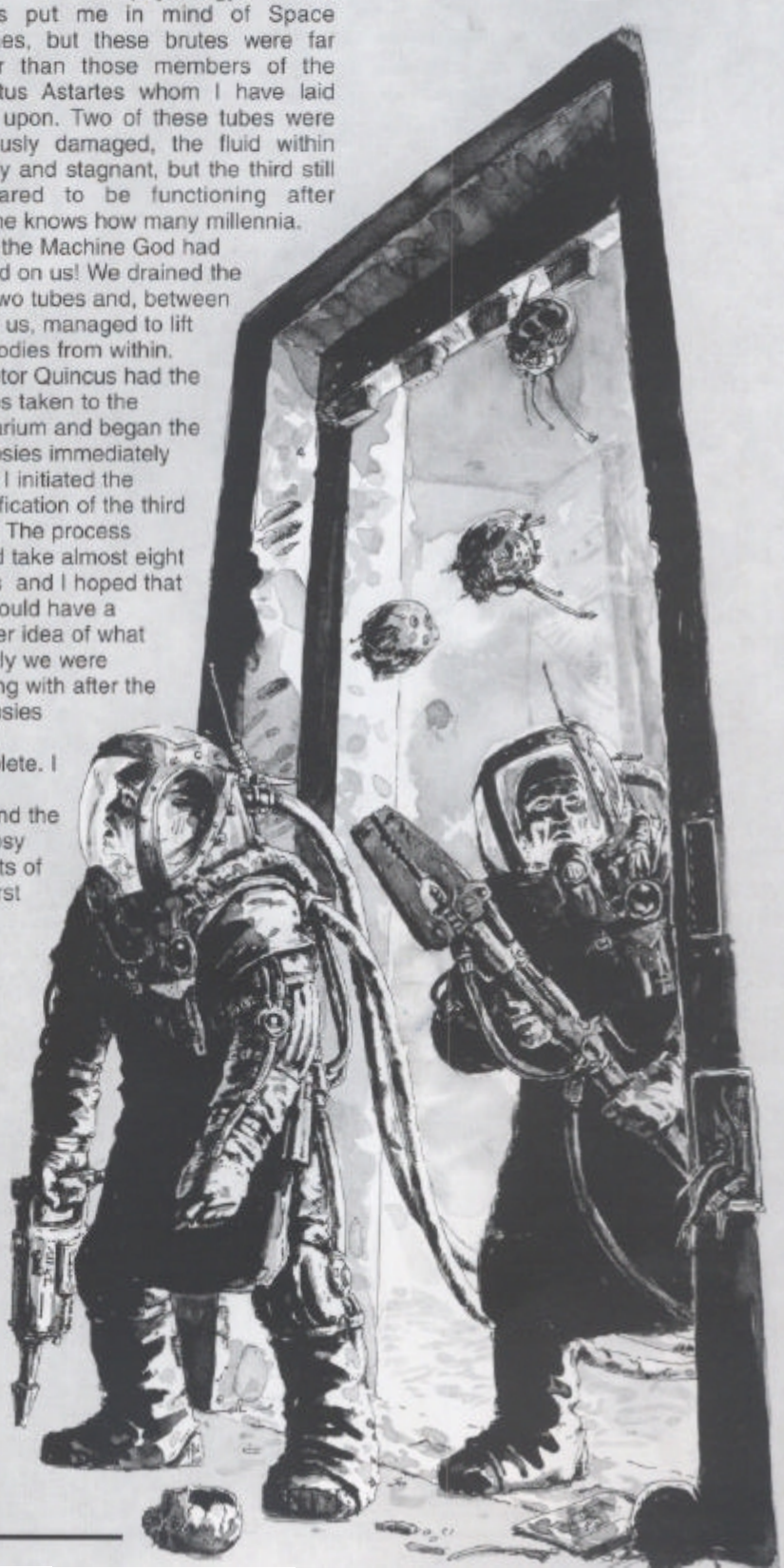
The door proved to be more resilient than I had originally thought and it was several days before we were able to effect an entry. Once inside, we discovered a shattered elevator shaft descending into the depths of the peak and were forced to rig a cable harness since it appeared that the elevator was no longer operational. Brother Lequara was the first to descend on the harness and, as he disappeared into the darkness of the shaft, I noticed the markings on its walls. What I had at first taken for corrosion damage I now realised was in fact laser scoring and impacts from small arms fire. Briefly I wondered what events had transpired here, but these were quickly forgotten as I imagined the secrets we might discover in this abandoned peak. For a moment I even dared hope for a fully functioning STC system!

DAY 37

At last we were within the corridors of the base and, I confess, my sense of trepidation was increasing the deeper we ventured. The facility buried beneath the mountain had obviously been the site of a tremendous battle. The walls were riddled with bullet impacts and laser burns and the remains of hastily constructed barricades lay scattered throughout the empty, echoing halls. The place was deserted and, save for the odd scattered bone, the victims of this battle had either been taken by the victors for some unguessable purpose or had long since decayed to dust. Brother Lequara was like an excited child as we explored the facility and would allow us to touch nothing. It was not until we eventually discovered a laboratorium hidden in the heart of the underground complex that we were to learn the true purpose of this place. What I believe that purpose to be is almost too fantastic to relate, but having since perused the scant morsels of data on the base's main logic engine, words cannot begin to convey my excitement to you.

DAY 38

The laboratorium we discovered contained a plethora of ancient machines, and my heart leapt to see so much techno-arcana preserved in such an undamaged condition. But it was the centre of the laboratoria that demanded my most immediate attention. Connected by vast bundles of pulsing tubes and cables to the machines were six ceiling height incubation tanks. Three were empty, but the others contained amniotic fluid with an enormous human male floating within them. The physiology of these giants put me in mind of Space Marines, but these brutes were far larger than those members of the Adeptus Astartes whom I have laid eyes upon. Two of these tubes were obviously damaged, the fluid within cloudy and stagnant, but the third still appeared to be functioning after Throne knows how many millennia. Truly the Machine God had smiled on us! We drained the first two tubes and, between six of us, managed to lift the bodies from within. Genetor Quincus had the bodies taken to the mortarium and began the autopsies immediately while I initiated the revivification of the third body. The process would take almost eight hours and I hoped that we would have a clearer idea of what exactly we were dealing with after the autopsies were complete. I shall append the autopsy reports of the first two beings to this log later this evening. Also attached are the fragments of the facility commander's records which I have been able to recover. I am unsure as to their real value as the recorder of the log appears to be raving and of unsound mind. Nevertheless, I shall append them and allow you to make your own judgement.



AUTOPSY REPORT

Filed by: Genetor Quincus

1. Preliminary visual examination of the bodies proved to be inconclusive as to the cause of death. The skin of the body displayed a soft elastic quality and ruptured in several places on transport to the mortarium. No external puncture wounds were evident and dermal lividity appeared to indicate that the subject had died less than an hour previous to this examination. How this is possible is as yet undetermined. Initial DNA scans revealed many of the amino acid and enzyme chains still unformed. Combined with evidence of 'hot-housing' the genome, this leads me to believe that the subjects were artificially accelerated to this level of growth and, biologically speaking, may be less than one year old.



2. Despite the lack of tensile strength in the skin, the bone structure beneath proved to much tougher. Performing a standard 'Y' incision and peeling back the skin and considerable musculature on subject alpha's chest revealed an interlinked growth of highly ossified bone plates that completely armoured the chest cavity. It required a laser saw to cut through this 'bone-shield' and the strength of several servitors to break open the rib cage and expose the chest cavity.

3. The interior of the subject's chest cavity contains a number of organs whose purpose is undetermined. Primary heart, lungs, kidneys and liver are present and, in regard to mass to muscle ratio, must have been many times more efficient than even the Space Marines of the present day are known to be. As well as these organs are a number of others of unknown origin. Their function can only be guessed at and it is beyond my expertise to probe their mysteries. I am familiar with most of the organs unique to the physiology of a Space Marine yet the ones visible here are unknown to me. These organs have been sealed in stasis jars for transport to the more advanced laboratoria facilities on Mars. Perhaps the genetors there will have more success than I.

4. After the chest cavity had been examined, I removed the cranial lid to expose the subject's brain. Inside was a most curious organism that only superficially resembled a human brain. Its mass and colouration were consistent with a male of such disproportionate size, but there the similarity ended. Dissection of the brain revealed a hitherto unknown configuration of matter, if indeed it was matter, and further organs of unknown nature. Further examination was impossible due to the ultra-rapid necrotising of the brain after its removal from the cranium. Within minutes it had disintegrated into a foetid puddle of grey ooze. The nature and purpose of this organ is therefore unknown.

5. In summary it is impossible to say with any certainty how the subjects died. No visible signs of trauma were evident and no viral, bacteriological or toxicological contamination was found. My own conclusion is that the subject's growth was boosted artificially and they expired when the machinery of the incubation tube failed. I have performed similar examinations on members of the Adeptus Astartes before this and can say with utter certainty that these subjects are far superior to them in every way.

LOG OF BASE COMMANDER

[Note: Many portions of data were lost and only these fragments could be recovered by the Lexmechanics - Marco -Pteronus.]

Log Entry No: 23

Project Homo Sapiens Novus continues to meet with further success and I believe that within the next few accelerated evolutionary iterations we may achieve ..... goal of recreating the [fragment destroyed] and imbue them with psychically attuned minds to resist the ..... of Chaos. That we may follow in the footsteps of our Glorious Emperor fills me with pride and that my name may be spoken of in the same breath is an honour I can scarce believe.

Log Entry No: 29

More warships arrived in orbit today and I was privileged enough to be allowed to watch as our newest Chapter, the Flame Falcons, boarded the vessels en route to their designated home world of Lethe. To see such fighting men is to have mankind's manifest destiny amongst the stars affirmed. With such enhanced warriors as these fighting for the glory of the Emperor, the ..... of our Imperium is assured.

Log Entry No: 33

I discovered an unusual occurrence in the storage labs today. As I was intoning the evening's Litany of Purity over the gene banks, I espied a dark, viscous liquid running from a stasis vessel. I opened the container and was horrified to discover the vessel overflowing with a stinking, organic substance, growing larger as I watched. Incinerator units destroyed the ..... gene stock, but I am at a loss as to explain its sudden and rapid growth, the material was placed under the proper blessings and rituals. ..... stasis field failed or the genetic ..... corrupted before we placed it in storage. Other than this I can think of no explanation for this phenomena.

Log Entry No: 41

Today I received word from the Apothecaries of the Black Dragons of some irregularities in the zygote development of their first born members. It appears that as their Ossmodula has matured more fully, it has caused the growth of bony protuberances and 'crests' from the forearms and heads of the Space Marines. This is an unexpected side effect and is possibly ..... hormonally stimulated growth. Purity procedures will be reviewed and any deficient zygotes destroyed.

Log Entry No: 44

Reports are coming in daily now of spontaneous mutation in the gene seed of those ..... we have created here. I dread to think of the consequences should the cause of these mutations be traced back to the experiments we performed here. Our sponsor in these matters, Inquisitor Crescere, has assured me that we proceed with the Emperor's blessing, but as more and more reports of mutation reach us I cannot help but feel ..... a terrible mistake. I have requested that we halt the program until more thorough research is undertaken, but Crescere informed me in no uncertain terms that my life would be over should I fail to continue the work.

Log Entry No: 46

I have secretly begun implantation with six test subjects, in our hidden lab that not even Crescere knows of, to more closely monitor the gene development of our altered subjects. I will ..... subjects' ..... beyond normal parameters in order to observe any aberrations that might not otherwise come to light whilst they are on Incunabla. Perhaps then we will be able to discover the cause of such mutations and rectify the problem before we create more of these cursed ..... How many have already left Incunabla I do not know. Only Crescere may communicate with the other facilities on the planet and I fear that we may be too late to ..... these abominations ..... this damned world.

Log Entry No: 47

I fear Crescere knows of the secret work I have been undertaking. During this morning's unarmed combat training, two of my test subjects ..... berserk ..... killed thirty of the others ..... collapsing in a pile of mad, thrashing limbs as their bodies went ..... uncontrolled mutation. The things that were left on the floor had only the last vestiges of humanity to their form and the thought of whole Chapters of Space Marines with such defective gene-seed in their bodies fills me with horror and shame. Crescere had the bodies incinerated before we could perform an examination of the corpses and informed me that he was relieving me as head of this facility. Emperor have mercy on my soul, ... created monsters here! While I can do nothing about those we have already let loose, ... destroy most of the knowledge stored here. Crescere has locked me out of the most vital systems, but I will do what I can. When he discovers what I have done ..... kill me. I welcome it.

Log Entry No: 49

We were soon to learn that the third of the secret test subjects I created had condemned us all to death. At first it seemed as though his genetic structure had stabilised and we believed that we might yet be able to save the project, but this was to prove our undoing. It was some months after his removal from the incubation tank and after his combat training was complete that Astropaths in orbit on the Eternity .... unsanctioned psychic signal originating from our facility. Inquisitor Crescere immediately placed our Astropath onto a pain rack and questioned her fully. It transpired that the girl had not been the source of the signal and now our base required another Astropath for communications. As we pondered the mystery, the vox-caster lines from the Eternity suddenly came alive ..... garbled messages ..... confused screams. It was impossible to make out exactly ..... occurring, yet it was clear that another vessel was attacking the Eternity! A planet wide broadcast cut across all our communications and the viewscreen displayed a man of the most loathsome ..... I have ever seen. From his build I knew he must be a [fragment destroyed] but his armour was adorned with symbols and runes that made my eyes sting to look upon them. Over his shoulders hunched a grotesque device with obscene mechanical limbs like a spider reaching forward, each one ending in what appeared to be a bizarre weapon or torture device. Drop pods ..... descend to the surface of the planet and I knew I must attempt to destroy the remaining three subjects in the incubation tubes. Almost as soon as I formed this thought, the door to the command centre burst open and the third of my test subjects smashed his way inside. The figure ..... viewscreen smiled, as though welcoming a long lost son and I realised at once where the unknown psychic ..... come from. Crescere was the first to die ..... and I am ashamed to say I fled, leaving everyone screaming as they died and the invaders broke inside our base.

Log Entry No: No ref.

For a day and a night I have hidden here ..... screams of my people as the invaders hunted them down and violated their bodies has left me shaking with a terror I cannot quell. It is clear to me now that Project Homo Sapiens Novus ..... doomed from the start. I have sealed off the hidden laboratorium and pray that the abominations within never see the light of day. What we did here ..... technology that I fear will return to haunt the Imperium in years to come. I am not long for this life, the pistol sits beside me as I record this and I can only hope that those who find this log will not hate us for what we tried to do here.



Adeptus Mechanicus
Archaeological Expedition TH/21/36

Project Leader: Explorator Magos Marco Pteronus

Date: 998.M41, day 39

DAY 39

The revivification process continues and within an hour we should be able to safely remove the last living subject from the incubation tube. I feel sure that this discovery shall be ranked as one of the most significant in the last three thousand years and that we shall learn such wondrous things from this site. Brother Lequara has warned me not to transmit anything offworld or communicate any of our findings, but I felt that this matter outweighed any petty considerations of the Adeptus Terra regarding ownership of this site. Such a discovery merits the immediate attention of a full team of Adeptus Mechanicus Explorators, Genetors, Lexmechanics and Biologis. I therefore submit this report to you and await your most learned counsel.

To: Inquisitor Belial
From: Inquisitor Apollyon
Date: 999.M41
Subject: Excavation of Adeptus Mechanicus geno-lab
Thought for the Day: Knowledge is dangerous, guard it well

Since this last entry of the Adeptus Mechanicus research team, there have been no further transmissions from Incunabla and all attempts to discover the true identity of 'brother Lequara' have met with failure. I can only hope that when the Grey Knights arrive they are in time to prevent the sacred technology of this site from falling into the wrong hands. Or that there are survivors left to interrogate. I shall of course keep you updated with my findings.

Addendum to report

I regret to inform you that the archaeological site on Incunabla no longer exists. The Grey Knights secured the entrance and began exploration of the facility, but found no trace of the Adeptus Mechanicus team and no sign of their vessel. The site was as bereft of life as a world stripped by the Tyranids. There were no bodies discovered and no evidence of any attackers. Astropaths detected a residual warp trail, but were unable to discern its direction. I have had the site bombed from orbit with cyclonic torpedoes and expunged all record of it from all files. I fear that what was on this world is now gone and we will rue the day that this cursed place was discovered anew.



Black Templars, led by Marshal Helbrecht, despatch the last pockets of Ork resistance.



Led by their Wolf Priest, Space Wolf Grey Hunters take up position in cover ready to face the charge of the Eldar.



Index Astartes II

Index Astartes II is a compilation of articles from White Dwarf magazine. In it are detailed aspects of the Emperor's elite warriors, the mighty Space Marines, and their treacherous brethren, the Chaos Space Marines, in the kind of depth not possible in a normal Codex army book. Amidst these pages you can find tales of heroism and betrayal from the earliest days of the Imperium of Mankind – ancient legends which have been lost to Humanity over long ages of Imperial history. Chapter and Legion histories and colour schemes are detailed, with specific rules and army list variants to help with collecting and gaming using the Space Marine organisations within.

This second Index Astartes compilation includes the following articles:

- The Space Wolves First Founding Chapter
- Imperial Fists First Founding Chapter
- Night Lords Chaos Space Marines
- Blood Angels First Founding Chapter
- Space Marines of the Deathwatch and the Grey Knights
- The Black Templars Successor Chapter
- Space Marine Chaplains
- Tales of the mysterious Cursed Founding

This is one of a series of supplements for the Warhammer 40,000 game. You will need a copy of Codex: Space Marines to make full use of the additional gaming material presented in this book.

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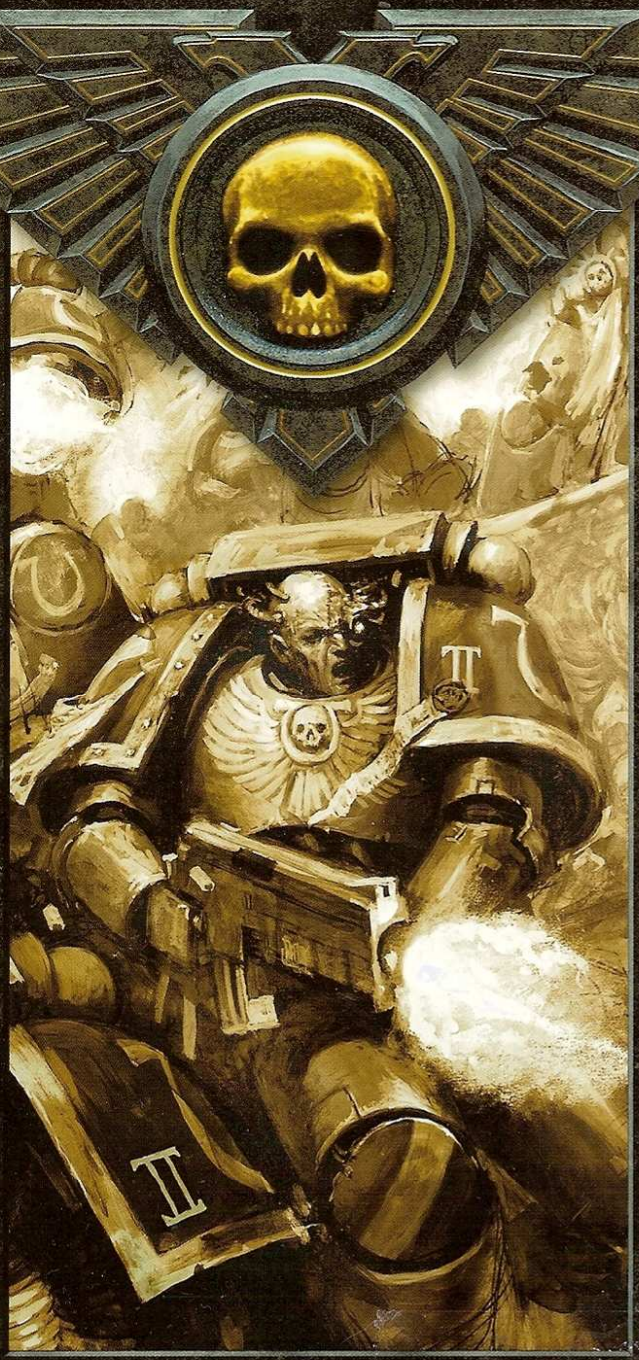
Index Astartes III



A holy tome focusing on the Imperium's finest warriors, the Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes

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Bolters spitting, the Iron Hands surge forward into the Ork lines.



The Berzerkers of the World Eaters launch a furious charge against a squadron of Necron Destroyers.

FOREWORD

by Andy Chambers, Warhammer 40,000 Overfiend



Greetings brethren and welcome to the third book of the Index Astartes! This book is part of a series dedicated to the Space Marines of the 41st Millennium, elite genetically enhanced super-warriors created to free Humanity at the dawn of the Great Crusade. Once thought of as loyal to the point of incorruptibility, the very forces that freed Mankind went on to plunge the newborn Imperium into the terrifying civil war of the Horus Heresy. The legions of Space Marines who followed Warmaster Horus into the worship of the dark gods of Chaos and turned against their Brother-Marines are also detailed here. Their fall into damnation remains a fearful demonstration of the seductive perils of Chaos and the need for vigilance amongst those still loyal to the Immortal Emperor who created them.

Space Marines – and their corrupted counterparts, the Chaos Space Marines – have been one of the most powerful and popular images within the Warhammer 40,000 game universe since its earliest days. So much so that big guys with big guns in loads of armour is such a sci-fi favourite that it's possible to find Space Marine analogues in games, books and films everywhere. As well as strong imagery, it is the depth of history, the ancient traditions and the rivalries of the different Space Marine Chapters which has made them unique, and that's what we've gathered here for your entertainment and edification.

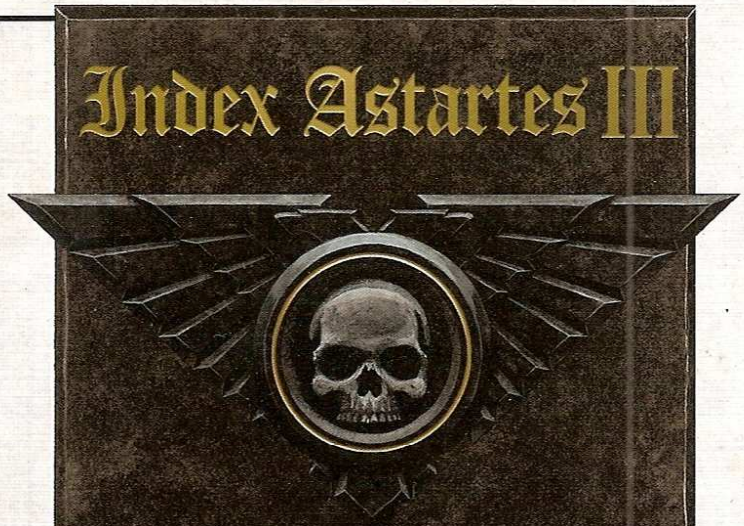
Index Astartes began as a series of articles in White Dwarf magazine all about Space Marines in general and focussing on their origins, history, organisation and weaponry in particular. This laudable idea has rapidly grown into a monster, especially since we began the First Founding project to detail the 'primogenitor' Space Marine legions and their nigh-mythical Primarchs. This has been... entertaining as it has meant pulling together dozens of fragmentary references from Games Workshop publications over the last two decades and in some cases summarising entire books of background material into woefully few pages.

But with the First Founding legions, including most of the best known and (in)famous legions it has been tremendously rewarding. This great task would have been impossible without the dedicated players who have supplied a great deal of the material in this book. Their hard work in trawling through ancient tomes for the slightest mention of a forgotten battle or fallen hero has made the whole thing akin to archaeology, which is only appropriate for Space Marine Chapters with histories stretching across ten thousand years of galactic strife.

Although the Index Astartes books are primarily intended as sources of background and inspiration for Space Marine collectors, we have also introduced rules and army list variants for some of the Chapters portrayed. These are official supplements to the Warhammer 40,000 game, typically balanced by giving Chapter specific capabilities and unique unit types in exchange for restrictions on their organisation in accordance with their particular predilections.

If you are interested in collecting Space Marines, it is well worth mentioning that Games Workshop's Mail Order service and our online webstore are great sources for checking out the truly staggering range of Space Marine miniatures. All the different models made for Space Marines over the years totals up to a range so vast it is impossible to show it all in a retail store. Also, our dedicated staff are nearly all Space Marine fanatics too, and they'll be happy to help with any enquiry, no matter how obscure.

If you would like information on where your nearest store is or details on Mail Order and the Games Workshop web store, check out your latest issue of White Dwarf.



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Index Astartes
First Founding

An in-depth look at the First Founding Legions of the Adeptus Astartes

HAND OF JUSTICE

The Iron Hands Space Marine Chapter

by Anthony Reynolds

The Iron Hands have been unforgiving devotees to the Emperor's word since the time of legends, when the god-like Primarchs walked among men. Through countless centuries the Iron Hands have remained unwavering in their faith and belief. They have endured dark years of suffering and pain, where others have faltered and been forgotten by time. They look with disgust on those who lack their strength of will, and punish them without remorse. Their Primarch, Ferrus Manus, is seen as a strong and unwavering warrior-god, the saviour of his people, who will return one day to lead all of Humanity from the darkness that besets it from all sides and from within.

Origins:

At the very dawn of the Imperium, a time of great deeds and mighty battles, Ferrus Manus broke the darkness of the world of Medusa and became the shining light of its people. The sky, perpetually darkened by a great calamity of the long gone ancients, was ripped asunder as Ferrus descended from the heavens amid a great inferno of light. Never before had the primitive human clans of Medusa seen such light, and they were awed and frightened by the fiery display that burned their eyes. The great star crashed into the highest mountain of Medusa, Karaashi, the Ice Pinnacle. The impact shattered the mountain top, burying Ferrus deep in the ice in a tremendous explosion of steam. The land shook under the impact which could be felt the world over. Mountains were toppled, and great chasms were formed as the world rumbled under the coming of the great Primarch.

Years later, the great warrior-god Ferrus walked unscathed and fully formed from the uninhabited mountain ranges of the far northern wastes where the Ice Pinnacle lies. The legends of the roaming clans, taught from father to son throughout the ages, revolve around the early exploits of Ferrus, tales of fantastic acts of strength and endurance. No one could match his strength of arm, try as he might to find a worthy opponent. He sought out every physical challenge that he could, always returning victorious. According to one often recounted mythic tale, he once challenged a Storm Giant to a competition of strength. The giant lifted a mountain between his hands and set it back down a mile away. The giant's laugh died as Ferrus lifted the entire mountain range onto his back, carrying it to a neighbouring island. The humbled giant was never seen again.

Ferrus travelled the length and breadth of Medusa, becoming well known by all its people, and coming to know the land itself as no one ever had. He travelled areas that any other man would have found inaccessible. He climbed the highest mountains, he swam the deepest oceans – always pushing himself and his body, pushing his levels of endurance and strength to unfathomable levels. His strength and fury made him renowned and feared amongst the people of the clans, who valued such qualities highly, and he was uniformly adopted by them as one of their own. He never sought to end the conflicts between the clans, seeing such competition as healthy and strengthening. He always remained neutral, never participating in their feuds so as not to favour one clan over another.

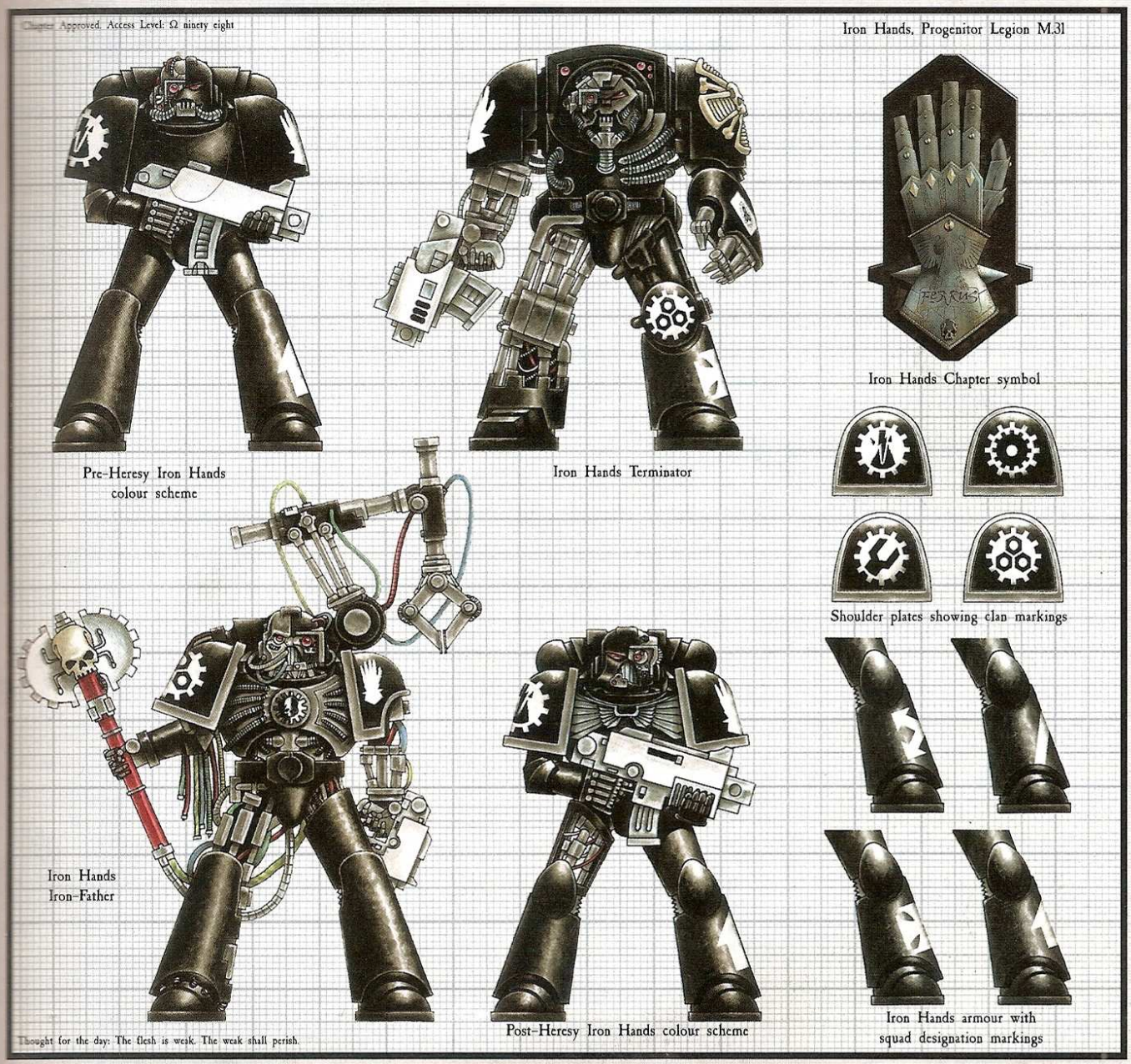
The most famous heroic story of Ferrus was his titanic battle against Asirnoth, the Great Silver Wyrm. This is recounted in the Canticle of the Travels, an epic poem of unknown origin that is still taught to clan children at their parent's knee. He had stalked the great beast for days through the legendary Land of Shadows – the fearful land of the ancients, a place of great fear and mystery. This place, long since lost, was said to be a land of metal and stone relics of giant proportions, remnants of a forgotten age. The ghost-spirits of the clans are said to roam there once they leave the world of the living. The Canticle describes the monstrous creature as having skin made of living metal that was impervious to harm. Try as he might, Ferrus could not pierce the metal hide of the beast, his fists pummelling harmlessly against it. Fighting the creature for days on end, across continents and seas, Ferrus remained undaunted, confident of his own abilities. He eventually slew the great beast by holding the writhing creature submerged in a lava flow, enduring horrific pain, but bearing it stoically. When he finally removed his arms from the lava, the Wyrm was no more. His hands however were encased in the same living metal that the creature's skin was made of, a metal that was as flexible as flesh, as strong as the hardest ceramite. It is known that myths involving Ferrus and his metal hands precede the Canticle

of Travels, but only in the Canticle is this explanation given as to how the metal came to be fused to his body.

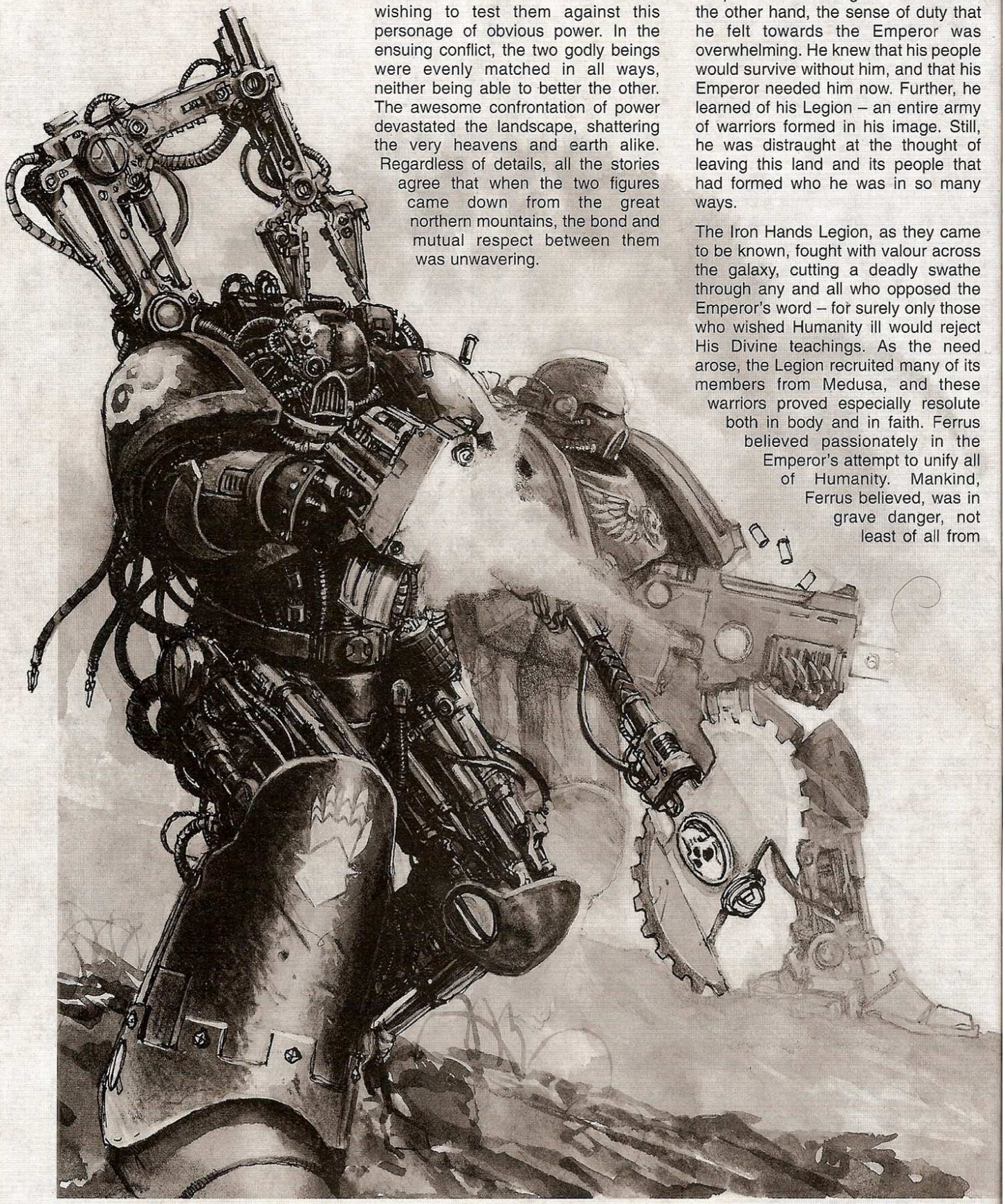
He returned to the clans after his travels filled with new and wonderful ideas, which he taught to all who wished to learn. He created strange and powerful weapons and tools out of metal, shaping them with his living metal hands. He taught the clans such wonders that they never could have imagined possible. It was a time of greatness for the people of Medusa – the civilisation of the clans advanced at a tremendous pace, and the people became increasingly strong and proud.

When the heavens split open for the second time in history, and dark Medusa was once again filled with light, the clans were confused and frightened. They could not understand what this might mean for them and their world. They were happy as they were, and saw whatever was coming as a threat. Ferrus did not speak, but left the clans immediately to travel to the Northern Reaches, where the light had descended. The clans grew worried as days passed with no word of their Saviour. A great council was called, the first of its type ever formed on Medusa, with representatives from each of the clans present. They argued over what should be done, but could come to no agreement. Days turned to weeks and the people grew desperate in their unease. This unease turned to terror as the land literally erupted beneath their feet. They ran out of the council great-tent in their panic, savage electrical storms ripping the skies asunder above them. They wailed in their dread for the fury of the storm seemed far from natural, and they felt certain the end of their world drew near. The terrible storm assaulted the land for a week and a day, so it is said, after which time an unearthly silence descended. The clans returned to the great council unsure what would come of such dire portents.

The next morning the doors to the great council were thrown wide and Ferrus strode in, resplendent in his magnificence. At his side walked a figure that stood as his equal, a radiant figure who awed the clansmen as much as Ferrus had always done. The very air was said to crackle with the combined power that exuded from the pair, and the bond between them was immediately apparent.



What actually occurred when the two Divine beings met is unknown. The myths surrounding the meeting of these two most powerful and heroic of figures revolve around a clash of wills and power that tore the land asunder. Many of the myths relate to how when Ferrus saw the Emperor, he recognised in him an equal. He strode up the mountains to confront him, confident of his own abilities and wishing to test them against this personage of obvious power. In the ensuing conflict, the two godly beings were evenly matched in all ways, neither being able to better the other. The awesome confrontation of power devastated the landscape, shattering the very heavens and earth alike. Regardless of details, all the stories agree that when the two figures came down from the great northern mountains, the bond and mutual respect between them was unwavering.



Ferrus left Medusa only reluctantly. He was torn between conflicting feelings of loyalty. On the one hand were his people whom he had helped to flourish and his beloved Medusa that had tempered and strengthened him. On the other hand, the sense of duty that he felt towards the Emperor was overwhelming. He knew that his people would survive without him, and that his Emperor needed him now. Further, he learned of his Legion – an entire army of warriors formed in his image. Still, he was distraught at the thought of leaving this land and its people that had formed who he was in so many ways.

The Iron Hands Legion, as they came to be known, fought with valour across the galaxy, cutting a deadly swathe through any and all who opposed the Emperor's word – for surely only those who wished Humanity ill would reject His Divine teachings. As the need arose, the Legion recruited many of its members from Medusa, and these warriors proved especially resolute both in body and in faith. Ferrus believed passionately in the Emperor's attempt to unify all of Humanity. Mankind, Ferrus believed, was in grave danger, not least of all from

itself. Unless it stood united, it would slowly be destroyed, piece by piece.

He saw many weak people around him, and saw that infirmity as a plague. He would rather see those weak links of Humanity destroyed than have them pose a threat, an unnecessary frailty that would pose a burden to the rest. On Medusa, the weak children were exposed to the elements so as not to place an unnecessary encumbrance on the rest of the community. So too, when the time came that an adult was incapable of providing for the community, that person left their clan. Those who accepted the Emperor's Divine teachings were embraced. Those who did not were cut down without pity. The ruthlessness of the Legion and its Primarch terrified those who stood in the way of their relentless approach, and many worlds turned to the Emperor out of the overwhelming fear of retribution that these callous warriors were becoming renowned for.

The Horus Heresy

It is said that Horus, the first and most trusted of the Emperor's Primarchs, was held in great esteem by Ferrus, who appreciated his martial ideals. The news of Horus' treachery was met with an outrage by the Iron Hands and their Primarch alike. They were disgusted at the weakness of those who they had previously called brothers. Their Holy Crusade had led them to a far outlying section of the galaxy, and Ferrus fumed over their remote position. Nevertheless, full of righteous anger the Iron Hands turned their ships for Istvaan V, where the traitorous Warmaster was gathering his might. Ferrus despaired for Humanity, when it seemed that even the most devoted of battle brothers could be turned from their divine mission. He raged at the flaws of his fellow men, all of whom seemed susceptible to weakness except those of his own Legion. He became even more strict on himself and his brothers, training against such dangerous fragility in all its forms.

Ferrus chose the fastest of the Legion's ships, and together with his most veteran troops, sped towards Istvaan V ahead of the rest of the Legion. As they had feared, the majority of the fleet arrived too late to take part in the attack, and it was with dread and horror that they learnt of the disastrous treachery that had greeted their Primarch's attack. He and the Veterans joined with six other Legions in the planetary assault. Ferrus spearheaded the attack with two other Legions, suffering horrendous casualties as they dropped into the planet's atmosphere. The four Legions that were backing up the initial attack turned on the unprotected flank of the loyalists in an unforeseen betrayal, sealing the doom of the Legions, who were massacred in the ensuing battle.

What became of the great Primarch Ferrus remains a mystery. It is known that when the Legions showed their true colours, he realised his impending doom and attacked the traitors with renewed fury, so desperate was he to face Horus. The number of the Iron Hands were few, however, and they alone were not enough to back up Ferrus' attack, though they died trying. The Iron Hands have never forgiven the Salamanders or the Ravenguard for failing to follow his lead. They believe that had they done so, Horus would have fallen, triggering the collapse of the forces of Chaos. The body of Ferrus was never found, however, and many believe he somehow survived. One particular story is that his wrecked body was rescued and restored, and that he took refuge on Mars where he resides still, though this is violently refuted by the Iron Hands themselves.

The Iron Hands despaired as to the fate of Mankind. Their distress and confusion grew when they learned that the God-Emperor had fallen in a titanic battle with the corrupted Horus.

'And lo, despair was compounded, for Mankind had lost not only He Who Broke the Darkness, Ferrus Manus, the Shining Light of Medusa, cut down by Foul Corruption and Betrayal: for worse was to come, and there was much anguish and horror, for the Most Holy God-Emperor was, alas, to be lost to the world of Man.'

Extract from the Scriptorium of Iron

Having lost all of its veterans in the disastrous assault on Istvaan V, the crippled Legion returned to Medusa full of anger. Their brooding fury was directed at those whose weakness had forced them into a situation where their Primarch was lost and the Crusade abandoned. Their anger grew as time passed, and even extended to a resentment towards those loyal Legions who could not protect the Emperor. They felt sure that had they been closer to Terra, then things would have worked out differently. They cursed the Warmaster Horus, who they believed had known of the Iron Hands' unyielding faith and strength, and whose subtle manipulations had surely arranged for them to be far away from both Terra and Istvaan V at the moment he struck.

Taking refuge in their anger, the Iron Hands have used that emotion to further strengthen themselves against the dangers of frailty. This became their guiding devotion, and they use any means necessary to destroy any form of weakness that they perceive in themselves and others. They do this without remorse, for they see that they are doing Humanity a blessing by removing such a dangerous failing. Only a strong and united Humanity will survive, and so until the return of Ferrus when he will lead Man out of Darkness, the Iron Hands strengthen and prepare themselves, seeking to eradicate any weak links that could once more threaten the eventual unification of Humanity. There were dark stories told of the Legion replacing its lost warriors with purely mechanical power armoured creations, though these rumours were never substantiated, nor were they widely believed.

Homeworld

The world of Medusa is a harsh realm of perpetual gloom, situated precariously close to the Eye of Terror. The sun almost never breaks through the dark and polluted sky, as it constantly churns over a land of frozen mountain ranges, interspersed with volcanoes and boiling hot geysers. The landscape is under constant flux, the shifting of tectonic plates forming new mountains and seas, and destroying them as quickly as they are created.

The people of Medusa are a hardy race that flourishes despite the hostile environment. They are in a constant battle with the elements and with each other, as each clan vies for hard to come by and jealously defended resources. The unpredictable nature of the landscape of Medusa means that the little that is built will not last for very long, except in those few areas of relative calm. As such, the clans build very few permanent structures, but rather carry their possessions and livelihoods along with them as they traverse the landscape. In days gone past the clans hauled great caravans along by hand. The inhabitants of Medusa still follow this tradition, though the means of transport has changed to reflect the changing times. Great caterpillar-like mining haulers crawl across the landscape in grand processions as the clans move. These haulers constantly disgorge their raw exhausts into the atmosphere, adding

to the thickening sulphurous clouds that swirl around the planet like a shroud.

Karaashi, the Ice Pinnacle, can still be seen today, though it is said to be half the size it once was. A great gaping hole at its peak that spews ash and steam into the atmosphere is evidence of where the shining light of Ferrus crashed an age previously. Still it rumbles the anger of Medusa – a constant reminder of the need for vigilance. The clans of Medusa prepare for that day when the Ice Pinnacle ceases to rumble Medusa's unease. For that day, it is foretold, will mark the second coming of the great Primarch – with his return, Medusa will be at last content.

Combat Doctrine

The Iron Hands' particular hatred for weakness in any form or nature has a marked effect on their combat doctrine. This hatred is extended to incorporate the physical body, and they see weakness even in their own augmented physiques. These perceived frailties are ruthlessly eradicated through any possible means. This has further developed to a near worship of the mechanical that approaches the zeal and devotion of the Adeptus Mechanicus. A weak body can easily be broken or led into temptations of the flesh, so they believe, and this is what the Iron Hands hate and fear most of all. Consequently, the harder, more mechanical the body, the less room there is for physical failings and frailties.

The Iron-Fathers fuel the hatred and anger of the Iron Hands with rousing speeches and oratories, encouraging its growth and intensity. The Chapter takes this powerful emotion onto the battlefield, where it is focused against the enemy at hand, whoever that may be. The Iron Hands fight with renowned intensity and determination, certain in the knowledge that they act for the good of Mankind by crusading against the weak and corrupted. The cold fury of the Chapter as it goes to battle is fearful to witness, and deadly in its effectiveness. The bitter Space Marines advance machine-like and relentless, throwing themselves violently at the enemy in their focused, severe fervour.

The Iron Hands revere the limited number of Terminator suits and Dreadnoughts that they possess, and treat them with the utmost respect and devotion. Entire squads of Terminators are rare, however, for the inspiration they create amongst the ranks is better served when they act as leaders of individual squads. Sergeants will often wear Terminator armour that is rumoured to be physically bonded to them, and it is not uncommon for battle forces to be led by Dreadnoughts. The inspiration which their presence causes amongst the Iron Hands proves to be of more benefit when acting within these roles.

Organisation

The organisation of the Iron Hands changed upon its return to Medusa. The Legion was split into three separate and individual Chapters. The newly formed Red Talons and the Brazen Claw left their brethren and founded their own fortress-monasteries, since becoming increasingly reclusive. One Chapter retained the name of the Legion, and based itself on Medusa, the homeworld of their Primarch. The organisation of the Chapter has moved away from the standard Codex form, becoming more like a reflection of the native clans of Medusa. Contact between the three Chapters deteriorated as they became increasingly insular, while contact with other Space Marine Chapters became virtually non-existent.

There are ten Clan Companies which act in much the same way as the Battle Companies of traditional Codex Chapters, being versatile and capable in any given situation. However, where traditional Codex Chapters have a distinct separation between the various Companies that form it, such as the 10th Company being formed of Scouts, the Iron Hands Chapter is made up solely of its ten Clan Companies. These generally act as completely separate entities in their own right, and it is not unknown for minor skirmishes to break out between Clan Companies. This is encouraged, so as to keep the Space Marines strong and vigilant.

Each Clan Company has its own hierarchy, and is responsible for the recruitment of new Space Marines in order to keep the Clan Company numbers at the required level. These new recruits are taken from the clans of Medusa who embrace their new Clan Company and the Chapter as a whole. The Clan Companies are nomadic, much like the clans they are recruited from. They travel the galaxy, following their continuing crusade against weakness and corruption.

When the Iron Hands return to Medusa they travel the inhospitable Medusa landscape seeking recruits, remaining ever vigilant against weakness in any guise appearing on their homeworld. The Iron Hands do not maintain a fortress-monastery as such, for the shifting lands would inevitably make any such structure temporary. Rather, each individual Clan Company maintains a mobile version, great land behemoths that constantly traverse the treacherous landscape. These fully automated creations, arcane wonders made by the Adeptus Mechanicus, are serviced by great armies of mechanical servitors, keeping them in perfect order during the Chapter's absence.

As a direct result of their respect for the mechanical body, the Iron Hands differ significantly in some regards from the standard Codex organisation. On induction to the Chapter, new recruits have their left hands removed and replaced with bionics, a ritual symbolising their link with Ferrus and their refusal of the weakness of the flesh. This is the start of a slow process of mechanisation of the body for the recruits, leading towards the stage when the entire organic body can be rejected. The ultimate aim for Iron Hands Marines is to become mind-fused with the body of a hulking Dreadnought – the perfect blend of organic and mechanic.

One particularly revered and respected warrior is chosen to represent each clan within the Chapter. Together, these ten warriors form the Great Council of the Iron Hands. As such, there is no single commander of the Chapter. They see this as a strength and a precaution, so that no individual can lead the Iron Hands astray, as they saw happen to so many of their brother Marines. The Great Clan Council is often formed of ancient Dreadnoughts, warriors who have long given up the frailties of their organic bodies.

Another variation from the standard Codex form is the distinct lack of Chaplains within the Chapter. They are replaced in sorts by the Iron-Fathers, who in effect take the dual role of Techmarine and Chaplain. The reverence the Iron Hands hold for the mechanical is represented by the Iron-Father, who has ties to the Cult Mechanicus as well as acknowledging the supreme divinity of the Emperor.

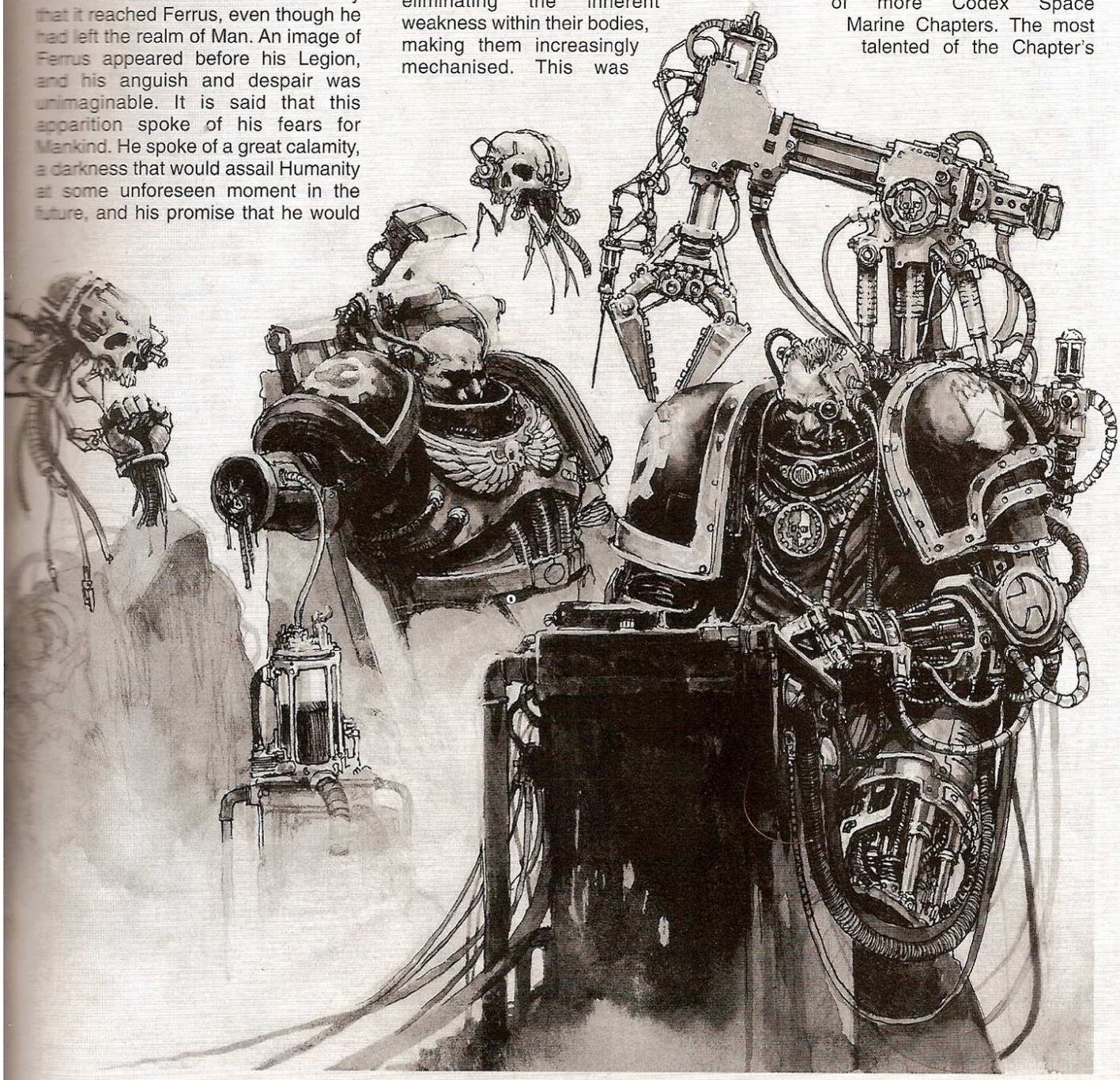
Beliefs

The anger and hatred that the Iron Hands feel towards weakness grows daily. They are increasingly doubtful of the strength and worth of their brother Chapters, becoming resigned to the fact that they alone can stamp out the deficiencies that they see besetting Humanity from all sides. They perceive weakness in everything around them, and prepare for the day when Ferrus will at last return to them; that time when they will stand firm with their Primarch in the final reunification of Mankind.

According to their Scriptures, the moment the Emperor fell, the psychic shockwave was felt with such intensity that it reached Ferrus, even though he had left the realm of Man. An image of Ferrus appeared before his Legion, and his anguish and despair was unimaginable. It is said that this apparition spoke of his fears for Mankind. He spoke of a great calamity, a darkness that would assail Humanity at some unforeseen moment in the future, and his promise that he would be there to lead Humanity through its trials of darkness. Amongst the Iron Hands it is taught that he ascended to an unearthly paradise realm where he fights eternally, becoming ever stronger. And so it is said that Ferrus Manus left the world of Man, preparing for the time when he is required again, that Time of Darkness when his light is needed most of all.

The actions of their Primarch, so the Iron Hands believe, implicitly warned against the weakness of the flesh. His clearly superior metallic hands have long been interpreted as a direct message of this to his Legion. The Iron Hands therefore follow their Primarch's example by gradually eliminating the inherent weakness within their bodies, making them increasingly mechanised. This was further developed to form the most important principle of the Iron Hands: the unyielding mind and the unyielding body. Under this maxim, the strongest, most incorruptible warrior is formed, so they believe. This has proved to be extremely effective, for in all their long and glorious history, there has never been any record of an Iron Hands Space Marine failing in his duty as a result of any physical frailty.

The Iron Hands have a close link with the Adeptus Mechanicus, and embrace many of the beliefs of the Machine Cult. The reverence they hold for the mechanical, the physical embodiment of knowledge, is frowned upon by the majority of more Codex Space Marine Chapters. The most talented of the Chapter's



THE RETAKING OF THE CONTQUAL SUB-SECTOR

The reclamation of the heretic sub-sector of Contqual was achieved with such astonishing swiftness and fury that it stands as an example to all those who contemplate inciting the wrath of the Iron Hands. Indeed many would-be usurpers and heretics have renewed their faith in the glory of the Emperor under the threat of the Iron Hands' fearsome retribution.

Contqual contained several planetary systems, primarily conglomerations of agricultural worlds rich in resources. They had prospered in a happy isolation for centuries, and the people lived a decadent life, believing they had found an earthly paradise far removed from the turmoil and ugliness of the rest of the universe. The taint of Chaos spread quickly through the upper hierarchy of the planets, feeding off the desires and weaknesses of those in positions of power. Within a month, the entire sub-sector writhed with the corrupting essence of Chaos.

The terrible fury of the Iron Hands was overwhelming, and they stormed into the sub-sector, taking the first few planets before any form of resistance could be assembled. Entire populations were ruthlessly cut down to a man, slaughtered while their pleas for mercy went unheard. The death of every heretic and traitor only strengthened the Imperium, and the Chapter had no mercy for those who would let such corruption overtake their world.

The pivotal battle came on the hive world of Shardenus, the nucleus for the Chaotic powers that were rife in the sub-sector. A tear had appeared in the fabric of real space, opening a direct link to the Warp. Foul abominations formed of pure chaos matter poured through the rift, to be welcomed and embraced by the twisted inhabitants of the planet.

Daemons whispered sweet words of corruption into the ears of the assaulting Space Marines, but true to their beliefs not a single warrior was tempted. The Iron Hands fought with such ferocity and hatred that despite horrendous losses, they eradicated the foul presence within days. The rift was closed by the combined force of will of the Chapter Librarians, and the cleansing of the sub-sector continued.

After the fall of Shardenus, the rest of the sub-sector was quickly forced into submission, returning humbly to their faith in the Emperor. One after another, the worlds turned on their perverted overlords in mass rebellions. The Iron Hands executed one in every three citizens in an intensive mass cleansing, a punishment and warning to remain ever vigilant against the inherent dangers of weakness. In what has become typical fashion, the evidence of the unforgiving fury of the Iron Hands inspired a wave of devotion that spread before them. When the Chapter left Contqual, mere weeks after its arrival, they left a sub-sector whose surviving worlds were to become amongst the most devoted of all those within the Imperium.

Iron-Fathers are sent to Mars, the ancient and mysterious homeworld of the Adeptus Mechanicus, where they study under the Tech-Priest Engineers. The Iron Hands often make use of weaponry and armoury that is generally unseen outside the Mars-based Cult. What the mysterious and typically insular Cult Mechanicus gains from this strange relationship is unclear.

Gene-seed

The fanatically intense hatred of weakness displayed by the Iron Hands would appear to gloss over a hidden and deeply rooted fear of the physical form that is evident throughout the Chapter. This fear seems to increase as the Space Marine matures in age, resulting in more and more extreme mechanisation of the body. Where this fear truly originates is unclear, although it is widely believed that some genetic flaw is at work. This defect seems to be somehow kept under control, or at least concealed, by the mechanical augmentations the Space Marines routinely endure.

Notably reclusive, the Iron Hands are particularly hostile to outside interference, and they tolerate the continued investigations by the Inquisition with barely concealed disdain. Uncharacteristically, the Inquisition appears relatively unconcerned with the Chapter as a whole. They seem to have identified some aberration within the Chapter, but refrain from acting on it, for they do not see the flaw as inherently dangerous to the Imperium. Rather, the Iron Hands Chapter, with its particular devotion to the eradication of the weakness they perceive all around them, are (for now) seen as a useful form of enforcement within the Imperium, and their effectiveness is beyond question.

Great Heroes

Paullian Blantar was an inspiration to his Chapter who served the Kaargul Clan Company for many centuries. His technical abilities became apparent soon after his induction into the Iron Hands, and within decades he had become the pre-eminent Iron-Father of his Clan Company. The other Clans sent their young aspirants to study under this great master, and the entire Chapter benefited from his expertise. In the realm of bionic enhancement he was unparalleled, and his refinements of the augmentation process distinctly affected the direction of the Chapter.

It was Paullian who led the dramatic counter-attack against the insidious Dark Eldar on the industrial world Kaladrone, rescuing the badly wounded warleader Bannus and carrying him to safety. Bannus had been terribly mutilated by the twisted aliens, and it was Paullian himself who performed the tech-surgery that enabled Bannus to continue to lead his Clan for centuries to come. Indeed, Bannus still leads his Clan Company as an ancient and powerful Dreadnought. Being an integral member of the Great Clan Council, his wisdom and experience continue to benefit the Chapter as a whole.

The disdain that Paullian felt for his organic body was legendary. The augmentation of his body was a constant process, and he ceaselessly sought new ways of strengthening himself. Indeed, towards the end of his long and successful lifespan, there was little organic left of him other than his brilliant, mechanically-oriented mind. The ritual scarring and punishment that he inflicted on the few exposed areas of his skin became synonymous with his skill as a tech. The Iron-Fathers of the Chapter, as a whole, routinely scar their bodies in reverence to him, and they uniformly aspire to his technical brilliance and insight.

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IRON HANDS

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Space Marines Portal
Iron Hands

BASIC INFORMATION

Marine	Basic Data		Chapter Symbol
Image:post-iron hands.jpg	Name	Iron Hands	
	Legion Number:	X	
	Primarch:	Ferrus Manus	
	Current Chapter Master:	N/A	
	Homeworld:	Medusa	
	Fortress-Monastery:	N/A	Miniature
	Known Descendants:	Red Talons, Brazen Claws, Sons of Medusa	
	Colours:	Black, Gray/Silver	
	Speciality:	Bionics	
	Battle Cry:	The Flesh Is Weak!	
	Current Chapter strength:	~1000 marines	

HOMEWORLD

Medusa is located near the Eye of Terror. Its landscape is harsh and generally unstable, with massive tectonic shifts occuring on a regular basis. Medusa is not united by any single government, but instead is populated by disparate clans of miners living out of great tracked vehicles travelling in caravan. There are only two notable locations on Medusa: a volcano known as Karaashi, which was the location of the arrival of Ferrus Manus, and the Land of Shadows. The Land of Shadows is populated only by ghostly relics of ages past and is said to be haunted by the spirits of Medusans long dead; those who go there only go in order to become supplicants to the Iron Hands' recruitment process.

HISTORY

The early history of Ferrus Manus is chronicled in the folklore of Medusa. The most popular of these tales is the Canticle of Travels, which details the trials of Ferrus Manus and his ordeal with the Great Silver Wyrm known as Asirnoth. The Canticle is the only tale that even attempts to explain the mystery of how Ferrus Manus came by his living metal hands. Ferrus Manus never united the people of his homeworld in the way other Primarchs had, on the basis that competition grew greater strength. When the Emperor took Manus to become the leader of the Iron Hands Space Marine Legion, the Primarch altered his position and became an avid believer and ruthless practitioner of the Emperor's Great Crusade to unite Mankind.

THE HORUS HERESY

The only major event the Iron Hands Legion participated in the Horus Heresy was the death of their Primarch and his entire retinue in the Isstvan Drop Site Massacre. Rumors persist that Ferrus Manus's corpse was taken to Mars; the Iron Hands deny any such claims. The Iron Hands bear a slight grudge against all the participants of the Heresy: the traitors, for being weak enough to become corrupted, and the other loyalists, for not being strong enough to protect the Emperor.

REPUTATION

The Iron Hands have a reputation for being relatively straightforward and incredibly harsh. In the Battle of Thranx, for example, the resources of several depleted clan-companies were pooled for a full frontal assault using five Land Raiders against a facility bristling with anti-tank defenses that had made a mockery of previous attempts with whole armored companies; in the retaking of the Contqual Subsector, one third of the population was summarily executed after a successful campaign simply to demonstrate the price of weakness.

Additionally, the Iron Hands are infamous for their extensive use of bionics. After the Heresy, when the Legions were reorganized into Chapters, the Iron Hands became recluses, attempting to find ways to make themselves even stronger so that they would be fit for serving under Manus again at the end of times. To this end they have made it a practice to make extensive use of bionic modifications, going so far that there are rumors of some battle brothers being wholly mechanical. The Iron Hands also eschew the traditional office of Chaplain in favor of their Iron Fathers, specially trained Techmarines who serve to protect the faith of their brethren; some outsiders view this as well as the Iron Hands' ties to the Adeptus Mechanicus as an unhealthy relationship.

ORGANIZATION

THE GREAT CLAN COUNCIL

The chapter does not possess a chapter master, but is instead led by the Great Clan Council, which itself is made up of revered representatives from each of the ten Clans; this is seen as a precaution against future Horus Heresies and a reflection of Ferrus Manus' teachings. The Clan Council's membership can vary according to what sort of presence each Clan maintains on Medusa, meaning that, despite the chapter's predeliction towards reverence for their Venerable Dreadnoughts, it is equally likely that other Marines of varying rank or speciality will be in attendance. An Inquisitorial official as of Abaddon the Despoiler's Thirteenth Black Crusade made mention of petitioning the chapter master of the Iron Hands for assistance, although whether this means the agent lacked in knowledge or that the Iron Hands can elect temporary chapter masters in times of great strife is unknown.

CLAN RESOURCES

Each Clan is a roughly a self-contained unit not dissimilar to a Codex Astartes Battle Company; however, each Clan is responsible for its own recruiting and maintenance of its motorpool. Each Clan, in addition, possesses a roaming fortress monastery on Medusa which they consider their base of operations. Some materials do pass between the Clans, but even still they are often in open competition with one another. The Chapter's fleet disposition is unknown.

KNOWN CLANS

- Raukaan Clan, led by Iron-Commander Dozeph Imanol
- Vurgaan Clan, led by Iron-Commander Pelles
- Sorrgol Clan, led by Unknown
- Kaargul Clan, led by Warleader Bannus
- Garrsak Clan, led by Unknown

NOTABLE IRON HANDS

- Ferrus Manus - Primarch of the Iron Hands
- Known Venerable Dreadnoughts - Warleader Bannus, Talumech, Venerated Axagoras
- Iron-Father Paullian Blantar - Iron Father
- Iron-Father Gdolkin - main character of the novel *Iron Hands*
- First Captain Gabriel Santar-First captain of the Iron Hands during the Crusade and the Horus Heresy. KIlled on Istavaan V.

RELATED ARTICLES

- List of Space Marine Chapters

SOURCES

- [1] Iron Hands (Novel) by Jonathan Green
- [2] Codex: Space Marines (4th Edition)

Category: Space Marine Legions

USING AN IRON HANDS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

Iron Hands use the following units from Codex: Space Marines:

HQ	Space Marine Heroes, Librarian, Iron-Father (see below), Command squad, Venerable Dreadnought (see below).
ELITES	Dreadnought, Space Marine Veteran squad.
TROOPS	Space Marine Tactical squad, Scout squad.
FAST ATTACK	Assault squad, Bike squadron, Attack Bike squadron, Scout Bike squadron, Land Speeder squadron, Land Speeder Tornado, Land Speeder Typhoon.
HEAVY SUPPORT	Devastator squad, Predator Annihilator, Predator Destructor, Vindicator, Land Raider, Whirlwind.

A copy of Codex: Space Marines is necessary to field an Iron Hands Space Marine army. The following rules and Codex changes apply. Note that the entire army must be Iron Hands, not just one or two squads.

WARGEAR

'More Machine than Man' – Bionics: The Iron Hands constantly mechanise their bodies, striving always to strengthen themselves. Iron Hands characters may purchase bionics for half the usual points cost (5 points for Iron Hands characters).

Terminator Armour: The highly valued suits of Iron Hands Terminator armour are worn by inspiring individuals within squads, rather than by a specific squad of Space Marines. The Iron Hands may not choose Terminator squads as Elite choices. However, Iron Hands Veteran Sergeants can be given Terminator armour chosen from the Space Marine Armoury.

Mechanicus Protectiva: The Iron-Fathers do not wear the Rosarius like the Chaplains of other Chapters. Instead they wear the Mechanicus Protectiva, a powerful arcane device often incorporated into the Iron-Father's power armour. The small energy field projected by the Mechanicus Protectiva provides the Iron-Father with an invulnerable 4+ save. This may be taken instead of the Iron-Father's normal Armour save.

Iron-Father and 0-4 Servitor Bodyguards (HQ Choice)

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Iron-Father	75	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	9	3+
Servitor	+10	3	3	4	5	1	1	1	8	5+

Weapons & Equipment: Power weapon, Mechanicus Protectiva and Bionics.

Options: The Iron-Father may be given any equipment allowed from the Space Marine Armoury. This may include 'Techmarines only' items.

Servitor Bodyguards may be equipped with close combat implants (count as power weapons) at +10 pts each.

SPECIAL RULES

Independent Character: The Iron-Father is an independent character and follows all the special rules as detailed in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook unless he is accompanied in battle by a Servitor Bodyguard.

Servitor Bodyguard: Servitors are gifts bestowed upon the Iron-Father by the Adeptus Mechanicus. They are half-human, half-machine creations that carrying out menial tasks for the Iron-Father and serve him as a bodyguard.

To represent this, an Iron-Father may be accompanied by a bodyguard of between 1-4 Servitor Bodyguards. The Servitors and the Iron-Father form a single unit. If the Iron-Father is killed then his Servitors will deactivate and are removed also.

0-1 Venerable Dreadnought (HQ Choice)

Points/Model	WS	BS	S	Front	Side	Rear	I	A
125	5	5	6(10)	12	12	10	4	3

Type: Walker **Crew:** One Space Marine

Weapons: The Dreadnought's left arm is equipped with a Dreadnought close combat weapon that has a built-in storm bolter. The Dreadnought's right arm is equipped with one weapon from the following list: assault cannon at +30 pts; twin-linked lascannon at +50 pts; twin-linked heavy bolter at +30 pts; multi-melta at +40 pts; plasma cannon at +40 pts; twin-linked autocannon at +35 pts.

Options: The Venerable Dreadnought may be equipped with any of the following vehicle upgrades for the cost listed in the Space Marine Armoury: extra armour, searchlight or smoke launchers. No upgrade may be chosen more than once per Venerable Dreadnought.

The storm bolter may be upgraded to a heavy flamer at an additional cost of +10 pts.

The close combat weapon can be upgraded to a missile launcher at an additional cost of +10 pts.

The Venerable Dreadnought may be equipped with a Sacred Standard from the Space Marine Wargear list at an additional cost of +20 pts.

SPECIAL RULES

Old and Wise: Venerable Dreadnoughts are revered, ancient warriors who are extremely wise in the ways of war. If an Iron Hands army includes one then it may re-roll the dice if the mission being played has a dice roll to see who gets the first turn.

Hard to Kill: Venerable Dreadnoughts are extraordinarily tenacious. To represent this, when the Venerable Dreadnought takes a glancing or penetrating hit, you may force your opponent to re-roll the resulting damage. You must accept the result of the second roll.

Gaumech kept his eyes fixed on the twelve inches of needle as it punched through his chest. He remained impassive as the medical servitor performing the procedure did the work it had been built for. He knew it would do its task perfectly and, in any case, whatever trepidation he might have felt was exceeded by excited anticipation. Looking past the pallid, dead flesh of the servitor, Gaumech acknowledged the approach of Sarlock. The Iron Father was more machine than man; the whole left side of his face, his right eye, both legs and inevitably his left hand were clearly bionic. Gaumech could barely imagine the years of service and battle glory that had bought Sarlock such blessings. The Iron Father looked down on Brother Gaumech, his experienced eye taking in his injuries, from the clamps that sealed his stump of a right arm to the mangled remains of his left leg. Sarlock raised his Mechanicus Protectiva, the symbol of his office, and in a cold monotone voice began the rites.

"Brother, Iron Hand, Child of Ferrus and Medusa. Your journey to a purer state begins now. Transunt Mechanica Purgatus."

Brother Gaumech watched with total calm as Sarlock's servo-arm swung down, its pincers opening to precisely enfold the upper thigh of his ruined leg. He heard the Iron Father's voice.

"Look to me. This shall betray you no more."

Brother Gaumech looked into the cold, machine eyes of the Iron Father as the pincers closed and the pain began. He triggered his Sus-an Membrane and put his mind somewhere else, choosing the battle in the hive city on Gantor Terentes, the battle in which he received his injuries. Indifferent now to the whirring of blades and the wet sounds of shorn flesh he saw the towering foundry ahead of him with perfect recall.

ooo

Gaumech followed Sergeant Courras as he strode directly at the foundry gates, lasfire and slugs bouncing from his sacred Tactical Dreadnought armour.

"Suppressive fire."

The squad halted as Sergeant Courras directed his fire at a gantry high above the gate that was packed with heretic rebels and they fired in unison in support. With minimal cover, the cultists were ripped apart by the murderous fusillade. Methodically, the Iron Hands swept the gantry until all the enemy were purged. There was no mercy, merely contempt for the foe's weakness.

To the right, cowering behind a tangle of shattered rockcrete and scorched iron beams, were a squad of Gantor PDF. Sergeant Courras ordered them to stand and attack but they just tried to crawl deeper into the rubble. Gaumech grabbed the nearest and hauled him to his feet.

"This is your world, held in trust from the Emperor. It is bad enough that you allowed these rebels to build their strength, but now you fail to put them down. Will you fight or have you yielded to fear?"

In reply the terrified man twisted and squirmed in the grip of Gaumech's bionic left hand, babbling and weeping. The Space Marine hurled him fully five yards onto the jagged rubble. Gaumech looked to Courras for confirmation and the sergeant raised his storm bolter. Quickly and efficiently, using the minimum of ammunition the Iron Hands executed their erstwhile allies.

"Weaklings," rumbled Sergeant Courras, "we are better without them."

Without a second glance, the Iron Hands resumed their advance on the foundry.

ooo

Three servo-skulls flew about Gaumech's body, each working on a separate augmentation: leg, arm and eye. Iron Father Sarlock observed their handiwork, paying particular attention to the arm. It had been fashioned long ago and was essentially irreplaceable. It had survived some twenty previous hosts, and Sarlock had no doubt it would survive twenty more. The Space Marine's prodigious powers of healing was boosted by an array of bulbous, brass life-support devices that hung over the operating table, tubes and wires connecting with the nodes on Gaumech's black carapace. The Space Marine would be allowed to remain in self-induced suspended animation until his strength had recovered enough to resume full training.

ooo

Gaumech stood on a raised platform at the top of an iron stairway, having been separated from his squad in the labyrinthine foundry. With a roar, another wave of cultists rushed at the stairs and surged up, two abreast. Gaumech was out of frag grenades but a few well-aimed bolter bursts turned the charge into a chaotic climb up blood-soaked, slippery steps. Inevitably, though, the seething tide of madness pressed on. Gaumech met them as they reached the top step, his bionic hand closing around the throat of the first heretic. He squeezed, snapping the man's spine like a twig before hurling him into the press below.

The Iron Hand refused to weaken or to relent; his ethos was duty, unyielding and unmerciful. One by one the cultists died, clubbed by the bionic fist or ripped asunder by the combat knife in his right hand. Despite their fervour the cultists, exhausted by the hellish climb, were unable to get any footing at the top and their knives, pistols and clubs posed little threat to the Space Marine's ceramite armour, but in their madness they threw themselves at him and died by the dozen.

However, while they died, another equally corrupt but more devious mind pursued a more cunning course. Gaumech was using his Lyman's Ear implant to filter out the cries of the combatants and the roar of weapons fire. At the centre of the battle, he listened to the minimum of sound that he needed; heartbeats, footfalls and the whine of slugs cutting through the air. His foe could be stealthy, though, and it was only when he heard the charging hum of a plasma weapon behind him that he turned to see a skeletally gaunt man, naked to the waist, his body covered in ritual scars, aiming directly at him. Gaumech hurled his combat knife as the plasma pistol flared. The movement brought his right arm in front of his body as the blast hit, and this took the brunt, but the boiling plasma splashed all over him, burning deep into one eye socket. Even his enhanced Larraman's cells could not seal his wounds and the pain was the worst he had felt in over a century of war. Through his agony Gaumech saw, with his remaining good eye, the scarred man fall, the combat knife plunged to the hilt in his chest, and grunted in satisfaction.

Then the horde was on him again. Fortunately he could not be dazed or stunned like a normal man and

THE FLESH

lashed out with his left hand, easily crushing the nose and cheek of one of his foes. With one eye gone and the other filled with blood he could not expect to win now, so he dropped suddenly to the floor, seeking to roll under the metal railing to his side and fall to the floor below. He was slower than normal, though, as his body rebelled, wracked with shock and fatigue. Frenzied hands grabbed his leg as he tumbled off the platform and Gaumech dangled helplessly while the mob hacked and shot at his leg. He was dying yet still his left hand, sheathed in iron, responded and unslung his bolter. Unable to see properly he just fired at the enemy above him. He felt one of the shots tear through his own foot but by the time he had emptied the magazine the grip on his leg was released and he felt himself falling. Fifteen yards below in a smelting pit he lay unconscious until he was spotted by an Iron Hands Apothecary eager to retrieve his gene-seed.

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Barlock had allowed Gaumech a day of recovery following the procedure. A stimulant was then injected to break his Sus-an cycle and he was awake and alert instantly. The medical servitor simply turned and left the cell leaving Gaumech alone. He was immediately aware of his new eye because of the targeting icons it superimposed on his vision. With a moment's concentration, Gaumech was able to adjust from microscopic detail to telescope clarity and cycle through different spectra. Hesitantly he raised his right arm. It seemed numb and this concerned him but when it came into view he could barely believe the perfection of servos and gears, and lay there flexing the fingers and arm, delighting in the steel trap power he perceived there. Finally he swung his feet to the floor and stood on his new leg; the balance was perfect, and he walked a few paces to test it. Satisfied that all was well, he gave heartfelt thanks to his Primarch and his wisdom. Alone in his cell Gaumech was closer to Ferrus Manus than he had ever been. He had lost nothing he valued and had gained something he had always craved. Deep in his soul he looked forward to the day when his transformation would be complete and he could leave the weakness of flesh behind forever.



IS WEAK

by Pete Haines





The Iron Hands Space Marines, augmented by their affinity with bionics and the leadership of the clan's Iron-Father, are a match for any foe.









Devotees of the Plague God Nurgle, the Chaos Space Marines of the Death Guard follow their Lord Typhus in his mission to spread disease and fear throughout the Imperium.

Index Astartes
First Founding

An in-depth look at the First Founding Legions of the Adeptus Astartes

CHOSEN OF KHORNE

The World Eaters Space Marine Legion

by Graham McNeill

Of all the Space Marine Legions created by the Emperor to reconquer the galaxy during the Great Crusade, none were more feared than the World Eaters. At the forefront of the bloodiest assaults and most vicious battles, the name of World Eaters became a byword for bloodshed and terror on a horrifying scale.

Origins

Kept chained within the deepest dungeon of the Library Sanctus on Terra, the bloodstained pages of the Liber Malum records the fate of those who have trod the path to damnation. To even mention its name is to risk madness. Many are the blasphemous heretics and tyrants whose names sully the pages with their treacheries, but foremost amongst these damned souls is the name of Angron, Primarch of the World Eaters Space Marine Legion.

The legend of Angron is incomplete and there is much that is not known, or so shrouded in dark legend that the true facts are impossible to discern. How Angron came to be separated from the Emperor so soon after his creation and the name of the planet he eventually came to call home, is unknown. Indeed where this planet was or even if it still exists is uncertain. Carpinus' *Speculum Historiale* speaks of Angron's world as technologically advanced, (though does not name it), ruled over by a caste of wealthy elite who lived in decadent opulence while the populace of their cities lived in abject poverty in the slums surrounding their walled palaces. To distract the populace from their daily woes, the rulers of this world held regular death games in colossal arenas with cybernetically enhanced gladiators who battled in mortal combat to satisfy the bloodlust of the people. It was on this world that the Primarch Angron was eventually to be discovered, but how he came to be there is unrecorded.

However it came to pass, it is known that Angron was discovered by a slaver who chanced upon the bleeding figure of the Primarch, surrounded by scores of alien corpses, high in the northern mountains. History does not record to what race these aliens belonged, but many Imperial scholars believe them to have been Eldar, perhaps attacking the Primarch with some foreknowledge of what the future held for him. Angron had been grievously wounded, but was alive and, seeing that all his wounds were to the fore, the slaver realised that Angron must be a formidable warrior. Taken as a slave, Angron was nursed back to health and bio-neural implants were surgically grafted to his cerebral cortex. Relics from the Dark Age of Technology, these would boost a warrior's aggression and strength in battle and turn him into a frenzied killer. Angron was taken to the planet's capital where his obvious potential as a gladiator was soon realised and he was bought by the largest and most patronised arena in the city. The cells below the arena were home to several thousand cyber gladiators, and Angron now took his place amongst them.

After only a few months, Angron had gained a bloody reputation as a proud warrior of fearsome skill with a strong sense of martial honour. He killed hundreds of warriors in single and multiple combats, but those who fought well he spared. Angron was a firm favourite of the baying crowds, and while he appeared to relish the life of a gladiator, he was always plotting ways to escape his life of slavery. He was a troublesome slave, with an instinctive anti-authoritarian streak and several times attempted to break out of the arena's dungeons. The fighters were held under extremely heavy security, with hundreds of heavily armed guards constantly on duty, and every attempt met with failure.

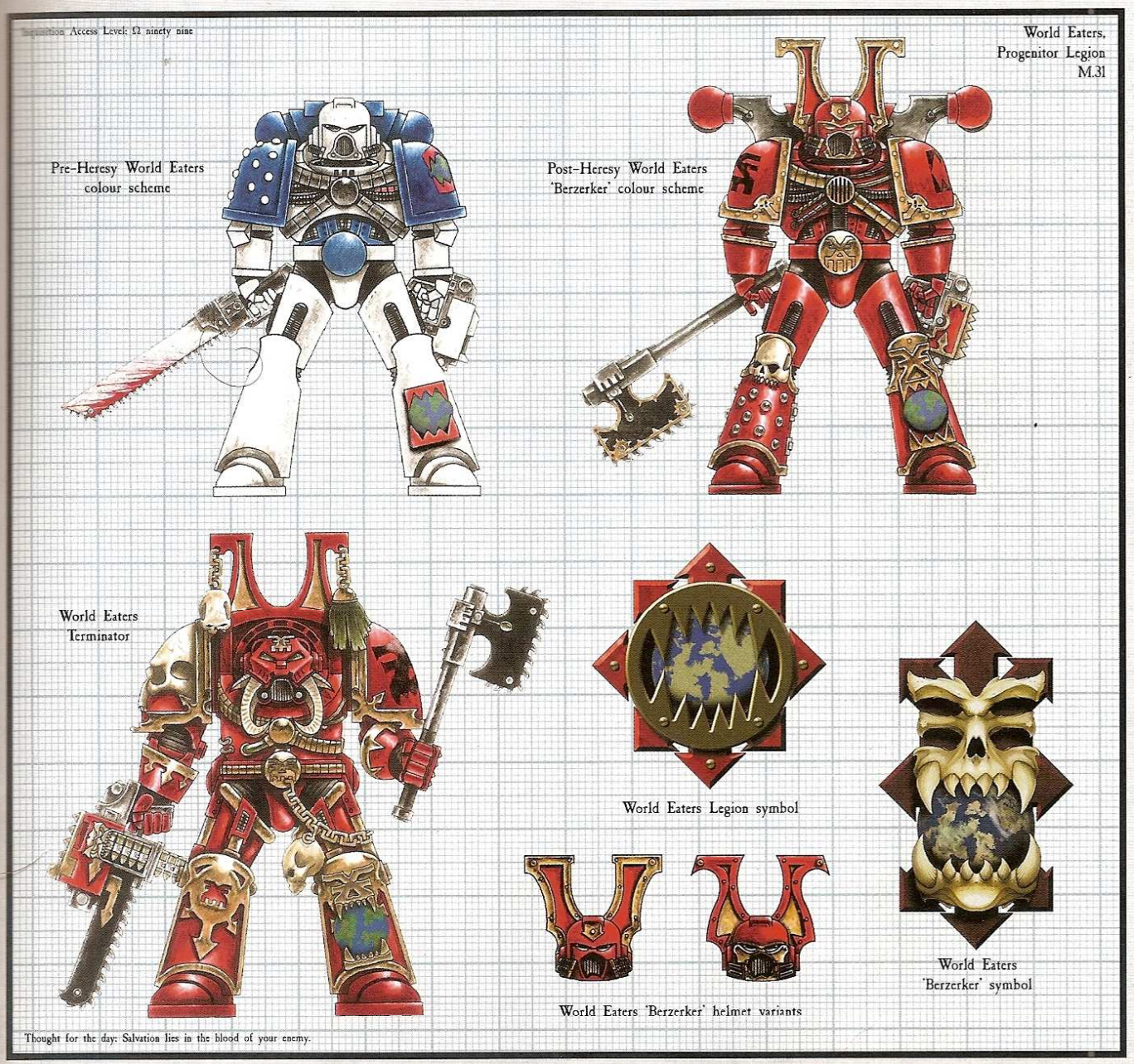
Within a few years, his fame had spread to every corner of the globe and his reputation as a fearsome killer was well established. Thousands flocked to watch Angron fight and, under his tutelage, the gladiators became deadlier and deadlier until no other arena's warriors could stand against them. Following another failed escape bid, Angron finally understood that he could not succeed alone. His unbending warrior's code and training methods had made him a well respected leader amongst the gladiators and, with the largest death games on the planet rapidly approaching, Angron began planning his most daring escape attempt yet.

For these games, Angron was permitted to stage a vast display of battle involving every one of the arena's gladiators and, at its height, as the crowd drowned the arena in cheers, Angron's followers turned on their guards, butchering them and fighting their way free. Against soldiers armed with guns their casualties were horrendous, but nearly two thousand

managed to escape into the city, stealing what weapons and supplies they could before battling their way into the mountains. Angron's army took refuge in the highest reaches of the northern mountains, close to where he had been discovered by the slaver many years ago. The rulers of the planet immediately dispatched a force to destroy the escapees, but woefully underestimated the capabilities of Angron's slave army. Within days, a few pitiful survivors was all that remained of the once proud host, stumbling back to the city, their weapons taken and comrades slaughtered.

For the next few years, many such forces were sent against Angron's slave army and each one was defeated, cut to pieces by the psychotic fury of the cybernetically enhanced warriors. But attrition and hunger were taking their toll on the slaves and soon they numbered less than a thousand. On a mountain named Fedan Mhor, as darkness fell, Angron was finally surrounded by no less than five vastly superior armies and it looked as though the slave rebellion was finally over. Not even the Primarch could stand against such numbers and the following day's battle would surely see him dead.

It was around this time that the Emperor came to this world, drawn by the psychic aura of the Primarch. The Emperor had observed Angron in secret from orbit for some time, watching with pride as he led the slaves in battle. Now he descended to the planet's surface, offering Angron leadership of the World Eaters Space Marine Legion and a place at his side. But, to the Emperor's surprise, Angron refused. His place was here, with his fellow slaves, and he would die before deserting them. Angron and the slaves dug their graves during the night, a signal to their enemies that they would fight to the death rather than surrender. The Emperor knew that even though Angron was a Primarch, he would perish in the coming battle and, bringing his ship into low orbit, teleported Angron away from Fedan Mhor. Without their leader, the morale of the slaves was destroyed and the following morning they were slaughtered by the combined armies of the planet's rulers. In space, as the Great Crusade continued, Angron eventually took command of the World Eaters, but never forgave the Emperor

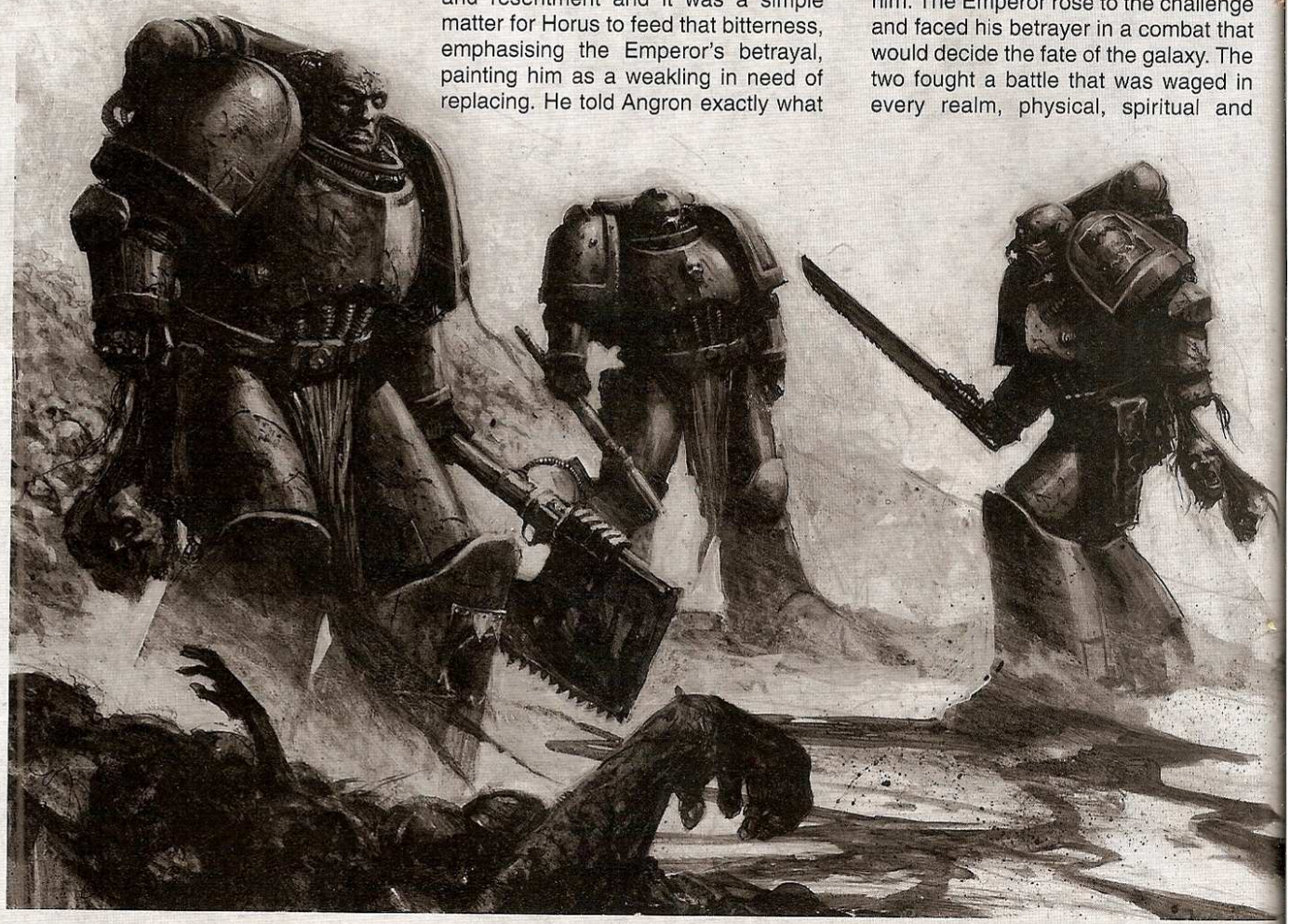


for his abduction from the planet and what he saw as a betrayal of his martial honour.

Knowing how effective at boosting a warrior's prowess the psycho surgery could be, Angron ordered the Techmarines of the World Eaters to duplicate the process, using the implants in his head as a template. However, the art of this technology's construction had long since been forgotten and the early attempts at reproducing it were unreliable, often triggering uncontrollable and unstoppable psychotic episodes in the recipients. Eventually, the Techmarines were able to construct working implants that heightened aggression and strength, grafting them to whole companies of World Eaters Space Marines. Initially, the enhanced companies were highly successful, quickly gaining a fearsome reputation as terror troops. No mercy was offered by the World Eaters, only bloody death at the end of a chain-axe. The Liber Malum speaks of whole systems surrendering wholesale rather than face the wrath of the World Eaters. But it was only a matter of time before the Legion's use of psycho surgery on its recruits became widely known. Following the infamous Ghenna Scouring, where an entire planet's population were butchered in a single night of bloodshed, the World Eaters were censured by the Emperor and commanded to cease the use of implants.

Angron paid little heed to this and ordered the work of the Techmarines to continue, until almost every Space Marine in the Legion had undergone the ritual surgery. Blood rites became an increasingly important part of the Legion's heritage as their slaughter continued across the galaxy, and it became common practice for Space Marines to compete in the number of enemy skulls they could take in battle. Many of Angron's brother Primarchs voiced their concerns to the Emperor, and now the Master of Mankind made a fatal error. He dispatched Horus, the most trusted of all the Primarchs, to confront Angron and bring him back into line. Horus was a master psychologist and, unbeknownst to the Emperor, had already been corrupted by the Chaos powers. In Angron he saw a warrior consumed by bitterness and resentment and it was a simple matter for Horus to feed that bitterness, emphasising the Emperor's betrayal, painting him as a weakling in need of replacing. He told Angron exactly what he wanted to hear and, when Horus eventually betrayed the Emperor, beginning the first galactic civil war, Angron's World Eaters marched beside the Sons of Horus.

The ferocity and horror once visited upon the enemies of the Emperor by the World Eaters now fell upon the Imperium. The World Eaters fought in the vanguard of every battle, fighting in the bloodiest assaults, preferring to tear the enemy to pieces at close quarters rather than with long range firepower. Angron's warriors cut a bloody swathe across the galaxy towards Terra, drinking the blood of their victims and taking their skulls in honour of their new master, Khorne, the Blood God. On Terra, surviving vid logs from the siege of Terra show the World Eaters breaching the walls of the Imperial Palace, the twisted, red form of Angron wielding his glowing runesword at their head. The World Eaters reaped a bloody harvest on Terra, but ultimate victory was to be denied them. With the Dark Angels and Space Wolves en route to Terra, Horus gambled everything in order to end the siege, lowering the shields on his battle barge and daring the Emperor to come for him. The Emperor rose to the challenge and faced his betrayer in a combat that would decide the fate of the galaxy. The two fought a battle that was waged in every realm, physical, spiritual and



psychic, until at last the Emperor slew Horus, but only at the cost of his own humanity. Without the Great Betrayer to bind them, the Chaos host disintegrated and fled the planet. Angron was the last to leave, leading the World Eaters deep into the Eye of Terror. The battle had been lost, but the war would go on. He and his warriors had all eternity to seek revenge.

Homeworld

The homeworld of Angron remains a mystery to this day. No known record exists of where the Emperor encountered Angron and none of those histories scanned by the scribes on Terra appear to match the description given in the *Speculum Historale* of Angron's world. Scholars postulate that Angron himself may have returned to his homeworld upon the outbreak of the Horus Heresy and destroyed it to avenge the death of his fellow slaves. It is certainly true that the World Eaters destroyed a number of worlds seemingly at random on their bloody advance to Terra, but whether one of these was his homeworld is a riddle that only Angron knows the answer to.

With the Heresy ended, the World Eaters fled to the Eye of Terror, the Legion swiftly degenerating into roving bands of Chaos renegades. As such they have no particular base or homeworld, each warband operating from whatever craft they can lay their bloodstained hands upon.

Combat Doctrine

The World Eaters have only one desire: to slay their enemies in close combat and take skulls for Khorne. To this end, the Legion cast aside their long ranged weapons and took up the chain-axe and pistol. The thirst for blood and slaughter has become such an overpowering need to the World Eaters that when battle is joined they rampage across the battlefield, roaring the name of Khorne, all strategy and tactics forgotten in their thirst for bloodshed. In combat, these frothing madmen are ferocious warriors who will fight to the death, knowing that their blood is as welcome to Khorne as that of their foes. Truly it is said that the World Eaters credo is victory or death.

Organisation

Banished to the Eye of Terror and tied forever to the worship of Khorne, the blood rituals of the Legion became an even more important part of the World Eaters' daily lives, mighty oceans of blood filled in his praise. The legendary tactical organisation of the Space Marines broke down, washed away by the years of slaughter that followed. As more and more of the Legion's officers and champions were possessed by daemons or became mighty Chaos champions, the last vestiges of discipline and organisation fell away, the once proud Space Marine Legion reduced to howling, berserk killers thirsting for death and bloodshed. After the Night of Madness on the daemon world of Skalathrax, when a champion named Khârn turned on his fellow World Eaters, the Legion tore itself apart in a day long slaughter, becoming nothing more than roving bands of renegades, endlessly questing for battle and death. Such bands vary enormously in size from single champions, small squads to company sized forces capable of untold destruction. The champions who lead these marauders will fight alongside almost any other Chaos Lord who is gathering his forces, asking for nothing more than the chance to spill blood in the name of Khorne. But even a Chaos Lord must be wary lest his head be added to the tally of skulls.

Beliefs

There is only one thing the World Eaters believe in: the spilling of blood. The sole purpose of their existence is to kill and to shed blood in their god's name. Whether that blood comes from a foe, an ally or even their own veins, it matters not. All that matters is that the pile of bloody skulls laid at the brass throne of Khorne grows ever larger.

THE CLEANSING OF ARIGGATA

During the heady days of the Great Crusade, the boundaries of the Emperor's space were continually being pushed back by his Primarchs. Many worlds welcomed the arrival of the Emperor's armies, while others foolishly resisted. Ariggata was a technologically advanced world that had been isolated from the Imperium for many centuries, and when Imperial envoys arrived bearing word of the Emperor's return, they were executed in a bloody gesture of independence. The military might of Ariggata was formidable and thus the honour of its pacification fell to warriors from no less than three Legions, the Luna Wolves, the Ultramarines and the World Eaters. The Emperor's Warmaster, Horus, was in overall command of the force, and under his masterful generalship, the armies of Ariggata were quickly subdued until only the Basalt Citadel, seat of the planet's rulers, remained in enemy hands.

Imperial forces laid siege to the citadel, but the pacification was taking too long for Horus' liking, he wanted to be away from this world to seek further glory. To quickly end the siege he bombarded the mighty walls of the citadel from orbit, ordering Angron and the World Eaters to storm the breaches created and slay the enemy leaders. The walls of the citadel had been forged during the Dark Age of Technology and, despite a week long orbital bombardment, only a single breach was made. Roboute Guilliman counselled caution, but neither Horus or Angron were willing to wait. Angron threw the World Eaters at the walls of the Basalt Citadel, a firestorm of lasers and bullets wreaking bloody carnage amongst their ranks. The World Eaters were undaunted, a ramp of corpses allowing them to finally crest the breach and, once within the citadel's walls, the battle-maddened Space Marines slew everything that came within the reach of their chain-axes. The ancient halls echoed with terrified screams for a day and night as the World Eaters rampaged through the citadel, and when Angron finally led his warriors from the charnel house, not a single soul remained alive within.

When the Ultramarines moved in to secure the citadel, they were horrified at what they discovered. The chambers and vaults of the citadel resembled a madman's abattoir, dismembered corpses lay where they had fallen and the stench of death was an almost physical thing. No one had been spared, every living thing had been butchered in the World Eaters fury. By the time the appalled Ultramarines left the citadel, the World Eaters and the Luna Wolves had already departed, leaving the Ultramarines to garrison Ariggata until the Imperial Army arrived. Before Guilliman was able to confront his brother Primarchs regarding the massacre on Ariggata, the Heresy erupted, both Horus and Angron spitting on their oaths of loyalty to the Emperor, and Guilliman's worst fears were confirmed.

Gene-seed

After countless millennia raiding from the Eye of Terror, the gene-seed of the World Eaters has been contaminated beyond redemption. Many suspect that Angron's gene-seed was corrupt from the start and the World Eaters were damned the moment they were created. Others point to the known history of Angron and insist that his Legion could have been saved had the signs been noticed earlier. Whichever is correct, the Space Marines of the World Eaters have a physical need to shed blood and kill, a driving imperative that sends them into a berserk fury of unrestrained bloodthirsty psychosis. So strong is the desire to kill that the World Eaters will turn on one another to satisfy their bloodlust should no other foe present itself.



Battle-cry

"Blood for the Blood God!"

KHÂRN THE BETRAYER

Equally cursed and revered amongst the World Eaters, the name of Khârn stands as a legend amongst those who would kill in the name of the Blood God. Khârn was to earn the title Betrayer on the daemon world of Skalathrax with a supreme act of slaughter. Here the Legion was finally sundered when the World Eaters clashed with the Emperor's Children through the planet's storm-lashed cities of black rock and ice. City after city fell to the berserk assaults of the World Eaters, blood pouring through the streets as fire and lightning split the sky. As the battle continued to rage, the freezing Skalathrax night began to draw in, bringing certain death to all those not in shelter. Time and time again, the chosen of Khorne hurled themselves at the Emperor's Children, slaughtering the hated foe until forced to halt their attack as darkness fell.

Freezing storms scoured the canyons of the city bare of life, both forces sheltering from the deadly man-killing cold. A champion named Khârn screamed his frustration to the skies as the Legion paused in its attack, demanding that he be allowed to continue the killing. Furious with his fellow warriors for sheltering while there were foes yet to slay, Khârn took up a flamer and turned its incandescent death on his fellow Berzerkers, and those who tried to stop him he cut down with his shricking chain-axe. He strode through the burning city, his blood spattered armour glowing with unnatural balefires as he burned friend and foe alike. As the flames spread to the rest of the city, the Legion tore itself apart, Berzerkers fighting each other and the Emperor's Children for what little shelter remained. Like an avenging angel of death, Khârn burned and hacked a bloody path through the flaming ruins of Skalathrax, the living incarnation of the Blood God himself. And from that day forth, the World Eaters were broken as a Legion, becoming scattered bands of berserk warriors, forever in search of death. Khârn now stalks the Eye of Terror, an avatar of blood-soaked butchery who has never tasted defeat, and only the most insane warriors dare to fight alongside him since few who do so ever survive.

KHORNE BERZERKERS

"KILL! MAIM! BURN! KILL! MAIM! BURN! KILL! MAIM! BURN!"

Khârn the Betrayer

It was the experiments of Angron of the World Eaters that led to the creation of the first Berzerkers. By careful lobotomisation of his warriors he removed all sense of fear and danger, and heightened the hormonal rush his soldiers experienced in combat. When the Legion swore itself to Khorne, the Berzerkers were given full rein to exercise their bloodthirsty skills and they have become the ultimate close combat fighters, entering an uncontrollable frenzy in the heat of battle.

Those who wish to fully dedicate themselves to Khorne usually join the World Eaters to undergo the complex psycho-surgery involved, but from that moment on they are one with their angry god, feeling nothing but the desire to kill, maim and burn. After the World Eaters Legion disintegrated during the fighting on Skalathrax, most Berzerkers formed separate warbands and many bastardised practices of lobotomisation have spread to other Chaos Space Marine forces with them. Abaddon and his Black Legion in particular have recruited a number of highly-skilled Berzerker-Surgeons to their cause, and of all the other Legions, only the Black Legion is equal to the World Eaters in their perfection of this barbaric practice.



Khorne Berzerkers are savage fighters who revel in the bloodiest hand-to-hand fighting. In their eagerness to offer up blood and skulls to Khorne they carry many vicious close combat weapons into battle. Often they wield an axe – or more preferably a roaring, adamantium-bladed chainaxe – as these are seen to be the preferred weapons of the Blood God, although the chainsword is almost equally favoured and bare fists or a heavy rock will do if nothing else is available!

The Berzerkers of Khorne relish their role as the Blood God's sacred destroyers, and are fanatical in the extreme. Their delight in pain and death is so strong that they have been known to attack their comrades in blind rage and, if no other opponent is present, to even fall upon their own weapons as sacrifices to Khorne.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Berzerker	5	4	4	4	1	4	2	9	3+
Skull Champion	5	4	4	4	1	4	3	10	3+

Unit Type: Infantry

Special Rules

Fearless, Furious Charge,
Mark of Khorne (included in profile).

"I salute you! For though our path has been long and bloody, you have served our Lord with unflinching courage and the honour of true warriors. We have seen many fall today and must remember, even as we die, that our blood too is welcome..."

Harkan Ironfist

THE DOMINION OF FIRE

In the mid-38th Millennium Angron, Primarch of the World Eaters, rampaged from the Eye of Terror at the head of an army of fifty thousand Khorne Berzerkers. For nearly two hundred years the World Eaters burned and slaughtered their way across three dozen star systems. Behind the vanguard of the Blood God's chosen, other warbands followed, looting everything not destroyed by Angron's horde. In the wake of the carnage, the flames of war and rebellion burned across seventy sectors for a further two and a half centuries, and saw the deaths of countless Imperial servants. Many Imperial Commanders threw off the yoke of the Emperor's rule and petty warlords reigned over the cowering populace. Eventually four Space Marine Chapters, two Titan Legions and over thirty Imperial Guard regiments crusaded to cleanse the fallen worlds. After a total of seven centuries, ninety percent of the affected sectors were once more under Imperial law and the Dominion of Fire was brought to an end.





The Berzerkers of the World Eaters Chaos Space Marines are amongst the most feared close combat specialists in the galaxy.



Ultramarine Assault Squads use their jump packs to strike deep into enemy lines.

Index Astartes
First Founding

An in-depth look at the First Founding Legions of the Adeptus Astartes

WARRIORS OF ULTRAMAR

The Ultramarines Space Marine Chapter

by Graham McNeill

Since the ancient times of the Great Crusade, the Ultramarines have fought at the forefront of the Emperor's armies. Highly disciplined and courageous warriors, the Ultramarines have remained true to the teachings of the holy Codex Astartes, the greatest work of their Primarch, Roboute Guilliman, for ten thousand years. Tales of their victories are told from their homeworld, Macragge, to the sacred halls of Terra. Whenever the enemies of Mankind threaten the Imperium, the Ultramarines stand ready to fight them.

Origins

Uniquely amongst the First Founding Legions, the history of the Ultramarines is relatively well documented and there exists a wealth of information regarding the formation of this most illustrious Chapter. One of the greatest mysteries concerning the Primarchs of the Space Marine Legions are the circumstances of their sundering from the Emperor and this has vexed scholars down through the millennia. There are many wild and fanciful theories, but none can fully explain how such a calamitous event could be allowed to transpire. While it is a mystery that will probably never be adequately solved, it is when Roboute Guilliman's discovery on Macragge is examined that Imperial scholars find perhaps the greatest clue to the true facts of the matter.

Macragge is a rocky, inhospitable world on the Eastern fringe of the galaxy. Three-quarters of its surface is covered by bleak, mountainous uplands, the rest with glittering blue seas. Macragge had survived the worst catastrophes of the Age of Strife; its industries had remained intact, contact was maintained with nearby star systems, and spacecraft regularly travelled between them. The people of Macragge were ruled by two Kings, or Consuls, and their word was law. To break their laws was to invite severe retribution, but honest toil was rewarded and positions of power granted to those most capable. Life on Macragge was harsh and only the strongest survived to adulthood. The state determined whether children, both male and female, were strong when they were born and weakling infants were left on the mountains to perish.

To be a citizen of Macragge was to live a life of discipline, self-denial and simplicity. The people viewed themselves as the true inheritors of Humanity's best traditions, shunning luxuries and occasion for leisure. Reliance on technological advancement was seen as bringing discord, weakness and a decline in moral values. This exercised a profound pull on the surrounding systems which admired the discipline and order of Macragge. To maintain this way of life, children of both sexes were sent to military and athletic academies at the age of six where they were taught to fight, build their stamina, maintain discipline, endure extremes of pain and survive in the wild. Life for the students was brutal and only the very best survived. At fourteen, after eight years of the toughest training imaginable, those students became soldiers.

This punishing regime ensured that the military might of Macragge was second to none and many of the surrounding systems adopted the same method of training. While the rest of the galaxy threatened to plunge back into the anarchy of the Age of Strife, Macragge and her neighbours prospered, disciplined armies of highly trained warriors hurling back alien invaders, pirates and human renegades time and time again. A soldier served until he or she reached the age of thirty, when they were allowed to leave the military and start a family of their own. However, despite the overwhelming military successes off-planet, areas of Macragge remained untamed and wild, with bandits and brigands raiding from the barbarous lands of Illyrium in the north. Konor, the mightiest Battle King of Macragge, had led armies against the northern barbarians, but even he had never managed to pacify the region for any length of time.

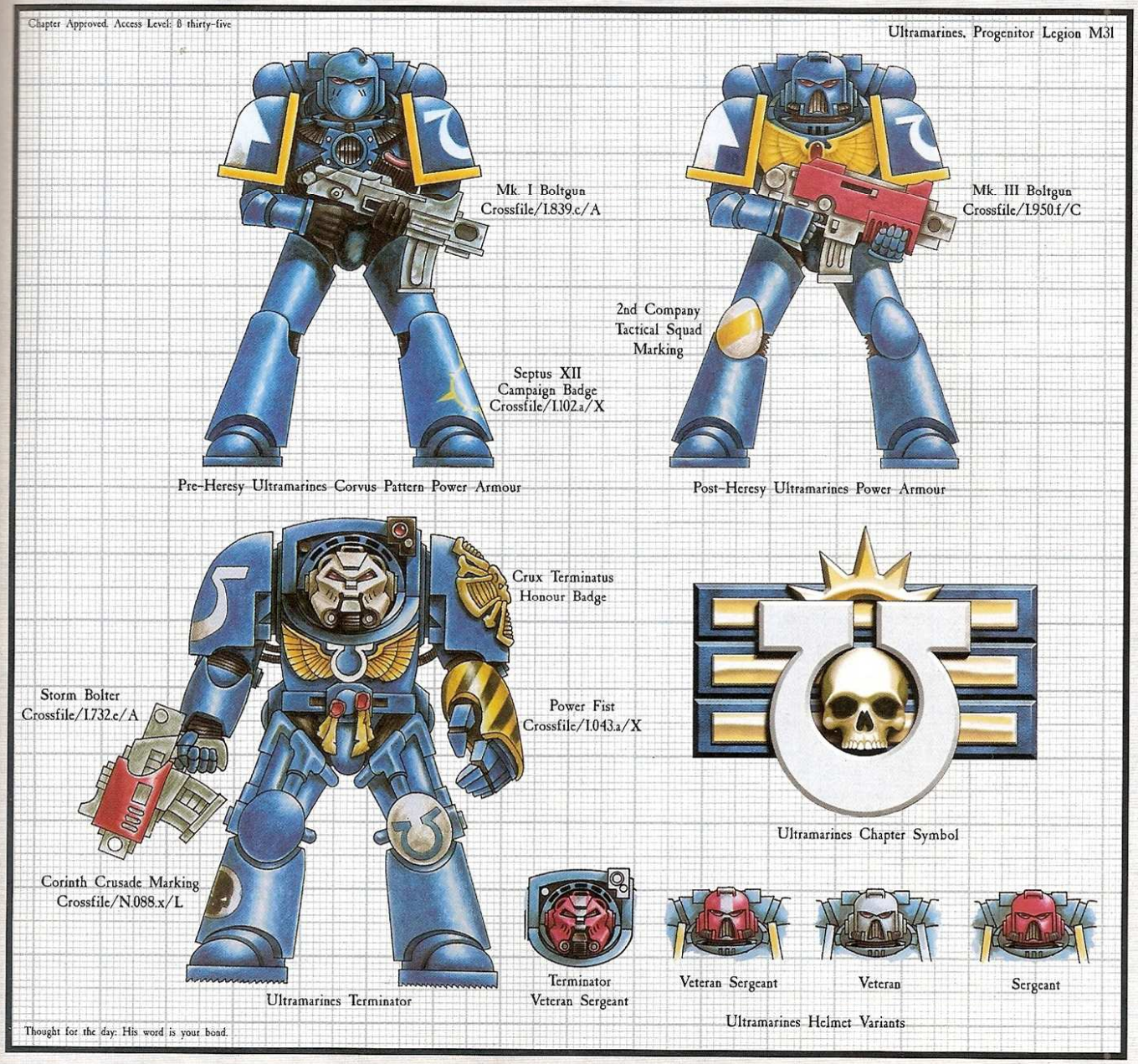
The coming of Roboute Guilliman was a time of great omen for the people of Macragge. Scribes recorded many strange sights and a passage in Konor's journals offers a significant clue to the mystery surrounding the Space Marine Primarchs. These writings have been preserved by the Librarians of the Ultramarines and its words have enlightened and divided Imperial historians in equal measure.

"Such dreams as might make a man believe he had lost his mind, or worse, fallen prey to a daemon, beset me nightly. It has been three months since I spent a night not woken from sleep by a scream so terrible I scarce believe it to be my own. Every night, dark terrors of fang and claw seek to rend my

flesh and feast on my soul. The physicians prepare me infusions of Lassiam root, but they do not help. Until tonight I felt like I should go mad. But as I dreamed of dark monsters that longed to suck the marrow from my bones, I beheld an armoured figure in a moulded breastplate of iron, embossed with an eagle and polished so that it shone like silver. A close fitting helm of bronze obscured the warrior's face and he stood with a wide-bladed sword that crackled with powerful energies. The dark beasts swarmed around him, but he smote them with his mighty weapon and, as each creature fell, it howled and vanished from sight. As the last beast was slain, the warrior turned to me and I suddenly found myself beside Hera's Falls in the Valley of Laponis. Spray from the mighty waterfall drenched me and I saw a golden haired child on the ground. The warrior bade me protect the child and as I reached to gather the babe in my arms, I woke, feeling more refreshed than I have in months. Dream or vision? I do not know, but I awoke with a fine mist of fresh mountain water on my face."

According to legend, the Valley of Laponis was the site of the crowning of the first Battle King of Macragge and, the following day, Konor rode east at the head of his bodyguard to Hera's Falls. Weeks later, the king's expedition eventually crested the impenetrable, snow-capped peaks and reached the vast falls, glacial water thundering to the rocks tens of thousands of feet below. Here, wrapped in swaddling clothes, they discovered the child that Konor had seen in his vision. How the child came to be in this isolated valley was a mystery that would never be solved, but it was seen as a great omen that the child should be found in a place of such historical significance. Konor took the babe back to his palace and named him Roboute, which means 'Great One'.

Roboute grew quickly, as did his capacity for learning, and within the space of a few years he had mastered everything the wisest men of Macragge could teach him. At the age of six, as was the custom for children of Macragge, he was taken from his father and inducted into the Agiselus Barracks where he mastered the art of war with breathtaking speed. His grasp of philosophy, history and science was greater than anyone alive, yet his true genius lay in the field of military organisation. After two years it became



farcical for Roboute to remain at the training barracks as he was already the mightiest warrior on Macragge. He could best every one of his instructors in hand-to-hand combat and none could out-think his battlefield stratagems.

As Roboute took his place within the military, Macragge itself was in a state of change. Konor was a well-liked ruler, yet his fellow Consul, a vain and jealous man named Gallan, plotted against him. In these times of prosperity, Gallan and a powerful group of the wealthy elite of Macragge had grown fat off the labour of slaves and vigorously opposed Konor's proposed reforms that would oblige them to provide their slaves with reasonable food and accommodation. Konor also pushed through legislation that forced the wealthy to contribute to his ambitious programme to enlarge and improve the capital city. His reforms were of great benefit to the people of Macragge, but Gallan and his supporters were fearful of losing their wealth and power. Such was Roboute's fearsome reputation, Gallan knew that he could not strike while Konor's son was still in the capital, and secretly arranged to have him removed from the city. Spreading gold amongst the Illyrium tribes, Gallan had the tribesmen launch a series of bloody raids against the northern communities of Macragge. He then counselled Konor that the pacification of these tribes would be the perfect task for Roboute. Konor readily agreed; he had been seeking a task worthy of his son and he believed that this was the perfect opportunity for him to prove his readiness for command.

Roboute marched north into the untamed lands of Illyrium and launched a brilliant campaign against the tribesmen. His genius for military strategy and organisation was nothing short of legendary, and within two months his expeditionary force had not only pacified the entire region but had earned the respect of the fierce tribesmen. Roboute became blood brother to Bardylis, head man of the strongest tribe, after sparing his life in battle and accepted oaths of loyalty from the leaders of every other tribe at the Gathering of Paonia. Bardylis then told Roboute of the gold that had come north from Gallan and begun the bloodshed. Roboute immediately gathered his men to march south to the capital but, as they came within sight of the city, they saw thick pillars of black smoke and the flickering glow of many fires.

Roboute led his army towards the gates, advancing through hordes of citizens fleeing from the terror within. The city was in anarchy, drunken soldiers looting and killing at random, and fires raging unchecked. Roboute marched to the Senate house, executing any looters he came across, and formed work details to fight the fires that threatened to engulf the city. A hundred soldiers in the pay of Gallan blocked the gates of the Senate house, but Roboute butchered them and forced his way inside. Leaving his troops to deal with the drunken mob, he fought his way through the Senate building to find Konor lying near death, an assassin's blade lodged in his heart. With his dying breath, Konor told his son of Gallan's betrayal and implored him to continue his works. The physicians did what they could for the Battle King, but the wound was poisoned and they could do nothing to save him. Roboute's thoughts filled with vengeance as he began the task of



restoring order within the city. Those soldiers who had remained faithful to Konor were besieged within their barracks, but when word reached them of Roboute's return, they broke out and linked with other forces loyal to the Battle King.

With Roboute at their head, the rebels were soon crushed and not a single man was spared the Primarch's wrath. Gallan had fled the planet, but Roboute hunted him down and dragged him back to Macragge in chains, personally beheading him with Konor's sword. By popular demand, Roboute assumed the mantle of Battle King of Macragge and he worked swiftly to destroy those who had betrayed his father, executing them and seizing their lands and titles. He distributed these amongst his loyal supporters and set about continuing his father's works. A year later, the rebellion was forgotten and Macragge flourished like never before. Soon Macragge had been almost completely rebuilt with wondrous structures of smooth marble, steel and glass. The people prospered and wanted for nothing. Disciplined, well-equipped armies from Macragge kept the King's peace, and starships travelled regularly between neighbouring systems. It was, in all respects, a perfect model of human society, and when the Emperor learned of this utopian civilisation he took ship for Macragge to meet its legendary King.

The *Speculum Historiale* records the meeting of the Emperor and Roboute Guilliman in great (and often unnecessary) detail and many historians cite this as proof that the Emperor had set Roboute Guilliman on Macragge deliberately. The Emperor met Roboute wearing a polished silver breastplate with an eagle at its centre and an all-enclosing bronze helm. He carried a glowing power sword and welcomed Roboute as an equal. Roboute instantly recognised the Emperor from the description in his father's journal and knew that he had at last met his true father. The Emperor was astounded by the prosperity and strength of this world and immediately assigned the forward base of the Ultramarines Legion to Macragge. The Ultramarines had been created from Roboute's genetic template and they established their base high in the Laponis Valley, beginning construction of a mighty fortress on the exact spot of Roboute's discovery.

The Primarch soon assimilated the wonders of the Imperium and readily took command of the Ultramarines Legion. As ever, his greatest talents lay in the art of war and he led the Ultramarines to victory after victory, further expanding the Emperor's realm. He liberated countless worlds from the domination of aliens and foul Chaos renegades, but where some of his brother Primarchs left a trail of death and destruction in their wake, Roboute brought peace and fresh prosperity. Every world the Ultramarines liberated rapidly took its place amongst those loyal to the Imperium, and Guilliman's genius for planning campaigns ensured that the planet's population and industry suffered the minimum amount of collateral damage. On Macragge, the Fortress of Hera took shape, a building of such magnificent proportions that it defied the human mind with its grandeur. Upon its completion, those Ultramarines who had remained behind to oversee its construction began recruiting from Macragge and the surrounding systems. The training academies provided many fine candidates for the Legion and soon the Ultramarines received the first influx of warriors born and bred on Macragge. The surrounding systems also provided warriors for the Legion and, before long, the Ultramarines were the largest Legion in existence.

When Horus turned against the Emperor and led the galaxy into the most destructive civil war it had ever seen, the Ultramarines were engaged deep in the galactic south. Their very successes had carried them far from Horus' armies in the north-east and Guilliman did not receive word of the betrayal until the battle for Terra was under way. Gathering his Legion, Guilliman led his forces towards Terra, en route destroying a rebel fleet on its way to reinforce Horus. The war had been won by the time Guilliman's warriors reached Terra, but the Imperium was in turmoil. Half the Space Marine Legions had sided with Horus and the remaining loyalist Legions had been badly mauled in the fighting. There were desperately few Space Marines, and never were they

ANCIENT GALATAN, BEARER OF THE BANNER OF MACRAGGE

During the seven year Corinthian Crusade in 698.M41, over fifty Imperial Guard regiments and detachments from six Chapters of the Adeptus Astartes took part in the fighting to liberate the Corinth system from the domination of the Ork Warlord Skargor the Despoiler. In the final stages of the crusade, the forces of Skargor had been pushed back to Corinth itself and the Orks had not been idle in augmenting its already fearsome defences. A heavy price in blood was sure to be exacted in its recapture.

The Ultramarines were chosen to plan the siege and within three months, Imperial forces had destroyed the outer defences and Imperial Guard artillery pieces began shelling Corinth's main citadel. When a practicable breach had been established in the wall, a force led by Ancient Galatan, the bearer of the Banner of Macragge, launched the final assault. Warlord Skargor himself led the defence of the breach, knowing that, win or lose, the battle would soon be over. The fighting raged in the kilometre-wide breach for nine days, with thousands of casualties on both sides. Each time the Imperial forces wavered, Galatan would raise the banner high and demand all men of valour to fight on. Inch by inch, the attackers climbed until, as the sun set in blood on the ninth day, Skargor and Galatan met in single combat in the midst of the breach.

The Warlord was enormous, even for an Ork, and his strength was easily the equal of a Space Marine. The Greenskin's massive power claw severed Galatan's right arm and the Ultramarines roared in fury as they saw the banner drop. The Warlord reached down to snap the banner pole, the crackling energies of the claw coruscating along its length. But this was an icon touched by the Emperor's own hand and the Warlord could not break it. Ancient Galatan reared up behind Skargor, driving his power sword through the Ork's head and, seizing the banner in his remaining hand, raised it high once more. Again he led the charge up the breach, his superhuman powers of endurance carrying him ever onwards. Thrice more was he wounded, but his strength of will would not let him fall until the battle was won. As Imperial forces finally took the breach and millions of soldiers poured into the city, Galatan planted the banner atop the breach, slid slowly down the pole and allowed himself to die.

more needed. The enemies of Mankind, sensing the weakness of the Imperium, prepared to attack, but Roboute Guilliman vowed that the Emperor's realm would not fall and took it upon himself to hold it together. He despatched his Legion throughout the galaxy to stem the tide of invasion and unrest, holding the fragile Imperium together through a time of great danger. Macragge provided recruits as fast as it could, and soon the Ultramarines accounted for more than half of the Space Marines in the field. After almost a decade of total war, stability was restored to the galaxy and the philosophies of the Ultramarines' way of war had permeated almost every Legion. Under Guilliman's guidance, the holy Codex Astartes was taking shape and its doctrines would shape every future Space Marine force and lay the foundations for the Imperium's conventional military might.

The Codex Astartes laid down the tactical doctrines of the Imperium's fighting forces and was to grow and evolve over the millennia into a massive tome that detailed everything from battlefield stratagems to uniform markings for various squad types. The most immediate change was the decree that each Legion would be split into smaller units known as Chapters. One Chapter would keep the name and heraldry of the original Legion, whilst the remainder would take a new name and iconography. No longer would the power of an entire Space Marine Legion rest in one man's hands. Some Legions resisted this change and refused Guilliman's orders, but when the matter threatened to erupt into a new and bloodier civil war, they eventually relented. Most of the original Legions split into five or less Chapters, but the exact number created from the Ultramarines is uncertain. According to the oldest known copy of the Codex Astartes, the so-called Apocrypha of Skaros, the Ultramarines were split into twenty-three Chapters, but it does not name them all.

Roboute Guilliman continued to lead the Ultramarines for the next hundred years until he and his warriors fought against the traitor Primarch, Fulgrim, and the Emperor's Children on the world of Thessala. Fulgrim had changed beyond all recognition. The noble man he had once been had died long ago upon his elevation to a Daemon Prince of Slaanesh and now he was corrupt beyond words. His serpentine body was multi-armed and each taloned fist carried an envenomed rapier. Billowing clouds of heady musk enveloped the Primarchs as they met in single combat on the red fields of Thessala. None who were present on that day can say for sure what happened, yet when the cloying musks cleared, the Emperor's Children were gone and Roboute Guilliman lay unmoving, a single bright slash of blood across his throat. Not even the Primarch's god-like physique could halt the spread of Fulgrim's poison and, as Guilliman died, the Apothecaries set up a stasis field and transported their leader back to Macragge. To this day, Roboute Guilliman remains entombed within the stasis field, held immobile on his marble throne in the Temple of Correction on Macragge. There are those who claim that the Primarch's wounds are healing, but this is clearly impossible within the time-locked bubble of a stasis field. Despite this self-evident fact, many believe such tales and await the time when Guilliman will be fully recovered.

Homeworld

The homeworlds of the Ultramarines are situated deep in the galactic south-east in the Ultima Segmentum. Whereas most Chapters have their fortress monastery on a single world, the Ultramarines control no fewer than eight nearby systems.

Collectively these are known as Ultramar and, while each has its own government, armed forces and individual cultures, all look to the Ultramarines and Macragge for leadership.

The worlds surrounding Macragge are largely industrial in nature, and under Roboute Guilliman's guidance these worlds were revolutionised into prosperous, productive planets where honest toil and virtue are rewarded. The inhabitants of these worlds are industrious, disciplined and intensely loyal to the Ultramarines.

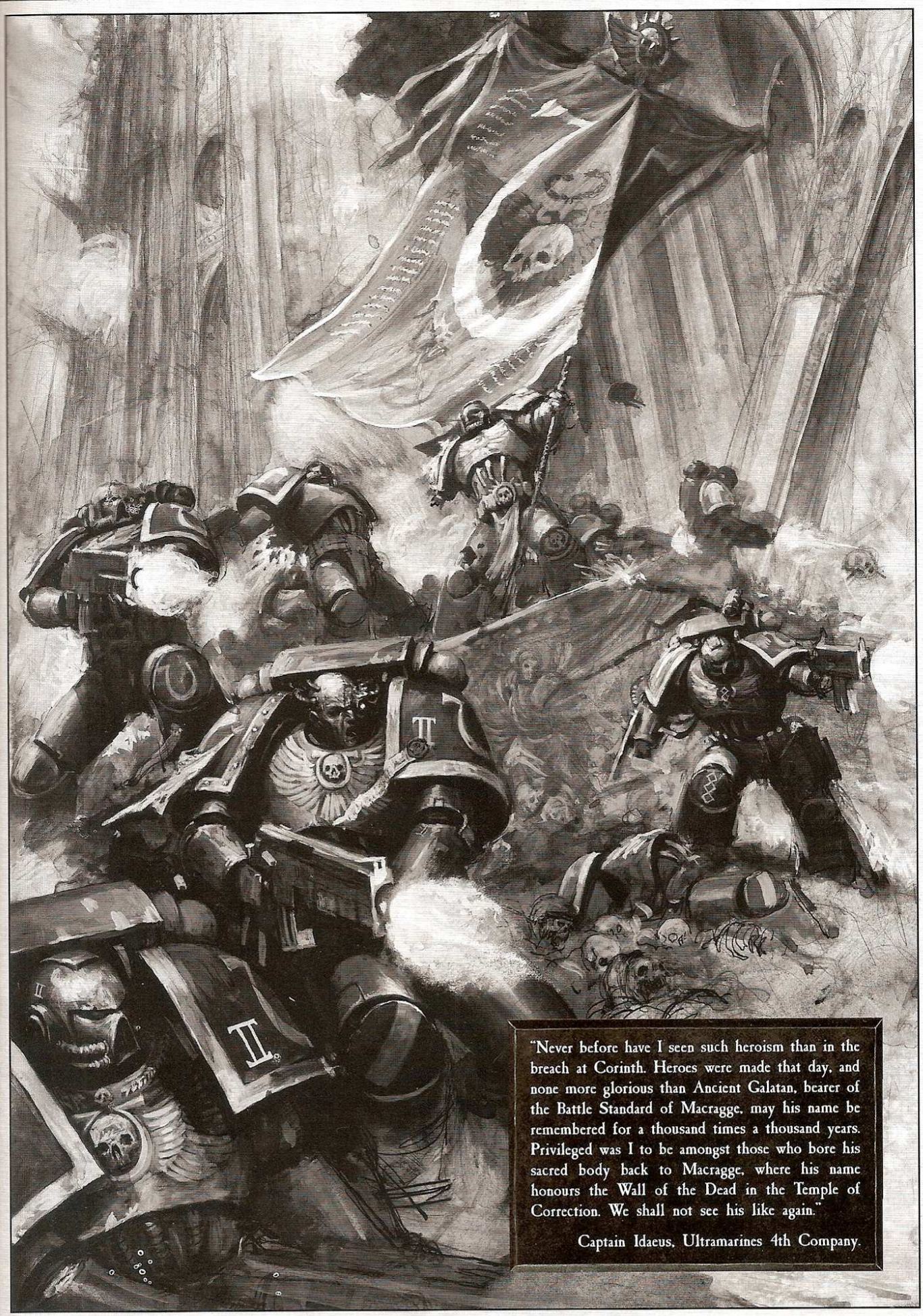
When looking to their defence, each world maintains its own dedicated armies, but can also call upon the protection of the Ultramarines. They are not required to levy troops for the Imperial Guard, but such is the prosperity and disciplined nature of Ultramar that hundreds of regiments stand ready to fight throughout the galaxy. As well as their own defence, the worlds of Ultramar provide recruits for the Ultramarines and it is a source of fierce pride when a family can point to an ancestor who became a Space Marine.

In the glory days of the Great Crusade, the worlds surrounding Macragge provided the Ultramarines with hundreds of new recruits, raw materials and supplies. This tradition has continued to the present day and strong ties have been maintained between Macragge and its surrounding planets. Given the close-knit structure of Ultramar, it is not surprising that many of its worlds share a commonality of language, culture, architecture and governmental styles.

Macragge is a rocky world, protected by numerous orbital batteries and two vast polar defence grids. It is here, in the harsh and unforgiving mountains, that the Ultramarines built the Fortress of Hera, housing the shrine of the Primarch himself within the Temple of Correction. Here the Primarch's body is held within a stasis field and the Temple is a place of great pilgrimage for many loyal citizens of the Imperium.

Talassar is a turbulent planet of tempests and violent seas, with but a single continent named Glaudor. In contrast, the three worlds of Quintarn, Tarentus and Masali orbit a common centre of gravity and, outside the huge, enclosed agri-cities, the land is desolate and arid. Wind traps collect water for domed cities that protect verdant greenery and hundreds of square miles of agricultural land. Calth's populace lives underground, far from the deadly rays of its blue sun, long ago seeded with poisons by the Word Bearers Traitor Legion. Vast underground caverns honeycomb the planet's crust and, though the planet is self-sufficient, like all others in Ultramar, a great deal of food is shipped in from nearby Iax. The planet's shipyards are justly famous and construct a sizeable proportion of the ships in the Ultramarines fleet as well as those used by other arms of the Imperium.

Both Iax and Espandor are sparsely populated worlds towards the edge of Ultramar. Iax is an agri-world and one of the most productive worlds in the Imperium, while Espandor is primarily composed of forests and rumoured to have been settled when traders were blown off course by a warp storm during the Age of Strife. The crowning glory of Ultramar was once Prandium and its natural beauty was famed throughout the Imperium, but the planet is now a barren, lifeless rock, stripped bare two hundred and fifty years ago by the rapacious Tyranids of Hive Fleet Behemoth.



"Never before have I seen such heroism than in the breach at Corinth. Heroes were made that day, and none more glorious than Ancient Galatan, bearer of the Battle Standard of Macragge, may his name be remembered for a thousand times a thousand years. Privileged was I to be amongst those who bore his sacred body back to Macragge, where his name honours the Wall of the Dead in the Temple of Correction. We shall not see his like again."

Captain Idaeus, Ultramarines 4th Company.

Combat Doctrine

As befits the Chapter of Roboute Guilliman, the Ultramarines adhere rigidly to the tenets laid down in the Codex Astartes. For ten thousand years they have fought in the manner described in its holy pages. Other Chapters may freely interpret the words of Guilliman but, to the Ultramarines, such deviation is unthinkable. The Codex Astartes is a work of divine inspiration, sanctified by the Emperor himself, and the Ultramarines see no reason to deviate from its wisdom. The life-long lessons of discipline and self-reliance that are taught to the people of Ultramar from birth give them the strength of character to hold true to teachings over ten thousand years old.

For any given tactical situation, the Codex has hundreds of pages devoted to how it may be met and overcome. Each warrior of the Chapter is required to memorise whole sections of the Codex so that within a Company there exists an entire record of the Codex's tenets. The wisdom of thousands of Imperial warriors have contributed to the Codex, and details on everything from unit markings to launching a full scale planetary assault are contained within its pages.

THE TAKING OF BRIDGE TWO-FOUR

In 999.M41, the taint of Chaos was detected on the world of Thracia by Inquisitor Apollyon, and Imperial forces rapidly moved to meet the threat. Over half the Planetary Defence Force had been corrupted and, worse still, there were reports that indicated the presence of Night Lords Chaos Space Marines. Imperial forces drove the poorly-armed traitors before them until they were in position to launch a full offensive against the capital city of Mercia. Before the assault could be launched, six bridges on the Imperial right flank needed to be destroyed in order to prevent the Emperor's forces from being attacked in the rear. These bridges were believed to be held by under-strength PDF units, and detachments of Ultramarines were deployed via Thunderhawk gunships to capture and destroy each bridge with melta charges.

Captain Idaeus of the 4th Company led the attack on bridge two-four and, after a brief fire fight, the bridge was captured. As Techmarines rigged the bridge for detonation, shells began dropping in the midst of the Space Marines as a massive Chaos counter-attack thrust towards the bridge. The main Imperial attack had been anticipated by the Night Lords and now a considerable force was attacking the Ultramarines' position. The right flank of the Imperial army was exposed and Idaeus knew that he must not allow the forces of Chaos to cross. He pulled his men back across the bridge and signalled to the Thunderhawk as he prepared to detonate the breaching charges. The Ultramarines fell back in good order but, before the bridge could be destroyed, the Techmarine carrying the detonators was obliterated by a direct hit from an artillery shell. As the Thunderhawk swept in behind the Ultramarines position, concealed Hydra flak tanks blew it from the sky in a hail of high explosive rounds.

The Ultramarines occupied the bunker and gun nests at the end of the bridge and prepared to hold their position to the last man. Idaeus voxed a warning to the Imperial army and ordered another Thunderhawk to extract his men. For the rest of the night, the servants of Chaos assaulted across the bridge and each time were repulsed by disciplined waves of bolter fire. Idaeus knew that they could not hold the bridge much longer and despatched a raiding party to attempt to detonate the explosives manually. The attempt ended in failure and none of these men were seen again until dawn. As the sun rose, Rhino APCs in the colours of the Night Lords pushed across the debris-strewn bridge. Ultramarines prisoners taken during the night were nailed to the hulls, their rib-cages cracked open and spread wide. The attack was defeated, but there was no doubt there would be many more before the day was out.

This is not the place to speak of the horrors the Night Lords visited upon the Ultramarines, but the traitor Space Marines utilised all manner of despicable tactics in order to undermine the discipline of the Ultramarines and break their resistance. Less than a fifth of the Ultramarines who had begun the operation were still alive and Idaeus knew that one more push would see them defeated. He ignored the advice of his officers and set off alone in a suicidal attempt to blow the bridge himself. Idaeus managed to reach the first of the charges as the second Thunderhawk roared overhead, landing out of range of the enemy anti-aircraft tanks. Idaeus ordered the remaining Ultramarines to retreat under the command of Veteran Sergeant Uriel Ventris as the Night Lords began yet another assault. The surviving Ultramarines withdrew under fire to the Thunderhawk and Idaeus waited until the last possible second before detonating the first charge. In a lethal chain reaction, the remaining charges exploded and destroyed Idaeus and the bridge in a searing blast. The Chaos attack across bridge two-four had been thwarted, and within two months, the planet had been brought under Imperial control once more.

Organisation

Following the break-up of the Space Marine Legions into smaller fighting forces, Guilliman laid down the organisational dictates that would become a part of every Chapter from then on. Though some would later stray from the precise structure laid out in the Codex, most Chapters remain faithful to its teachings. The Ultramarines are split into ten companies, each a hundred Space Marines strong and led by a Captain. The 1st Company consists of battle-hardened veterans and is, invariably, the most powerful. It is also the only Company capable of fielding warriors clad in Terminator armour. Following its complete destruction at the claws of Hive Fleet Behemoth, the Ultramarines 1st Company has slowly rebuilt its strength and only now, two hundred and fifty years later, has returned to full strength.

Companies 2 to 5 are the Battle Companies and these are composed of a mix of Tactical, Assault and Devastator squads. Each Battle Company is a self-sufficient battlefield unit, capable of meeting any threat and defeating it. These form the backbone of the Chapter and bear the brunt of the fighting. Companies 6 through to 9 are the reserve Companies and each one comprises squads of one particular type. Companies 6 and 7 are Tactical companies, 8 is the Assault company and 9 the Devastator company. The 10th Company is made up of Scout squads and the Chapter's newest recruits. These divisions were decided upon ten thousand years ago by Roboute Guilliman and have served the Chapter well since that day.

Beliefs

The harsh life on Macragge breeds hardy people with strong martial values and hard-working natures. Discipline, self-reliance and honour are seen as cardinal virtues and the children of Ultramar are taught these values from the earliest age. These are reinforced in the training academies and, by the time students graduate, they are amongst the most disciplined humans

USING ULTRAMARINES TYRANID HUNTERS IN WARHAMMER 40,000

by David Gausebeck

Perhaps more than any other Space Marines Chapter, the Ultramarines know the magnitude of the Tyranid threat. As they also have the most experience fighting the Tyranids, they were able to develop a response to the menace. This response is the Tyranid Hunter squad. When formed, these squads take the place of Tactical squads in the reserve companies, so that they can be called upon as needed. Composed as much as possible from veterans of the fighting on Macragge and Ichar IV, Tyranid Hunter squads are additionally trained with all available data on Tyranid anatomy and tactics. In short, they know how the Tyranids fight and how to hurt them. Tyranid Hunters are also specially equipped for their role. Each squad has use of an auspex to detect them in hiding. Tyranid Hunter squads also carry somewhat different armament than Tactical squads, using weapons that can cut through swarms of smaller Tyranid creatures as well as weapons that can crack the armour of the bigger aliens.

0-1 ELITES – TYRANID HUNTER SQUAD

	Points/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Veteran Space Marine	18	4	4	4	4	1	4	1	9	3+
Veteran Sergeant	+15	4	4	4	4	1	4	2	9	3+

"We are the inheritors of Roboute.
Let no rule be beyond us.
Let no man stand in our way."

Squad: The squad consists of one Space Marine Sergeant and between four and nine Space Marines.

Weapons: Bolters. The Sergeant is equipped with an auspex and may replace his bolter with a bolt pistol and close combat weapon at no extra points cost.

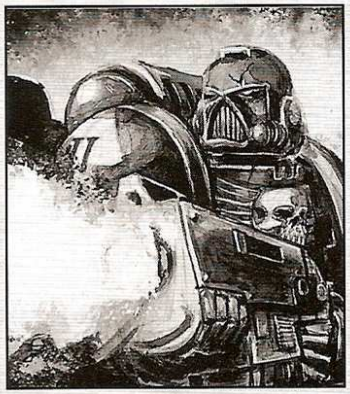
Options: Up to two Space Marines in the squad may be equipped with one of the following weapons each: storm bolter at +5 pts or flamer at +8 pts.

In addition, one Space Marine in the squad may be armed with: a heavy bolter at +5 pts; missile launcher at +10 pts; or a bolt pistol and power fist at +15 pts.

The entire squad may be given frag grenades at an additional cost of +1 pt per model.

The Sergeant may be upgraded to a Veteran Sergeant at an additional cost of +15 pts.

Transport Vehicle: The entire squad may be mounted in a Rhino at an additional cost of +50 pts, or a Razorback at an additional cost of +70 pts.



SPECIAL RULES

Know Your Foe: Ultramarines Tyranid Hunters are specially trained for combat against their chosen foe and can exploit vulnerabilities in Tyranid anatomy. To represent this, they may re-roll any failed roll to wound against a Tyranid model. This ability applies both while shooting and in close combat, but it does not apply to blast or template weapons.

Strategic Deployment: Ultramarines Tyranid Hunters can only be used against Tyranids.

in the galaxy. The people of Ultramar are taught to respect the might of the Imperium and that to strive in its name is the highest form of service a person can render to the Emperor. As such, the workers and warriors of Ultramar are respected throughout the galaxy and are a byword for strength, courage and honour.

In battle, the Ultramarines follow the teachings of Roboute Guilliman, fighting with all the strength and ferocity of their legendary Primarch. An ancient saying of the Battle Kings of Macragge was that a warrior should return from battle either carrying his shield or carried lifeless upon it and this is as true today as it was then. No warrior of the Ultramarines would bring shame on the Chapter and many are the deeds recorded by the Librarians of heroic feats of bravery undertaken to uphold its honour.

Gene-seed

The Horus Heresy highlighted weaknesses inherent in the gene-seed of several Space Marine Legions and this was exacerbated by the accelerated zygote harvesting techniques used to keep the Legions up to full strength. When the Legions were broken down into Chapters, a genetic repository was set up on Terra to store their gene-seed and monitor its purity. As the largest Space Marine Legion, the Ultramarines' contributions to this resource was greater than any other Legion and, as a result, their gene-seed became the stock type for many of the Second Founding Chapters.

Those Chapters created from the Ultramarines gene-seed stored on Terra are known, collectively, as the Primogenitors or 'first born', and they also venerate Roboute Guilliman as their founding father.

The Ultramarines gene-seed is by far the purest stock and there are no known aberrations in its genetic structure. Every one of the esoteric organs utilised in the arduous creation of a Space Marine by the Ultramarines are fully functional and it can truly be said of this Chapter that they are as perfect today as they were in the days of Guilliman himself.

Battle-cry

"Courage and honour!"

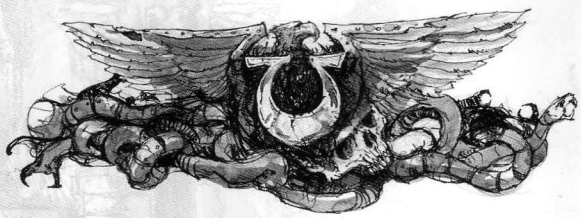
HISTORY OF THE ULTRAMARINES

According to legend the Emperor created the Primarchs from artificially engineered genes, carefully imbuing each of them with unique superhuman powers. Legend goes on to tell how the Dark Gods of Chaos spirited away the Primarchs within their incubator capsules, scattering them widely throughout the Warp. More than one of the capsules was breached whilst it drifted through Warpspace – the forces of the Warp leaked in, wreaking havoc to the developing genetic material inside the capsule. Undoubtedly damage was done, although the nature of that damage would not become apparent until the Horus Heresy.

The Youth of Roboute Guilliman

After drifting for decades, or in some cases even hundreds of years, the twenty incubation capsules came to rest on human worlds throughout the galaxy – distant planets inhabited by a variety of human cultures. The capsule containing the developing form of one Primarch fell upon the world of Macragge. This was a bleak but not inhospitable world that Mankind had inhabited for many centuries. Its industries had survived the Age of Strife and its people had continued to build spacecraft throughout the period of intense Warpstorms. The people of Macragge had successfully maintained contact with neighbouring systems, despite the loss of many ships and crews.

The Primarch's capsule was discovered by a group of noblemen out hunting in the forest. They broke the capsule's seal to reveal a striking child surrounded by a glowing nimbus of power. The amazing infant was brought before Konor, one of a pair of Consuls who governed the civilised part of Macragge. Konor adopted the child as his son and named him Roboute.



The young Primarch grew quickly, and as he did so his unique physical and mental powers became obvious for all to see. By his tenth birthday he had studied and mastered everything the wisest men of Macragge could teach him. His insight into matters of history, philosophy and science astonished his elders, but his greatest talent lay in the art of war. A genius for military organisation prompted his father to give him command of an expeditionary force in the far north of Macragge. This mountainous area was called Illyrium, a barbarous land which had harboured bandits and brigands for as long as anyone could remember. Although many wars had been fought against them, no-one had ever pacified the region for long. Roboute fought a brilliant campaign and won not only the submission, but also the respect, of the fierce Illyrian warriors.

Returning home Roboute found the capital in turmoil. During Roboute's absence his father's co-Consul, a man called Gallan, had crafted a conspiracy against Konor. Gallan was one of many amongst the wealthy nobility who were jealous of Konor's power and popularity. These malcontents were accustomed to easy living on their vast estates where they were supported by the toiling of impoverished slaves. Konor had changed all that, forcing the old aristocracy to provide their vassals with reasonable accommodation and food. He had also passed legislation which obliged them to contribute to an ambitious programme of improving and enlarging the city. All these reforms were of great benefit to the people of Macragge, but were unpopular with all but a few of the more far-sighted aristocrats.

As Roboute and his army approached Macragge City they saw the smoke from fires and hurried to investigate. From citizens fleeing from the city, Roboute learned that troops in the pay of Gallan had attacked the Senate House with Konor and his loyal bodyguard inside. The rebels surrounded the Senate, whilst drunken soldiers roamed the city looting and murdering at will.

Roboute hurried to his father's rescue. Leaving his troops to deal with the drunken mob, he fought his way into the Senate House. There he found his father dying of wounds inflicted by an assassin in Gallan's employ. For three whole days the Consul had directed the defence of the building, even as surgeons fought for his life. With his dying breath Konor told his son of Gallan's treachery.

Roboute crushed the rebels and quickly restored order to the city. Thousands of citizens flocked to the Senate House and amidst a wave of popular acclaim Roboute assumed the mantle of sole and all-powerful Consul of Macragge. The new ruler acted swiftly to crush the old order. Gallan and his fellow conspirators were executed and their lands and family titles taken from them. New, honest, hard-working settlers were given their old farms and property. With super-human energy and vision the Consul reorganised the social order of Macragge, rewarding the hard-working, placing men of honour in high office, and building the armed forces into a powerful and well equipped force. Macragge flourished as never before.

The Emperor Reaches Macragge

While the capsules containing the Primarchs drifted through the Warp, the Emperor and his armies advanced across the galaxy. This Great Crusade liberated many worlds from alien domination and re-established contact with human planets which had endured isolation and danger for untold thousands of years.

As the young Roboute Guilliman waged war against the Illyrian bandits in the northern mountains of Macragge, the Emperor and a force of Space Marines reached the planet of Espandor in a neighbouring system. From the Espandorians the Emperor learned of Macragge and the astounding son of Consul Konor. He immediately realised that he had found one of the long lost Primarchs.

Though the Emperor took ship to Macragge his vessel ran into a sudden and unexpected Warp-squall, a brief but intensely strong disturbance that threw the craft far off-course. By the time the Emperor reached Macragge, Roboute Guilliman had ruled for almost five years. In that time the world had undergone a transformation. Its people were well-fed and prosperous, its armies well-equipped and its cities had been rebuilt in glittering marble and shining steel. Vessels from Macragge plied regular trade with the local systems, bringing raw materials and more people to the flourishing world. The Emperor was astounded to find a world so well-ordered and prosperous, and realised at once that Roboute Guilliman was a Primarch of unsurpassed ability and vision.

The Ultramarines Legion of Space Marines was assigned to the control of Roboute Guilliman and its forward base relocated to Macragge. The Primarch quickly assimilated the many wonders of the Imperium and set about his new role with skill and enthusiasm. Guilliman's chief talents, as ever, lay in war, and he led the Ultramarines to fresh conquests in the galactic south. He succeeded in liberating more worlds during the Great Crusade than any other Primarch, and the worlds he brought within the Imperium were to benefit from his organisational skills and passion for efficient government. Whenever Roboute Guilliman freed a world from tyranny, his first priority was to set up a self-supporting defence system. Once a world was safe he could move on, leaving behind enough advisers to ensure that industry would be created, trading routes set up with the Imperium, and government directed towards the prosperity of the people.

Fortress Macragge

Meanwhile, the fortress of the Ultramarines grew on Macragge. Some Ultramarines remained behind to supervise the work, which progressed rapidly thanks to the trading network and advanced industries of the planet. Within a year a training base was established, and recruiting began on the planet Macragge and surrounding worlds. It was not long before the Ultramarines Legion received its first influx of warriors born and bred on Macragge. Thanks to the thoroughness of their organisation, the Ultramarines were able to receive constant recruits throughout the Great Crusade. Because of their strong recruitment base and Roboute Guilliman's tactical expertise, the Ultramarines soon became the largest Space Marine Legion, having more recruits and suffering fewer casualties than any other Legion.

After the Heresy

Whilst the Horus Heresy plunged the Imperium into savagery and civil war, the Ultramarines were engaged on the southern edge of the galaxy. Their very success had carried them far from Earth and isolated them from the conquering armies of Warmaster Horus in the north-east. News of Horus's treachery did not reach the Ultramarines until the attack on Earth was underway. Thanks to the speed of Horus's attack there was little that Roboute Guilliman could do in support of his Emperor. None of the worlds already liberated by the Ultramarines were in serious danger from the forces of Chaos. Consequently, the Ultramarines were poorly placed to contribute during the early stages of the Horus Heresy.

As fate would have it, the Ultramarines were therefore largely untouched by the fighting of the Horus Heresy. Other loyal Space Marine Legions had lost thousands of troops during the fighting, and half of the original Legions had sided with Horus. As a result the number of Space Marines left was very few, yet never were they more needed.

The confusion and disorder following the Horus Heresy had left the Imperium weak and vulnerable. Everywhere the enemies of mankind prepared to attack. Many worlds remained in the grip of Chaos. Into this breach stepped Roboute Guilliman and the Ultramarines. Always the largest Legion, the Ultramarines found themselves divided and dispatched all over the Imperium in a desperate effort to stem the tide of invasion and unrest.

The Ultramarines successfully held the Imperium together during a time of intense danger. Macragge was able to supply new recruits at such a rate that before long the Ultramarines alone accounted for more than half the total number of Space Marines, and few were the systems where their heroism went unnoticed.

Within a decade, order was restored to the Imperium. Even as the Ultramarines reconquered, a new theory of warfare was emerging. Under the guidance of the Ultramarines' Primarch, the Codex Astartes was taking shape. Its doctrines would reshape the future of all Space Marines and forevermore dictate the foundation for the Imperium's military strength and the ultimate survival of Mankind.



The Second Founding

The Second Founding of the Space Marines was decreed seven years after the death of Horus. Most of the old Legions divided into fewer than five Chapters, but the Ultramarines were divided many times. The exact number of Chapters created from the Ultramarines is uncertain: the number listed in the oldest copy of the Codex Astartes gives the total as twenty three, but does not name them.

With the Second Founding, the size of the Ultramarines force was much reduced. Most of the Space Marines left Macragge to establish new Chapters elsewhere. The Ultramarines fortress was built to accommodate more than ten times as many Space Marines as now remained on their homeworld. As a result its arsenals and weapon shops were partially dismantled and taken by the new Chapters to found their own bases. The genetic banks of the Ultramarines, and the huge recruitment organisation, were similarly reduced.

As a result of the Second Founding, the Ultramarines' gene-seed became pre-eminent. The new Chapters created from the Ultramarines during the Second Founding are often referred to as the Primogenitors, or `first born'. The lasting heritage of Guilliman was not only genetic, but spiritual. Even to this day all the Primogenitor Chapters venerate Roboute Guilliman as their own founding father and patron, and hold the ruler of Ultramar, whoever he be, as the exemplar of all that it means to be a Space Marine. So did the Ultramarines rise to become preeminent amongst their brother Chapters.



Ultramar

One aspect of the Ultramarines Legion that survived the Second Founding was the close relationship between the Space Marines and the populations of the surrounding planets. During the Great Crusade the worlds around Macragge provided young recruits for the Ultramarines. They also supplied raw materials, armaments and spacecraft. Although the need to recruit from these worlds diminished almost to vanishing point with the reorganisation, the tradition continued. To this day, the Ultramarines recruit not from a single world, but from the whole of local space. This area around Macragge is called Ultramar, the stellar empire of the Ultramarines.

Ultramar is unique amongst the domains of the Space Marines. Where other Chapters rule over a single planet, asteroid or, in some cases, a mobile space fleet or orbital fortress, the Ultramarines have a larger domain. They control no fewer than eight local systems, each with its own worlds and governments loyal to the Chapter. All the worlds of Ultramar share a common cultural heritage with Macragge, so it is not surprising that their styles of architecture, government, and traditions are similar.

After the Horus Heresy all eight worlds benefited from the improving reforms of Roboute Guilliman and its citizens are disciplined, productive and loyal. As a result, Ultramar is a wealthy empire that knows little unrest and no rebellion – a somewhat unique distinction in the desperate days of the 41st Millennium. The population live in sprawling cities, but these cities are surrounded by extensive farmlands and seas that teem with fish.

Each of Ultramar's worlds are self-sufficient in raw materials and food. Trade between the planets is active, and each planet has its specialities and delicacies. Each world is balanced as a society and also as an ecosystem - although composed of primarily industrial worlds, Ultramar has none of the nightmarish toxic wastelands that are common phenomena throughout the galaxy. It is therefore little wonder that many system governors and planetary lords regard Ultramar with an envious eye.

The worlds of Ultramar are by no means identical. Macragge itself is mostly bleak and rocky, with more than three-quarters of its land mass formed from mountainous upland almost entirely devoid of life. The people of Macragge do not live in this inhospitable region, but the fortress of the Ultramarines is built here upon a craggy peak surrounded by impenetrable mountains. Within this mighty fortress, inside a vast temple, is the shrine of the Primarch himself. This is where his body sits upon a huge throne of ornately carved marble. He is preserved in death by a stasis field impervious to the decaying effects of time. This is one of the holiest places in the Imperium, and thousands come from all over the galaxy to look upon the face of the ancient Primarch.

Other worlds are quite different from Macragge. Talassar is a planet of storm-tossed seas and rocky islands whose single continent is known as Glaudor, which was the site of a major battle between the Ultramarines and invading Orks immediately after the Horus Heresy. In contrast to the oceanic world of Talassar are the three arid planets of Quintarn, Tarentus and Masali.

These small planets form a triple world combination orbiting around a common centre of gravity much like the Earth and its moon. Gigantic horticultural cities cover hundreds of square miles, capturing precious water in wind traps and storing it in massive underground tanks. The cities of the Three Planets are enclosed by gigantic domes under which flourish forests and gardens as lush as any in Ultramar.

Calth is an airless world whose inhabitants live in underground cities where the deadly light of Calth's blue sun cannot reach them. The caverns of Calth are constructed on such a huge scale, and with such grandeur, that they are as light and airy as any city of Macragge. Of all the local worlds Calth is the most specialised, for although its people grow vast quantities of food in nutrient vats, they prefer to import most of what they eat from the neighbouring system of Iax. Calth is famous for its shipyards, which provide the craft used by the Ultramarines as well as civil and military craft for wider use in the Imperium.

Iax is sometimes described as the Garden of Ultramar. Its climate and fertility have made it one of the most naturally productive worlds in the Imperium. The inhabitants have harnessed the planet's inherent verdancy, covering its surface with well-ordered farms and cultivated woodlands. There are no large cities on Iax, but many small towns dotted over the landscape, connected together by an efficient system of fast hydroways. The oldest and most urbanised area of Iax is the ancient city of First Landing, whose citadel has withstood the barrages of invaders over the centuries. Legend has it that Guilliman came to Iax many times, and that he treasured the world almost as much as his beloved Macragge.

Prandium once teemed with life. Settlers from Macragge established a colony on the planet after the Horus Heresy. Thanks to a mild climate and fertile virgin environment the people of Prandium prospered. The planet soon become the most beautiful jewel of Ultramar, a planet of markable prosperity and an incredibly rich native fauna. Prandium was destroyed by Hive Fleet Behemoth in the First Tyrannic War. The lifeless world is now reduced to bedrock, its atmosphere blown into space by the ferocity of the Tyranid attack.

Most distant from Macragge is the world of Espandor, a planet of extensive forests whose major cities are confined to the westernmost of its two continents. Espandor is a secondary settlement whose people are the descendants of explorers from Macragge and hold considerable pride in their rugged existence. Tradition has it that Espandor was settled during the Age of Strife by traders blown off-course and subsequently stranded by Warpstorms. It is the least densely populated of all the worlds of Ultramar.

The Military of Ultramar

Ultramar is the realm of the Ultramarines within the greater realm of humanity that is the Imperium. Its worlds do not pay the Imperium's tithes. Instead they contribute directly towards the upkeep of the Ultramarines Chapter. The rulers of the individual worlds of Ultramar are feudal lords of the Master of the Ultramarines. This is why the Ultramarines leader is also the Lord of Ultramar, with all the rights and responsibilities that such a title entails.

Just like other worlds in the Imperium, each world of Ultramar raises regiments for its own defence. Most worlds in the Imperium are obliged to provide regiments for the Imperial Guard when required, but Space Marine homeworlds are an exception. In the case of Ultramar, however, the Ultramarines rule so efficiently and are so prosperous that they maintain several hundred regiments ready and willing to join the Imperial Guard when the need arises. As a result, regiments from Ultramar have fought all over the galaxy, often in campaigns alongside the Ultramarines themselves.

Each world of Ultramar also provides Space Marine recruits for the Ultramarines Chapter itself. Throughout Ultramar, proud citizens point to public statues of famous Ultramarines who were born to local families. Amongst the older aristocratic dynasties it is a matter of considerable esteem to send recruits to the Ultramarines. For a family to have provided a renowned hero, perhaps even an actual Master of the Chapter, is a great honour that brings considerable fame and status for generations.

THE SHRINE OF THE PRIMARCH

The Shrine of Guilliman is one of the most holy places in the entire Imperium, and one which welcomes millions of pilgrims every year. It lies within the Temple of Correction, a vaulted sepulchre forming a small part of the Ultramarines' vast northern polar fortress.

The temple is a miracle of construction and typical of the attention to detail to which the Ultramarines apply themselves. Its proportions defy the human mind by the scope and grandeur of design. The multi-coloured glass dome that forms the roof is the largest of its kind. Even the Techno-magi of the Adeptus Mechanicus come to marvel at the structure said to have been designed by Roboute Guilliman himself. According to the Ultramarines there is enough marble within the temple to build a mountain, and sufficient adamantium and shining plasteel to construct a sizable warfleet.

Within this edifice is the great marble throne of Roboute Guilliman, and upon that throne sits a regal corpse. Though the best part of ten thousand years have passed since his death, the Primarch's body is perfectly preserved. Even his death wounds are visible upon his throat. His mortal remains are preserved from the ravages of time by means of a stasis field that isolates the Primarch from the time-stream. Everything encompassed by the field is trapped in time and can neither change nor decay.

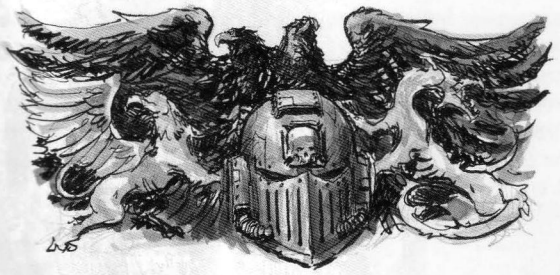
There are some, however, who claim the Primarch's wounds do change. They say that Guilliman's body is slowly recovering and that his wounds show mysterious signs of healing. Others deny the phenomena, and point out the sheer impossibility of change within the stasis field. Yet enough believe the stories to come and witness for themselves the miracle of the Primarch.

CHAPTER ORGANISATION

A significant part of the Codex Astartes is given over to the organisation of a Space Marine Chapter.

Each of the ten companies that comprises a Chapter is led by a Space Marine Captain and includes supernumeraries such as the Company's Chaplain and Apothecary. The official fighting strength of each company is made up of ten squads each of ten Space Marines led by a Sergeant, though of course injury and other circumstances may mean that a company takes to the field with as little as sixty or seventy Brother-Marines.

Of the ten companies, one company, usually the 1st Company, consists of the Chapter's most experienced veterans. The veterans of the 1st Company are masters of all battlefield roles, and are permitted to fight as Sternguard or Vanguard squads as their proficiencies dictate, and can even fight in revered suits of Terminator armour should the mission goal require it. It is rare for the 1st Company to be fielded en masse – its units normally take to the field alongside the Chapter's Battle Companies.



The Codex decrees that the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th companies should be designated 'Battle Companies'. These formations carry the main weight of the Chapter's combat duties. Each Battle Company consists of six squads of Tactical Space Marines, two of Assault, and two of Devastators. The Assault squads of the Battle Company may be deployed as Bike squadrons or Land Speeder crews, should theatre conditions require it. Most Space Marine deployments will consist of a single Battle Company, heavily reinforced by elements of the Veteran, Scout and Reserve Companies.

The 'Companies of Reserve' are entirely composed of squads of the same designation. They normally act in support of the Battle Companies and provide a source of replacements for any casualties suffered by the line formations. The 6th and 7th Companies are Tactical companies, each consisting of ten Tactical squads. These are intended to act as a reserve which may be used to bolster the main line, launch diversionary attacks, or stem enemy flanking manouevres. The 6th Company is also trained to use bikes, and the entire Company may be deployed as bike squadrons. Similarly squads of the 7th Company are trained to fight with Land Speeders and the Company commonly acts as a light vehicle reserve formation.

The 8th Company is an Assault Company consisting of ten Assault squads. This is the most mobile company and is often equipped with jump packs, bikes and Land Speeders.

The 8th Company is used in the assault role and wherever a strong hand-to-hand fighting force is needed – it is a truly fearsome and mobile foe.

The 9th Company is a Devastator Company, consisting of ten Devastator squads. It is the most powerfully equipped company in the Chapter and is used to bolster defence points and provide long range support.

The Chapter's 10th Company is its Scout Company consisting of a number of Scout squads. Scouts are youths who have been recruited and partially transformed into Space Marines. Until their physical transformation and training is complete they fight as Scouts. The Codex Astartes dictates no formal size for a Scout Company as the rate of recruitment is not a fixed amount.

All of the companies, except the Scout Company, maintain Rhino transports for each of their squads and officers. The 1st Company also has a permanent establishment of Land Raiders for carrying Terminator squads.

Many of the Battle Companies and Reserve Companies include a number of Dreadnoughts. It is customary for a Dreadnought to remain a part of the company in which he served before being interred in the metal sarcophagus, and his presence greatly bolsters the company's fighting strength.

A Chapter also includes a number of officers and specialists who stand aside from the company organisation. These individuals are known as the headquarters staff and they may be assigned to fight with a company in battle. Included amongst them are psychic Librarians from the Chapter's Librarius, Chaplains from the Reclusiam, and Techmarines together with their Servitors.

> **"We follow in the footsteps of Guilliman.**
> **As it is written in the Codex, so shall it be."**
>
> Marneus Calgar, Chapter Master of the Ultramarines

There are relatively few of these senior officers as most non-combatant roles within the Chapter are performed by the Chapter's human serfs. The two largest groups are the Librarians and the Techmarines. Consequently, these two are set aside from the other headquarters staff and considered as separate organisations.

Although the Codex describes a number of ranks and responsibilities within the headquarters staff, only a very few of these officers actually accompany the Chapter to war. Many are non-combatants of advanced years whose roles are to find and train recruits or administrate the Chapter, other titles are borne by the Chapter's Captains. Some ranks described by the Codex include the Chapter's Ancient (or Standard Bearer), the Chapter Master's Secretarius, the Lord of the Household, the Chapter's Armourer, the Master of the Fleet, Victuallers, the Master of the Arsenal, Master of Recruits and the Master of the Watch.

ULTRAMARINES CHAPTER ORGANISATION

This diagram represents the composition of the Ultramarines Chapter circa 999.M41. It should be noted that although the fighting strength of each squad is officially ten Space Marines, combat attrition dictates that squads may go into battle under optimal strength. Transport vehicles and special equipment (such as bikes, Land Speeders and so on) are not listed, as each company will draw such equipment contingent to mission parameters.



CHAPTER COMMAND

Marneus Calgar
Lord Macragge, Master of the Ultramarines

Ortan Cassius,
Master of Sanctity

27 Honour Guard

1,700 Chapter Equerries and Servitors

1 Land Raider (Maximus)



ARMOURY

Fennias Maxim,
Master of the Forge
27 Techmarines
95 Tech Servitors
25 Predators
8 Vindicators
9 Whirlwinds
12 Land Raiders



APOTHECARION

Corpus Helix,
Chief Apothecary
12 Apothecaries



FLEET COMMAND

8 Strike Cruisers
3 Battle Barges
(Octavius, Caesar, Severian)
12 Rapid Strike Vessels
31 Thunderhawk Gunships



LIBRARIUS

Chief Librarian
Varro Tigurius
5 Epistolaries
9 Codiciers
10 Lexicaniums
3 Acolytum



1st COMPANY

Veteran Company
Heraldic Colour
White/Silver
Captain Agemman,
Regent of Ultramar
97 Space Marine Veterans
3 Dreadnoughts



2nd COMPANY

Battle Company
Heraldic Colour
Yellow/Gold
Captain Sicarius,
Master of the Watch
6 Tactical Squads
2 Assault Squads
2 Devastator Squads
2 Dreadnoughts



3rd COMPANY

Battle Company
Heraldic Colour
Red/Sanguinite
Captain Fabian,
Master of the Arsenal
6 Tactical Squads
2 Assault Squads
2 Devastator Squads
2 Dreadnoughts



4th COMPANY

Battle Company
Heraldic Colour
Green/Adamantine
Captain Idaeus,
Master of the Fleet
6 Tactical Squads
2 Assault Squads
2 Devastator Squads
4 Dreadnoughts



5th COMPANY

Battle Company
Heraldic Colour
Black/Ebonite
Captain Galenus,
Master of the Marches
6 Tactical Squads
2 Assault Squads
2 Devastator Squads
1 Dreadnought



6th COMPANY

Reserve
Tactical Company
Heraldic Colour:
Orange/Vermillium
Captain Epathus,
Master of the Rites
10 Tactical Squads
4 Dreadnoughts



7th COMPANY

Reserve
Tactical Company
Heraldic Colour:
Heliotrope/Indignium
Captain Ixion,
Chief Victualler
10 Tactical Squads
3 Dreadnoughts



8th COMPANY

Reserve
Assault Company
Heraldic Colour:
Grey/Steel
Captain Numitor
10 Assault Squads



9th COMPANY

Reserve
Devastator Company
Heraldic Colour
Blue/Ultramarine
Captain Sinon,
10 Devastator Squads
7 Dreadnoughts



10th COMPANY

Scout Company
No Heraldic Colour
Captain Antilochus,
Master of the Recruits
Scout Squads



Assault Squad Ixion "Macragge's Avengers"
Squad Ixion swore vengeance for Macragge and have honed their Tyranid-fighting skills against Hive Fleets Leviathan, Kraken and Jormungandr.



Devastator Squad Tirian "Guilliman's Hammer"
Renowned across the segmentum for their steadfast and unwavering conduct in battle.



Brother Agnathio
Blessed with Dreadnought armour following the Fall of Chundrabad, 141.M36.



Tactical Squad Vandar "The Victors"
Veteran Sergeant Vandar is the youngest ever recipient of the Iron Halo, awarded for tactical brilliance during the Tamari rebellions of 929.M41.



Tactical Squad Solinus "The Indomitable"
Received Victorex Maxima honours during the retaking of Fort Telrendar, where they were first into the breach after Captain Sicarius.



Tactical Squad Manorian "The Shield Bearers"
Boasting many experienced and honoured warriors, Squad Manorian leads the vanguard of both Company and Chapter-level assaults.



Command Squad "Lions of Macragge"
Comprising Veteran Sergeant Daceus, Apothecary Venatio, Honoured Brother Gaius Prabian, Brother Vandius (Company Standard Bearer) and Brother Malcian.

THE ULTRAMARINES

Heroes all, united in defen



Devastator Squad Atavian "The Titan Slayers"
Awarded the Principex Maxima for their destruction of the Renegade Warlord Titan Soulmauler.



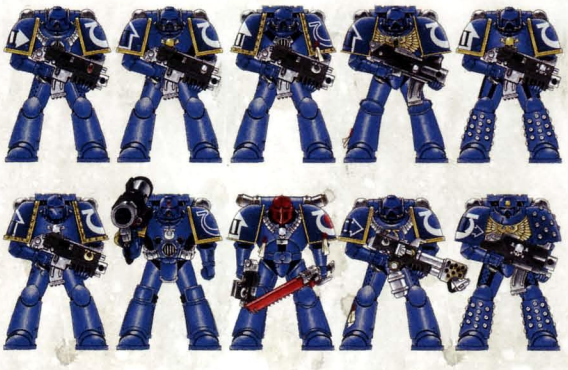
Assault Squad Strabo "The Heroes of Selonopolis"
Responsible for the death of Warboss Bonehamma and the rout of his horde amid the ash wastes of hive world Selonopolis.



Tactical Squad Octavian "Swords of Judgement"
Between them the members of Squad Octavian have earnt an impressive total of fifteen Marksman's Honour badges for their uncanny precision.



Brother Ultracius
Blessed with Dreadnought armour following the Pyra Crusades of 453.M39.



Tactical Squad Vorolanus "The Thunderbolts"
Squad Vorolanus conducts many of the Company's reconnaissance and deep-strike missions when dedicated Scout units are unavailable.



Tactical Squad Fennion "The Immortals"
Squad Fennion has not taken even a single casualty since its current roster was formed in 829.M41, despite performing many perilous frontline duties.



Captain Cato Sicarius
Master of the Watch, Knight Champion of Macragge.



Chaplain Elianu Trajan
Attached to the 2nd Company since 901.M41

"We are the slayers of kings, the destroyers of worlds, bringers of ruination and death in all its forms. These things we do in the name of the Emperor and in the defence of Mankind. Let none stay our wrath."

Cato Sicarius
Captain of the Ultramarines 2nd Company

SECOND COMPANY

of Macragge and all Mankind

ULTRAMARINES BANNERS

Each company – with the exception of the Scout Company – has its own banner that bears its heraldry and roll of honour. Especially heroic Captains or great victories may be commemorated by a devotional icon or litany woven into their sacred fabric.





The 1st Company are known as the 'Warriors of Ultramar'. Their banner bears a Crux Terminatus and honorific emblem for the fallen of the Battle for Macragge, while their shoulder guards display heraldry of one of the Chapter's greatest heroes, Captain Agemman.





The banner of the 2nd Company, the 'Guardians of the Temple', bears motifs, such as laurels and skulls, alongside the symbol of the Ultramarines. Captain Sicarius displays heraldry earned fighting the Tau as part of the Damocles Gulf Crusade.





Known as the 'Scourge of the Xenos', the 3rd Company's banner displays a battle honour won in the First Tyrannic War. To honour his warriors, Captain Ardias took his company colours and worked them into his own heraldry.





The 'Defenders of Ultramar', the 4th Company. The banner shows the Iron Gauntlet of its former leader, Captain Idaeus, which indicates he was a mighty hero. In the interim, they have an acting leader who bears Idaeus' heraldry.





The 5th Company are the 'Wardens of the Eastern Fringe' and Captain Galenus is also the Master of the Marches. The banner and his armour display the eagle that is his badge of office. It is a sign of honour to display such ranks on their armour.





Though one of the Ultramarines Reserve Companies, the 6th Company has won much honour, notably in the defence of the Gerio sector. Captain Epathus is the Master of the Rites, and his shoulder guard bears the skull insignia of his company.



The 7th Company are celebrated as the 'Defenders of Caeserean' in memory of their crushing defeat of Korus the Defiler.



The 8th Company are 'The Honourblades'. The crossed swords indicate the company's designation as a dedicated Assault Company.



The 9th Company's banner carries the traditional Ultramar lightning bolt blazon. They are known as the 'Stormbringers'.



The Ultramarines have several Chapter banners, although only one will be in use at any one time. The specifics of design vary greatly from banner to banner, but all will evoke one of the Chapter's greatest triumphs or some other key moment from its long history.

This banner, with lavish designs depicting the victory against Hive Fleet Behemoth, carries the names of the great heroes from the war, as well as the pivotal engagements.

MARNEUS AUGUSTUS CALGAR
CHAPTER MASTER OF THE ULTRAMARINES

Mankind boasts many heroes, men of purpose and dedication without whom the Imperium would crumble. Yet, even amongst their ranks there is a man whose nobility overshadows all others. His triumphs are without number and his deeds the stuff of legend. His name is Marneus Calgar, Master of the Ultramarines and Lord of Macragge.

To know the deeds behind the legend of Marneus Calgar, one would have to journey into the depths of Macragge's Chapter Fortress. At its heart lies a vault where records are kept of the labours performed by the greatest heroes of the Ultramarines. Thus far there are twenty-eight volumes dedicated to Marneus Calgar alone in this sanctum, a tally twice that of any other living Ultramarine and surpassed only by Roboute Guilliman himself.

Since rising to the rank of Chapter Master, Marneus Calgar has employed his flair for tactics and strategy in campaigns without number. Calgar does not throw his men uselessly at the foe, for he understands that while victories may begin with the general, it is the troops that carry the day. Calgar's men follow him not merely out of duty, but from the unshakeable loyalty that his presence inspires. Indeed, when Calgar was wounded during the campaign for Ichar IV, the surviving Ultramarines formed a wall of bodies around their lord, shielding his broken flesh with their own until aid arrived.



Though famous as a general, Lord Macragge is no stranger to personal valour. The tomes of Ultramar record how it was Calgar that led the breaching assault on the Hiveship designated Behemoth Primus – one of the first actions of its kind against the Tyranids. They also show it was Calgar who held the gate alone against the greenskin horde for a night and a day at the siege of Zalathras. And it was Calgar who recaptured the star fort Indomitable from the daemonic hordes of M'kar the Reborn. These entries have entire pages dedicated to them in the library sanctum, separated by far shorter passages that describe the fall of countless demagogues, pirates and traitors.

Calgar is a proud man, a trait that has earned him more than a fair share of enemies within the Imperium's internecine politics. Yet he also possesses a shrewd self-awareness that prevents that pride turning sour and leading him into arrogance. To the people of Ultramar, Calgar is the hero of heroes, the epitome of Mankind's will to endure and triumph. When Calgar travels Ultramar on tours of inspection he is met with adulating crowds that roar his name with a passion sadly lacking in other Imperial domains. The people of Ultramar believe to their very core that in Marneus Calgar they have a leader who will fight until the stars turn cold, not only for the immortal Emperor, but for Mankind itself.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Marneus Calgar	6	5	4	4	4	5	4	10	3+

SPECIAL RULES

And They Shall Know No Fear, Combat Tactics, Eternal Warrior, Independent Character.

Orbital Bombardment: See page 52.

Titanic Might: Calgar can re-roll all failed attempts to wound with shooting and close combat attacks.

God of War: Marneus Calgar can choose whether to pass or fail any Morale check he is called upon to make. Whilst Calgar is on the table, all units with the Combat Tactics special rule can also choose whether to pass or fail any Morale check they are called upon to take.

WARGEAR

Gauntlets of Ultramar: These are a matched pair of power fists. They also contain a pair of integrated bolters that can be fired with the following profile:

Range	Str.	AP	Type
24"	4	2	Assault 2

Armour of Antilochus: Calgar may choose to wear this suit of Terminator armour, which includes a teleport homer.

CATO SICARIUS

CAPTAIN OF THE ULTRAMARINES 2nd COMPANY

Cato Sicarius is amongst the greatest heroes of the Ultramarines. His titles are many – Captain of the 2nd Company, Master of the Watch, Knight Champion of Macragge, Grand Duke of Talassar and High Suzerain of Ultramar. Each reflects but a fraction of a lifetime's diligent and exceptional service, not only to the Ultramarines Chapter, but to the realm of Ultramar itself.

Born into one of Talassar's ascendant houses, the young Sicarius began martial training as soon as he was old enough to grasp a sword, as is the way in Talassari nobility – a tutelage only reinforced by his later induction and training in the ways of the Ultramarines. Sicarius earned commendation after commendation and swiftly rose through the ranks. In the decades that followed he served with distinction as Sergeant and Company Champion before ultimately taking command of the Ultramarines 2nd Company – the finest fighting unit in this or any other Space Marine Chapter.

Only the most accomplished warrior could hope to command the Ultramarines 2nd Company, and Sicarius rose to the challenge as he had to every other that had been set in his path. All Space Marines make use of the lightning assault, but Sicarius refined such strategy to near-perfection, often committing his forces to battle with the briefest appraisal of the tactical situation.

In another man, such unstoppable haste might have seemed reckless, but Sicarius soon proved his ability to rapidly adapt to a chaotic warzone, swiftly marshalling his forces and seizing the advantage. Inevitably, Sicarius' assaults took a terrible toll of the foe's army and confidence in equal measure, and left them ripe for defeat. Indeed, even other Space Marines were awed by the speed at which Sicarius could react to a developing tactical situation.

As his tale of victories grew ever longer, Sicarius' name became a byword for victory, a legend forged in the bloody maelstrom of battle that would come to the ears of allies and foes far beyond the borders of Ultramar. So it is that at the close of the 41st Millennium, the 2nd Company draws the most dangerous missions, and Sicarius himself is widely believed to be the heir apparent to Marneus Calgar himself – something that cannot sit well with Agemman, Captain of the 1st Company and Regent of Ultramar.

"Brothers! War calls you.
Will you answer?"

Captain Cato Sicarius
Knight Champion of Macragge

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Cato Sicarius	6	5	4	4	3	5	3	10	2+

SPECIAL RULES

And They Shall Know No Fear, Combat Tactics, Independent Character.

Surprise Attack! An army that includes Sicarius can re-roll the dice when attempting to seize the initiative.

Rites of Battle: If Sicarius is on the table, all other Space Marine units can use his Leadership for any Morale or Pinning tests.

Battle-forged Heroes: Sicarius is accompanied by the finest warriors that the 2nd Company has to offer. One Tactical squad in an army that includes Sicarius can have one of the following special rules at no additional cost: **Counter-attack**, **Infiltrate**, **Scout** or **Tank Hunters**.

WARGEAR

Talassarian Tempest Blade: This is a power weapon. If Sicarius wishes, he can attempt a single 'coup de grâce' attack in lieu of his normal close combat attacks. If the coup de grâce hits, it is resolved at a Strength of 6 and causes Instant Death, regardless of the wounded model's Toughness.

Mantle of the Suzerain: This is a suit of artificer armour that bestows the **Feel No Pain** special rule on Sicarius.



VARRO TIGURIUS

ULTRAMARINES CHIEF LIBRARIAN

Tigurius has always stood apart from his Battle-Brothers. Even to the Company Captains of the Ultramarines he is a figure of mystery, possessed of knowledge that goes beyond the towering datastacks and myriad weighty scrolls of the Chapter arcanium.

In Tigurius' eyes, there is nothing more dangerous than incomplete knowledge nurtured in an unready mind. As such, it is not uncommon for Tigurius to meet question with question until he is satisfied that the enquirer has fully grasped the deeper meaning and consequences of the information bestowed. This practice has oft been a cause for tension between the Chief Librarian and the Chapter's Captains, for such forthright heroes seldom have time for the luxury of introspection.

Tigurius rewards those who persevere in their interrogations with insight that borders on prescience, spawned by uncanny hunches and honed through a lifetime's accumulation of knowledge. Little is hidden from the Chief Librarian's sight, and many amongst the Ultramarines believe him to be guided by the Emperor's hand. How else could one explain Tigurius' foretelling of so many incursions into Ultramar, and the insights that have allowed Lord Macragge to counter each invasion before it has truly began?

So ended Waaagh! Madbrakka, its ramshackle fleet blasted to atoms the instant it emerged from the Warp. Warmaster Niadar of the ruinous powers met with scarcely greater success. Only one of his ships made planetfall on the cavern world of Calth, and the weakened assault force fell swiftly to units from the Ultramarines 3rd and 8th Companies.

Tigurius' gift would perhaps be treated with suspicion and perceived as the stigmata of unholy associations, yet none who have witnessed the Chief Librarian in battle can find cause to doubt his allegiance. When the call to war comes, Tigurius is oft to be found in the Ultramarines' vanguard. Amid the fury of battle the Chief Librarian's silent manner falls from him like a shroud, replaced by the vigour of a warrior born. So it was on the world of Boros. Focusing his psychic might, Tigurius sent hellfire coursing through the Ork horde and led the charge that saw the wearied 4th Company victorious over a far more numerous foe.

Tigurius has recently turned his talents to divining the threat of the Tyranids. His predictions about their movements have been so accurate that it would appear he has tapped into the Tyranid Hive Mind – a feat that has driven lesser individuals quite mad. If this is true then Tigurius will have proved himself the most powerful psyker in the Imperium.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Varro Tigurius	5	4	4	4	2	4	2	10	3+

SPECIAL RULES

And They Shall Know No Fear, Combat Tactics, Independent Character.

Master Psyker: Tigurius knows all the Psychic powers available to Space Marine Librarians (see page 57).

Gift of Prescience: If your army contains Tigurius, you can choose to re-roll any reserve rolls – even successful ones.

WARGEAR

Hood of Hellfire: The Hood of Hellfire functions as a psychic hood and, furthermore, allows Tigurius to use three psychic powers each turn.

Rod of Tigurius: The Rod of Tigurius is a master-crafted force weapon.

"Each path must be chosen with care,
Lest disaster swallow us whole."

Varro Tigurius
Ultramarines Chief Librarian

ORTAN CASSIUS

ULTRAMARINES CHAPLAIN, MASTER OF SANCTITY

Chaplain Cassius is the oldest active member of the Ultramarines Chapter. What little of his skin can be seen amid the life-sustaining bionics is gnarled and battle-scarred, and his one good eye burns with unfulfilled vengeance. Though Cassius is close on four centuries of age, his arm remains strong, his aim remains true and his sturdy presence within the Ultramarines battlelines fills the hearts of his younger brethren with pride and valour. His impassioned words have carried the Ultramarines forward into battle on a thousand, thousand worlds, firing his Battle-Brothers with his own deeply-held passion and belief.

Cassius can recall tales of the first Tyrannic War when he fought alongside Marneus Calgar (always "young Calgar" to Cassius) to purge Ultramar of the horrific denizens of Hive Fleet Behemoth. In the final stages of the war, Cassius accompanied the attempt to rescue the doomed 1st Company at the polar fortress of Macragge. At great cost of life the Tyranid invaders were hunted down and exterminated, though it was too late for the Veterans of the 1st Company who had long since laid down their lives for their brethren. Few of Cassius' companions emerged unscathed from the terrible close quarters fighting, and the Chaplain himself was laid low by a rampaging Carnifex, sustained only by a formidable strength of will until the chapter's Apothecaries could tend his ruined body.

After a long convalescence, during which much of his shattered form was rebuilt with bionics, Cassius returned to his duties, filled with new fire and purpose. The ancient Chaplain had been blessed with revelation as he lay dying in the ichor-stained ice. He believed that the Tyranid menace was no mere physical threat. The aliens were Mankind's rightful punishment for their lack of vigilance, and in Cassius' eyes there was no greater calling than to purge them from the galaxy.

To this end, the grizzled Chaplain petitioned Lord Macragge for the authority to forge a new body of Ultramarines, chosen from the survivors of the Tyrannic wars. Cassius believed that only these Space Marines, men who had been tested as he had, could truly understand the threat posed by the Tyranids.

Though secretly thoughtful of the strength of Cassius' newfound fervour, Calgar acceded to the request. The Chapter Master's sanction given, Cassius pulled together his corps of Tyrannic War Veterans. Though Cassius' recruits were initially few in number, each fresh clash with the Tyranid Hive Fleets provides new followers to his cause.

As the movement has grown, Cassius has become ever more withdrawn and his followers an ever more influential faction within the Ultramarines. Though this is perhaps a minor deviation from the Codex Astartes, Lord Macragge tolerates his mentor's divergence. Calgar knows that there shall yet be another reckoning between the Ultramarines and the Tyranids, and that Cassius' followers may then be the key to final victory.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Ortan Cassius	5	4	4	6	2	4	2	10	3+

SPECIAL RULES

Combat Tactics, Feel No Pain, Independent Character.

Honour of the Chapter, Liturgies of Battle:
See page 58 for details.

WARGEAR

Infernus: This is a master-crafted combi-flamer, lovingly crafted and modified by Cassius himself. Note that the boltgun is loaded with hellfire rounds and will therefore wound any model on a 2+.

"The blasphemy of the Tyranids is such that only one solution is acceptable. Extermination. There can only be two sides in such a fight – choose carefully, lest you and I find ourselves on different sides."

Chaplain Cassius
Ultramarines Master of Sanctity



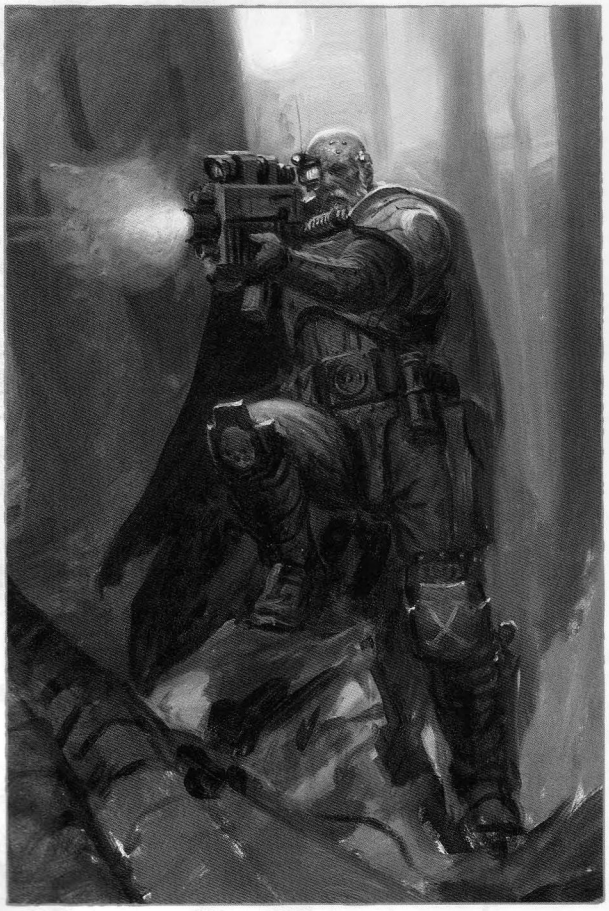
TORIAS TELION

BROTHER-SERGEANT OF THE ULTRAMARINES 10th COMPANY

Sergeant Telion has marched to war under the command of three successive Chapter Masters and has trod more battlefields than most of the Chapter's Captains. Indeed, no less than four of the current Ultramarines Captains learnt their skills under Telion's watchful eye and rightly accredit their success to the peerless tutelage they received at his grizzled hands.

Having been awarded fully two-score battlefield commendations, including the Iron Skull, the Imperial Laurel and a dozen Marksman's Honour badges, Telion has earnt a position in the Ultramarines Honour Guard several times over. Nonetheless, he chooses to remain in the Scout Company, where by example and experience he can forge the future warriors of the Chapter.

Telion has mastered all of the martial disciplines of the Space Marines over his three centuries of service. Having fought eye-to-eye and blade-to-blade with Mankind's most fearsome enemies, Telion has taken the measure of each and found them wanting. He is a master of brawl, parry and stance. Few gambits of brute strength or elegant skill can penetrate Telion's guard, and fewer opponents can hope to defend themselves against the Sergeant's precise and controlled blows.



Yet however formidable Telion might be as a close-quarter foe, his skills of mêlée are nothing as to those he practices at range. He can take account of environmental interferences, such as wind or gravity, like few others and use bolter or sniper rifle to deliver a killing shot far beyond the official range. Two of his many Marksman's Honour badges were earnt for such feats at the relief of Pallia, where a pair of extreme-range bolter shots ended the lives of both the Commander and Ethereal of a Tau reconnaissance force. With the death of their leaders, the invaders lost all resolve and were easy prey for the oncoming Ultramarines.

Much of Telion's marksmanship is innate, a quirk produced from the merging of latent talent and gene seed, but under his guidance even the rawest Scout can achieve a level of expertise worthy of the most experienced Captain.

That the Ultramarines can boast the most skilled marksmen of any Space Marine Chapter is credited in large part to Telion, whose admonishments and precepts on the subject of war at a distance have become legendary far beyond Ultramar. Indeed, Telion has been seconded to several Chapters with close ties to the Ultramarines, so that his knowledge and unique skills can more widely benefit the immortal Emperor's cause.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Sergeant Telion	5	6	4	4	1	4	2	9	4+

SPECIAL RULES

And They Shall Know No Fear, Combat Tactics, Stealth, Acute Senses, Infiltrate, Move Through Cover, Scout.

Eye of Vengeance: Wounds caused by Telion's Shooting attacks are allocated by his controlling player, rather than the opposing player.

Voice of Experience: Telion can forgo making a Shooting attack of his own to guide a Battle-Brother's shot. If Telion does not make a shooting attack, one friendly model in his squad can use his Ballistic Skill of 6. You must declare you are using this ability before either Telion or the beneficiary fire any shots.

WARGEAR

Stalker Pattern Boltgun: Telion commonly carries a boltgun equipped with a targeter and loaded with silenced shells. It can be fired with the following profile:

Range	Strength	AP	Type
36"	4	5	Heavy 2 Rending, Pinning

ANTARO CHRONUS

BROTHER-SERGEANT OF THE ULTRAMARINES ARMOURY

Antaro Chronus is the most gifted of all the Ultramarines tank commanders. While most such warriors dedicate themselves to the mastery of a particular vehicle, Chronus' abilities extend to almost any tank in the armoury of the Adeptus Astartes. Few other commanders can match the precision of his bombardments when at the helm of a Whirlwind or Vindicator. No living man can hope to be as coldly precise when unleashing the baleful weaponry of a mighty Predator.

For a Space Marine to be assigned to serve in the armoury is an honour indeed, and to do so is to be entrusted with command of the Chapter's most valuable weapons of war. It is a transition that few Battle-Brothers are able to make, for the crew must suppress their physical self and adopt the adamantium behemoth's form as their own. A crewman must act as decisively and instinctively with the tank as he would with his own limbs. The tank's sensors and viewfinders become the commander's eyes and ears, its weapons are his fists and rage, and its armour his skin.

Chronus takes such skill one step further. He knows the capabilities and limits of every weapon system in every tank, and is cognisant of which of those mechanisms can be bypassed or jury-rigged in the event of damage.

So it was that Chronus kept the Predator *Rage of Antonius* battleworthy during the closing actions of the Damnos Incident, despite suffering several broadside hits from Necron gauss cannons. That the *Rage* survived at all was the cause of much wonderment in the Techmarines who repaired the tank's extensive damage at the campaign's end. That Chronus not only managed to complete his mission goal of destroying the Necron phase generator, but also forced the Necron War Cell into full retreat before the *Rage of Antonius'* systems went into shutdown, was seen as nothing short of miraculous. Such a feat has often been imitated by other Ultramarines tank crews, but never bettered.

For his actions on Damnos and a hundred other worlds, Sergeant Chronus was anointed as the 'Spear of Macragge' – a pre-Heresy title awarded to the Ultramarines' pre-eminent tank commander.

As the Spear, it is Chronus' duty to lead the Chapter's armoured assaults, and his privilege to choose the chariot in which he rides to battle. It is a unique position of authority within the Ultramarines, for it means that although Sergeant Chronus has command over some fifty Brother-Marines, he himself is not subject to the orders of a Captain and answers in all things only to Lord Macragge.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Antaro Chronus	4	5	4	4	1	4	2	9	3+

SPECIAL RULES

Tank Commander: Chronus is always bought as an upgrade and starts the game as commander of a Space Marine tank (see the army list). Use the tank commander model of Chronus to represent this.

Chronus' tank ignores any Crew Shaken or Crew Stunned results and can use his Ballistic Skill of 5.

If the tank suffers a Wrecked or Explodes! result, roll a D6. On a 1 or 2, Chronus is slain. If the result is 3 or more, Chronus leaps clear at the last second – when the damage has been resolved, place him within 2" of the vehicle's position. If Chronus' vehicle has been destroyed he has the above profile and following special rules for the remainder of the game: And They Shall Know No Fear, Combat Tactics, Independent Character. He may not take command of a different tank.

"The roar of engines, the recoil of cannons.
That is where the true joy of battle lies."

Brother-Sergeant Chronus
The Spear of Macragge



IDAEUS' LAST COMMAND

In 999.M41, the taint of Chaos was detected on the world of Thracia, and Imperial forces rapidly moved to meet the threat. Half the planetary garrison had been corrupted. Worse still, there were reports indicating the presence of Night Lords Chaos Space Marines.

Loyalist forces drove the poorly-armed traitors before them until advancing Imperial Guard units were in position to launch a full offensive against the capital city of Mercia. Before the assault could be launched, six bridges on the Imperial right flank needed to be destroyed in order to prevent the Emperor's forces from being attacked on the march. Atmospheric electrical storms prevented demolition by orbital strike, but the bridges were believed to be held by under-strength rebel units and thus vulnerable to ground assault. Detachments of Ultramarines were deployed via Thunderhawk Gunships to capture and destroy each bridge with melta charges.

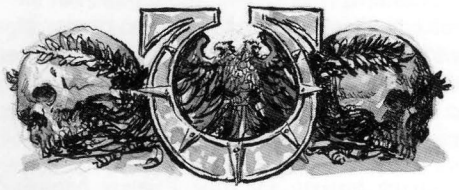
Bridge Two-Four – a gargantuan structure of rockcrete slabs and adamantium girders, and whose girth could easily accommodate the passage of a Baneblade super-heavy tank – was the lynchpin of the entire operation, and its destruction was assigned to the Ultramarines 4th Company. After a brief fire fight, the rebel garrison was swept aside. The bridge, and both approaches, were captured. As Techmarines rigged the bridge for detonation, the bulk of Idaeus' Company secured the eastern approach, keeping keen watch for Chaos forces advancing through the mist-shrouded plains to the east.

Within minutes, shells began dropping in the midst of the Space Marines. As the first explosions split the air, a massive Chaos counter-attack loomed out of the mist and thrust towards the bridge. The Ultramarines' gambit had been anticipated by the Night Lords, and now a considerable force was bearing down on the 4th Company's position. Though his forces were heavily beset, Idaeus knew that to fall back with his mission unfinished was to expose the right flank of the main Imperial army.



Under Idaeus' steady leadership, the 4th Company fell back before the oncoming horde, spending their lives to buy time so that the Techmarines could complete their sabotage. With the charges set, Idaeus pulled his men back across the bridge and signalled for Thunderhawk exfiltration as he prepared to detonate the breaching charges. The Ultramarines fell back in good order but, before the bridge could be destroyed, the Techmarine carrying the detonators was obliterated by a direct hit from an artillery shell. Worse yet, as the Thunderhawk swept in behind the Ultramarines position, concealed Hydra flak tanks blew it from the sky.

With the mission undone and their retreat severed, the Ultramarines occupied the bunkers and gun nests at the western end of the bridge and prepared to hold their position to the last man. Idaeus sent warning to the Imperial army and ordered another Thunderhawk to extract his men. For the rest of the night, the servants of Chaos assaulted across the bridge, and each time were repulsed by disciplined waves of bolter fire. As dawn approached, a lull in the fighting gave Idaeus the opportunity to despatch a raiding party in an attempt to detonate the explosives manually. The gambit ended in failure – none of those men were seen again until dawn.



As the sun rose, Rhino transports in the colours of the Night Lords pushed across the debris-strewn bridge. Ultramarines prisoners taken during the night were nailed to the hulls, their rib-cages cracked open and spread wide. Brimming with rage, Idaeus led a countercharge onto the bridge's ravaged arches. Some say that the Captain's wrath that day was such that he tore the foe apart with his bare hands, and none can argue that the Night Lords' attack was defeated more swiftly than the defenders had any right to expect. Overcome by the Ultramarines' valourous rage, the Night Lords fell back once more, leaving the corpses they had so mercilessly despoiled in the hands of the Ultramarines. The attack was defeated, but there was no doubt there would be many more before the day was out. Less than a fifth of the Ultramarines who had begun the operation were still alive and Idaeus knew that one more push would see them defeated. He ignored the pleas of his sergeants and set off alone in a suicidal attempt to blow the bridge.

Sprinting through the bullet-chased and smoke haunted rubble, Idaeus reached the first of the demolition charges just as the retrieval Thunderhawk touched down beyond the bridge's western approach and out of range of the enemy anti-aircraft positions. Triggering the comms-net, Idaeus ordered the remaining Ultramarines to retreat under the command of Sergeant Uriel Ventris as the Night Lords began yet another assault. The surviving Ultramarines withdrew under fire to the Thunderhawk and Idaeus waited until the last possible second before detonating the first charge. In a catastrophic chain reaction, the remaining charges exploded, destroying Idaeus, the bridge and much of the Night Lords' oncoming assault wave in a searing blast that shook the earth for leagues around.

Though the cost had been high, the attack across bridge two-four had been thwarted. Its right flank secure, the Imperial army moved on Mercia and crushed all resistance in a matter of days. Within two months, the planet had been brought under Imperial control once again.

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BACK TO INDEX ASTARTES SECTION

PURGE THE ALIEN

Ultramarines Tyrannic War Veterans

The Ultramarines have fought the Tyranid swarms since Hive Fleet Behemoth smashed into the realm of Ultramar. To stem the Tyranid tide Chaplain Cassius formed an elite cadre of warriors.

In the 250 years since the arrival of Hive Fleet Behemoth, Ultramar has been the bastion of the Eastern Fringe. Time and time again the Ultramarines have sallied forth to face the Tyranids, sparing others the terror and death that accompanies them.

But the price has been a steep one; during the Battle for Macragge the Ultramarines First Company was utterly wiped out in a heroic last stand beneath the northern polar fortress. The First Company contained the chapter's finest warriors equipped with Terminator armour, a precious and ever-dwindling resource. Such losses of men and material are not easily replaced.

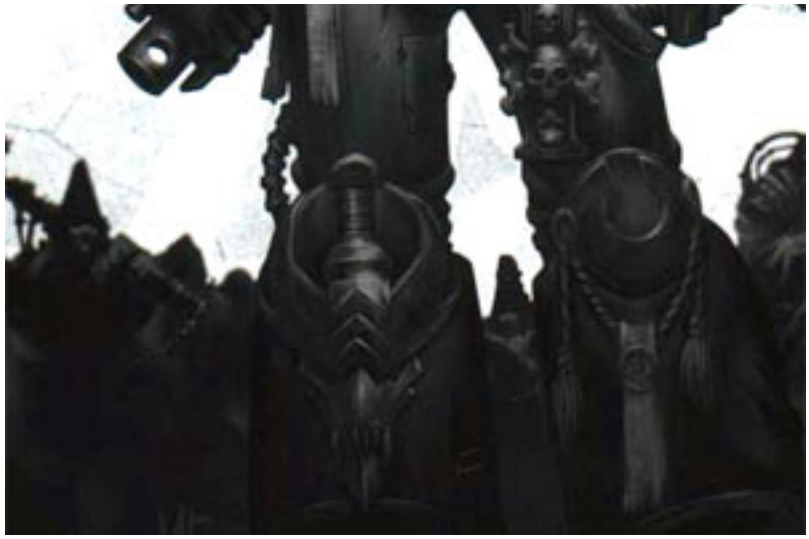
The Ultramarines would never allow such losses, however grievous, to deflect them from their duty and Chapter master Marneus Calgar immediately commanded that a new first Company be recruited. Captain Agemann of the Second Company was honoured with command of the First Company and, together with Calgar, began the long, arduous process of rebuilding it.

The Aftermath of Macragge



The surface of Macragge had been ravaged by the Tyranid attack, though nowhere near as thoroughly as worlds more comprehensively enveloped. Once the remains of the dead aliens had been destroyed or removed for study, the planet was deemed cleansed by both the Inquisition and the Ultramarines. The Ultramarines' dead were taken in gloomy procession from the depths of the northern defence fortress and returned with full honours to the Fortress of Hera, whereupon Marneus Calgar himself carved their names upon the walls of the Temple of Correction.

Over the next century, the Techmarines of the Ultramarines of the Ultramarines ritually repaired the damaged done to the dead warriors' suits of



Terminator armour. The attack of the Tyranids had grievously scarred this holy battle gear and great was the labour undertaken by every Techmarine as he sought to restore each suit to its former glory. But armour is not enough for a warrior to fight the foes of Mankind; he must have training, skill, determination and, above all, courage and honour.

The worlds that compromise Ultramar provide no shortage of neophytes, but the initiation process takes many years and even then decades of combat experience are needed to harden them to the rigours of war until they are considered worthy members of the chapter. To accelerate the process Marneus Calgar offered his warriors for secondment to the Deathwatch, the chamber militant of the Ordo Xenos. At any moment on the Eastern Fringe the Ordo Xenos is guaranteed to be fully engaged in rooting out Xenos perfidy, so the Ultramarines assigned to them quickly gained experience.

The Ultramarines under the Ordo Xenos saw regular battle. As they were in the Galactic East, which saw successive assaults from Hive Fleets, the experiences that made veterans of these warriors inevitably came from fighting Tyranids. Under the personal direction of Chaplain Cassius, a new elite emerged. Known as Tyrannic War Veterans, these new squads were a departure for the Ultramarines, a chapter for whom such specialization was almost unheard of. Two factors gave the appropriate weight to the argument for their formation: first, the necessity of having a full strength Veteran company available and second, the chapter's deeply-felt hatred for the Tyranids.

The Conclave of Hera

Perhaps not surprisingly, there was resistance to the recognition of Tyrannic War Veterans within the ranks of the Ultramarines. Though the Master of Sanctity himself urged the formation of such squads, many of its Masters protested that they were unsanctioned by the Codex Astartes and therefore unthinkable. Arguments both for and against the formation of Tyrannic War Veterans squads raged back and forth, but no resolution could be reached. Eventually MArneus Calgar decided that such arguments, while providing much theoretical debate on the origins of the Codex Astartes and the intent of Roboute Guilliman, were ultimately fruitless. In order to break the deadlock, the Chapter Master decreed that all warriors of the Ultramarines could have their say upon the matter at a great Feast of Remembrance, where the chapter honours those who died to defeat the Tyranids of Hive Fleet Behemoth.

Ultramarines traveled from far and wide to attend the Conclave of Hera, Marneus Calgar waiting for as many warriors to arrive as possible before beginning proceedings in the shadow of the great Primarch himself. Each warrior was permitted to speak his mind on the inclusion of the Tyrannic War Veterans within the chapter and many opinions and views were aired before the Chapter Master. Chaplain Cassius and Captain Agemman of the First Company spoke passionately of their value, bringing a surviving warrior of the Scythes of the Emperor before the conclave to speak of what he had seen and learned in battle against the Tyranids. The conclave continued for many months, warriors who had been unable to reach Macragge before its

beginning now arriving and speaking their mind on the issue. At last, Lord Calgar decreed that he had heard all he needed and retired to his chambers atop the mighty fortress to ponder the matter.

For many days and nights the Chapter Master of the Ultramarines thought of the widely differing views espoused at the conclave, praying and fasting for guidance from Roboute Guilliman and the Emperor. As dawn broke on the morning of the 40th day, Lord Calgar emerged from his chambers as word reached Macragge of Tyranid creatures attacking settlements on Espandor - monsters stranded in Ultramar after the battles against Behemoth. Calgar took this as a sign and declared before his assembled warriors that the Tyrannic War Veterans would indeed become part of the Ultramarines' military structure. This new infestation would be their first trial and , should they be successful, then all would recognize their usefulness.

The Cleansing of Espandor

Espandor is a sparsely populated world, consisting largely of thick forests and remote agri-complexes. Local militia had discovered a Tyranid nest deep in the forest, cut off and isolated, but growing stronger and larger with each passing day. Several nearby communities had been devastated and the creatures were approaching a critical mass of population. It would only be a matter of time until they were too strong to stop. Cassius gathered the warriors who had fought the Tyranids the most and, together with Captain Agemman, began training them to work together and utilize the specialised weapons found to work best in combination against the threat of the Tyranids.

Upon arrival on Espandor, the Ultramarines found yet more communities had been wiped out by Tyranids. The local planetary defence forces were unable to hunt down the reatures when they unable to hunt down the creatures when they retreated back into the forest for fear of ambush. The Ultramarines made planetfall near Kondor's Reach, one of the largest agri-complexes on Espandor and, thus far, safe heaven

Chaplain Cassius quietly entered the Chapel of Sanctity. The figure kneeling in the centre of the stone-flags, dimly lit by flickering candles, seemed not to notice him.

"Sergeant Remas," said Cassius, his voice stern, but not without sympathy. The sergeant looked up and then slowly rose to his feet. He was shorter than the Chaplain, but more solidly built. He wore a black tunic, its cuffs and hems decorated with a fine golden thread. There was a golden scythe embroidered on his left arm, the chapter badge of the Scythes of the Emperor.

Cassius motioned him to a seat at the side of the chapel: noticing that the sergeant limped heavily as he moved across the stone floor.

for the scared populace. Cassius immediately organized his warriors into three detachments and together he and Captain Agemman led them to the site of the most recent Tyranid attack. With auspexes specially modified to detect Tyranid pheromone trails, the Ultramarines were able to track the aliens into depths of the forest. The trail continued for many miles, eventually ending at a great, bio-organic structure enmeshed within the trees that resembled a great hive. Hissing Tyranid creatures poured from the hive and attacked the Ultramarines, but with flamers and disciplined heavy bolter fire, the aliens were forced back and the warriors of the Ultramarines pursued them within the blasphemous structure.

Inside was a warren of caves formed from gelatinous, slimy material, each tunnel a potential hiding place for a Tyranid creature. With great discipline, the Ultramarines fought downwards through the hive, cleansing and burning everything before them. At the heart of the hive they discovered a wounded creature that obviously still served as some kind of leader-beast. Only its crippling injuries had prevented the Tyranids from spreading further across the surface of the planet, but the alien monsters that protected it were no less fierce than any other. The Ultramarines fought their way through the creatures and Captain Agemman himself slew the beast. The expertise learned in previous engagements with the Tyranids proved invaluable, as each warrior knew precisely where to strike their foes to cause maximum damage and



"Tell me what happened," said Cassius.

For a moment Remas hung his head. As he looked up, light glinted from the three silver studs embedded in his forehead, each inscribed with the figure of a horseman. The shadow of a deep, ragged scar crossed his left cheek. Remas's eyes were sad, but they held the Chaplain's gaze.

As he spoke, the sergeant's voice remained steady, almost completely motionless, but occasionally a nervous shudder shook his right arm.

"There was no warning when the other ship appeared, nothing showed on our surveyors until we were close enough to pick it up visually. It was a strange shape, like a great beast from the deep, a huge spiral armour on its back. It would not respond to our signals and kept moving towards the core planets of the system. We were having problems communicating with our fortress-monastery, so I took the decision to board.

"As soon as the boarding torpedo struck, we dispersed. The inside of the ship was like nothing I had ever seen before. Tubes of dark fluid ran along the walls, bloated creatures like maggots hung from the ceiling and the tunnels twisted like intestines. There was a constant, low pulsing sound and a stench like rotting flesh.

"We had just reached a wider chamber when they struck. There were three of them, each twice as tall as a man. They had bony plates on their back and, through their ribs. I could see ugly, throbbing organs. They had four arms, two with claws large enough to crush a man's head, and their spines ended in huge stingers that dripped black poison.

understood how the aliens fought. Such was their skill and training that not a single warrior was lost in the battle. With the aliens expunged, the hive and the surrounding area was destroyed by a sustained orbital barrage to ensure that no taint of the aliens remained.

Upon returning to Macragge, the value of the Tyrannic War Veterans could not be doubted and their incorporation into the Codex Astartes was formally recognized by all the various Masters. Soon, the expertise gained from fighting the Tyranids was included within the training of all Space Marines of the Ultramarines chapter. Those who excelled in this field of warfare are now often seconded to units likely to see action against Tyranids, in order to further hone their skills.

Combat Doctrine

The Tyranid hunters fight with a mix of close combat weapons and long-range firepower that best exemplifies how to defeat the Tyranids. They carry special ammunition for heavy bolters, known as Hellfire shells, which were developed by the Magos Biologis of the Adeptus Mechanicus working in tandem with the Ordo Xenos. These shells are designed to shatter upon impact, shredding their targets with thousands of needles coated with a powerful mutagenic acid - lethal even to Tyranids. Flamers are an important part of their arsenal, as such indiscriminate weapons are deadly to the smaller, but no less dangerous, Tyranid organisms.

"Two of them had claws like swords that tore through power armour with ease. I saw one split Harvan in two, carving through his armour as though there was nothing there. The third had a long tube of gristle growing from its arms that groaned and made a noise like tearing flesh as it fired."

Remas paused for a moment. His eyes turned to the shredded banner standing in the corner of the chapel. It was checked and bore the image of a golden horseman. Cassius had been that when the Ultramarines found Remas's drifting ship, the unconscious sergeant was clutching the banner so tightly they had to wait until he woke before he would release it.

"I hope never to see that weapon used again. With one shot it killed three of my men, burning through their armour and spraying them with vile mucus. They died in agony. It was as though a plague rotted their flesh, but it took seconds, not days, to kill them."

"Their memory will live on," promised Cassius. He indicated that Remas should continue.

"We killed a dozen of these creatures, may be more, and left their ship crippled. We could find no consoles, no plasma drives, nothing to show how it was controlled, only things like swollen glands and organs that seemed to be part of the ship's structure. We destroyed everything we could and planted demolition charges powerful enough to rupture it from stem to stem. When we pulled away, only myself and Brother Tobias were left alive."

Remas fell silent, but continued to stare intently into Cassius's eyes as though he was looking for something: forgiveness perhaps. Or maybe he hoped that Cassius could deny what had happened. But Cassius had seen the last communications from Scythes' fortress. He had seen the plains burning under a huge pall of smoke as the aliens approached the walls. He had heard the terror in the final message from the Scythes' Astropaths, "The Tyranids are coming!" He knew there was no hope he could give Remas, except a chance for redemption in the wars that were inevitably coming. At last Remas looked down, but when he spoke there was a new firmness to his voice. "The Chapter is not lost. While any of us survive. The Scythes of the Emperor will serve with honour to the last man."

"Indeed they shall," nodded Cassius. "But first I need you to help me."

"Of course, Chaplain," nodded Remas. "Tell me what I must do."

"I want to know about the Tyranids: how they fight, how they react to threats and how we may yet defeat them," said Cassius. "Tell me everything."

But firepower alone will never be enough to halt a Tyranid assault, and each warrior is highly trained to recognize and strike weak points in a Tyranid's body. Every warrior has had his reflexes honed to incredible heights, that he might better fight the Tyranids in close combat. In addition, Tyrannic War Veterans are

trained to utilize krak grenades in close combat, something normally only possible when attacking armoured vehicles. They have proved that larger Tyranid creatures, that would be too huge to defeat with conventional close combat weaponry, can be brought down by the careful placement of a grenade somewhere vital.

Tyrannic War Veterans are trained to wrok with other squads of Space Marines to utilize their skills most effectively, driving larger broods of Tyranids towards the guns of Devastators squads or guiding smaller ones onto the blades of Assault squads. Having now fought successfully in several major engagements, it would seem that the Tyrannic War Veterans are now an established part of the Ultramarines chapter.

"The blasphemy of the Tyranids is such that only one solution is acceptable. Extermination."

Chaplain Cassius, Ultramarines Master of Sanctity

Using Tyrannic War Veterans in Warhammer 40,000

Tyrannic War Veterans are an Elite choice that can only be used in Ultramarines armies.

Tyrannic War Veterans										
Profile	**Points**	**WS**	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**W**	**I**	**A**	**Ld**	**Sv**
Sergeant	32	4	4	4	4	1	4	2	9	3+
Space Marine	17	4	4	4	4	1	4	1	8	3+

Number/Squad: Sergeant and 4-9 Space Marines.

Weapons: Bolter, frag & krak grenades, purity seals. The Sergeant may replace his bolter with a bolt pistol and close combat weapon at no extra cost.

Options: One Space Marine may replace his bolter with a flamer at +6 points. One Space Marine may replace his bolter with a heavy bolter at +10 points. Every Space Marine in the unit may be given Terminaotr Honours at a cost of +10 points per model.

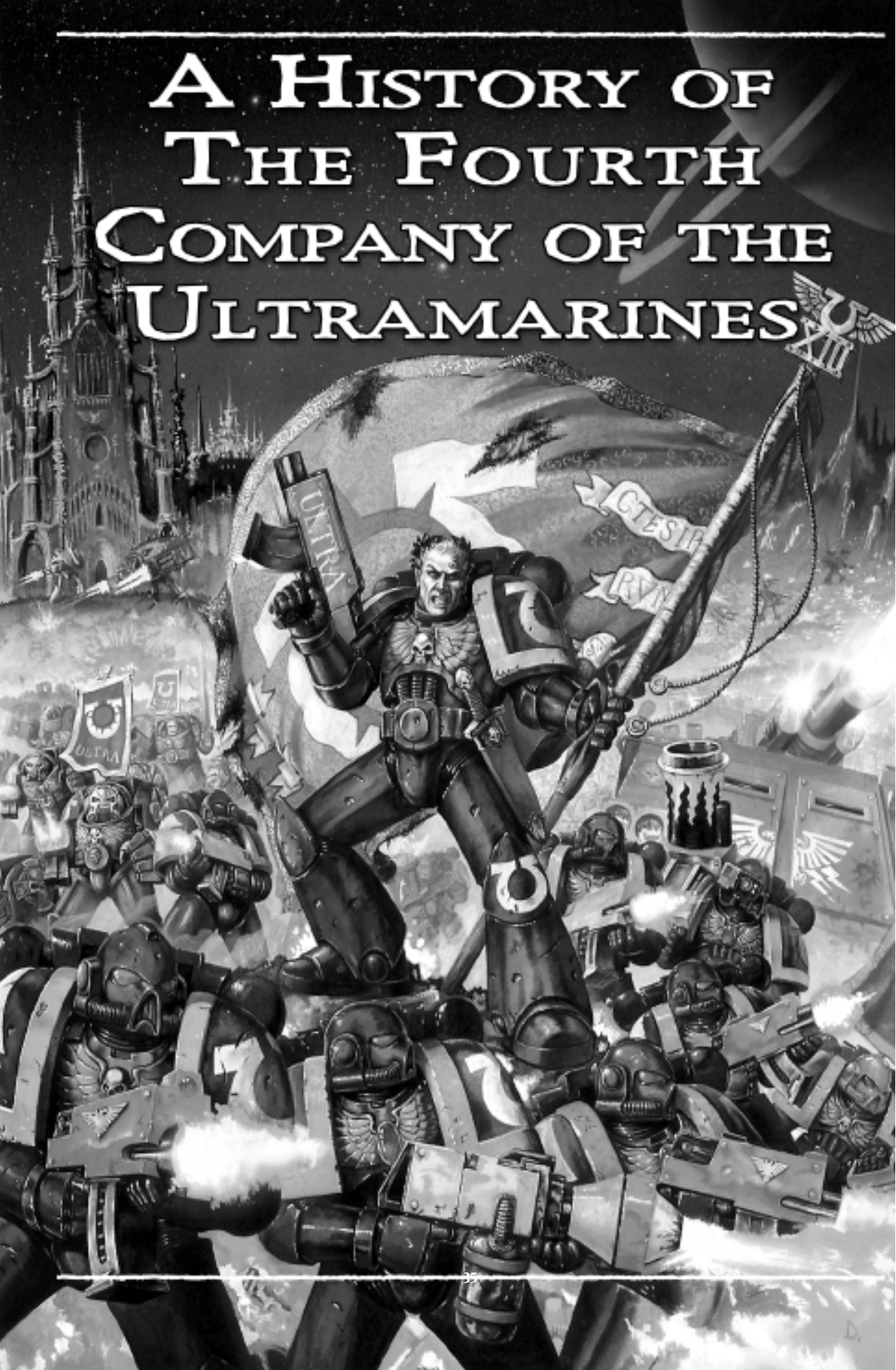
Characters: The Sergeant may select equipment from the Space Marine Armoury. He already has Terminator Honours included in the profile above.

Transport: A Tyrannic War Veteran squad which numbers six models or less may select a Razorback transport. A Tyrannic War Veteran squad that numbers ten models or less may select a Rhino transport. See the Transport Vehicles entry for their details.

SPECIAL RULES

Special Skills: All models in a Tyrannic War Veteran squad have the following skills: Preferred Enemy

A History of The Fourth Company of the Ultramarines



The Ultramarines are a byword for courage and honour, and their warriors are justly held in the highest regard throughout the Imperium. Unlike many other Chapters, who control a single planet or fortress-monastery, the Ultramarines control no fewer than eight systems from their homeworld of Macragge, the stellar realm known as Ultramar. It is from these worlds that the Ultramarines recruit their newest members, administer Imperial Justice and rule Ultramar with a just and disciplined hand. The Ultramarines fortress monastery – known as the Fortress of Hera – is situated in the highest peaks of Macragge, and it is here that the best and bravest of the children selected from the many academies throughout Ultramar are brought to begin their training as Space Marines. Here, they will become the most feared fighting warriors of the Imperium – the Angels of Death, the Adeptus Astartes.

Roboute Guilliman, the Primarch of the Ultramarines, set down the foundations of the Imperium's fighting forces ten thousand years ago in a mighty tome known and revered as the Codex Astartes. This holy work embodied all the Primarch's military genius and set out precise guidelines for virtually every single aspect of war imaginable, everything from the correct conduct while marching to the precise execution of a planetary assault. But perhaps its most significant edict was the breaking up of the Space Marine Legions into the smaller Chapters that exist today. No longer would one man control a force as powerful as a Space Marine Legion. Each Chapter was broken up into a force of ten companies, roughly a thousand warriors strong. The Ultramarines have followed his teachings since those days and are strict adherents to the words of their Primarch's tome. The organisation and combat doctrines of the Ultramarines of today are the same as those followed by the Ultramarines of ten thousand years ago. These tenets of belief have passed to the citizens of Ultramar and this stellar realm is as close to the ideal of a human Utopia as is imaginable in a galaxy of war.

Defenders of Ultramar

The Fourth Company of the Ultramarines has a long and glorious history, stretching back to the dark days of the Horus Heresy when brother Space Marines fell into the bloodiest civil war ever to tear at the Emperor's realm. They have fought and triumphed against traitors, fallen Space Marines and vile xeno creatures, bringing honour and glory to their Chapter. In most recent times, the Company has faced some of its greatest challenges and met some of the most powerful enemies. All of which its warriors have fought with courage and honour.

The Fourth Company are known as the 'Defenders of Ultramar' – an accolade won in the Chapter's earliest history, when Chaos Space Marines from the Word Bearers attacked the Ultramarines towards the end of the Horus Heresy and drove them back to the very heart of Ultramar. It was upon the world of Calth that the final battle took place. Famed for its orbital shipyards, Calth was a typical world of Ultramar. Its inhabitants were wealthy and generous, knowing little in the ways of want or fear. In many ways, theirs was a paradise, and as such it was not to last.

When the Word Bearers launched their attack against the Ultramarines, the strike against Calth was led by one of the Word Bearers' greatest champions, the former Master of the Faith, Kor Phaeron. This mighty champion swore to utterly destroy the planet, and

was very nearly successful. From his personal battle barge, he directed a full-scale invasion of the Calth system. Calth's three sister planets were all destroyed, massive geo-nuclear strikes ripping them apart at the core. Calth's once gentle sun was laced with deadly metals and substances that increased the star's radiation output tenfold. (Within a century after the battle's end, the final elements of Calth's atmosphere were burned off by its sun and the world left airless, its populace now dwelling in gigantic underground caverns.) Upon its surface, the Fourth Company fought the Word Bearers to a standstill. The traitors held superiority in numbers, weaponry, and brutality, but the Ultramarines would never give in. Asdriven as the warriors of Lord Kor Phaeron were, they could not dislodge the Ultramarines, many of whom had once called the planet home.

The war upon Calth was devastating and horrific. Ancient codes of warfare and martial conduct were broken and set aside by the Word Bearers as all manner of death and destruction was unleashed. The Ultramarines were stunned by the millions of cultists the Word Bearers used as human shields and cannon fodder. The Word Bearers, in turn, had underestimated the tenacity and resolve of their hated foe. In the end, Lord Kor Phaeron was defeated when reinforcements from Macragge drove the Word Bearers from the surface of Calth. Kor Phaeron retreated all the way to the Maelstrom, a turbulent region of the galaxy where the Immaterium of Chaos seeps through into the material realm of the universe. The Ultramarines were victorious, and the leader of the Fourth company, Brother Captain Ventanus, would one day set foot upon the shattered homeworld of the Word Bearers, symbolically capturing the abandoned homeworld of the Legion that had once threatened to enslave Ultramar.

Guardians of the Eastern Fringe

The Ultramarines have always held the eastern fringes against the forces of darkness that threaten the Imperium from beyond the halo stars, and the Fourth Company have a special hatred for the alien invaders known as the tyranids. Rapacious, extra-galactic predators, these relentless alien killers consume all before them in their quest for bio-matter to feed the ever-hungry bio-factories of their hive queens. The first tyranid hive fleet, codified as Behemoth, smashed into Imperial space in 745.M41 and descended upon Macragge in a flurry of talon and claw. Forewarned by Inquisitor Kryptman, the Chapter Master of the Ultramarines, Marneus Calgar, stood ready to face the deadly aliens, but nothing could prepare his warriors for the



sheer horror of what was to come. Commanded at this time by Captain Idaeus, the Fourth Company fought at the forefront of the defence and were instrumental in the destruction of several of the larger tyranid vessels. At last the invasion of Behemoth was repulsed, but at terrible cost; the entirety of the First Company was wiped out defending the northern polar defences and many great heroes met their end. The Ultramarines had won the first Tyrannic War, but Kryptman assured Calgar that the tyranids would be back.

With the des-truction of Behemoth, the Ultramarines set about consolidating their hold on Ultramar. Many of their best and bravest warriors had fallen to the tyranids, and with their strength thus depleted, many other alien and piratical raiders took advantage of this lapse in security and launched their own raids throughout Ultramar to sack worlds previously unassailable. Thus it was that the Fourth Company – which had been at full strength when the tyranid fleet attacked – had come through the war with the fewest casualties, and were thus the first called upon to help liberate Vorhn's world, a Shrine world in a neighbouring sub-sector.



The ork warlord known as the Arch Maniac of Cabela had seized the world, enslaving its population and defiling the holy temples of the Emperor. Such barbarity could not be countenanced on such a holy world and thus the Fourth Company was tasked with its liberation. Idaeus once more led his warriors into battle, using a combination of rigid adherence to the words of the Codex Astartes and an uncanny ability to adapt to rapidly changing battlefield



Brother Captain Uriel Ventris

Born on the cavern world of Calth in the year 876.M41, Uriel is an ancestor of the Ultramarine hero, Lucian Ventris (who died in the first Tyrannic War) and as such he was inducted into the prestigious Agiselus Barracks where Roboute Guilliman and Marneus Calgar trained. Uriel proved to be an excellent student and performed extremely well at Agiselus, graduating with honours at the top of his class and thus ensuring his selection by the Ultramarines for training at the Fortress of Hera that very day. He completed his training at the Fortress of Hera in 898.M41 whereupon he was inducted into the Scout Company, again performing exceptionally well before being elevated into the Fourth Company under the command of Captain Idaeus in 909.M41. He served under Idaeus for a further ninety years before his captain's death, when he assumed command of the company. Though he has served with courage and honour thus far, there are some who suggest that he may be rather too much Idaeus's prodigy in his attitudes to the Codex Astartes...

conditions to circumvent many of the ork strongpoints and destroy many vital elements of their defences. With much of their energies spent hunting down the raiders in their midst, the orks were unable to repulse the massed tank companies and regiments of the Jovian Hussars who overran the greenskins with a staggeringly low casualty rate. It was during the cleansing of Vorhn's World that a young Space Marine named Uriel Ventris came to Idaeus's attention. Claiming Lucian Ventris as an ancestor, who had died fighting the tyranids of hive fleet Behemoth beneath the polar defence fortress one hundred and eighty years ago, Uriel displayed exemplary courage, even amongst warriors for whom heroic feats of bravery were the norm. Taking command of his squad when his sergeant was killed by an ork warlord, Uriel displayed the qualities that would one day lead him to command the Fourth Company itself.

Rebuilding

With the liberation of Vorhn's world, the task was now to secure the borders of Ultramar, and upon their return from the victorious campaign against the orks, Idaeus's company joined their Battle Brothers in securing the borders of Ultramar against further attack. For the next five years, the company patrolled the northern borders of their realm, running interdiction attacks and boarding actions against any and all raiders they encountered. Aboard the Vae Victus, an honourable ship commanded by Captain Lazlo Tiberius, himself a scarred veteran of the Tyrannic Wars, the Fourth company destroyed over three hundred vessels and achieved the highest number of kills to add to the banner in their company chapel.

Over the next few years, between occasional returns to Macragge for obeisances at the Temple of Correction, where the stasis-sealed corpse of Roboute Guilliman watches over his Chapter, the Fourth Company regained its strength and inducted many new members. Returned to full combat readiness, the company was once again fit for duties beyond the borders of Ultramar: in the Mereneas Core. The company was to earn the gratitude of



Lord Admiral Lazlo Tiberius

Tiberius fought as captain of the Vae Victus in the First Tyrannic War, helping to defeat hive fleet Behemoth, though he was terribly scarred during the final stages of the war when a tyranid bio-weapon penetrated his ship's defence screen. Schooled in the ways of war by the former Master of the Fleet, his skills in ship-to-ship combat are second to none and it was not long before he rose to the rank of Lord Admiral. Normally seconded to the Fourth Company, the Vae Victus has carried Uriel and his warriors into battle many times. Although Captain Ventris's title is Master of the Fleet, this is a task he has passed to Tiberius as being the more suitable man for the role.

the Adeptus Mechanicus when they boarded and destroyed the space hulk, Flame of Iniquity, an agglomerated structure of scores of derelict spaceships that threatened a number of their Forge Worlds – giant, factory planets where much of the armed might of the Imperium is produced.

Following this success, the determination and courage of the Fourth Company came to the attention of Inquisitor Markhov, who was in need of warriors of such great skill. He petitioned Marneus Calgar for the Ultramarines assistance in a matter of grave urgency. Calgar consented to allow the Fourth Company to be seconded to the inquisitor's service and Idaeus's company was despatched to the world of Epsilon Regalis – a world later to be made infamous by Witch Hunter Tyrus. Precisely what occurred on this world has never been made known, the events subsequent to the Ultramarines deployment on Epsilon Regalis having been sealed by the Ordo Hereticus. Immediately following this mysterious mission, the Fourth Company were involved in the eradication of several indigenous life-forms on the world of Horranveth to allow colonisation by an Adeptus Mechanicus Explorator team. Many among the Ultramarines felt that this was beneath them, but none dared defy their Chapter Master's decree.

Following the purgation of Horranveth, the company was recalled to take part in the Balur Crusade, a mixed-Chapter force led by Marneus Calgar himself. A strong coalition of xeno creatures (identified as tau, kroot and tarellian) had launched an attack



into Imperial held space and demanded that the inhabitants of the captured worlds swear allegiance to their blasphemous empire. Naturally, such naked aggression could not go unanswered and together with warriors from the Blood Angels, Marines Malevolent and the taciturn remnants of the Scythes of the Emperor, Calgar led the combined army to swift victory, destroying the nascent colonies and re-establishing Imperial rule.

Return of the Tyranids

The Fourth Company were to fight the tyranids again on the world of Ichar IV when these xenos returned with yet another hive fleet, this time known as Kraken. Far from the battering ram of Behemoth, it appeared that the tyranids had somehow learned from their defeat centuries before and attacked in a series of smaller, yet no less lethal, splinter fleets – attacking across a much wider front. Many of these fleets were destroyed, driving the aliens to consolidate their attack on the industrial world of Ichar IV. Again, the tyranid threat was met with courage and steel, the men of the Ultramarines fighting alongside hundreds of Imperial Guard regiments and seven other Space Marine Chapters. The Fourth Company were again in the forefront of the fighting, with Idaeus and Uriel both awarded the Imperial Laurel for their heroism. Once more the aliens were repulsed, though the threat of Kraken remains strong. The tyranid fleet broke into a number of smaller fleets as it retreated from Ichar IV and it is known that many of these splinter fleets have penetrated deep into the galactic core. Some have even reached as far as Segmentum Solar, though the massed guns of the Imperial fleet have destroyed these without mercy. However, whether every one of these splinter fleets has been destroyed remains unclear.

Following the defeat of the tyranids at Ichar IV, the Fourth Company was despatched to the world of Thracia, where the rumoured involvement of the Night Lords Chaos Space Marines necessitated a force capable of meeting them blade-to-blade. Regiments of Imperial Guard pushed towards the planetary capital, meeting stiff resistance, but crushing all before it. As the campaign progressed, the Imperial lines became lengthy and strung out – all too easy to attack and destroy from the flank. Realising this, the Fourth Company attacked the bridges that would allow such an attack, but in the process Captain Idaeus was lost, heroically sacrificing his own life to destroy the last bridge. Mourning its loss, the Fourth Company returned to Macragge to inter their fallen captain within the sacred soil of their homeworld, whereupon Veteran Sergeant Uriel Ventris was elevated to the rank of captain.

New Beginnings

Together with the newly appointed Captain Ventris, the Fourth company set off on their latest mission, to escort Adept Barzano of the Administratum to the



Brother Captain Idaeus

Idaeus commanded the Fourth Company from 627.M41 to 999.M41, earning a reputation as something of a maverick amongst the Ultramarines. His attitude was tolerated simply because he achieved victory with one of the lowest casualty figures in the entire Chapter. His penchant for thinking beyond the strictures of the Codex Astartes earned him some powerful detractors within the Chapter and some say it was this that led to his company being posted to some of the most dangerous warzones throughout the galaxy.



Veteran Sergeant Pasanius

Uriel's closest and most trusted friend. Pasanius is older than Uriel and is perhaps a little more worldly-wise than his captain. He is loved and respected by the men and his unfailing support for Uriel in the early days of his command helped cement his leadership. Pasanius is brusque and not afraid to speak his mind or voice doubts about a command decision, though once that decision has been made he will support it utterly. He is the embodiment of the spirit of the Codex Astartes. He lost his arm below the elbow to the Nightbringer on Pavonis and now sports one fashioned by the tech-adepts of that world.

troubled world of Pavonis. On the eastern fringes, Pavonis had been plagued by piratical raiders and civil insurrection and, upon the Ultramarines' arrival, the planet was very nearly plunged into a bloody civil war between its competing industrial cartels. Captain Ventris and Adept Barzano (now revealed as an inquisitor of the Ordo Xenos) went on to discover that the planet's troubles were at the instigation of a madman named Kasimir de Valtos who desired the release of an ancient and powerful star god imprisoned beneath the surface of Pavonis for millions of years. De Valtos was thwarted, though the ancient being known as the Nightbringer was freed from its aeons-long slumber and set loose amongst the stars. Only time will tell whether its escape will cost the Ultramarines and the galaxy dear.

With peace and Imperial rule restored to Pavonis, the Fourth Company journeyed to the northern reaches of Segmentum Tempestus to the world of Tarsis Ultra – a world liberated by Roboute Guilliman during the early days of the Great Crusade and with a proud history of upholding the traditions of the Ultramarines. Ancient oaths of brotherhood bound the fate of Tarsis Ultra to the Ultramarines and, when a gargantuan space hulk drifted in-system, Captain Ventris led his men deep into its haunted depths to destroy it from within. Buried deep within its structure, the Ultramarines discovered nests of frenzied orks. And something much worse: genestealers. The fighting within the hulk was amongst the fiercest encountered by the Fourth Company, but its warriors were able to fight their way clear of the hulk and watch its destruction from the bridge of the Vae Victus. But the victory was tinged with dread, for the ship's



astropaths detected the forward edge of a bow wave of warp interference – a phenomenon known as the Shadow in the Warp – which could mean only one thing. The tyranids were approaching.

The Defence of Tarsis Ultra

With warning of the approaching Tyranid fleet given, Imperial response was unusually swift. The Ultramarines contacted the Mortifactors, a brother Chapter of Space Marines, though they had diverged considerably from the ideals of Roboute Guilliman – embracing a culture of death worship. A fleet led by Admiral Bregant de Corte aboard the Argus was assembled, including many ancient and noble ships of war: Sword of Retribution, Kharloss Vincennes, to name but two. Soldiers from the Death Korps of Krieg and the Logres Regiments were shipped in and the local defence forces trained by Sergeant Learchus using the methods of the Ultramarine training barracks. Inquisitor Lord Kryptman once again lent his expertise to the commanders of Tarsis Ultra as well as bringing an elite Deathwatch kill team led by the justly famous Captain Bannon. As far as any world could be defended, Tarsis Ultra was as secure as it could be given the time available to its defenders.



Battle was joined in the system's outer reaches and though the world of Barbarus Prime fell to the tyranids, the first elements of their fleet were defeated. The advance of the hive fleet could not be stopped and Kryptman was forced



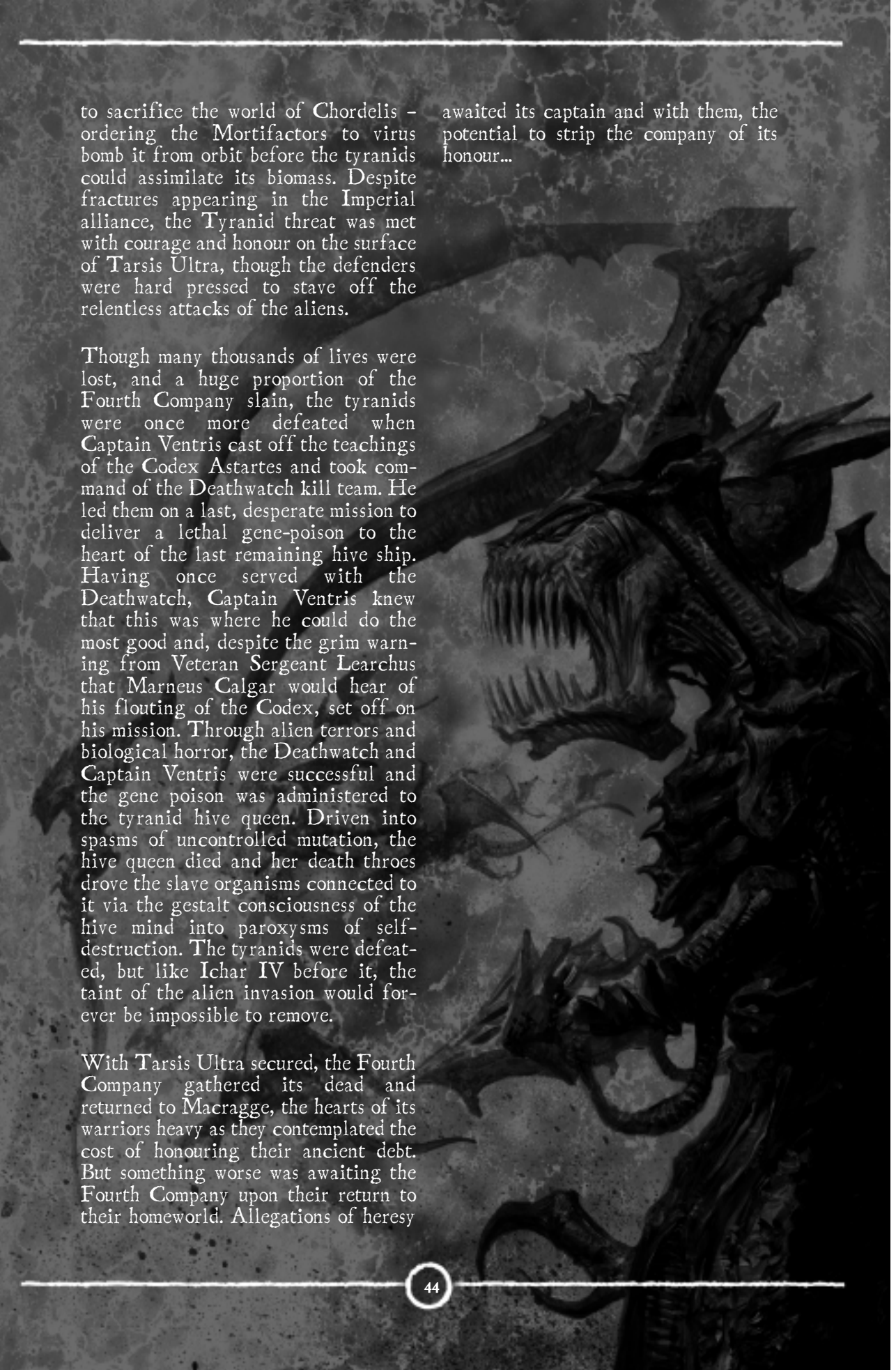
Veteran Sergeant Learchus

Once Uriel's nemesis when they trained together at Agiselus Barracks, Learchus grudgingly accepted Uriel has his company commander. They fought together on Pavonis and he has respect for his captain, though they are never going to be friends like Uriel and Pasanius. He is a typical Ultramarine, honourable and noble, though he tends to look down on those cultures not as enlightened as that of the Ultramarines. Learchus represents the letter of the lore as laid down by the Primarch in the Codex Astartes and this is what has driven him to accuse his captain of heresy.

to sacrifice the world of Chordelis – ordering the Mortifactors to virus bomb it from orbit before the tyranids could assimilate its biomass. Despite fractures appearing in the Imperial alliance, the Tyranid threat was met with courage and honour on the surface of Tarsis Ultra, though the defenders were hard pressed to stave off the relentless attacks of the aliens.

Though many thousands of lives were lost, and a huge proportion of the Fourth Company slain, the tyranids were once more defeated when Captain Ventris cast off the teachings of the Codex Astartes and took command of the Deathwatch kill team. He led them on a last, desperate mission to deliver a lethal gene-poison to the heart of the last remaining hive ship. Having once served with the Deathwatch, Captain Ventris knew that this was where he could do the most good and, despite the grim warning from Veteran Sergeant Learchus that Marneus Calgar would hear of his flouting of the Codex, set off on his mission. Through alien terrors and biological horror, the Deathwatch and Captain Ventris were successful and the gene poison was administered to the tyranid hive queen. Driven into spasms of uncontrolled mutation, the hive queen died and her death throes drove the slave organisms connected to it via the gestalt consciousness of the hive mind into paroxysms of self-destruction. The tyranids were defeated, but like Ichar IV before it, the taint of the alien invasion would forever be impossible to remove.

With Tarsis Ultra secured, the Fourth Company gathered its dead and returned to Macragge, the hearts of its warriors heavy as they contemplated the cost of honouring their ancient debt. But something worse was awaiting the Fourth Company upon their return to their homeworld. Allegations of heresy awaited its captain and with them, the potential to strip the company of its honour...



The Fourth Company

Command Squad of Uriel Ventris





Captain
Uriel Ventris



Veteran Sergeant
Pasanius Lysane



The Company Banner of the 4th Company (known as the 'Defenders of Ultramar' depicts its many honours won in battle, including the Steel Gauntlet and Constellation. It now also bears the White Rose of Pavonis.



Battle Brother Peleus,
Company Standard Bearer



Battle Brother Peleus,
Company Standard Bearer

The Sergeant may display his back banner. The banner displays the Chapter icon, the Sergeant's red skull rank badge and is trimmed in the company colour. The Standard Bearer's rank badge is the Imperial Laurel honour, usually combined with a skull.



Veteran



Standard Bearer



All Ranks



Sergeant Ventris

Awarded by the cartels of Pavonis (a world in the Eastern Fringe) to those individuals who have performed a great service for the Imperial Governor, this represents the flowering of hope in dark times and is a symbol of new beginnings. This was awarded to Uriel and the warriors of the 4th Company following the supression of Kasimir de Valtos' alien-backed rebellion in 999.M41.





Apothecary
Gaius Selenus



Battle Brother Alketas



Battle Brother Midas



Battle Brother Itheus



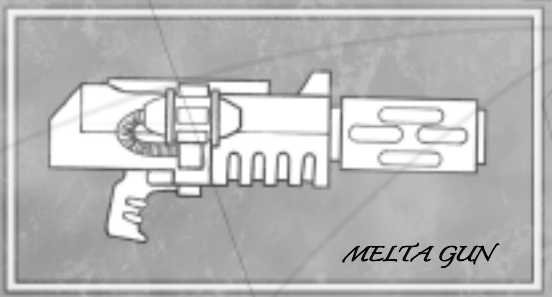
Battle Brother Itheus



Battle Brother Cheiron



FLAMER



MELTA GUN



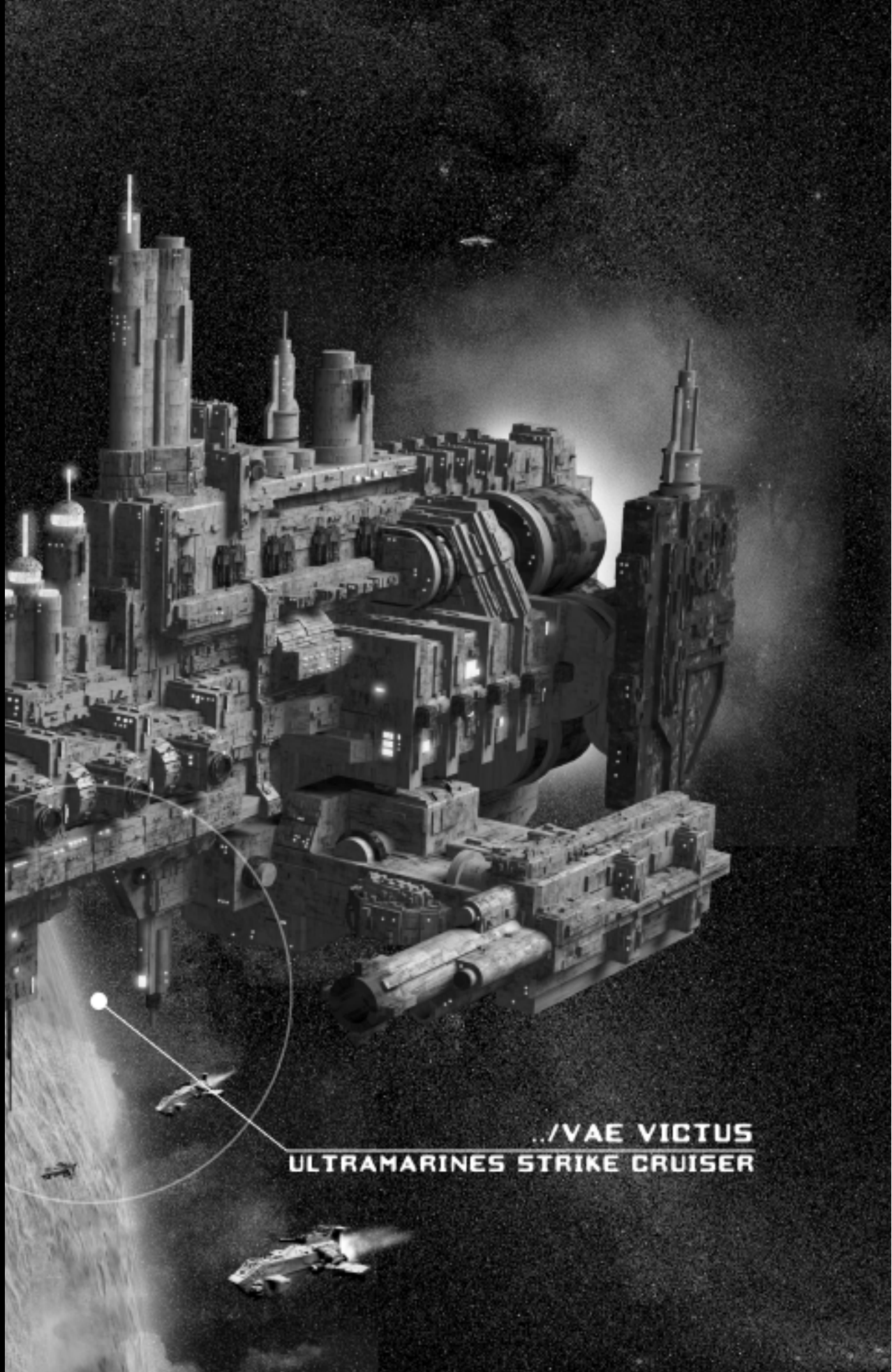
INCOMING TRANSMISSION ...

WHILE A SPACE MARINE CHAPTER ONLY RARELY EMPLOYS THE MIGHT OF ITS BATTLE BARGES, ADEPTUS ASTARTES STRIKE CRUISERS ARE MORE COMMON, ALTHOUGH STILL RARE, SIGHT. OFTEN THE ARRIVAL OF A SPACE MARINE STRIKE CRUISER IS ENOUGH TO QUELL A REBELLIOUS SYSTEM. THE SPACE MARINES ARE QUICK TO ACT IF THEIR ENEMIES SURRENDER IS NOT IMMEDIATELY FORTHCOMING.

STRIKE CRUISERS ARE FAST, LIGHTLY-ARMED VESSELS WHICH MASS SLIGHTLY LESS THAN THE IMPERIAL NAVY S DAUNTLESS CLASS LIGHT CRUISERS. THEIR PRIMARY FUNCTION SEEMS TO BE THAT OF RAPID RESPONSE, REPORTS INDICATING THAT THEY ARE INVARIABLY THE FIRST CRAFT TO ARRIVE AT A THREATENED PLANET.

STRIKE CRUISERS APPEAR TO CARRY APPROXIMATELY ONE FULL COMPANY OF SPACE MARINES (INCLUDING SUPPORT VEHICLES) AND HAVE BEEN OBSERVED TO DEPLOY THEM WITHIN TWENTY MINUTES OF ARRIVAL IN ORBIT.

--END TRANSMISSION // 354.84465.5646.


../VAE VICTUS
ULTRAMARINES STRIKE CRUISER

IDAEUS' LAST COMMAND

In 999.M41, the taint of Chaos was detected on the world of Thracia, and Imperial forces rapidly moved to meet the threat. Half the planetary garrison had been corrupted. Worse still, there were reports indicating the presence of Night Lords Chaos Space Marines.

Loyalist forces drove the poorly-armed traitors before them until advancing Imperial Guard units were in position to launch a full offensive against the capital city of Mercia. Before the assault could be launched, six bridges on the Imperial right flank needed to be destroyed in order to prevent the Emperor's forces from being attacked on the march. Atmospheric electrical storms prevented demolition by orbital strike, but the bridges were believed to be held by under-strength rebel units and thus vulnerable to ground assault. Detachments of Ultramarines were deployed via Thunderhawk Gunships to capture and destroy each bridge with melta charges.

Bridge Two-Four – a gargantuan structure of rockcrete slabs and adamantium girders, and whose girth could easily accommodate the passage of a Baneblade super-heavy tank – was the lynchpin of the entire operation, and its destruction was assigned to the Ultramarines 4th Company. After a brief fire fight, the rebel garrison was swept aside. The bridge, and both approaches, were captured. As Techmarines rigged the bridge for detonation, the bulk of Idaeus' Company secured the eastern approach, keeping keen watch for Chaos forces advancing through the mist-shrouded plains to the east.

Within minutes, shells began dropping in the midst of the Space Marines. As the first explosions split the air, a massive Chaos counter-attack loomed out of the mist and thrust towards the bridge. The Ultramarines' gambit had been anticipated by the Night Lords, and now a considerable force was bearing down on the 4th Company's position. Though his forces were heavily beset, Idaeus knew that to fall back with his mission unfinished was to expose the right flank of the main Imperial army.



Under Idaeus' steady leadership, the 4th Company fell back before the oncoming horde, spending their lives to buy time so that the Techmarines could complete their sabotage. With the charges set, Idaeus pulled his men back across the bridge and signalled for Thunderhawk exfiltration as he prepared to detonate the breaching charges. The Ultramarines fell back in good order but, before the bridge could be destroyed, the Techmarine carrying the detonators was obliterated by a direct hit from an artillery shell. Worse yet, as the Thunderhawk swept in behind the Ultramarines position, concealed Hydra flak tanks blew it from the sky.

With the mission undone and their retreat severed, the Ultramarines occupied the bunkers and gun nests at the western end of the bridge and prepared to hold their position to the last man. Idaeus sent warning to the Imperial army and ordered another Thunderhawk to extract his men. For the rest of the night, the servants of Chaos assaulted across the bridge, and each time were repulsed by disciplined waves of bolter fire. As dawn approached, a lull in the fighting gave Idaeus the opportunity to despatch a raiding party in an attempt to detonate the explosives manually. The gambit ended in failure – none of those men were seen again until dawn.



As the sun rose, Rhino transports in the colours of the Night Lords pushed across the debris-strewn bridge. Ultramarines prisoners taken during the night were nailed to the hulls, their rib-cages cracked open and spread wide. Brimming with rage, Idaeus led a countercharge onto the bridge's ravaged arches. Some say that the Captain's wrath that day was such that he tore the foe apart with his bare hands, and none can argue that the Night Lords' attack was defeated more swiftly than the defenders had any right to expect. Overcome by the Ultramarines' valourous rage, the Night Lords fell back once more, leaving the corpses they had so mercilessly despoiled in the hands of the Ultramarines. The attack was defeated, but there was no doubt there would be many more before the day was out. Less than a fifth of the Ultramarines who had begun the operation were still alive and Idaeus knew that one more push would see them defeated. He ignored the pleas of his sergeants and set off alone in a suicidal attempt to blow the bridge.

Sprinting through the bullet-chased and smoke haunted rubble, Idaeus reached the first of the demolition charges just as the retrieval Thunderhawk touched down beyond the bridge's western approach and out of range of the enemy anti-aircraft positions. Triggering the comms-net, Idaeus ordered the remaining Ultramarines to retreat under the command of Sergeant Uriel Ventris as the Night Lords began yet another assault. The surviving Ultramarines withdrew under fire to the Thunderhawk and Idaeus waited until the last possible second before detonating the first charge. In a catastrophic chain reaction, the remaining charges exploded, destroying Idaeus, the bridge and much of the Night Lords' oncoming assault wave in a searing blast that shook the earth for leagues around.

Though the cost had been high, the attack across bridge two-four had been thwarted. Its right flank secure, the Imperial army moved on Mercia and crushed all resistance in a matter of days. Within two months, the planet had been brought under Imperial control once again.

ULTRAMARINES

Proud of their heritage, the Ultramarines Chapter have strictly adhered to the Codex Astartes throughout the millennia. Even so, the Codex allows individual Company commanders the freedom to interpret its tenets, which leads to Ultramarines armies that can vary from each other, even though they still follow the same system.

For this reason, we've chosen the Ultramarines to represent the ideal Chapter uniform guide, as laid down in the Codex Astartes. We show every battlefield unit of the Chapter, including its commanders, squads of troops and armoured vehicles, and how the iconography can be applied to each one.

ORGANISATION

According to the Codex, all Space Marine troopers are to be marked with colours and iconography that designate their Company and squad. An icon shown on the left shoulder guard represents the Chapter. The Company colour is painted onto the rims of the shoulder guard. The tactical markings are displayed on the right shoulder guard of the Space Marine's armour. The tactical symbols indicate the designation of the squad and the numerals simply refer to the squad number within the Company.

HEADQUARTERS STAFF

Master of the Chapter, Senior officers, Administrative Staff, Support Personnel plus Armoury & Librarius.

VETERANS

1st (Veteran) Company

Command

Squads:

10 Terminator

or

10 Veteran

BATTLE COMPANIES

2nd Company

Command

Squads:

6 Tactical

2 Assault

2 Devastator

3rd Company

Command

Squads:

6 Tactical

2 Assault

2 Devastator

4th Company

Command

Squads:

6 Tactical

2 Assault

2 Devastator

5th Company

Command

Squads:

6 Tactical

2 Assault

2 Devastator

RESERVE COMPANIES

6th Company

Command

Squads:

10 Tactical

7th Company

Command

Squads:

10 Tactical

8th Company

Command

Squads:

10 Assault

9th Company

Command

Squads:

10 Devastator

SCOUTS

10th (Scout) Company

Command

Squads:

Scout

HISTORY

As befits the Chapter of Roboute Guilliman, the Ultramarines adhere rigidly to the tenets laid down in the Codex Astartes. For ten thousand years they have fought in the manner described in its holy pages. Other Chapters may freely interpret the words of Guilliman but, to the Ultramarines, such deviation is unthinkable. The Codex Astartes is a work of divine wisdom, sanctified by the Emperor himself, and the Ultramarines see no reason to deviate from its wisdom. The life-long lessons of discipline and self-reliance that are taught to the people of Ultramar from birth give them the strength of character to hold true to teachings over ten thousand years old.



PAINTING ULTRAMARINES



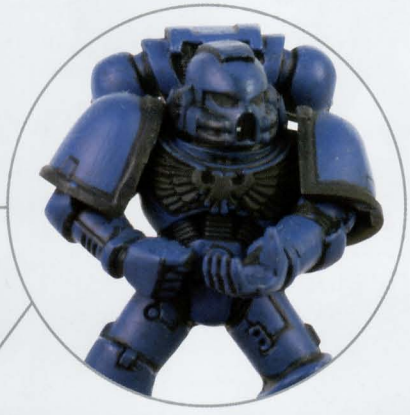
This Ultramarines trooper is painted in a style that mimics the highly polished approach use by the 'Eavy Metal team when painting their display models but without applying the same extreme level of detail.

PAINTING THE ARMOUR



1

Working from a black undercoat, paint the model with an equal parts mix of Chaos Black and Regal Blue. Apply this over the entire model, including the deepest recesses of the armour plates.



2

Leaving the original colour mix showing in the recesses of the armour, layer equal parts of Regal Blue and Ultramarines Blue onto the flat armour plates.



3

To build up the extreme highlights, apply a thin line of Ultramarines Blue around the edges of all the armour plates. Don't highlight the shoulder guards.



4

To finish off the extreme highlights, paint them with an equal parts mix of Ultramarines Blue and Space Wolves Grey, thinned with a little water.

RED EYE LENSES





1

Apply a basecoat of Scab Red to the whole of the eye lenses.



2

Paint half the lenses, towards the front of the helmet Blood Red.



3

Apply a little Blazing Orange to the inner corner of the lenses.



4

The final touch is a tiny dot of Skull White in the rear corners.

DETAIL PAINTING

There are many parts to painting Space Marines which are common to all: purity seals, gold detailing, skin and Chapter symbols.

THE FACE





1 *Paint the skin Tanned Flesh.*



2 *Layer on Dwarf Flesh, leaving the base colour showing in the recesses.*



3 *Apply a final layer of Elf Flesh.*



4 *Paint white lines on eyes and teeth and dot the pupils with Chaos Black.*

GOLD DETAIL





1 *Re-undercoat the gold areas Chaos Black, then apply Shining Gold.*



2 *Apply a wash of Brown Ink all over the gold areas.*



3 *Highlight with an equal parts mix of Shining Gold and Mithril Silver.*

THE BOLTGUN



1 *Paint all the metal areas with a coat of Boltgun Metal.*



2 *Apply Black Ink thinned with a little water over the top.*



3 *Highlight the Boltgun Metal areas with Chainmail.*



4 *Paint the edges of the metal Mithril Silver.*



5 *Finally, apply a small dot of Chaos Black to the end of the barrel.*

PURITY SEALS





1 *Start by painting the whole of the seal a base colour of Scab Red.*



2 *Layer on Blood Red, leaving the base colour showing in the recesses.*



3 *Highlight with an equal parts mix of Blood Red & Bleached Bone.*



4 *The parchment itself is painted Bronzed Flesh.*



5 *A layer of Bleached Bone is applied...*



6 *...followed by Skull White.*



7 *Using Black Ink, paint thin lines to imitate text.*

PAINTING CHAPTER SYMBOLS

The main requirements for painting Chapter symbols freehand are a Detail brush, lots of patience and a steady hand. The Ultramarines symbol is simple and symmetrical which makes painting it by hand a little more straightforward. Remember to water down the paint so that it flows easily.





1 *Lightly draw a straight line centrally on the shoulder pad with a pencil.*



2 *Paint one side of the symbol and then mirror it on the other side.*



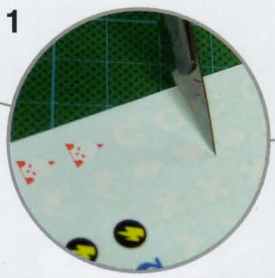
3 *Gently rub out the pencil line with an eraser.*



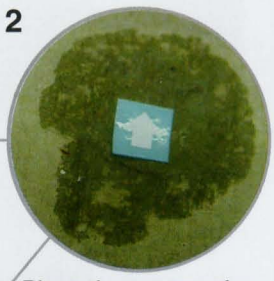
4 *Finish off with a layer of Skull White paint.*

APPLYING TRANSFERS

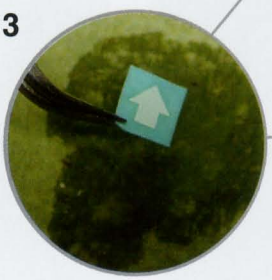




1 *Cut out the transfer you want with a craft knife.*



2 *Place the cut transfer on a damp tissue.*



3 *When the transfer has come loose from the backing paper, pick it up using tweezers.*



4 *Brush the transfer off the paper onto the shoulder pad. Move it into position then remove excess water with a tissue.*

DISGUISING TRANSFERS



To help hide the transfer film, prepare the shoulder pad with a coat of gloss varnish.



To finish off, spray a coat of matt varnish to tone down the gloss finish.

SCULPTED SHOULDER PADS

A number of shoulder guards are available with Chapter symbols and squad markings sculpted onto them. Simply paint them in the same way you would the rest of the model.







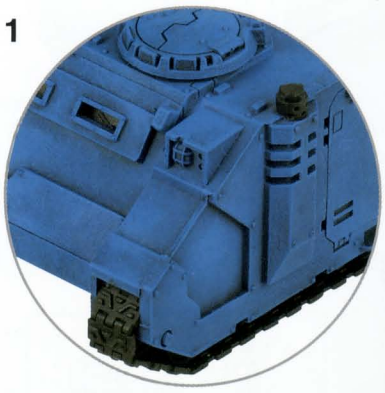
Here are examples of sculpted shoulder guards for the Flesh Tearers and the Space Wolves.

PAINTING ULTRAMARINES TANKS

Space Marine tanks are painted in Chapter colours and iconography in a similar way to troops. However, the technique we suggest you use to paint them is more specific but can be applied to any vehicle you choose, all the way up to the Land Raider.

PAINTING THE HULL

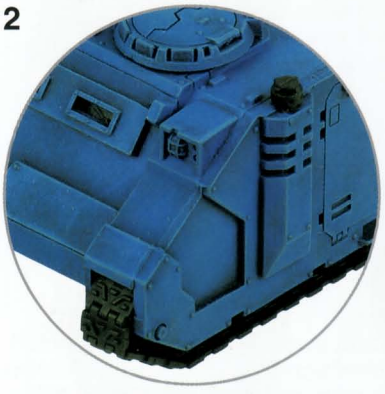
1



Begin by applying the first layer of colour over a Chaos Black undercoat. In this case, we're using Ultramarines Blue.



2



Allow the previous coat to dry completely, then drybrush the hull with Shadow Grey.

3



Drybrush the tank with a mix of Shadow Grey and Space Wolves Grey. At this stage you may want to start concentrating on any edges, and on the middle of large panels.

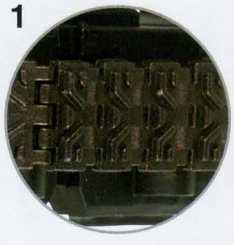
4



Drybrush the tank with Space Wolves Grey. This is the final stage of drybrushing.

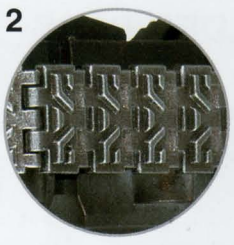
PAINTING THE TRACKS

1



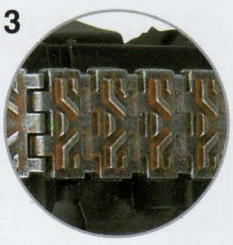
Begin with a basecoat of Tin Bitz.

2



Drybrush the tracks with Boltgun Metal.

3



Wash Vermin Brown into the recesses to represent spots of rust and impacted mud.

If you are drybrushing a large flat area, such as part of a vehicle, the effect will work best if you use a very dry brush. It will be necessary to scrub quite hard to deposit any colour on the surface.

This doesn't do the brushes much good – brushes used in this way will quickly wear out.

We recommend that you use a large, flat-headed brush when drybrushing tanks.

SQUAD MARKINGS & ICONS

All Space Marine tank kits come with vehicle transfer sheets filled with iconography.



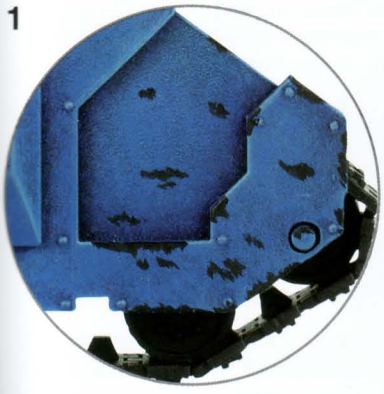


WEATHERING & DAMAGE

An effective way to add character to an armoured vehicle is to add various kinds of dirt and battle damage.

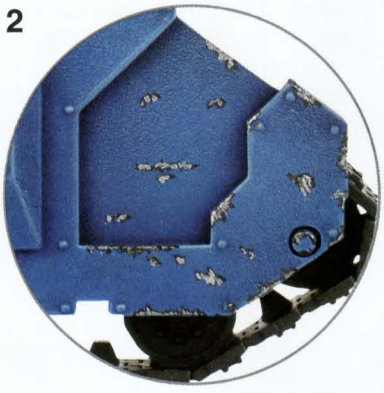
CHIPPED ARMOUR

1



Paint the damaged area with Chaos Black.

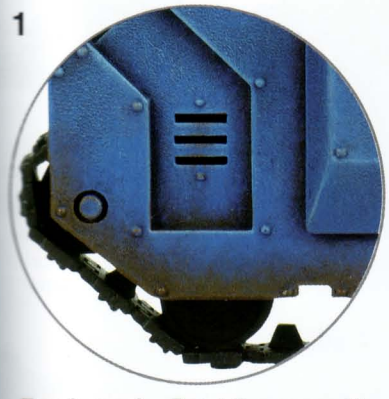
2



Fill in the area with Boltgun Metal.

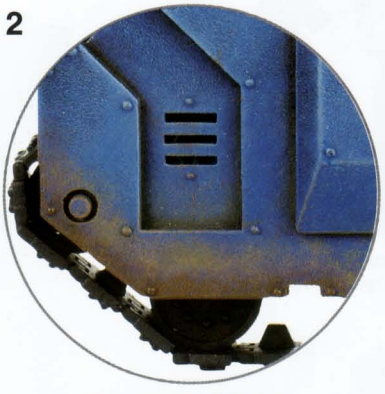
MUD & DIRT

1



***Fresh mud** – Paint the area with a mixture of Scorched Brown and Vermin Brown.*

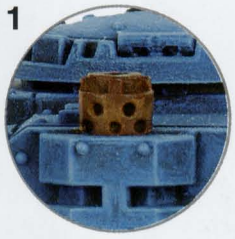
2



***Dry mud** – Stipple Graveyard Earth over the wet mud.*

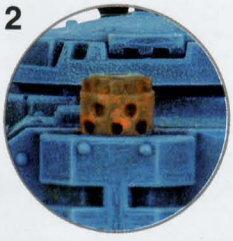
RUSTED EXHAUSTS

1



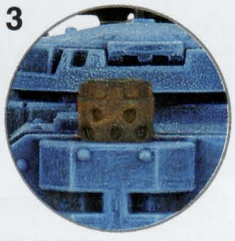
Start with a basecoat of Dark Flesh.

2



Again, stipple the exhausts with Blazing Orange.

3

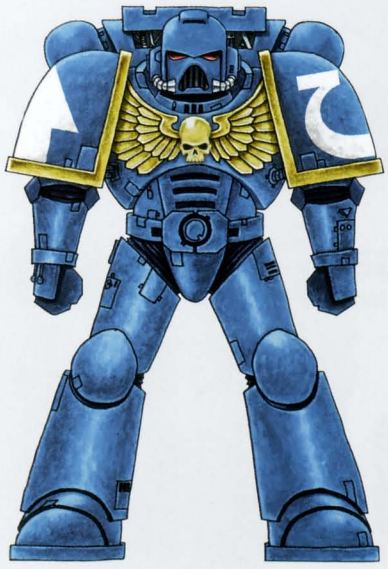


Use Chaos Black to create soot.

RECREATING CHIPPING & MUD

Chipping on the paintwork of the hull can come from a variety of sources, but most of the damage will generally be concentrated on particular parts of the tank. The edges on the track assemblies, around the doors and hatches, the front of the tank and anywhere the crew would spend a lot of time climbing onto or around are particularly suitable. Most of the mud and dirt on the tank will tend to be concentrated around the bottom of the tank, and around the tracks in particular. Any of the doors, and any other area that the crew will be climbing around are also suitable places for this effect.

ULTRAMARINES TACTICAL





Codex colour pattern for a 2nd Company Tactical Marine

Tactical squads are the most numerous troops in a Space Marine army. This spread shows several example Tactical squads. Wearing the distinct Second Company colours, the Tactical troops on this page have armour festooned with devotional seals and holy writings. On the opposite page are examples of different Company colours from the Third and Fourth Companies. We also show a Second Company squad from a different campaign in the Chapter's history. Finally, the transport vehicle shows how Company and Tactical markings are applied to a squad's Rhino.





Brother Severian of Squad Daceus, Fourth Company



Brother Altarion of Squad Galatius, Second Company



Brother Elanius of Squad Sigmus, Second Company



Brother Signatus of Squad Invictor, Second Company



Brother Tacitus of Squad Theta, Third Company



Brother Galatian of Squad Romulus, Second Company

These shoulder guards show a variety of different Tactical squad marking designs.



Brother Valius armed with boltgun



Brother Maximus with a heavy bolter



Brother Sergeant Romulus with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Galatian armed with boltgun



Brother Helixus armed with flamer



Brother Daceus armed with boltgun



Brother Signatus armed with boltgun



Brother Bellanus armed with boltgun



Brother Tercon armed with boltgun



Brother Eleus armed with boltgun

Squad Romulus of the Second Company under Brother Captain Sicarius



Members of Squad Ovatius of the 3rd Company under Brother Captain Invictus



Members of Squad Lectus of the 4th Company under Brother Captain Gaius

Squad Orion of the Second Company under Brother Captain Agemman



Brother Telion armed with boltgun



Brother Cossos armed with missile launcher



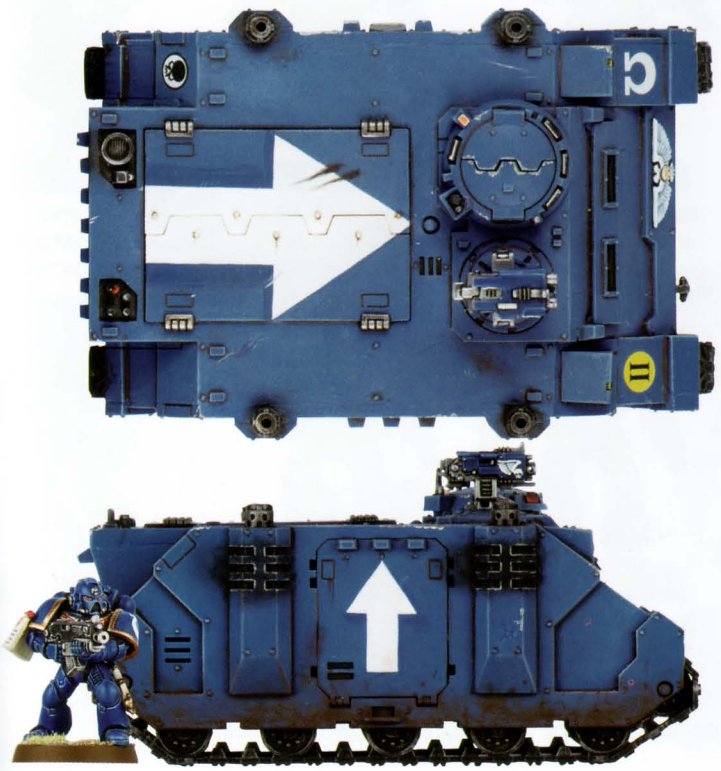
Brother Sergeant Orion armed with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Remus armed with flamer



Brother Tacitus armed with boltgun





Transport Rhino *Corpus*, attached to Squad Romulus of the Second Company.

ULTRAMARINES ASSAULT



There are a number of Assault troops from different Companies on this spread, including several mounted on bikes. As well as wearing a few embellishments on their armour, the squad on this page display characteristic Second Company colours. The troops on the opposite page illustrate other Company colours: the first squad wears sacred texts on their armour, whilst the second has no adornments to speak of. The final squad also has Second Company colours, with Assault markings displayed on their bikes.



Brother Trajan of Squad Corpanus, Eighth Company



Brother Cassian of Squad Ixus, Second Company



Brother Agemanus of Squad Romu, Second Company



Brother Numitor of Squad Agripus, Eighth Company



Brother Praetorus of Squad Tirus, Second Company

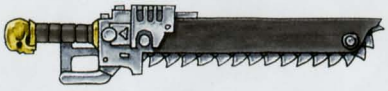


Brother Bellan of Squad Solinas, Fifth Company

These shoulder guards show a variety of different Assault squad marking designs.



Codex colour pattern for a 2nd Company Assault Marine





Brother Crassus armed with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Helixus armed with bolt pistol & chainsword



Veteran Sergeant Chronus armed with plasma pistol & chainsword



Brother Altarion armed with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Cornelus armed with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Calaedus armed with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Strabo armed with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Lusius armed with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Vespatian armed with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Trajanus armed with bolt pistol & chainsword

Squad Chronus of the Second Company under Brother Captain Sicarius



Brother Eleus armed with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Hyrcleon armed with bolt pistol & chainsword



Veteran Sergeant Velanto armed with bolt pistol & power fist



Brother Corpis armed with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Coriolandus armed with flamer

Squad Velanto of the Fifth Company under Brother Captain Primus



Brother Galtus armed with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Cosso armed with bolt pistol & chainsword



Veteran Sergeant Solin armed with bolt pistol & thunder hammer



Brother Probis armed with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Praetus armed with bolt pistol & chainsword

Squad Solin of the Eighth Company under Brother Captain Maximus



Veteran Sergeant Signa armed with power sword

Bike Squad Signa of the Second Company under Brother Captain Sicarius



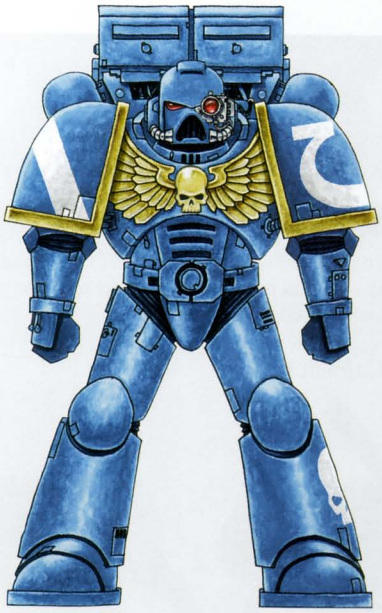
Brother Elanius armed with plasma gun



Brother Abraxi



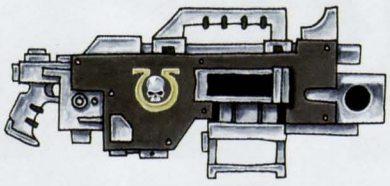
ULTRAMARINES DEVASTATORS



The Devastators on this spread include a squad mounted in a Razorback. On this page the squad displays Second Company colours and are festooned with devotional seals and blessed liturgy. On the opposite page the squads hail from other Companies, as shown by their Company colours. The first squad is unadorned, wearing no honorifics other than their characteristic red weapons. The mounted squad are distinguished by their individual liveries, whilst their transport bears Devastator markings and is finished in Codex grey with armour panels picked out in the Chapter heraldry.



Codex colour pattern for a 2nd Company Devastator Marine





Brother Elaniusa of Squad Typhan, Second Company

Brother Marnus of Squad Octavian, Ninth Company

Brother Octavus of Squad Probis, Fourth Company

Brother Laertesus of Squad Agripus, Ninth Company

Brother Sinon of Squad Tercon, Second Company

Brother Orion of Squad Signatus, Third Company

These shoulder guards show a variety of different Devastator squad marking designs.



Brother Fennias armed with boltgun

Brother Helicanus armed with lascannon

Brother Sergeant Tactitus armed with chainsword

Brother Lamentius with missile launcher

Brother Epheus armed with boltgun



Brother Tirus armed with boltgun

Brother Valius with plasma cannon

Brother Severian armed with boltgun

Brother Tribunus armed with boltgun

Brother Icarus with heavy bolter

Squad Tactitus of the Second Company under Brother Captain Sicarius



Brother Altarion with lascannon



Brother Tigurian armed with multi-melta



Brother Sergeant Galatian with boltgun



Brother Andronicus armed with lascannon



Brother Romus with multi-melta

Squad Galatian of the Fifth Company under Brother Captain Primus



Brother Chronus with missile launcher



Brother Preator with missile launcher



Brother Sergeant Ixion armed with chainsword

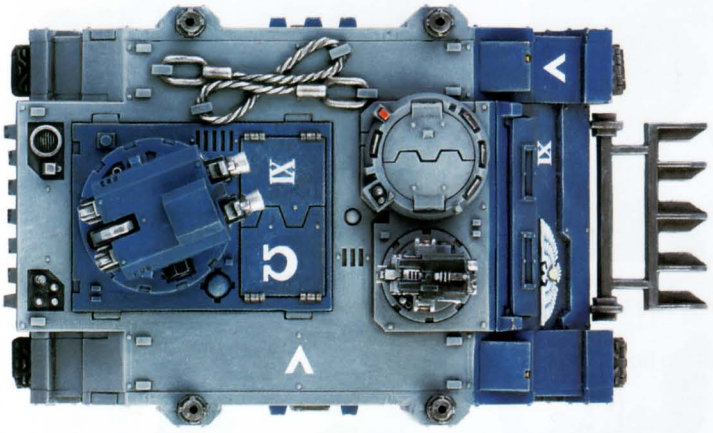


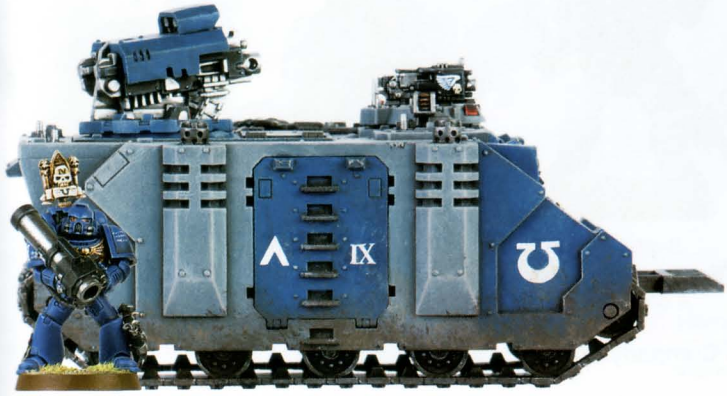
Brother Pentheus armed with heavy bolter



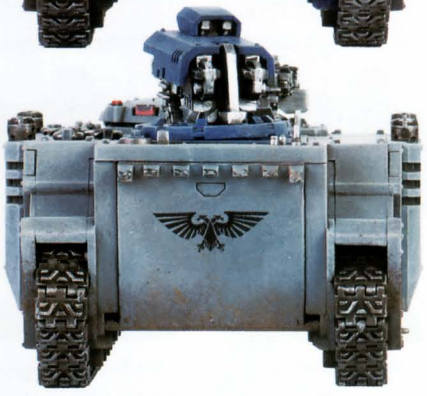
Brother Terconus with heavy bolter

Squad Ixion of the Ninth Company under Brother Captain Cassius









Razorback *Furyan* attached to Squad Ixion of the Ninth Company.

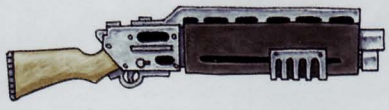
ULTRAMARINES SCOUTS





Codex colour pattern for a Scout trooper.

Scouts wear no personal decorations or devotional prayers on their armour. They have a uniform appearance; their only tactical marking is the Company badge, together with a distinguishing squad number. The troops also show the huge variety of specialist kit available to Scout squads. For example, the sniper at the foot of the page wears a camouflage smock, one of the many styles used by Space Marine Scouts. Examples of different patterns of camouflage are shown on this page and each one matches a particular environment.

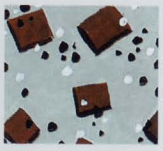




Jungle camouflage



Desert camouflage



Urban camouflage



Ice camouflage



Tundra camouflage



Ash Wastes camouflage

Camouflage patterns used during the First Tyrannic War



Brother Helican armed with boltgun



Brother Varus armed with sniper rifle



Brother Ardian armed with boltgun



Brother Sergeant Fabio armed with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Maxima with heavy bolter



Brother Tactican armed with shotgun



Brother Omeganus armed with bolt pistol & combat knife



Brother Orion armed with bolt pistol & combat knife



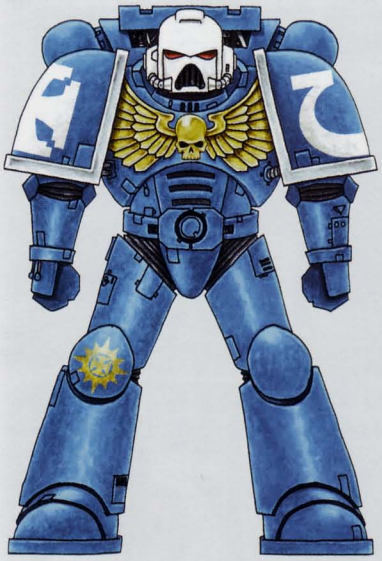
Brother Severin with sniper rifle



Jungle camouflage smock

Squad Fabio of the Tenth Company under Brother Captain Abraxxon

ULTRAMARINES VETERANS







Codex colour pattern for a 1st Company Veteran

Here are a number of veteran warriors from the Ultramarines Chapter. Starting with the celebrated troops of the elite First Company, the Company colours appear on their helmets, shoulder guards and tabards. Each trooper has an entirely individual look. Their armour is covered in all manner of revered decorations: purity seals, prayer cloths, liturgy, Imperial laurels, personal mottos, the Iron Skull and the distinguished Crux Terminatus badge. At the foot of the page are Veteran Sergeants from other companies, who also have a wealth of unique personal heraldry displayed on their armour.



Brother Varus of Squad Strabo, First Company



Brother Andronicus of Squad Venatus, First Company



Brother Caesaran of Squad Tirusus, First Company



Brother Bellanus of Squad Phraetus, First Company



Brother Crassis of Squad Cornelus, First Company



Brother Bellan of Squad Solinas, First Company

These shoulder guards show a variety of different Veteran marking designs.



Brother Antilochus with bolt pistol & chainsword

Brother Bellanus with lightning claws



Brother Sergeant Sinon with bolt pistol & power fist

Brother Ephathus with bolt pistol & power axe



Brother Cornelius with bolt pistol & chainsword

Squad Sinon of the 1st Company under Brother Captain Agemman



Veteran Sergeant Kallistus with storm bolter & power sword, 2nd Company



Veteran Sergeant Cossos with combi-weapon & power maul, 2nd Company



Veteran Sergeant Telionn with bolt pistol & chainsword, 3rd Company



Veteran Sergeant Manus with combi-weapon & power maul, 4th Company

ULTRAMARINES TERMINATORS





Codex colour pattern for a First Company Terminator

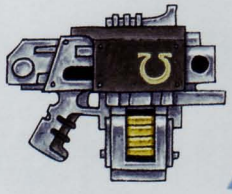
The Terminators of the First Company are the elite warriors of the Chapter. These squads display the Company colour on their helmets and the Crux Terminatus. They also have devotional seals and Company mottos applied to their armour and weapons. The Assault squad on the second page, however, has a more uniform appearance with characteristic red weaponry. Finally, a Land Raider transport vehicle shows how the Chapter livery and honour badges, such as the Crux Terminatus are applied to its hull.



Terminator squad Vandius of the First Company



Terminator squad Scipio of the First Company







Brother Orionus with assault cannon & power fist | *Brother Terconan with storm bolter & power fist* | *Brother Colloss with storm bolter & chainfist* | *Brother Sergeant Fennius with storm bolter & power sword* | *Brother Aggripan with assault cannon & power fist*

Squad Fennius of the First Company under Brother Captain Tiberius



Brother Daaceus with heavy flamer & power fist | *Brother Octavianus with storm bolter & chainfist* | *Brother Sergeant Titus with storm bolter & power sword* | *Brother Maneus with storm bolter & power fist* | *Brother Caesaran with storm bolter & power fist*

Squad Titus of the First Company under Brother Captain Tiberius

Elements of Squad Bellan of the First Company under Brother Captain Tiberius



Brother Varus with storm bolter & power fist

Brother Sergeant Bellan with storm bolter & power sword

Brother Andron with storm bolter & cyclone missile launcher

Part of Squad Gaius of the First Company under Brother Captain Tiberius

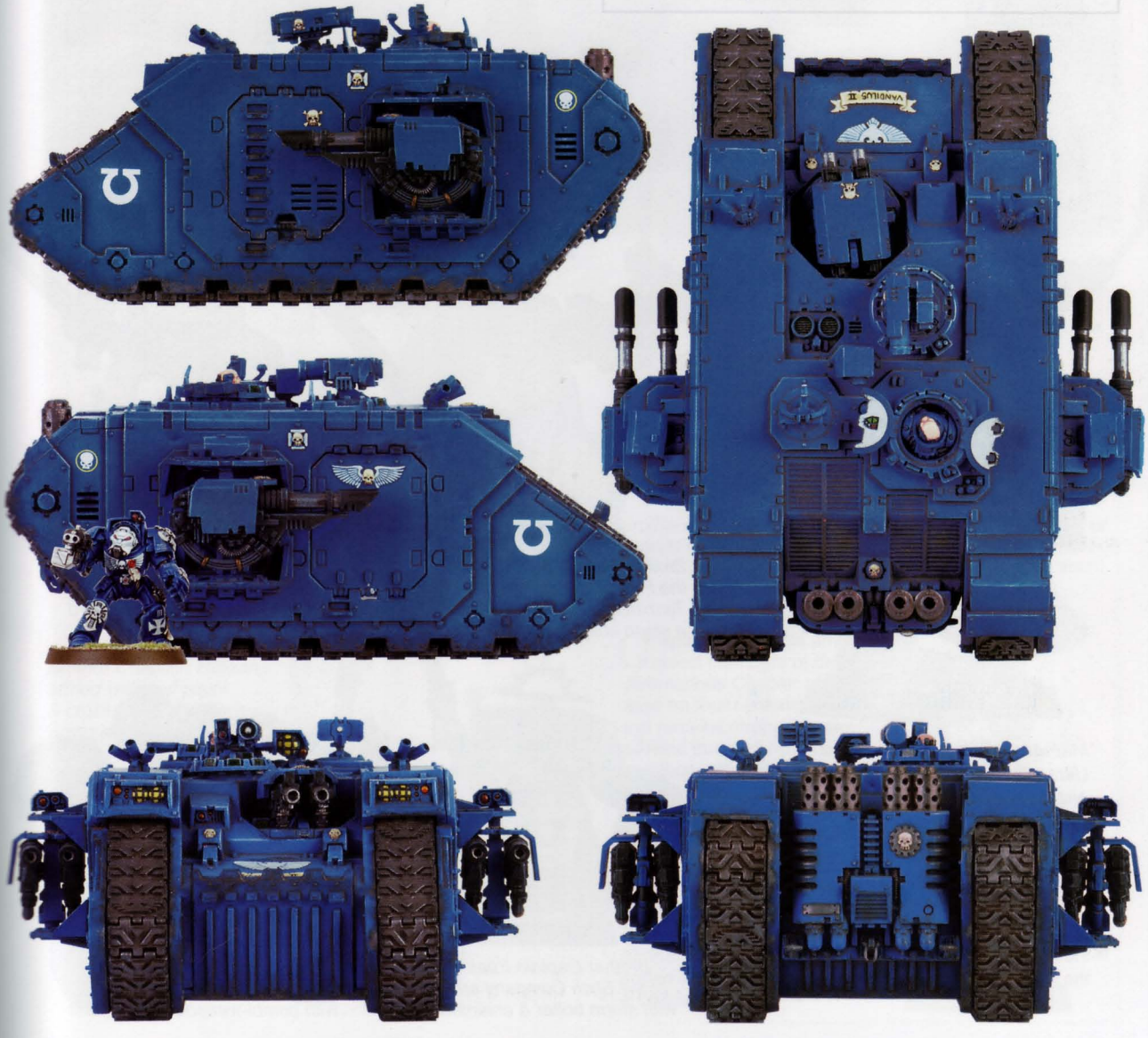


Brother Numitor with thunder hammer & storm shield

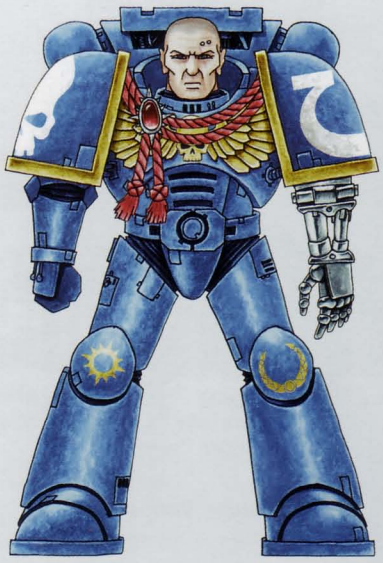
Brother Sergeant Gaius with storm bolter & power sword

Brother Sicar armed with lightning claws

Transport Land Raider *Vandilus II*



ULTRAMARINES CAPTAINS





Codex colour pattern for a 2nd Company Captain

Here we show a number of Company commanders as well as Marneus Calgar, Lord Macragge. All these Captains display their specific Company colours on their armour and banners, whilst the Terminator Captain shows the First Company colours on his tabard as well. Each commander has his own unique heraldry applied to his uniform, together with many combat decorations and other badges of rank and purity. The Chapter Master wears ornate personalised Terminator armour that has been embellished with revered texts, Chapter mottos and individual battle honours.



Brother Captain Agemman of the First Company



Brother Captain Sicarius of the Second Company



Brother Captain Ardias of the Third Company



Brother Captain Idaeus of the Fourth Company



Brother Captain Galenus of the Fifth Company



Brother Captain Epathos of the Sixth Company



Marneus Calgar, Master of the Ultramarines wearing Terminator armour and armed with the Gauntlets of Ultramar

Marneus Calgar is the renowned master of the Ultramarines and his stubborn defence and ultimately crushing defeat of the Tyranids during the First Tyrannic War has become the stuff of legend.



Brother Captain Agemman of the First Company wearing Terminator armour, armed with a storm bolter & power sword



Brother Captain Sicarius of the Second Company armed with storm bolter & power sword



Brother Captain Epathos of the Sixth Company armed with storm bolter & chainsword



Brother Captain Ardias of the Third Company armed with combi-weapon & power fist

ULTRAMARINES CHAPLAINS



Chaplains are either attached to specific Companies and wear that Company's colours or are part of the Chapter's headquarters and therefore don't show any such affiliations. All the Chaplains here wear the colours of their office together with their ceremonial weapons: three have a back banner trimmed with the Company colour whilst two are senior officers from Chapter headquarters, including one Chaplain mounted on a bike. Cassius has highly embellished armour and is also a member of the Chapter HQ so he wears no specific Company colour.



Brother Chaplain Helixus of the Third Company







Codex colour pattern for a 2nd Company Chaplain.



Brother Chaplain Agrippus of the Second Company with bolt pistol & crozius arcanum



Brother Chaplain Numitor of the First Company with storm bolter & crozius arcanum

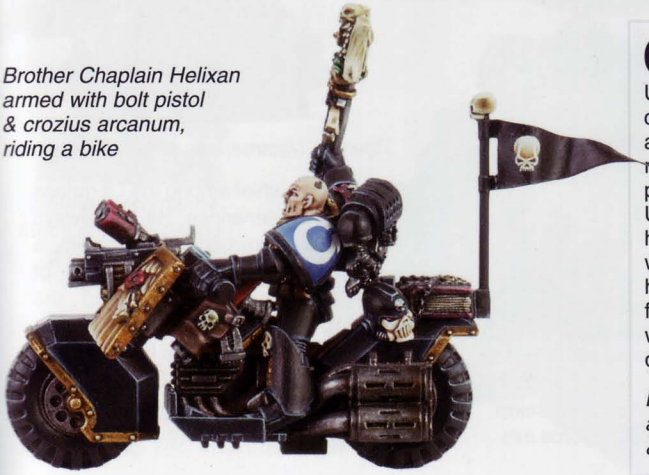


Brother Chaplain Maneus armed with a bolt pistol & crozius arcanum



Brother Chaplain Tiber of the Third Company with bolt pistol & crozius arcanum

Brother Chaplain Helixan armed with bolt pistol & crozius arcanum, riding a bike



Chaplain Cassius is among the oldest members of the Ultramarines Chapter and though close on four centuries old his arm remains strong, his aim remains true and his sturdy presence within the Ultramarines battle lines fills the hearts of his younger brethren with pride. His impassioned words have carried the Ultramarines forward into battle on a thousand worlds, firing them with his own deeply-held passion and belief.

Brother Chaplain Cassius armed with bolt pistol & crozius arcanum



ULTRAMARINES LIBRARIANS



Librarians are part of the Headquarters staff of the Chapter and as such wear no Company colours. As well as an ornate banner, each Librarian's armour is adorned with rank badges and scrolls of arcane text. Their weapons are also decorated with symbols of power. Librarians wear the insignia of their psychic level on a tabard. The lower level Librarian has a simple, unadorned badge; this emblem is more embellished on the higher levels.



Lexicanum icon



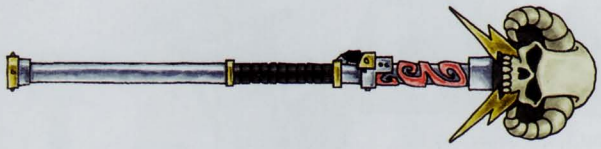
Codicier Icon



Epistolary Icon



Codex colour pattern for a Librarian.





Lexicanum Sicarius armed with a bolt pistol and force axe

Codicier Numanor armed with a bolt pistol and force axe



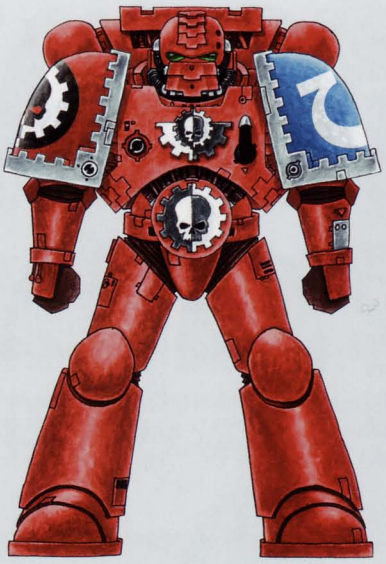
Epistolary Antilochi in Terminator armour, armed with a storm bolter & force axe



Tigurius, Ultramarines Chief Librarian

Tigurius is chief among the Librarians of the Ultramarines. He has always stood apart from his battle brothers, a figure of mystery, possessed of knowledge that goes beyond the towering data stacks of the Chapter Librarius. He is one of the few survivors of the Ork attack on Boros and is undoubtedly the foremost Imperial expert on the Ork empire of Charadon.

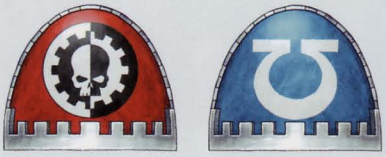
ULTRAMARINES TECHMARINES



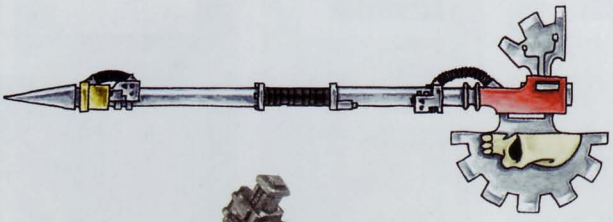
As well as several Techmarines, we've also included one of their adapted transport vehicles. Each of the officers shown here has his own personalised appearance, with the Techmarine's ceremonial livery applied to their armour in different ways. In fact, their servo-arm is as much a badge of office as the sacred emblems of the Machine God that adorn their armour and transport vehicles. As well as showing the unique nature of such vehicles, the Rhino demonstrates how the Techmarine's livery can be applied to his transport.



Techmarine Icons



Codex colour pattern for a Techmarine.





Brother Techmarine Orian with a boltgun & servo-arm



Brother Techmarine Varius with a bolt pistol, power axe & servo-arm



Brother Techmarine Marnius with a boltgun & servo-harness



Transport Rhino *Vulcan*, attached to Techmarine Orian

ULTRAMARINES COMMAND



Here are examples of Command squads as well as their Company banners. The two Command squads that are shown here display their distinct Company colours both on their armour and their banners. The warriors are also bedecked in holy emblems and honour badges as befits their status. The Honour Guard on the opposite page also have their own personal livery, one of the troopers carries the prized Chapter Banner. At the foot of the page we show the Chapter banner and the nine Company banners, each displaying the Company colour.



Brother Vespasian of Squad Chronus, Third Company



Brother Caspius of Squad Ammanius, Second Company



Veteran Sergeant Ammanius, Second Company



Brother Altarion of Squad Crassas, Seventh Company



Brother Crassus of Squad Ammanius, Second Company



Brother Vespasus of Squad Helveticus, First Company

These shoulder guards show a variety of different Command squad marking designs.



Codex colour pattern for a 2nd Company Champion



Brother Apothecary Cornelus with chainsword & narthecium



Veteran Sergeant Ammianus with boltgun



Brother Kaspius armed with plasma gun

Standard Bearer Crassus with bolt pistol & Company banner



Company Champion Tellion with power sword & combat shield

Command squad Chronus of the Third Company under Brother Captain Ardias



Standard Bearer Alexion with bolt pistol & Company banner



Brother Vespasian armed with meltagun



Veteran Sergeant Chronus with power fist & chainsword

Command squad Ammianus of the Second Company under Brother Captain Sicarius



Brother Apothecary Pelius with bolt pistol & narthecium



Company Champion Alexis with power sword & combat shield

Marneus Calgar's Honour Guard



Honour Guard Tiberius armed with boltgun & Axe of Ultramar



Honour Guard Strabo armed with boltgun & Axe of Ultramar



Chapter Ancient Agrippa with power sword & the Banner of Macragge



Chapter Champion Lucius armed with honour blades



Banner of Macragge, Chapter banner



First Company banner



Second Company banner



Third Company banner



Fourth Company banner



Fifth Company banner



Sixth Company banner



Seventh Company banner



Eighth Company banner



Ninth Company banner

ULTRAMARINES DREADNOUGHTS

Three Ultramarines Dreadnoughts are shown here, including a machine that is a member of the Veteran Company. The armour on this Venerable Dreadnought has been decorated and embellished with honours and sacred mottos of the Chapter over the millennia. It still bears its original Company colours whilst the other Dreadnoughts on this page don't show them anywhere on their armour. They do, though, bear the Crux Terminatus and other decorations.



Dreadnought *Varus* of the Third Company armed with assault cannon, powerfist & storm bolter



Dreadnought *Ferox* of the Second Company armed with twin-linked lascannon, power fist & storm bolter



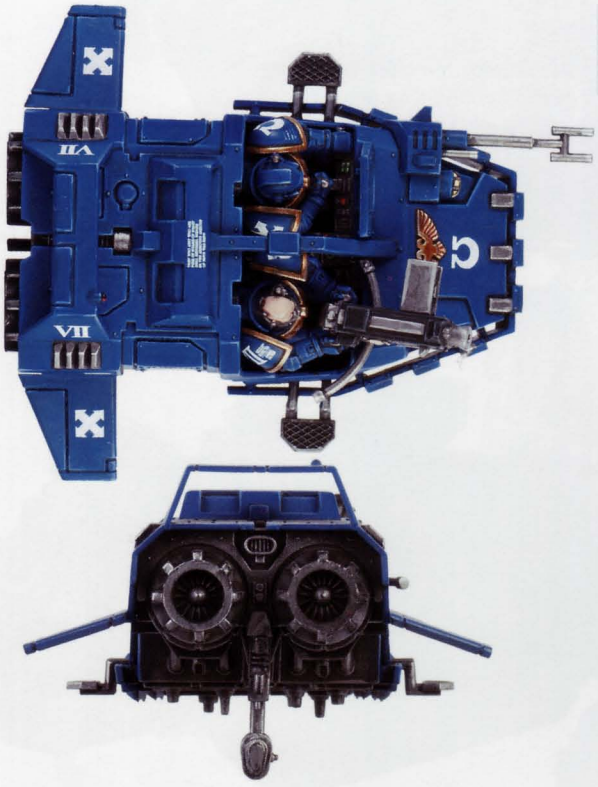




Venerable Dreadnought *Idaeus* of the First Company, armed with assault cannon, power fist & storm bolter

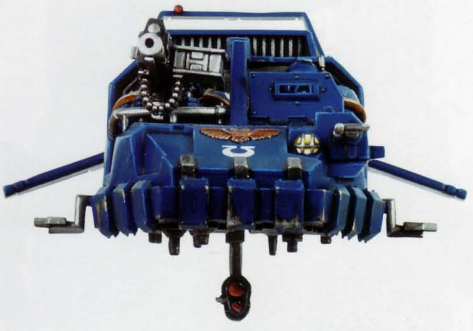
ULTRAMARINES LIGHT VEHICLES

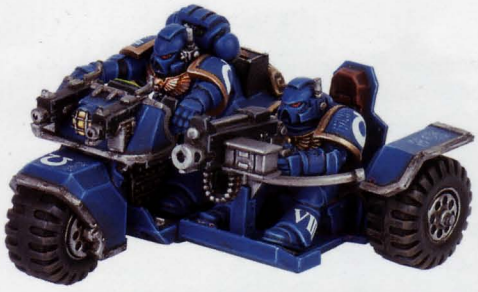
Space Marine Attack Bikes and Land Speeders come with many different weapon options, several of which are included here. The Second Company colour appears on all the crewmen along with their squad identification. The only additional marking that is specific to these kinds of squads is an identification badge, which is applied to each of the vehicles in the squadron.





Land Speeder of the Second Company armed with a heavy bolter

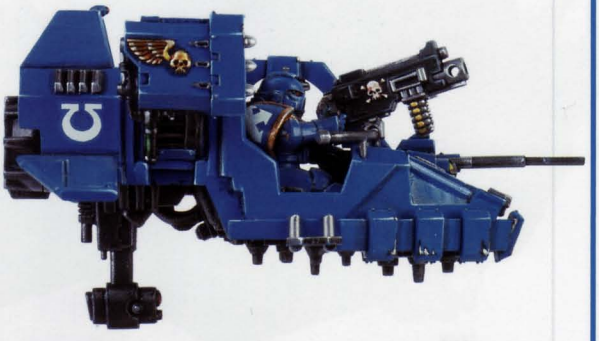


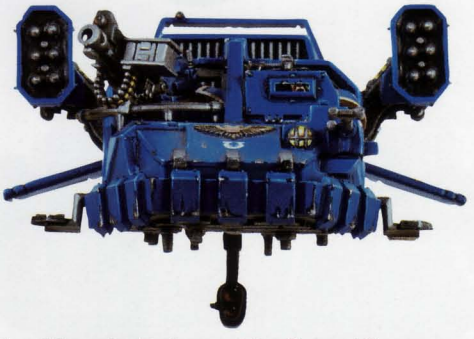


Attack Bike of the Second Company armed with twin-linked bolt guns & heavy bolter



Attack Bike of the Second Company armed with twin-linked bolt guns & multi-melta





Land Speeder Typhoon of the Second Company armed with a multiple missile launcher & heavy bolter

ULTRAMARINES ARMOURED VEHICLES

Here are some of the armoured vehicles used by the Ultramarines. At the top of this page is the Predator tank, showing its livery and weapon options. Below are shown a Whirlwind and a Vindicator which are based on different patterns of Rhino. On the opposite page is Marneus Calgar's personal transport. This Land Raider has been highly celebrated over the millennia and is a shrine to the Chapter. It is ornamented with badges of purity, honorifics, holy icons, the prayers of the righteous and other devotions.



Predator Annihilator *Vensus* of the Second Company



Predator Destructor *Gladdus* of the Second Company



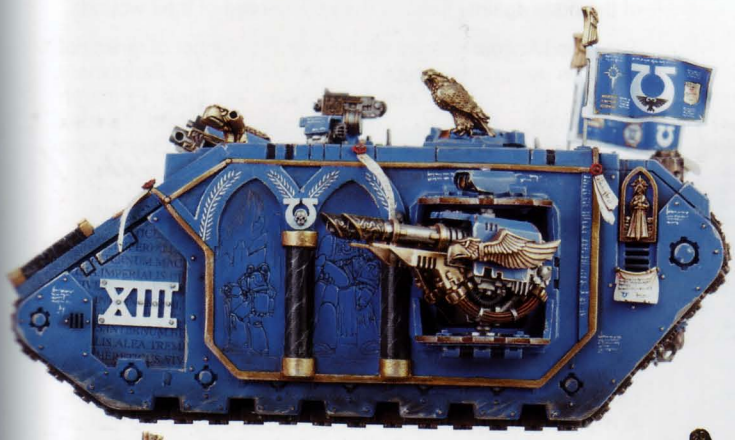
Whirlwind *Andronicus* of the Second Company

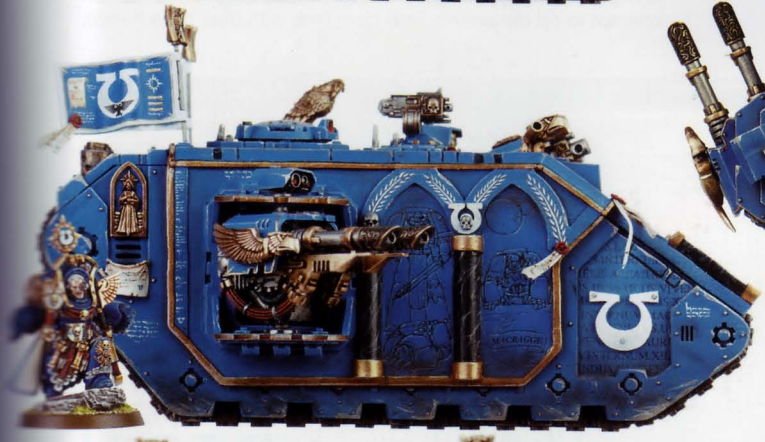


Vindicator *Lamenta* of the Second Company.
Note: this tank is based on a Rhino built at the forge world Maxima III

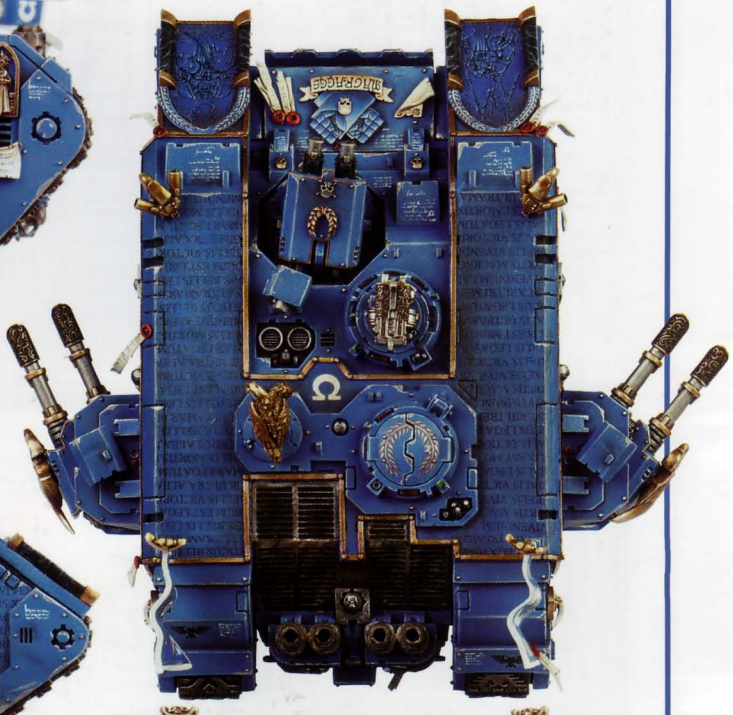


Land Raider Crusader *Titus* of the Second Company

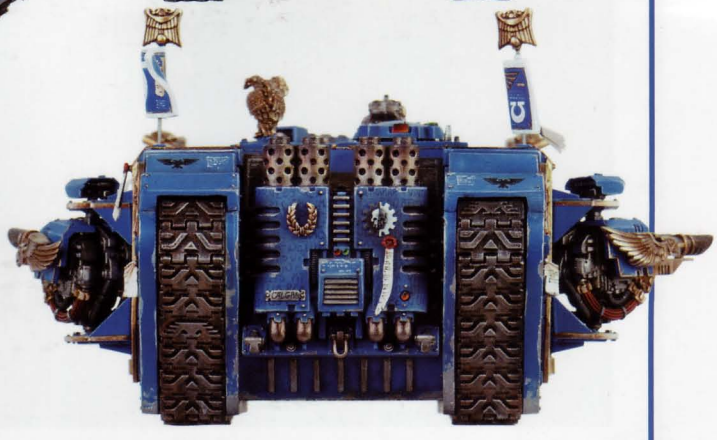




Transport Land Raider *Maximus*, attached to Lord Macragge, Marneus Calgar







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Silver Skulls

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- 2 Background
  - 2.1 Notable Campaigns
  - 2.2 Notable Silver Skulls
- 3 Sources
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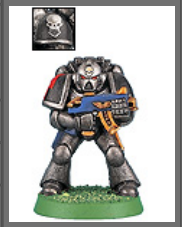
Chapter Summary

Marine	Basic Data		Chapter Symbol
	**Name:**	**Silver Skulls**	
	Founding Legion:	**Ultramarines**	
	Founding:	**Second Founding**	
	Current Chapter Master:	Unknown	
	Homeworld:	**Varsavia**[1]	
	Fortress-Monastery:	Unknown	**Miniature**
	Known Descendants:	Unknown	
	Colours:	Steel color armor, silver helmet, and black shoulder guards. Right shoulder markings are in red (may be company color). Symbol is a stylized silver skull.	
	Speciality:	Unknown	
	Battle Cry:	Unknown	
	Current Chapter Strength:	Unknown	

Background

The **Silver Skulls** are a successor **Chapter** of the **Ultramarines** and may have been created during the **Second Founding**. Although there is little background on the chapter, the Silver Skulls are said to be among the most renowned and honoured chapters of the Second Founding's ranks.[2]

Notable Campaigns

- **Charadon** Campaign. In 698.**M41** the Chapter was part of a combined Space Marine force led by **Marneus Calgar**, consisting of the **Angels of Absolution**, **Lamenters**, **Marines Errant**, and the **Ultramarines**. During a seven year crusade the force inflicted a series of major defeats on the **Ork** empire of **Charadon** which delayed the **Waaagh Argluk** invasion for thirty years.
- **Third War for Armageddon**.[3] Records show them to have been deployed to **Armageddon** during the Third War. Here they deployed seven out of ten companies of Space Marines to fight the Orks.

Notable Silver Skulls

- Commander Argentius (presumably a Chapter Master; quoted in *Rogue Trader*)[4]

Sources

- 1:**Warhammer 40,000 5th Edition Rulebook**
- 2:**Warhammer 40,000 3rd Edition Rulebook**



+=+=+ Subspace Transmission +=+=+

Directed to: Adeptus Ministorum Envoy Vonporler
Transmitted: Terra Prime
Received: Mordua IX
Telepathic Duct: Astropath - Ancient Xillsch
Date: 6500745.M41
Thought: Cleanse the unclean
Subject: Chapter 750 of the Adeptus Astartes – Silver Skulls
Home system: Mordua
Home Planet: Montani (Mordua III)
Founding: 19th
Chapter symbol: A white skull
Affiliation: Ultramarines gene-seed
Strictures: Codex chapter

+ + + + + +

[Revered Envoy Vonporler: Per your request, here is the existing information about the Adeptus Astartes Chapter, The Silver Skulls. It has been many centuries since the records were updated. Thank you for your time, and may the Emperors light shine upon you in your work.]

+ + + + + +

+++ Planetary Information +++

Montani is a pivotal planet in the Mordua sub-sector. There exists a narrow corridor of free space from Mordua to the rest of the Imperium, and Montani is the key to that corridor. Montani and several planets in the Mordua system are rich in natural resources.
For thousands of years, the people of Montani had been subjected to innumerable invasions, attacks, raids and skirmishes by an untold number of races. As a result, the people of the Mordua sub-sector, and Montani in particular, had become a very hearty and tough people.

Montani, often referred to as "the jewel of Mordua", is a beautiful, albeit rough planet. Its three main continents are almost entirely covered with either rolling hills or mountainous terrain. The unpopulated areas are covered in lush, dense vegetation giving the planet a green hue when viewed from space. The climate is very mild, and there are 3 distinct seasons. There exists now (and has for generations) a large starport upon the second continent, which sees almost constant activity.

+++ Montani I and the Founding +++

Several hundred years after the reorganization of the Adeptus Astartes, word reached Terra of an Orkish insurrection. They were attempting to seize control of the outlying star system known as Mordua, and, left unchecked, would be successful. They had already gained control of several smaller, poorly defended planets, and were attempting to seize the primary planet of the system, Montani. After carefully considering the value of the system, and weighing all options, the Adeptus Ministorum decided to send a contingent of Ultramarines to aid in the fight for the planet and sector. If the Orks overran that planet, they would effectively control that shipping lane and the entire sector.

Upon arrival, it was found that several large militias from Montani and other planets in the system had been fighting the Orks themselves, protecting their lands, families, and homes. Ill equipped and untrained, the locals were nevertheless fighting the Orks valiantly. If not for the Ultramarines timely intervention however, the Orks would have certainly defeated the local militias, and encompassed the planet due to sheer numbers. After initial contact with the locals, the Ultramarines were welcomed and hailed as saviors of the planet. The Marine Captain warned them that there was still much work to be done, and the locals pledged themselves to fight alongside the Marines to the last man. The Ultramarine Captain

was impressed with the citizens' steadfastness, and how they had pulled several planets worth of people together for a common cause.

It took another 5 years of campaigning to purge the Orks from the planet, and an additional 20 years to cleanse the remainder of the system. The history books recount tale after tale of acts of bravery, heroics, and selflessness not only by the Marines, but of the locals as well. A bond that can only be forged in the heat battle developed between the Ultramarines and the citizens of Montani. In a ceremony signifying the end of the war, the Space Marine Captain and several troopers from his company were awarded the highest honor that can be bestowed upon a citizen of Montani – The Silver Skull. To this day, several Ultramarines still display the honor upon their power armour. The campaign is referred to as Montani I.

Once the liberation of the planet was complete, The Ultramarine Captain petitioned the Adeptus Ministorum for permission to form a new Space Marine Chapter. It was determined that a new chapter was necessary to maintain control of the sector. Dubbed "The Silver Skulls", the Ultramarine gene seed was used to seed the new chapter.

+++ Heraldry and Symbology +++

Unlike their brethren, the Silver Skulls prefer to keep their heraldry and armour decorations simple. The left shoulder pad holds the chapter icon (a white skull in this case).

While the chapter name is officially "The Silver Skulls" and logically, the chapter icon would be the same, it is not so in this case. Historically, the military and civilian population on Montani maintained a very close relationship, mainly out of necessity, but always to their mutual benefit. The Order of the Silver Skull was an award of valor bestowed upon a civilian or member of the planetary military who demonstrated honor, courage, and bravery in the midst of dire circumstances. So, upon the founding of the chapter, it was decided that Brothers of the Chapter would be awarded similarly. The plain white skull became the armour icon, and the Silver Skull the award of valor.

The chest eagle is painted in differing colors, depending on what planet of the Mordua sector they come from. Red, the most common color, indicates that the trooper is from the primary planet in the sector, and the chapter's homeworld, Montani. The helmet is painted a bright silver. The company color is indicated on the rim of the right shoulder pad – yellow for the 2nd company, etc. Aside from any commendations or awards the trooper may have received (terminator honors, etc) the Silver Skulls keep their power armour as uncluttered as possible. In the words of the founding Brothers "The uncluttered nature of

our armour shows our humbleness before the Emperor."

The highest honor that can be bestowed upon a member of the Chapter is the Order of the Silver Skull. The OSS is awarded to a Space Marine who has shown exceptional valor or courage, or for a particularly heroic act. This honor is sometimes awarded posthumously. The decoration is displayed in a number of different ways – the most common being the repainting of the skull on the left shoulder pad. Vehicle crews will sometimes hang a silver skull on the outer hull from a chain, and starships will have a silver skull painted on a bulkhead somewhere near the fore of the ship.

+++ Transmission ends + More information forthcoming +++

The Silver Skulls Catechism of War

+=+=+ Subspace Transmission +=+=+

Directed to: Adeptus Ministorum Archive Master Braenus Maloerum
Transmitted: Mordua VII
Received: Terra Prime
Telepathic Duct: Astropath – Revered Balfour Tremirius
Date: 6500749.M41
Subject: Silver Skulls
Thought: Never doubt the will of the Emperor

[Master Maloerum, I was recently witness to the pre-battle preparations of the Silver Skulls. Following is their Catechism of War. The Chaplain, who was a dynamic presence, worked the Marines into a battle fury that I have scarce seen elsewhere in the Emperor's galaxy. May He bless you in everything you do]

- Adeptus Ministorum Envoy Vonporler

+++ Catechism of War +++

We are the Silver Skulls
We are the chosen of the Emperor

The Skull is the symbol of death
We bring death in His name

Sacred is our oath
In the name of The Emperor, we smite the enemies of Mankind

Invincible is our faith

The Emperor guides and protects us

True is our aim
Bless our Bolters, the instrument of the Emperor's wrath

Righteous is our fury
We will destroy the enemies of Mankind

Destroy the Traitors
Not one shall stand at the end of the day

Kill the Betrayers
They will die by our hand

Purge the Unclean
They will be purged from this world

Burn the heretics
They will burn

Silver Skulls
We bring death

SILVER SKULLS
WE ARE DEATH

+++ Transmission ends + More information forthcoming +++

Index Astartes
First Founding

An in-depth look at the First Founding Legions of the Adeptus Astartes

THE LOST AND THE DAMNED

The Death Guard Space Marine Legion

by Christopher Allen

The Death Guard Legion, consisting of the dread Plague Marines of Nurgle, has become a relentless and terrifying scourge upon the Imperium of Man. But it was not always so. Ten millennia ago, the Death Guard was one of the original twenty Space Marine Legions, united in the defence of Mankind under the command of the Emperor and their fearsome Primarch, Mortarion.

Origins

When the Emperor's twenty nascent Primarchs were scattered across the galaxy, the Stygian Scrolls tell of one who came to rest on a bleak moor, strewn with dead and scattered with the carnage of battle for leagues in every direction. The planet was Barbarus, perpetually shrouded in poisonous fog, whose mountainous crags were ruled by warlords with fantastic powers and horrific appetites, and whose human settlers, stranded there millennia before, were crowded into the lowest valleys, beneath the choking mists. They lived lives of unrelenting terror, eking out a peasant's existence by day beneath a dim sun which never burned completely through the fog, and cowering by firelight after dark from the terrible beings which moved unseen above.

The greatest of these overlords stood in triumph on the battlefield, revelling in his massacre until the silence was shattered by a child's cry. Legend tells that the warlord walked the sea of corpses for a day and a night in his creaking battle armour, drawn by the wail of the infant. For an instant, he considered ending its young life; but no mere human ought to be able to breathe the poisonous miasma of the heights of Barbarus, much less cry out as this child did. For long moments he contemplated the thing which appeared human but was clearly more; then he gathered up the infant and carried it from the carnage. For all his dark power, until that moment he had not had what this child now promised: a son and heir. Born of death, upon a field of death, the warlord christened the infant Mortarion: child of death.

His master tested the infant's limits. When he had determined precisely how high into the toxic clouds of Barbarus' peaks the child could survive, he erected a stony keep and fenced it behind black iron. Then he moved his own manse beyond, to the highest crag, where the atmosphere was deadly even to the nascent Primarch. Mortarion grew to adolescence in such a world, of citadels of weeping grey stone and iron fences, where the very air was death, and the sun never more than a distant smudge. It was a world of constant war, against opposing lords who came with golem armies of stitched-together dead one day, then tormented shapeshifters, more monsters than men, the next. To survive, Mortarion learned at the foot of his overmaster, and learned voraciously, everything his master would teach him. Mortarion devoured it all: from battle doctrine to arcane secrets, from artifice to stratagem. He learned and he grew, shaped by his grim environs, but a child of the Emperor for all that – superhumanly resilient to the poisonous air around him and superhumanly strong even in the absence of sufficient sunlight or nourishment. Mortarion possessed an intellect which was highly keen and which asked questions his lord was not wont to answer.

Increasingly, the questions centred around the fragile things in the valleys below, which the warlords preyed upon for their corpses to reanimate, or victims to accurse. His master kept Mortarion as distant from the human settlements as he could, but his very act of denial fed the maturing Primarch's obsession. The day finally came when Mortarion would be denied no longer. Mortarion slipped through the dungeons from his keep. The last thing he heard was the voice of the overlord, the only father he had known, roaring in the miasmic darkness from the high battlements as Mortarion descended from the mountain, renouncing the Primarch for his betrayal, warning Mortarion that to return would mean death.

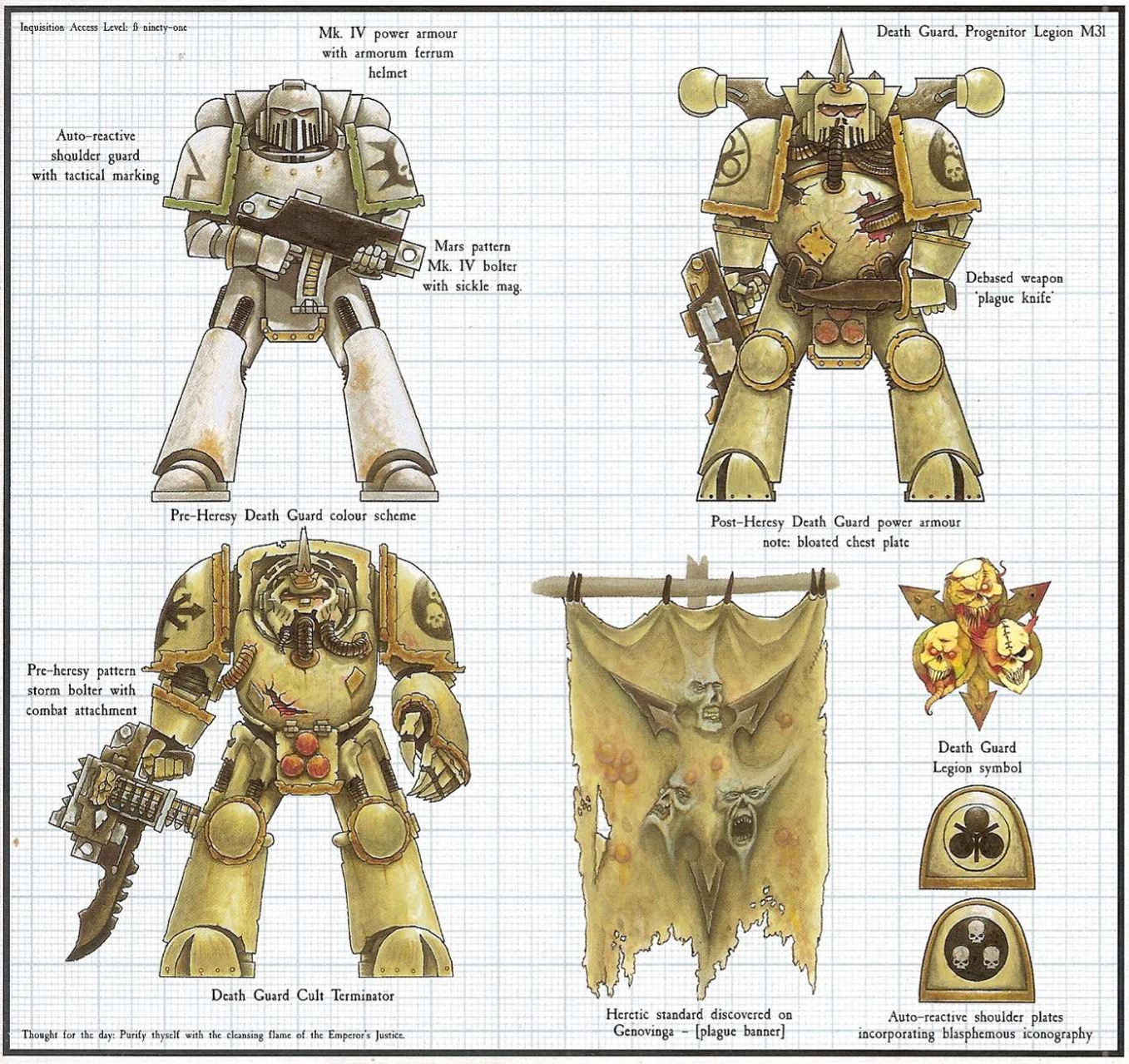
Descending beneath the mists was a revelation to Mortarion; his lungs were filled with air free of poisons for the first time. He smelled aromas of food being prepared, of crops freshly harvested, heard voices unmuffled by fog and, for the first time, heard laughter. The young Primarch realised that he was among his own kind, that the 'fragile prey' of the warlords were his own people. And with the realisation came rage. He determined to bring them the justice denied them by the dark powers which moved above.

Mortarion's acceptance amongst the human settlers of Barbarus was no

simple thing. However like them he felt himself to be, to them he was little different from the monsters above. Towering over even the tallest of them, gaunt and pallid, with hollow, haunted eyes which betrayed the horrors he had seen, Mortarion terrified most of the settlers. They looked upon him with suspicion and fear. It stung the young Primarch, but he bided his time, using his great strength to work the fields for their meager harvest, knowing that his opportunity to prove himself would come. When it did in the twilight hours, he was ready.

From the darkness came shambling dark things. A lesser lord led his corpse-like thralls into the settlement, taking with silent, remorseless strength those they could carry off for their master's dark purpose. The peasants fought back as best they could, with torches and farmer's tools rendered into makeshift weapons. It was all they could do not to run, much less offer a meaningful fight. They had played out the futility of this scene their whole lives, and they knew how it would end. Until, that is, Mortarion strode into their midst. Towering over them with an enormous two-handed harvesting scythe, he charged into the ranks of the enemy with all his rage-born might, and drove them from the village. Their dark lord smiled at him as he neared, and withdrew into the poisonous heights where this rebellious human could never reach him. He was still wearing his contemptuous smile when Mortarion caught up with him on the mountainside and exacted his vengeance for the 'fragile prey' below. After that night, Mortarion's place among the settlers was never in doubt.

As he matured, Mortarion taught the settlers of Barbarus what he knew of warfare. Word of his exploits spread, and many others made the perilous journey to learn. Slowly, villages became strongpoints, and the villagers more effective defenders. Eventually, Mortarion went amongst the people, travelling from settlement to settlement, teaching, building and, when occasion demanded, defending them. Always, however, his ultimate justice was denied; the dark powers could always retreat into the impregnable bulwark of their poisonous mists. His people could only fight in defense. That had to change.



Mortarion recruited the toughest, most resilient of Barbarus' population, forming them into small units which he drilled himself, teaching them not only defence but also attack. He turned blacksmiths from toolworking to weapon making when time allowed, and crafters to the shaping of armour. And, with the best artificers he could find, he bent his formidable intellect to the problem of the poisonous air.

Inquisitor Mendikoff's monograph, *Cataphract of Death,* relates the now-famous result. When next a warlord descended from above, and the villagers mounted a defense successful enough to drive his unholy army back, Mortarion and his retinue of warriors, masked with crude filtering hoses and breathing gear, advanced into the fog after them. For the first time in living memory the prey brought death into the realm of death, killing the warlord and massacring his army. Mortarion continually improved his warrior's breathing apparatus, and he and his Death Guard, as his retinue came to be known, campaigned ever higher into the dark powers' domain, encountering ever more virulent pestilence. The constant exposure to ever higher doses of toxins toughened his Death Guard, traits which proved transferable to each new iteration of the Death Guard, growing tougher as though emulating their champion himself.

Only the most toxic peaks were denied Mortarion and the Death Guard, and they warred for months across the poisonous spine of Barbarus until only one grim manse stood against them, one which Mortarion knew well. The concentration of death about it overcame his force, threatening even Mortarion himself, and so he withdrew. Upon his return, however, his world was destined to once again spin out of his control.

Mortarion and his brethren arrived to find the village alive unlike he had ever known it. On everyone's lips was word of the arrival of a stranger, a great benefactor who brought promise of salvation. The Primarch's mood darkened; this day of deliverance was one he had worked for all his life, and he found himself altogether unhappy to see it co-opted by the arrival of some newcomer of uncertain agenda.

Taletellers say Mortarion flattened the massive wooden door of the hall upon his entrance. Seated at banquet, he found the elders and a stranger who was their opposite in every imaginable way. Where they were gaunt and pale, he was robust, his flesh bronzed, his physique utterly perfect. The people greeted Mortarion's arrival expectantly. Despite the affect wrought upon him by Barbarus' poisons, the connection between the new benefactor and their defender was nevertheless plain to them all. As plain as father and son. However, Mortarion was oblivious to any connection. He greeted the stranger with barely masked hostility, which quickly turned to outright anger at the stranger's utter unflappability. The elders spoke of the new arrival's promise to unite the people of Barbarus within a great expanding brotherhood of Humanity which could help them be rid of their persecution from above. Mortarion felt his moment of triumph slipping from him. Twisting the haft of his ever-present scythe until his knuckles whitened, he declared that he and his Death Guard needed no help to finish their quest for justice.

It is said that the benefactor quietly challenged the stormy young Primarch's assertion, pointing out the Death Guard's failure to reach the last high citadel, and then threw down a gauntlet. If Mortarion could defeat the



high overlord alone, he would withdraw and leave Barbarus to its own means. But if he failed, they would join his Imperium of Man and Mortarion would swear total fealty and allegiance to him.

Over the protests of his Death Guard, he spun on his heel and struck out alone for the last manse standing against him, the keep of the overlord he had called father. If some part of him knew that even he could not survive the highest reaches of Barbarus, he did not acknowledge it. Mortarion climbed ever higher, driven by the inevitability of the imminent conflict with his once master, driven by his desire to bring final justice for the people of his world. However, he was mostly motivated by a compulsion to prove himself to the stranger below.

The confrontation, when it finally came, was mercilessly brief. Mortarion, choking in air so toxic that the hoses of his protective breathing gear began to rot away, struggled to the very gates of the overlord's citadel, calling out his defiance. The last thing he saw as he fell to his knees, the world turning grey as he was overcome, was the Overlord of Barbarus coming for him, to fulfil the promise he had made generations before. Then the mighty stranger stepped between them, defying the death-fog, and felling the overlord with a single blow of his gleaming sword.

Mortarion was true to his oath. When he recovered, he bent his knee to the stranger and swore himself and the Death Guard to his service. Only then did the Emperor of Man reveal himself as the young Primarch's true father, and the destiny such service would bring: command of the fourteenth Legion of the Adeptus Astartes, the Space Marines.

The Libram Primaris, or *Book of Primarchs,* tells how Mortarion brought the relentlessness, remorselessness and resilience of his personal Death Guard to the legion built of his own genetic material, and how in turn they adopted his retinue's title as their own. The resulting prowess of the Death Guard was recognised from the moment Mortarion took command, but the young Primarch never settled in Imperial society outside of battle. Mortarion was a grim, driven Primarch, fixated on reckoning with the oppressors of the galaxy. The easy camaraderie of the other Primarchs was alien to him. The Shadow Journal of Bellerophan, Dark Angels Librarian, confides that, of them all, he found kindred spirits in only two: Night Haunter, the dread master of the Night



Lords, and Horus, the Warmaster of the Imperium, the right hand of the Emperor. Horus above all others recognised the value of the Death Guard. He would often place Mortarion and his Legion in the centre of his battleline, counting on the enemy's inability to oust them so that he could either lever his advance from the rock of Mortarion's immovable position, or use it as the anvil upon which the Imperial hammer, in the form of his Luna Wolves, or the Haunter's Night Lords, would break the foe. It was a mercilessly effective combination.

In the charismatic Warmaster, Mortarion found a mentor who seemed to understand his goals and appreciate his methods. So close did Mortarion appear to be to Horus, in fact, it is believed that at least two of the other Primarchs, Roboute Guilliman of the Ultramarines and the ever watchful, ever taciturn Corax of the Raven Guard, approached the Emperor with concerns about where the master of the Death Guard's loyalties lay. The story of his allegiance to the Emperor won through his own failure was by then well-known, and anyone with even a passing familiarity with Mortarion knew that the pallid Primarch chafed at it. The Emperor is said to have dismissed their concerns with a wave; loyalty to Horus was de facto loyalty to the Emperor.

On that matter, the Emperor could not have been more wrong...

The Betrayal

On the feral planet Davin, the Warmaster and his Legion, now named the Sons of Horus in his honour, had fallen to Chaos. Before they would leave, Horus would be utterly possessed, foreswearing allegiance to the Emperor for the cause of Chaos and his own advancement, and would draw the Primarchs and Battle Brothers of half the Imperium's Legions to his cause. Transcripts of the Council of Charon, convened after the Heresy to ascribe responsibility, suggest that, unlike some of the other Primarchs, Horus did not need to resort to ritual possession to win the Death Guard to his side. Horus promised that under his rule the old order would fall, and a new age would dawn, a just age with right



ensured by the mighty. Mortarion turned on the Imperium as he had turned on the overlords of Barbarus, and joined the rebellion which would forever sunder the Imperium – the Horus Heresy. What he did not know then was the price he would be called upon to pay.

Horus was a brilliant strategist; he knew that the heart of the Imperium was Terra, and from the very moment of his rebellion, Terra was his objective. In short order he had gathered sufficient strength to shatter the defences of the Imperium and lay siege to the Imperial Palace itself. Mortarion was determined that the Death Guard would be there with him. With his entire fleet, he crossed into the Warp and straight into nightmare.

The Death Guard fleet was becalmed by an impenetrable warpstorm, its navigators neither able to guide them through it nor find safe passage into realspace. The fleet was reduced to drifting through the Immaterium, and while they were stilled the Destroyer came.

For Mortarion and the Space Marines of the Death Guard there was nothing so terrifying as the plague which made their legendary resilience meaningless. These were the warriors who the Imperium had sent to conquer worlds no other man could set foot upon, much less fight on and win. Pestilence, contagion, toxin and pollution; there was no environment so hostile which Mortarion and the Death Guard could not overcome, until the plague which raced through their fleet. It roiled in their guts, bloating and distending their once superhuman bodies, transforming them into horrible, pustulent grotesques. They were made corrupt within and sickening to behold without and they grew sicker and sicker, yet could not die, their own constitution becoming their worst enemy. What they endured was unimaginable yet none suffered more than Mortarion. For the Primarch, it was as though he were upon the mountaintop of Barbarus once more, surrendering to the poison, without the mercy of unconsciousness to claim him or the Emperor to come to his salvation.

Whether he perceived, in those terrible hours, the loss of what he had once stood for, and the damnation he had wrought upon himself and his Legion, only Mortarion will ever know. Unable to endure the suffering any longer, Mortarion offered into the Immaterium himself, his Legion and his very soul in exchange for deliverance. A presence in the Immaterium answered, as though it had been waiting all along. In the depths of the Warp, the Great God Nurgle, Lord of Decay and Father of Disease, called that debt and accepted Mortarion and the Death Guard Legion as his own.

What emerged from the Warp when the Death Guard fleet broke out bore little resemblance to what had entered. The gleaming white and grey armour of Imperial champions was no more, burst and shattered from the horrific bloating of infected bodies, scabbed with boils, putrescence and the filth of corruption. Their weapons and machinery of war were now powered by the sickly sorcery of Chaos, glowing with lambent green luminescence and oozing gangrenous pus. The name Death Guard itself would pass into secondary use, as the walking pestilence-carriers became a terrifying sight across the Imperium. To their victims, to their erstwhile allies, even to themselves, they had become the Plague Marines.

Horus was eventually defeated by the Emperor and Chaos was driven back across space, finding refuge in the weeping sore known as the Eye of Terror. Mortarion and his Death Guard retreated there as well, but not in disarray, as many of the other Legions did.

Even in damnation, the resilience of the Death Guard remained, and under the direction of their Master they withdrew into the Eye intact, Loyalist Space Marines and Imperial Guard regiments breaking upon them time and again.

Within, Mortarion claimed the world which would become known as the Plague Planet as his own; its location near the fabric of reality was ideal for launching new strikes into the Imperium and across the galaxy. He shaped it so satisfactorily and defended it with his Plague Marines so well that his patron, Nurgle the Unclean, elevated the Primarch to daemonhood and gave Mortarion what the Emperor had denied him, and what Horus had not been able to provide: a world of his own. Mortarion became the overlord of a world of poison, horror, and misery. He had come home.

Homeworld

Barbarus was a feral world which orbited near its dim yellow sun, creating a thick, miasmic atmosphere of toxic chemicals. The most virulent gases rose through Barbarus' perpetual cloud towards the heat of its star, making the world beneath a dismal place of night, unbroken by starlight and with short, shadowy days. An atmosphere breathable by humans existed only in the lowest elevations, on flat moors and in the valley basins of the jagged, stony mountains which spined the world. Beings immune to the toxic soup of the planet's higher atmospheres once existed on Barbarus, building great grey keeps in the mountain fastnesses.

When humans came to Barbarus, the horrific conditions from which they had to eke out survival quickly reduced them to a pre-feudal state. The higher beings' incomprehensible powers, their ability to survive where men could not, and above all their hunger to prey upon, experiment with and accurse Humankind caused the settlers to ascribe to those beings a medieval supernaturalism. What manner of creatures these dark overlords were will never be known.

Since his elevation to daemonhood, Mortarion has, consciously or not, remade the Plague Planet very much in Barbarus' image. Its citizens cower in festering villages on the planet's surface, serving their supreme masters, Mortarion's champions and other daemonic chosen of Nurgle who reside in mighty fortress-citadels high above them. Diseased things which should be dead, yet are not, roam the landscape, and skeletal Mortarion rules over all, enthroned upon the highest peak of the world.

Combat Doctrine

Mortarion was well-educated, if narrowly. Matters of culture, history, philosophy were often alien to him, but on the subject of dealing death, he was a prodigy. Mortarion believed that victory came through sheer relentlessness, and communicated that ethic throughout the Death Guard. Their weapons and armour were rarely the most expertly artificed, certainly not the most beautifully-ornamented, but functioned without flaw.

The Death Guard did not manoeuvre fancifully, or confound their opponents; they picked the best ground upon which to fight, then smashed their foes after they had broken themselves against the Death Guard line. There was no environment which Mortarion and the Death Guard feared. What Mortarion and his adepts could not devise means to compensate for, the Death Guard overcame through sheer resilience.

Mortarion learned battle in a theatre of rocky mountainous terrain, without benefit of machinery. Though his considerable intellect allowed him to grasp the value of such support when his elevation to Primarch of a Space Marine Legion made such things as tanks and transport available, the primacy of the foot soldier remained ever the trademark of the Death Guard. Mortarion preferred to utilise huge waves of infantry, well-equipped and highly-trained on an individual level. He demanded that they be able to function and fight in almost any kind of atmosphere, and gave little emphasis on specialised units using jump packs or bikes. In fact, the Death Guard did not have dedicated Assault and Tactical squads as such; all his Space Marines were expected by Mortarion to be equally adept with bolter, pistol and close combat weapon, to fight with whatever weapon circumstance dictated. Such doctrine lent itself well to the use of Tactical Dreadnought armour, and the Death Guard regularly used Terminators before the Heresy. The Death Guard were particularly renowned for their success at such high-risk missions as space hulk clearance and the Plague Marines continue that success, using hulks to spread disease, infection and the cult of Nurgle throughout the body of the Imperium. The combat doctrine which served the Death Guard so well in life now suits the damned character of the Plague Marines to perfection.

CAPTAIN GARRO, HERO OF THE DEATH GUARD

When Horus' rebellion was finally understood, seventy Space Marines, alone of five Legions, remained steadfast in their loyalty to the Emperor. These men seized the Imperial cruiser Eisenstein and broke the Traitors' blockade of the Istvaan system to carry word of the treachery to Terra. Their warning may have saved the Imperium. Commanding the Death Guard contingent was a great battle-captain, Garro.

There are conflicting testimonies regarding the fate of Captain Garro and his men. There are those who say that in the turmoil accompanying Horus' assault on the Imperial Palace no one knew what to do with the handful of loyal Marines whose entire Legions had turned traitor. The captain, indeed all of the Eisenstein seventy who survived the gauntlet to reach Terra, were placed in custody pending deposition by the Emperor himself, a deposition which, after his fall and enshrinement in the Golden Throne, never came. Garro and the other 'Heroes of the Imperium' never saw the light of day and died prisoners. Others maintain that Garro himself fought in the palace defence, and when he saw what his brother Legionnaires had become, he renounced arms and served devotedly at the Master Apothecariate, where Space Marine Apothecaries receive their training, futilely seeking a cure for the plague which had taken his entire Legion of brothers, until his own death.

More fanciful taletellers link Garro and his band to secret societies moving behind the public face of the Imperium, and claim that Garro and his original Space Marines still live, an elite force committed to thwarting the aims of Nurgle, Mortarion and the Death Guard, who appear in battle clad in the colours and flying the banners of the pre-Heresy Death Guard, then vanish, like grey ghosts from the warp.

Still others report that Garro was unable to resist the same lure to damnation which claimed his Primarch. In the aftermath of the Heresy, Garro turned to Nurgle and became a champion of the Death Guard. As the Lord of Flies, he still leads Plague fleets from the Eye, clad in black iridescent armour and a power claw like a great skeletal hand, accompanied by the maddening buzz of insectoid wings.

Organisation

Mortarion was an infantryman, and the Death Guard were organised around the principle of equipping the individual Space Marine as well as possible. Obedience was extended through every rank: sergeants were extensions of their captains, who were extensions of Mortarion himself. If there were any of the original Legions that could be said to be of one body, it was the Death Guard. As a consequence, the Death Guard were organised into fewer companies than any of the other First Founding Legions. There were never more than seven companies at any time in its history, but each was of considerably greater size, and heavy with Space Marine infantry, including Terminator squads.

With Mortarion elevated to daemonhood, his hand upon the Legion became more remote and the Death Guard became broken up through space and time into smaller units. Warriors of the Death Guard are most often seen afoot, or at best accompanied by mad, plague-infested Dreadnoughts. Few of the tanks and transports of the Legion still function, their upkeep and maintenance being no priority to Space Marines dedicated to the Incarnation of Rot and Decay. Some such constructs do soldier on, possessed by minor daemonic entities or infested and animated by Nurgling hordes, the swarming worker drones of the Lord of the Unclean. These forces are often found organised in squads of seven banded together into cohorts of seven squads. An echo of their Legion's organisational model at its height, seven is also the sacred number of the Death Guard's patron power, and they believe that by forming themselves in multiples of that number, they carry the favour of the daemon lord Nurgle and create a kabalistic strength. Whether their 'Rule of Seven' draws the attention and sorcerous blessing of the Death Guard's deity or not, the manner in which the Plague Marines carry themselves to war still reflects the hand of the Primarch which forged them, shaped them, then led them to their damnation. The daemon prince Mortarion remains master of the Death Guard even after their fall, orchestrating their movements unseen from his bubonic throne.

Beliefs

The beliefs of the Death Guard echoed those of Mortarion, beginning as one thing and ending as the corrupt opposite. A resolute determination that individuals should be free of oppression and terror became a conviction that individuals were not suited to decide what was just for them. A faith in inner strength, iron will and unshakeable resolution in the face of hardship led to pride, arrogance and an utter contempt for those they deemed inferior.

When Nurgle's Rot came to the stranded Death Guard, their pride and arrogance was revealed, and their contempt for weakness turned upon themselves. Their surrender to Nurgle left them with only one seething, burning outlet, stoked white-hot by the depth of their self-loathing: to infect the strong, slay the weak and rot the foundations of everything in their paths until it collapses. Their debasement would no longer seem so shameful, if

the pestilence of their Unclean Lord eventually brought everything to ruin.

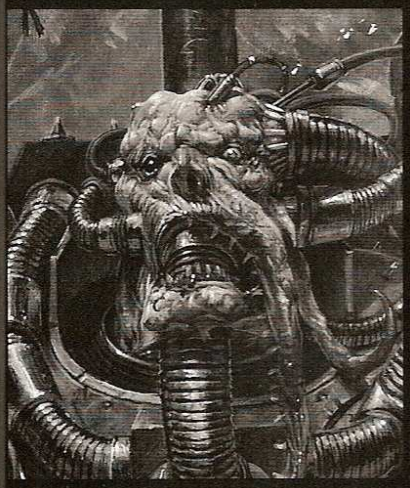
Gene-seed

The Space Marines of the Death Guard always reflected the gaunt, shadow-eyed, quality of their Primarch, that gave the lie to the hardiness with which they were made. The contagion which led to their damnation corrupted them physically, as well. As Plague Marines, the once-gaunt Death Guard are now bloated and seeping like an infected abscess, covered in boils, sores and weeping wounds crusted with the brown and green filth of the unclean. Nurgle does not accompany this repulsive aspect with gifts of mutation as freely as other powers (such capricious change is the province of his antithesis, Tzeentch), but on occasion will alter the countenance of a Death Guard aspirant with a tentacle, facet-eyed head of an insect or some other hideously repulsive form.

Battle-cry

The Death Guard have no rallying cry as such. As Plague Marines, they are the incarnation of silent death, the virulent epidemic, the wasting disease and the remorselessness of decay. They are pestilence and pox, famine and blight, contagion and cancer, and like all of these things, are most terrifying when they come without word or warning.





Corpses bloated with noxious gasses spewed excremental fluids as the filth-encrusted Land Raider crushed them beneath its rusted iron tracks, grinding their jellied bones to pulp. Explosions burst around the massive vehicle, filling the air with lethal fragments and scoring the necrotic surface of its armoured hide. Hulking and deformed warriors kept pace with the plague tank, firing mucus-covered bolters through the yellow fog as they advanced. The Imperial Fists defensive line was less than fifty metres away, the ground before it littered with the twisted, plague-ridden carcasses of those unfortunate enough to have been touched by the Dark Powers.

The fog coiled about the Land Raider like a living thing, as though it moved on some vile business of its own. The white heat of lascannon fire speared through the sickly haze and struck the hull of the tank, blasting a deep wound in its fleshy exterior. The massive vehicle slewed around but kept moving, spinning tracks churning scraps of rotten flesh and decayed limbs as it rumbled over the pathetic barricade their foes had erected. The ground shook as the vehicle crashed back to earth. The front ramp dropped and pestilential fumes gusted from within, like the breath of some vast, infected beast. Vomited from the belly of the armoured beast, warriors spawned in a festering nightmare charged from the Land Raider, a foul miasma of contagion wreathing their helmets in smoky darkness. Almost three metres tall, the huge figures wore poisonous green suits of Terminator armour, splashed with clusters of weeping boils and sores. Diseased lesions and foul organic matter oozed from cracks in the armour, the stench of the plague Terminators causing even the defending Space Marines to gag through their rebreather equipment.

Captain Pteronus of the Imperial Fists levelled his bolter at the hideous giants before him, scarcely able to believe that he would once have called these abominations 'Brother'. The souls of the Death Guard were forfeit to the Dark Gods and their inner corruption was manifest in their outward hideousness. Hatred like nothing he had known before coursed through his veins like an electric charge as he emptied his magazine into the traitors. His squad followed his example, firing without pause into the charging Terminators. Several shells found homes in traitor flesh, blasting chunks of diseased tissue and ceramite clear, but not a single Terminator fell, the decaying armour and unnatural resilience of the followers of Nurgle carrying them through the hail of fire.

* * *

Brother Colathrax stalked leisurely through the fog of sweet corruption and hail of bolter shells, his plague sword licking out left and right. He cut and stabbed, slicing skin and pricking organs, but never killing outright, no, never that. For who was he to deprive his foes of the agonising bliss of Father Nurgle's Rot? How sweet it was to watch those whom the false Emperor had made mighty descend into madness and decay, their once powerful bodies turning on them as plague reduced them to mindless, gibbering horrors of mutated flesh. They had set themselves up as gods and would now pay the price for that arrogance. A Space Marine Captain in blazing yellow armour stood before him, his sword raised in challenge and Colathrax smiled.

"Time to die, traitor!" hissed Captain Pteronus.

Colathrax chuckled, "I think not," and swung his dripping sword at his opponent. Pteronus ducked and thrust with his own weapon. The energised edge scraped a furrow in the Terminator's armour, but slid clear. Colathrax batted aside his opponent's blade with his power fist, stabbing his suppurating weapon through Pteronus' belly. The blade of the plaguesword skewered the Space Marine in an upward arc, lifting him from his feet and hammering through the building behind. Pteronus hung suspended above the ground, blood pooling beneath his twitching body. The wound refused to close and Pteronus coughed bloody phlegm as he felt the meat of his body rotting at a terrifying rate, internal organs flooding with dead fluids and the flesh of his limbs sloughing from his bones inside his armour. His breath rasped as his lungs dissolved and his vision faded as his eyeballs liquefied, sliding down his face like glutinous tears. He tried to curse his killer, but his throat had ruptured and seconds later his brain was a foetid grey ooze dribbling from his sagging head.

Brother Colathrax inhaled the intoxicating aroma of his master's putrescent benediction and offered a short prayer to Father Nurgle. He wrenched his sword from the wall, allowing the sloshing suit of power armour to topple to the stinking ground. The disintegration of this world was almost complete and Colathrax could taste their victory on the foul wind that swept the battlefield. He pictured oceans of decaying flesh, infection rampant and plagues unnumbered. That would be their gift to the denizens of this mortal realm.

Colathrax laughed at the thought as the fog closed in.

PLAGUE MARINES



The first Plague Marines were warriors of the Death Guard Legion trapped in the Warp upon their spaceships when the virulent Destroyer Plague struck their fleet. Mortarion and his Legion offered themselves up to the service of the Lord of Decay in return for having their lives spared. Their bodies became bloated and swollen with the corruption festering within them, but they no longer felt the agony of the warp-pox and did not die from its horrific symptoms.

Though many other Space Marines have dedicated themselves to Nurgle since the Horus Heresy, few ever achieve the ranks of the Plague Marines. Those who truly wish to join this most elite of foetid cadres swear loyalty to the Death Guard and their Primarch Mortarion. Only then will Nurgle bestow upon them the corrupting ague that created the Plague Marines.

Outside of the Death Guard, a favoured few Sorcerers of Nurgle know the secrets of the Plague Marines, and Abaddon of the Black Legion has won most of these foetid spellcasters to his cause. For many favours and service, these blight-carriers will bestow the gift of Plague Marinehood to the worthy who swear loyalty to Nurgle and to the Black Legion.

Plague Marines have disgusting, rotted bodies that stink of decay. The putrescent slime that oozes from their many weeping sores pits and corrodes their armour, but the Plague Marines are still fearsome, skilled warriors.

Their decaying brains are inured to the agony of their bodily corruption, making them all but immune to any pain or discomfort caused by battle wounds. The Plague Marines prefer short-ranged firefights, where they can see the festering wounds inflicted upon their enemies even while they laugh off the bullets and las-bolts directed back at them. Should the enemy close to within assault range, the Plague Marines can defend themselves with blight grenades. These contain virulent toxins that eat away at armour, and fill the air with thick clouds of blinding spores. The most ostentatious blight grenades are 'death's heads' made from the severed heads of fallen enemies. The brains are infected and pustulent, and maggots, slime and other noxious ingredients are added, before the head is sealed with ancient wax.

As well as fighting in the armies of the Chaos Lords, the Plague Marines dedicate their lives to spreading corruption and decay. The Plague fleets of Nurgle that spew from the Eye of Terror are captained by the Plague Marines, spreading contagion and pestilence across dozens of star systems. The Plague Fleets carry followers of Nurgle to inhabited worlds, where the Plague Marines' destructive raids are inevitably followed by outbreaks of no less destructive contagions. Once the Plague ships are abandoned or their crews finally destroyed, the hulks float back to the Warp and eventually, perhaps guided by the hand of Nurgle himself, find their way back to the Plague Planet where they are re-crewed for new attacks.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Plague Marine	4	4	4	4(5)	1	3	1	9	3+
Plague Champion	4	4	4	4(5)	1	3	2	10	3+

Unit Type: Infantry

Special Rules

Fearless, Feel no Pain,
Mark of Nurgle (included in profile).

Blight Grenades: These are defensive grenades, which means that enemy units do not gain their bonus Attacks for charging if they are assaulting a unit of Plague Marines.

THE CLOUD OF FLIES

During a Plague Ship's journey through the Warp, the interior of the craft erupts with large furry black flies. They burst from every surface, covering the insides of the ship, filling whole rooms with their decaying carcasses. When the Plague Ship reaches a world, the Champions disembark by atmospheric craft or by landing the ship itself. As soon as the transport's hatches are opened, a thick cloud of insects is released, each a tiny bearer of disease ready to spread the foulness of Nurgle over a virgin planet. Even when the Plague Marines disembark by teleporter enough flies are transported with them to form a dense cloud of choking darkness.

'EAVY METAL SHOWCASE

Here are displayed some of the models from Neil Hodgson's Death Guard collection. Every single model has undergone major conversion work, and Neil has succeeded in making his force look extremely disturbing!

Death Guard Lord in Terminator armour



Death Guard Sorcerer



Death Guard Lord



Death Guard Terminators



Death Guard Dreadnought







Index Astartes
First Founding

An in-depth look at the First Founding Legions of the Adeptus Astartes

MASTERS OF FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE

The Thousand Sons Space Marine Legion

by Christopher Allen, Jonathan Westmoreland and Andy Hoare

The Thousand Sons were born of Magnus, the changeling Primarch. A physical giant possessed of coppery skin, fiery red hair and a single, baleful eye. Some say his massive size reflected his enormous intellect; his cyclopean eye his single-minded strength of purpose. At the height of the Great Crusade, Magnus was amongst the most imposing of the Primarchs and was always the one most suspected of taint. He would endure the whispers of Chaos throughout his life...

Origins

When the Primarchs were mysteriously scattered from their incubation on Terra, the infant Magnus fell upon the remote colony world of Prospero. He could hardly have been more fortunate: a grotesque cyclopean mutant who might have been feared and shunned on any other world came instead upon a hidden planet of kindred spirits: a commune of outcast human psykers. It would not be the last time Magnus' destiny would be so conveniently manipulated.

The original settlers of Prospero had chosen the world for its remoteness from Terra, and had gone to great lengths to sever contact with Humanity. Their single citadel was situated deep in the planet's ventral mountain range. Nourished by vast underground hydroponics for sustenance and techno-psychic collector arrays for sustainable energy, it was a construct of extraordinary beauty. The so-called 'City of Light' glittered amidst the desolation of Prospero, all gleaming silver towers, soaring obelisks and majestic pyramids. Within this carefully artificed reclusium, far from the sight of Man, its commune of human refugees devoted themselves completely to the pursuit of knowledge and the mastery of the nascent mutation which had set them apart: their developing psychic powers.

Legend tells of Magnus arriving like a portentous comet, streaking through the thin atmosphere of Prospero and coming to rest in the central plaza of the city. The vulnerability of their sanctuary to approach from above was something the adepts of Prospero failed to recognise, a failure for which they would suffer greatly in times to come.

Magnus became a ward of the scholars of the commune. Perhaps they recognised their kinship in a mutant cast out among mutants. Perhaps they recognised his potential. What is known is how quickly the young Primarch himself began to manifest the sort of powers which had caused his mentors to flee into isolation, and how utterly he brought those powers under his control. Magnus mastered every psychic discipline, quickly surpassing the abilities of the greatest adepts in the commune. By the time he approached physical maturity, Magnus had grown into a giant in the psychic and intellectual, as well as the physical, sense. Then came the day that Magnus opened his cyclopean eye upon the Empyrean, and instead of channelling power from the Warp, Magnus instead saw into it and life on Prospero was changed forever.

The instant his single enormous eye saw into that place of power, Magnus the Red went from student to absolute master.

The Warp is no more a lifeless place than the physical world, and the arrival of so prodigious a psychic presence as Magnus did not go unnoticed. More than one consciousness sensed the new life across the Immaterium and more than one recognised him for who he was.

More than one came to find him.

The Apocrypha of Skaros records the day the Emperor and his host arrived upon Prospero.

'It was as though they were friends of old, of many years acquaintance. Magnus' mutant visage disturbed not the Emperor of Man, who embraced his lost Primarch and proclaimed him his own.'

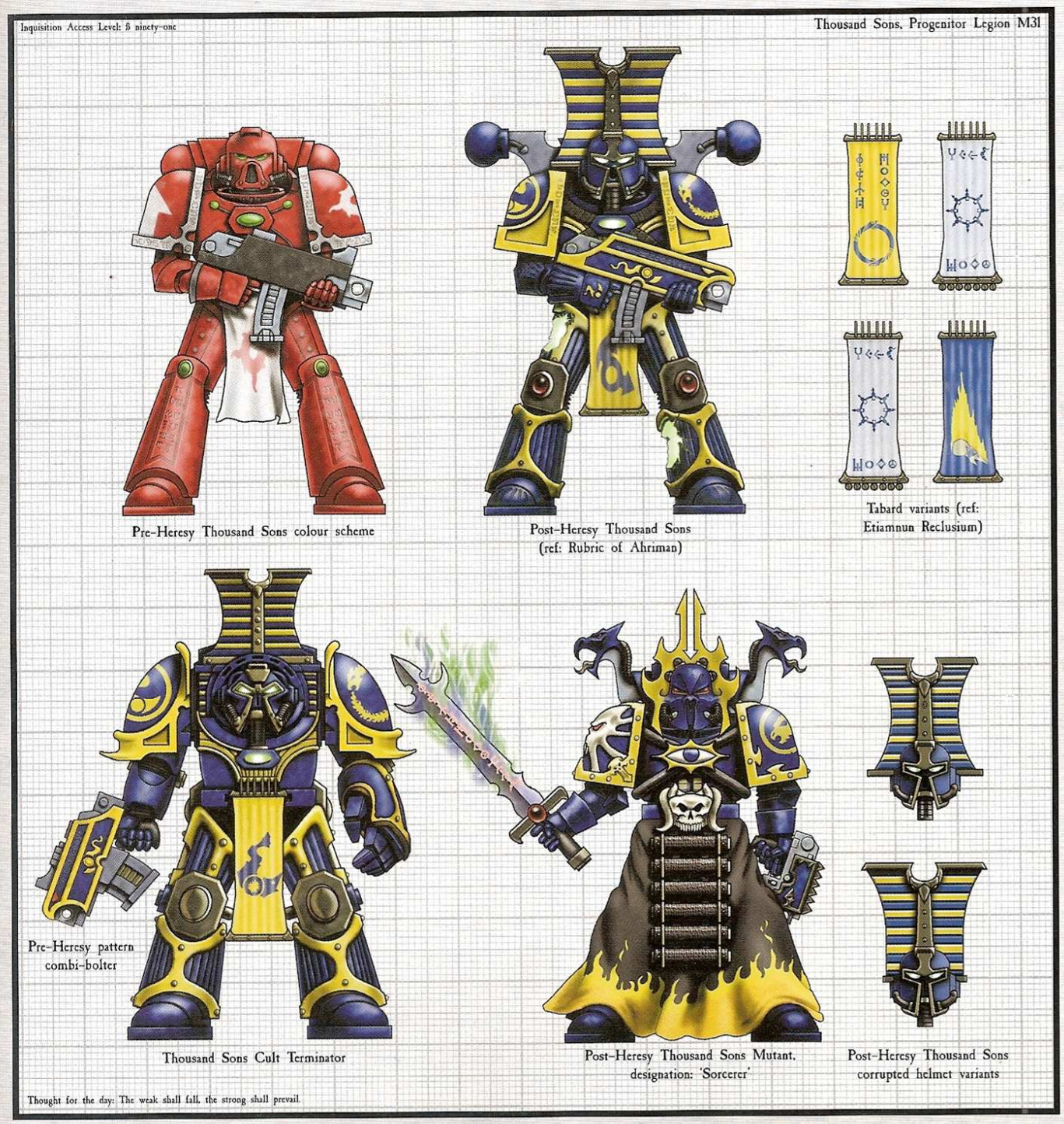
It has been suggested that the face-to-face meeting of Emperor and Primarch was a virtual afterthought, their minds having long since found each other across the Warp.

The Emperor had chosen as his vanguard force for the expedition his fifteenth Legion, the Space Marine progeny infused with Magnus' own gene-seed. The Apocrypha records the moment Primarch and Legion were united.

'The Warp-lost Primarch heard his Emperor, and spoke but a simple

response, "As I am your son, they shall become mine." Then he knelt and in that moment accepted Primacy of the fifteenth Legion: his Thousand Sons.'

The discovery of their lost master could not have come sooner for the Thousand Sons. Formed from Magnus' own gene-seed, the Legion was disposed toward psychic mutation in disproportionate numbers, a circumstance the fledgling Imperium was ill equipped to handle. Deep factionalism divided those who recognised the benefit of stable mutations such as the so-called 'Navigator Gene' of the Navis Nobilite. The Navigator Houses' 'third eye' allowed them to steer a course through the Immaterium making warp travel possible, but some perceived the increasing and seemingly random nature of human mutation as a destructive internal threat. An entire Legion of potential mutants was seen as a dangerous development. The fifteenth Legion had suffered terribly from the spontaneous, uncontrolled manifestation of psychics amongst their ranks, and those who survived to receive training became amongst the most powerful Librarians of the epoch. Many more did not. Moreover, the increasingly vocal anti-mutant 'witch hunting' crusades within the Imperium had seized upon the out-of-control Legion as evidence of the danger of psychic mutation. Cries that demanded purging the Imperium of psykers completely were not uncommon, and those directed at the remote and superhuman Space Marines of the Thousand Sons were among the most strident. Magnus came just in time to save the Legion from the threat of destruction.



Relocating its entire depleted strength to Prospero, Magnus turned the might of his intellect to their instruction in the ways of the psyker.

There are scholars, especially among the Librarians of certain Space Marine Chapters, who suggest it was during this time that another threshold was crossed. They believe that the crisis of controlling an entire Legion's destructive psychic mutancy caused Magnus to seek shortcuts, or explore more perilous paths. There are others, including prominent members of the Inquisition, who suggest that no such 'threshold' ever existed, that the original commune of psychic adepts were already students of darker arts before Magnus came amongst them. Thus his initiation into similar rites was inevitable. Still others postulate that it was the magnitude of the Primarch's own insatiable hunger for knowledge that made what followed inevitable. When it happened will never be known, but at some point Magnus the Red and his Thousand Sons Legion pursued knowledge beyond scholarship and psychic discipline, and began to practice sorcery.

The difference was not universally noticed at first. Magnus joined the Great Crusade with vigour. He led the Thousand Sons alongside the Emperor, the other rediscovered Primarchs with their Legions and all the fighting forces of Man. They fought in a grand campaign radiating outward from Terra, liberating colonies long isolated and claiming new worlds for the glory of the Emperor. That the Thousand Sons accomplished their victories through guile and deception as often as by strength of arms did not initially draw concern. Victory was victory after all. However, the further the Emperor's realm expanded, the more tenacious grew the opposition. Increasingly, Legions of Space Marines or regiments of Imperial Guard would make planetfall expecting to find lost colonies of men, only to discover the thralls of mysterious powers utterly inimical to them. These slave cults resisted with sorcerous powers granted them by daemonic beings from across the Warp, powers that few could fail to notice were akin to those wielded by the Thousand Sons of Magnus.

There were those amongst the Imperial court suspicious of the Thousand Sons' methods. Paramount amongst them was Mortarion, sepulchral lord of the Death Guard who knew too well from his own dark past that sorcerous power never came without a price. Leman Russ, Primarch of the Space Wolves, for whom any battle fought through sleight of hand and clever deceit was by definition dishonourable, also lent his voice to the critics of the Thousand Sons. The schism grew so great that it threatened the very foundations of the new order, and so the Emperor of Man himself decreed a council to resolve the issue for all time. The mightiest proponents of both sides convened on the planet Nikaea to debate, with the Emperor himself enthroned above the dais as arbiter, in an ancient amphitheatre that seated tens of thousands. There,



beneath the glittering starlight, the witch hunters presented their case. They recited a litany of human misery inflicted upon the Emperor's own subjects by sorcerers enslaved by Chaotic monstrosities, of mutants unable to control what they had become, and despots who turned their psychic gifts to dark and selfish purposes. To speak against these charges came Magnus himself. He climbed the dais in silence, his own visage seeming to confirm everything the witch hunters asserted. But when he began to speak, it was clear none of his accusers could match the charisma or presence of a Space Marines Primarch and least of all this particular Primarch's certainty of conviction.

Magnus told the assembled throng that no knowledge was tainted of itself, and no pursuit of knowledge ever wrong so long as the seeker of that truth was master of what he learned. And, Magnus decreed with finality, there were no secrets the Thousand Sons had not mastered, no ways too labyrinthine for them to know. When he stepped from the dais, the council was divided more sharply than ever: the witch hunters had made their case collectively with great impact, but with insufficient power to blunt the persuasiveness of the Primarch of the Thousand Sons. The assemblage openly wondered if even the Emperor could decide against one of his own sons.

The tension had reached the palpable knife-edge of violence when a contingent of Space Marine Librarians approached the dais. The Emperor acknowledged them with a nod and all fell silent, for visible amongst the Librarians were the chiefs of some of the greatest Legions in the Imperium. These mystic warriors formed a semicircle about the podium to indicate they spoke with one voice, but it was a young Epistolary who stepped forward to deliver their words. Though his identity has been lost to history, he is said to have spoken with a passion that bordered on ferocity, and offered to the assembled council a third alternative. A psyker, he proposed, like an athlete, was a gifted individual whose native talent must be carefully nurtured. Psykers were not evil in themselves. Sorcery was a knowledge that had to be sought, even bargained for, and neither man nor paragon could be certain they had the best of such bargains. The other Librarians united around him, and proposed that the education of human psykers to best serve Mankind be made an Imperial priority. The conduct of sorcery would be outlawed for evermore as an unforgivable heresy against Mankind.

The compromise presented by the Librarians offered both factions something, and appeared to be what the Emperor himself had been waiting for. The Emperor ruled it law without allowing any rebuttal, and the Edicts of Nikaea stand to this millennium as Imperial policy regarding human psychic mutation. But it was not the decision favoured by Magnus. The Grimoire Hereticus records the fateful face-to-face confrontation between father and son when the Emperor himself barred Magnus' attempt to storm from the hall in protest. He bade Magnus cease the practice of sorcery and incantation, and the pursuit of all knowledge related to magic. It is said the cyclopean Primarch's face appeared brittle as aged stone as he received his father's command. Brittle enough to crack, but the Primarch of the Thousand Sons bent his shoulder and pledged himself and his Legion to obey. Neither Emperor nor Primarch knew that this moment would be the last time they would meet, and that events had been set in motion that would climax in treachery, bloodshed and pain.

The Betrayal

The threat to the fledgling Imperium resolved by the council served to mask other, darker betrayals already in motion. On Davin, events were reaching their tragic climax as Horus, first among equals, Warmaster and right arm of the Emperor, fell victim to the manipulations of Chaos. This threat would not be resolved by debate or decree. Enthralled completely by the Dark Powers, Horus emerged from the events on Davin intent on nothing less than the complete destruction of the Imperium. Suborning brother Primarchs and their Legions to join his own, Horus intended to take the rest of the Imperium and indeed the Emperor himself by complete surprise. He was a brilliant strategist; he believed he had manipulated every possible factor to ensure his success. He had miscalculated in only one regard. Despite the decree of his father and despite his own sworn promise, Magnus had not turned from the pursuit of the Dark Arts.

Seeing into the depths of the Warp from his sanctum upon Prospero, Magnus beheld a vision of Horus' pledge of fealty to Chaos upon the fields of the feral world of Davin. Horus' treachery was revealed, every detail made known with total clarity. Magnus saw the too-human foibles of Fulgrim of the Emperor's Children and Angron of the World Eaters played upon masterfully by Horus, and greater forces veiled by the Warp. He saw the terrible trap being laid for Ferrus Manus of the Iron Hands, Vulkan of the Salamanders and cautious Corax of the Raven Guard on Istvaan V. He saw the Emperor's mightiest bastion of unalloyed loyalty, Guilliman's Ultramarines, being cleverly decoyed to the far side of the galaxy, where they could play little part in the drama to unfold. Alone in the entire galaxy, more clearly than even Horus himself, Magnus was given to understand the events at hand. He saw it all and understood each consequence and every role, except his own.

There are generals, tacticians and great military minds who say that had Magnus acted upon his knowledge and taken ship with his Thousand Sons he could have changed the course of the Heresy. Others point out that the Warp is an imprecise place, and Magnus could not be sure he would arrive in time to prevent Horus' treachery. Instead of direct intervention, Magnus embarked upon a more perilous path. The Primarch had never accepted the Emperor's belief in the peril of sorcery, and had broken his oath to turn from the pursuit of such knowledge.

In his precognitive vision of the coming war, and the warning it provided, Magnus was certain he had found proof of the value of his studies. With the combined power of his fellow sorcerers he set about casting a spell across time and space. Breaching all the protective hexes and wards of the Imperial Palace on Terra, he projected his warning of impending revolution into the presence of the Emperor himself, naming Warmaster Horus as its chief architect.

It was to be his moment of triumph and vindication, the occasion of his self-righteous justification. Only the power of Magnus' sorcery had revealed the viper within. Surely the Emperor would at last see its value. Instead, the Emperor named Magnus' sorceries themselves as the viper. He judged Magnus' accusation of his brother Primarch heretical and his blatant

deception evidence of the worst sort of oath breaking. Magnus' pursuit of forbidden knowledge was deemed tragic proof that he had fallen under the sway of the very powers the Emperor had warned him against. The Emperor's worst fears for the soul of his cyclopean son had been realised.

The content of Magnus' warning was ignored completely. It is said the Emperor broke contact with such force that psychic wards throughout the Palace arced with lightning and shattered. At the Emperor's side stood Russ, quaking with barely-contained wrath at Magnus' actions. The Emperor turned to him, for he knew he could be counted upon to prosecute his next orders without restraint. He ordered the Space Wolves to be unleashed upon Magnus and the scholar-soldiers of Prospero.

Only those who witnessed those distant days will ever truly know what happened upon Prospero when the Space Wolves attacked, as extant accounts often contradict each other dramatically. The epic, 'Prospero's Lament', describes a lengthy orbital bombardment by the Space Wolves, followed by a systematic campaign across the planet that took many days and nights, with a death toll of horrific proportions on both sides. On the other hand, one of the Space Wolves' strongest oral accounts of the battle, 'The Edda of the Hammer', asserts that the Space Wolves took the Thousand Sons completely by surprise. The Space Wolves fell upon the City of Light from above (as Magnus had, so many years before) and reduced it in one terrible, bloody night of violence and carnage. The single night of burning libraries, crashing towers and feral mayhem is a potent image and the action described in the Edda matches the popular image of the Space Wolves. But the Edda is oft-criticised, for how could a planet of sorcerers, able to see across time and space and into the future, be so completely surprised as to face destruction in the course of a single night? How indeed, unless the dark powers which granted them their visions did not mean for them to see? However it occurred, the sack of Prospero was the ultimate horror for the scholarly Thousand Sons, as Russ and his Space Wolves smashed their way through the sanctuary of the City of Light. Russ' warriors built pyres from Magnus' libraries of books, parchments and ancient texts, destroying artifacts unique in all the galaxy with a stroke of the chainsword. Though they differ in their specifics, most accounts suggest that Magnus himself met Leman Russ in hand-to-hand combat, Primarch against Primarch, berserker against giant in the ruined heart of the City. 'The War of the Giants', committed to print by Inquisitor Bastalek Grim from Space Wolf oral tradition, describes the titanic duel that followed:

'Magnus the Red did take to the field of battle, causing the ravaged ground to liquefy 'neath his mighty stride. Russ charged bodily the crimson behemoth and did lift the Cyclops off the ground, The Wolf-King broke the back of the Cyclops, and the last Thousand Sons, seeing their Primarch broken and cast down, did turn and flee. But as Russ raised Frostblade Mjalnar to deliver the killing blow, Magnus spoke a word of power, and did sink away into the iridescent ground.'

In accounting what took place at the last, claims of what occurred on Prospero's final night contradict wildly. Somehow, in the City of Light's dying moments, Magnus cheated Russ of total victory, and in so doing, paid the very price the Emperor had warned him against all along.

Everything that mattered to him was burning to the ground, and Magnus turned to what he knew best to save it. Magnus was swept upon the currents of the Warp, and there he found the knowledge he sought. His sorcerers, his beloved Legion, all the precious knowledge they had accumulated within the silver spires of the City of Light could still be saved. He discovered the solution looking back at him, as if it had always been there,

THE SACKING OF THE ETIAMNUN RECLUSIUM

The Thousand Sons will often employ guile and trickery where other Legions would engage the enemy head-on. These tactics were illustrated when Mordant Hex, a Sorcerer Lord of the Thousand Sons led a raid on a distant world in the Eastern fringe called Etiamnun III. This airless, barren planet was home to a small community of hermits who for millennia had lived out a simple life of contemplation and study.

This peace was to be shattered forever when the Thousand Sons drop-ships fell from the skies above the mountain retreat. Recovered fragments of the facility's security vid-log record the scene as soon after the landings the passes were filled with relentlessly advancing armoured warriors. Records indicate that the hermits' reaction to the attack was one of calm acceptance. As the Space Marines filed up the mountain paths to the gate of the hermitage, its occupants showed no signs of the panic one would expect faced with a Chaos attack.

A brightly robed and armoured figure reached the great adamantium doors of the monastery and stood before them for several minutes before striking upon them nine times. A party of beguiled monks had gathered in the air-lock, and at the ninth stroke they activated the depressurisation ritual. The air-lock camera clearly shows the looks of serenity upon the faces of the occupants as the atmosphere rapidly bleeds from the chamber. The camera shows the monks' noble struggle to stand as their oxygen supply is cut off. Then the great doors part and for a single second the old men stand open to the airless expanse with the silhouette of the armoured warriors visible beyond. An instant later the hermits' legs give way and they are swept from the chamber by the last venting gases, to be dashed upon the statuesque warriors' armoured forms.

The remainder of the assault was little more than a massacre. The Thousand Sons gained entry to the reclusium and gunned down any who stood before them. Little or no resistance was offered.

Hex and his force penetrated deep into the mountain complex, and at its heart found what they had come for. The central chamber housed a long forgotten entrance to the Eldar webway: whether this portal had been forgotten by the Eldar, or had been cut off from their main routes is unknown. What can only be guessed at is the potential for damage now that a Thousand Sons Sorcerer Lord has gained entrance to the secret paths of the Eldar.

watching his way, and subtly changing him to its own purpose. He beheld sorcery incarnate, promising knowledge, power and salvation. But this time it was on its own terms. Magnus was no longer the master of the way as he had believed himself, but servant to it. It is said that even then Magnus hesitated, but as he thought back to his city, his works, his knowledge and his brethren, reduced to fiery ruin at the command of his own father, he changed his allegiance for all time.

And in that instant, the City of Light, its silver towers and vast libraries and its Legion of Thousand Sons vanished from the face of Prospero forever. When Magnus and his Thousand Sons were seen again, it was above Istvaan V, fighting alongside Horus. Magnus had become a Daemon Prince of the Chaos god Tzeentch, Lord of Sorcery, and Changer of the Ways. The battle for their souls and their fate now so complete, it leaves one wondering whether it was ever truly in doubt.

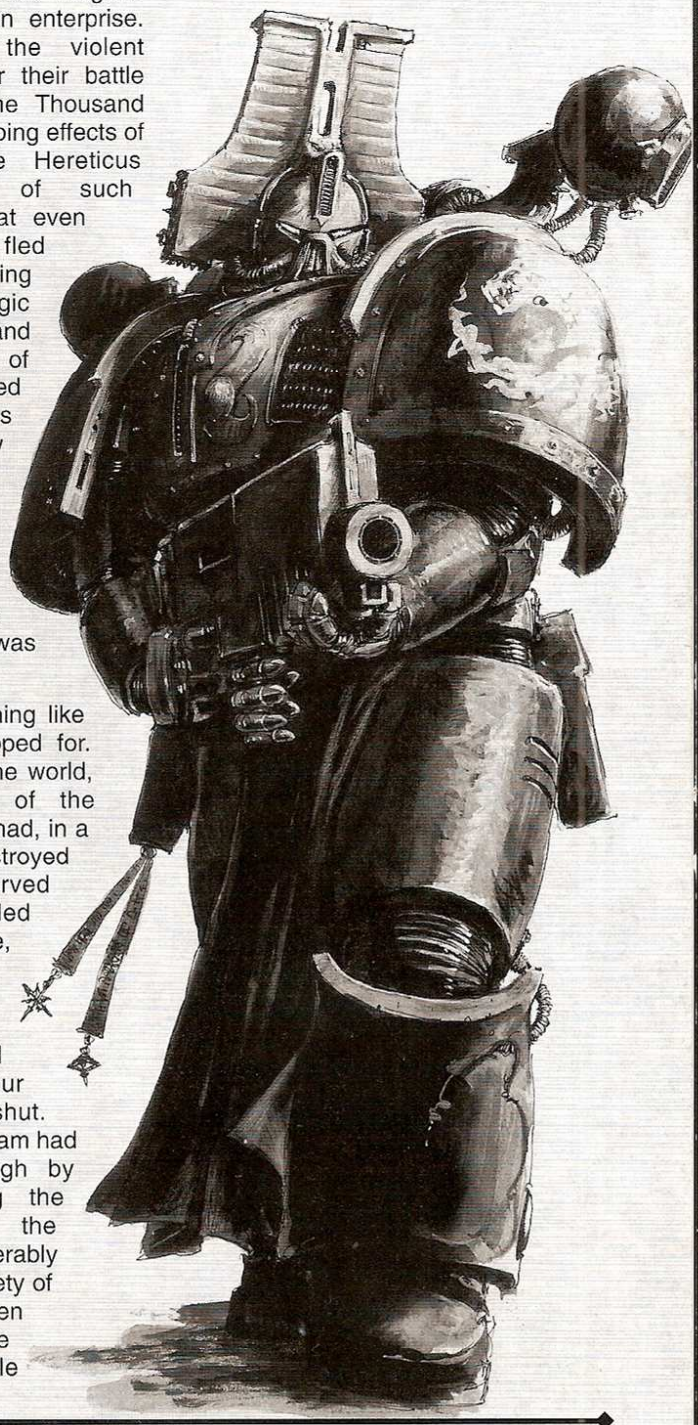
The Rubric of Ahriman

The Thousand Sons had nearly been destroyed by the threat of uncontrolled mutation in their earliest days before their reunion with their Primarch. Even the salvation presented by Magnus' instruction was imperfect, requiring constant and vigilant oversight. The terror of it never left some of the Legion's most veteran members, and the rampant corruption they beheld amongst other Traitor Legions as the Heresy ran its course appalled them. They dedicated themselves exclusively to their new master, and for a time Tzeentch seemed to shield them from a similar fate. Even when the Heresy ultimately failed, and the Thousand Sons were forced to fall back to the Eye of Terror with their comrades in rebellion, Tzeentch's favour seemed unilateral. Their patron god provided a new planet, rich in magical power for them, a haven from the madness within the Eye for them to continue their research. But the way of the Master of Sorcery is capricious, and no sooner were the Thousand Sons ensconced upon their new homeworld than the Changer of the Ways began to alter them. Grotesque mutations in images favoured by Tzeentch appeared spontaneously throughout the Legion. Many embraced these manifestations as tokens of their new destiny, but to the senior members of the Legion it was as if all they had been through counted for nothing. All their sacrifices; the loss of Prospero, the bloodshed of the Heresy, all was rendered meaningless. Their valiant pursuit of knowledge had resulted in the very madness and abomination they had always feared.

An inner cabal of the mightiest sorcerers, led by their Chief Librarian and Magnus' most trusted advisor, Ahriman, determined to counter the warping corruption. They laid the foundations of a mighty spell, and protected their workings with wards of secrecy, for they doubted Magnus would bless so risky an enterprise. They would dispel the violent mutations washing over their battle brothers and render the Thousand Sons immune to the warping effects of Chaos. The Grimoire Hereticus describes a spell of such unimaginable power that even daemonic horrors fled before the singular roaring maelstrom of magic unleashed by Ahriman and his cabal. The Planet of Sorcerers was enveloped in impenetrable storms of blue and yellow lightning, forks of the titanic energy arcing across the planet to strike down corrupted Thousand Sons one after another until it is said Magnus himself was forced to intervene.

The aftermath was nothing like what the cabal had hoped for. Across the breadth of the world, the fighting strength of the Thousand Sons Legion had, in a single stroke, been destroyed utterly – and preserved for eternity. The reviled mutations were no more, because the flesh of the affected Space Marines had been reduced to dust, sealed forever inside armour mystically welded shut. Every clasp, joint and seam had been sealed as though by infernal fire, trapping the animate spirit of the Thousand Sons irrecoverably within. Virtually the entirety of Magnus' Legion had been transformed into little more than implacable automata for all time. Magnus was enraged. The Legion he had sacrificed everything for was no more. The pursuit of knowledge that had always been foremost to each of his brethren was now denied them for all time. By their own hand, the majority of this Legion of scholars could no longer even think.

Everything he had done, all he had sacrificed, every critical decision he had made in his life had been founded upon two sacred beliefs: that knowledge was pure, and that he was its master. With his homeworld



AHRIMAN, CHIEF LIBRARIAN OF THE THOUSAND SONS



The transmuting spell which rendered the Thousand Sons a Legion of closed armoured automata was the construct of the Legion's greatest sorcerer after Magnus himself: its Chief Librarian, Ahriman. Before the events of the Heresy, Ahriman had shared his Primarch's obsession with arcane mysteries, and had come to be keeper of the now mythical 'Book of Magnus', a tome of incalculable sorcerous power. It may have been knowledge gleaned from that very tome with which Ahriman conjured his now infamous master spell.

The result of his Rubric, while imperfect, is said to have satisfied Ahriman in its consequence. A veteran Thousand Son from before the coming of Magnus, Ahriman's revulsion at the corruption of the Legion was so great that even the terrible price of reversing it was not too high. Magnus was not of like mind, however. So great was his wrath when the cabal was discovered that the Primarch threatened to obliterate them utterly, but the very patron who had worked the mutations upon them in the first place was said to have intervened. Who can say what the most enigmatic and capricious of entities intended? In any event, the Daemon Prince stayed his hand, instead banishing Ahriman from the Planet of Sorcerers and condemning him to wander the Eye of Terror and beyond in a hopeless quest to understand the Chaos god Tzeentch.

For his part, Ahriman refuses to acknowledge Chaos as his master. Across the ensuing millennia he has become a scourge, raiding ancient museums, librarium, scholaria and reclusia, places of learning, religion and contemplative thought. He seeks to acquire artifacts, data, or even persons he believes can lead him to mastery over the way of the sorcerer. He fosters cults on dozens of worlds at a time, providing cult magi with sorcerous power until such time as they have acquired some antiquarian trinket or satisfied another of Ahriman demands before turning the wrath of his warband upon them.

It is rumoured that Ahriman has of late turned his relentless predation upon the Eldar, determined in his belief that the lost knowledge he seeks can be found in that darkest of halls of enlightenment, the vast repository of arcana referred to in whispers as the Black Library.

destroyed, his father his sworn enemy, and his Legion in ruin, Magnus of the Thousand Sons ascended his tower in despair. Casting his bitter gaze out upon the war-weary and fragile Imperium of Man, Magnus vowed, as Horus had at the height of the Heresy, that he would see the galaxy burn.

Homeworld

Prospero was chosen by its original settlers for one reason: its remoteness. Isolated from the most common Imperial travel lanes and boasting virtually no independent resources of any value, Prospero had only one redeeming quality: it was a good place to hide. In the end, it was not even that. Today it is a blasted ruin, declared Purgatus by the Inquisition.

Through the millennia of endless raiding since, it has been discerned the City of Light survived its transit through the Immaterium intact. It came to rest within the Eye of Terror, upon a world that has come to be known as the Planet of Sorcerers. That daemonic place is a seething cauldron of magical power, reflected across its breadth in the form of infernal volcanism and tempestuous skies saturated with magical vapour. Towers jut from craggy fists of rock thrust up from plains of lava, twisted and obscene mockeries of the spires and pyramids of learning which were the hallmarks of the City of Light before its fall. Mightiest of them all is the obsidian monolith that is the Tower of the Cyclops, said to be so massive it can be discerned from space with the naked eye. More obscenely, the Tower of the Cyclops looks back, as the pinnacle of the obelisk is a glowing warp eye, through which Magnus watches the paths of the future. The Silver Towers of the City of Light have been transfigured by the sorcerous might of the Thousand Sons into space-faring fortresses in which psyker lords set out from the Planet of Sorcerers to traverse the cosmos, launching vengeful assaults upon the Imperium of Man.

Combat Doctrine

The Thousand Sons were well known for preferring to avoid close combat, instead relying upon their mastery of psychic power and sorcery to carry the day. Guile, feint, confusion and misdirection were their hallmarks, all stratagems better used at range. Many were the occasions a Thousand Sons detachment would accomplish through illusion or trickery what a brother Legion would pay for dearly in blood.

Whatever else it may have changed, the Rubric of Ahriman affected that doctrine very little. The sorcerer lords of the Thousand Sons still use their ghost-brethren as implacable bulwarks of gunfire, around which they construct elaborate plans of guile and misdirection to achieve victory, all driven home with a timely application of potent magic.

Organisation

Magnus placed great faith in his subordinates, believing he had taught them well, that their powerful sorceries gave them the necessary tools to function independent of him. Before the Heresy, individual Thousand Sons squads were not led by veteran sergeants but by those who showed the most psychic promise. These 'thrall-wizards' were apprenticed to more experienced sorcerers for their cabalistic training, but at the same time gained experience leading men in small units. While this practice meant it was rare for a Thousand Son who did not possess some measure of psychic talent to become a ranking officer, it also meant those sorcerers who did gain prominence had considerable combat experience. As a result, the Thousand Sons, a numerically small Legion to begin with, rarely took to the field en masse. Instead they campaigned in smaller detachments under the command of sorcerers who often acted with much more authority independent of their Primarch than the officers of other Legions. This command experience has stood them in good stead as independent leaders of warbands since the Heresy, to the Imperium's considerable and continuing misfortune.

Beliefs

For the Primarch Magnus, knowledge was power. He believed there was no

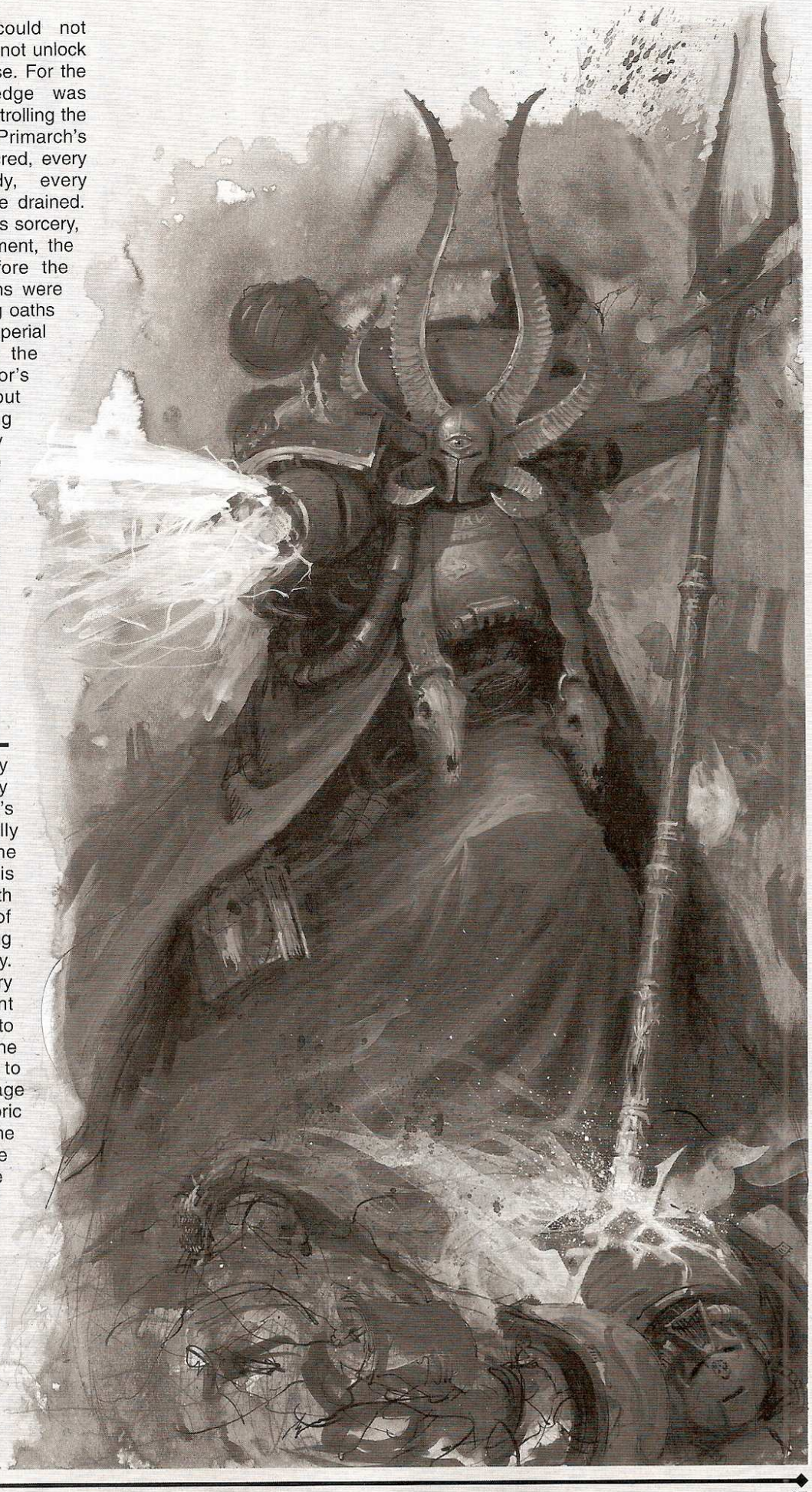
discipline his intellect could not master, no secret he could not unlock and make serve his purpose. For the Thousand Sons, knowledge was salvation, the means to controlling the psychic legacy of their Primarch's gene. Every book was sacred, every writing worthy of study, every document a resource to be drained. The ultimate knowledge was sorcery, the way to final enlightenment, the key to the universe. Before the Heresy, the Thousand Sons were publicly dogmatic, swearing oaths of loyalty and singing the Imperial hymns. They fought for the expansion of the Emperor's realm with diligence, but as their oath-breaking illustrated, their final loyalty rested not with the Emperor, but with their Primarch. When Magnus' reach for intellectual mastery exceeded his grasp, Tzeentch was waiting for him, and the Space Marines who believed as he did could do nothing but fall with him.

Gene-seed

Magnus was unquestionably the most profoundly mutated of the Emperor's Primarchs, both physically and psychically, and the Legion imprinted with his gene-seed reflected that with a high percentage of Thousand Sons manifesting some level of psychic ability. Early in the Legion's history a small, but significant percentage were prone to physical mutation, but in the wake of falling thrall to Tzeentch that percentage escalated wildly. The Rubric ended that forever for the battle brothers of the Thousand Sons, but the sorcerers who command those armoured shells still carry the gene-seed of their Daemon Prince, and wear their grotesque mutations proudly as tokens of their mercurial patron's favour.

Battle-cry

A ghostly whisper of: "All is Dust!"



THOUSAND SONS

When the Thousand Sons escaped to the Eye of Terror through a warp gate opened by their Sorcerers, their rapid evasion was not without price. Coupled with decades of harnessing the energy of the Empyrean, the warping effects of Chaos began to take their toll, and mutation spread rapidly through the Legion. Ahriman, one of the greatest of all the Thousand Sons' Sorcerers, attempted to halt this process of degeneration by unleashing an incredibly potent spell called the Rubric of Ahriman. Sealing dozens of daemonic pacts, Ahriman intended to enchant all of the Thousand Sons, forever shielding them from the mutating effects of Chaos.

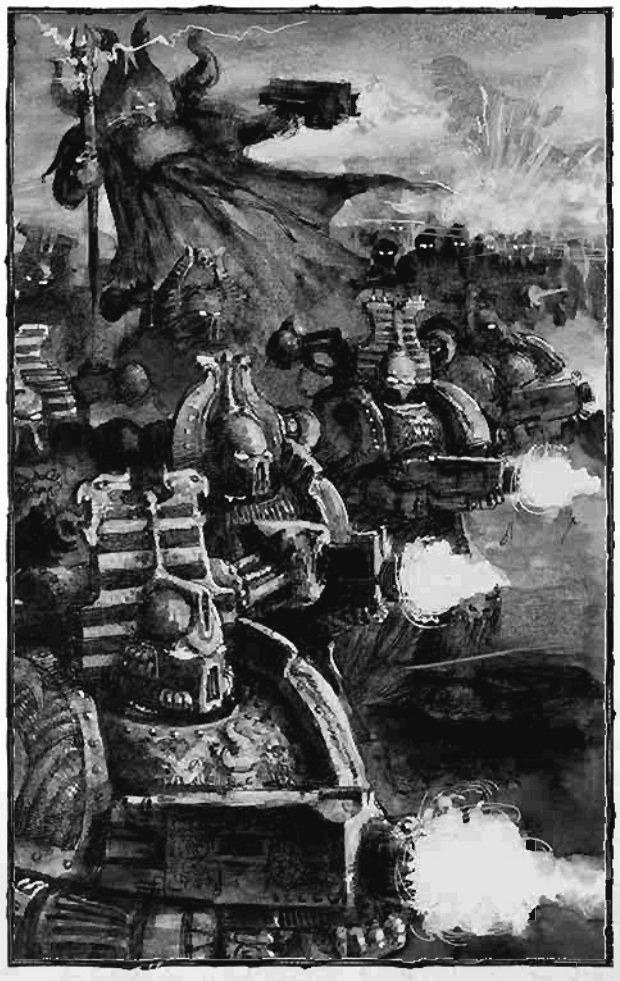
In a way, the Rubric of Ahriman succeeded beyond all expectation, but at a cost none could have predicted. The Chaos Sorcerers of the Thousand Sons either survived the Rubric of Ahriman and had their knowledge and powers greatly augmented, or they were utterly destroyed. On the other hand, their battle brethren whose psychic powers had been slight or non-existent were permanently changed. The armour of the normal battle brothers was sealed shut, as if every clasp and joint had been welded tight. Inside the heavy shell of ceramite and adamantium the bodies of the Chaos Space Marines had been reduced to a handful of dry dust. Truly mutation would plague them no more, but their spirits lived on inside their battle armour for all eternity.

Although these living suits still move and function, and can respond to orders just like a sentient man, they are little more than automatons. They quickly fall into inactivity unless a Thousand Sons Sorcerer is nearby to direct them, although in the blaze and fire of battle something of their former battle-hunger returns and they move with greater clarity and purpose.

The Thousand Sons Sorcerers use their 'Rubric Marines' as bodyguards and enforcers. They make excellent guardians for the great libraries of grimoires and vaults of ancient scrolls held by the sorcerers, for the Thousand Sons Marines have no spark of curiosity and are utterly loyal. The Sorcerers offer the services of their unliving warriors to those who promise them knowledge and magical power. In battle, the Sorcerers enchant their weapons and those of their unliving bodyguards. The bolts fired by the Thousand Sons Marines blaze with magical flame and explode with sorcerous blasts that burn the souls of their targets as much as they do physical damage.

"The minds of gods are not for mortals to know, or to judge. Accept that Tzeentch has a place for all of us in his grand scheme, and be happy in the part you have to play."

Proclamation of Magnus the Red



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Thousand Son	4	4	4	4	1	4	1	9	3+
Aspiring Sorcerer	4	4	4	4	1	4	2	10	3+

Unit Type: Infantry

Special Rules

Fearless, Slow and Purposeful (not Sorcerer), 4+ Invulnerable save (including the Mark of Tzeentch).

The Sorcerer Commands: The Aspiring Sorcerer who leads the squad is a psyker. If the Aspiring Sorcerer is killed, the Thousand Sons Marines roll a single dice for their Slow and Purposeful movement, unless the squad includes an Independent Character with the Mark of Tzeentch from the beginning of the turn.

Inferno Bolts: The shells fired by the bolters of the Thousand Sons Marines and the Aspiring Sorcerer's pistol are charged with baleful sorcerous energies, against which most mundane armour is no defence. The AP value of their bolt weapons is 3 instead of the normal 5.

Defenders of Ultramar

by Imperial scrivener Graham McNeill

> They shall be pure of heart and strong of body, untainted by doubt and unsullied by self-aggrandisement. They will be bright stars in the firmament of battle, angels of death whose shining wings bring swift annihilation to the enemies of Man. So it shall be for a thousand times a thousand years, unto the very end of eternity and the extinction of mortal flesh.
>
> Roboute Guilliman

Honoured Lords, it is with the utmost vigour that I urge you to consider the contents of this document vital to the survival of our beloved Imperium. The words it contains impart information gleaned at terrible cost from the defeat of the Tyranid Hive Fleet Behemoth in the Ultima Segmentum. The stellar realm of Ultramar, controlled by the Ultramarines Chapter of Space Marines, bore the brunt of the Tyranid fleet and it is in no small measure thanks to the dedication, bravery and sacrifice of the Ultramarines that so much was learned and the invasion halted. A leading authority on the Tyranid race, the learned Inquisitor Kryptman saw at first hand the full horror of these aliens and he realised that the threat posed by these monstrous extragalactic creatures cannot and must not be underestimated. The knowledge he and others gained in the fight against Hive Fleet Behemoth prompts me to compile the surviving records from those dark times as a warning against future lapses in vigilance.

As a prelude to this report I have attached the following extract from the Explorator files authored by Explorator Magos Dana Aquila.

Scrivener McNeill, 001.M2

Prior to the Tyranid attack on Ultramar, the Adeptus Mechanicus filed this report on the homeworlds of the Adeptus Astartes:

Recommendations on the model of Human Society, based upon cogent and pertinent observations of the stellar realm of Ultramar

Ref:704/89: In my time researching the varied and multitudinous homeworlds and bases of the Adeptus Astartes, it has been a constant struggle to obtain the cooperation of the Chapter Masters. Information to date has been scant and based largely on hearsay from other units fighting alongside them. It was therefore with extreme surprise that I was extended every courtesy by Marneus Calgar, Master of the Ultramarines Chapter when I submitted my request for information regarding the realm of Ultramar.

Situated deep in the galactic south-east in the Ultima Segmentum, Ultramar is unique amongst all the Chapter headquarters of Space Marines, in that while most Chapters operate from asteroid bases, lonely fortress monasteries and isolated worlds, the Ultramarines control no fewer than eight nearby systems from their homeworld of Macragge. Each of these worlds has its own government, armed forces and individual cultures, but all are utterly loyal to the Ultramarines Chapter. Initially I was highly suspicious of the manner in which the Chapter has extended its control over such an unusually high number of planets. Indeed when I questioned the people of these worlds in regards to this, I was met with stony silence if not downright hostility. Such 'empire building' would be frowned upon under conventional Imperial doctrine, but my investigations have convinced me that no such desire exists within the Ultramarines.



Master of the Ultramarines, Marneus Calgar

The worlds surrounding Macragge are largely industrial in nature, though they are not polluted, poison-choked wastelands such as Necromunda and Armageddon. I firmly believe that this is largely due to the organisational skills and far-sightedness of the Chapter's legendary Primarch, Roboute Guilliman. Under his guidance, these worlds were revolutionised into prosperous, productive planets where honest toil and virtue were rewarded and the populace flourished like never before. I found the inhabitants of these worlds to be industrious, disciplined and intensely loyal Imperial citizens.

Unlike other planets of the Imperium, these worlds are not required to pay Imperial tithes. When looking to their defence, each world can rely on the protection of the Ultramarines, but as would be expected, each one raises its own troops. These worlds are not required to levy troops for the Imperial Guard, but such is the prosperity and highly organised nature of the Ultramarines realm that it maintains hundreds of regiments which can fight as and when required throughout the galaxy. As well as their own defence, the worlds of Ultramar provide recruits for the Ultramarines and it is a source of fierce pride when a particular family can point to an ancestor who became a Space Marine.

Some twelve millennia ago, in the glorious days of the Emperor's Great Crusade, the worlds surrounding

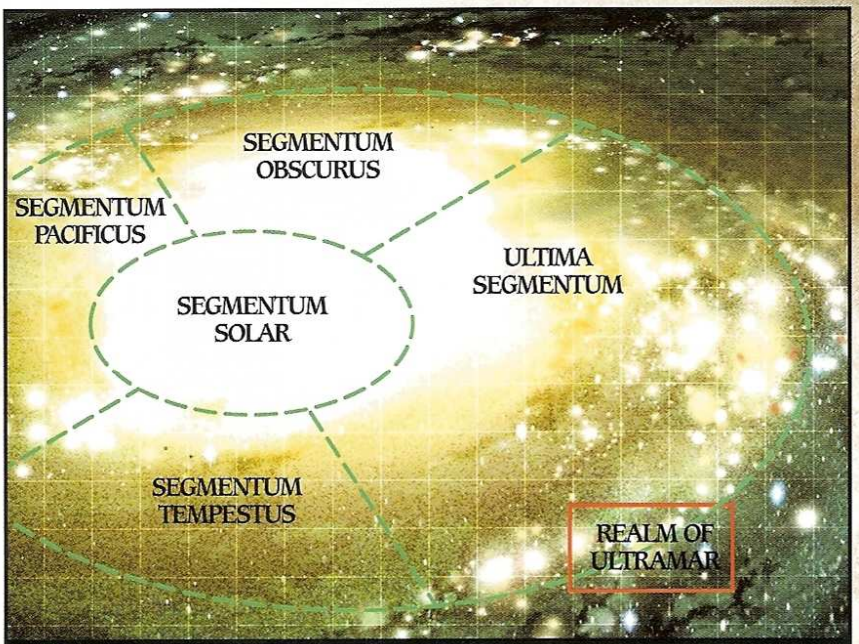
Macragge provided the Chapter with hundreds of new recruits, raw materials, supplies and all manner of support. Following the break up of the old Space Marine Legions into the Chapters we recognise today, this tradition has continued throughout the millennia. Close ties have been maintained between Macragge and its surrounding planets, and it is not surprising that many of these worlds share a commonality in language, culture, architecture and governmental styles.

It should not be thought that these worlds are identical. Each has its own particular character and distinctiveness which is dealt with in a later treatise. I shall confine myself to only the most general traits of each planet for now.

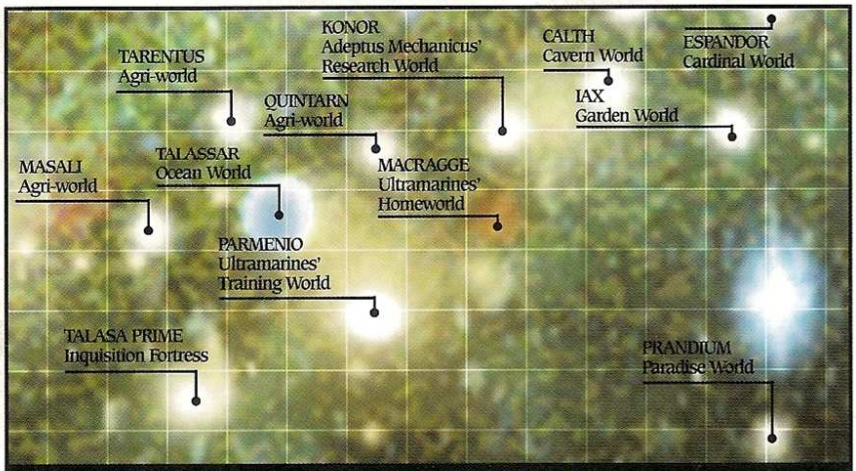
Macragge is a rocky world, protected by numerous orbital defences and two vast polar defence grids. It is on this planet, in the harsh and unforgiving mountains that the Ultramarines have their fortress, housing the shrine of the Primarch himself. Here the legendary Primarch's body is held within a stasis field and is a place of great pilgrimage for all loyal citizens of the Imperium. I myself had occasion to visit this shrine and can honestly say that I was deeply moved by the experience. Truly was the Primarch a giant amongst men.

Talassar is a turbulent planet of tempests and violent seas, with but a single continent named Glaudor that saw the defeat of the base Orks in battle following the Great Betrayal. In contrast, the three worlds of Quintarn, Tarentus and Masali orbit a common centre of gravity and outside the huge, enclosed agri-cities are desolate and arid. Wind traps collect water for these domed cities that protect verdant greenery and hundreds of square miles of agricultural land. Calth's populace live below the planet's surface, far from the deadly rays of its blue sun. Vast subterranean caverns, so fresh and spacious as to make a man forget that he is underground, honeycomb the planet's crust and though the planet, like all others in Ultramar, is self-sufficient, a great deal of food is shipped in from nearby Iax. The planet's shipyards are justly famous and construct a sizeable proportion of the ships in the Ultramarines fleet as well as those used by other arms of the Imperium.

Both Iax and Espandor are sparsely populated worlds towards the edge of Ultramar. Iax is a model of how an agri-world should be managed and is one of the most productive worlds in the Imperium. Other Imperial commanders should take note! Espandor is primarily composed of forests and is rumoured to have been settled when traders were blown off course by a warp storm during the Age of Strife.



File: 56440/e. Imperio Dominatus



File:56440/f. Realm of Ultramar 704.M41



File:56440/g. Macragge, Ultramarines' homeworld.

The crowning glory of Ultramar is, without doubt, Prandium. Its climate is temperate and the natural beauty of its geography mark it as one of the most exquisite planets I have ever had the good fortune to visit. My duties permitting, I shall certainly return to the realm of the Ultramarines again.

Scribe's Note: Prandium was destroyed in the First Tyrannic War, stripped bare by Hive Fleet Behemoth.

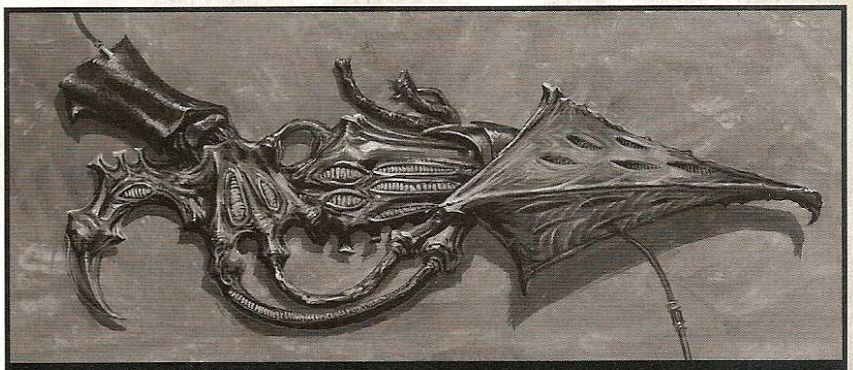
Initial investigations into the emerging threat were undertaken by Inquisitor Kryptman.

Personal Log: Inquisitor Kryptman

The first recorded contact with these aliens was at the Tyran Explorator Base, in the farthest reaches of the south-eastern arm of the galaxy. It is from this world that they finally acquired a name – Tyranids. Reports of devastated worlds and planets laid waste were logged and filed by the Explorator Base for many years until I began to see an underlying pattern emerging. I took a ship to the Tyran outpost to further investigate these disturbing reports. During the journey I received a garbled report from Tyran, forwarded by Astropaths on Earth. A terrible vision of the sky turned black by monstrous swarms of hellish creatures. It was a dire warning of things to come.

When my vessel arrived in the Tyran system, the navigational auguries could not at first divine the location of the Imperial outpost. Where I had expected to find a world covered by oceans, I instead found an airless dead rock, stripped bare of all life. A weak transponder signal was the only sign that this world had once been Tyran. I led an exploration team to the surface and discovered no survivors, no bodies and no trace of the planet's attackers. Determined to uncover the truth of what had occurred on Tyran, I refused to give up and at last discovered a data codex, buried in a deep bore shaft some 3,000 metres below the planet's surface.

The things I saw on that codex chilled my blood like never before and my admiration for Magos Varnak, Tyran's commander, grew as I learned how he and his men had fought to the last against this terrifying foe before sealing the codex away so that others might learn from their deaths. Armed with this information I left dead Tyran and set out to warn the Imperium of this deadly new



File: 56442/s: Tyranid Devourer bio-weapon

enemy only to find that the psychic wake caused by this alien fleet had disrupted the Warp to such a degree that communication was impossible. I immediately set course for the Thandros telepathica booster. By the time I arrived at Thandros, the Tyranids had already attacked and once more there were no survivors. I made one discovery of note aboard the telepathica matrix. In the crew quarters I chanced upon a translucent, filmy material, like shed skin, and a colourless ooze dripping from a bulkhead. Samples of these were taken, and although it was clear they were of alien origin, nothing more could be discerned without proper laboratoria facilities. The adepts of the Machine God aboard my ship were able to salvage the telepathica matrix (obviously the Tyranids had no use for such a device) and my Astropath was finally able to pass word of the invaders and my discoveries to the Imperium. In return I received orders to travel to Macragge, planet of the Ultramarines in the realm of Ultramar.

Events had been set in motion even before my ship had arrived and a dozen vessels already hung in orbit around Macragge. Mile long Space Marine battle barges dwarfed strike cruisers arriving from the furthest reaches of Ultramar, and every day more ships arrived from the Warp. The static orbital defences were also impressive, ringing Macragge with a cordon of fire that, against a conventional opponent, would prove impossible to breach. It remained to be seen how they would fare against the Tyranids. To further augment the system defences, a battlefleet from the Segmentum Tempestus sector base at Bakka was dispatched. I prayed that it would arrive in time.

On Macragge I met with Marneus Calgar, Chapter Master of the Ultramarines, and even after I had appraised him of the horrors approaching his realm, he was unperturbed. He merely stated that the men of Ultramar would serve the Emperor until their last breath had been crushed from their bodies. I must confess that I found Calgar to be a man of great courage and could hope for no one better to lead the defence of Macragge.

Further information had come to light with a survivor's eyewitness account of a Tyranid attack on the stellar liner *Galactis Luxor* and the discovery of a complete Tyranid organism aboard the derelict freighter *Hammer of Foes*. Adeptus Mechanicus Genetors at the Inquisition fortress of Talasa Prime had deduced that while the creature was definitely of Tyranid origin, it was not of the same force that had attacked Tyran. The implications of this were truly terrifying. It was now clear to us that there were in fact two Tyranid fleets, one leapfrogging the other in their consumption of worlds.

A month later, with no sign yet of the Segmentum Tempestus battlefleet, the Tyranids attacked Macragge.

At the forefront of the initial space battles, the captain of the Vae Victus *witnessed much that will be of interest to starship captains who may soon have to face these aliens.*

Vox-Log Record of Captain Lazlo Tiberius, Ultramarines Strike Cruiser Vae Victus. 745.M41

<<295/18:45> Emperor's mercy, what are these things? We are but ants attacking a Grox against them! Every attack we make is swept aside. Gigantic craft, like disgusting sea dwelling monsters with curled shells and questing tentacles are surrounded by tiny, darting... shapeless things that I cannot find the words to describe. Each volley of torpedoes we fire is intercepted by swarms of these

creatures and our weapon decks are befouled by them. >

<<296/5:30> Whole squadrons of fighters and bombers are destroyed in a heartbeat and while our lasers burn gaping tears in the chitinous hides of these beasts, we cannot bring enough fire to bear on any one bio-ship to count. I saw the *Imperator Rex* pass too close to one of the hulking craft, becoming ensnared by some loathsome organ that dragged the ship into the embrace of thousands of tearing claws and scything blades that broke the mighty vessel in two. For every one of the smaller craft we destroy, a hundred times that number are vomited from the belly of the larger bio-ships. We must retreat back to Macragge, we cannot fight in this manner and survive. To die this way is no service to the Emperor and we may yet find a way to fight this foe more effectively another day.>

<<298/03:23> We are now committed on a perilous course of action. With no sign of the Tempestus battlefleet, Lord Calgar has ordered the fleet to disengage and move outsystem in a bid to draw the aliens onto the orbital and polar defences of Macragge. With the Tyranid fleet spread out around the planet he believes we may yet be able to cause enough damage to stop the aliens. May the Emperor prove him right, for we are lost if he is not.>

<<298/06:23> The hive fleet scatters before us! As though guided by the Emperor's own hand our divine weaponry cuts a swathe through the alien vessels. Spread out, they are much more vulnerable to our righteous fire and our manifest supremacy is now becoming clear.>

<<300/11:59> We have to give our fighters more time! Concentrate all firepower on the main hive ship! It is almost ready to go! See how it spills its lifeblood into space. Kill it, kill it now! Reload, damn you! Full spread of torpedoes. Fire! Fire! Fire!>

<<300/14:59> There! You see it perish? Our fighters deliver the killing blow and it dies. Such is the fate of all invaders! Wait... the other ships, they drift now as though they cannot function without the guidance of the larger ships. We must strike while we have the advantage. Launch all remaining fighters and bombers, prepare to attack! We shall reap a bloody harvest this day!>

<<300/17:11> Hundreds of the Tyranid ships are dying. Without the main hive ship to direct their attacks, they fight in an uncoordinated manner and are easy meat for my gunners. Many of the hive ships have pulled back behind a screen of the smaller ships and are disgorging what appears to be a hail of spore-like organisms above the polar regions of the planet. What exactly they are, our divination auguries cannot tell, but I fear they must be some new and terrible weapon. My prayers are with the defenders on the planet's surface.>

<<301/16:11> The Tyranids are withdrawing! Their battered ships fall back before us. The order has come to give pursuit and eradicate them. Though we are outnumbered we shall prevail and destroy the Tyranids. Through the flames of perdition and for the Emperor we shall follow the aliens to the edge of the galaxy if need be! The victory shall be ours.>

This fragment of a soldier's personal journal was discovered on his dismembered body within the southern polar defence fortress.

Journal of Captain Reno Sebastien, Ultramar Defence Auxillia

Day 26: I was looking along the barrel of my lasgun, trying to keep my breathing even. I knew I mustn't show any fear in front of the men. I couldn't see anything yet, but that didn't make me feel any better. Worse in fact. I knew the aliens were out there; we'd all watched as millions of spores dropped from space and turned day into night. The sky had burned with defence laser fire, but the massive guns couldn't hope to down all of them.

The sun was low and you had to squint against the glare of sunlight on snow to make sure you didn't go snow-blind. I checked left and right along our position. Thousands of fellow Defence Auxillia troops manned the firing steps of the trenches, our strength bolstered by the presence of veteran Space Marines from the Ultramarines 1st Company. I felt immensely proud to be fighting alongside them. Surely whatever was coming could not stand before such legendary warriors. How little I knew.

The ground shook as the Titans of the Legio Praetor shifted position, bracing their legs into a firing stance. The enormous machines must have seen something I couldn't. The air around them shimmered as their void shields powered up and their huge weapons, locked in place. I peered out onto the ice plains again and in the distance saw the Tyranid swarm for the first time. On the horizon I saw a shifting, blurred motion, a swarm of creatures too numerous to count speeding across the ice fields towards us. A low, buzzing, skittering noise came from the approaching horde, insistent and grating on the nerves. I grabbed a pair of magnoculars from Trooper Park and trained them on the horizon, zooming in on the mass of creatures.



The heroic defence of the Caltrophos encampment.



Ordnance barrages proved to be extremely effective at disrupting the Tyranid swarms.

I'm not ashamed to say that my knees sagged and my heart skipped a beat as I saw the horrors that scuttled, leapt and thundered their way towards us. Beasts that defied any classification of form swarmed forwards, stretching as far as the eye could see in all directions. Shadowy forms, lost in a haze of ice crystals came after the smaller creatures, massively built with scything legs and jaws as big as drop-ships. A suffocating fear rose in me, paralysing my limbs and turning my blood to ice. It seemed to me that there was no way we could fight these creatures. Nobody could stand against these numbers, I had to get away...

Then from amongst the lines of Defence Auxillia, a Space Marine Chaplain, as if sensing the beginnings of panic amongst us, began to sing the Battle Hymn of the Imperium in a loud, clear voice. Amplifiers in his suit of powered armour carried his voice across the trenches. Along the line, Space Marines and Defence Auxillia troopers began to join in and, like water poured on a fire, the mounting panic was quelled. A resolute determination filled me and I could feel it spread to all the men of Macragge who stood shoulder to shoulder in the trenches.

A deafening salvo of shells and rockets shrieked overhead and impacted square in the centre of the alien horde, throwing up great chunks of ice and broken alien bodies. The whole swarm was momentarily obscured as every Titan and artillery piece fired and engulfed the aliens in fire and smoke. A huge cheer went up from our line but died just as quickly, as the aliens came on undaunted and apparently undiminished.

Heavy weapon fire tore huge holes in the alien charge as the range closed still further and I shouldered my rifle, watching the range counter on my rifle's scope unwind impossibly quickly. The numbers flashed green and I pulled the trigger, a powerful blast of laser energy burning a hole in one of the smaller aliens. Their speed was unbelievable and I only managed to fire about three shots before they smashed into our line.

Then they were amongst the trenches. Sickle-armed beasts with sinewy arms, slicing and eviscerating. Six limbed creatures with slashing sword-like claws and whips that coruscated with a crackling purple energy. Shark-faced living battering rams with giant razor claws and screaming roars. Blood splashed bright on the snow, armour cut through like paper and men ran, insane with fear. The sky darkened with drooling creatures borne aloft on leathery wings, vomiting corrosive gobs of acidic fire.

I fought with my bayonet, hacking and killing. I ducked as a snarling creature came at me, slashing with razor-sharp claws likes scythes. I desperately parried and stumbled backwards, falling to the trench floor. The beast hissed, ready to pounce and disembowel me. Powerful muscles uncoiled as it launched itself at me. I screamed, thinking that this was my time to die when a swipe from a Space Marine's power sword chopped the creature in two. Its severed thorax slammed into my chest and still its fanged maw sought to bite me. I pushed the bloody mess away, repulsed beyond words. The Ultramarines Space Marine who had saved me dragged me to my feet, thrust me back towards the firing step and moved on, firing his bolter at the aliens.

I was terrified, but damn it, I'm a soldier of the Emperor and began firing into the swarm once more. Soon I established a rhythm, firing until the rifle's energy pack was dry, slamming a fresh clip in and repeating the process. Wave after wave of the aliens broke themselves against our defences and how long we fought for, I honestly couldn't say. My vision blurred with fatigue and snow-blindness, but it didn't matter, there were too many to miss. I fired mechanically, any sense of my surroundings dulled by sheer terror.

Suddenly it was over. Hissing defiance, the aliens pulled back out of our weapons' range, leaving huge mounds of corpses piled high against the defence line. A cheer went up from the Auxillia troops, a cheer that came not from a sense of victory, but the simple elation of survival. A wailing siren from the base loudspeakers sounded the fall back signal and I cast my gaze around the trenches. I fell to my knees retching, overcome by the sheer scale of the slaughter. Thousands were dead, ripped to shreds and huge gaps had been torn in our line. If the aliens attacked this position again, there would be no way of holding it. I gathered up my remaining energy packs and joined the surviving defence troopers and Space Marines streaming back to the secondary line of bunkers and trenches. As I ran, I vowed that I would make these abominations pay a fearsome toll in blood for every yard they dared to advance.

The Tyranids use bio-constructs of comparable size to the God-Machines employed by our own holy Titan Legions. This extract demonstrates the lethality of these abominations in graphic detail.

Neuro-path engrams of Princeps Sidarius Calvin, Legio Praetor Warlord Titan Semper Sanctus. Northern Polar Defence Grid. 745.M41

03:34 hours: Channel 564/lvl3. Moderati! I read a jam on the carapace rocket launchers! Fix it immediately! Salvo on grid reference 236 alpha, 303 omega. Maximum burst. All other weapons cycle auto loaders and continue to fire on sectors Tertion and Primus. Watch for overheating! *Deus lux!* Look at the size of that thing! It's

bigger than an Imperator Titan! By the Emperor's holy rule, we cannot suffer such a thing to live. Moderati Araya, concentrate your mega-cannon fire on that beast to our forward quarter!

03:58 hours: Channel 564/lvl3. Damn it, I said to watch for overheats, Moderati Decius! Assign yourself one hour in the shriving chamber upon this battle's conclusion. Princeps Calvin to Engineer Calder give me striding speed, we take the fight to the alien scum! I see fluid leaking from its hide. Ready chainfist generators! And someone clear the smaller creatures from the legs of my Titan! They slow us down...

04:01 hours: Channel 564/lvl3. Death to all enemies of the Emperor! Free up those turbo lasers, Moderati Decius, burn through the tentacles! Get that chain fist free! Stepping back. No! We cannot move! Engineer Calder – what the hell are you doing down there? Give me power to the legs! What do you mean we have power? Then why are we not moving? Imperator! The joints are clogged with the corpses of the smaller beasts... Emperor save us!

04:24 hours: Channel 525/lvl6. Left arm gone. Moderati Araya dead and Moderati Decius mortally wounded. The beast is upon us and I commend my soul and those of my crew to our beloved Emperor! The beast has destroyed us! Like swarms of ants they climb the body of the God Machine and tear me down. I see them now at the armoured glass of my control centre, clawing their way in. They will tear me apart. They will not take the Semper Sanctus from me I swear! Activation of reactor overload. Princeps Sidarius Calvin. Authorisation code *[classified]*. May the Emperor and the Machine God forgive me for what I do now. Finis Rerum!

Scribe's Note: The Semper Sanctus *was destroyed in a self-initiated reactor overload that destroyed the Titan and the Tyranid construct now classified as a Hierophant Bio-Titan.*

Compiled from the surviving powered armour suit logs, the following text tells of the destruction of the Ultramarines 1st Company.

The Lament of the First

"And thus were the battle brothers of 1st Company tasked with the final defence against the Tyranids of Hive Fleet Behemoth. The ferocity of the Tyranids was unmatched save by the determination of the Company to defeat them. Even those brothers honoured with Tactical Dreadnought armour could not stand against the foe in close combat. Only the righteous fire from storm bolters and heavy flamers kept the foe at bay. Multi-limbed creatures with claws and swords of chitin moved like quicksilver and their blades ripped open armour and bodies with equal ease.

At the southern polar defence fortress, the vital Eagle Bastion had fallen to the Tyranids and the honour of retaking it was accepted by the surviving detachments of the 1st Company based in this region. The Eagle Bastion provided a solid base to anchor the defences of the fortress and without it there would be almost no chance of continued resistance above ground. Situated on a rocky bluff overlooking the entrance to the underground silos, the bastion had been considered impregnable, but a Tyranid organism was able to infiltrate through the oxy-recyc ducts and slaughtered the valiant defenders of Planetary Defence Auxillia tasked with its defence. The vile creature was eventually destroyed, but not before an uncannily well-coordinated attack carried the walls of the bastion and saw every one of the defenders killed.

Brother Captain Dardinus led his brothers in prayer in the hours before dawn and began the assault on the Eagle Bastion at first light. Unbeknownst to Captain Dardinus, the deviant aliens had laid a trap for him and, as the men of 1st Company stormed the bastion, they found themselves surrounded, every avenue of escape blocked by terrifying creatures bigger than a Dreadnought. Though they knew they were doomed, not a man amongst them was cowed and each vowed to sell his life as dearly as possible. Fighting back to back, the men of 1st Company battled for six hours until at last only Captain Dardinus remained. A beast from the darkest of nightmares faced the brave captain. Fully six metres tall, with four arms and a giant maw filled with serrated fangs, the Hive Tyrant seemed to regard Dardinus with interest as though deciding upon his worth as a foe.

Suddenly the creature's scything talons lashed out and there was a burst of electrical discharge as the captain's power sword parried the blow. The alien screeched and hissed, circling Captain Dardinus more warily now. The beast's claws again struck at the brave captain, but he ducked, rolling beneath its attack and slashed his sword across the Tyrant's flank. Acidic purple ichor sprayed from the wound and the vile creature shrieked in pain. Captain Dardinus scrambled to his feet and



Last recorded image from Brother Captain Dardinius' power armour log.



Penitorum vid-log: Last stand of Captain Adrasta, 1st Company detachment.

parried another strike of the Tyrant's claws. He bled from a score of cuts, but fought with the strength of the Primarch. The Tyrant attacked again and its barbed tail whipped forwards, punching through the captain's breastplate. As Dardinus reeled, the creature's chest spasmed and fleshy lengths of tough muscle fibre fired out to ensnare the captain. Serrated hooks tore into Dardinus' armour and dragged him into the Tyrant's embrace. The beast's talons plunged deep into the captain's body and tore through his flesh, ripping him in two at the midriff. Thus it was that the Eagle Bastion was lost.

At the top of the world, in the northern polar region, the 1st Company detachments were under the command of Brother Captain Adrasta. Despite the bravest resistance, the men of the company were forced underground. Unstoppable waves of the aliens poured over the defence silo, overrunning the surface outposts and bunkers and all subsequent contact with the men of the 1st Company was lost. By this time, the Tyranids were forced to pay a heavy price for every foot they advanced. Running battles were fought amongst the gigantic coolant stores and capacitors of the defence laser batteries. The darkness was lit by the flash of lasers, bolters and the white heat of flamers. Screams, weapons fire and alien howls were the only sounds and many heroes were made in these dark and desperate times. Ultimately, there could be only one outcome to the battle and as the surviving members of 1st Company were pushed back into the Penitorium, every man knew that this was the moment of his death. Chanting the Catechism of the Warrior, the Space Marines fought like heroes of legend and sold their lives dearly. When the brethren of 3rd Company retook the defence silo they discovered a mound of Tyranids, six deep, surrounding the Terminators who died to a man in the subterranean darkness of their home world. The men of 1st Company had broken the Tyranid attack, but at the cost of their own lives.

As the last warrior of 1st Company fell it is said that the flame that burns in the Chapel of Heroes in the Fortress of Hera guttered and died. And for a hundred nights, it could not be relit, a day of darkness and lament for each warrior of 1st Company".

While battle raged on Macragge, the war in space was still being fought. Marneus Calgar commanded the Ultramarines fleet and filed this report following the Battle of Circe.

Post Action Report: 5U/ST/Bakka/745.m41

My order to pursue the retreating Tyranid force was not given lightly. Though the fleet under my command was vastly outnumbered, I knew that were I to permit the alien menace to escape, we would only have to face it again. The fleet harried the Tyranids to the edge of Ultramar, giving them no succour or respite from our weapons. With no sign yet of the Segmentum Tempestus battlefleet, I knew that constant pressure was the only way we could prevent the Tyranids from regrouping and destroying us.

As we reached the outermost planet of Ultramar, my Astropaths warned me of a great turbulence in the Warp. It was approaching at speed, but whether it was the Tempestus battlefleet or the second Tyranid fleet, they could not say. I swear the next few minutes that passed were the longest in my life. Then a storm of torpedoes and a veritable fusillade of laser fire heralded the arrival of the Tempestus battlefleet. Nearly two hundred vessels, led by the Emperor class battleship, the *Dominus Astra*, emerged from the Warp, the anvil to the Ultramar fleet's hammer. Caught between the two fleets, the fate of the Tyranids was sealed, but the alien neither knows or understands the concept of defeat and continued to fight on. In the first moments of battle the *Pax Imperator* and *Clavis Regni* were overwhelmed by swarms of monstrous creatures that completely obscured the massive Imperial cruisers with their numbers.

Our experiences in fighting the Tyranids had taught us that the aliens needed the largest hive ships to function effectively and I ordered all ships to concentrate their firepower on a tentacled leviathan that lurked in the centre of the swarm. Our ships punched a hole in the Tyranid centre, scattering them in all directions. Screens of smaller ships blocked the way and, though our losses were grievous, our vessels were finally able to fight their way through to the hive ships and strike at the vile craft with every weapon that could be brought to bear. Caught in the crossfire of two fleets the Tyranids were finally overcome and after a brutal hour of constant bombardment, the remains of the hive fleet was destroyed and the battle won.

In triumphal procession, the two fleets began the journey back in-system. As we passed the gas giant Circe, the fabric of space was torn aside as the second Tyranid fleet emerged from the Warp behind us. Realising that the Tempestus battlefleet could not outrun the Tyranids, Lord Admiral Rath decided to make his stand within the upper atmosphere of Circe. With the fate of the defenders on Macragge uppermost in my mind, I ordered the Ultramar fleet not to engage and to return to Macragge. The Tempestus fleet would stand or fall regardless of whether my few cruisers remained.

The previous Tyranid fleet had been weakened and trapped. This one was fresh and undamaged and as the Tempestus fleet turned at bay, the destruction wrought by the Tyranids was fearful. The Imperial craft could not breach the solid wall of creatures that protected the hive ships, the great bell tolled along the length of the *Dominus Astra* and it seemed as though all was lost as the hive fleet closed for the kill. The enormous firepower of the Emperor class warship punched great holes in the Tyranid fleet but for every hit that was scored, another Imperial vessel was overwhelmed and destroyed by the hive ship's protectors and, watching on the hologlobe, I believed that our desperate gamble had failed.

The Tempestus fleet simply could not bring sufficient weight of fire to destroy enough of the hive ships to disrupt the Tyranids. Suddenly the *Dominus Astra's* engines flared as it powered deep into the heart of the Tyranids and a fleet-wide communique sounded within the Sacristy of every Imperial vessel:

"Attention all vessels, this is Lord Admiral Rath. It is clear to me that we cannot win this fight by utilising conventional methods of warfare. I order you all to disengage and withdraw. The *Dominus Astra* shall be the fiery sword of retribution that ends this war. I repeat, disengage and pull away. The Emperor's blessing be upon you always!"

Realising the Admiral's plan, the remaining captains pulled their vessels away from the battle. The *Dominus Astra* collided with the largest of the Tyranid craft and as the hive ship's tentacles ensnared the vessel, the Admiral triggered his ship's warp engines. Space was torn asunder as an uncontrolled warp vortex erupted and engulfed the hive fleet in its destructive embrace.

The Tyranids were sucked into oblivion by the vortex and when the coruscating warp field died down, not a single hive ship remained. The *Dominus Astra* was gone also. The great Bell of Souls on Terra shall chime a thousand times in recognition of the Admiral's sacrifice and his name shall be entered in the Chapel of Heroes as a Defender of Ultramar.

The Battle of Circe had been won, but it had claimed nearly the entire Tempestus battlefleet. A small force of cruisers remained to destroy any surviving bio-ships, while the rest of the fleet limped back to Macragge. Contact had been lost with the defenders in the northern polar regions and thus I ordered the 3rd and 7th Companies ahead to bolster the beleaguered defenders. Only time would tell whether or not they would arrive soon enough.

With the return of the Ultramarines, the remaining Tyranids were soon eradicated. Inquisitor Kryptman returned with them to begin the task of cataloguing the various Tyranid organisms.

Personal Log: Inquisitor Kryptman

Upon arrival on Macragge following the defeat of the hive fleet in space, my first impression was of a hitherto unseen scale of slaughter. So numerous were the Tyranid corpses that a man could walk from one end of the ice fields to the other without once setting foot on the planet's surface. By the time I arrived from Talasa Prime, Ordo Xenos battlefield cleansing units had the situation under control and were following my strict quarantine and species classification protocols. The defences of the polar regions were heavily damaged and bore all the hallmarks of a truly titanic struggle. Gazing upon the disgusting countenance of these aliens for the first time, I realised that not only must we resist them when they invade our space, we must seek them out and destroy them also.

Venturing within the hallways beneath the polar fortresses, I was repulsed to find the internal architecture altered in ways too numerous to count. Obscenely organic constructions filled the corridors and despite their destruction it was impossible not to feel that some presence of the aliens remained. Everywhere I looked, there were signs of fighting. Not an inch of ground had been yielded without fierce resistance. Fire blackened walls and the stench of cooked flesh permeated every surface and I doubt I shall ever truly be rid of that foul odour.

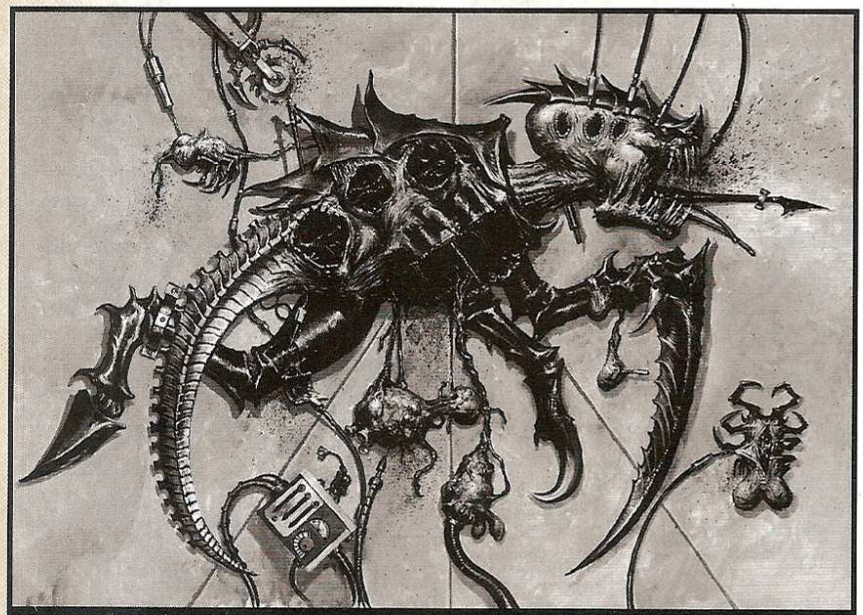
I began cataloguing the many and varied Tyranid creatures in an attempt to gain some kind of understanding into this abominable new race of aliens. The Techno Magi of Mars arrived with commendable speed and began the long task of collecting specimens from amongst the dead creatures. It will take many years of careful study before the true nature of the Tyranids becomes clear, but several things are immediately apparent.

Firstly, the presence of Genestealers in the alien horde seems to point to them being creatures of Tyranid origin. Early genetic scans appear to indicate this, but it will require a more detailed investigation to verify it. These creatures have long been thought of as indigenous to the moons of Ymgarl, and how they came to be there when they are possibly of Tyranid origin remains a mystery. In light of this new information, I recommend a xenocidal campaign against this species be mounted immediately by the Adeptus Astartes and that all Inquisitors increase their vigilance in regards to Genestealer infestations.

Secondly, having seen the destruction wrought by the Tyranids against the realm of Ultramar, I cannot stress enough the danger posed by these creatures. They are the ultimate race of predators, consuming with no thought for anything except the absorption of the next race. Knowing what I know now, I cannot help but feel that this may not even have been a true invasion. As incredible as it seems, this may have been a learning experience for the Tyranids. I have perused several post-action reports all claiming that the Tyranids would rapidly adapt to whatever the defenders could throw at them. If this is the case and the assault on Ultramar was but a probing thrust, then we must maintain a constant vigil on the galactic rim and strengthen our military presence tenfold if we are to resist a more determined Tyranid invasion.

Thus I submit my report and again urge you to act with all possible haste in this matter. I believe that should we underestimate this foe it will be the beginning of the end for Humanity. The Tyranids cannot be bargained with, reasoned with or forced to surrender. They absolutely will not stop and the only way we can defeat them is to be ready, to use the time the Ultramarines have bought with their lives to better prepare ourselves for the next Tyranid invasion. It may not be soon, but it will come.

And we must be ready for it.



Recovered Xeno specimen, classified 'Hormagaunt'.





Marneus Calgar, Chapter Master of the Ultramarines, leads his bodyguard against a deadly Tyranid attack.



An Ultramarines Tactical Squad braces for impact as a swarm of Tyranid Gaunts pours from the undergrowth.

Across the hundreds of thousands of planets in the Imperium, even amongst the most regressed and superstitious populations, the Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes are legendary. On civilised worlds they are spoken of in hushed whispers, accompanied by ignorant tales of ancient secrets concerning bio-alchemy and geno-conditioning. The myths of primitive peoples tell of the Angels of Death who descend from the stars on fiery wings to bring retribution to the serpents of Chaos. Just as prominent are the tales of the steel chariots of the Angels – massive beasts of metal with a skin that turns any blow, whose eyes unleash bolts of lightning and in whose stomach the Angels of Death travel. This is the legend of the Land Raider.

The Land Raider is based upon the near-mythical Standard Template Construct (STC) technology, and as such its design pre-dates the Imperium by many thousands of years. Its rediscovery is commonly attributed to the great Technomagus Arkhan Land at the very birth of the Imperium. When the Imperial Land Raider first saw combat is now a matter of much debate amongst Imperial archaeologists. Some claim it was during the Siege of Delebrion that a Land Raider first fired its lascannons in anger, others point towards the massed tank battles of Calysto Platinum and say that the Land Raider drew first blood during the mighty conflict that raged over that world at the start of the Emperor's Great Crusade. The popularity of the Land Raider in Imperial forces was nothing short of overwhelming. A whole forge world, Anvilus 9, was turned over entirely to the production of Land Raiders and the design spread throughout the galaxy with the Emperor's fleets.

At that time, the Land Raider was used by almost every human force, including the Space Marines and the Imperial army. There was not a battlefield in the first two hundred years of the Imperium that had not tested the mettle of this awesome war engine. Then the Warmaster Horus virus bombed Istvaan V and the Great Heresy engulfed the galaxy. Anvilus 9 was overrun by renegade Tech-priests at the outset of the Heresy, and production of the Land Raider was suddenly reduced to a trickle from a handful of forge worlds still loyal to the Emperor's rule (many forge worlds opted to secede from the Imperium at this point, rather than joining one side or the other). With the Warmaster's forces threatening to overrun Terra, the Emperor decreed that all Land Raiders still in loyalist service were to be recalled for exclusive use by the Legionnes Astartes, who were at the forefront of the fighting.

The Land Raider proved to be essential for both sides during the bitter fighting that would decide the fate of the Imperium. It was one of the few vehicles that could, when used in sufficient numbers, hold off and even destroy the massive Titans of the Adeptus Mechanicus, whilst its ability to fight in almost any imaginable warzone, including seabeds and in highly corrosive atmospheres, meant that it saw more service than any other machine of war. The Heresy was eventually crushed by the sacrifice of the Emperor, but with the Emperor's ascension to the Golden Throne none dared countermand his order that Land Raiders were for the exclusive use of the Space Marines. Thus has it remained for the last ten thousand years.

The Land Raider is ideally suited to the highly mobile warfare employed by the Adeptus Astartes. Like Space Marines, the heavily armoured Land Raider is capable of fighting in almost any conditions, including extremes of climate, total vacuums and high gravity worlds. The Land Raider offers vital protection and transport for a squad of Space Marines, and has enough heavy weaponry to lay down considerable supporting fire once it has dropped its passengers at the battlezone. On death worlds and in other harsh environs, the Land Raider's onboard stores allow the Space Marines to replenish the environmental and energy systems of their power armour, giving them a greater operational span.

In battle, it is common practice for the squad to disembark, leaving the Land Raider to fight independently. The Land Raider's mix of armament allows it to fulfil a variety of battlefield roles. In many respects it is used as a mobile emplacement, its thick armour able to withstand all but the most destructive land-based weaponry in the galaxy. In this role, several Land Raiders can form a defensive line against a counter-attack or create a near impenetrable enclave inside enemy held territory. Its twin-linked lascannons are the best tank busting armament found on a vehicle of such size, so much so that the Orks often refer to Land Raiders as 'Kan-blasterz'. Combined with its heavy bolters, the Land Raider is always capable of dealing with squadrons of light vehicles and can tear a swathe through even the most heavily armoured infantry squads.

The Land Raider has advantages over nearly every other battle tank in the Imperium. Its troop carrying capacity means that it can always bring its own infantry support, regardless of how far from the battle line it must operate. The Land Raider has everything on board to tend to the needs of its crew and passengers, including medical facilities, life support and a shrine to ensure spiritual purity. Its rugged engine design can be adapted to use almost any fuel type, including a variety of gases, fossil fuels, liquids and even vegetative matter. A triple-redundant bank of analytical engines and communications arrays provide for excellent command and control facilities, allowing the Land Raider to act as a base of operations for the squad it carries, giving it an unequalled capability for deep range strikes behind enemy lines.

The Land Raider's survivability comes from its many layered composite armour which, thanks to Magos Land's STC data, can be manufactured from a wide variety of different resources and materials. Its size makes it less unwieldy in battle than the super-heavy Baneblades, Stormhammers and Shadowswords used by the Imperial Guard, without any significant reduction in protection.

ARMOURED

TECHNOARCHAEOLOGIST ARKHAN LAND

Little is known about the great Technoarchaeologist who is remembered in history as Arkhan Land. His birthplace remains a mystery, although it seems likely he was raised on Mars itself. That he was gifted with a perceptive mind is undoubted, but most history seems to dwell more on his eccentric lifestyle and peculiar personal habits. For example, one particular marble etching shows the great Techpriest on his daily walk among the great sky vaults of the Sierra Planum with his pet psyber monkey, while an account in Geronimus' Citations makes frequent reference to his affection for highly ostentatious wigs to obscure the baldness that afflicted him from an early age.

Whatever his idiosyncratic personal behaviour may have been, it was Arkhan Land who led the greatest expedition into the ruins of the Librarius Omnis on Mars. For three years he searched the labyrinthine catacombs of that deserted edifice in search of functioning STC databases. He was not to succeed in his ultimate quest, but on the way he made two discoveries which were to revolutionise technical treatises for millennia to come. The first of these was a near complete dataslab image of STC information pertaining to a heavily armoured battle tank, which was to become known as the 'Land' Raider in honour of its originator. Secondly, Land was to unearth valuable information on anti-gravitic plates, and further hypothesised about the practical applications such anti-grav engines could be put to use to, leading to the construction of the first 'Land' Speeders.

Land was to eventually die leading a second expedition into the Librarius Omnis; his vox diary was found two centuries later by one of a number of rescue teams. It is believed that he and his party were picked off one by one by some mysterious predator, although it is still a matter of much controversial debate whether this was some kind of living beast, a psychic entity or perhaps even a sentient virus. For most it is simply proof that the secrets of the Dark Age of Technology are best left in mystery and prehistory.





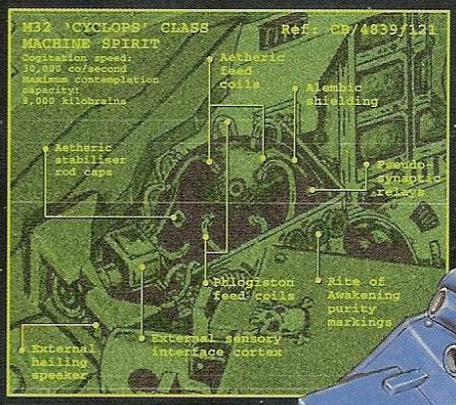
FURY

Imperial Scribes Gav Thorpe, Andy Chambers and Jervis Johnson describe the history of the Land Raider, and detail some of the most famous heroic actions this bastion of the Adeptus Astartes fighting forces has participated in.

Adeptus
Astartes
Phobos Pattern

Land Raider

- Height: . . . . . 13' 6" to upper deck
- Length: . . . . . 34'
- Width: . . . . . 20'
- Weight (unladen): . . . . . 72 tonnes
- Weight (fully laden): . . . . . 81 tonnes
- Armour thickness:
  - Front hull . . . . . 3.75"
  - Side hull . . . . . 3.69"
  - Rear hull . . . . . 3.61"
- Power Plant:
  - Output . . . . . 3,000 bhp
  - Engine type Adaptable thermic combustion with auxiliary reactor
- Weapon systems:
  - 2 twin-linked lascannons
  - Twin-linked heavy bolter
  - Pintle-mounted storm bolter
- Road speed: . . . . . 34 mph
- Cross-country speed: . . . . . 32 mph
- Operational radius:
  - Reactor only . . . . . 387 miles
  - Dual fuel reactor operation . . . 1,200 miles
- Crew: . . . . . 2 – commander and crewman
- Passenger capacity: . . . . . 10 fully equipped Space Marines or 5 Space Marines in Tactical Dreadnought armour
- Ground clearance: . . . . . 1'
- Maximum gradient climb: 65%
- Ground pressure: . . . . . 15.5 psi
- Fording depth: . . . . . fully submersible to 120"
- Trench crossing: . . . . . 18'
- Vertical obstacle: . . . . . 6' 2"



The 13th 'Aquila' track link is of special significance. Thirteen represents the 12 High Lords of Terra and our most benevolent Emperor at their head as the 13th. The surface of every planet the Space Marines land upon is therefore stamped with the Imperial mark of the Emperor himself.

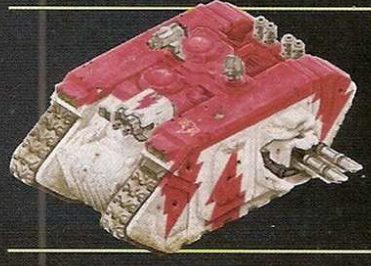
1. Cyclops 'Redeye' external monitor
2. M32 Cyclops class machine spirit
3. Tactical holo-sphere
4. Individual squad status display
5. Internal Cyclops interface
6. Auto-tarot reader
7. Internal ventilation grille
8. MkII 'Tenebrys' smoke discharge unit
9. Stygies 'C' pattern smoke grenade
10. 2 megawatt quartz/halogen headlight unit
11. Assault ramp hydraulic ram buttress
12. Boltgun rack (magnetic)
13. Auto-sealing assault ramp
14. Pseudo-titanium cast alloy track links
15. Forward return roller
16. Consecrated 'Aquila' track link
17. Hydro-compressive suspension unit
18. Load-bearing wheel
19. External axle cap
20. Ceramite/titanium bonded armour cowling
21. Auto sight cowling
22. Ejection port
23. Armoured chain feed
24. Armoured magazine
25. Electro-magnetic weapon system turntable
26. Gyro-stabilisers
27. Reinforced commander's cupola ring
28. Multi-spectral optical pick-ups
29. Auto-sealing hatch covered (unsecured)
30. Internal hatch control panel
31. Wide band local communications array
32. Cupola traversing controls



Imperial Fists

'Dorn's Lament'

Deacon's Veil Incursion Force



White Scars

'Emperor's Lightning'

Purging of Radawl II



Dark Angels

'Wrath of Caliban'

Sci-Oron Campaign





33. Morphic commander's seat
34. Spinal implant interface and umbilical pick-ups
35. Commander's cradle controls
36. System status displays
37. Omni-directional geno-coded control column
38. Multi-function commander's auger
39. Access panel
40. Filtration system intakes
41. Atmospheric sampling spectroscope spire
42. Rad counter
43. Purifier units
44. Internal ventilation ducts
45. Troop compartment floor
46. Troop transport station
47. Mk VII 'Aquila' Astartes helmet
48. Inner blast door
49. Armoured outer hatch
50. Upper deck access ladder
51. Outer hatch locking bolts
52. Track access panel
53. Locking bolt access panel
54. Crux Terminatus honour (external)
55. Multi-layer armour (see panel CB/4839/392)
56. Foot locker access hatch
57. Reinforced secondary cupola ring
58. Multi-spectral optical pick-ups
59. M33 MkVI auxiliary storm bolter
60. Geno-coded firing grips
61. Autosight cowling
62. 200 round ammunition hopper
63. 0.75 cal. all purpose bolter rounds
64. Auto-sealing hatch cover
65. Narrow band long range communications array
66. Electro magnetic cupola traversing ring
67. External umbilical socket
68. Secondary cupola cradle
69. Munitions storage rack
70. Storm bolter ammunition storage
71. System status displays
72. Cradle controls
73. Cradle footplate
74. Reusable hunter-killer launcher
75. MkVIII 'Avenger' hunter-killer missiles

76. Auxiliary external systems mounting
77. 'Nightwatch' class auto-surveyor
78. Armoured dish
79. Engine grille
80. Fuel induction cover
81. Dual energy/fuel feed
82. Armoured exhaust manifold
83. Exhaust stack
84. Reactor core observation sphere
85. 'Mars' pattern B adaptable thermic combustor reaction engine
86. Adeptus Mechanicus manufacturing sigil
87. Astartes purity seals
88. Internal power feeds
89. Engine cooling fan
90. Nitro-ammonium storage canisters
91. Nitro-ammonium cooling system
92. Primary drive wheels
93. Transmission
94. Drive wheel access panel
95. Multi-configuration sponson mount
96. Slaved multi-spectral remote targeting surveyor
97. Ceramite/titanium bonded armour cowling
98. Accuracy talisman
99. Armoured weapons access shuttering
100. Primary weapon system
101. Ceramite bonding stud

Weapon Systems

Standard Phobos Pattern Armament

2 TWIN-LINKED ASTARTES LASCANNON

Kr9.76 'Godhammer' in 180 degree traversable mount.

Elevation +42 degrees to -32 degrees. Traverse at 80 degrees/second.

1 TWIN-LINKED ASTARTES HEAVY BOLTER

998AV Massada pattern 'Firefury' in 360 degree traversable anti-air mounting.

Elevation +90 degrees to -3 degrees within forward 90 degree arc, rising to +33 degrees on all other facings.

MAXIMUM SHOTS'

'Godhammer' lascannon: Barrel replacement required every 2,000 firings

'Firefury' heavy bolter: Standard ammunition payload: 2,600 rounds

Howling Griffons

'Sword of Fire'

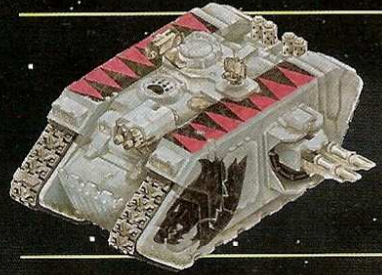
The Veidt Schism



Black Templars

'Boraneous' Rex'

Vortigern Crusade



Space Wolves

'Fochammer'

Sagen Dragonbrow's Pack

Behind Enemy Lines

One of the most famous stories in the history of the Red Talon Space Marine Chapter is that of Techmarine Clearn, his driver Marine Rillan, and their Land Raider *Eagle's Claw*. The action took place during the first day of the Battle of Amion, during the campaign fought against the rebel Imperial forces of the self-styled King of the Further Reaches in M41.917. The battle resulted in the breaching of the rebels' main defensive lines, and led to the final defeat of the rebel forces.

Eagle's Claw formed part of the Red Talon's 6th Company, which had been split up over a wide front to support the Imperial Guard units making the attack. Clearn had been given the task of first supporting the assault and then, once the rebel lines were breached, to aid the 189th Armageddon Steel Legion as it exploited the breakthrough.

By 0620 the Land Raider was 2,000 metres ahead of its original start line and was beginning to catch up with the Baneblades, Leman Russ battle tanks and Imperial Guard infantry assault teams attacking the rebel lines. As *Eagle's Claw* crossed the last line of rebel trenches it came under fire from rebel anti-tank teams armed with Imperial lascannons, which had already managed to knock out two of the Guard's Leman Russ tanks. The lascannon fire damaged *Eagle's Claw*'s communications array, cutting Clearn off from the rest of the Company for the remainder of the battle. Undeterred, Clearn was able to use a belt of trees for cover in order to close with the enemy in relative safety. Bursting from the tree line *Eagle's Claw* swept over the rebel position. The rebels attempted to flee but were cut down by the Land Raider's heavy bolters. The Guard assault squads arrived to occupy the position and Clearn set off again, travelling east towards the main objective of Amion itself.

By now the 189th had come forward and were beginning to harry fugitives from the broken enemy lines. Unfortunately, wherever they met stiffer opposition, the mechanised infantry began to suffer casualties and were forced to halt. Clearn provided assistance in two such actions, destroying five enemy tanks and killing dozens of enemy infantry in the process, but more importantly allowing the mechanised infantry to head on towards their next objective.

At this point Clearn evidently decided that he would make far better progress on his own. His map told him that there was an enemy supply cantonment in a shallow valley not more than five kilometres away. He headed towards the location of the camp, and when he finally reached the crest of the valley, he found the occupants hastily stuffing their belongings into their packs as they attempted to evacuate. Clearn opened fire at once, killing or wounding sixty of the rebels before the rest made good their escape, and then using *Eagle's Claw*'s lascannon to blow up the rebels' vital stockpiles of fuel and ammunition which had been left in the camp.

This secondary objective having been reduced to a blazing inferno, Clearn decided to head towards the main objective of Amion. He soon came across files of rebel infantry retreating towards the defences of the hive and engaged them at ranges of 200 to 600 metres. *Eagle's Claw* remained in the area for over an hour, shooting at any sign of movement as it cruised up and down. In the process, return fire damaged *Eagle's Claw*'s fuel cells, which started to leak fumes into the interior of the tank, rendering the air so poisonous that the crew were forced to don the helmets of their power armoured suits.

Because of the risk of fire and explosion most men would have decided that enough was enough. Clearn, however, was not a man – he was a Space Marine, and a Space Marine of the Red Talons Chapter at that. So, although he was now completely alone, he decided to press on. Soon he found himself in the midst of the retreating rebel army, surrounded by columns of vehicles and marching men who believed they were beyond the reach of danger. When *Eagle's Claw* opened fire on them at close range, inflicting heavy losses, a wild panic ensued. Men ran in all directions, vehicles careened out of control and crashed into each other. It was carnage!

Now satisfied, and with no ammunition left for his heavy bolters and the barrels of three of *Eagle's Claw*'s lascannons burnt out from overuse, Clearn ordered Marine Rillan to turn for home. But he had left it a moment too late. The enemy had brought up a battery of Basilisks, which quickly scored three hits, causing *Eagle's Claw* to burst into flames. Clearn and Rillan leapt clear, pausing only to grab their bolters from the burning vehicle's ready rack as they did so. Surrounded on all sides by enraged rebel infantry, the fate of the two Space Marines was never in doubt. Nonetheless, they put up a stiff fight as the rebels swarmed round them. Finally, however, Rillan was shot dead, and Clearn was dragged down and kicked and hammered with lasgun butts until he was unconscious.

Hours later the burned out shell of *Eagle's Claw* was found by the advancing 189th Armageddon Steel Legion some 16 kilometres beyond what had been the original start line. How it had got there remained a mystery and a source of much speculation to the troops that made up the armies fighting in the campaign for many months. It was only when Clearn was freed from the cells of infamous Temple of Truth Through Pain that the full story was able to be told. But by then the colourful tales of the exploits of the Land Raider *Eagle's Claw* had already become legend...

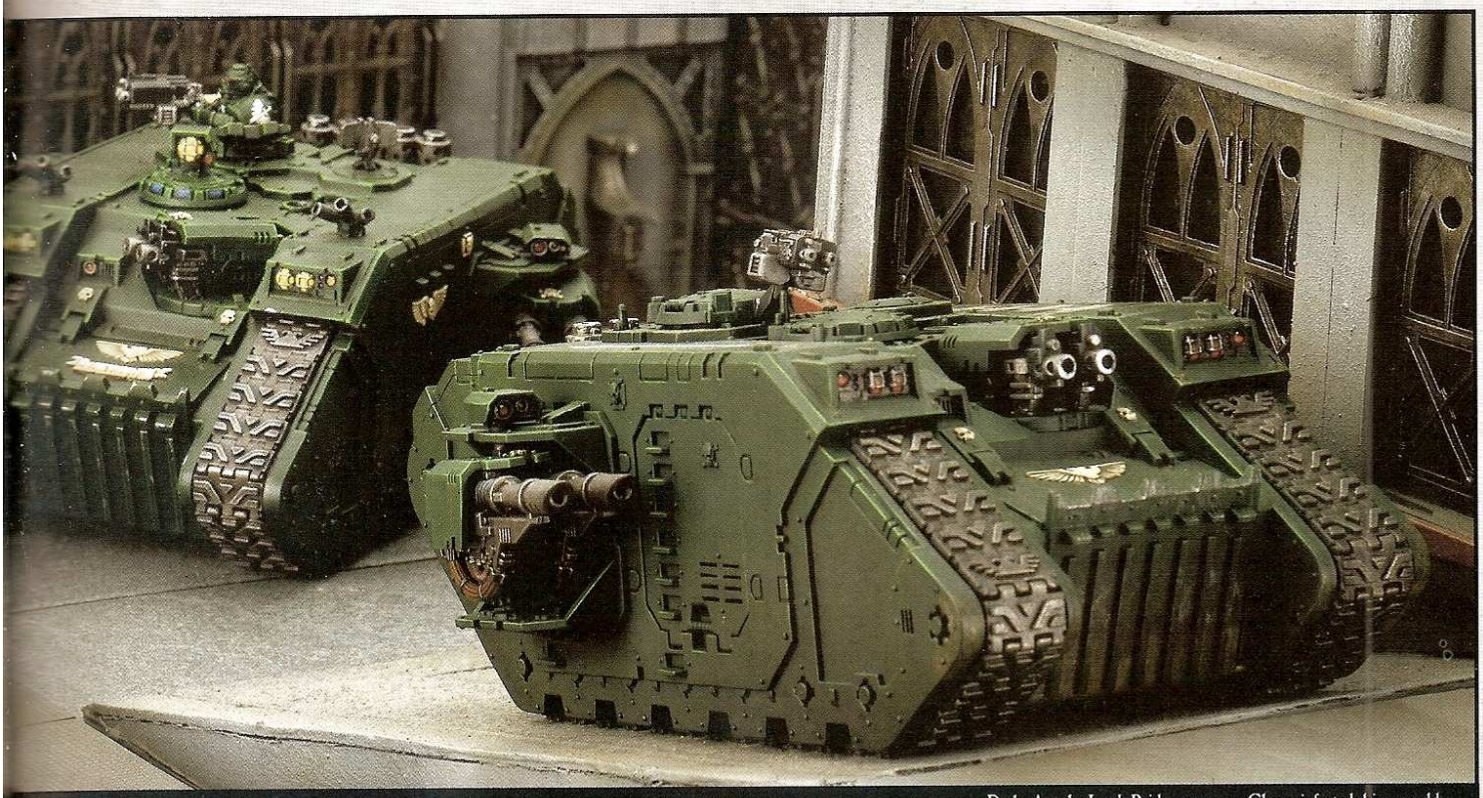


The Battle of Thranx

Few worlds have suffered beneath the scourge of heresy and treachery like the hive world of Thranx in the Segmentum Solar. From its day of liberation during the Great Crusade to the day of its Exterminatus by the Dark Angels, Thranx was a byword for anarchy and disruption. During the 36th millennium an alien-inspired rebellion erupted amongst the monolithic equatorial heat sinks which controlled the atmosphere and heat exchanging across the rest of the world-encompassing hive. Aliens controlling the rebels sought to ransom the world for their own ends but were met by the solid resolution of Governor Gount Momery. He sent his own finest mechanised regiments against the rebel positions without hesitation. At his command, ten thousand Leman Russ tanks clattered across the endless rooftops and terraces which covered the world-hive.

The Governor's proud tanks were decimated in the course of a single afternoon by rebel lascannons and Earthshaker cannons mounted high on the ziggurat-like steps of the heat sinks. As the tanks advanced across the open rooftops the rebels simply picked them off. Over five thousand wrecks were left upon the battlefield. Governor Momery was a rash man, and sent his depleted regiments again the next day, this time preceded by a massive bombardment from orbital monitors and attack craft. Unfortunately the damage to the rebels' defences was counterbalanced by the cratering of roadways and bridges the tanks needed to advance. Two thousand more wrecks were added to the battlefield before the regiments broke and fell back again.

By now the rebels were literally turning the heat up across the whole planet and



Dark Angels Land Raiders roam a Chaos-infested hive world.

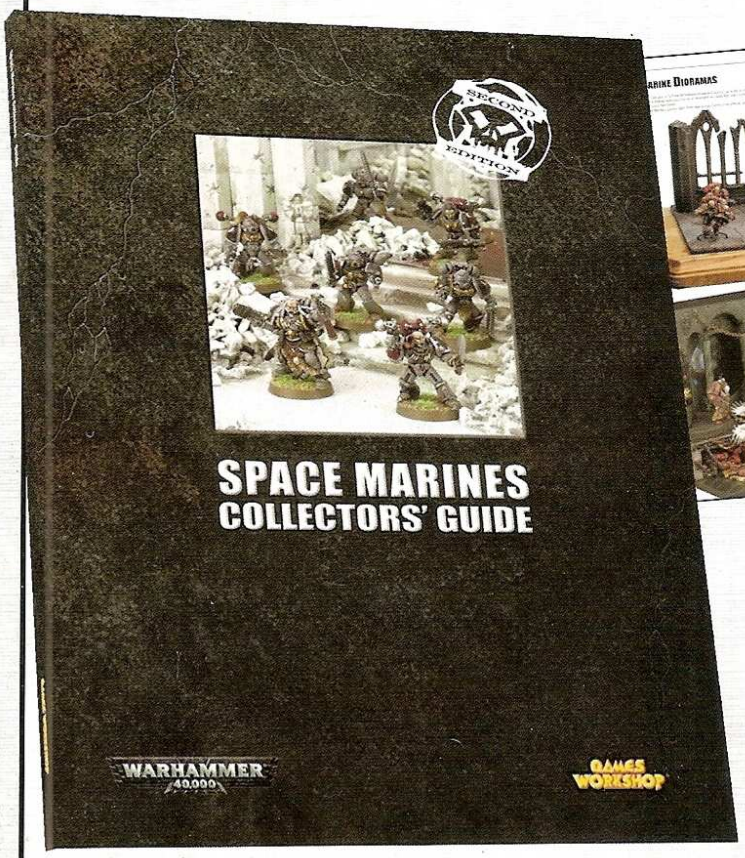
millions of citizens were already dying of heat stroke and dehydration. At last Governor Momery instructed his Astropaths to request assistance from the Adepts of Earth. By great good fortune, a battle barge of the Iron Hands Chapter of the Adeptus Astartes was passing close to Thranx and it was diverted to prevent Thranx becoming a dead world. The Iron Hands Companies aboard were depleted after a tunnel fighting campaign on Kolyma, but their vehicles were intact. Their leader, Commander Sien, determined to make a last ditch offensive using his handful of Land Raiders and the Governor's surviving tanks for support. Although his force was limited, he believed that if the rebels' defensive position could be cracked at one point, the entire ring of heat sinks could be easily rolled-up by the Governor's troops. He led the five Land Raiders of his company forward during the night, walking ahead of them to personally examine the route while the rebels were kept busy with a bombardment from the battle barge overhead.

Commander Sien mounted up and led his Land Raiders into the attack at dawn, forming a hardened tip to a wedge of Thranx Steel Legions in an assault on Heat Sink 871. The defence was bitter, from the instant the Land Raiders appeared they were at the centre of a storm of shells and bolts raining down from above. The heavy armour of the Raiders shrugged aside much of the fire but Sien had advanced no more than 200 metres before Land Raider four, *Metallus Gravus*, was immobilised by a shattered track and then destroyed as rebel Earthshaker batteries found their range. The other Astartes battle tanks pushed forward, racing along a shell-torn skedway to reach the first ramp up the flank of the heat sink. Land Raider two, *Quoth Karrasis*, was blown apart by a direct hit from a rebel defence laser at the top of the ramp. Sien allowed the laser no time to recharge and gunned his own machine, *Cestus*, up the perilously narrow roadway to get a clear shot at the laser's armoured cupola. After a few tense seconds *Cestus* reached a firing position, only to miss with his first salvo of lascannon fire and be left fully exposed to the emplacement's return shot. To Sien's amazement the panicking rebel gunners also missed and he was able to use the Land Raider's heavy bolters to drive them away from their position.

Wasting no time, Sien turned up the second ramp followed by Raiders three and five, only to find his way blocked by welded steel anti-tank obstacles. Commander Sien and his Techmarine dismounted under increasingly intense fire from rebel infantry to attach melta bombs onto the obstacles, both being lightly wounded in several places. As they remounted, Raider five notified them that the defence laser was being re-manned. Sien detailed Raider five to keep the laser position suppressed, but as the giant tank turned to bring its full armament to bear it slipped partly off the roadway and was left with its right tracks hanging over empty space a hundred metres over the steel plain below. With commendable clarity of purpose, Raider five opened fire on the laser emplacement and knocked it out with several direct hits. Seconds later a shellburst tipped Raider five over the edge and Sien was reduced to a command of just two tanks.

Sien triggered the melta charges and pushed on, *Cestus* leading and Raider three giving fire support, the two battle tanks ground up the second ramp, scattering enemy infantry and taking more hits as they did so. The third and final ramp was blocked by a salvaged Leman Russ, its battle cannon zeroed in on the corner as Sien made the turn. Once again the Emperor was watching over Sien and the hit only wrecked one of his lascannon sponsons. Slewing his vehicle to bring the other weapons to bear, Sien riddled the Leman Russ with lascannon bolts. To clear his path he maintained fire on the tank until it was reduced to a molten skeleton. Crunching over the wreck brought him to the top of Heat Sink 871 where the two battered Land Raiders made short work of the Earthshaker battery atop it. With the rebels' defences fatally breached, the Thranx Steel Legions swarmed into the gap and began the long process of reducing the rebel redoubts. At the end of the battle Sien counted the number of hits to his Land Raider's adamantium hide and found it had survived 132 enemy shots.

SPACE MARINES COLLECTORS' GUIDE





This updated *Space Marine Collectors' Guide* is the definitive tome for anyone interested in the Space Marines miniatures range. It's ideal for anyone who collects Space Marines, containing the full range of Space Marines models and their component parts.

The *Space Marine Collectors' Guide* is far more than a simple catalogue – it also includes a number of other features such as painted examples of Space Marines Chapter colours, some fantastic armies painted and collected by Games Workshop staff, conversions, Golden Demon winners and great dioramas.

So if you collect, paint or game with Space Marines this is the book for you.











The Thousand Sons systematically butcher the defenders of an Eldar warp gate.



Pouring through the breach, the Death Guard sow disease and terror throughout the enemy ranks.



Index Astartes III

Index Astartes III is a compilation of articles from White Dwarf magazine. In it are detailed aspects of the Emperor's elite warriors, the mighty Space Marines, and their treacherous brethren, the Chaos Space Marines, in the kind of depth not possible in a normal Codex army book. Amidst these pages you can find tales of heroism and betrayal from the earliest days of the Imperium of Mankind – ancient legends which have been lost to Humanity over long ages of Imperial history. Chapter and Legion histories and colour schemes are detailed, with specific rules and army list variants to help with collecting and gaming using the Space Marine organisations within.

This third Index Astartes compilation includes the following articles:

- Iron Hands First Founding Chapter
- World Eaters Chaos Space Marines
- Ultramarines First Founding Chapter
- Death Guard Chaos Space Marines
- Thousand Sons Chaos Space Marines
- Defenders of Ultramar
- Armoured Fury – Land Raiders

This is one of a series of supplements for the Warhammer 40,000 game. You will need a copy of Codex: Space Marines to make full use of the additional gaming material presented in this book.

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Index Astartes IV



A holy tome focusing on the
Imperium's finest warriors,
the Space Marines
of the Adeptus Astartes

Index Astartes
First Founding

An in-depth look at the First Founding Legions of the Adeptus Astartes

SONS OF HORUS

The Black Legion Space Marine Chapter

by Graham Davey

The Primarch of the Luna Wolves was the infamous Horus, first and greatest of all the Primarchs. His Legion conquered countless worlds during the Great Crusade before Horus betrayed the Emperor and led a violent rebellion that devastated the Imperium. The Luna Wolves are the only Space Marine Legion to have changed their name, becoming the Sons of Horus and finally the Black Legion.

Origins

The early history of the First Founding Space Marine Legions is largely lost to the relentless march of time. Accounts and details of those Legions that rebelled (and especially of the Arch-Traitor Horus himself) were further expunged from Imperial records after the Horus Heresy, to deny any knowledge of those events from the vulnerable minds of Imperial citizens. Indeed, only a select handful of powerful individuals know any of the truth, and it is likely that none know it all. Such information that does exist is sketchy and anecdotal, and lies in ancient heretical tomes closely guarded by certain Inquisitors or handed down within the secret orders of the original Legions that remained loyal.

These records suggest that the Space Marines of the Luna Wolves Legion were created using human stock taken from the violent hive gangs inhabiting a planet called Cthonia. This planet allegedly existed in one of Earth's closest neighboring systems. Being within reach even for non-warp spacecraft, Cthonia had been colonized, built upon, tunneled and mined probably since the dawn of space travel. As such, all natural resources had been stripped away and used up millennia before, and the ancient mining technology had long since been rediscovered and removed by the Adepts of Mars. The planet that remained was largely redundant and abandoned, completely riddled with catacombs, crumbling industrial plants and exhausted mine-workings.

Fierce gangs inhabited the lawless depths of Cthonia, enjoying freedom from the rigors of Imperial citizenship; but at the time of the First Founding they provided an easy source of Human specimens whom nobody would miss. One report talks of so-called 'recruitment squads' rounding up thousands of gangers and shipping them away, chained together in the holds of prison-shuttles, to geno-laboratories on Luna. Here they were modified using the genetic code of the Primarch Horus. It is more common for Space Marine genetic stock to be gleaned from feral or primitive worlds, however, after the usual hypno-psychological indoctrination process, the Luna Wolves recruits emerged as excellent and ferociously loyal specimens.

Horus

Information about Horus himself is even harder to uncover. It is thought that he was the first of the Primarchs to be recovered by the Emperor, having been cast much closer to Terra than the others, and was found at a much younger age. As a result, Horus was for many years the Emperor's only son, and there was a great affinity between them. The Emperor spent much time with his protégé, teaching and encouraging him. Horus was soon placed in command of the Luna Wolves Legion – ten thousand Space Marines created from his own genetic code. With these warriors to lead, Horus accompanied the Emperor for the first thirty years of the Great Crusade, and together they forged the initial expansion of the young Imperium.

The two fought together on many occasions. At the fortified city of Reillis, a Human settlement unwilling to accept the Emperor's beneficent will, the defending army used secret tunnels to infiltrate behind the besieging Imperial army and hundreds of shock troops swamped the command encampment. Unprepared and unarmored, the Emperor and Horus fought back to back until a plasma blast stunned Horus and sent him staggering to the floor. The Emperor stood over the Primarch and refused to give ground until reinforcements arrived to drive their attackers back. On the Ork-infested planet of Gorro, Horus repaid the debt by hacking the arm from a huge, frenzied Greenskin warlord as it struggled to choke the Emperor's life out of him.

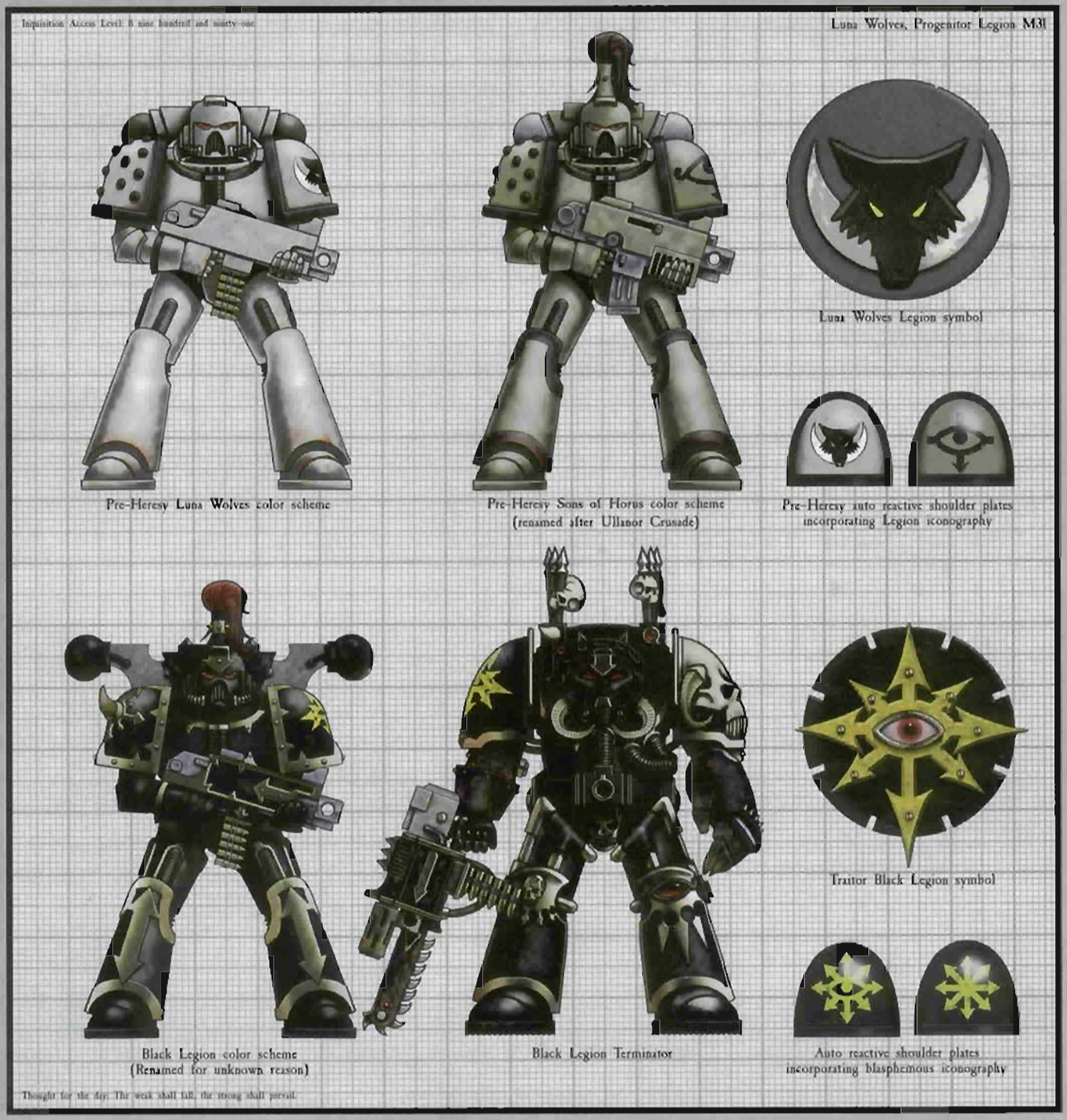
Then came the day that the Emperor divined the presence of a second Primarch in their proximity and immediately set out to find him, leaving Horus in temporary command of the massed Legions of the Great Crusade. While he rejoiced at the discovery of one of his brothers, Horus was determined that the Emperor would

always remain most proud of him, his first son.

As other Primarchs were discovered, the Emperor's time was pulled more and more in other directions and, while many of the other Legions now had their destined leaders, Horus was often given overall strategic command. It was a position he relished, proving himself time and again a consummate general, winning praise and decorations from the Emperor for his achievements and conquests. He had the approval and admiration of all the Space Marine Legions, including their Primarchs.

It is said that as well as being a great warrior and strategist, Horus was fiercely intelligent. He was charismatic, persuasive and had an innate understanding of psychology. He could read men in order to use their strengths or exploit their weaknesses. These skills made him a well-loved leader, but also allowed him to find non-military solutions when others would simply have attacked. On many worlds, a blunt explanation of the destructive might at his disposal and a day's parley with the planetary leaders was enough to bring them into the Imperial fold without bloodshed. Horus always took trouble to follow the local Human customs and modes of greeting if he thought it would lessen the chance of a hostile reaction to his arrival. His practice of taking part in local rituals to establish ties for later exploitation soon became Imperial policy.

Horus was also skilled in getting the best out of the other Primarchs and their respective Legions. Many of them excelled in a particular style of fighting, and Horus encouraged this diversity and endeavored to deploy them to war zones that would suit them best.



If a sudden strike was needed, he would send the White Scars or the Night Lords. If a protracted campaign was expected, then the Death Guard or the Salamanders were used. When precise timing or covert operations were required, the Alpha Legion were favored, and if simple ferocity was called for, other Legions were brought to the fore. Horus wielded the Space Marine Legions as a lesser commander would wield the squads of his army, positioning them so that each could perform to their advantages and win glory for all. There is also evidence that he sent dispatches detailing the World Eaters' most ferocious victories to the Blood Angels Legion and vice versa, presumably to foster a competitive rivalry. Likewise, it can be assumed that Horus was well aware of the feud between the Space Wolves and the Dark Angels. These two Legions were repeatedly deployed in joint actions, spurring them both on to greater military feats in order to outdo each other.

His own Legion had all the glory of being the greatest Primarch's personal guard, and they shared Horus's credo of fighting to be the best. Under his inspiring command, the Luna Wolves were always at the forefront of the latest campaign, pushing the boundaries of the Imperium ever wider, driving further and further into the galaxy and striving to conquer and liberate more worlds than the other Legions. In the Aartuo, Keskastine and Androv Systems, the Luna Wolves are known to have moved swiftly on to planet after planet as soon as the local armies had been subdued. The Ultramarines and the Iron Warriors, who were fighting alongside Horus's Legion at this time, were repeatedly left to mop up any final pockets of resistance and establish garrisons on the conquered worlds. The Luna Wolves' officers apparently refused point blank to assign any troops to these duties, insisting that every man was required for the ongoing crusade. Further rebellion flared up on a number of the planets after the Luna Wolves had left, and it is believed that the Ultramarines' Primarch Roboute Guilliman subsequently had words with Horus on the matter. At the time it seems that Horus pacified the Primarch by admitting that Guilliman was much better at this sort of thing than he was, however in his great work, the Codex Astartes – completed much later – Guilliman prescribed a much more thorough tactical doctrine for the suppression of a planet.

Heresy

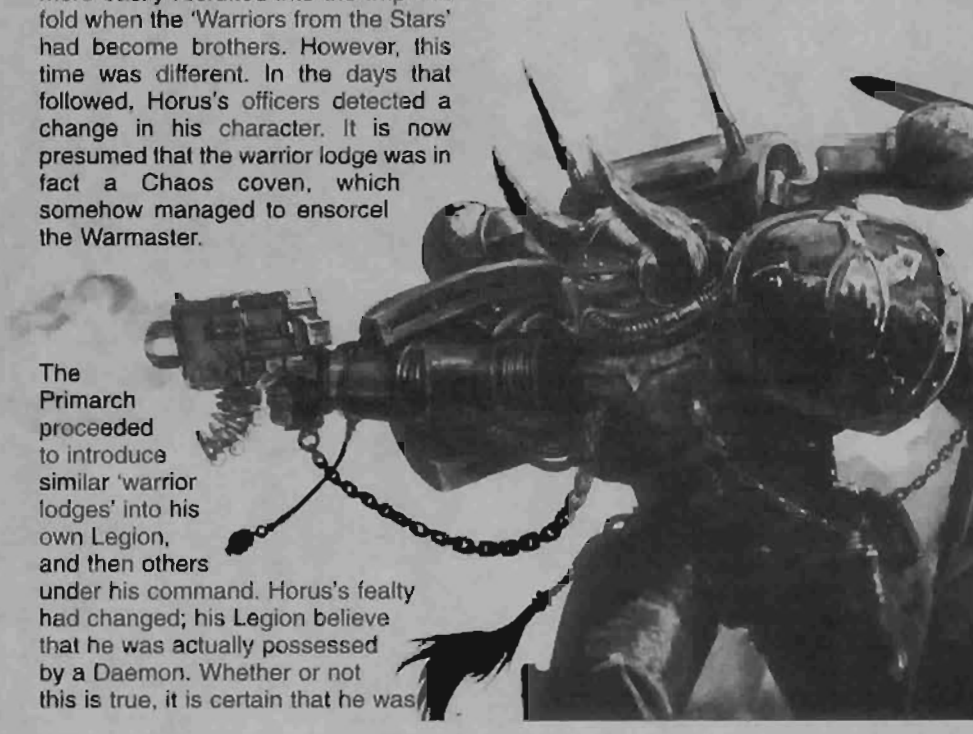
The Ullanor Crusade saw Horus battling a huge Ork empire. At its conclusion, the Emperor declared it the greatest victory yet for his mighty Imperium and was said to bestow much praise upon the Luna Wolves and Horus for their part in the campaign. The most notable reward was the renaming of the Legion. The Emperor sent word that henceforth they would be known as the Sons of Horus, in honor of their Primarch. Horus himself was given the title Warmaster – now officially supreme commander of the Emperor's forces. Despite these great honors, there is some suggestion that Horus was less than content. The wording of the Emperor's proclamation clearly claimed the glory of Horus's victories as his own. This was the usual rhetoric for such announcements – after all, the Primarchs were the sworn vassals of him and his Imperium. And yet in the Primarch's eyes, the Emperor now spent his time in safety at his palace on Terra while Horus won his Imperium for him. It seems likely that a deeply-rooted resentment had surfaced.

Before he could return to Terra to be officially invested with his new title, Horus apparently fell ill on a small feral world called Davin. During his convalescence, he took part in the induction ceremony of a warrior lodge on the planet. This was the Primarch's well-tried practice to develop ties with local populations – feral natives were more easily recruited into the Imperial fold when the 'Warriors from the Stars' had become brothers. However, this time was different. In the days that followed, Horus's officers detected a change in his character. It is now presumed that the warrior lodge was in fact a Chaos coven, which somehow managed to ensorcel the Warmaster.

The Primarch proceeded to introduce similar 'warrior lodges' into his own Legion, and then others under his command. Horus's fealty had changed; his Legion believe that he was actually possessed by a Daemon. Whether or not this is true, it is certain that he was now allied body and soul to the powers of Chaos, and he had a new vision for the Imperium with himself at its head. Whether the events on Davin were planned by the gods of Chaos or just the work of an isolated group is unsure. Certainly a Primarch becoming ill was almost unheard of, and it would surely have required a virulent and unique ailment to affect him, perhaps indicating a greater conspiracy.

The Sons of Horus, already fiercely loyal and proud of their Warmaster, had no hesitation. They quickly renounced their oaths to the Emperor and started to worship Horus and his new gods. The corruption spread to every organization with which Horus had dealings, including a division of the Adeptus Mechanicus, and from there to the Collegia Titanica and the Legio Cybernetica. The other Primarchs, Horus knew like brothers, and was already well practiced at motivating them. Appealing to their pride, martial prowess and courage, while playing upon past grudges and favors, the Warmaster gained the loyalty of fully half the Primarchs. The war that followed was the most terrible in the history of the Imperium, and came close to shattering it forever. Space Marines fought Space Marines and Titans fought Titans as Earth was invaded, and the Emperor's palace itself was besieged and breached.

History records that on the 55th day of the battle, overwhelming Imperial





THE ULLANOR CRUSADE

The Ullanor Sector was the domain of Ork Overlord Urlakk Urg. His empire was founded on dozens of conquered and enslaved Human planets. Knowing the Orks' love for battle, the Warmaster's tactics were to lure the Greenskin forces away from his real targets. Other Space Marine Legions were tasked to retake the outlying planets, supported by newly-raised Imperial Guard regiments. As the Ork armadas moved out to resist this invasion, the Luna Wolves fleet drove straight for the central system.

Drop pods crashed to the ground all around Urlakk's fortress-palace. Heavy shuttles deployed Land Raiders and Predators and armored Space Marines advanced on the defenses. Then, as hundreds of Orks rushed to join the battle on the perimeter walls, Horus and the entire Terminator-armored 1st Company teleported directly to the foot of the great central tower. As the Luna Wolves blasted away the guards, mobs from the walls raced back to protect Urlakk. Horus left most of the Terminators to hold back the Orks and pushed on up the tower with just ten Space Marines at his side. At the pinnacle of the tower they found Urlakk in a grand chamber, accompanied by forty of the biggest Orks in his empire. Horus charged straight into the midst of the Nobs, slicing apart the muscled, green bodies with the twin lightning claws of his battle armor. The Terminators with him would not fire into the mêlée for fear of hitting their beloved Primarch, so they too crashed into the combat. Slowly they hacked a path through the mob until Horus faced Urlakk himself. The Overlord was an enormous Ork, but he was simply no match for the Primarch's skill and unnatural power. First crippling his enemy, Horus hefted Urlakk's broken body out onto the roof and threw it screaming from the battlements to fall far below amongst the horde of Orks still assaulting the lower levels.

The sudden demise of their mighty leader sent a panic through the Greenskin forces, which started to fall back from the Terminators. But the fleeing mobs found they had nowhere to run, as the outer walls had been breached by the attacking Luna Wolves, and the day turned into a slaughter. Back in the Overlord's chamber, Horus found every Ork and Terminator dead, apart from the gore-drenched Captain of the 1st Company, Abaddon, surrounded by crushed and broken bodies.

As word of his death spread, the Overlord's empire fragmented. The Imperial forces were able to destroy or drive out the remaining Orks and free the quadrant for Imperial rule within a year (naturally, the Luna Wolves claimed to have liberated substantially more worlds than their allies).

reinforcements approached. In a bid to slay the Emperor before it was too late, Horus lowered the shields around his battle barge, daring his creator to teleport on board. But it was Horus who was slain, and with him died the rebellion. It was a traumatic and devastating blow for the Sons of Horus. Everything they had ever fought for was lost. The Legion fell back immediately from the attack on the palace and fought their way back to their shuttles. This action alone is thought to have secured the enmity of all the other Traitor Legions. On board the battle barge, the Captain of the 1st Company led a furious counter-attack to drive the Imperials from the vessel, then fled into space with the Warmaster's body.

Exile

Along with the other rebel Legions, the Sons of Horus found refuge in the Eye of Terror, where they established a base from which to continue the campaign against the Imperium. They constructed a fortress-tomb for the body of the Warmaster and even in death still revered him as their commander. Nobody was appointed in his place, and the Captains of the Legion would offer sacrifices and pray for guidance in his shrine. In the following centuries they were the most active of the Traitor Legions, possibly trying to maintain their tradition of achieving more than the others, or perhaps seeking to atone for their moment of weakness on Terra. During this time they offered their worship to each of the Chaos gods in turn, willingly giving their bodies to possession by Daemons in emulation of their dead Primarch. However, with every change in loyalty, the Daemons of the rejected god retreated into the warp leaving their Space Marine hosts nothing more than discarded husks. The Legion grew fewer and fewer until it was threatened with extinction. Desperate experimentation and research by the Legion's Sorcerer-Librarians finally uncovered a method of possession that did not destroy the mortal host.

Saved, but still numerically inferior, the Sons of Horus fought a series of bloody wars against the other Traitor Legions, vying for resources, power and superiority within the Eye of Terror. The culmination of the conflict was the destruction of the Legion's fortress by a combined force of their erstwhile allies, including the Emperor's Children. Worse still, the Warmaster's corpse was taken and there were subsequent reports that a being calling himself the Primogenitor was working with the Emperor's Children to clone the body. With their Primarch taken from them and defiled by their enemies, the remains of the Legion finally swore fealty to a new leader – Abaddon, Captain of the 1st Company.

Abaddon knew that the memory of the Warmaster shackled his Legion to the failures of the past, so his first edicts renounced the name of Horus and the ancient title of the Legion. Taking their last surviving battle barge, he led them in a lightning raid that destroyed the Warmaster's body and the whole cloning laboratory complex. For this action and in every subsequent sighting, each Space Marine's armor was painted black. Since this time, Abaddon's 'Black Legion' has raided the Imperium, sowing havoc and misery on every world it attacks.

Home World

The Legion's home world of Cthonia no longer exists, having apparently lost geo-structural integrity and broken apart into asteroids and debris during the centuries following the Heresy. Certainly the once ore-rich planet was riddled with mine workings right through to its dead core (in fact, the numerous gangers that formed the population may originally have been imported as work teams to maintain the crumbling tunnels), however, there is much conjecture that Cthonia was destroyed deliberately.

Since the destruction of their fortress in the Eye of Terror, the Black Legion is no longer based on any particular planet, instead stationed permanently on various spacecraft. They possess a single ancient battle barge from their original fleet, as well as other vessels commandeered or captured over the years. In particular, many Imperial Navy ships that rebelled during the

Horus Heresy now seem to be under Abaddon's command, along with newer vessels he has ordered constructed.

Combat doctrine

The Legion is a flexible fighting force that can perform well and adapt quickly to any combat situation. It was trained to respond sharply and decisively to the tactical orders of its Warmaster, and consequently the chain of command within the Legion was very efficient. This suffered significantly during the early years of exile when the Legion was leaderless, but Abaddon has done much to restore discipline, mainly through fear and horrendous violence inflicted on those that displease him. Horus's favored doctrine of 'tearing the throat out of the enemy' by eliminating their high command in a swift strike, remains a well-used tactic.

ABADDON THE DESPOILER

Abaddon was Captain of the Luna Wolves 1st Company during the Great Crusade and followed Horus from ancient Terra to conquer the distant stars. He worshiped the Warmaster like a god and Horus treated him as his most favored son. Indeed, some whispered that he was in truth the clone-son of the Primarch himself, product of the earliest geno-experimentation.

When the Heresy came it was clear that Abaddon's loyalty was to his Primarch and not the distant Emperor of Mankind. He led the Terminator armored Sons of Horus in campaigns on Istvaan, Yarant and in the siege of the Imperial palace on Earth. His anguish at Horus's defeat in that final conflict drove him deeper into madness and hatred than any mortal should ever sink. He took Horus's lightning claw, tearing it from the Warmaster's armor with a howl of rage which echoed through the great ship.

Abaddon has fought to rebuild the pride and reputation of the Black Legion, always leading his forces into the most dangerous conflicts personally. At first, Abaddon won the grudging respect of the other Traitor Legions, but as his deeds have grown mightier he has succeeded in winning their support, too. His impassioned words have rekindled the Traitor Legions' smoldering hatred of the Imperium and warriors of all the Legions have fought beneath his banner.

Abaddon has marshalled his strength with care and now commands the loyalty of champions from all of the other Traitor Legions. Those who oppose him are crushed. Those who join him add their strength to the greatest army ever assembled within the Eye of Terror. Abaddon has tested the strength of the Imperium many times, and with each victory his power grows.

When Abaddon first returned it was at the head of a diabolic horde which ravaged entire systems around the Eye of Terror before the Imperium could muster the strength to halt it. During this first 'Black Crusade', Abaddon made many bloody pacts with the infernal powers. In the crypts below the Tower of Silence on Uralan, Abaddon recovered a daemon sword of prodigious power. With the howling daemon blade in his fist, Abaddon became nigh on unstoppable. Whole cities were burned in sacrifice to the ever-hungry daemons of Chaos, and entire armies were torn apart by gibbering warp entities. Abaddon's power swelled to inhuman proportions as the gods of Chaos rewarded him lavishly and he undertook acts of fiendish bravery which horrified those who stood against him.

His most recent and most devastating incursion was the Gothic War, during which Abaddon almost brought an entire sector to its knees. His fleets were augmented with a newly constructed flagship, known for good reason as the Planet Killer. Alongside this he somehow activated and gained control of the Blackstone Fortresses, mysterious constructions allegedly pre-dating the Imperium itself, that combined to generate prodigious destructive firepower. Abaddon attacked while the Sector was cut off from reinforcements by warpstorms, and caused huge damage to the Imperial battlefleet, destroyed a number of planets and devastated many more. Only the intervention of the Eldar enabled Imperial forces to stop the Chaos fleet.

The High Lords of Terra live in fear of the day that Abaddon unites all of the Traitor Legions into an unstoppable horde and returns to play out the last acts of treachery begun by Horus ten thousand years ago.

Organization

After the death of Horus, proper structure within the squads and companies disintegrated, and their later dispersal in various spacecraft further fragmented the Legion. Now warbands of virtually any size and composition can be found following Black Legion Champions – ranking officers from older times or newly emerged leaders who have won favor through their violent deeds. At times, such warbands rally together under the banner of a greater Champion or even Abaddon himself, for a major raid or incursion into the hated Imperium. However, loyalty to differing Chaos gods often leads to internal politics and conflict. Possession by Daemons is still considered highly favorable, and many members of the Legion have the honor of being hosts.

Beliefs

The overriding belief of the Legion prior to the Warmaster's demise was in the ultimate superiority of Horus and themselves. In continually seeking to prove themselves as the greatest Legion, they did indeed achieve most in terms of sheer numbers of worlds brought into the Imperial fold prior to the Heresy. Their defeat and exile was a crushing blow to the collective ego of the Legion. It has taken all the strength of character of their new commander, Abaddon, to restore the Legion's sense of pride and refocus on their ultimate goal – to overthrow everything which the false emperor of Mankind created.

Gene-seed

The Legion's gene-seed, prior to the incident on Davin, was reliably pure. However, following their corruption by Chaos, Space Marines started to exhibit random mutations, and it is likely that this taint goes right down to the gene-seed level. The regular practice of seeking Daemonic possession may also have accelerated the effect. However, such mutations are seen as a mark of favor from the Chaos deities and are generally displayed with pride.

Battle-cry

Up until the destruction of Horus's body: "For the Warmaster!"

Following this event, the various warbands each use their own battle-cries. Warbands fighting for Abaddon use: "We are returned!"

Index Astartes
First Founding

An in-depth look at the First Founding Legions of the Adeptus Astartes

PROMETHEAN WARRIORS

The Salamanders Space Marine Chapter

by Graham McNeill & Gav Thorpe

As one of the First Founding Chapters, the Salamanders have a rich history that goes back to the very birth of the Imperium. Salamanders Space Marines are raised from the populace of Nocturne, a deadly volcanic world. Such a world breeds hardy warriors, strong of constitution and single-minded in purpose – ideal recruits for the Adeptus Astartes.

Origins

Of all the stories of the Emperor's Primarchs, the legend of Vulkan is among the better known tales. *The Promethean Opus* (source of much Imperial knowledge of Vulkan) tells of a mighty comet blazing a trail of fire across the skies of the world of Nocturne during the Time of Trial, a period of great upheaval when the planet was wracked by massive earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Whether these signs heralded the arrival of the Primarch, none can say. The world of Nocturne was a harsh, volcanic place, a land of rocky crags and soaring, basalt mountains with little to offer its early colonists save the riches of its vast mineral deposits. For as long as anyone could remember, Eldar pirates had plagued the people of Nocturne, constantly pillaging the small settlements and enslaving their children. As a result Nocturne's people were hardy and practical, with little time for rest or leisure.

It is said in *The Promethean Opus* that the Primarch was found one morning by a blacksmith named N'bel as he entered the yard of his smithy. Whether the Primarch was found as a babe in swaddling clothes or as an infant child is unclear, but the unknown child's presence in a smithy's yard was unusual enough for N'bel to bring the boy before the ruling council of his settlement. For many of the long, Nocturne years, the wise men had prophesied the arrival of a savior, a warrior who would come to them from the heavens to rid them of the decadent Eldar. So it was that the people instantly recognized the greatness within the infant that N'bel had found. No one dared claim the Primarch as his own, and thus it was decreed that N'bel take the Primarch as his son and apprentice. The master smith named him Vulkan, after the first king of the salamanders, the giant lizards that roam the volcanic mountains of Nocturne.

Vulkan's growth was extraordinary. Within 3 years, he was bigger and stronger than any man in the settlement, and his mind was sharper than any Nocturne-forged blade. He had rapidly learned all the skills of metalworking taught to him by N'bel and soon surpassed even his adopted father's renowned ability. It was Vulkan who taught the people of Nocturne the most hidden secrets of metals, the mysteries of pattern welding, metal folding, alloys, and bonding. These lessons had improved their already considerable skill at weapon-making and artifice.

The Opus tells that during Vulkan's 4th year, the Eldar came to his town, intent on raiding and pillaging. The people of his settlement had long become used to the Eldar's raids and had devised many ingenious methods of hiding from their attackers. Vulkan declared that he would hide from no one and, over the pleas of the wise men, stood at the center of his settlement with his smith's hammers crossed over his shoulders. Stirred by his courage, the men of the settlement rose from their hiding places in attics and cellars to stand beside Vulkan in defiance of their attackers. Vulkan stood at the forefront of the defense and single-handedly slew a hundred Eldar that day, wielding a huge blacksmith's hammer in each hand. The raiders fled from Vulkan's wrath, and the story of the town's triumph spread rapidly across Nocturne. Soon the headmen of the seven most important settlements traveled to pay homage to Vulkan and praise him for his example in fighting the Eldar. The headmen swore never again to hide in fear but to face their foes and crush them. It was decided to hold a huge gathering of the people of Nocturne to celebrate this great victory, including a massive contest of skill at arms and craftsmanship.

In a passage of *The Opus* known simply as "The Outlander," there is a tale of how Vulkan came to be reunited with the Master of Mankind. It recounts that, at the opening ceremony of the celebrations, a stranger appeared at the gates of

Vulkan's settlement. All the stranger asked was to be allowed to take part in the contests, and though he would not say where he had come from, he was allowed to compete. His skin was pale and his garb outlandish, though all could see that he was a powerful figure. He announced to the gathered spectators that he could best any man in any contest. The gathered crowds laughed uproariously, believing that none could be superior to their superhuman leader in intellect, physique, or skill.

Vulkan and the stranger wagered that whoever lost was to swear eternal obedience to the victor.

The competitions lasted for 8 days and included many feats of strength and endurance. At the anvil lift, even the strongest men could hold an anvil above their head for only an hour and a half, but Vulkan and the stranger carried the heavy anvil aloft for half a day before the judges declared the contest a draw so that they could proceed to the next event. And so it was that they were almost equally matched in skill and strength. Occasionally one would slightly best the other, but when it came to the start of the final event, the salamander slaying, they were evenly matched. Each had a day and a night to forge a weapon with which to hunt down the largest salamander they could find. Whoever could bring back the heaviest carcass would win the wager and the eternal allegiance of the other.

Salamanders, Progenitor Legion M31



Pre-Heresy Salamanders' color scheme



Salamanders' color scheme



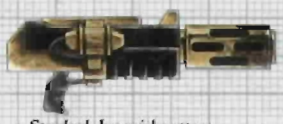
Auto-reactive shoulder plate: Tactical squad markings



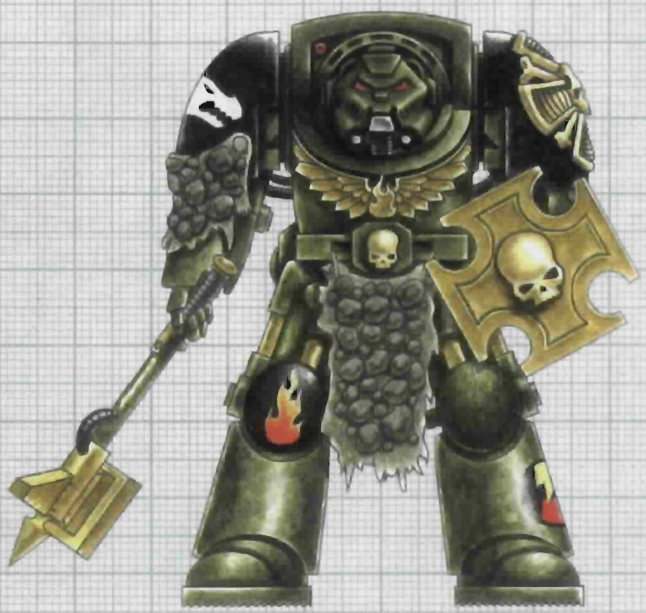
Auto-reactive shoulder plate: Chapter badge iconography



Auto-reactive shoulder plate: Honor Markings



Standard Imperial pattern meltagun (constructed locally)



Salamanders Veteran in Tactical Dreadnought Armor



Symbol of the Salamanders' First Company, the Firedrakes

Thought for the day: The hammer of the Emperor will vanquish the Xenos.

The ringing of hammers on metal echoed across the volcanic hills for the whole day, neither man pausing for a moment to rest or refresh himself. As the Nocturne sun sank below the mountains, the competitors watched the highest peaks for the fire plumes that gave sign of the giant salamanders. Vulkan boasted that he would climb to the summit of Mount Deathfire, where the largest firedrakes could be found, huge fire-breathing monsters weighing as much as several tons. The stranger nodded in agreement and said that wherever Vulkan went, he would follow.

It is claimed that the two climbed the precipitous mountains with astounding speed, bounding from rock to rock, the stranger carrying a keen-edged blade, Vulkan with his immense silver-headed hammer held ready. They passed from sight, but soon the skies echoed with the clamor of battle. The flames of the firedrakes licked the clouds of smoke that gathered over the volcanoes. Vulkan was to find his prey first, smashing its armored head from its shoulders with a mighty sweep of his hammer. Further up the mountain, the stranger spied another salamander, even mightier than Vulkan's conquest, and set off in pursuit. As Vulkan carried his prize back to the settlement, ill fate beset him. Mount Deathfire erupted into violent life, hurling rocks and lava high into the air. He was flung from the edge of a precipice, where he clung for several hours by one hand, the other grimly holding the tail of the dead salamander. Vulkan was determined to keep his prize, no matter the cost. As the mountain continued to erupt, Vulkan knew he could not hold on much longer, yet still he refused to release his grip on the salamander.

Just as Vulkan's grip was beginning to slip, the stranger appeared, calling his name from the other side of a wide lava flow. Vulkan answered the cry and could see that the stranger's prey was indeed larger than his own. By now even Vulkan's almost endless constitution was growing slim, weakened as it was by over a week of hard competition. His grip was shaking, but he was too proud to call for help. It seemed that the stranger realized the Primarch's peril and hurled the corpse of his salamander into the lava, making himself a bridge to cross. With great leaps, the stranger hurled himself towards Vulkan and hauled the wearied Primarch from the edge of the abyss. Even as Vulkan felt himself being pulled up by the stranger's strong arms, he saw his opponent's salamander being consumed by the lava and swept away.

When the two returned to the Primarch's settlement, it was the ruling of the judges that Vulkan had won, for the stranger had returned with no prize at all. The gathered throng cheered heartily, but were silenced by Vulkan. As they watched, he knelt on one knee, bowed his head to the stranger, and said that any man who valued life over pride was worthy of his service. The stranger bade Vulkan stand and threw off the illusion that had disguised his true form, revealing himself to be the Holy Emperor of Mankind. The people of Nocturne fell to their knees in awe, and from that day forth, their world was to become home to the Salamanders Legion, in memory of the mighty beasts that had united the Primarch and his Lord.

Home World

The Salamanders Chapter hails from a binary planetary system in the western reaches of the Ultima Segmentum. The two worlds, Nocturne and its oversized moon, Prometheus, circle each other in an erratic orbit, causing massive



tectonic activity across the thin crust of Nocturne. The world is girded by chains of active volcanoes and rent apart by frequent earthquakes. Once every Nocturne year, some 15 Terran years long, the two worlds approach so closely that Nocturne is almost torn asunder. Known as the Time of Trial, this period is marked by tidal waves sweeping across the rough seas, the ash and smoke from thousands of volcanoes blotting out the dim light of Nocturne's sun, and the ground being gripped by constant earthquakes. Towns and villages are thrown into ruin. Continents shift, and a cold winter envelops the lands for the next quarter of a year, freezing the young and killing the majority of the livestock that can survive the normally harsh and hot climate of the planet.

Some would say that the people of Nocturne are mad to endure such conditions, but over hundreds of generations, they have been molded by their world into a hardy race. And Nocturne's Time of Trials brings great rewards too. The upheavals open up veins of precious gems and metals and uncover vital ores for smelting. When the lava flows cool, they can be mined for other precious elements, pockets of gas that can be used to power engines, diamonds, and other crystals valuable to the Adeptus Mechanicus for lasers and energy-transmission systems. And this is how Nocturne survives, by trading its vast mineral wealth with other worlds, using its resources to bring in additional livestock, building materials, and the few weapons that the Salamanders Space Marines cannot construct themselves.

The Chapter's fortress-monastery is based on the giant moon, Prometheus. It is the only settlement on Prometheus and is little more than a spaceport linked to an orbital dock where the Chapter's strike cruisers and battle barges can be refitted and restocked. When not at war, the Chapter's warriors spend most of their time on Prometheus or living among the inhabitants of Nocturne. The Salamanders maintain very close links with their home world and mingle with the people rather than living aloof as many other Chapters do. The Salamanders are the settlements' leaders and a source of inspiration and guidance for the Nocturne populace. Young aspirants crave this position of authority and respect as much as the chance to become a legendary warrior of the Emperor.

Salamander recruits start very young, with a hopeful coming to work as an apprentice to a Salamander at the age of 6 or 7 Terran years. Apprentices spend several years learning the skills of the smith, as Vulkan did in his early life. From these apprentices, the most able are judged by the Chapter's Apothecaries and Chaplains, and the worthy are taken to Prometheus to undergo the bio-surgery required to turn them into Space Marines. At various points in their adaptation and training, the young Scouts must endure the same trials and tests that Vulkan and the Emperor competed in, their final initiation culminating in them hunting down a salamander and slaying it.

Combat Doctrine

The Salamanders follow normal Space Marine tactical and strategic dogma, with a slight variation to compensate for their own physical and mental traits. The Salamanders have a preference for close-ranged fire fights and use many melta and flamer weapons to smash armored foes and burn whole swathes of lighter troops.

Coming from a society that places great prestige in craftsmanship and that has high regard for artisans, the Salamanders have access to and can maintain highly sophisticated forms of technology. This is most evident in the numbers of Terminators in their armies, as well as a greater proportion of artificer armor and master-crafted weaponry. Their technological resources are also supplemented by regular trade with the Adeptus Mechanicus, made possible by Nocturne's abundant mineral resources.

Organization

The Salamanders Chapter organization was laid down when Vulkan swore allegiance to the Emperor. Each Company was founded from the seven greatest settlements of Nocturne, each commanded by a Captain from that settlement. This organization is still maintained today, although, ever since the disappearance of Vulkan some thousand years after the Legion's Founding, the Captain of the First Company has been given the role of Chapter Master. This position is considered a regency by the Salamanders, who believe that one day Vulkan will return to lead the Chapter in a great campaign to conquer Chaos.

THE THIRD WAR FOR ARMAGEDDON

When Ghazghkull launched his new offensive against the Imperial forces on Armageddon, the Salamanders were one of the first Chapters to respond, sending a full six Companies to combat the Orks, including Chapter Master Tu'Shan who personally led his Firedrakes. The Salamanders launched several counter-attacks against the rock-forts landed by the Orks along the Hemlock River. Preferring the close-quarter fighting within the maze of crudely carved tunnels within the Roks to the long-range duels in the desert, the Salamanders made the Orks pay a high price for their audacity. By the start of the Season of Fire, at least nine Roks were destroyed by the Salamanders' attacks, killing untold thousands of greenskins.

The Salamanders, unlike a number of other Chapters, fought extensively throughout the campaign to protect the civilian population of Armageddon. Indeed it is rumored that Tu'Shan himself came to blows with Captain Vinyard of the Marines Malevolent after it became known that his men had shelled a refugee camp simply because there were Orks within the perimeter. The majority of the Salamanders departed Armageddon following the Season of Fire, with only two companies remaining to protect the major population centers. A squad of the Chapter Master's own Firedrakes also left for Baal with the Blood Angels as an honor guard for the fallen Captain Tycho. The Chapter's Techmarines have been instrumental in repairing and rebuilding the infrastructure required to maintain such a vast amount of people, and it is certain that they have saved many thousands of lives with these vital but often overlooked duties.

Each Company is slightly larger than a standard Codex Company, and squads were reorganized following Roboute Guilliman's writing of the *Codex: Astartes* after the Great Heresy. The conditions on Nocturne are not conducive to training for high speed attack or using the anti-grav engines of Land Speeders, so the Chapter employs relatively few of these specialized fast attack units. The *Apocrypha of Skaros* lists the Salamander's Scout Company as one of the smallest known in any Chapter; the sparse population of Nocturne and the Salamanders' slow but meticulous selection process yield a low turnaround of new recruits.

The First Company is treated as a warrior cadre within the Headquarters itself and forms the personal guard of the Chapter Master. They are known as the Firedrakes, after the largest of the salamander lizards that roam Nocturne. To enter the First Company, a warrior must be nominated by his Captain for the honor and then must prove that such faith was well founded by slaying a firedrake. The Hall of the Firedrakes in the Chapter Monastery on Prometheus is adorned with the hides from Firedrake salamanders slain as part of this trial.

Beliefs

The beliefs of the Salamanders are governed by the Promethean cult, which places great emphasis on self-reliance, loyalty, and self-sacrifice. Many of these values stem from the lessons learned while training as a smith – patience and relentless determination are highly valued mental characteristics.

The hammer and fire are important symbols in the teachings of the Promethean cult. Ritual scarring by branding and burning is commonplace among the battle brothers of the Salamanders, and trials of walking over burning coals and carrying red-hot metal bars are held frequently.

Gene-Seed

As far as can be ascertained, the Salamanders' gene-seed appears to be stable and as yet uncorrupted. The reflexes of Salamanders Space Marines are not as fast as those of other Chapters, although they are still quick when suited in power armor. However, it is unknown whether this defect is due to a problem in the gene-seed, being raised on their high-gravity world, or the Chapter's doctrines against hastiness and impetuosity.

The Salamanders have never been great in number and were the smallest of the First Founding Legions. Perhaps it is for this reason that there seem to have been no Second Founding successor Chapters formed from the Salamanders, while the other Legions were broken down into several smaller fighting forces. Others point to the disaster at Istvaan V as reason for the lack of Second Founding Chapters (as many scholars believe the Salamanders to have been present at this infamous massacre). It is a matter of debate whether there have been Successor Chapters during subsequent Foundings, although it appears likely and many scholars point to similarities in the physique, markings, and tactical dogma of Chapters such as the Storm Giants and Black Dragons. Recent questions regarding the purity of the Black Dragons' gene-seed has led to some Genetor-Biologis questioning the purity of their source zygotes, but the legacy and reputation of the Salamanders have led to their detractors being openly ridiculed.

Battle-Cry

"Into the fires of battle, unto the anvil of war!"

TU'SHAN - CHAPTER MASTER OF THE SALAMANDERS, REGENT OF PROMETHEUS



At the outset of the Second Armageddon War, Chapter Master Tu'Shan had only held his rank for 3 years. To do battle against Ghazghkull Thraka would be a hard test of his skills as a leader and strategist, and it was with no hesitation that the humble Tu'Shan agreed to follow Commander Dante of the Blood Angels. During the campaign, it was Tu'Shan who helped rally the scattered Imperial defenders. In battle, Tu'Shan and his Firedrakes were responsible for defending one of the few bridges across the Stygies River against a thousand-strong Ork Speed Freek column and for fighting continuously for 3 days and 4 nights. At the end of the campaign, Dante himself sought out the young Chapter Master and praised Tu'Shan in front of all of the Blood Angels. This was a supreme gesture – for the Salamanders, no greater honor can be bestowed than the respect of one's brothers in arms.

Tu'Shan is known to have met Yarrick, and it is claimed that the two had an instant respect for each other. Yarrick heartily welcomed Tu'Shan's offer to once again defend Armageddon when Ghazghkull returned at the head of the mightiest Ork force ever seen. Tu'Shan fought throughout the war zones of Armageddon. At Hive Tempestora, Tu'Shan prevented the Orks from overrunning the Khatrin Water Purification Plant and condemning the hive's population to a slow death by dehydration. The hive ultimately fell, but Tu'Shan's actions allowed the majority of the hive's population to escape before the hive was captured. And as before, Tu'Shan's inspiring presence allowed the defenders to hold the vital Stygies bridge and prevent the greenskins from crossing and reinforcing their forces elsewhere.

USING A SALAMANDERS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

Special Rules

Never Give up: The people of Nocturne are dogged and stubborn, refusing to admit defeat even against the greatest odds. The Salamanders are no exception, fighting to the last man if necessary. To represent this steadfast nature, at the end of a game, the Salamanders player can decide to continue fighting for 1 more turn. Another whole game turn is played as normal (i.e., each player gets 1 more turn), and the result of the battle is decided after that turn is finished. The Salamanders player can always opt to fight for 1 more turn than normal, whether the game has a fixed length or finishes randomly.

Self-Reliant: The Salamanders lead a mainly solitary life when not fighting alongside their battle-brothers and are raised and trained to be self-sufficient and independent. Salamander models never have to take "All On Your Own" Morale checks.

Sturdy: The high gravity of Nocturne causes its inhabitants to have a naturally large and well to muscled physique, so they adapt to the ordeals of becoming a Space Marine very well. However, they are not as swift as their counterparts in other Chapters; thus, all Salamanders, with the exception of Dreadnoughts, have their Initiative reduced by -1 (i.e., most Salamanders Space Marines will have Initiative 3). Entries in the following army list have already been modified to take this into account. The Salamanders must also deduct 1" from any advance or fall back moves they make (normally, 2D6-1").

Wargear

Salamander's Mantle: This is a new item of wargear available only to Salamander Space Marines. The character wears a cloak or cape made from one of the toughest materials in the galaxy – the thick hide of Nocturne's salamander lizards, which live in the lava flows of the planet's volcanoes. The character is immune to suffering instant death by being hit by an attack that has a Strength value double his Toughness – the character loses a single wound instead. Note that instant death can be suffered in other ways (e.g., by an Eldar Wraithcannon rolling a 6 to wound the character). Only one model in the army may have a Salamander Mantle for +35 points. The special character Chaplain Xavier (p. 40, *Codex: Space Marines*) wears a Salamander mantle, increasing his cost to 200 points.



Artificer Armor and Weapons: The Salamanders have a deep knowledge of many technological marvels, and their Techmarines are the greatest artificers outside of the Adeptus Mechanicus. To represent this, the following changes are made to the Space Marine Armory for a Salamanders force:

Master-crafted weapons cost +10 points, rather than +15 points.

Artificer armor may be purchased for non-independent characters (such as Apothecaries or Veteran Sergeants) for +15 points (independent characters pay +20 points as normal).

Any character may be given a signum, not just Techmarines.

Vehicle Upgrade

Reinforced Ceramite: This vehicle upgrade is specific to the Salamanders Chapter. The vehicle has numerous plates of heat-reflecting ceramite, giving it extra protection against melta weapons. Melta weapons, including melta bombs, never roll an extra D6 for armor penetration for being at half range (melta bombs would therefore have armor penetration of 8+D6). Reinforced ceramite may be given to any Salamanders vehicles and Dreadnoughts, except for Land Speeders. It costs +25 points for a Land Raider to have reinforced ceramite and +10 points for all other vehicles.

VULKAN HE'STAN

FORGEFATHER OF THE SALAMANDERS

According to the ancient lore of the Salamanders, the Primarch Vulkan left behind nine artefacts – nine technological relics for his children to find and wield if they proved worthy. Vulkan scattered these artefacts throughout the galaxy, both to prevent them from falling into the hands of Mankind's enemies, but also because he knew that even the grandest prize was as nothing were it to be seized without challenge. Since Vulkan's disappearance, seven thousand and more years ago, the Salamanders have appointed one from amongst their number to seek the Primarch's lost legacy. This is a quest handed down through the Forgefathers, the greatest heroes of the Chapter, and, at the close of the 41st Millennium, it is a burden borne by Captain He'stan.

He'stan had served with distinction for nearly a century when the Chapter Council commanded he set down his burdens as commander of the 4th Company and don the mantle of Forgefather. As He'stan relinquished his old titles and duties, so too did he set aside his forename, for the rituals of the Salamanders dictate that he who shall walk in Vulkan's footsteps shall bear his name, and bear it with pride.

In the pursuance of his quest, He'stan has walked a crooked and winding path through the galaxy, guided from system to system by clues inked within the Tome of Fire. Though he no longer commands a company of his own, He'stan can draw upon any and all of the Salamanders' resources to aid in his search. Though some information can be gained through trade and negotiation, such opportunities are rare.

Many of the worlds He'stan must visit are in the hands of traitorous humans, alien invaders or worse. Clues can only be unearthed at such places once they have been scoured clean by boltgun and chainsword, and the Salamanders do not hesitate to bring their full might to bear if such is required. The Salamanders would endure any woe and suffer any loss to retrieve the Primarch's gifts, for they believe that he will return to them only when all nine artefacts have finally been recovered.

Only four of the nine does He'stan seek – the others have been found through the travails of previous Forgefathers. He'stan himself is the keeper of three: the Spear of Vulkan, a blade that burns so brightly as to set even ceramite ablaze, Kesare's Mantle, a legendary drakescale cloak, and the Gauntlet of the Forge, whose molten rage none can endure.

The other two recovered gifts remain on Prometheus, for they are valuable beyond measure. One is the forgeship *Chalice of Fire*, whose vast manufactorums provide the Salamanders with their weapons of war. The other is the Eye of Vulkan, a spacebound defence laser assembly that stands eternal vigil over the Salamander's fortress monastery. Of the remaining artefacts, the Engine of Woes, the Obsidian Chariot, the Unbound Flame and the Song of Entropy, only the names are known. Size, form and location are locked within the Tome of Fire, there to be uncovered as the Primarch's prophecies reveal themselves.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Vulkan He'stan	6	5	4	4	3	5	3	10	2+

SPECIAL RULES

And They Shall Know No Fear, Combat Tactics, Independent Character.

Chapter Tactics: If you include He'stan then all units in your army lose the **Combat Tactics** special rule. Instead, all thunder hammers in your army will count as master-crafted, and all flamers, heavy flamer, meltaguns and multimeltas count as twin-linked. If more than one character in your army has the **Chapter Tactics** special rule, you must choose which version will apply.

WARGEAR

Kesare's Mantle: The adamantium-hard drake scales of this cloak grant He'stan a 3+ invulnerable save.

The Gauntlet of the Forge: This armoured gauntlet can be fired as a heavy flamer.

The Spear of Vulkan: This is a master-crafted relic blade.



SALAMANDERS ARMY LIST

Salamanders use the following units from* Codex: Space Marines *and from the new entries below.

HEADQUARTERS	Space Marine Heroes, Chaplain*, Salamanders Librarian, Command Squad
ELITES	Salamanders Terminator Squad, Space Marines Veteran Squad, Dreadnought
TROOPS	Salamanders Tactical Squad, Scout Squad
FAST ATTACK	0-1 Salamanders Assault Squad, 0-1 Salamanders Bike Squadron, 0-1 Scout Bike Squadron, 0-1 Land Speeder Squadron**, 0-1 Land Speeder Tornado**, 0-1 Land Speeder Typhoon**
HEAVY SUPPORT	Devastator Squad, Predator Annihilator, Predator Destructor***, Vindicator, Land Raider, 0-1 Land Raider Crusader (see Black Templars list), Whirlwind

** A Chaplain may exchange his crozius for a thunder hammer for free.*

*** You may take a Land Speeder Squadron, a Land Speeder Tornado, or a Land Speeder Typhoon, but not more than one choice of Land Speeder.*

**** A Salamanders Predator Destructor can have heavy flamers on its side sponsons for +10 pts.*



HEADQUARTERS

SALAMANDERS LIBRARIAN

PSYCHIC POWER

Fury of the Salamander: The Librarian draws on the legendary spirit of the Salamander to create a monstrous spectral incarnation of the beast. The monster charges forward trailing fiery sparks, burning all in its path. The Librarian uses this power in the Shooting phase instead of firing a weapon. Nominate a direction from the Librarian that the Salamander will move in, and draw a line 3D6" long in that direction. You cannot choose a line that might pass through a unit in close combat. Any model (friend or foe) that the line crosses over takes a S5 hit; normal saving throws are allowed. A unit suffering any casualties from this attack must take an immediate Morale check or fall back. If the unit passes the check but loses 25% or more of its models in that Shooting phase, it must still take the Morale check for casualties at the end of the phase as normal.



ELITES

SALAMANDERS TERMINATOR SQUAD

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Terminator	37	4	4	4	4	1	3	2	9	2+

Squad: The squad consists of one Salamanders Terminator Sergeant and between four and nine Salamanders Terminators. The Terminator armor's 2+ save and +1 Attack bonus have been included in the characteristics above.

Weapons: All models in the squad have either a storm bolter and power fist or a thunder hammer and storm shield.

Options: The Sergeant may replace his power fist for a power weapon. Up to two models may exchange their storm bolters for heavy flamers at +10 pts.

The Terminator Sergeant may have additional equipment from the Space Marines Armory.

SPECIAL RULE

Deep Strike: Salamander models wearing Terminator armor may *Deep Strike*.

TROOPS

SALAMANDERS TACTICAL SQUAD

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Salamander	15	4	4	4	4	1	3	1	8	3+
Veteran Sergeant	+15	4	4	4	4	1	3	2	9	3+

Squad: The squad consists of one Sergeant and between four and nine Salamanders Space Marines.

Weapons: All models are armed with a bolter. The Sergeant may replace his bolter with a bolt pistol and close combat weapon.

Options: One model in the squad may exchange his bolter with one of the following weapons: flamer at +6 pts, heavy bolter at +5 pts, missile launcher at +10 pts, multi-melta at +15 pts.

In addition, one other Space Marine in the squad may exchange his bolter with one of the following: flamer at +6 pts, meltagun at +10 pts, plasma gun at +6 pts.

The entire squad may be given frag grenades at an additional cost of +1 pt per model and krak grenades at an additional cost of +2 pts per model.

The Sergeant may be upgraded to a Veteran Sergeant at an additional cost of +15 pts.

Transport Vehicle: The entire squad may be mounted in a Rhino at an additional cost of +50 pts or, if it numbers six or fewer models, a Razorback at +70 pts (see the Transport entry in *Codex: Space Marines* for upgrade options).



The Salamanders prefer close-range engagement with the enemy where their superior numbers of short-ranged but deadly weapons, such as multi-meltas and flamers, can swiftly eradicate their foes.

FAST ATTACK

0-1 SALAMANDERS ASSAULT SQUAD

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Salamander	25	4	4	4	4	1	3	1	8	3+
Veteran Sergeant	+15	4	4	4	4	1	3	2	9	3+

Squad: The squad consists of one Sergeant and between four and nine Salamanders Space Marines.

Weapons: Bolt pistol, close combat weapon, and frag grenades. All models in the squad are equipped with jump packs.

Options: The entire squad may be equipped with krak grenades at +2 pts per model and melta bombs at +4 pts per model.

One model may exchange his bolt pistol and close combat weapon for a flamer for +12 pts.

The Sergeant may be upgraded to a Veteran Sergeant at an additional cost of +15 pts.

SPECIAL RULE

Deep Strike: Salamander models equipped with jump packs may *Deep Strike*.





0-1 SALAMANDERS BIKE SQUADRON

	Points/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Salamander Biker	35	4	4	4	4(5)	1	3	1	8	3+
Veteran Sergeant	+15	4	4	4	4(5)	1	3	2	9	3+
Attack Bike	50	4	4	4	4(5)	1	3	2	8	2+

Squad: The squadron consists of one Salamanders Sergeant and between two to four Salamanders Space Marines riding Space Marine bikes.

Weapons: Each bike is fitted with twin-linked bolters. Each Space Marine rider has a bolt pistol.

Options: Up to two Space Marines in the bike squadron may be armed with the following weapons: flamer at +3 pts, meltagun at +10 pts, plasma gun at +6 pts.

The Sergeant may exchange his bolt pistol for a close combat weapon at no additional cost, and he may be upgraded to a Veteran Sergeant at an additional cost of +15 pts.

Attack Bike: The squadron may include one Attack Bike armed with a multi-melta at +55 pts.



Due to the fluctuating gravity of Nocturne, Salamanders have difficulty training with bikes, jump packs, and Land Speeders. Thus, Salamanders can muster few such fast attack units for battle.

SALAMANDERS SPACE MARINE CHAPTER



Salamanders Tactical squad with multi-melta



Space Marine with multi-melta



Salamanders Terminator squad





Neil: *The Salamanders Chapter badge on the left shoulder pad is a white transfer on a black background. Flames were painted onto the right shoulder pad, also over a black background. Below are some examples of other shoulder pad designs.*











Neil Green

Neil: *Salamanders look best painted with a base coat of Snot Green over a black undercoat. The edges of the armour were then highlighted with a thin stroke of Scorpion Green. The guns were painted Chaos Black and then given two highlights with Codex Grey and then Fortress Grey. Boltgun Metal and Burnished Gold were used for the metallic areas.*



Salamanders Land Raider



Neil: *I painted scales on the cloak of this miniature to make a Salamander mantle using Scorched Brown with the top edge highlighted with Bleached Bone. Finally I applied a watered down wash of Green ink.*

SALAMANDERS CHAPTER

As one of the First Founding Chapters, the Salamanders are among the most respected fighters in the Imperium. They are noted for their stoic character and pragmatic approach to warfare. This attitude comes mainly from their Primarch, Vulkan, and the harsh world they hail from.

Their homeworld is Nocturne, a near-lifeless orb in the northern reaches of the Segmentum Tempestus. Nocturne is part of a binary planet system. Its major satellite, Prometheus, is almost two-thirds the size of Nocturne itself. The gravitic pull of its neighbour makes Nocturne an unstable world, riven by quakes and dotted with volcanoes. Seismic activity can plunge whole continents into the boiling seas, and even the largest settlements are semi-permanent; every part of Nocturne is destined to be flooded with white-hot magma.

Such a world breeds hardy warriors, strong of constitution and single-minded of purpose; ideal recruits for the Adeptus Astartes. When the Emperor was finally reunited with Vulkan, he agreed to Nocturne being the founding world of the Salamanders Legion. Since then the Salamanders have been one of the most steadfast Legions, and there has been little found to fault in the annals of the Chapter's history.

Nocturne is an unsuitable site for a fortress-monastery, so the Salamanders are based upon Prometheus. This has led to confusion in many Imperial records, citing both Prometheus and/or Nocturne as their homeworld. Prometheus is a bare rock with no atmosphere. The only settlement on its surface is the small fortress-monastery, little more than a large spaceport. Except for the highest leaders, including the Chapter Master, the Salamanders live amongst their people on Nocturne. They have a strong bond with their world and serve as leaders amongst the inhabitants. When the Salamanders are called to war, they gather at a few sacred places to be transported to the fortress-monastery, where they are assembled into battle forces and embark upon their warships.

Chapter legends say that when Vulkan fell to Nocturne, he landed in a blacksmith's yard. The smith raised him and taught him the values of patience and craftmanship. It is these qualities he instilled in the Salamanders, and they are all learned in various artisans' skills. Unlike other Chapters, which rely upon their Techmarines to maintain their arms and armour, each Salamander is able to repair any damage his equipment sustains, and can make adjustments and improvements to his wargear. This leaves the Techmarines free to create wonderful technological artefacts of great beauty and perfection of function, which are then awarded to the bravest warriors after a battle or campaign.

The Promethean Cult, the crucible of the Salamanders' beliefs and traditions, is heavily influenced by their Primarch and the fiery world they inhabit. Marks of honour are burned into the skin, and trials, such as carrying hot metal bars or walking over burning coals, are commonplace. These contests of endurance and courage take place at the few rituals during the Nocturne year; except in war, the Chapter rarely assembles in its entirety. The symbols of the hammer and fire are sacred signs to the Salamanders, and they see themselves as craftsmen forging the Imperium of Mankind, with battle as their art.

SPECIAL RULES

NEVER GIVE UP: The people of Nocturne are dogged and stubborn, refusing to admit defeat even against the greatest odds. The Salamanders are no exception, fighting to the last man if necessary. To represent this, at the end of a game, the Salamanders player can decide to continue fighting for one more turn. Another whole game turn is played as normal (ie, each player gets one more turn) and the result of the battle is decided after that turn is finished. The Salamanders player can always opt to fight for one more turn than normal, whether the game has a fixed length or finishes randomly.

SELF-RELIANT: The Salamanders lead a mainly solitary life when not fighting alongside their battle-brothers, and are raised and trained to be self-sufficient and independent. Salamander models never have to take 'All On Your Own' Morale checks.

STURDY: The high gravity of Nocturne means that its inhabitants have a naturally large and well-muscled physique, so they adapt to the ordeals of becoming a Space Marine very well. However, they are not as swift as their counterparts in other Chapters, so all Salamanders, with the exception of Dreadnoughts, have their Initiative reduced by -1 pt (this means that most Salamanders Space Marines will have Initiative 3). Entries in the following army list have already been modified to take this into account. The Salamanders must also deduct 1" from any advance or fall back moves they make (so this is normally 2D6-1").

WARGEAR

SALAMANDERS MANTLE: This is a new item of wargear available only to Salamander Space Marines. The character wears a cloak or cape made from one of the toughest materials in the galaxy – the thick hide of Nocturne's salamander lizards, which live in the lava flows of the planet's volcanoes. The character is immune to suffering instant death caused by being hit by an attack which has a Strength value double his Toughness – the character loses a single wound instead. Note that instant death can be suffered in other ways (eg, by an Eldar Wraithcannon rolling a 6 to wound the character). Only one model in the army may have a Salamander Mantle for +35 pts. The special character Chaplain Xavier (p. 40, Codex: Space Marines) wears a Salamander mantle, increasing his cost to 200 pts.

ARTIFICER ARMOUR AND WEAPONS: The Salamanders have a deep knowledge of many technological marvels, and their Techmarines are the greatest artificers outside of the Adeptus Mechanicus. To represent this, the following changes are made to the Space Marine Armoury for a Salamanders force:

Master-crafted weapons cost +10 pts, rather than +15 pts.

Artificer armour may be purchased for non-independent characters (such as Apothecaries or Veteran Sergeants) for +15 pts (independent characters pay +20 pts as normal).

Any character may be given a signum, not just Techmarines.

VEHICLE UPGRADE

REINFORCED CERAMITE: This vehicle upgrade is specific to the Salamanders Chapter. The vehicle has numerous plates of heat-reflecting ceramite, giving it extra protection against melta weapons. Melta weapons, including melta bombs, never roll an extra dice for armour penetration due to being at half range (melta bombs would therefore be 8+D6). Reinforced ceramite may be given to any Salamanders vehicles and Dreadnoughts, except for Land Speeders. It costs +25 pts for a Land Raider to have reinforced ceramite, and +10 pts for all other vehicles.

SALAMANDERS ARMY LIST

Salamanders use the following units from Codex: Space Marines and from the new entries below.

HEADQUARTERS	Space Marine Heroes: Chaplain*; Salamanders Librarian; Command Squad
ELITES	Salamanders Terminator Squad; Space Marines Veteran Squad; Dreadnought
TROOPS	Salamanders Tactical Squad; Scout Squad
FAST ATTACK	0-1 Salamanders Assault Squad; 0-1 Salamanders Bike Squadron; 0-1 Scout Bike Squadron; 0-1 Land Speeder Squadron**; 0-1 Land Speeder Tornado**; 0-1 Land Speeder Typhoon**
HEAVY SUPPORT	Devastator Squad; Predator Annihilator; Predator Destructor***; Vindicator; Land Raider; 0-1 Land Raider Crusader (see Black Templars list); Whirlwind

** A Chaplain may exchange his crozius for a thunder hammer for free.*

*** You may take either a Land Speeder Squadron, a Land Speeder Tornado, or a Land Speeder Typhoon, but not more than one choice of Land Speeder.*

**** A Salamanders Predator Destructor can have heavy flamers on its side sponsons for +10 pts.*





CHAPTER MASTER TU'SHAN

Tu'Shan is the embodiment of the Salamanders' ideals, never relenting in the prosecution of his duties and at the forefront of the fighting. Strong even for a Space Marine, Tu'Shan is easily recognised by his many honour scars and his massive cloak made from a 300 year old drake Salamander.

HEADQUARTERS

SALAMANDERS LIBRARIAN

PSYCHIC POWER

Fury of the Salamander: The Librarian draws on the legendary spirit of the Salamander to create a monstrous spectral incarnation of the beast. The monster charges forward trailing fiery sparks, burning all in its path. The Librarian uses this power in the Shooting phase instead of firing a weapon. Nominate a direction from the Librarian that the Salamander will move in, and draw a line 3D6" long in that direction. You cannot choose a line that might pass through a unit in close combat. Any model (friend or foe) which the line crosses over takes a Strength 5 hit, normal saving throws are allowed. A unit suffering any casualties from this attack must take an immediate Morale check or fall back. If the unit passes the check but loses 25% or more of its models in that Shooting phase, it must still take the Morale check for casualties at the end of the phase as normal.

ELITES

SALAMANDERS TERMINATOR SQUAD

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Terminator	37	4	4	4	4	1	3	2	9	2+

Squad: The squad consists of one Salamanders Terminator Sergeant and between 4 and 9 Salamanders Terminators. The Terminator armour's 2+ save and +1 attack bonus have been included in the characteristics above.

Weapons: All models in the squad have either a storm bolter and power fist, or a thunder hammer and storm shield.

Options: The Sergeant may replace his power fist for a power weapon. Up to two models may exchange their storm bolter with a heavy flamer at +10pts.

The Terminator Sergeant may have additional equipment from the Space Marines Armoury.

SPECIAL RULE

Deep Strike: Salamander models wearing Terminator armour may *Deep Strike*.

TROOPS

SALAMANDERS TACTICAL SQUAD

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Salamander	15	4	4	4	4	1	3	1	8	3+
Veteran Sergeant	+15	4	4	4	4	1	3	2	9	3+

Squad: The squad consists of one Sergeant and between 4 and 9 Salamanders Space Marines.

Weapons: All models are armed with a bolter. The Sergeant may replace his bolter with a bolt pistol and close combat weapon.

Options: One model in the squad may exchange his bolter with one of the following weapons: flamer at +10 pts; heavy bolter at +5 pts; missile launcher at +10 pts; multi-melta at +15 pts.

In addition, one other Space Marine in the squad may exchange his bolter with one of the following: flamer at +6 pts; meltagun at +10 pts; plasma gun at +6 pts.

The entire squad may be given frag grenades at an additional cost of +1 pt per model and krak grenades at an additional cost of +2 pts per model.

The Sergeant may be upgraded to a Veteran Sergeant at an additional cost of +15 pts.

Transport Vehicle: The entire squad may be mounted in a Rhino at an additional cost of +50 pts, or, if it numbers 6 or less models, a Razorback at +70 pts (see the Transport entry in Codex: Space Marines for upgrade options).



The Salamanders prefer close-range engagement with the enemy where their superior numbers of short ranged but deadly weapons, such as multi-meltas and flamers, can swiftly eradicate their foes.



FAST ATTACK

0-1 SALAMANDERS ASSAULT SQUAD

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Salamander	25	4	4	4	4	1	3	1	8	3+
Veteran Sergeant	+15	4	4	4	4	1	3	2	9	3+

Squad: The squad consists of one Sergeant and between 4 and 9 Salamanders Space Marines.

Weapons: Bolt pistol, close combat weapon and frag grenades. All models in the squad are equipped with jump packs.

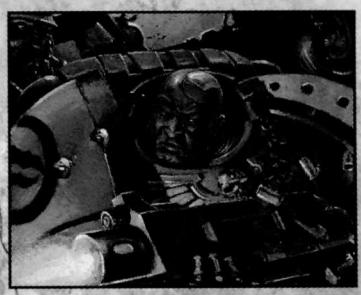
Options: The entire squad may be equipped with krak grenades at +2 pts per model and melta bombs at +4 pts per model.

One model may exchange his bolt pistol and close combat weapon for a flamer for +12 pts.

The Sergeant may be upgraded to a Veteran Sergeant at an additional cost of +15 pts.

SPECIAL RULE

Deep Strike: Salamander models equipped with jump packs may *Deep Strike*.



0-1 SALAMANDERS BIKE SQUADRON

	Points/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Salamander Biker	40	4	4	4	4(5)	1	3	1	8	3+
Veteran Sergeant	+15	4	4	4	4(5)	1	3	2	9	3+
Attack Bike	55	4	4	4	4(5)	1	3	2	8	2+

Squad: The squadron consists of 1 Salamanders Sergeant and between 2 to 4 Salamanders Space Marines riding Space Marine bikes.

Weapons: Each bike is fitted with twin-linked bolters. Each Space Marine rider has a bolt pistol.

Options: Up 2 Space Marines in the bike squadron may be armed with the following weapons: flamer at +3 pts, meltagun at +10 pts, plasma gun at +6 pts.

The Sergeant may be armed with a close combat weapon at +1 pt, and he may be upgraded to a Veteran Sergeant at an additional cost of +15 pts.

Attack Bike: The squadron may include one attack bike armed with a multi-melta at +55pts.



Due to the fluctuating gravity of Nocturne, Salamanders have difficulty to train using bikes, jump packs and land speeders. Thus Salamanders can muster few such fast attack units for battle.

White Dwarf's Gary Roach has taken time out from painting new recruits for his Imperial Guard to begin work on a new army of Salamanders Space Marines. Here's how he approached painting his first squad.

PAINTING WORKSHOP

Gary Roach's Salamanders Space Marines



COLOR PALETTE

- Chaos Black
- Snot Green
- Scorpion Green
- Shining Gold
- Chestnut Ink
- Burnished Gold
- Codex Grey
- Blood Red
- Bleached Bone
- Bestial Brown
- Golden Yellow
- Bad Moon Yellow
- Skull White
- Black Ink
- Bubonic Brown
- Chainmail



GETTING STARTED

When assembling the models, the boltguns were left on the frame to give easier access to areas such as the chest eagles and power armor. The models were stuck together with plastic glue and then undercoated with Chaos Black spray. Any areas of poor coverage were given a coat of slightly watered-down Chaos Black paint.

PAINTING THE POWER ARMOR

The first area to be painted was the power armor, which was given two to three coats of Snot Green. Multiple coats are necessary, because the Chaos Black undercoat will show through after just one coat, which will make the armor look blotchy. Don't worry about getting paint onto parts where you don't want it, because you can easily go over them again with Chaos Black once you have finished applying the basecoat.





The edges of the power armor were then highlighted with Scorpion Green. At this stage, use the side of the brush and run it along the edge of the armor. You will find this technique much easier than trying to paint the edges with the tip of the brush as if you were applying a basecoat.





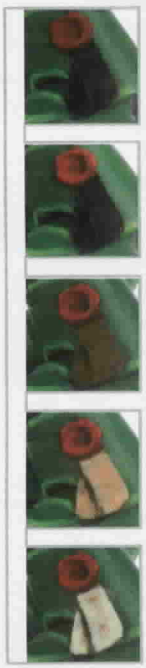


The chest eagle and any other areas that were going to be the same color were painted by first applying a coat of Shining Gold. Then, a 50/50 mix of water and Chestnut Ink was washed over the Shining Gold areas. Once dry, these areas were highlighted with Burnished Gold. When applying the Burnished Gold onto the chest eagle, try to leave a bit of the previous coat showing in the deeper parts of the wings, just underneath each "feather."



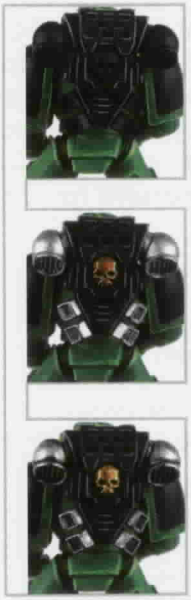
PAINTING THE EYES

To paint the eyes, a basecoat of Skull White was applied, as yellow paint doesn't show up too well over a black undercoat. The eyes then had a coat of Golden Yellow applied over the top of them. To finish off, the eyes were highlighted with Bad Moon Yellow.



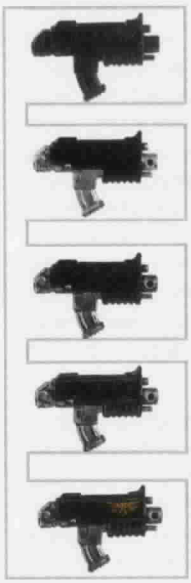
PAINTING THE PURITY SEALS

Using a mix of Blood Red with a tiny spot of Chaos Black, the top part of the purity seal was basecoated. It was then highlighted with Blood Red. The bottom part was painted by first applying a basecoat of Bestial Brown, which was then highlighted with a mix of Bestial Brown and Bleached Bone. When doing this step, try to leave a bit of the previous coat showing between the layers of the seal as shading. To finish, a final highlight of Bleached Bone was applied to the raised parts and edges.



PAINTING THE BACKPACK

With the undercoat as a basecoat, the backpack was highlighted with the same technique as the power armor but this time with Codex Grey. The metal bits were painted with a basecoat of Chainmail. Then, again, a 50/50 mix of water and Black Ink was washed over the top. The skull was painted with the same technique as the other gold bits.



PAINTING THE WEAPONS

The boltguns and flamers were painted with techniques similar to those used on the Space Marines. First, the weapons were undercoated with Chaos Black spray. The metal parts were painted with Chainmail and then washed over with Black Ink. The casing was then highlighted with Codex Grey. The gold bits were painted in the same way as the chest eagles.

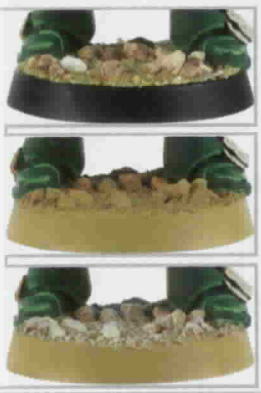
PAINTING THE LENS

The lens was first given a basecoat of Blood Red, which was applied by getting a small round "blob" of paint on the tip of the brush and just touching the area that needed painting. This area was then highlighted with Golden Yellow with the same technique but with a little less pressure.



BASING THE MODEL

To finish, white glue was applied to the top of the base, and the model was then dipped into sand. To give the feel of fighting in the deserts of Armageddon, the base was then painted with Bubonic Brown. Once dry, it was highlighted by dry-brushing with Bleached Bone.



APPLYING TRANSFERS

When applying transfers to shoulder pads, try making a small cut in the top of the transfer (in this case, above the ridge over the eye). This trick will help the transfer sit better on the curved shoulder pad.





The Salamanders hold the line against a ferocious Ork assault.

Index Astartes
First Founding

An in-depth look at the First Founding Legions of the Adeptus Astartes

CLAWS OF THE RAVEN

The Raven Guard Space Marines Legion

by Graham McNeill & Erick Kilmer

The Raven Guard specializes in devastating strikes behind enemy lines, guerrilla warfare, and rapid reaction to enemy maneuvers. During the Great Crusade, the Raven Guard conquered countless worlds thought impregnable by the precise application of force at the enemy's weakest point. At the outbreak of the Horus Heresy, the Raven Guard was almost destroyed, and only by employing the most desperate of measures was the Legion saved.

Origins

Of the early history of the Raven Guard's Primarch Corax very little is known. The Raven Guard's own legends are vague concerning the pale-skinned youth, who was raised on the mineral-rich, but desolate moon of Lycaeus. This moon orbited Kiavahr, a technologically advanced planet, its surface covered with sprawling machine shops and forge cathedrals. Lycaeus was exceedingly rich in mineral wealth and populated by exiles from the planet below who lived in crude force domes that protected them from the vacuum of space. The ruling Tech-Guilds of Kiavahr used the mineworks on Lycaeus as a dumping ground for their worst criminals and those who could not meet their production quotas. Heavily armed overseers ruled the moon from a dark mountain spire that towered above the mineworks. It was, for all intents and purposes, a death sentence to be banished to Lycaeus.

Ancient, faded texts within the Chapter Librarius of the Raven Guard tell that the inhabitants of Lycaeus had long been the slaves of Kiavahr and had worked in the massive mines under armed guard in horrendous conditions. Accidents killed many of the workers, and the polluted atmosphere took a heavy toll on the health of their children. Once condemned to a life in the mines, there was no escape, and the slaves of Lycaeus prayed to the Emperor for a savior. He came in the form of a child whose skin was as white as snow.

There are many stories concerning the discovery of Corax, and the truth of the matter may never be known. One tale tells of a cave-in that claimed the lives of hundreds of slaves mining beneath a glacier and revealed a hidden chamber containing the infant Primarch. Another speaks of a fiery comet that broke apart on a massive mountain of iron and a child wreathed in ghostly light who walked unscathed from the rubble. Yet another talks of a dying warrior giant delivering the babe to the slaves and begging them to protect the infant from the Dark ones. Whatever the circumstances, the slaves of Lycaeus took the white-skinned babe with midnight black hair and named him Corax, which means "the Deliverer." They hid the infant from their jailers and raised him as one of their own. Within the space of a few years, when his abnormal maturation became obvious, the slaves rejoiced, seeing him as a sign of favor from the Emperor. They trained the young Primarch in all manner of skills, the varied backgrounds of the exiles giving Corax a thorough grounding in urban warfare, sabotage, demolition, and killing. They taught him all the qualities they believed a general and leader would need. Corax learned at an astonishing rate; his strength, keen intellect, and taciturn demeanor made him a quick and voracious learner.

From the earliest age, Corax had been told that it was his destiny to save the people of Lycaeus, and as the years passed, he began sowing the seeds that would bring about their freedom. With the slaves' limited resources, only the crudest of weapons could be fashioned, and great stockpiles of these were hidden in secret caches throughout the mineworks in key strategic points. Corax organized the slaves into storm squads, appointed competent leaders, and drilled them thoroughly in their assigned tasks. He also began psychological warfare on their jailers, organizing regular strikes and staging riots that stretched the garrison's resources thinly and sapped the guards' morale. Each event was choreographed to seem like a gradual build up of pressure, and soon Lycaeus was a powder keg waiting to explode.

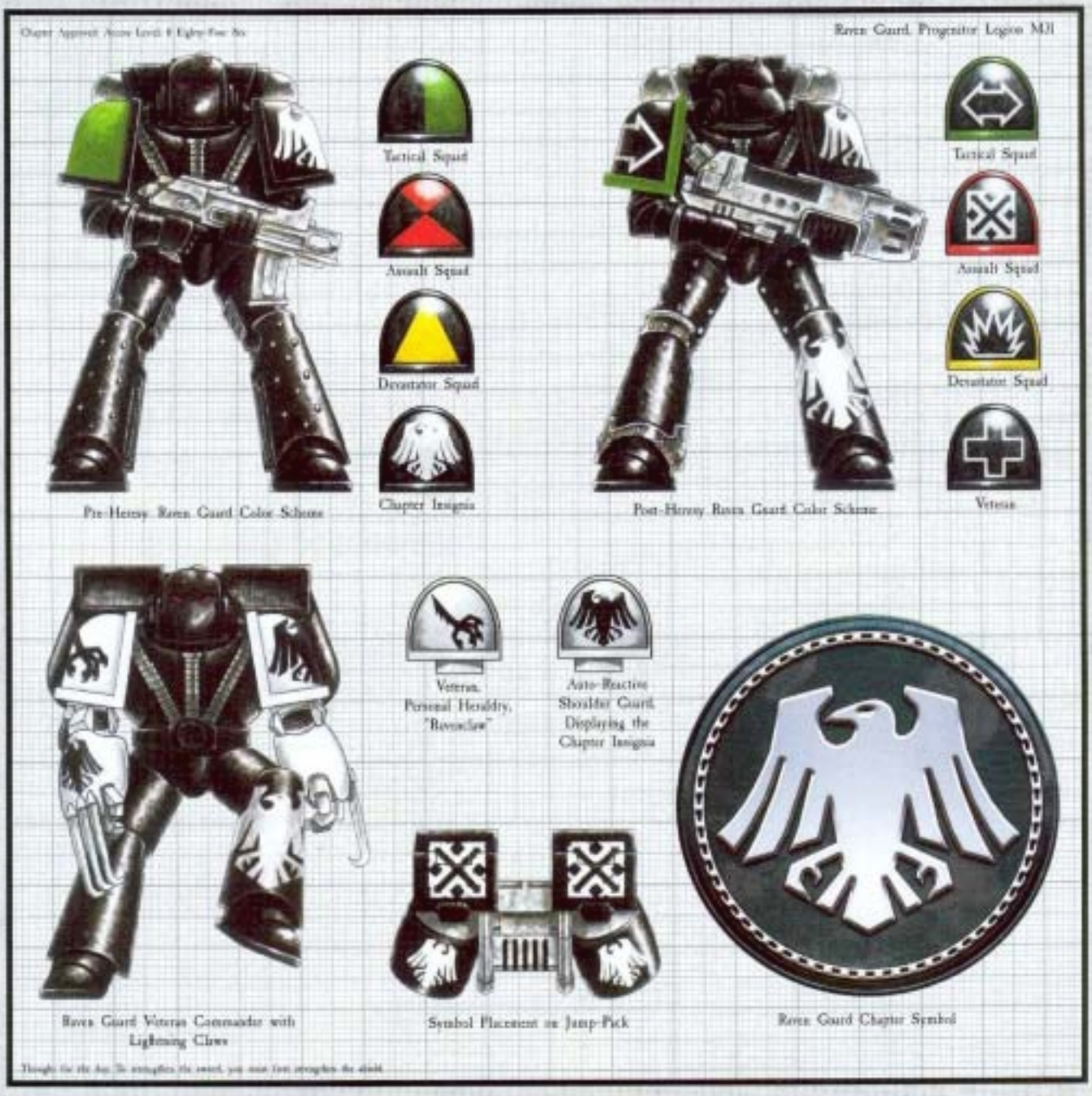
When the time came, Corax and his trained squads of slaves struck. Massive mining machines were driven through the streets and key security points. Sabotage teams armed with rock drills and las cutters were able to sever power lines, communications, and life support to many of their enemies' strong points. One particular dome, home to a significant portion of Lycaeus' military might, was shut off completely, exposing its occupants to the hard vacuum of space. Simultaneously, Corax and a small

group of his deadliest warriors assaulted the fortress-like tower of their taskmasters and captured it in a single night's fighting. After centuries of abuse, there could be no mercy for those who had kept the slaves in bondage, and every prisoner taken was executed.

The Tech-Guilds of Kiavahr were shocked at the fall of Lycaeus and immediately dispatched troops to crush the rebellion. The war was short and brutal. Sitting at the top of a long gravity well, Corax's troops were able to bombard the planet from afar with cargo containers laden with crude atomic charges that laid waste to vast portions of Kiavahr's industrial landscape. When troops from Kiavahr did land on the moon to fight, Corax was there with his hand-picked warriors. The raven-haired Primarch out-thought and out-fought his enemies at every turn. Surgical strikes decapitated the Kiavahr command structure, destroyed the enemies' supply lines, and kept them on the defensive.

In the end, Corax was to prove victorious, and the Kiavahr troops withdrew as their planet's economy collapsed without the mineral resources of Lycaeus to plunder. Kiavahr descended into anarchy as the various Tech-Guild factions fought amongst themselves for control of the remaining materials still on the planet. The celebrations on Lycaeus went on for many days, and in memory of their victory, the slaves renamed their home Deliverance.

The most complete record of the Great Crusade, *The Speculum Historiale*, has little to say on the matter of Corax reuniting with the Emperor of Mankind. It is left to the Raven Guard's Librarians to recall how such a momentous event came about, and as always, there is much that is shrouded in mystery. It is said that during the victory celebrations, the Emperor descended to Deliverance to find Corax waiting for him, curious to meet this stranger who had landed alone on his world. The





Emperor spoke to Corax for a day and a night, but whatever passed between them is unrecorded. At dawn the following day, Corax accepted command of the Raven Guard Legion of Space Marines and took his place at the Emperor's side. One condition of Corax's acceptance was that the Emperor had to lend his assistance to bring peace to Kiavahr - peace through force of arms but peace nonetheless. Already reeling from their defeat on Deliverance and unable to muster a coherent force against the Raven Guard, the Tech-Guilds were broken, and the Adeptus Ministorum stepped into the void left by their destruction. Mineral production soon began again on Deliverance, under a much improved regime, and gradually the world of Kiavahr was rebuilt under the guidance of the Imperium. The dark tower that had once housed the slaves' oppressors now became the fortress of the Raven Guard and was renamed the Ravenspire.

The Great Crusade saw Corax lead the Raven Guard in some of the most stunning victories of that turbulent time. He had not forgotten the training he had received on Deliverance, and his talents for sabotage and precision planning were employed to great effect in the Emperor's Crusade. Planets thought impregnable fell to Corax's guile and the swift, deadly actions of the Raven Guard. Assassinations, covert operations behind enemy lines, and sabotage became the watchwords of the Legion, and in these areas, their skill was unmatched. Corax became a master at observing a planet's power structure and applying military pressure where needed to topple its leaders or cripple its military capabilities. The full force of the Raven Guard Legion was seldom required, but when it was, Corax would not hesitate to throw every warrior into battle.

Corax's Legion garnered such a fearsome reputation that Warmaster Horus requested its aid many times in his campaigns, and it is thought that it was thanks to the Raven Guard's assistance that Horus's tally of victories was so high. The Raven Guard's records are curiously reticent concerning this period of history, and Imperial historians suspect that the taciturn Corax did not like the more gregarious Horus and found him overly boastful and manipulative. It is rumored that, on one occasion, the two almost came to blows, and bloodshed was only averted when Corax removed his Legion from the Warmaster's command.

The two Primarchs were never to meet again, and when the Horus Heresy tore the galaxy apart in the first Inter-Legionary war, the Raven Guard fought alongside the Iron Hands and the Salamanders. All three Legions were ordered to assault Horus's headquarters on the planet of Istvaan V and destroy it utterly. Four supporting Legions would be close on their heels, ready to reinforce the initial landings and consolidate the invasion.

Horus had turned his back on the Emperor but had lost none of the cunning that had earned him the title of Warmaster. The loyalist Legions were badly mauled on their initial landings, and casualties were appalling. The forces of the Great Betrayer were heavily fortified, and after fierce fighting, the loyalist Legions were forced to fall back to link up with their supporting Legions. The landing zones had been fortified by the Iron Warriors, and when the retreating troops reached the fortifications, they came under a withering hail of fire from their erstwhile allies. Unknown to the Legions on the planet, Horus had managed to corrupt four of the seven Legions sent against him. Caught between the enemy they were already fighting and a surprise attack, the loyalists were shattered, and barely a handful were able to escape Horus's trap and warn the Emperor of this wholesale betrayal.

His Legion shattered, Corax returned to Deliverance with orders to rebuild it as quickly as possible. It was a bleak time for the Primarch of the Raven Guard; the Imperium was teetering on the brink of collapse and desperately needed brave warriors, but he had none to give. A desperate situation called for desperate measures, and Corax locked himself within the shadowed chambers of the Ravenspire's Librarius to pour over volumes of forgotten lore in search of a solution. His researches led him back to the earliest days of genetic manipulation, when accelerated Zygote-harvesting techniques were used to create the first enhanced warriors with which the Emperor had long ago pacified Terra. Corax realized that this process could be modified to produce full-grown Space Marines at a frightening rate. But the ancient tomes also warned of the terrible dangers involved and the unspeakable monsters that could result. Though he knew he risked destroying his Legion, he reluctantly ordered the Apothecaries to begin the process.

Of the Apothecaries' first creations, nothing is known for sure. The Raven Guard's records have been sealed with oaths and sigils of unspeakable power, and none of the members of the Chapter will speak of those blighted days. Accounts culled from other sources are few and far between, as the Raven Guard shunned the other Legions at this time and preferred to fight alone and unseen. One apocryphal tale is told by the Rune Priests of the Space Wolves. The so-called "Saga of the Weregeld" tells of ferocious monsters, drooling and almost insane with bloodlust, herded into combat by the battle brothers of the Raven Guard. Perhaps the Space Wolves' experiences with the curse of the Wulfen made them more sympathetic to the Raven Guard's plight, as there is no record of them reporting the use of such forbidden technology. Barely one in ten of these abominations could even hold a boltgun, but among these, there might be one in a hundred whose genetic structure was stable enough to develop into a full-fledged Space Marine.

Years passed, and the galaxy burned with war. Corax and his band of Space Marines gradually rebuilt their Legion

AAJZ SOLARI FIFTH COMPANY CAPTAIN

The Captain of the Second Company of the Raven Guard is notorious for leading the assault squads into battle on a regular basis. A tall man, even for a Space Marine, Aajz's paper-white skin and ebony hair speak of his long years of service to his Chapter. Recruited from Deliverance itself, Captain Solari comes from the most ancient of families on the large moon; his ancestors descended from the original slaves. His ferocity and combat prowess are legendary in his Chapter, as is his disregard for formality.

Over his 23 years in his current commission, Solari's performance has been erratic but highly successful. His ability to work within any situation and meet the changing needs of the battlefield is unquestionable, but there have been times when Solari has left more to luck than tactical doctrine would dictate. At times, he has had brilliant successes, at others, disastrous failures. At his core, Solari is a gambler, willing to play the fates to win a battle, and only his track record has spared him the ignominy of a court martial.

Knowing where to land your blow so that it achieves the greatest damage with the minimum force is the key to victory in war.

Instructor Sergeant Alenpo,
Fourth Company

and played parts when they could. The Raven Guard's talent for operating in small squads behind enemy lines offset its lack of resources, and its skills in this aspect of warfare were fully incorporated into the Raven Guard combat doctrine. Corax's ability to see weak points in a defense and apply precise force allowed his troops to fight battles of their choosing and keep casualties to a minimum. The Raven Guard simply did have the troops to operate in large-scale actions, and it was nearly a century after the Heresy ended before the Legion was able to deploy in meaningful numbers of full battle brothers. Corax had rebuilt his Legion but at a cost. The dungeons below the Ravenspire echoed with the howls of the Apothecaries' creations, bestial monstrosities who hungered for battle, and Corax agonized over what should be done with them. He decreed that none should discover the terrible price his Legion had paid in order to survive, and his final solution was to administer the Emperor's Peace to each and every failed creation personally and pray for their souls and his own as he did so.

Following the Heresy, Roboute Guilliman, Primarch of the Ultramarines became the de facto head of the Imperium's armed forces, and one of the first edicts in his holy tome, the *Codex Astartes*, was that the Space Marine Legions be split into smaller units known as Chapters. Among many of the Primarchs, there was resistance, but Corax welcomed the decision and knew that Guilliman's vision of the future was true. Thus, the Raven Guard were to give rise to three other Chapters: the Black Guard, the Revilers, and the Raptors.

Like everything in Corax's life, his ultimate fate is shadowed in darkness. It is said that following the break-up of the Legions and the re-establishment of Imperial rule to the galaxy, Corax locked himself in the highest tower of the Ravenspire and prayed to the Emperor for forgiveness for what he had done to his Legion. Whether he received the absolution he required no one will ever know, but a year to the day after he had entered the tower, Corax emerged, haggard and wild-eyed. He left Deliverance that very night on a course for the Eye of Terror, never to be seen again. He left but a single word as his valediction, "Nevermore."

THE SAGA OF THE WEREGELD

Only on the darkest of nights do the Rune Priests of the Space Wolves tell the Saga of the Weregeld, a tale reaching back to the years of reconquest following the defeat of Horus's Traitor Legions. Over flickering fires, they tell of the storming of the Jarelphi Palace, one of the bloodiest battles to follow the victory on Terra. A force of Iron Warriors retreating from their defeat took refuge on the world of Sergatama VI and wrested control of the mighty fortress from the planet's rulers. Led by one of the Iron Warriors' greatest champions, the traitors turned the once-majestic palace into a nightmare assembly of bunkers, redoubts, and pillboxes. Ornamental gardens, once the envy of Prandium itself, were scarred with miles of trenches and razorwire. More than a million men of the Imperial Guard laid siege to the palace, and the battles fought in the sprawling grounds of the palace were thankless and bloody. The traitors defended every meter of ground with ferocious tenacity. However, one by one, the gates leading to the inner keep fell, until only one last gate stood between the Space Wolves and final victory.

The Iron Warriors are masters of siegecraft, and for all their bravery, the Space Wolves could not capture the gate. Time and time again, two mighty champions of the Iron Warriors would hurl the greatest of the Space Wolves from the gateway, and it seemed nothing could break the defense of the traitors. As dawn broke on the hundredth day of the siege, warriors in black armor, their shoulder guards emblazoned with a white raven, arrived as if from thin air and assaulted the gateway with drooling and insane beasts herded before them. Horrifically misshapen, the monsters roared with howls of such mindless savagery that it chilled even the hearts of the Space Wolves who remembered the curse of the Wulfen that existed within their own bodies. Nothing could halt the creatures, neither bullets nor blades, and the monsters swept through the gateway and killed anything that came within reach of their bloody claws. The Sons of Russ looked on, amazed as the beasts and the Raven Guard fought their way into the palace and broke the back of the Iron Warriors' defense. A bare handful of Iron Warriors escaped the slaughter, but many more died that day, torn to pieces by the Raven Guard's bestial allies.

With the battle over, the Raven Guard vanished as suddenly as it had arrived, leaving only the dismembered corpses of those they had slain. Only within the walls of the Fang would those Space Wolves present that day speak of what they had seen, and whether they felt pity or revulsion at the sight of the ferocious beasts that bore the unmistakable vestige of Humanity is not recorded.

Homeworld

Between them, Deliverance and Kiavahr produce enough ordnance and engines of war to almost equal the production of a forge world. The raw materials come from Deliverance's vast mineral wealth, and the production facilities of Kiavahr produce weapons and war machines of unparalleled craftsmanship.

The moon Deliverance is a barren and airless ball of rock covered in force domes and massive mining structures. The dark side of the moon glows with the constant production and movement of massive cargo ships traveling between the two worlds. The fortress of the Raven Guard, the Ravenspire, the huge, black tower once home to the Kiavahr overseers, is one of the largest natural structures on the planet. Unlike many other Chapters, the Raven Guard shares close ties with the planet's populace from which many of their initiates come, though not exclusively so. The people see the Space Marines as the physical manifestation of the Emperor's will and offer daily praise for their presence.

The planet Kiavahr is populated by billions of workers and craftsmen, with huge fabrication plants and hive cities covering its surface. The planet's atmosphere is highly toxic from centuries of pollution, and incidences of mutation are far higher than normal. This fact stretches the tolerance of the Adeptus Ministorum, but such is the quality and quantity of material that comes from the two worlds that more leeway is granted than would usually be the case.

Combat Doctrine

The Raven Guard follows the dictates of the *Codex Astartes* closely, though the Legion differs in the tactical application of its troops. The Raven Guard depends heavily on Scout forces able to act alone for extended periods of time and rapid reaction forces such as Assault Troops equipped with jump packs. Commonly, the Raven Guard will deploy Tactical squads in drop pods or Thunderhawks in response to intelligence gathered by their Scouts. The Chapter's excellence in covert operations makes engaging in a frontal battle seldom necessary. Where possible, the Raven Guard will use a precise application of force to cripple the enemy and avoid a protracted engagement.

Dreadnoughts of the Raven Guard, while rare, are also quite commonly deployed via drop pods. This approach

has created a Chapter that can assemble its forces extremely rapidly and can react quickly to unexpected developments. When its numbers were limited during the days of the Horus Heresy, the Chapter's troops became experts in guerrilla warfare. This expertise persists to this day, and the Chapter very rarely utilizes heavily armored vehicles.

Organization

After the massacre on Istvaan V, the Raven Guard had to make do with older armor and equipment. The resources were simply not available to re-equip the troops. Even today, there is a higher percentage of ancient suits of armor in the Chapter than most others. The owners of these suits view themselves as blessed by the Primarch and fight to prove themselves his equal.

The Raven Guard's ability to deploy troops in vital locations is legendary, and its mastery of rapid troop movement has been studied by many other Chapters. In several documented cases, the precise application of force in the right place has quelled many rebellions before they truly began. However, the primary strength of the Raven Guard is the ease of its deployment. With most of the Chapter's Space Marines usually being deployed in drop pods or otherwise mobile, they can rapidly reassess a combat situation before engaging, which gives them the ability to deal effectively with a rapidly changing battlefield.

Beliefs

To the Raven Guard, the Emperor is a distant figure who is acknowledged as the founder and master of the galaxy but who is not accorded the level of worship common among other Chapters. Corax is revered as the Chapter's father and leader and is worshiped as a man capable of making tough choices when the need was great. The Chapter follows in his footsteps, and post-action sermons utilizing data recorded from battle are later compiled by the Chapter's warriors. Much of the Chapter's current tactical doctrine has evolved from meditations on past battles.

For the leaders of the Raven Guard, tactical prowess and personal initiative are seen as more important than mere might. The Raven Guard prefer a swift dagger to the heart over a protracted battle where possible, though if heavy assault is needed, the Chapter will not hold back. These beliefs cause tension with other Chapters, particularly the Blood Angels, who the Raven Guard see as brutish and clumsy.

Geneseed

The geneseed of the Raven Guard is far from stable, and a great deal of its gene-stock has become irreparably damaged, perhaps as a side effect of the accelerated gene-harvesting techniques employed many millennia ago. As a result, much of the Raven Guard's genetic material has to come from Terra, and the cycle of recruitment for the Chapter is much slower than that of others. Few are capable of undergoing the transformation from normal human to Space Marine, and many die in training, thereby further limiting the Chapter's numbers.

Further deterioration has caused several of the unique Space Marine organs of the sons of Corax to cease functioning as they should, while others are not as effective as they once were. For example, the Zygote cultures required to grow the Mucranoid and Betcher's Gland do not exist, and a mutated Melanchromic Organ causes the skin of the Space Marine to grow paler after years of service. Eventually, each Raven Guard will be as white as Corax, and his hair and eyes will darken and become black as coal.

Battlecry

Specializing in covert operations and debilitating fast strikes, the Raven Guard do not have a battlecry as such. Instead, the Chapter's motto is simply "Vinctorus aut Mortis."

> From the darkness we strike – fast and lethal – and by the time our foes can react, darkness is there and nothing more.
>
> Raven Guard saying

USING A RAVEN GUARD ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

A Raven Guard army is chosen from *Codex: Space Marines*, with the following exceptions and special rules. Note that all units in the army must be Raven Guard in order to use this list, not just a few.

Surgical Strike: The Raven Guard excels at drop pod and Thunderhawk deployment and drops almost directly on top of its target to bypass enemy defenses. Raven Guard squads not in a transport vehicle may deploy with the *Deep Strike* special scenario rule where allowed to do so by the mission. The Raven Guard player may reroll the dice to determine where these squads land and must accept the result of the second roll.

Rapid Reaction: The Scouts of the Raven Guard are trained to infiltrate, reconnoiter, and communicate enemy positions to the main force. If there are any Raven Guard Scouts on the table at the beginning of the turn and a Reserves roll is made, the Raven Guard player may add +1 to the roll.

Limited Vehicles: Since the Horus Heresy, the Raven Guard has come to rely on the skills of its infantry and had never made use of armored vehicles to the extent of other Chapters. The Raven Guard may never choose more Heavy Support than Fast Attack choices.

Bitter: The Raven Guard harbors a tremendous hatred of the legions that betrayed it at Istvaan V and has on occasion allowed this hatred to cloud its famous caution and judgement. When fighting against Iron Warriors, Emperor's Children, World Eaters, or Death Guard Chaos Space Marine armies, all Raven Guard models always hit models from these armies on 3+ in close combat.

Raven Guard Command Squad: In line with the Chapter's preferred methods of warfare, their leaders often take to the field equipped with jump packs and accompanied by Command squads likewise equipped.

If not mounted in a transport, members of a Command squad may be equipped with jump packs at the cost of +10 points per model. A Techmarine may not take a servo-arm if he is equipped with a jump pack.

If equipped with a jump pack, any member of the Command squad may be equipped with a pair of lightning claws at the cost of +30 points per model.

KAYVAAN SHRIKE

SHADOW CAPTAIN OF THE RAVEN GUARD 3rd COMPANY

Captain Shrike made his name during the early months of the Targus campaign. The Raven Guard 3rd Company was one of many Imperial units assigned to the assault on Targus VIII, tasked with the elimination of the Orks' orbital defences. Striking hard and fast, Shrike's force accomplished its mission, only to become stranded when their extraction Thunderhawk was destroyed in near orbit.

Undaunted by his predicament, Shrike led a campaign of destructive havoc behind the Ork lines. For two years the Raven Guard 3rd struck at the Waaagh! wherever it showed weakness, destroying fuel dumps, ammunition stores and supply lines, all the while providing invaluable targeting and intelligence data to orbiting naval vessels. Shrike and his men were untouchable, able to strike at the Orks' brutal war machine with seeming impunity, inflicting catastrophic damage before slipping away into the shadowed ruins of the hive cities.

By the time Shrike had extracted his Company from the ruins of Targus VIII he was hailed a hero systemwide. After his subsequent assaults on Ork conquests in the Donara and Yakhee systems, Shrike became nothing less than a saviour. Amongst the besieged ruins of Aldeb, Sulphuron and a dozen other worlds, desperate men beseeched the Immortal Emperor to send Shrike to deliver them from the terror of Waaagh! Skullkrak. Fleet Commanders and Generals of the Imperial Guard pleaded with the Master of the Raven Guard to assign Captain Shrike to their sector of the campaign. But if the sombre Captain was aware of either petition, he gave no sign.

Under Shrike's direction, the Raven Guard 3rd continues to assail Waaagh! Skullkrak. They go wherever they are most needed, not to battlezones where Imperial Commanders struggle to contain the Ork menace, but to worlds whose populations have been abandoned to their fates by an overstretched and uncaring Imperium. Shrike and his men are legends on these worlds, as revered as the greatest heroes of old.

On every planet under threat from the Orks, Guardsmen grasp their guns tighter and fight more fiercely, knowing that every minute they hold out is a minute in which the Raven Guard 3rd might arrive to deliver them from a hopeless battle. Meanwhile, beyond the ravaged defences, Skullkrak's Boyz keep a wary eye on the shadows cast by ruin and undergrowth, knowing that Shrike and his Company might be lurking in the darkness, just waiting for the correct moment to strike.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Kayvaan Shrike	6	5	4	4	3	5	3	10	3+

SPECIAL RULES

And They Shall Know No Fear, Combat Tactics, Independent Character.

See, But Remain Unseen: Shrike (and models in his squad) benefit from the infiltrate special rule (see the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook).

Chapter Tactics: If you include Kayvaan Shrike then all units in your army exchange the **Combat Tactics** special rule for the **Fleet** universal special rule. If more than one character in your army has the Chapter Tactics special rule, you must choose which version will apply.

WARGEAR

The Raven's Talons: These are a pair of master-crafted lightning claws. They also bestow the **Rending** special rule on Shrike's close combat attacks.

"Wherever you tread, tread lightly. We are closer than you think, and our blades are sharp."

Captain Kayvaan Shrike
Raven guard 3rd Company

Index Astartes
First Founding

An in-depth look at the First Founding Legions of the Adeptus Astartes

THE ENEMY WITHIN

The Alpha Legion Space Marines Legion

by Graham Davey

The Alpha Legion uses secrecy, spy networks, and traitors to assail its enemies from as many different directions as possible in carefully orchestrated attacks. Hidden within the heart of the Imperium, the Alpha Legion coordinates cultist activities and launches full-scale terror attacks.

Origins

Following the Horus Heresy, thousands of records, archives, and libraries were destroyed to purge any mention, indeed any memory, of the traitors. Ten millennia later, there are now billions of Imperial citizens who remain unaware that the rebellion ever happened. However, a few tomes survived, mostly in the hands of those in high authority or heretics whose true loyalties remained undiscovered. It is from these works that historians and Inquisitors have gleaned their knowledge of those ancient times. Of course, sifting out the truth is never easy, because most books are copies of copies or simply forgeries filled with lies.

In the case of the Alpha Legion, reliable facts are even harder to come by, as the Legion was notoriously secretive. For example, unlike the home worlds of most of the First Founding Legions of the Adeptus Astartes, the Alpha Legion's home planet is unknown or nonexistent. The reason for this omission is unclear, but Inquisitor Kravin of the Ordo Malleus has recently unearthed an ancient journal that he claims provides an account of the first contact with and recovery of the Legion's Primarch. Kravin has estimated the veracity of this journal at 62.6% but has thus far refused to produce it for independent examination.

According to Kravin's claim, towards the end of the Great Crusade, an advance Patrol Cruiser of the Luna Wolves Legion, assigned to search for lost human worlds, entered an unnamed system. Swarming towards the vessel came a horde of small space ships of varying types, mainly one- and two-man Fighters. Despite the fact that the ships were of primitive design and apparently more than one origin, the attack was highly coordinated. Dozens of ships mobbed the Luna Wolves' Thunderhawks, while others braved the batteries of turret defense guns to shoot at the huge Cruiser. However, the weapons of the Fighters made little impression, and the attack soon broke off. The Luna Wolves' Cruiser gave chase, eager to show the puny attackers the power of the Adeptus Astartes. It was only after the first impact that the bridge crew realized that they had been lured into a minefield. Maneuvering to escape resulted in two more explosions and serious damage to the engines that forced the Cruiser to halt in place until repairs could be made. The horde of Fighters renewed the attack and forced the badly outnumbered Thunderhawks into a desperate defense of the damaged Cruiser.

Two days later, the rest of the Luna Wolves' fleet arrived, summoned by the Cruiser's distress signal. The Legion's Primarch, Horus, furious at the crew's failure to deal with such insignificant attackers, was shuttled straight to the stricken Cruiser. He found the command deck in a state of high alert. The enemy had somehow managed to board the Cruiser and had split up to evade capture in the ship's endless corridors and service ducts. The enemy troops who had not already been found and eliminated now seemed to be converging on the bridge.

Horus waited for them. As five men burst onto the deck, he shot four of them through the head before they had a chance to act. Without pause a fifth shot rang out, but the last man was different. Over a foot taller than even the Luna Wolves, he had piercing green eyes and looked almost a match for Horus himself. Somehow, even at such close range, the man sidestepped quickly enough that the bolt shell only grazed his temple and exploded against the bulkhead behind. As the man charged forwards, a second shot slammed into his shoulder, but still he did not slow. More shots were fired by guards and bridge officers as well as Horus. The man staggered under multiple impacts but, incredibly, pressed on through the firestorm to launch himself at the Primarch. At the last instant, with his hands inches from Horus's throat, the man stopped. The two stared at each other for a long moment, before Horus started laughing. He had found the last Primarch.

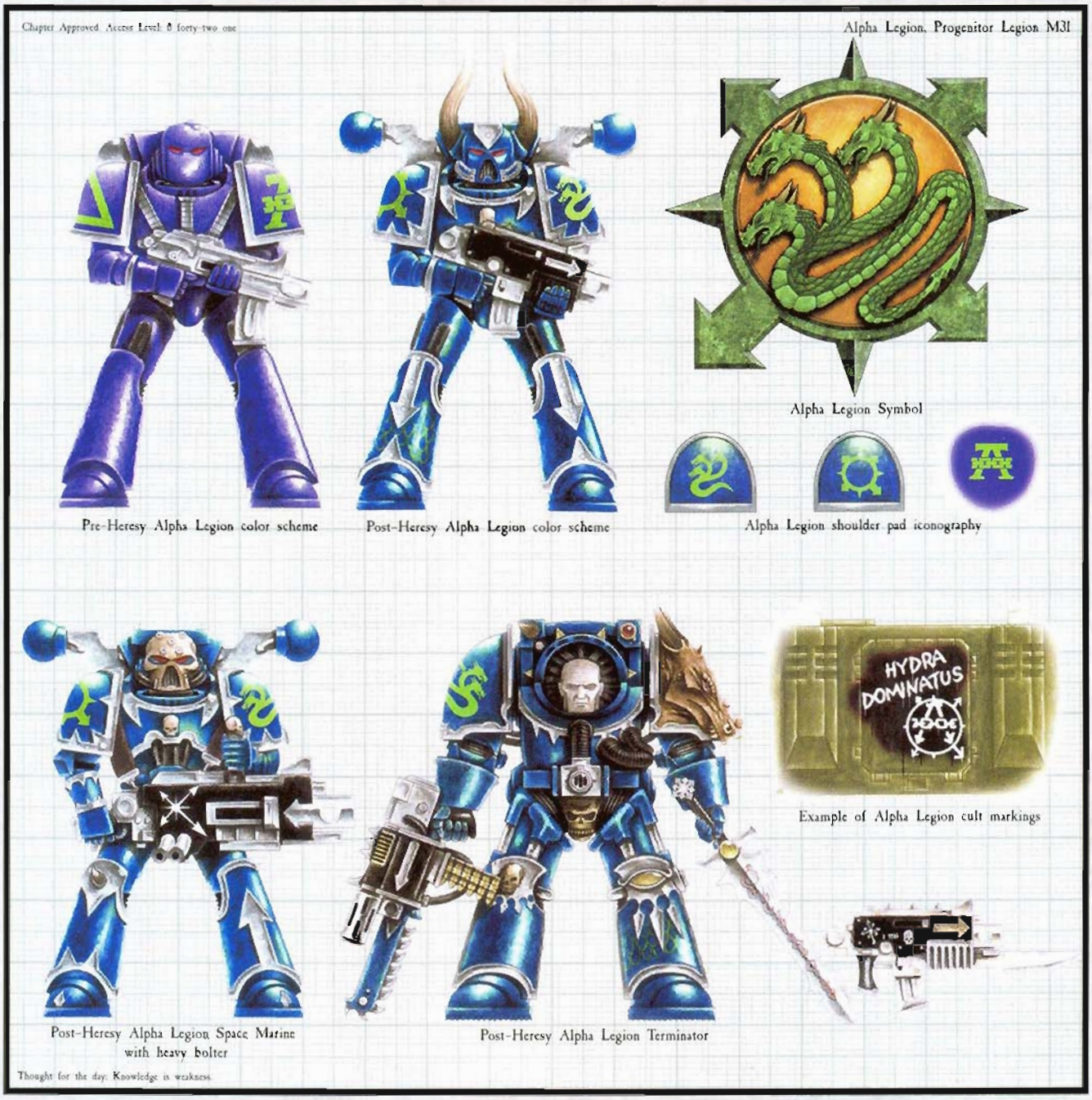
The new arrival called himself Alpharius and claimed to have been traveling this area of space for many years. However, he remained tight-lipped as to where he had come from. Various worlds in that locale were subsequently brought into the Imperial fold, but Alpharius always denied that any of them were his home. The conglomeration of planets he had been leading was persuaded to join the Imperium with little bloodshed. The wounds Alpharius had suffered healed

quickly. However, Horus did not send his discovery straight back to Terra to meet the Emperor. Instead, he kept the Primarch with him for some months. Horus was most impressed with Alpharius's remarkable success against the Space Wolves' Cruiser – trapping it, boarding, and then penetrating right to the bridge. During this time, Horus allowed his newfound brother to take tactical command in the various actions that occurred. Alpharius was clearly just as impressed with Horus, with the huge martial power he wielded, and with his instincts of when and when not to use it.

Eventually, Alpharius was taken back to the epicenter of the ever-expanding Imperium and reunited with the Emperor. There was the usual rejoicing, pomp, and circumstance, but records on Terra suggest that the two spent little time together. Alpharius was quickly sent to take command of his Legion, while the Emperor had many pressing affairs of state. The Alpha Legion, as it was now named, was the last of the Adeptus Astartes Legions to be created. With astounding prescience, the Emperor had ordered their founding just a few decades before. The new Space Marines were tall and strong, were reminiscent of their Primarch, and possessed a cunning intelligence.

Alpharius led his army, created in his image, to the outer reaches of the Imperium and was eager to join battle and emulate the glories of the older Legions. His first campaigns were well planned and highly successful, and he worked to develop and mold his Legion's tactics. He argued that the best attack comes from many directions at once and advocated assaulting the foe on all sides in every way. He insisted on keeping options open and never relied on any one thing, person, or single victory to win the day. He was always prepared with a back-up plan, like a flanking force in perfect position. Alpha Legion infiltrators invariably struck behind enemy lines at just the right moment.

Alpharius added to this doctrine by



seeking as many other advantages as he could. He would bargain for allies, encourage treachery within the enemy army, and develop a network of informers and spies within the populace. Underground rebel groups and activists would be contacted and persuaded to provide diversionary attacks, demonstrations, or bombings at agreed times. By the time a battle started, the Alpha Legion would have so many elements to its advantage that it was virtually impossible for them to lose. The Legion soon gained a reputation for devastatingly coordinated campaigns. While these methods took longer to execute than a simple frontal assault, they were far less costly in troops, which enabled Alpharius to spread his forces widely.

Most of the other Legions had taken planets, usually the worlds where their Primarchs had been found, to be their headquarters and bases of operations. The other Legions constructed glorious cathedral-like fortresses, and many had taken over governing their worlds and even the surrounding systems. But Alpharius clearly did not believe in this high-profile approach. He is thought to have established several bases but kept their locations hidden from everyone outside the Legion. Only the whereabouts of smaller staging posts and supply depots were made known, and even this information was highly restricted.

It is thought that Alpharius worked tirelessly to develop his officers and encourage them to think for themselves.

Alert – Plasma Furnace Overload Imminent – Evacuate Immediately – Alert

Emergency Warning Vox accidentally triggered throughout Hive Tempestora factory complex 2 months prior to the Third Invasion of Armageddon. Tank and Ordnance production was set back 5 days by the ensuing panic.

He instigated programs of training and constantly set challenges for his troops to overcome, even in the midst of battle, to force them to adapt and improvise. There are even documented occasions when, shortly before or during major offensives, the Primarch simply disappeared in order to assess how his Legion would perform without him.

Alpharius did not seek glory or honors for himself and rarely attended victory celebrations. Consequently, he never spent much time with the other Primarchs, and it was many years before he met all of them. His first encounter with Roboute Guilliman of the Ultramarines was reputedly strained. Guilliman believed in rigid structure and hierarchy and had a firm battle doctrine from which his Legion never wavered. He was in the process of documenting the "correct" tactics and operation of a Space Marine force, tried and tested during his long years of command, and suggested that the young Alpha Legion should adopt this "Codex" behavior. However, this attitude was anathema to Alpharius's belief in initiative and adaptability, and a heated debate over tactics and ideology ensued. When it became clear that Alpharius would not bow to Guilliman's experience and superiority, the older Primarch pointed out the thousands of victories and battle honors his Legion had won and told his youngest brother that he could never hope to compare.

After that meeting, Alpharius pushed his Legion even harder and sought out

+++Course Correction. Battle Group Portentia to proceed to coordinates 22439-26775/GS/E [Quinrox Sound], pending further orders. Command Authority Σ +++

– Falsified fleet movement instructions, uncovered following the complete destruction of Battle Group Portentia by unknown attackers, 145.M41.

the most difficult challenges for his forces. He knew he could not equal the number of worlds conquered by the older Legions, for they had been founded centuries earlier, but he seemed determined to win their respect for his Legion's martial prowess.

On the world of Tesstra Prime, the population was violently resistant to the idea of Imperial rule. Alpharius deliberately delayed his assault a full week to allow the planet's armies to amass and dig in around the sprawling capital city. When battle commenced, there were close to a million soldiers arrayed against the Alpha Legion. However, the week had not been spent idly. The Space Marines had deployed such that they could attack from various directions and leave huge sections of the defensive line untouched. Just as the assault was launched, bombs detonated within the city demolished dozens of bridges and blocked major supply routes. The defending Tesstran commanders found themselves unable to move troops and supplies into the areas under attack or out of areas that were being ignored. The divided forces tried to hold out against the relentless advance of the Alpha Legion, but the lack of ammunition and reinforcements made it a hopeless task. And, of course, while help could not be brought in, retreating soldiers found they could not get out fast enough either. Thousands ended up herded together down the few remaining escape routes and were cut to pieces in an endless rain of bolter shells. It was 2 days before enough of the defenders could be redeployed to mount a serious counterattack. However, officers in the Tesstran army had somehow been compromised, and these traitors betrayed details of the plan. The counterattack advanced into a trap and found itself beset by armored Space Marines on all sides. Within a week, the Tesstran forces had suffered 90% casualties. When asked why he had not simply seized the capital before the defending armies arrived, Alpharius replied, "It would have been too easy" (cf. Inq. file 3045621/M.30 [battle ethics]).

Heresy

His conduct in the battle for Tesstra invited censure from many quarters. Roboute Guilliman is recorded as having called it "a huge waste of time, effort, and the Emperor's bolt shells." However, concerns about alleged atrocities committed by the Night Lords Legion diverted attention away from the incident. Nevertheless, Alpharius was furious at the reaction to his Legion's masterful performance. Only Horus openly praised the manner in which the Alpha Legion had overcome an opposition that outnumbered them a hundred to one. Horus was the only other Primarch with whom Alpharius had any regular contact. The two appeared to respect each other greatly and are thought to have discussed tactics often.

At the start of the Heresy, the Warmaster's forces amassed on Istvaan V. The Emperor sent no fewer than seven Legions, fully one third of the entire Adeptus Astartes, to put down the rebellion. The initial wave consisted of three of those Legions - the Salamanders, the Iron Hands, and the Raven Guard. They were seriously mauled as they made planetfall and battled to secure safe landing zones. The second wave was made up of the remaining four Legions, and some sources name the Alpha Legion among them. After their initial landings, these "loyalists" attacked their allies instead of the rebels. Utterly betrayed and attacked on all sides, the three allegedly loyalist Legions had no chance at all. Just five loyal Space Marines survived, bearing the precious gene-seed of many of their

fallen brethren. Given the average size of Legions at this time, the death toll must have reached 30,000, while rebel casualties on Istvaan are estimated at just a few thousand.

Inquisitor Kravin has observed that such a deceitful trap was strongly reminiscent of Alpharius's tactics and suggested that "he and Horus may have devised this brilliant plan together." Other scholars have made the same connection, though with rather less enthusiastic wording. Exactly when Alpharius chose to side with the Warmaster is not clear. Certainly, he spent more time with Horus than he ever did with the Emperor. Perhaps there was an understanding between them right from the beginning.

> Despair, for thy doom is upon you. Give up hope, for all the might of your Imperial overlords cannot save you. Kneel before us, and we will spare every hundredth man and woman. Such is the mercy of Tchkrii-krerarr the Unstoppable, Exalted Champion of Darkness.
>
> – Ultimatum delivered to Erwin Borstar, Planetary Governor of Attica Prime, in 022.M41, shortly before Chaos Space Marines raided Attica II and IV. Both were poorly defended, as large forces had been sent to reinforce the first planet at the insistence of Governor Borstar. Attica Prime was never attacked.

However, it is not thought that Alpharius was blindly following Horus, for he seemed to have his own agenda. He relished every battle against loyalist Space Marines as the ultimate test of military skill. Again and again, the Alpha Legion proved it was the match of the other Legions. Alpharius's forces started going out of their way to find Space Marine opponents and inflicted stinging defeats on the loyalist White Scars at Tallarn, a Space Wolves company at Yarant, and other Legions at dozens of smaller outposts. Well before the Warmaster's forces reached Terra, the Alpha Legion had become separated but continued to wage war on all that they came across. Even after the defeat of Horus on Terra, the Alpha Legion continued on unchecked, apparently inventing objectives and missions with absolutely no connection to the rebellion as a whole. They moved into the galactic east towards, whether by coincidence or design, the Ultramarines Legion. The Ultramarines had been posted on the Eastern Fringe when the Heresy began and were racing back to the Segmentum Solar. They were enraged at the treachery of their brother Space Marines and the Warmaster's connivance to keep them too far away to affect the outcome. It is possible that Alpharius deliberately sought out the Ultramarines and that he wished to confront Roboute Guilliman in battle and prove the superiority of his tactics. Other theories suggest that the Ultramarines tracked down the Alpha Legion and seized the opportunity to be revenged on one of the Traitor Legions. However it came about, the two Space Marine Legions met in battle on the world of Eskrador.

First to arrive on the planet, Alpharius was able to choose his battleground, for he knew the Ultramarines would not rest until they had hunted the traitors down. The Alpha Legion deployed deep within a harsh mountain range at the pole of the planet. The mountains were riven with gullies, ravines, and high passes that would seriously hamper movement, especially for ground vehicles. Alpharius was convinced that the battle would be won by the side that overcame these problems the best through forward planning, coordinated air transport, and detachments coping independently of heavy support. Guilliman was a military commander with few peers. However, all the experience, lessons, and tactics he had accumulated over the centuries had been carefully documented, compiled and made accessible to the other Legions, as the Primarch wanted to improve the Emperor's armies as a whole. These records gave Alpharius the advantage, because he knew how the Ultramarines operated. Indeed, Guilliman's initial deployment followed exactly the doctrines set down in his own writings, and the Alpha Legion moved to trap them. But Guilliman chose the first nightfall to do something unexpected.

> These men were no mindless, brainwashed Daemon worshipers like those we'd fought before, herded forward as gun fodder by their Traitor Space Marine masters. This group was trained, had been well equipped, and knew exactly what it was doing. The enemy appeared out of nowhere on both sides of the column and went straight for the heavy armor. Four of the main battle tanks had tracks blown off before enough infantry could dismount to stop them. Then the enemy fell back into the ruins of the city. It took us more than an hour to get the column rolling again. By the time we reached our rendezvous, the battle had already started.
>
> – After action report 9331/rts/4. Filed by Colonel Johann Adronia.

Breaking his own rules of operation, he led a large portion of his forces with no lines of support or supply deep into the mountains and deployed by Thunderhawk, drop pod, and teleporter in the midst of the Alpha Legion. Guilliman's target was the enemy command center and none other than Alpharius himself.

The following account appears to be the personal log of a member of the Ultramarines strike force, probably a Sergeant. It is included in Inquisitor Kravin's diatribe *Lessons of Strife*, though other Inquisitors and representatives of the Ultramarines themselves have questioned its validity. The original document was purportedly discovered in a system Earth-ward of Eskrador.

[0411.0] Our strike force numbered over 3,000 Space Marines, and despite the lack of heavy armor in support (due to our mode of arrival), we soon had the traitors' command center in disarray. There was no way the lightly armored buildings could stand up to our Devastators' firepower and a direct assault by the much honored and revered Ultramarine Dreadnoughts. Our enemies were outnumbered five to one and soon started to fall back up the mountain valley, probably to buy time for a relieving force to arrive (my Captain conjectured). However, knowing that the terrain would hamper the movement of reinforcements, we were zealous with the thought of revenge and pressed them hard. With perhaps 500 Space Marines remaining, the Alpha Legion force made a stand at the head of the valley. Their heavy weapons were deployed well, high on the mountainside, and felled many of our number as we fought upwards towards them, but their guns were too few and our resolve unswerving. As we closed upon the traitors, Alpharius himself led a counterattack and charged headlong back down the rocky slope with his bodyguard and slammed into our line. Not even Ultramarines could stand before a Primarch, and his powersword felled every noble Space Marine within reach. Our advance halted, and I was forced to recite the Canticle of Faith to steady my squad. But then an imposing figure appeared, and my heart was gladdened. Our great Lord and Primarch Roboute Guilliman himself strode forward, ignoring the melee around him, straight towards Alpharius. The two Primarchs stood before each other. They were equal in stature. Both were clad in shining power armor, and each wielded a glittering powersword. Where one was noble, the other was craven. Where



one was loyal, the other was a betrayer. All other combat ceased as we watched them. There was a long pause, neither Primarch moving an inch, then both struck in an instant. Each sword made a single stroke and then both were still again. For a second the two great men stood facing, before Alpharius slumped to the ground.

Like every other Ultramarine on the field, I let out a loud cry of victory. Guilliman's plan had worked – the very heart of the enemy had been torn out. The remaining bodyguard fought on, but we fell on our adversaries with renewed vigor. When the last one had been cut down, we turned our attention to the rest of the Alpha Legion command. Trapped by the sheer mountains at the head of the valley, they had no escape from our bolter fire. We left no one alive.

The body of the dead Primarch was burned on a great pyre, and Lord Guilliman allowed us a moment of prayer and reflection on our success before issuing orders to move out and commence the destruction of the leaderless enemy army. We are fully confident that the task will be straightforward – the loss of its Primarch is something from which no Legion can recover. [END ENTRY]

[0413.4] The optimism engendered by our initial victory appears to have been misplaced. Since my last entry, we have ascertained that the Alpha Legion's command function was spread into numerous groups, and the loss of one apparently had minimal impact on their operational abilities - even though it was Alpharius who fell. What is more, our deep strike and the target's subsequent retreat has drawn our force well out of position, far from support. It has become clear that far from hunting out demoralized pockets of traitors, we were facing a superbly organized foe who is closing in on us from all sides. [END ENTRY]

[0413.9] We have sighted our Thunderhawk gunships overhead engaged in fierce battles with those of the Alpha Legion. Both Legions have, of course, very similar numbers of Thunderhawks, so the aerial battle seems to be a stand-off and leaves no chance of an air evacuation. Meanwhile, the enemy has launched several hit-and-run attacks on our strike force and caused numerous casualties. Lord Guilliman has commenced a retreat out of the mountains to link up with the rest of our ground troops. [END ENTRY]

[0414.9] We are being harassed and ambushed every step of the way. Groups of Eskrador natives, apparently bribed or coerced into aiding the traitors, have triggered rock slides to block our path and delay us. Communications with the rest of our Legion have been sporadic – our Techmarines think our communicators are being jammed. However, some dialogue has been possible, and a relieving force comprising most of our remaining ground forces is pushing into the mountains towards us. However, that too has apparently been under attack, and supply vehicles have been sabotaged. [END ENTRY]

[0420.5] After 5 grim days of intermittent fighting, we sighted the distinctive blue armor of our Ultramarine brethren advancing down a valley towards us. However, having approached into range our "rescuers" opened fire. A contingent of the Alpha Legion scum had disguised its heraldry and armor in order to spring a trap. Are there no depths to which these heretics will not sink? The utter dishonor that our erstwhile brothers have shown left me stunned. More of the Alpha Legion appeared to our rear and initiated the biggest attack from our enemies so far. With mountains to either side, we had little option but to stand our ground and fight for our lives. Losses were heavy and might have been total, were it not for the timely arrival of the real rescuing force. The reinforcements were in little better shape than our own beleaguered strike force, but the extra numbers allowed us to force a way through and establish a more defendable front line. [END ENTRY]

The account goes on to describe how, in the next week, Guilliman attempted a number of counterattacks to regain the initiative, but the Alpha Legion seemed to have prior knowledge of their every move. Either the Alpha Legion was not where the augurs suggested, or it had carefully planned ambushes waiting for the loyalists. Finally, the Ultramarines evacuated the planet surface and used their ships to bombard the traitors from orbit. Guilliman is recorded as having said he had no interest in righteous battle against such a dishonorable foe and that the Ultramarines were needed back on Terra. However, it seems hard to dispute the fact that the Ultramarines were soundly beaten by the Alpha Legion, despite the loss of Alpharius. Certainly, the deep ravines of the mountain range would have provided plenty of cover from the bombardment.

Exile

The months and years that followed were a chaotic time of regrouping, rebuilding, and retribution for the Imperium. When Imperial forces returned to Eskrador, there was no sign of the Alpha Legion (although the entire native populace was purged to eradicate any taint of Chaos). However, it is thought that the majority of the Legion did not flee into the Eye of Terror with the other rebels and instead remained within the Imperium. Numerous secret bases were already in existence, and the Legion fragmented in order to hide itself in the midst of its enemies. Small forces kept up frequent attacks on military targets, especially those weakened by the carnage of the Heresy, and became a major problem for those trying to rebuild the shattered Imperium. The location and destruction of these groups became a priority, and the Inquisition and remaining loyalist Legions devoted considerable resources to this end. The last pockets of Alpha Legion forces were declared eradicated in a proclamation by the High Lords of Terra in M.32, but subsequent attacks proved this decree to be premature. Similar declarations were made in M.33 and as recently as M.39.

Home World

Alpharius never revealed the planet of his origin, and even the general area of

THE DAETHRYU PLAGUE

On the agri-world Daethryu Prime in 255.M41, there was a sudden plague of Crixian Locusts, a species not usually found anywhere in the sector. They thrived in the warm climate of the planet, multiplied exponentially, decimated food crops, and caused widespread famine. There was a surge of anger and unrest among the populace directed at the authorities who appeared to be powerless to deal with the infestation. In a single week, riots broke out in every large population center, and much of the local army mutinied. A regiment of Mordian Iron Guard was dispatched to quell the uprising, but they were ambushed and all but destroyed as they disembarked from their transports by a force of Chaos Space Marines hidden around the spaceport. The complete loss of food exports from Daethryu caused major supply problems in the subsector over the following years and resulted in further unrest on other worlds, which hindered Imperial forces during subsequent Chaos incursions into the Segmentum Pacificus. Opinion is strongly divided as to how much of this disorder could have been orchestrated and how much was mere coincidence. However, it seems certain that the Alpha Legion was involved at some level.

his discovery is now lost to legend. His Legion never took a single world as their base and instead operated from various secret locations throughout the Imperium. Many of these bases have been uncovered and destroyed over the millennia following the Heresy, although often these outposts were deserted by the time they were found.

Combat Doctrine

Alpharius's doctrine was to attack the enemy in as many different ways as possible, all at the same time. How this axiom manifested in practice varied depending on the scale and location of the conflict. Tactics confirmed as having been employed by the Alpha Legion include flank attacks, tunneling to undermine or bypass defenses, teleportation or air drops behind enemy lines, diversionary attacks, infiltration, disguising troops and vehicles in enemy colors, disabling enemy transportation (both vehicles and routes), sabotage of fuel and ammunition dumps, poisoning of water and food supplies, atmospheric and ecological tampering, triggering of volcanic, seismic and tectonic activity, bribery and coercion of enemy troops (including officers) and Imperial officials, enlisting enemy forces, impersonation of Imperial officers, distribution of propaganda to incite unrest and rebellion, organization of civilian riots and other anti-Imperial activity, sponsorship and supply of heretical cultist groups, and alliance with anti-Imperial military forces including other Traitor Legions and aliens. Generally, a number of these tactics will be employed in careful coordination, often resulting in labyrinthine secret plots.

It has been noted that due to its use of completely unorthodox tactics, the Alpha Legion is able to deploy smaller forces than might otherwise be necessary. Combat is regarded as only one part of their overall strategy.

Organization

Very little is known about the internal organization of the Alpha Legion. Alpharius placed a high value on secrecy, even before the Legion turned traitor, and captured Legionnaires have revealed little under interrogation. On occasions, there have been successful assassinations of members of the Legion thought to be high ranking officers, but their removal has had little visible effect on the Legion's operations.

The Legion's symbol, the hydra, is a multi-headed mythical beast that could keep fighting even if one of its heads was cut off. This legend reflects the Alpha Legion's command structure as well as its doctrine of multiple attacks.



> They know where you are. They know your every strength and weakness. They prepare for your actions before you even conceive of them. How can you ever hope to stop them?
>
> – Extract from interrogation transcript [Subject: citizen 09,443,781,122illtorV. Suspected member of subversive group. Posthumously convicted 3154137.M41]

It is known that the Legion recruits, supplies, and organizes hundreds of cultist cells on Imperial worlds. These groups are not all crazed devotees of the Chaos Gods and insane Daemon-worshipers (although there are plenty of those). They are also highly organized, trained, and motivated groups who work to subvert the authorities, produce and spread propaganda, and, when called upon, undertake military action – usually in the form of bombings, sabotage, and riots. Such actions will generally form part of a larger Alpha Legion plan, e.g., to lure Imperial forces to a particular place by organizing a civil disturbance or to prevent the arrival of reinforcements by blowing up a bridge.

The question then arises; how does the Alpha Legion coordinate all its activities and communicate with these disparate cells? Inquisitor Kravin is not the only one to have claimed that the Alpha Legion achieves its communication through the use of so-called "operatives." These figures are apparently human, but may have undergone limited Space Marine psychohypnotic indoctrination to make them utterly loyal to the Legion and possibly even the implantation of some of the Adeptus Astartes organs (cf. Inq. post mortem file 27884710b). According to the claim, these operatives are the link between the cultist cells, travel about with impunity where a Space Marine would quickly draw attention, set up new groups, guide their agendas, and bring them instructions. During protracted campaigns, operatives may pose as enemy soldiers and gather intelligence or sabotage the enemy army. The existence of these operatives has not been proved, but few other explanations have been put forward.

While it is not officially acknowledged by the Adeptus of Terra, the Alpha Legion clearly remains a canker within the very heart of the Imperium.

Beliefs

Alpharius believed in planning and coordination. He always sought alternatives and multiple solutions to any given problem with different elements working together for the end result. These doctrines have been thoroughly embraced by the Legion as a whole and have proved effective, especially in the disparate and secretive way it now operates.

All Space Marine Legions set arduous tasks and trials for potential recruits, but prior to the Heresy, the Alpha Legion set these initiation tests for squads, not individuals. Squads had to succeed as a group or not at all – foolhardy heroics were frowned upon. The overall plan was paramount and more valuable than any one Space Marine. It is not known whether this practice is still carried out.

Gene-Seed

While the Alpha Legion does not reside in the Eye of Terror and therefore is not plagued by the warping effects of that maelstrom of insanity, there is still evidence of mutation in the gene-seed. If such a problem existed prior to the Heresy, it was kept concealed. Given the Legion's predilection for secrecy, that would not be surprising. During the Lethe Ambush (cf. Gothic War Inq. file 237xii), mutated Alpha Legion Space Marines hid their warped body parts, not out of shame, but so they could reveal them as they attacked – adding horror and revulsion to the shock of their sudden assault.

THE IKRILLA CONCLAVE

It has never been established if members of the Alpha Legion exhibit the same unnatural longevity as other Chaos Space Marines, who can apparently live for many thousands of years. This phenomenon is generally attributed to the Traitor Legions' existence in the Eye of Terror, where the laws of time and space do not apply. Thus, it would follow that the Alpha Legion should not be affected. However, if Alpha Legion Space Marines have more normal life spans, then one must ask how losses are replaced. In his address to the Ikrilla Conclave, an impassioned Inquisitor Kravin warned, "The only possible answer is that new Chaos Space Marines are being recruited and genetically modified somewhere within the Imperium. Yet Terra refuses to acknowledge there is even a serious threat! They are all around us – just look over your shoulder! Perhaps when you are attacked in your own cities, and murdered in your own homes, then you will see I am right."

Shortly after the conclave, Inquisitor Girreaux publicly accused Kravin of consorting with traitors and conspiring to organize cultist uprisings on the worlds of Kartha IV, Kartha V, and Archos II in the Korren subsector (cf. Inq. file 7083662f/M41). Girreaux challenged Kravin to appear for trial and face the evidence against him. However, Kravin's current whereabouts are unknown. Of course, this development has called into question the reliability of all Inquisitor Kravin's research, and as he was the leading scholar on the Alpha Legion's history and current activities, much of what was known about the traitors must now be considered a lie. If, as Girreaux claims, Kravin has been compromised by those very traitors he sought to investigate, then everything he has said must be considered misinformation and propaganda invented by the Alpha Legion.

Battle-Cry

Imperialistic cries of "For the Emperor!" and other similar cries are deliberately calculated to mock and infuriate foes who recognize them as traitors. Any of their victims who don't know the difference between an Imperial Space Marine and a Chaos Space Marine will simply think they have been betrayed.

USING AN ALPHA LEGION ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

An Alpha Legion force can be chosen from *Codex: Chaos Space Marines* with the following modifications.

Many Alpha Legion operations are planned to encourage and support cultist activity. The Alpha Legion may therefore make use of the Cultist army list entry below as a Troops selection on the force organization chart.

Chaos Cultists

Alpha-Legion-supported cults are trained to assault and secure key objectives to ensure that subsequent attacks by the Legion achieve complete surprise. Cultists are skilled combatants who combine stealth with close combat. Heavy weapons would slow them down so they are equipped with assault weaponry.

Daemons: The Alpha Legion cannot normally rely on Daemons remaining stable long enough for them to be useful, because they are so far from the Eye of Terror. However, when operating on a world where the Legion has secured the belief of Chaos cults, it will gladly add Daemons to the diversity of its attacks. As such, the Alpha Legion may include Daemon Packs, but only Cultist units may carry the Icons to summon them. Cultists may use Daemon Princes and Possessed Chaos Space Marines.

Infiltrators: Alpha Legionnaires can only bear the Mark of Chaos Undivided, and their veterans are renowned for their infiltration skills. Any Alpha Legion Chaos Space Marine in power armor (or Daemon armor) on foot may have the *Infiltrate* Veteran ability at a cost of +5 points for independent characters or +1 point per other model. The *Infiltrate* Veteran ability does not count toward their maximum number of Veteran abilities.

	Pts/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Chaos Cultist	6	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	6+
Cult Champion	+5	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	8	6+

Number/squad: A Chaos Cult consists of between 10 and 20 Chaos Cultists.

Weapons: Each model has a close combat weapon and either a laspistol or an autopistol.

Options: The entire squad may be armed with frag grenades for +1 point per model, and/or krak grenades for +1 point per model, and/or meltabombs for +2 points per model.

A Chaos Cult may bear the Mark of Chaos Undivided for +1 point per model. If the Cult bears the Mark, then one member can carry a Chaos Icon at no additional cost.

Character: The Cult may be led by a Cult Champion for +5 points. The Cult Champion has access to the Chaos Armory. He may have up to 10 points of items from the Weapons list.

SPECIAL RULES

A unit of Chaos Cultists serving the Alpha Legion must have one of the following Veteran abilities:

- Scouts – *Infiltrate* and *Move Through Cover.*
- Assassins – *Infiltrate* and *Furious Charge.*
- Saboteurs – *Infiltrate* and *Siege Specialists.*

There is no further points cost for these skills. See the Veteran Abilities special rules on p. 19 of *Codex: Chaos Space Marines* for more details on how the abilities work.

Index Astartes

A regular series focusing on the Imperium's finest warriors, the Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes.

KNOW THINE ENEMY

The Relictors Space Marine Chapter

by Graham McNeill & Andy Hoare

Founded to guard against the threat of the Traitor Legions attacking from the Eye of Terror, the Relictors were once counted among the most stalwart defenders of Humanity. Chaos is insidious, however, and a sinister secret now lurks at the heart of the Chapter, a secret that almost destroyed it and now threatens its very existence.

Origins

Originally designated the Fire Claws, the Relictors were founded during the dark days of the Age of Apostasy, or so it is believed; records of events during that strife-torn period are notoriously ambiguous and difficult to uncover. One transcription of the Mythos Angelica Mortis suggests that the Fire Claws may have been one of the so-called Astartes Praesus Chapters, a founding intended to bolster the defenses around the Eye of Terror by deploying 20 or so newly formed Chapters at strategically vital points in the region. The Fire Claws' fortress-monastery was based on an ancient Ramilies Class Star Fort in geostationary orbit around the world of Torva Minoris, and the Chapter served as part of the Imperium's defenses against the forces of Chaos for nigh on 5 millennia.

The Fire Claws are listed in the annals of Imperial history on many occasions and have taken part in many glorious victories. Not least among those conflicts were the Purging of the Cult of the Inner Eye, the First Siege of Cocalus, and the Albrecht IV Landings. The Fire Claws were also part of the relief force that made possible the evacuation of the millions-strong crusade army of Warmaster Hendrik during his ill-fated expedition into the Wheel of Fire, far from the Eye of Terror.

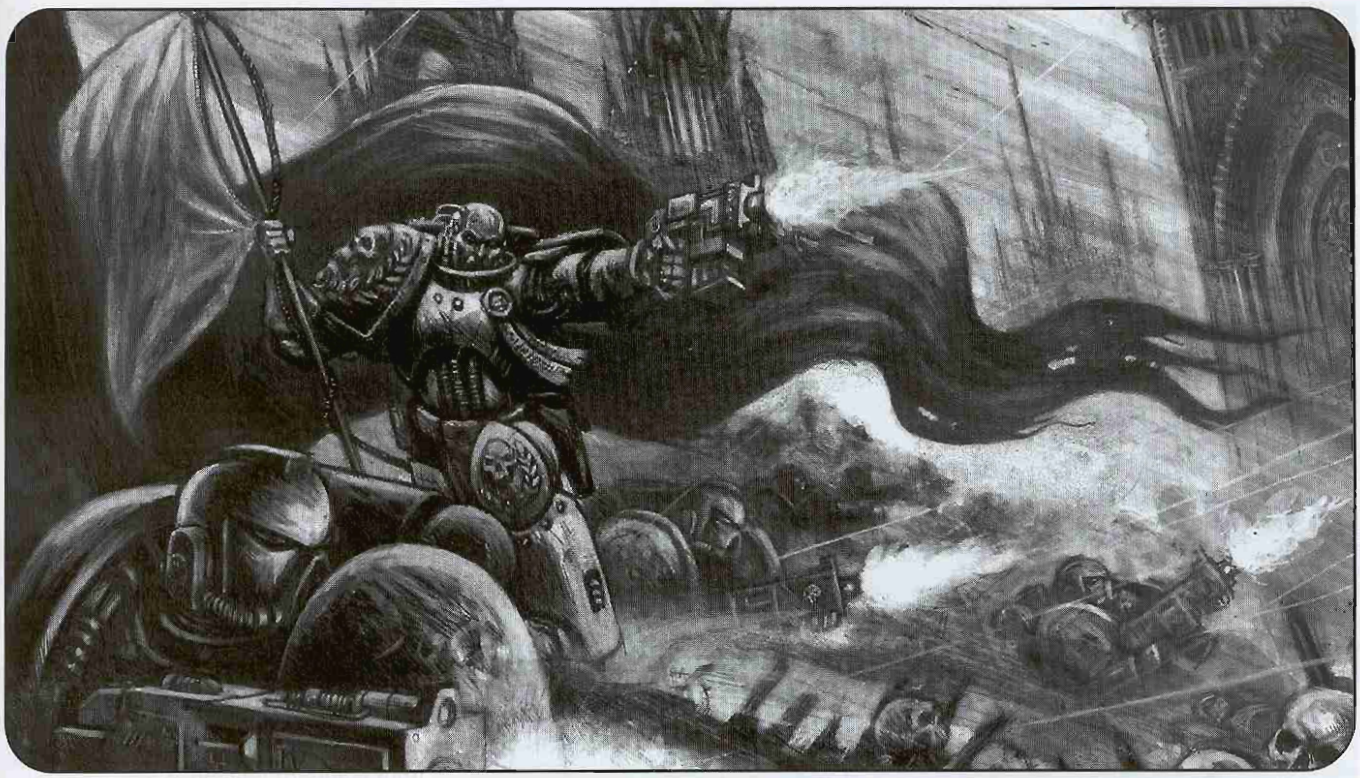
In the middle of the 9th century of the 41st millennium, the Emperor's Tarot revealed the existence of a badly damaged space hulk emerging from the Warp near the forge world of Stygies in the Segmentum Obscurus. The Fire Claws mobilized to intercept it. The hulk, codified as the *Captor of Sin*, contained a renegade Warband led by a Tzeentchian Chaos Champion known as the Excoriator. The Fire Claws' Strike Cruisers crippled the vessel as it entered the Stygies system, and Terminator Assault Squads led by Librarian Decario and the shadowy figure of Inquisitor De Marche stormed the vessel. Realizing they were doomed, the renegades made their stand in the cavern-sized engine room where furious battle was joined and Decario and de Marche fought the Excoriator.

The Champion was a mighty warrior and carried a weapon forged in the heart of the Eye of Terror, a terrible Daemon Sword with the essence of a Greater Daemon bound in its unearthly steel. The Inquisitor hacked at the Champion with his power axe, but the unnatural armor of the Excoriator was impervious to his blows. The Chaos Champion retaliated, his Daemon Weapon easily cutting through De Marche's armor and grievously wounding him. With another strike, the Excoriator shattered Decario's force sword and laid open his Terminator armor. Decario staggered but struck back with his power fist, ripping the Champion's sword arm from its socket in a welter of blood. Even mortally wounded and unarmed, the Champion fought with hideous ferocity, smashed the Librarian to the ground, and slaughtered four Terminators. Decario muttered a prayer to the Emperor, reached for the nearest weapon, and struck the Champion. The Excoriator's head left his shoulders. Decario realized that he had picked up the Daemon sword and killed the Champion with his own weapon.

Decario was filled with a sense of utter purpose as he wielded the Chaos sword and instinctively felt that it was a weapon that could be turned against his enemy. The wounded De Marche cautioned the Librarian to put the weapon down and that only he was trained to handle such artifacts. The Librarian handed the Inquisitor the weapon, and the Space Marines returned to their ship. They left behind an Adeptus Mechanicus team to search the hulk for any archeotech.

De Marche explained that he also believed that such weapons could be used to fight Chaos and should not be destroyed out of hand as was current Imperial policy. With the aid of Decario, De Marche was able to convince the Fire Claws' Chapter Master not to destroy the weapon, and under De Marche's guidance, the Fire Claws embarked on a crusade to explore the worlds around the Eye of Terror and uncover more such relics. Over the decades that followed, many such artifacts were discovered, and the Fire Claws Chapter became known as the Relictors.

However, it was only a matter of time before others discovered the Relictors' practice of using Chaos weapons in battle. A cell of Inquisitors backed up by the fleets of no less than four Chapters of Space Marines and an Emperor Class Battleship descended upon the Relictors' fortress-monastery and demanded they hand over De Marche and all recovered



Chaos artifacts or be destroyed. Faced with destruction, the Chapter had no choice but to obey. As penance for dealing with heretical weaponry, the Chapter was dispatched on a century-long penitent crusade. De Marche was taken by the Inquisitors and executed as a heretic.

As part of their crusade, the Relictors took part in the Third War for Armageddon. There, the Chapter was publicly criticized, as the majority of its warriors concentrated their efforts in the equatorial jungle, particularly in the region surrounding Angron's Monolith, despite repeated requests for assistance elsewhere.

Home World

Torva Minoris, the Relictors' home world, is situated in an area of the Segmentum Obscurus notorious for the intensity of the Warp storms afflicting it, and it is believed the world was trapped within such a storm throughout the early years of the Chapter's founding. A plague of Warp storms affected the Imperium during the Age of Apostasy, during which invasion and insurrection were rife. The area surrounding the Torva system was so ravaged by the taint of the storms that frequent pogroms are, to this day, carried out to ensure instances of mutation within the population do not rise above tolerable levels.

Torva Minoris is a satellite of the massive, blood red gas giant Torva Prime and is classified by the Administratum as a Feral world. The population consists of superstitious savages who worship the Relictors as emissaries of the God-Emperor when the Chapter visits them, once a generation, to carry off the most promising young warriors to its "sky fortress." The tribes are known to revere the artifacts carried by the Space Marines as divine weaponry that can be wielded only by true and worthy servants of the Emperor, an attitude that has become a part of Chapter dogma.

The "sky fortress" is the Relictors' fortress-monastery, a massive Ramilies Class Star Fort that orbits Torva Minoris. Few emissaries are known to have returned from the fortress, but those few who survive speak of a monastery wreathed in perpetual gloom, where acolytes toil within locked cells to transcribe ancient, some say forbidden, texts as part of their training to become Brothers of the Chapter. One such report, recounted by the notorious Heretic Archivist of the Gethsemane Reclusium, tells of the existence of a chamber deep within the fortress, sealed behind stasis fields and protected by the most potent of wards. Exactly what is held within this chamber is unknown, but the account speaks of a miasma of evil that leaks through the meter-thick adamantium blast doors despite the safeguards. The Heretic Archivist's writings suggest that the original witness was driven insane by what he saw and died a slow, painful death within the torture chambers of the Ordo Malleus.

After the Inquisition censured the Relictors for the actions of Inquisitor de Marche, the Chapter lost its feudal rights to Torva Minoris, which meant that the Relictors could no longer recruit from its feral tribes. The Relictors were thus forced to gather potential acolytes from among the populations they encountered during their penitent crusade. The Inquisition has ruled that no Adeptus Astartes Chapter may recruit from Torva Minoris, and it is believed the Ordo Malleus keeps a close watch on the world to ensure that this ruling is followed. The superstitious natives of Torva Minoris now believe the God-Emperor has forsaken them, and every year, their ceremonies of abasement grow more extreme in their attempts to atone for whatever fault has caused the emissaries of the Emperor to turn from them.



Combat Doctrine

The Relictors follow the Codex Astartes as far as overall organization is concerned, but it has been noted that they have strayed from approved doctrine in a number of other areas.

The major difference between the Chapter's combat doctrine and that of any other is in its use of captured enemy weapons. Many Chapters indulge in trophy taking, but the Relictors have in the past gone out of their way to capture, master, and utilize weapons taken from the forces of Chaos. Despite the evident consequences of Inquisitorial sanction, they are thought by some to be continuing this practice.

Another notable feature of the Chapter's doctrine is the inclusion of more Librarians than is usual, a feature some observers have attributed to the Relictors' proximity to the Eye of Terror. To date, the Inquisition has not acted on this information, though with the Chapter's recent conduct on Armageddon, it will doubtless be led to investigate further.

In terms of battlefield tactics, many Imperial Commanders who have fought beside the Chapter have voiced concerns about its behavior. It has been noted on many occasions that the Relictors will embark upon a specific course of action only if it meets some criterion of which only they are aware. It is obvious that they follow an agenda that only they are party to and will often fight alongside other Imperial forces only if that agenda may be furthered. This almost monomaniac pursuit of their own objectives was evident in the Chapter's actions at Armageddon, where it answered the general call to defend the world from the Ork invasion but ignored all specific instructions and requests, despite the fact that those orders originated from Commander Dante of the Blood Angels himself.

Organization

The Relictors conform, at first appearance, to the organization of a standard Codex Chapter, with 10 companies divided into a standard mix of Battle, Assault, Tactical, Devastator, and Scout Companies. However, in the higher echelons of the Chapter, many differences become apparent. The Chapter's command ranks are gathered together in a group known as the Conclave, and every decision concerning the Chapter's deployment and operational doctrine is made here. Only those proven in combat and of guaranteed purity are permitted to rise to become members of the Conclave and privy to the true nature of the Chapter. As a warrior rises through the ranks, he is gradually initiated deeper into the Chapter's mysteries. When he is judged worthy to join the Conclave, the truth about the powerful weapons wielded by its senior officers is finally revealed. It is these warriors who, after many days praying and expunging all impurities from their souls, are permitted to carry the Chapter's Daemon weapons into battle. The Chapter's Librarians, which are much more numerous than those in a normal Chapter, screen potential initiates and reject all but the strongest candidates.

In battle, the Chapter fights with a balanced mixture of forces, appropriate to the given threat, and deviates little from standard battlefield operation. Only when members of the Conclave take to the field of battle do the Relictors become something much more sinister. Senior members of the Chapter employ the weapons of the enemy against them, and individual squads carry unholy artifacts and use the power of Chaos against its foul minions.

Beliefs

Central to the Relictors' ideology is the tenet that Chaos is not inherently evil but is merely a power that may be turned against those who wield it for evil. This belief manifests in the Chapter's use of captured Daemon Weapons but also extends to their increased reliance on Librarians. As a relatively new Chapter, the Relictors display a confidence of youth that borders on arrogance, as they believe that they have the strength of will and faith to resist the corruption of Chaos. They disdain those who lack the courage to use such artifacts and claim that Chaos is a weapon like any other. The evil that threatens the galaxy warrants the use of such weapons.

The Librarians and Chaplains of the Relictors teach that a warrior who is armored in faith can withstand the temptations of Chaos, and it is their belief that they possess sufficient faith to do so. They believe it is their sworn duty to hunt down such artifacts and study them so that they might better understand the enemy. This attitude has often caused disagreement between the Relictors and other, more conventional Imperial organizations, but thus far open conflict has been avoided.

ARTEKUS BARDANE - CHAPTER MASTER OF THE RELICTORS

A fierce warrior from the wilds of Torva Minoris, Artekus Bardane was the son of a battle chieftain and learned the art of war as soon as he could hold a sword. On Torva Minoris, a child learned to fight quickly or died, and this resulted in a warrior people, living a precarious existence plundering neighboring clans for sustenance. Bardane's confidence and courage allowed him to best his rivals easily, and he was chosen by the Librarians of the Relictors to become a Space Marine. Bardane quickly adapted to the ways of the Imperium and its weapons of war.

His supreme confidence – some would say overbearing arrogance – saw him rise rapidly through the ranks of the Chapter, and he accepted each new mystery revealed to him by the Conclave with ease. His skill in mastering the weapons and artifacts of Chaos led to his command of a company that penetrated deep into the Eye of Terror on a mission to hunt down and capture Chaos weaponry. On the world of Eidolon, Artekus defeated a mighty Champion of Slaanesh; took up his accursed weapon, a screaming flail of daemonic faces; and destroyed the fiend's Warband with the howling Daemon Weapon.

The Screaming Flail was placed in stasis at the heart of the Relictors' fortress-monastery, where it is kept until needed. Before wielding the Daemon Weapon, its bearer must spend many days in penitent fasting and prayer, purifying his soul and steeling his faith to resist the whispered imprecations of the imprisoned Daemon within. Artekus Bardane continued to serve with great distinction, earned higher ranks, learned more of the Chapter's secrets, and unearthed more and more Chaos artifacts. After the destruction of the Cult of the Scarlet Vein, a bloody battle, which only Artekus survived, Bardane was finally elevated to the rank of Chapter Master at the recommendation of his predecessor, who was mortally wounded in the final battle against the Cult.

When the call for aid came from Armageddon, the Relictors mobilized their entire Chapter and set off for the system-spanning conflict. Artekus ordered his Captains to gather their warriors, and the entire Chapter journeyed to the war-torn world. Artekus led his men deep into the heart of the equatorial jungle, where he believed the greatest potential lay for the study of Chaos, given that the cursed monolith of Angron squatted in its haunted depths. All through the war for Armageddon, the Relictors remained within the depths of the jungle, famously refusing even the personal commands of Commander Dante of the Blood Angels. When the war on Armageddon drew to a close, the Librarians of the Relictors claimed to have had visions of a giant eye, dripping with blood, and Artekus immediately withdrew his Chapter from the war zone.

Following the Conclave's vision, Artekus began the journey towards the Eye of Terror.

Gene-Seed

The source of the Relictors' gene-seed is largely based on gene stock taken from the laboratorium on Mars and is thought to be composed of that grown from the Ultramarines and Dark Angels. If this is the case, then it would appear that the reluctance of the High Lords of Terra to sanction the usage of Dark Angels' gene-seed in the creation of new Chapters has relaxed somewhat. There are no recorded instances of unacceptable levels of mutation in the Relictors' gene-seed, though given their work with the powers of the Warp, the Apothecaries and Librarians maintain close watch on the purity of their Battle Brothers for any signs of aberration. It is rumored that zygotes that display mutation are allowed to mature before implantation into a host organism in order that the Apothecaries might better study the workings of Chaos on the flesh and how best to defeat it. The source and veracity of these rumors are unclear. In all likelihood, they are the product of a fevered imagination.

Battle-Cry

"Strength of will, courage of will!"

THE THIRD WAR FOR ARMAGEDDON

When the Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka led the largest Ork invasion in many centuries against the Hive world of Armageddon, the Relictors were among the first of the more than 20 Space Marine Chapters to rush to its aid. Commander Dante of the Blood Angels took overall command of the Chapters present, and each was used to the best of its abilities towards the goal of pushing back the millions-strong Ork horde.

Alone of all the Chapters, the Relictors did not acknowledge the authority of Commander Dante or of any other Imperial leader. Dante was far more forgiving in this regard than General Kurov and others, who publicly decried the Relictors as oath-breakers, after the majority of the Chapter spent most their time on Armageddon engaged in operations of their own in the vicinity of Angron's Monolith. The equatorial jungle in this area is dark and twisted. The only living creatures frequenting it are the Feral Ork tribes who were said to perform dark ceremonies beneath the gloomy jungle canopy.

As the first phase of the campaign drew to a close and the Season of Fire approached, a cease fire of sorts was achieved, with both sides digging in to weather the coming storms. Many Space Marine Chapters withdrew, as their lightning attack style of warfare was of less relevance in this new stage of the war. First to withdraw were the Relictors, who, with no explanation whatsoever, emerged from the jungle, boarded their Thunderhawk gunships and simply left. Imperial Navy picket ships in orbit challenged them, and a violent confrontation between supposed allies was only narrowly avoided when Commander Dante ordered the pickets to stand down and allow the Relictors' ships to rendezvous with their fleet.

The next time the Relictors were seen was 1 month later, when they arrived at the orbital shipyards of Belis Corona and demanded a complete resupply of their entire fleet. After some tense altercations with officious Departmento Munitorum officials, the Chapter's demands were acceded to, and their ships were resupplied. With no further explanation, the Chapter left in the direction of the Cadian Gate.

Nothing has been heard of them since.

USING A RELICTORS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

A Relictors force is selected from *Codex: Space Marines*, with the following additions and amendments. You will also need *Codex: Chaos Space Marines* to use the wargear options.

SPECIAL RULES

Outcasts: A Relictors force may not take allies (such as DeathWatch, Assassins, etc), with the exception of Radical Daemonhunters from *Codex: Daemonhunters*.

DAEMON WEAPONS

One character in the army may be designated the bearer of a single Daemon Weapon at a cost of 25 points, which counts against his wargear limit. Note that the rule requiring a character to bear a specific Mark of Chaos is waived in this case. Daemon Weapons come in many forms. Their effects may vary a great deal, but the weapons described in *Codex: Chaos Space Marines* are a good cross-section and can be used to represent the type of weapon the Relictors might use. Roll a D6 before the game begins to determine what type of weapon he carries. Rules for these items can be found in *Codex: Chaos Space Marines*.

D6 ROLL	WEAPON
1	Dark Blade
2	Dread Axe
3	Axe of Khorne*
4	Pandemic Staff
5	Needle of Desire
6	Warp Blade

CHAOS RELICS

Just as the senior members of the Relictors bear Daemon Weapons to war, so too does the Chapter make use of captured banners, icons, and standards. Its members believe that the unholy powers bound within these relics can be turned upon their erstwhile masters. A single Standard Bearer (i.e., a member of a Command Squad) may be equipped with a Chaos standard, at the cost of +50 points. Roll on the following table before the game to determine which relic is available.

D6 ROLL	RELIC
1	Icon of Chaos Undivided**
2	Icon of Chaos Undivided**
3	Banner of Rage
4	Plague Banner
5	Rapturous Standard
6	Blasted Standard

**The Axe of Khorne counts as a Daemon Weapon in the hands of a Relictor.*
***The Icon of Chaos Undivided confers no Daemon Summoning ability, but any unit or model within 6" becomes Fearless.)*

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BACK TO CODICIUM IMPERIALIS SECTION



EXTREMIS DIABOLUS

The Relictors Chapter of the Adeptus Astartes were once amongst the staunchest of Humanity's defenders. Now, however, the insidious, corrupting tendrils of Chaos have tainted the very heart of this once-proud chapter. Graham McNeill recounts recent events and the threat to the Relictors' existence...

The dream memory always begin in the same way. Katanen would see the face of the man he had just killed, begging him through bloodied lips not to open the vault as his lifeblood flooded from a fist-sized crater in his chest. Katanen and his battle-brothers of the Relictors Chapter had ignored the dying guardian of the vault and pressed on towards their goal - the Diamedes Archive. Great monolithic doors, weathered and dusty with age, swung wide on squealing cogs that had not turned in millenia and Katanen felt a great vindication as Captain Pediese entered the vault.

But then his dream no longer mimicked his memories as a bright light shone from the depths of the vault, searing and unbearable in its intensity. It burned through him. darkening to become a sickly yellow glow that reeked of corruption and evil. A laughing from the vault, its features cruel and hungry. It turned its gaze upon him, burning eyes stripping the armour and flesh from his body even before he had breath to scream.

Katanen awoke, instantly alert, his senses razor sharp. For the briefest instant, he believed he could still smell the stench of scorched flesh, but dismissed the notion as ludicrous. A Space Marine did not dream. He did not know what these things he was experiencing were, but they could not be dreams. The hour was early, he still had some time before morning devotions and prayer, so he rose and donned his exercise garments, padding silently from the dormitory and into the attached gymnasia. Katanen eased into his morning ritual of devotional callisthenics, stretching and working his muscles in time to catechisms of ritual obeisance. Though he knew it was impossible for a Space Marine to dream, the images of the mission to Fremas kept intruding on his rest period.

The Diamedes Archive had been constructed, as near as the Techmarines could deduce, almost four thousand years ago, though how it had come to exist buried in the heart of a mountain top, with no obvious way in or out, was a mystery they had no answer to. An earthquake some five centuries ago had cracked open one of the deep tunnels that led within and soon after its contents had been sealed by order of the Ordo Malleus. No one, save the highest adepts on Terra, truly knew the contents of the Archive. No one, that is, until the Relictors had captured a newly-created daemon blade from a warband of Word Bearers on Subiaco Diablo. The Librarians of the Chapter had coerced the bound entity to translate ancient texts known to have been penned by its servants thousands of years ago. The text had spoken of the Diamedes Archive and the ecret held in its hidden vault; a secret that had been sealed away for all time.

Time had made its guardians complacent and it was a simple matter for the six Space Marines to overwhelm the company of Guardsmen stationed within the fastness and open the vault. Inside was a treasure of the Ruinous Powers, a treasure that groaned with the weight of ages and dark knowledge. Reverently placed within a stasis

chest before being transported in great secrecy to the Chapter's fortress-monastery, it now sat in the warp-sealed Reliquarius, studied by the most powerful and pure Librarians of the Chapter. The secrets of the Immaterium it could unlock would make the deaths it had taken to retrieve it worthwhile and, though there would be those who would persecute them for their chosen path, the Relictors were careful to leave none alive who could speak of what they did.

* * *

Inquisitor Cyarro watched the burning wreck impassively from the bridge of the battle barge, Hammer of the Unrighteous, his breath wheezing from the gurgling machinery attached to his back. Thick pipes coiled from the machine, sutured to his flesh and piercing his ribcage with puffs of steam venting from the artificial pumps that now breathed for him. His own lungs had been destroyed by the strike of a daemon weapon on Subiaco Diablo and only the swift attention of an Ordo Malleus Medicae team had saved his life. That and his own determination to hunt down those who had killed his men and left hirn to die in the blasted ruins of the defiled cathedral. The Relictors Chapter of the Adeptus Astartes.

The ship burning in space before him was one of their vessels; a rapid strike cruiser ambushed and destroyed while refuelling at an outer-rim waystation. The Hammer's Astropath had detected no outgoing messages from the stricken vessel, and Cyarro was confident the element of surprise had been maintained. Another three days travel would see his fleet detachment reach the core systems where his spies had informed him the Relictors' fortress-monastery was anchored, badlv damaged after the fighting in and around the Eye of Terror during Abaddon's devastating invasion. The Relictors` fleet was depleted, their cursed base weakened; there would never be a better time to enact retribution on these traitors. Following the Relictors' treachery on Subiaco Diablo. Cyarro had woken upon the medicae slab in Nemesis Tessera, the finest Chirurgeons of Inquisitor Lord Coteaz having rebuilt his shattered body with prosthetics, bionics and vat-grown plasflesh. Upon his recovery, Cyarro had convened a gathering of the most senior Inquisitors who had survived the relentless assaults of the Ruinous Powers on the Inquisition fortress, and petitioned the Secret Masters of his Ordo to have the Reliciors declared Extremis Diabolus and their lives forfeit. The decision was swift and unanimous. The Relictors had turned from the Emperor's Light and were to be hunted down and destroyed; their gene-seed wiped from the galaxy and all record of their deeds expunged from Imperial history.

The thought made Cyarro smile.

* * *

Katanen felt a shiver of premonition as he lifted his bolter from the racking and slid a magazine of shells home. He whispered the Prayer of Armaments and completed the seven Rites of Ordnance before kneeling and offering his strength-at-arms to the Emperor's shrine that sat at the end of the armoury. He and his fellow battle-brothers were hardened veterans, who had fought with courage and determination during the titanic conflict that had raged around the Eye of Terror, but they had lost a greal many of their number and their beloved monastery had been badly damaged during the recapture of Finreht. It had taken all the skill of the Chapter's Master of the Fleet to secretly move them to anchor in the Taeloth systems, where they could recover their strength and make use of the knowledge they had gleaned from the dark treasure within the Diamedes Archive.

* * *

"Will they be aware of us?" asked Cyarro, his voice rasping and cold.

"No." said the Hammer's Master of Surveyors, confidently. "I have brought us in on the far side of the planet to which the Ramilies is anchored. They will not know we are here."

"What of their Astropaths?"

"We dropped out of Warp space much further out than normal. If they have felt our arrival at all, it is likely that they will believe it to be navy ship passing through to Chinchare or Jubal."

Cyarro nodded, sure that the silver armoured Master of Surveyors was correct, but needing to hear the words spoken aloud. He had suffered too much and the Relictors had committed too many atrocities for him to fail now. His fresh skin, pink and raw from surgery was now stippled with dark inks, tattooed with the names of those men who had been murdered by the Relictors while under his command on Subiaco Diablo: Chouan, Kaotsu and many more. His heart burned with hatred for these traitors who had betrayed their oaths of loyalty to the Emperor. Cyarro himself bad once crossed the line into what many amongst his Ordo termed Radicalism, but he had suffered for that mistake wilh the blood of innocents and had paid his penance. He had returned to the path of righteousness and though the temptation of his former path still gnawed at him daily, he would persecute those who had fallen with the fiery passion of a zealot.

"All ships report that they are in position and ready to commence the attack." said the Master of Surveyors.

Cyarro turned to the captain's pulpit, where an armoured giant in blue-steel armour nodded solemnly.

"Commence the attack." Cyarro said simply.

* * *

The first lance strikes from the two Retributor battleships smashed through the outer hull of the Relictor`s fortress monastery, blowing whole decks into space and venting crystallizing oxygen like glittering blood. A flurry of torpedoes, launched from half a dozen smaller vessels roared from their launch bays and ponderously gained speed is they slashed towards their target. Ruby red explosions rippled across the surface of the fortress-monastery and it shuddered like a wounded beast. Though weakened and damaged, a Ramilies starfort is a terrifying enemy to fight and once its defenders overcame their surprise, a deadly tracery of fire erupted from its guns. One of the attacking vessels was crippled almost immediately, its shields overloaded and its engines blasted from the hull. The attacking fleet scattered, the larger ships concentrating their fire upon the damaged sections and manoeuvring to take advantage of the dead zones in the starfort's coverage. Space between the attacking ships and the starfort was criss-crossed by torpedo trails and streaks of bittery fire, a lethal web of explosions that lit up the stars around Taeloth with dazzling explosions. The Hammer of Righteousness surged forwards to a sagging, firelit wound in the side of the starfort, her prow launch bays rumbling open and disgorging a host of Thunderhawk gun ships that flocked towards the fortress-monastery like hunting birds of prey.

* * *

Katanen stumbled as the fortress monastery shook under another barrage of explosions. Klaxons blared and warning bells chimed, sounding for all the world like his sacred home was screaming in pain. An explosion ripped

through the basalt corridor before him, knocking him to the ground and filling the air with fire and smoke. Crackling vox contacts in his helmel told him that their fortress-monastery was dying, breaches were being blasted all across its structure and boarding parties were penetrating deep into its sacred depths. Shadowy figures moved through the haze, firelight gleaming from long bladed polearms. He picked himself up, shouting. "Up, brothers, up! The enemy is upon us!" before firing a hail of shells into the fiery maelstrom before him.

Sparks flew from the impacts of his shots, but none of the figures fell. Internal recyc-umts fought to clear the air and Katanen could see the attackers clearly for the first time. Armoured in burnished suits of Terminator armour that gleamed with a blue-steel sheen, the warriors were figures of awe and terror. Covered in embossed scriptwork and with a multitude of purily seals fixed to their armour, the warriors were the very image of the Emperor's fiery retribution. Katanen was transfixed as he recognised the attackers for what they were; Grey Knights; scourge of daemon kind and the corrupt. The lead Terminator, a magnificent warrior with a crimson, fur-edged cloak swirling about him raised his bulky gauntlet and spat. "Trafficker with daemons, prepare to die."

Katanen dived to the side as a storm of gunfire and flame filled the corridor, hearing the cries of wounded men behind him. He rolled to his feet and deflected a blow from a crackling blade that would surely have decapitated him, but succeeded only in tearing his helmet free of his gorget. The blade bit into the wall, flaring sparks leaping from its energy-wreathed edge. Katanen dragged free his own sword and hacked through the polearm's shaft as a gauntlet hammered into his chest and sent him sprawling. He reached for his weapon, hearing the sounds of desperate battle behind him, the dish of steel and the roaring of boilers filling his senses, but an armoured boot slammed down on his arm and pinned it in place. He tried to pull himself free, but a hissing blade touched his neck and he froze, feeling the hot from the power sword scorch his skin.

He looked up into the face of the man who held the blade, a hairless, scarred individual wreathed in voluminous red robes stitched with gold Inquisitorial rosettes. He bore hissing machinery upon his back and was surrounded by faceless, hooded adepts and servitors. A trio of Grey Knights kept their storm bolters trained on him and a flitting skull with a burning red eye buzzed around the Inquisitor. The man`s skin was covered with swirling text that Katanen realised were names, scores upon scores of names. It was the face of a fanatic. Worse, it was a fanatic he recognised.

"I know you." he said "You were on Subiaco Diablo."

The tattooed man's eyes narrowed, "I was, yes." he said slowly "You murdered my men.

"We had no choice," said Katanen. "They had seen the daemon blade."

"You are a murderer and a trafficker in blasphemous magicks. I will see you and your kind wiped out for your crimes against the Imperium!"

"Crimes?" snapped Katanen, the skin of his chin blistering and raw from the heat of the Inquisitor's sword. "You dare accuse me of crimes? We seek to preserve the Imperium by whatever means necessary. If that means shedding blood then I am not afraid to see it spilled."

"You consort with daemons and slay the true warriors of the Emperor." snapped Cyarro, forcing the blade lower. "You are a traitor with no right to live and I will not bandy words with a trator any more."

Katanen closed his eyes and said, "Do what you will, you merely doom yourself to an earlier extinction without the

knowledge we have gained."

The inquisitor's sword sliced downwards.

* * *

Cyarro witched as the fleet he had assembled at Belis Corona hammered the dying remains of the Relictors fortress-monastery with concentrated fire from their gun batteries. A Ramilies starfort was a missive edifice and took time to fully destroy, but they would love only when no stone was left upon another and every trace of the Relictors was reduced to dust. He felt a grim satisfaction as he watched mother powerful explosion rip through the remains of the starfort, his fingers drumming upon a carved wooden box, locked tight with silver chains and inscribed with powerful pentagrammic wards. He heard armoured footfalls behind him and turned, drawing a black cloth over the box to hide it from view.

"What news, Captain Pelega?" asked Cyarro.

Some of their ships managed to fight their way past our picket line." said the Grey Knight Captain.

"The starfort is no more. Inquisitor, we must give chase to those who escaped its destruction before we lose them in the Eye."

"Yes..." said Cyarro at last, resting his hand atop the cloth covered box.

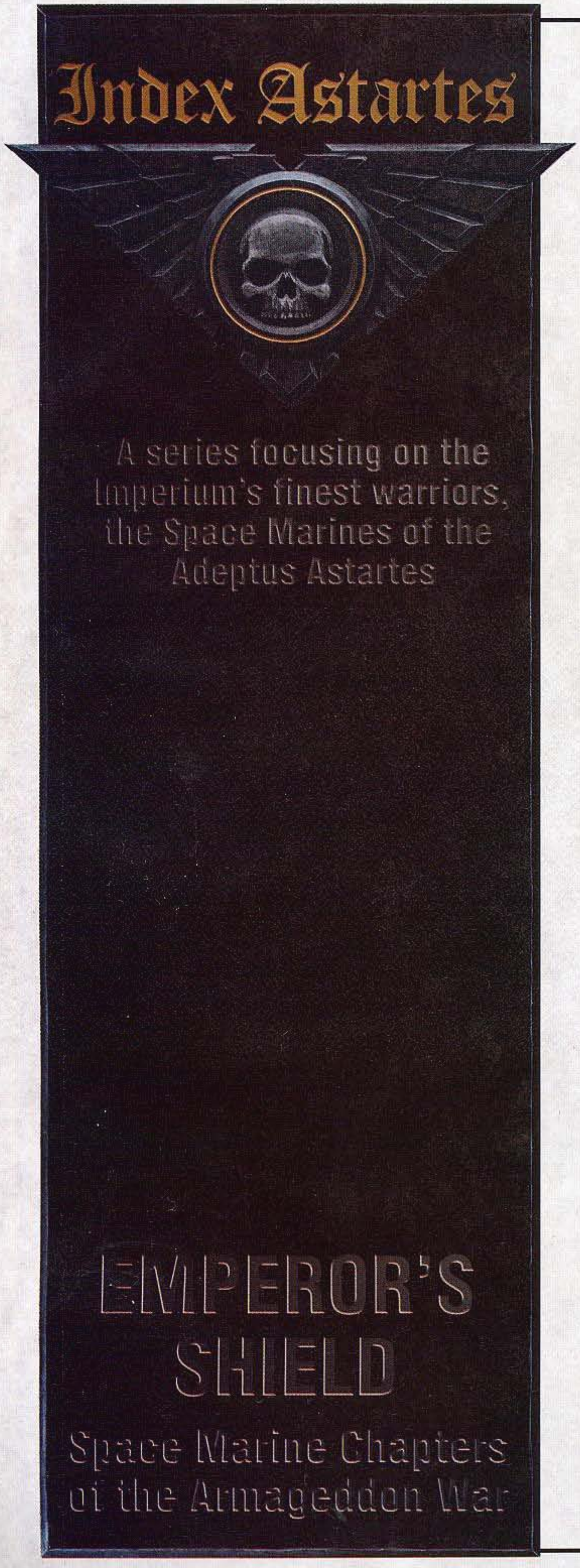
"It is almost certain that whatever the Relictors stole from the Diamedes Archive is aboard one of those ships. We cannot afford to let them get away."

"Very well." said Cyarro. "Weigh anchor and give pursuit. Indeed you are correct, Captain Pelega, the prize must be with one of the traitors who fled like cowards"

The Grey Knight Captain bowed and retreated from the Inquisitor's chambers.

Cyarro ran his hands across the black cloth covering the sigil-carved box.

And smiled.



Current Imperial reports estimate over twenty Space Marine Chapters present in the Armageddon sub-sector. Exact numbers cannot be confirmed as more Chapters are still arriving in response to General Kurov's call for reinforcements. The following report details some of the Space Marine Chapters' roles within this war-torn system.

Upon hearing of the invasion, the Blood Angels Third Company immediately re-routed to Armageddon. After the events of the Second War, Chapter Master Dante realised that it would be futile to deny Tycho his vengeance against the Orks. The Salamanders Chapter, also veterans of the last war, had sworn to defend Armageddon should the shadow of Ghazghkull ever again fall upon the planet's surface. Joined by the Storm Giants and Marines Malevolent, elements of these Chapters are stationed on the outskirts of Hive Tempestora in preparation to retake it from the Orks.

The Black Templars Chapter had embarked on a crusade some years earlier in an effort to eradicate the Orks' dominance of the Golgotha system. As the dire news of the massive Ork offensive spread, Marshal Actoan redirected his forces to Armageddon. Since then their numbers have been bolstered by two more Black Templars crusades. One of these is led by none other than High Marshal Helbrecht, Chapter Master of the Black Templars. Latest intelligence reports suggest that the combined crusades have stormed several Ork space hulks drifting across the Armageddon sector.

Tactical recommendations within the Index Astartes state the best form of defence is offence. In accordance with this, many of the Space Marine Chapters can be found taking the fight directly to the Orks. The Iron Champions are preparing for a massed drop pod assault on the Ork forces at Hive Volcanus. This is welcome news to the Celestial Lions Chapter, who have suffered heavy losses defending the hive and are reported to be down to a fraction of their original strength. The destroyed Hades Hive is once again the scene of heavy fighting. Space Marines from the Silver Skulls Chapter are engaged in fierce battles in an attempt to prevent Orks looting valuable metals from the shattered hive for use in the construction of their gargantuan war machines.

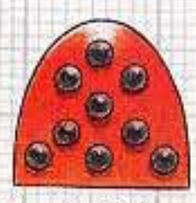
The Storm Lords have secured Death Mire to use as a major staging point for an assault deep into Ork-held territory. The renegade Hive of Acheron has also gained the attention of the Space Marines. Wolf Lord Logan Grimnar himself is leading the Space Wolves in a strike to depose the heretic von Strab and his corrupted Armageddon aristocracy. At this critical time in the conflict many of the Space Marine Chapters have yet to find strategic positions from which to bring their might to bear upon the Ork forces. The White Scars Chapter is manoeuvring its brotherhoods into tactical positions throughout the Deadlands. Their role in destroying a large contingent of Kult of Speed warbands is crucial. The Ork plan to cut off water supplies to the Imperial forces could prove disastrous. Huge numbers of Orks have landed virtually uncontested at drop sites within the Fire Wastes. In response to these threats the Black Dragons Chapter have coordinated a large squadron of Thunderhawk gunships to deploy their troops at the Ore mine on Phoenix island before the Orks can reach it.

The ravaged surface of Armageddon is but one of the locations in which the Orks have made substantial gains. The Exorcists, a fleet-based Chapter, are involved in fierce space battles around the warp jump points in an attempt to stem the flow of Ork reinforcements pouring into the sector. Dark Angels successor Chapter the Angels of Redemption can be found quelling the rebellion on the Ogryn mining world Monglor. Reports of an Eldar Craftworld sighted in this region are also being investigated by the Second Company of the Chapter.

With more Chapters arriving all the time, the battle for Armageddon is still in its early stages. As many of the Imperial forces are in retreat it is up to the Space Marines to turn the tide.

Chapter Approved. Access level: Σ four

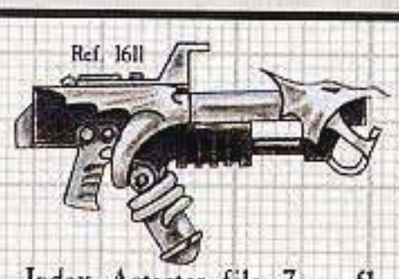
Thought for the day: Damnation is Eternal



IA. ref. 4236.erg/
Servitude studs



IA. ref. 675.7/
5th Company



Ref. 1611

Index Astartes file. 7ng nfl
'Firedrake' Incinerator unit



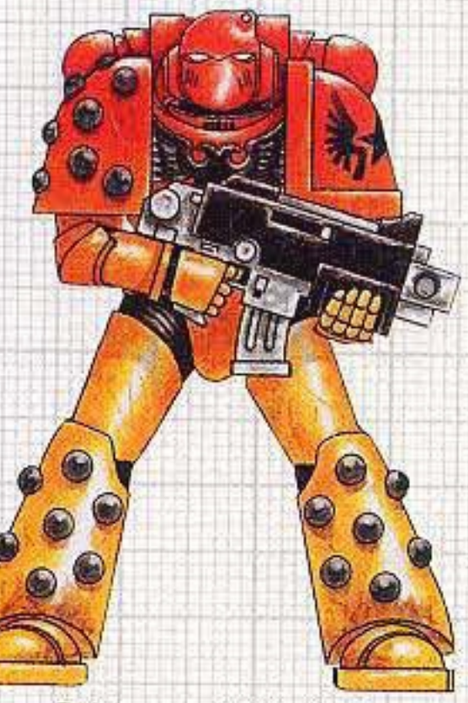
IA. ref. 356.6/
Chapter Icon



Ref: 363M.37
Closed core backpack



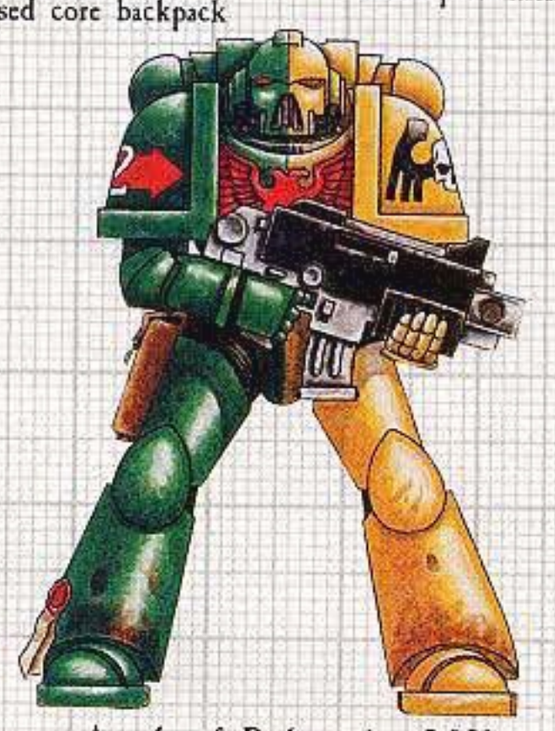
IA. ref. 247.56
Redemptor mark



Celebrants M.36-M.41



Black Dragons M.36



Angels of Redemption M.31



IA. ref. 3630/d/
Second company



IA. ref. 7565.iak/
Chapter Icon



Inq. record. 4539.1/BA
designation: Assault



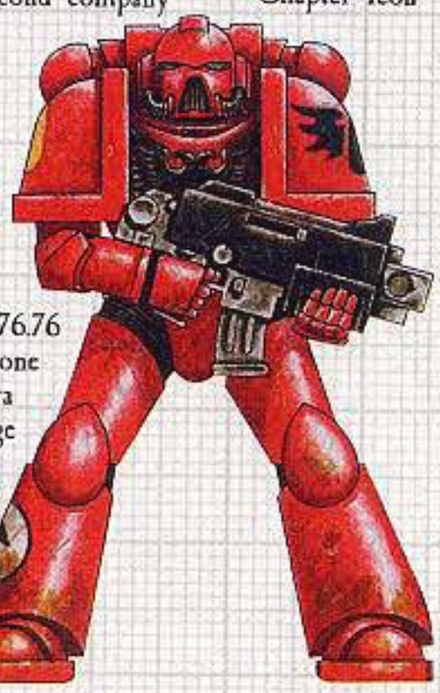
Mk.IV Boltgun, Ultima pattern

IA ref. wdx248

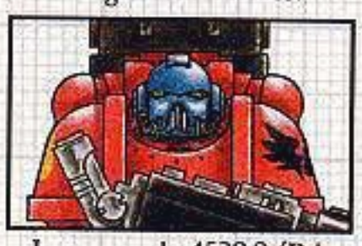




Ref. 009.21/Promethean
cult markings
(cross.ref. Heretic Cults)



Inq. record 376.76
Battle Warzone
Tempestora
army badge



Inq. record. 4539.9/BA
designation: Devastator



Inq. record. 4539.4/BA
designation: Honour Guard



Imp. ref. 555/ftp/mantle



Salamanders Progenitor Legion M.31



MkVII Helmet
with Osmotic
gill modification



IA ref.
456/t/Chapter icon



Mk.I and Mk.III Crusade pattern Boltguns
with personal litany markings.

Ref. 4657



Ref: 345.5M35
Backpack



Imp. ref:
Xenon.six Mortifactors
Death cult markings

Mk.VII Jungle
armour with
Osmotic gill

Raptors M.31
Imp. ref: Alpha.nine. Cerbera Base Relief Force

IA ref. 356.8/f/
Chapter icon

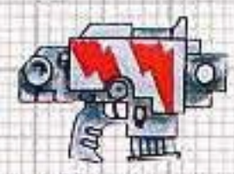


IA ref. 213/f/
Personal litany

Black Templars M.31
IA ref. wdx249

Mortifactors M.40

Chapter Approved. Access level: Σ four



Mk.VI Bolt pistol



Ref. 37Y.56/SL
Chapter marking



Ref. 006/Tactical designation



Ref. 457.5



Ref. 567/IA/Storm



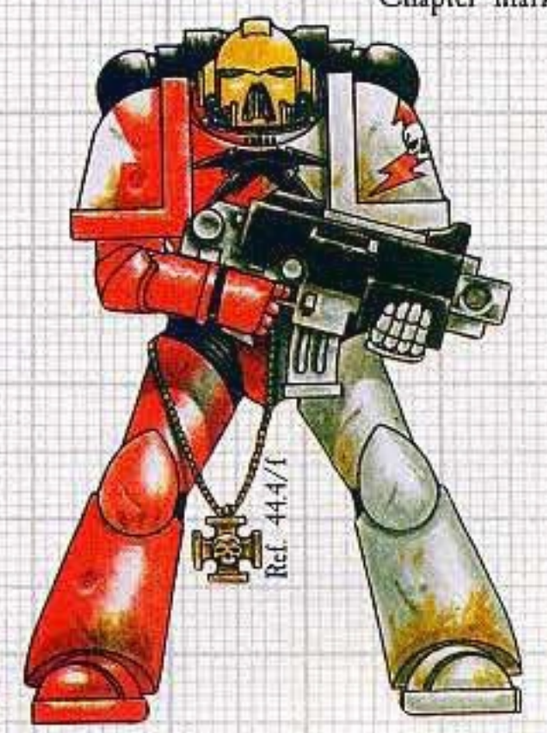
Imp. ref. 456.29/
Backpack reactor



Ref/Ryza/1st co.

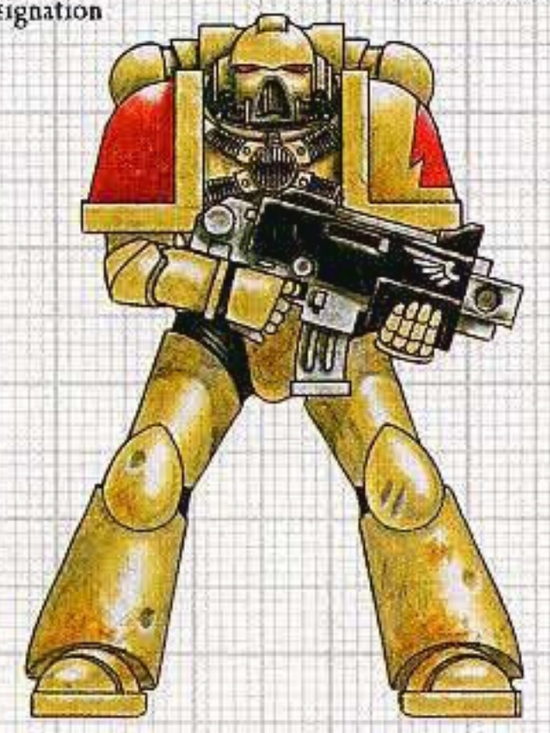


IA. 344/Omega

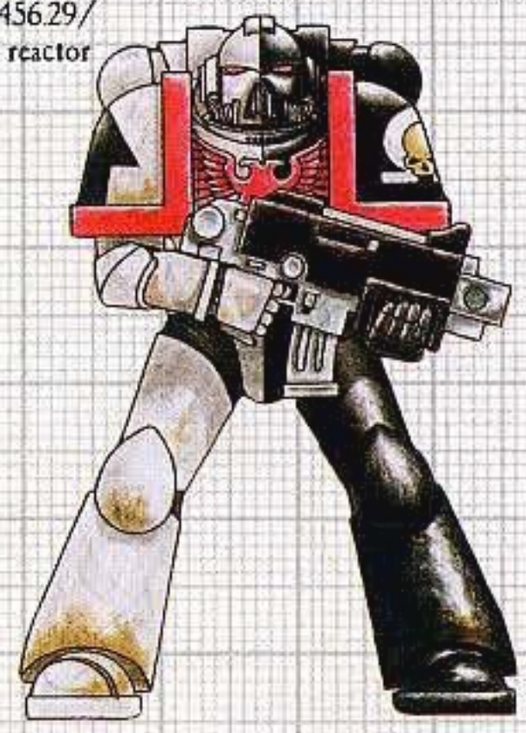


IA. ref. 31x.Veteran 1st co.
Ref. 44.4/1

Storm Lords Chapter M.31



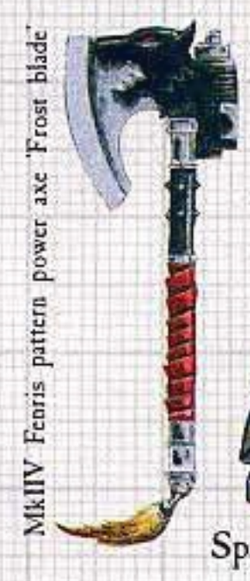
Storm Giants Chapter M.41
Imp Ref. Beta.four. Votan Asteroid Belt



Omega Marines M.40



Mk.VII Grey
Hunter Helmet



MkIIV Fenris pattern power axe 'Frost blade'



CI ref. wdx246



Ref. 17a/3.2.1/
Long Fang



Ref. 129.2s/Great
Wolf marking

Ref. 45rc4.67/
Wolf Totem

Space Wolves Progenitor Chapter M.31

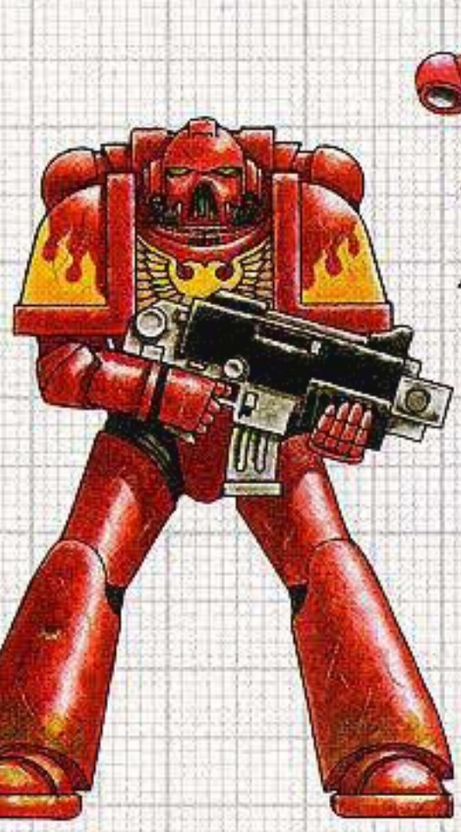


Ref. 19WR.6/Angels panoply (cross ref. IA Iconography)



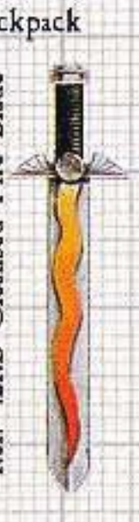


Ref. 3FY.SHN





Adept. Mech.
ref. M37.
Closed core
backpack



Ref. 42RB Cleansed Fire Blade

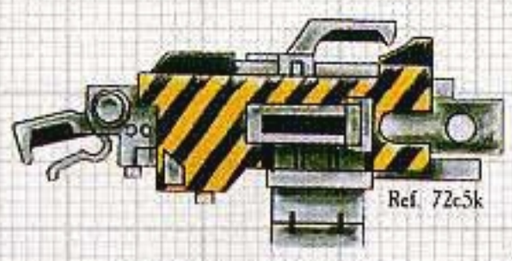
Angels of Fire M.36



Mk.VII Modified
Devastator helmet



Arm. file.
3698.5/Chapter icon
(The Silver skull)



Ref. 72c5k

M.36 Heavy Bolter/
Veteran markings



Arm. file. 43.5a/
3rd Company variant



Mk.VII Helmet
(Hard Vacuum modification)



Ref.34.5a/Relictor
Penitence marking
(Inq. report: classified)

Silver Skulls M.31

Marines Malevolent M.32

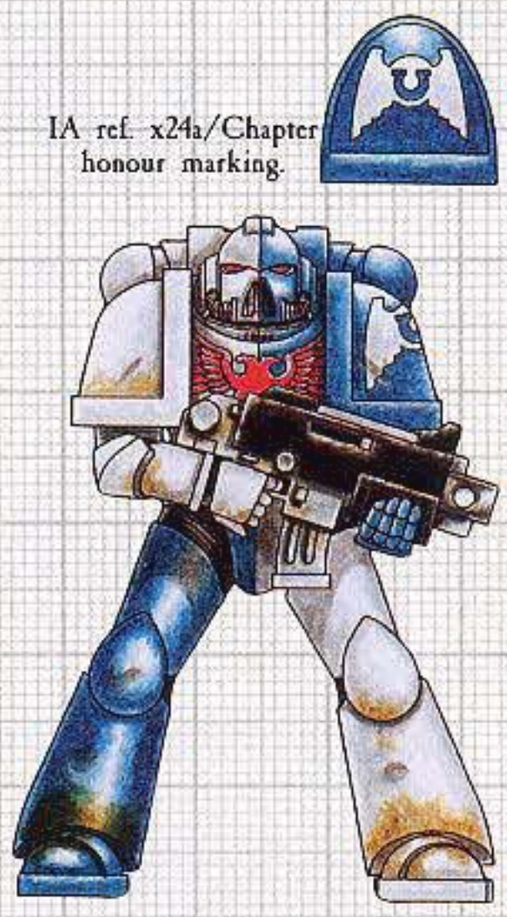
MkIX Phall
pattern Bolt pistol

Ref. 13ng

Relictors M.36

Thought for the day: Serve the Emperor today for tomorrow you may be dead.

IA ref. x24a/Chapter honour marking.



Sons of Guilliman M.33

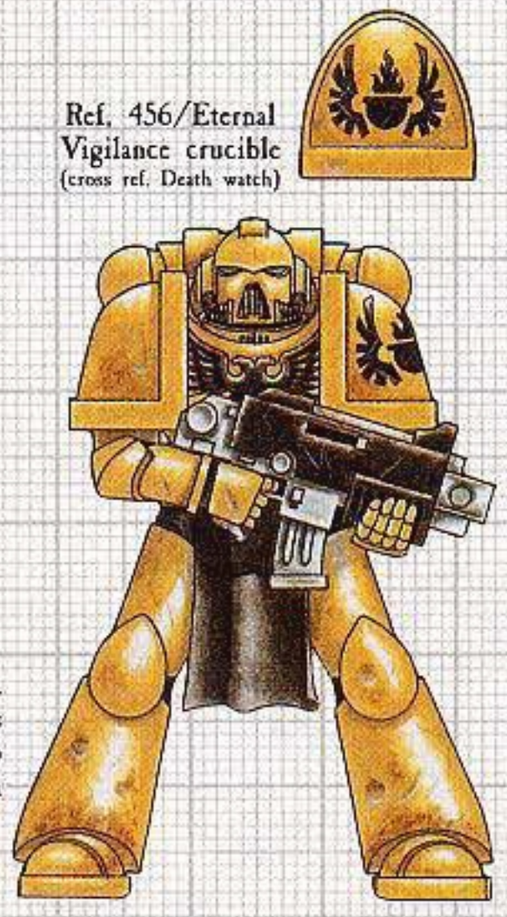
Ref. 45.4a.56/ Chapter icon.



Arm. ref. M41. Fire Wastes Army Group North

Celestial Lions M.38

Ref. 456/Eternal Vigilance crucible (cross ref. Death watch)



Angels of Vigilance M.40

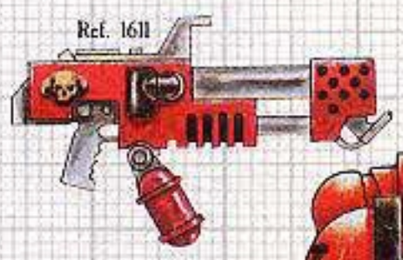
IA ref.129.6/ Chapter badge

Skull icon (ref. unknown)



Angels Porphyr M.31

Ref. 1611



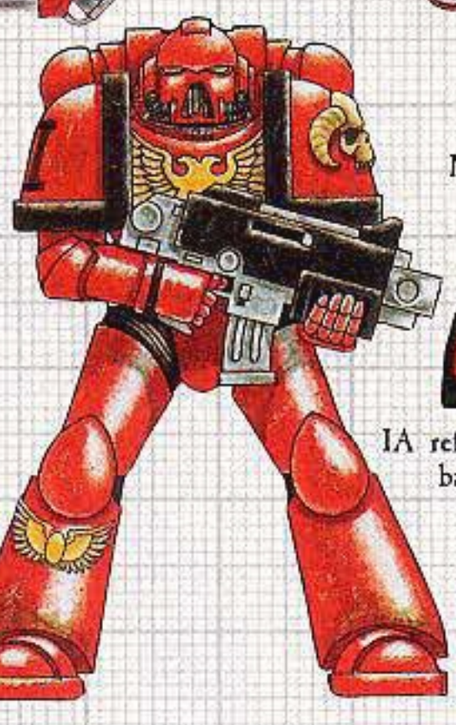
Index Astartes file. 7ng nfl Chastiser Incinerator unit



M.36 Backpack (closed core)

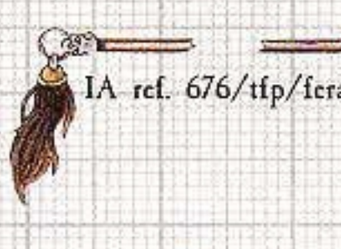


IA ref. Exorcist Chapter badge (7th Co.)



Inq. file. four.seven. Phoenix Redemption marking

Exorcists M.40



IA ref. 676/tfp/feral power weapon (damaged)

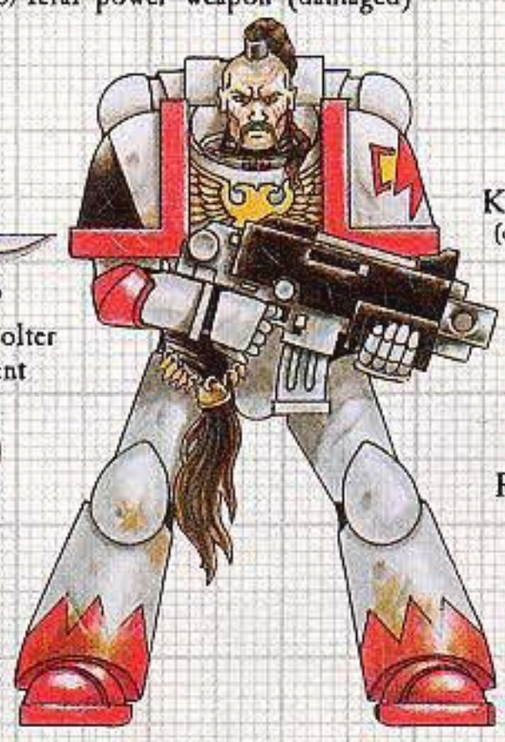


Ref. 457/b

998 Godwyn pattern Bolter with assault attachment



IA ref. 45/t Ritual duelling Tulwar





Imp ref. 39.55d Khan homage mark (crossref. Heretic Cults)



Ref. 456z. Attack bike markings

Ref. 5676.7 Armageddon campaign markings

White Scars Progenitor Legion M.31
Ravager with Torandor pelt honour gift

Imp. ref. 795.rt/Chainaxe

Ref. 326.mrh/Ritual Power Sword







Imp. ref. 459.pft/Ritual flaying knife (cross.ref. Heretic Cults)



IA. ref. 543/f 5th Co.



Imp. ref. 354.siaf/ Delta Nine army badge

Flesh Tearers M.31
(cross ref. IA Blood Angels)



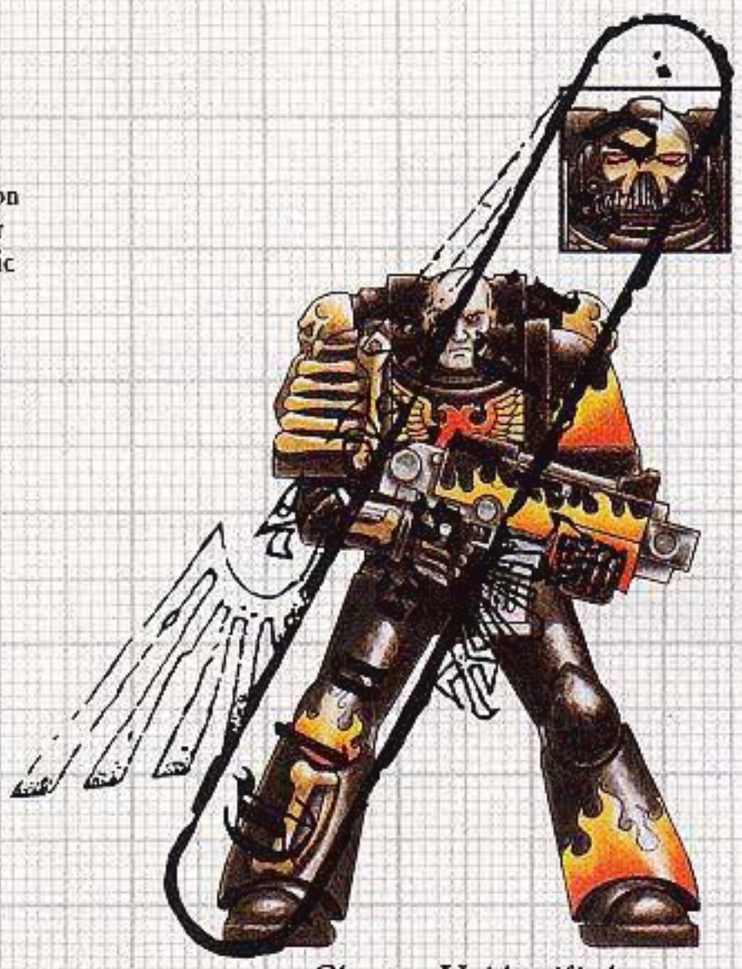
Mk.VII Helmet (Devastator modification)

Ref. 5644

Iron Champions. Founding unrecorded



IA. ref. 543/f Iron Champions Balur crusade Honourific



Chapter Unidentified

SPACE MARINE CHAPTERS ON ARMAGEDDON

Just a few of the many Space Marine Chapters which are taking part in the Armageddon campaign.



Storm Lords



Black Dragons



Furioso Dreadnought of the Blood Angels Chapter



Exorcists



Angels of Fire



Raptors



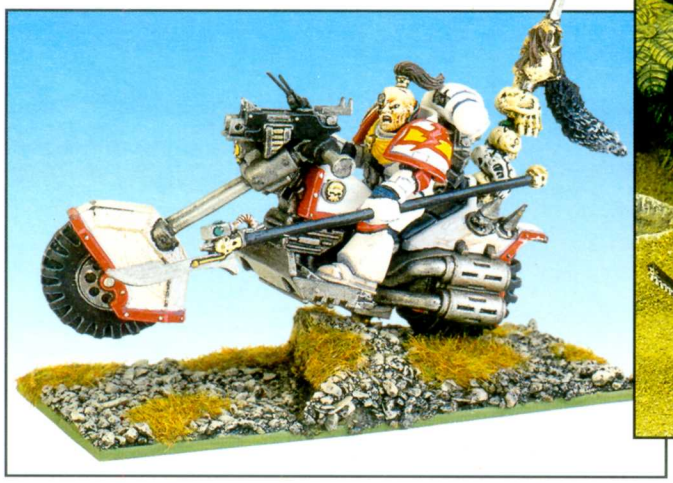
Angels Porphyr



Relictors



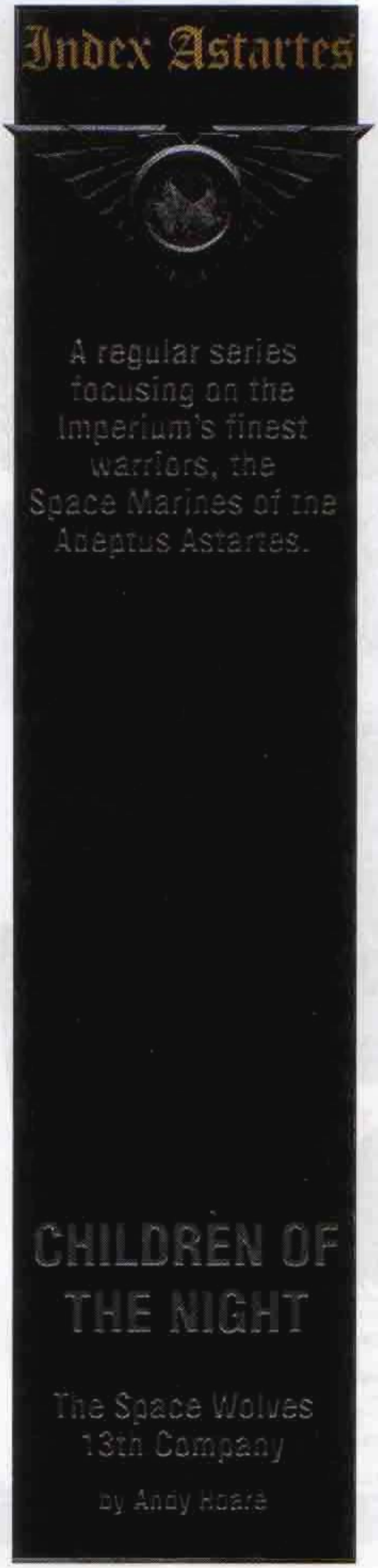
Mortifactors



White Scars bike modelled and painted by Paul Sawyer



Jim Butler's Storm Giants with Vindicator



With Abaddon's 13th Black Crusade reaching its bloody climax, a new force has joined the war. Small warbands of elite warriors have been sighted falling upon the servants of Chaos with a feral savagery matched only by their bestial appearance. Beleaguered Imperial forces have been relieved by these bands on numerous occasions, though every attempt to contact them has resulted in the threat of further bloodshed.

Origins

Legend states that, many centuries ago, the Space Wolves numbered 13 Great Companies. To this day, a place is reserved at the feasts held in the Hall of the Great Wolf for a Lord who has not attended his liege since the time Russ himself led his sons into battle. Tales of this Company are vague and often contradictory, but one fact is known: the men of the 13th Great Company were marked apart from the rest of their Chapter, for every one of them bore the Curse of the Wulfen.

The origins of the 13th Great Company lie in the dawn of the Age of the Imperium, when the Primarchs were reunited with the Emperor and their Legions. The Space Wolves, the 6th Legion, were the genetic progeny of Russ and carried within them a unique gift: the Canis Helix, the Mark of the Wolf that sets the Space Wolves apart from the Space Marines of other Chapters. The Canis Helix invests the Space Wolves with the acute predatory senses of the wolves native to their home world of Fenris, but this gift comes at a price: the Curse of the Wulfen. Those brothers who succumb to the Curse degenerate into savage, malformed parodies of their brethren. In most cases, the Curse manifests during training, but in others, the effects of the Curse become apparent many years later in the heat of battle. The Space Wolves' harsh induction regime generally ensures that these individuals perish at an early stage in the process. However, at the time of the Great Crusade, when the Emperor and his Legions were conquering vast swathes of the galaxy in the name of Mankind, those brothers touched by the Curse were banded together into the 13th Company, where their feral ferocity could be brought to bear en masse and contained for the safety of the whole Legion.

That the 13th Company accompanied Russ on the Great Crusade is known, although the details of the campaigns in which they fought are lost to antiquity. Only the names of actions long since forgotten – battles such as the First Siege of Methrix, the Battle of the Plains of Mo-Shan, the Fall of the Paramors of the Morpheus Rift, and the Crossing of Hangman's Void – appear in the archives.

The fate of the 13th Company is a subject of numerous myths, and the Space Wolves themselves will not say which holds the true account. In truth, it is probable that an element of veracity exists within each and that none are wholly inaccurate.

There are some sagas that outsiders are never permitted to hear, ones told by the Rune Priests on only the most sacred of occasions. Though some sagas have been set to record by strangers, and the Space Wolves have spoken, some would say bragged, at length regarding certain aspects of their long and glorious history, there are other passages that mean death should outsiders overhear them.

The saga known as "The War of the Giants" purports to be a record of the fall of Prospero, one of the opening conflicts of the Horus Heresy. The Space Wolves were ordered to assault their brother Legion, the Thousand Sons, and to call them to account for the sorcerous actions of their Primarch, Magnus the Red. The saga states that the 13th Company was at the head of the assault on the Thousand Sons' home world and that the sheer ferocity of their attack smashed a hole in the traitor lines through which the remainder of the Space Wolves could penetrate. At the height of the battle, it is told that Magnus opened a portal, a means of escaping the destruction wrought by the Space Wolves. Magnus and the remnants of his Legion fled, but it is said that Russ ordered the 13th Company to give chase. In so doing, they left the realm of Man, never to return.

Fragments of other records suggest that the disappearance of the 13th Company did not occur until after the Siege of the Emperor's Palace, which saw the rebel Warmaster Horus finally defeated and the Traitor Legions routed back to the Eye of Terror. It is stated that in the wake of the galaxy-spanning civil war, which saw the Imperium brought to its knees by Horus's treachery, the

Ultramarines' Primarch Roboute Guilliman sought to consolidate the forces of Mankind. But Leman Russ, headstrong and proud as he was, demanded that the Traitors not be allowed to establish a foothold within the Eye of Terror and that the Imperium should strike immediately. Though Guilliman and Dorn overrode him, it has been suggested that Russ may have dispatched the 13th Company with orders to hunt down Abaddon, the Warmaster's Lieutenant, and bring his head as a trophy to set before the Emperor. Other, less charitable theories suggest the Wulfen gave chase on their own accord, and some even whisper that the 13th Company had been tainted by Chaos all along and were seeking to join the ranks of the Traitors.

This legend bears up well to the little evidence that exists to support it, and the timing of their emergence from the Eye indicates that the Wulfen may be pursuing Abaddon.

FROM THE SAGA OF JORIN BLOODFANG

In time, the ranks of the 6th Legion
swelled to a great host.
And many bore the Mark
[FRAGMENT MISSING]
And so Russ banded them all into
one Great Company.
And to Bloodfang fell the honor
Of leading them to laurels and glory
In the name of Russ and the
All Father.
Bloodfang named [FRAGMENT
MISSING]
Grail, Orkbane, Sigurd, Thorbrand,
and Grafeld.
To each a retinue was granted.
And as a band of brothers the
13th Great Company
Reaved across the stars.
Neither Xenite, nor Apostate,
nor Fiend
Could stand before [FRAGMENT
MISSING] the Were was upon them.
But at the Gates of [FRAGMENT
MISSING] did Bloodfang rage
And plunge headlong into
[FRAGMENT MISSING]
Neither Kin nor Master could
restrain him.
And beyond the Gates did the
Wulfen-kind pass.
At Asaheim, the Wolves did cry for
one hundred nights
To mourn the passage of their kin.

Another legend speaks of the disappearance of a Space Wolves force through an Eldar webway portal, though, in this particular case, the story refers only to the so-called "Wolf Brothers." Little information as to the true identity of this group survives, though what scraps of data have been recovered suggest that the Wolf Brothers were in fact a successor Chapter of the Space Wolves that was disbanded due to some form of genetic instability. A passage in *The Calleria* states that the Wolf Brothers pursued an Eldar force through a mystical portal from which they never returned. The similarity between this story and other legends suggests that a kernel of truth lies at the heart of the matter, though the exact details will likely never be known.

Home World

Little needs to be said of Fenris, the inhospitable, ice-bound world from which the Space Wolves come, but whether the 13th Company have found a home within the Eye of Terror is unknown. Certainly, the Canis Helix would prove a vital factor in surviving within the Eye, for it is known that the Curse of the Wulfen is want to surface as a defense against the influence of Chaos. No doubt the Wulfen-kind have walked upon Daemon Worlds the likes of which would drive a Space Marine of any other Chapter beyond the point of sanity. It seems unlikely that the 13th Company would pause in their hunt long enough to establish any sort of permanent base of operations. To do so would be against their nature.

Combat Doctrine

To date, only a handful of reports have been logged regarding actions in which the newly emerged 13th Company has taken a hand. In each of these battles, the Company has attacked without warning and penetrated deep into enemy lines before launching a devastating close-range assault. It has been observed that 13th Company warbands prefer to attack during the hours of darkness, where the element of surprise can be used to greatest effect, but even in the daylight hours, the Company's ambushes and infiltrations have proven decisive in a number of early engagements in Abaddon's latest Black Crusade.

In terms of equipment, the warriors of a 13th Company warband fight and travel light. They have never been observed using transports of any type. It is of course entirely possible that the 13th Company was never issued any vehicles in the first place, as the Company's superior infiltration skills would make the use of front line vehicles undesirable and unnecessary.

The equipment carried by the Company appears basic and even debased compared to a conventional Space Wolves force. Each Space Marine carries a variety of weapons, from bolter to primitive blade, and many of these weapons seem to have been scavenged from Chaos forces or have been adorned to appear that way. There is no doubt that some of the men of the Company wear power armor stripped from the bodies of fallen Traitors, which is a matter that the Ordo Malleus will no doubt wish to pursue when the current crisis has been resolved. Indeed, a number of Inquisitors have already expressed a desire to call the Space Wolves of the 13th Company to account. Among them are radicals who believe the Company has successfully turned the weapons of Chaos upon itself as well as puritans who wish to see the 13th punished for the very same reason.

Organization

A conventional Space Wolves Great Company is formed around a core of Grey Hunters – experienced warriors capable in a number of battlefield roles. Supporting these troops are the Long Fangs who provide heavy firepower. Fighting alongside are the Blood Claws, packs of eager young aspirants who throw themselves into battle in an effort to prove themselves to their superiors. Leading the Great Company is a Wolf Lord and his retinue of Wolf Guard,



Pre-Heresy Space Wolves Color Scheme



highly accomplished warriors who provide an officer cadre within the Company. The force can call on support from any number of armored vehicles, Dreadnoughts, transports, bikes, and Land Speeders.

A 13th Company warband differs from a Space Wolves Great Company in a number of respects, most of which can be explained by the circumstances of the Company's disappearance.

At the core of the army are the Grey Slayer packs. These squads fulfill a role similar to that of Grey Hunters in a Space Wolves Great Company, but each Slayer is far and away a superior fighter to his Grey Hunter equivalent. This fact comes as no surprise to Imperial observers, as the normal flow of new recruits into a Great Company has been cut off, making the progression from Grey Hunter to Wolf Guard impossible. The Company has adopted an ad hoc structure, often separating men into specialized units that support one another in the manner of wolves on the hunt. The core of this force remains the equal of the elite elements of many other armies.

There are no Blood Claws in the 13th Company. All of the Blood Claws that disappeared with the Company would have either died in action or long since progressed up the ranks, and no replacements would have been forthcoming in the Eye of Terror.

Some of the senior ranks found within the Space Wolves are also absent from the 13th Company. Other than the Wolf Lord himself, the only leaders to be found operating outside of the packs are the Rune Priests and Wolf Priests. Casualties among the other ranks could not be replaced due to the difficulty of specialized training and the lack of resources. This fact poses some interesting questions regarding the Rune Priests, as the Company appears to have had no trouble maintaining a cadre of these psychically gifted individuals. Evidently, the Eye has had some effect on the men of the Company and unlocked previously untapped psychic abilities within its ranks.

The formation that represents the most drastic departure from the Space Wolves organization is that of the Wulfen packs. The Wulfen are consummate predators who throw themselves at their foes as soon as they are scented. Whether the Wulfen packs are standing formations or are formed on a temporary basis as men succumb to the Curse of the Wulfen is, at this stage, unknown.

The first reported instance of direct contact between Imperial forces and a 13th Company warband was during the raid on the Ormantep Listening Post. One of only a handful of survivors, a Sanctioned Psyker stationed with the post's Kasrkin defenders reported that she was almost decapitated by a Wulfen with whom she tried to communicate. It was only on the orders of another 13th Company leader that the beast spared her. That the Wulfen are highly effective in close quarters combat is evident, but it is also clear that they are potentially as dangerous to Imperial troops as they are to the enemy.

> On three occasions have I witnessed these beasts do battle, and each time, I have been sickened: not by their methods, nor even by the terror they have wrought within our own ranks, but by the fact that to look upon a brother of the 13th Company is to witness the beast within us all given hideous form.
>
> Inquisitor Asmorales

It has been noted by Inquisitor Asmorales that the numbers of the Wulfen-kind that disappeared 10,000 years ago must have been equivalent to a contemporary Space Marine Chapter, owing to the far larger size of the First Founding Legions. To date, only a handful of men of the 13th Company have been observed. Thus, the Inquisitor believes that the majority of the Company remains within the Eye of Terror, has been slain, or has embarked on a mission the nature of which only the 13th Company understands. It is also likely that a number of separate contingents of Wulfen-kind are at large, each harrying the forces of Chaos and led by a Lord who is vassal to an individual yet to reveal his hand in the conflict.

Beliefs

The 13th Company has reappeared at a time of great peril for the Imperium and is mercilessly hounding Abaddon in a campaign of ambushes and infiltrations. It is evident that the 13th Company is pursuing Abaddon's forces, which is entirely consistent with the legend that Russ dispatched the Wulfen-kind to hunt down the Despoiler. That the 13th Company has been hunting him for 10,000 years is testament to their persistence, though none can tell how many years have passed for them within the warped dimensions of the Eye of Terror.

One question that remains is just how the Space Wolves Great Wolf Logan Grimnar will receive the Wulfen-kind. Will they disappear once more when some unknown short-term goal is met, or will they wish to return to their Chapter? Some say that the Wulfen have lived too long within the Realm of Chaos, expressly against Inquisitorial dictate. This fact alone should preclude their return to the Imperium. Of course, the Space Wolves, known for their strident independence from the institutions of the Imperium, may well oppose any and all censure of their erstwhile brothers. With Abaddon's invasion at full height, the Imperium can ill-afford internecine conflict.

Gene-Seed

That the Canis Helix is responsible for the condition of the Wulfen is known, and it has been suggested that the savage force that resides within each Space Wolf has allowed the 13th Company to survive the long millennia of contact with the power of Chaos.

What is not known is whether the 13th Company's presence within the Eye of Terror has tainted its gene-seed in any way. Many simply point to the bestial appearance of the Wulfen-kind and their use of scavenged Traitor wargear as all the evidence needed to condemn them, but others defend their methods as pure necessity.

Wulfen packs are often led into battle by Wolf Priests, and it is theorized that these individuals play a vital role in controlling the excesses of the Curse. Wolf Priests of the Space Wolves are the keepers of the genetic lore passed down to them in a direct line from Russ and appear to be the only men able to control a Space Wolf when the Were is upon him. The Wolf Priests are obviously acting as guardians, leading packs of Wulfen in combat, and ministering to their charges between conflicts.

The Adeptus Mechanicus undoubtedly wish to analyze the gene-seed of slain 13th Company Space Wolves but, to date, have not succeeded in doing so. Should the Adeptus Mechanicus find any impurities, then the scale of the Imperium's response and which side the Space Wolves would take could only be imagined.

Battle-Cry

Legends tell of the howl of the Wulfen; mortal ears have now heard it for the first time in 10,000 years. Eyewitnesses report that the effect is devastating to enemy morale and often equally unnerving for friendly troops.

THE ORMANTEP RAID

On the 13th day of Secondus in the Imperial year 999.M41, Cadian sector High Command lost contact with the world of Ormantep, a sparsely populated mining planet situated on the outskirts of the Cadian Sector. The planet's proximity to the Cadian Gate made it an ideal location for a listening post, a narrow astropathic duct focused on the approaches to the Gate, which was guarded by a Company of Cadian Kasrkin.

The attack that crippled the station came without warning and left only a handful of survivors. A single, dying Astropath was able to call for aid from a nearby Imperial Navy cruiser.

The attackers were a small, elite Company of Black Legionnaires who fell upon the listening post with cold, methodical brutality and cut down all they encountered. However, they seemed specifically determined to murder the Astropathic Choir that resided within the central keep. The Kasrkin mounted a heroic defense that held off the Black Legionnaires for several hours before aid came from a totally unanticipated quarter.

As the Traitors closed on the hastily constructed barricades of the inner sanctum, survivors report that the night was filled with a mournful howl. Answering calls sounded from all directions, yet the source could not be seen. As the Black Legionnaires faltered in their attack and cast glances in all directions, the rearmost were dragged into the shadows. Soon, the Legionnaires were firing their bolters on full automatic and emptying entire magazines into the gloom, as more were set upon by an enemy the Kasrkin defenders could not discern.

In minutes, all of the Black Legionnaires were dead. Their bodies were found savagely ripped open as if worried by hugely powerful jaws or raked by savage claws. The only evidence of the force that attacked them was the distorted vox-recording of the howls that filled the complex in the moments before the Chaos Space Marines were attacked.

Index Astartes

A regular series focusing on the Imperium's finest warriors, the Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes.

THE EYE OF THE STORM

Space Marine Chapters fighting in the Eye of Terror

by Andy Hoare

At the height of the titanic conflict that was Abaddon the Despoiler's Thirteenth Black Crusade, Humanity's very finest warriors answered the call to arms to defend the Cadian Gate. Halfway through the conflict, Scrivener Hoare filed this report, taking a closer look at some of the chapters taking part in the defence of Cadia.

Ultramarines Honour Company

The Ultramarines have maintained the Honour Company at the Cadian Gate for many millennia, rotating officers and squads from Ultramar, as well as warriors from the Ultramarines' many successor chapters to guard the Cadian Gate.

The current commander of the Honour Guard is Captain Echion of the Patriarchs of Ulixis Chapter, a veteran leader of many centuries of service fighting the servants of the Ruinous Powers. It is unusual, though far from unheard of, for an officer not of the Ultramarines Chapter to lead the company, though with the Chapter's resources stretched by Tyranid incursions on the Eastern Rim such a situation is set to become more common.

The Honour Company distinguished itself early in the war, the first action being a bold, space-borne counter-assault against Abaddon's fleet as the Planet Killer closed on the agri-world of Lortox on the outskirts of the Agripinaa sector. The action bought the world's Planetary Defence Force time to evacuate a significant proportion of the population before the world was destroyed by the Despoiler's horrific weapon of planetary destruction.

In the aftermath of the Lortox Evacuations, the Honour Company redeployed to Cadia and the surrounding systems, launching a series of operations to hinder Abaddon's forces as they assaulted the fortress world. These attacks included a series of highly successful boarding actions against the lumbering space hulks being used to transport vast hordes of the Lost and the Damned to reinforce the Despoiler's siege of Cadia. In total, three hulks were disabled on the outskirts of the Cadian system, stranding an estimated 600,000 traitors, mutants and cultists to freeze in the cold depths of interstellar space. A fourth hulk, codified the *Herald of Grief*, was destroyed as an Honour Company boarding force succeeded in activating a seismic detonator deep within its core, causing the hulk to splinter into a hundred fragments and killing every one of the estimated 200,000 enemy on board.



Iron Knights

The Iron Knights had been engaged upon a self-imposed penitent crusade for a number of decades when the Despoiler's Thirteenth Black Crusade smashed into the defenders of the Cadian Gate, and they were amongst the first of the chapters in the region to respond.

The Chapter's first company soon became mired in the defence of Amistel Majoris, bolstering the flagging defences of the Howling Griffons Chapter as they fought a gruelling trench war against the unremitting assaults of the Plague Marines of the Death Guard Traitor Legion. The warzone soon became a plague-ridden quagmire, the decomposing bodies of the Plague God's victims forming putrid, sucking swamps through which the defenders were forced to wade in order to bring battle to their foes.

A sickly patina of filth soon marred the Iron Knights' gleaming blue-grey armour, and the company's Chaplains were forced to perform daily rites of purification in order to keep the virulent plague at bay. Recent sermons by these Chaplains have linked the Chapter's continuing presence in the warzone with their eventual redemption, vowing that the world will only fall at the cost of the entire Chapter.

By the third week of the Black Crusade, Amistel Majoris was considered sufficiently secure that a portion of its Space Marine defenders could be spared to reinforce the Cadian system, which, in the days following the destruction of Saint Josmane's Hope was in desperate need of reinforcement.

Dark Angels

The Dark Angels and several of their successor chapters, collectively known as the Unforgiven, were one of the most active loyalist forces opposing the Thirteenth Black Crusade, though they operated entirely outside of the Imperium's command structure.

In the initial phases of the conflict, the Dark Angels and a number of their successors were able to deploy at strengths approaching chapter-level, and where this was not immediately possible, absent companies were recalled with all haste. The Unforgiven were therefore able to deploy in large numbers, all operating under the supreme command of Chapter Master Azrael of the Dark Angels.

The Unforgiven were involved in the fighting in a number of sectors, most notably the Caliban sub-sector, but also in limited numbers within the Agripinaa sector. Their actions seemed at times random, but centred on confronting the forces of Chaos who were intent upon



capturing the area around the ruins of the Caliban system. Abaddon's servants launched repeated attacks in this area, and it took Imperial Strategos some time to discern that these assaults were aimed not at capturing a strategically important region, for the Caliban sub-sector contains little of any actual value, but was instead a calculated and deliberate attempt to tie up the Dark Angels and their kin in a pointless conflict, when their resources would undoubtedly have been better employed elsewhere.

The battles that raged throughout the Caliban sub-sector were vicious in their intensity, with the famously stubborn and resolute chapters of the Unforgiven refusing to surrender a single yard, even though the ground they fought and died for was utterly worthless to all but honour.

Intrinsically linked to the actions of the Dark Angels were the reports of a shadowy figure calling himself the Voice of the Emperor, and operating out of Lelithar. The Voice was acting as the figurehead for an extended network of anti-Imperial cultists and insurgents, and his heretical teachings soon spread across half of the Agripinaa sector, millions being turned to his cause. The Dark Angels launched a number of strikes against this figure, but on each occasion found that the pressures of constant attacks upon the hallowed ground of the Caliban system forced the hasty redeployment of their forces. Whenever a Dark Angels force did manage to close on the suspected location of the Voice, they always found it recently vacated, heretical graffiti taunting their efforts the only evidence of his recent presence there.

The Dark Angels seem to harbour an intense hatred for this individual, and their actions in this regard have still to be accounted for by Imperial observers. That the Voice's heretical teachings and proclamations frequently made mention of the Unforgiven and the origins of the Dark Angels Legion is known, though quite why he singled them out above any of the other chapters operating in the region is not. The Voice transmitted a number of all-channel vox-casts throughout the war, each making reference to the events surrounding the Legion's earliest history, and making some quite astonishing claims about Lion El' Jonson, the Legion's Primarch. The Unforgiven themselves have been vehement in their rebuttal of these blasphemous tracts, answering them with bolter and chainsword rather than mere words and facts.

Some say the teachings of the Voice contain an element of truth, and that he is intent upon some course of action that will see the Dark Angels and the Unforgiven take their part in some yet-to-be-revealed plan. It is evident from the Unforgivens' relentless pursuit of this heretic and his followers that they have no intention of allowing this to happen.

'And where are those noble Sons of the Lion in our hour of direst need? Are they to abandon us once more, to repeat their actions of ten millennia past when they failed to aid our Lord the Emperor in His final confrontation with the Arch Traitor? Oh woe that the Unforgiven pursue their own Gathering of Angels at the ruins of Caliban, when the Emperor's servants are dying here, upon the bloody ground of Cadia!'

Confessor Vidchev, at the March of One Million Martyrs, Cadia.



Blood Angels

Four companies of the Blood Angels answered the call to defend Cadia, arriving towards the middle of the conflict. A significant force of Blood Angels immediately fell upon the Chaos hordes assaulting Agripinaa, seeking out the leader of the attacking forces, the notorious champion of Khorne – Kossolax the Foresworn of the World Eaters.

In an epic confrontation likened to the mythic conflict between the Blood Angels' Primarch Sanguinius and a mighty Bloodthirster at the closing of the Ultimate Gate, during the height of the Horus Heresy, the Blood Angels took the fight directly to the enemy.

Kossolax, fully aware that his bodyguard was no match for the frenzied Sons of Sanguinius, called upon the slavering Daemons of Khorne for aid. The summoning rite was an act of wanton, traitorous carnage, as the warlord ordered his World Eaters to sacrifice the lives of their cultist allies in order to gain the favour of the Blood God. Uncounted thousands were slaughtered in mere hours, their blood flowing in rivers through the corridors of Agripinaa's primary hive, and cascading from ventilation grills as waterfalls of gore.

The sacrifice had the desired result, and as the first of the Blood Angels' veteran Assault squads screamed into battle, a blasphemous avatar of the Blood God ripped its way through the skein of reality to confront the Sons of Sanguinius.

The first Blood Angels to meet the Greater Daemon were torn limb from limb, the beast devouring their sundered bodies as a taunt to their brothers. The remaining Space Marines were sent into paroxysms of rage at such desecration, and threw themselves at the Daemon with no thought for their own safety.

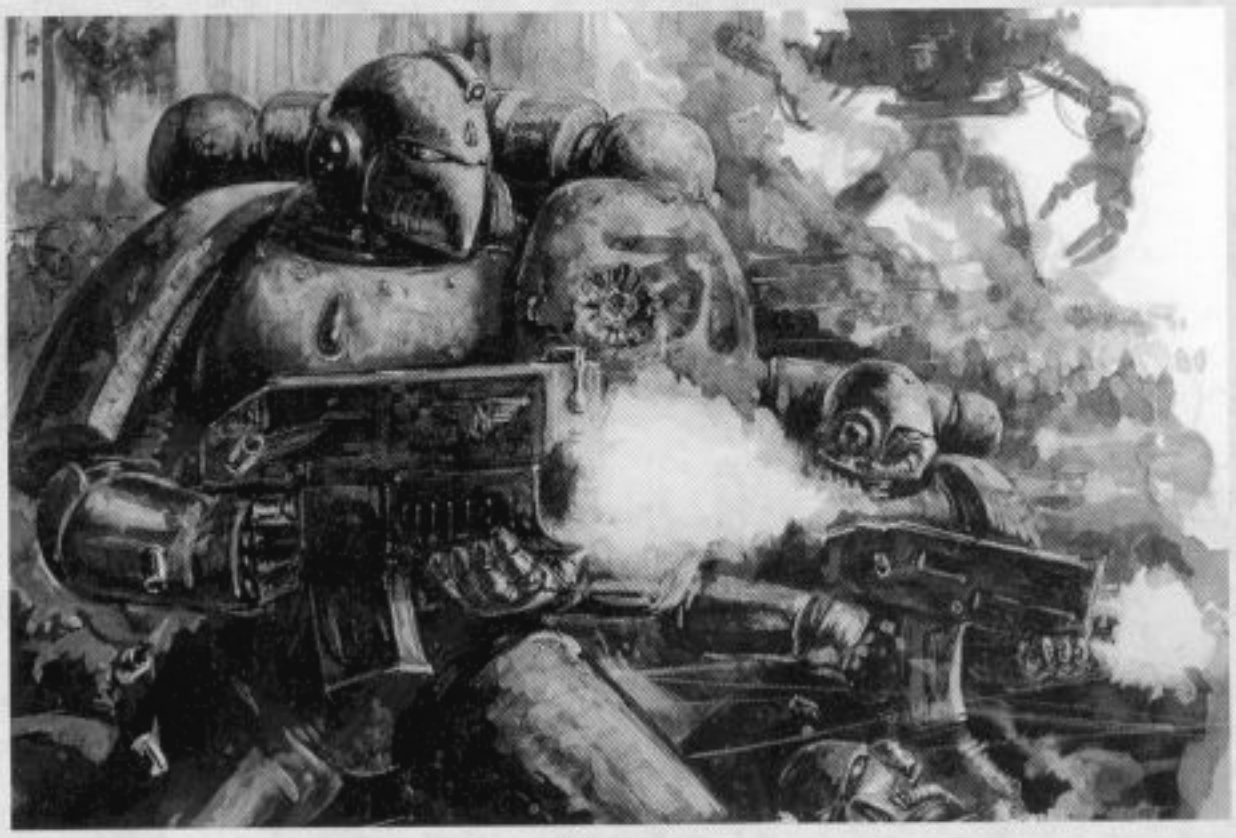
Black Templars

Upon their arrival in the region, the Black Templars' first action was the relief of Thracian Primaris, which had held at bay heavy assaults by the forces of Chaos for some weeks.

The bulk of the force consisted of Brethren previously embarked upon the hunt for Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka, the Ork warlord who had unleashed such devastation upon the Imperial world of Armageddon, and their participation in the action on Thracian Primaris left the pursuing crusades severely under strength.

The Templars scattered the poorly led and deployed Chaos fleet in short order, breaking through the blockade to make an uncontested planetfall at the Departmento Munitorum logistical support complex at Hive Demeter. The Brethren were welcomed as liberators by the beleaguered populace, but choose not to remain at the hive world for long, moving on to drive the forces of Chaos back towards the Eye of Terror.

With this early success against the Forces of Disorder, the Black Templars departed from Thracian Primaris, to the despair of its inhabitants. They had received reports of a build up in Ork numbers in the region, a so-called 'Green Kroosade' and determined to confront this threat at its source lest it build into a potentially unstoppable Waaagh!, capable of overwhelming the entire Scarus sector if given time to grow.



At the height of the battle, the Sanguinary High Priest, Brother Numitor confronted the Daemon, and dealt it a blow that stunned it for a brief moment. Seizing the advantage, the brothers of the Death Company leapt upon its back, but the Daemon recovered, and severed the High Priest's arm with a crack of its long whip. The priest was holding one of the sacred Grail cups, bearing the blood of the Chapter's Primarch, and the blessed liquid was spilled across the tarnished paving.

At that moment, a deathly still overcame the scene, the Blood Angels momentarily shocked beyond action at the sight of their Primarch's blood seeping into the ground. Then, the silence was broken, as Numitor staggered to his feet and bellowed the words of the Rite of Exsanguination. The assembled brethren of the Death Company were overcome with visions of the last time their Primarch's blood had been spilt by a servant of Chaos, when Sanguinius had fallen at the hands of the ultimate traitor, Warmaster Horus.

The Death Company went berserk. They hacked down the Bloodthirster in a savage, rage-fuelled frenzy, oblivious to the fact that it dragged half their number down with it, before turning their hatred upon the warband of Kossolax the Foresworn. The World Eaters were expelled from Agripinaa at great cost to the Blood Angels, though the annals of the chapter's history will celebrate the casting out of the Greater Daemon. The warlord Kossolax was not found at the hive, and the Sanguinary High Priest Numitor has vowed to hunt him down, no matter the cost.

Imperial Fists

The Imperial Fists arrived at the Cadian Gate as part of the massive Adeptus Astartes reinforcement of the region, five companies smashing into the enemy at Cadia as soon as contact was made. After an initial space engagement that saw the Chapter's battle barges and strike cruisers take a fearsome toll on the Chaos fleet, three of the companies carried out a combat drop on Cadia itself, while the other two dispersed to bolster the defences in surrounding sectors, including reinforcing the Iron Hands Chapter at their homeworld of Medusa.

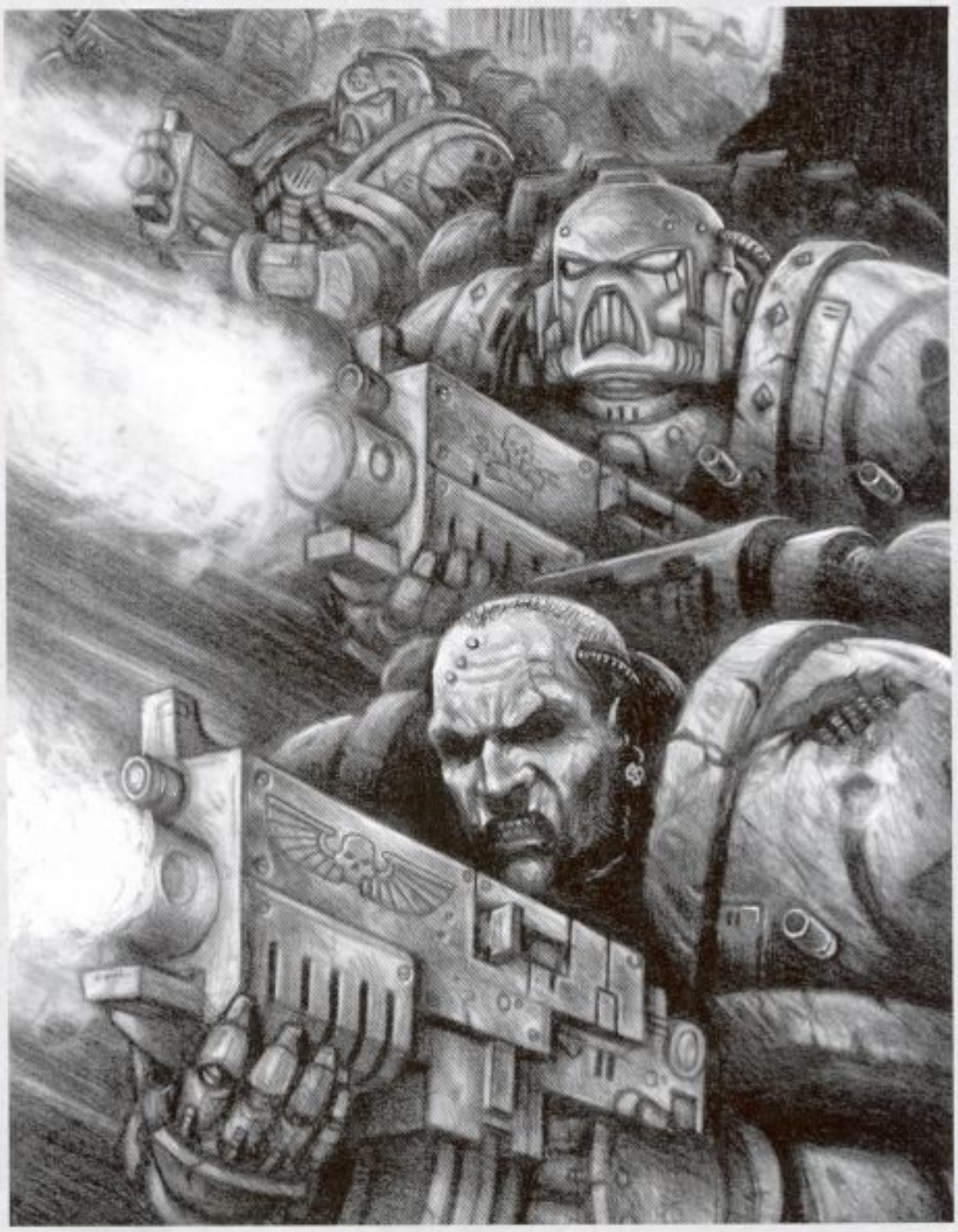
The first, second and elements of the third companies were instrumental in the defence of key points on Cadia, manning the walls of a number of fortresses with the steadfast resolution for which they are famed throughout the Imperium. In these actions, the second company was noted for exceptional acts of gallantry, overcoming a horde of mutants from the notorious Stigmatus Covenant numbering almost ten thousand. At the height of the assault on the walls of Kasr Vasan, the company commander, Captain Tialo gave his life holding a breach in the fortifications, repelling a mob of mutants numbering several hundred before succumbing to the terrible wounds inflicted upon him. The captain's body refused to die however, and is being held in stasis by the Chapter's Techmarines, who hope to inter it within the mighty form of a Dreadnought so that the renowned warrior may continue to battle the forces of darkness beyond the death of his mortal body.

> 'My Company grieved sorely to see our lord Captain Tialo fall defending the breach at Kasr Vasan. But when we recovered his body, and found that life lingered within him yet, we rejoiced, for we knew that while such men as he live, the darkness shall be held at bay.'
>
> Sergeant Gillin, Second Company, Adeptus Astartes Imperial Fists

Relictors

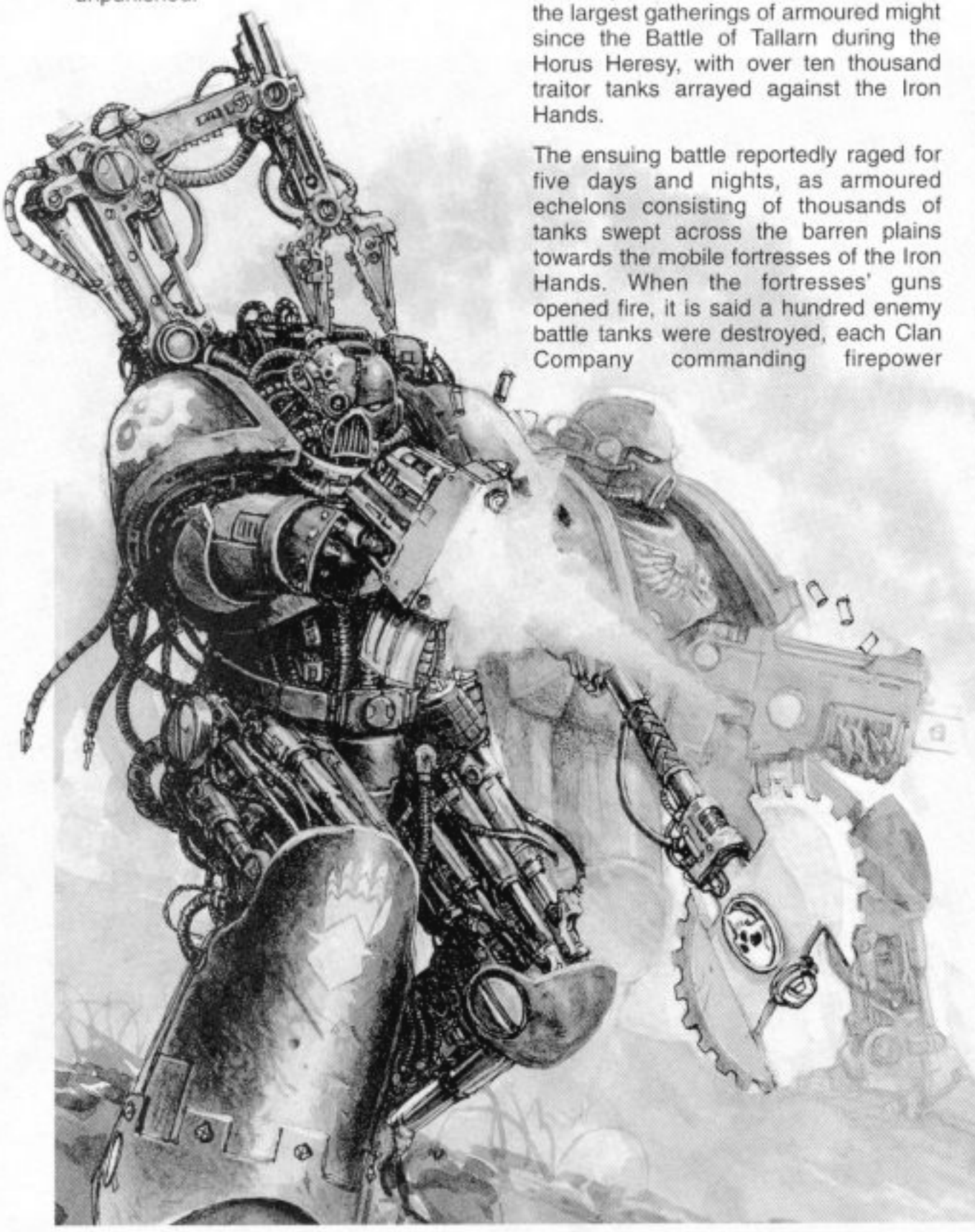
The Relictors arrived at the Cadian Gate mere days before the first signs of Abaddon's imminent attack were seen. As in their involvement in the Third War for Armageddon, the Relictors refused to submit themselves to the authority of any other, incurring the wrath of Logan Grimnar on many occasions before he cursed the entire Chapter and washed his hands of them.

The Chapter was reported as having taken part in a number of actions, and its presence is suspected on the periphery of a number of others. The Chapter is known to have participated in an attack against a warband of the Word Bearers Traitor Legion on the world of Subiaco Diablo, during which an Inquisitorial task force disappeared under suspicious circumstances. They were next seen in the Cadian sector, where they clashed with a Night Lords force at Exeltra Minor, before becoming embroiled in a suppression action against Eldar raiders at Xersia.



The Chapter then appeared at Cadia itself, but refused to respond to instructions from Logan Grimnar to reinforce the fortress world, instead making straight for the warp conduit and departing for the agri-world of Fremas. Exactly what occurred at Fremas is a matter of some doubt, but a pack of Wolf Scouts dispatched by Logan Grimnar to find out tracked the Relictors to the remote Diamedes Archive, where the Chapter appears to have repulsed a Chaos attack before turning upon the Archive's defenders.

None of the defenders are reported to have survived the assault, but Grimnar's men recovered partial vid-logs that suggest the Relictors' objective was the sealed stasis vault at the heart of the mountaintop fastness. The contents of this vault are known to but a handful of adepts in the Imperium, most of whom reside on Terra. They are not the type of men to allow such actions to go unpunished.



Iron Hands

Medusa, the homeworld of the Iron Hands Chapter lies close to the Eye of Terror, and was subject to constant attacks from the forces of the Despoiler from the earliest phase of the Black Crusade. Given that Medusa is the only world from which the Iron Hands recruit new brethren, they were forced to defend it above all other considerations. Though at least two Iron Hands Clan Companies are known to have fought elsewhere in the defence of the region, the greater part of the Chapter confined its actions to their homeworld, where they fought to stem the tide of Chaos filth.

At the height of the defence of Medusa, the gargantuan tracked fortress-monasteries of the ten Clan Companies came together to face an armoured assault launched by traitors of the excommunicated Haradni 13th Heavy Armoured Regiment. The dark, polluted landscape of Medusa was host to one of the largest gatherings of armoured might since the Battle of Tallarn during the Horus Heresy, with over ten thousand traitor tanks arrayed against the Iron Hands.

The ensuing battle reportedly raged for five days and nights, as armoured echelons consisting of thousands of tanks swept across the barren plains towards the mobile fortresses of the Iron Hands. When the fortresses' guns opened fire, it is said a hundred enemy battle tanks were destroyed, each Clan Company commanding firepower equivalent to a mighty Centurio Ordinatus of the Adeptus Mechanicus. At the height of the battle, on the fifth day, the enemy managed to break through the Iron Hands' lines, a single traitor armoured company outflanking one of the massive mobile fortresses and unloading round after round of ordnance upon its more vulnerable rear from nigh-on point-blank range.

The Iron Hands launched a furious counter-attack, Assault squads armed with meltabombs deploying from the crenelllated towers of the monastery to land atop the massed tanks. Many Iron Hands lost their lives in the counter-attack, shot down by the tanks' pintle-mounted weapons as they swooped in, or ground beneath their tracks as they made near suicidal charges against them in defence of the monastery.

Despite the Iron Hands' losses, the counter-attack succeeded, disabling or destroying the majority of the traitor armour, and sending the remainder into a disorderly retreat. The Iron Hands then launched their own armoured assault on the traitors, massed formations of Predator Annihilators running down the enemy tanks and finishing them off with deadly-accurate lascannon fire.

With Medusa largely secured by the mid-point in the war, the Iron Hands could spare a number of Clan Companies to the defence of the Cadian system, and despatched a force to oppose the vast hordes of invaders threatening to overwhelm the naval world of Vigilatum.

Subjugators

The Subjugators are at present in a state of disarray, having lost the majority of the 3rd company during the initial stages of the Siege of Cadia, when they brought about the destruction of one of the Ramilies class starforts to deny its use to the Chaos invaders. The 1st and 5th companies took heavy casualties during the siege itself, notably in the defence of Kasr Gallan and the subsequent rearguard actions during the desperate Tarn Retreat, and are in serious need of resupply.

The Subjugators are a recently founded chapter, and as such maintain only a small amount of gene-seed. The loss of the 168 battle-brothers who have fallen is a terrible blow to the Chapter, particularly as the Apothecaries were, in most cases unable to recover the gene-seed of the fallen.

The Chapter is now faced with a choice of whether to retire from the conflict and regroup, allowing time to rebuild their numbers, or to fight on regardless, and risk the death of the Chapter through sheer attrition, before it has even had the chance to make its mark upon the annals of the history of the Imperium.

White Scars

The first contingent of White Scars to reach the Cadian Gate was the Brotherhood of Khajog Khan, a leader known for his victories at Armageddon and a dozen other campaigns. Khajog led his force against the hordes massing on Cadia, launching a series of devastating hit and run attacks across that world's bleak moors.

Within a short period of time Khajog's Brotherhood had become a major threat to Abaddon's plans, striking deep within enemy held territory. So effective were their actions that the sieges of Kasr Myrak, Soliq and Rantik were lifted as Chaos forces were diverted to hunt down and confront the elusive White Scars.

It would seem that Khajog's attacks were in fact too effective, for Abaddon himself ordered the Brotherhood hunted down and destroyed once and for all. He knew that the White Scars planned on him diverting forces piecemeal to oppose them, but he reasoned that a full-scale response would be beyond the scope of the small force to face. Ordering the first company of the Black Legion, as well as uncounted hordes of mutants, traitors and cultists out onto the moors, the Despoiler began his hunt.

It was through the divinations of Abaddon's most senior advisor, the sorcerer Zaraphiston, that Khajog was located. Unaware that his force was being watched through Zaraphiston's scrying, Khajog launched a raid against an enemy slave train west of Lake Terror, only to discover that the convoy contained not Imperial prisoners, but the Chosen of Abaddon. The first wave of White Scars bikers hit the convoy, to find themselves hurtling headlong into the guns of the Black Legion. The four biker squads, realising they stood little chance against such a foe, continued their charge nonetheless, determined to buy time for the other warriors of the Brotherhood to regroup. The warriors of the first wave sold their lives dearly, and Khajog reluctantly ordered his men to withdraw, vowing that he would return at a time of his own choosing to avenge the deaths of his brothers.

But Khajog did not get to choose the manner of his next confrontation with the enemy, for as his Brotherhood sped across the moors they found every route cut off by the forces of Chaos. At length, Khajog decided that to flee in the face of the enemy was an insult to the honour of his Chapter, and resolved to make a last stand at the base of a pylon on the shores of the Caducades Sea.

The pylon to their backs and the massed hordes of Chaos to their fore, the warriors of Khajog's Brotherhood chose to defend themselves according to the ancient traditions of their homeworld, by launching a suicidal charge against the



enemy. The sixty White Scars smashed into a horde at least fifty times their own number, Khajog Khan at their head bellowing the battlecry of his Chapter.

As the Brotherhood smashed through the ranks of the horde, its warriors were torn from their saddles, one by one falling to the sheer weight of numbers arrayed against them. Khajog rode his bike through a sea of mutated bodies, clawed arms and whiplash tentacles seeking to drag him under with every metre he gained. Khajog Khan was the last of his Brotherhood to fall that day, and the Storm Seers of the White Scars claim that his shade remains upon the windswept moors, unwilling and unable to return to the Chapter's homeworld until vengeance is visited upon the heads of those who slew him.

Space Wolves

Being the first Chapter Master to muster at Cadia, and being recognised as the most experienced Space Marine of those that followed him, Logan Grimnar was elected by his peers as nominal head of all the Space Marine commanders defending the Cadian Gate. Some chapters, notably the Dark Angels and their successors, and the Relictors refused to submit to his authority, pursuing their own agendas instead, and taking no part in his plans.

When the Despoiler's hordes smashed into Cadia, initiating the largest siege of the world in its long and proud history, Grimnar was to be found leading the defence personally. The fleet of his Great Company fought alongside that of Admiral Quarren, inflicting heavy losses on the invaders as they closed on Cadia. Grimnar's flagship accounted for three enemy capital ships during the battle, including the infamous Desolator class battleship *Bleak Sabbath*, as well as the entire Abolishers squadron of Idolator class raiders.

At the height of the battle, Grimnar and his warriors took to their Thunderhawks and drop pods, seizing the last opportunity to reinforce Cadia before the ring of Chaos invaders closed around it. Contact was lost with the Great Wolf for a number of weeks, before his Great Company emerged bloodied from the ruins of Kasr Varak, where they had faced a force of traitors many times their own number, and defeated it through a sheer bloody-minded refusal to accept the possibility of defeat.

Re-establishing contact with the other Chapter Masters fighting in the region, Grimnar dictated that all their efforts should be focused on the Cadian, Belis Corona and Agripinaa sectors. Space Marines were redeployed, and contact was made with those chapters forging their way towards the Eye of Terror, so that when the reinforcements arrived they would immediately launch a coordinated attack that would sweep away the invaders in one fell swoop.

As the Space Marines of thirty or more chapters converged on Cadia, Belis Corona and Agripinaa, the loyal defenders prepared for the ultimate reckoning with the forces of the Great Enemy. By the mid point of the war, the Imperium was sorely pressed on the Cadian fronts, and it would take all the legendary skill at arms of the Space Wolves' leader to see the defenders through this darkest of times.

INDEX ASTARTES

'STRENGTH IN PURITY'

THE RED SCORPIONS CHAPTER

"Camouflage is the colour of fear... I have no need to hide from my foes...
I have no fear of death. My colours I wear openly, they proclaim louder than any words,
"I am proud to live - I am proud to die".

Commander Carab Culln, 1st Company, Red Scorpions.

Origins and History

The origins of the Red Scorpions are a complete mystery. No records remain of the Chapters founding, or from which Primogenetor Chapter their geneseed was first taken. This mystery has led to some distrust amongst the Imperium's hierarchy, who feel that a Chapter with a questionable history may have questionable loyalty. In five thousand years of service the Chapter have disproved this, fighting in defence of the Imperium with steadfast loyalty to their Emperor. They have responded to calls for aid on thousands of occasions, and been willing to assist the Imperium's agents whenever needed.

One well recorded incident in the Chapter's history was during 857.M38, when the Chapter was called to assist in the prolonged siege of the traitor stronghold of Helios. The Chapter deployed in force, but their mistrust of the Imperial Guard regiments already involved meant they lacked the heavy artillery needed to breach the walls for their assault. The Red Scorpions' Commander refused all aid, being determined that the Chapter would not be tainted by those forces which had already been exposed to the traitor's corruption during the siege. To solve the Chapter's artillery problem the Master of the Forge came up with a solution – mounting extra Whirlwind launchers on their Land Raiders to assist in the preliminary bombardment. This proved effective, and the Land Raider Helios was born, firing salvoes into the fortress before moving forwards to disembark Assault squads and Terminators into the breach.

At the end of M.39 the Red Scorpions undertook the Ordon Crusade. It saw the entire Chapter deployed deep into the wilderness space of the Ordon Rift in Segmentum Tempestus, operating entirely independently for over 300 years. The circumstances surrounding this extended expedition remain unknown. For 300 years the Chapter was out of contact and many thought it destroyed. Only when the Chapter declared the crusade at an end did it resume communications and return to the Imperium. Whatever happened within the Ordon Rift remains a secret within the Chapter.

Upon their return the Red Scorpions took part in the Badab War, when the Tiger Claws Chapter led a rebellion against the Emperor, and Space Marine Chapter fought Space Marine Chapter. The Chapter was involved in several bloody ship-to-ship boarding actions against the renegade Executioners Chapters. More recently they have also seen successful operations against Hive Fleet *Kraken* and the growing Ork Empire of Urgok the Unstoppable.

Homeworld and Recruitment

The location of the Red Scorpions' battle fortress is top secret. Few (except for high-ranking members of the Administratum), know where the Red Scorpions are currently based, or where they draw the Chapter's new recruits from.

Since the Ordon Crusade the Red Scorpions have been based upon a large battle station in orbit around the moon of Zaebus Minoris. The Zaebus system is isolated deep in the Ordon Rift. Before establishing the Chapter at this semi-permanent base, the Red Scorpions had no permanent homeworld, for they were always on the move in their fleet.

The small, arid world of Zaebus Minoris is inhabited by a primitive human culture of roughly stone-age development. Missionary Galactica reports that these tribes each have a central temple complex, at which each newborn male child is presented to the gods, for their approval. On the first full moon of the newborn's life it is presented to the High Priest and placed upon the temple's stone altar. The tribesmen believe that the gods look down from the moon in judgement upon their children. In the night, those that are judged inadequate die (usually from exposure). Most are allowed to live, the infant being returned to its father at dawn to begin a normal life amongst the tribe. A few – those judged to be the very best by the High Priest – are taken by the gods. For a tribe this is the greatest honour and shows they have the gods' blessing. All tribes hope that their children will be taken, to live amongst the gods as one of them.

Of course those children that go missing are indeed taken, selected by the Chapter's Apothecary, (after vigorous genetic screening) to begin the process of becoming a Space Marine. As these newborn recruits have had no experience of their primitive culture they carry none of this cultural baggage with them. As they grow they will have no memory of their parents, background or culture, and life within the Chapter will be all each recruit ever knows. Because recruits are inducted at an early age, the Red Scorpions exhibit no cultural influence, unlike other Chapters that recruit from primitive cultures.

Organisation

The Chapter conforms to the standard Codex pattern of ten companies. First company being Veterans and Terminators, 2-4th company are Battle companies. 5th-7th are Tactical companies. 8th is an Assault company. 9th is a Devastator company. 10th is the (reduced strength) Scout company.

The Captains of each company of the Red Scorpions are known by the honorary title of 'Commander'. The Chapter Master is traditionally called the 'Lord High Commander'. As

a matter of tradition, the Chapter's second-in-command is always the Master of the Apothecary.

Geneseed
Remarkably, the Red Scorpions shows very little in the way of geneseed corruption, a fact they are rightly proud of and have gone to great lengths to ensure continues for another five thousand years. The Red Scorpions have a fanatical belief in their own purity, and this has led to the Chapter's isolationism. They believe that geneseed corruption weakens the Chapter, and as the protectors of Humanity, in turn this weakens the Imperium. Protecting the Chapter's purity is their core belief.

Beliefs
The Red Scorpions' beliefs remain something of a mystery. They do not seem to venerate any Primarch above any other, preferring instead to venerate only the Emperor. They revere Roboute Guilleman as the author of the Codex Astartes, and this has been taken to indicate that the Red Scorpion may be a successor of the Ultramarines, but there is little evidence to support this, and without detailed comparative investigation into the Chapter's geneseed, (prescribed by the Chapter itself), no evidence can be gathered.

The Red Scorpions are strict adherents to the Codex Astartes, although their Chaplain's have their own interpretation of the text. As they see it, they do not deviate from it in any way. Those Chapters that deviate are suspect in the Red Scorpions' eyes. As a Chapter they are extremely xenophobic, hating all aliens and all deviation from the pure human form. They will not serve alongside abhumans, and have little liking for other fighting forces, which they view as inferior and untrustworthy.

Chapter Colours
The Chapter's armour is a very dark charcoal grey. They always have a mustard yellow/sandy yellow broad helmet stripe. Other trim such as shoulder pad edging, chest eagles and a knee-pad can also be in the same yellow, and this varies betwen individuals. The shoulder pads are black. The left shoulder pad bears the Chapter symbol of a red scorpion in a white circle. The right shoulder pad bears squad markings, name scrolls etc.



Traits

Minor Divergence. Pious

Trait Advantage: Purity above All
The Chapter believes its geneseed to be pure and untainted, and regard any genetic deviation as dangerous heresy. They have little liking for other Chapters which have become tainted, such as the Space Wolves and Blood Angels. Every Red Scorpions battle brother is constantly screened for mutation and corruption. The Chapter's Apothecary enforce this screening to the point of fanaticism, and regularly deploy its members to monitor the troops in battle and be immediately on hand to recover the Chapter's valuable progenoid glands. Any Red Scorpion Tactical or Veteran squad may upgrade its Sergeant to an Apothecary for +25 pts.

Minor Drawback: Have Pride in your Colours
The Red Scorpions shun the use of camouflage, and its attendant tactics such as covert operations, stealth and infiltration. These are the tactics of cowardice, and have no place amongst the honoured ranks of the Red Scorpions. No Red Scorpions may use the Infiltrators or Scouts special rules. Red Scorpions Scout squads must deploy just like any other units.

In addition, Scout squads become a 0-1 choice for a Red Scorpions army. Scout Bike squadrons also become a 0-1 choice.

Red Scorpions Tactical Squad

	Pts	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Space Marine	15	4	4	4	4	1	4	1	8	3+
Vet Sergeant	+15	4	4	4	4	1	4	2	9	3+
Apothecary	+25	4	4	4	4	1	4	1	8	3+
Vet Apothecary	+35	4	4	4	4	1	4	2	9	3+

Number/squad: 1 Sergeant and 4 to 9 Space Marines

Weapons: Boltgun. The Sergeant may replace his boltgun with a bolt pistol and close combat weapon for free.

Options: The squad may be equipped with frag grenades at +1 pt per model and/or krak grenades at +2 pts per model. One Space Marine may be armed with a weapon from the following list: heavy bolter at +5 pts; missile launcher or multi-melta at +10 pts; lascannon at +15 pts; plasma cannon at +20 pts. One Space Marine can be armed with a weapon from the following list; flamer at +6 pts, meltagun or plasma gun at +10 pts.

Character: The Sergeant may be upgraded to a Veteran Sergeant and given Terminator Honours at +15 pts. If so, he may select equipment from the Space Marine Armoury. Alternatively, the Sergeant may be upgraded to an Apothecary for +25 pts. The Apothecary is always equipped with a bolt pistol, narthecium and reductor. The Apothecary may be given Terminator Honours for +10 pts. If the Apothecary has Terminator Honours then he may also select equipment from the Space Marine Armoury.

Transport: A Tactical squad which numbers six models or less may select a Razorback transport. Tactical squads that number ten models or less may select a Rhino transport.

UNIT ORGANISATION

Red Scorpions Chapter, Anphelion Investigation Force

Headquarters



Commander Culln
1st Company

Apothecarion



x3 Apothecary



x1

Fleet



x3



x3

1st Company



x5



x5



x5

6th Company



x10



x10



x10



x10



x10



x10

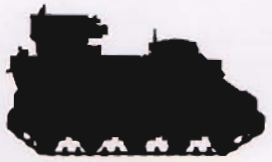


x1 Brother Halar



x4

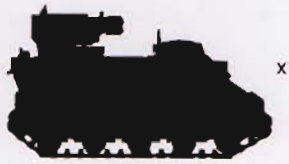
Armoury



x3



x2



x1



x2



x2

FORCE TO & E

Personnel
1 Commander
3 Apothecaries
8 Sergeants
93 Other ranks

105 total

Vehicles
5 Rhinos
6 Razorbacks
4 Sentry Guns
3 Thunderhawk Gunships
3 Thunderhawk Transporters
1 Dreadnought

RED SCORPIONS TERMINATOR SQUAD RAUM

4th squad, 1st company



1. Veteran Sergeant Raum
Squad Commander. 109 Missions.
KIA on Beta Anphelion IV.

TERMINATOR WEAPONS

1-4. Storm Bolter. (Umbra pattern)

Storm bolters are a development of the standard boltgun, designed for close quarters combat. With twin barrels they have a higher rate of fire than the standard boltgun, but correspondingly have a drop-off in accuracy due to the weapon's ferocious recoil whilst rapid firing. The storm bolter fires the same mass-reactive, armour-piercing, high-explosive bolts as other 'bolt' weapons. Its dual magazine design means it has high magazine capacity – in this pattern, 40 bolts are held.

5. Assault Cannon. (Ultima pattern)

A weapon synonmous with Space Marine Terrminators, the assault cannon is a six-barrelled, self-loading autocannon. It fires a fixed cartridge round which has a dense metallic core. The round also has a non-metallic composite sheath with a diamantine tip for extra armour penetration, which provides stable flight ballistics at short ranges.

The weapon's very high rate of fire makes it perfect for tunnel fighting and room clearance. Its motor generates immense heat when firing, and the barrels, forged from a tempered ceramite alloy, are disposable and are changed after each mission. Motor and barrel failure are common problems with the assault cannon, but despite these drawbacks, and its limited ammunition availability, it is still a fearsome weapon.

When combined with a Terminator suit the assault cannon includes gyroscopic stablisation and recoil compensators as well as targeter links to the suit's autosenses.

1.



2.



3.



4.



5.





2. Veteran Brother Vjalka
68 Missions.
KIA on Beta Anphelion IV.



3. Veteran Brother Thain
Squad 2-i-c. 92 Missions.



4. Veteran Brother Neahn
25 Missions.
WIA on Beta Anphelion IV.

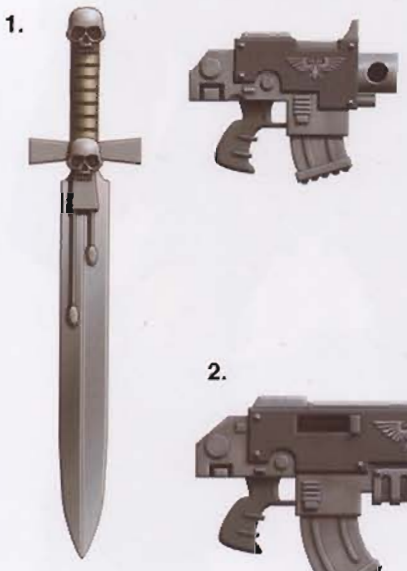


5. Veteran Brother Yanek
36 Missions.

RED SCORPIONS
TACTICAL DEMI-SQUAD HAAS
3rd Squad, 6th Company



1. Veteran Sergeant Haas
In artificer modified MkIV armour with Iron Halo and Terminator Honours. 61 Missions.









TACTICAL SQUAD WEAPONS

1. Powersword and Bolt pistol (MkVIII Ultra pattern).

Within many Space Marine Chapters swords are a sign of seniority. As a squad leader, a veteran battle brother may choose to carry a sword rather than a bolt-gun. This hand-and-a-half sword (wielded in one or two hands), contains a small powerfield generator in the pommel. When activated, it wreaths the blade in a crackling energy field that disrupts anything hit at a molecular level, greatly assisting armour penetration. The sergeant also carries a bolt pistol as a back-up weapon. Its magazine holds just ten bolts.

2-4. Boltgun (MkIV Ultra pattern).

Boltguns are the Codex issue armament of all Space Marine Chapters. Boltguns fire self-propelled bolts that detonate after penetrating a target, literally blowing it apart from within. They are superbly made, constructed by skilled artisans of the Chapter's armoury, and many weapons are ancient artefacts of the Chapter. These weapons provide each Space Marine with ferocious short-ranged firepower, and each is easily capable of destroying light vehicles.

This pattern's magazine holds 25 rounds and includes many advanced systems, with targeter and ammunition-counter links to a Space Marine's autosenses and palm-print genetic identification coding.

5. Plasma gun (MkV Mars pattern).

Plasma guns are ancient weapons ultilising technology that is little understood today. Most Chapters retain and revere them as weapons from a former age. The gun fires highly energised hydrogen plasma, accelerating the 'plasma bolt' via a linear magnetic accelerator. Upon impact with a target the plasma explodes with the destructive heat of a small sun. Plasma guns are deployed as squad support weapons.

Whilst effective, plasma weapons are very unreliable. The colossal energies generated by the weapon must be contained within a magnetic field. Failure of this field can, however result in the weapon over heating in a catastrophic meltdown. This can be as dangerous to the firer as the enemy, and it is an honoured task to be a squad's plasma gunner.



2. Brother Kalz
In MkIV armour with modified chestplate.
33 Missions.



3. Brother Mawdri
In MkVII armour. 29 Missions.
KIA on Beta Anphelion IV



4. Brother Zohran
In Mk VII armour. 12 Missions.



5. Brother Ramtha
In MkVII armour. 18 Missions.
WIA on Beta Anphelion IV

RED SCORPIONS
TACTICAL DEMI-SQUAD AUHR
3rd Squad, 6th Company



1. Veteran Brother Auhr
In MkIV armour. 54 Missions.

TACTICAL SQUAD WEAPONS

1. Plasma pistol (MkII Mars pattern).

The plasma pistol uses the same ancient technology as the plasma gun and, whilst devastating at close quarters, also suffers all the reliability drawbacks of its larger cousins. The weapon's photonic hydrogen cells are only capable of supplying enough fuel for five shots before needing to be reloaded. This is a time-consuming action in the midst of battle. Because of this, plasma pistols are favoured weapons for Assault squad troops, who will fight at close quarters and always carry other close combat weapons.

2-3 Boltgun (MkIV Ultra pattern).

See previous page.

4. Boltgun with 'Dark-Eye' nightscope (MkII Ultra pattern).

This boltgun includes the 'Dark-Eye' nightscope, a modification sometimes favoured by Space Marines that have earned the Marksman's Honour. It provides enhanced low-light sighting via the weapon's link to the powered armour's autosenses. Increased magnification and powerful infra-targeting make this scope a useful addition to a squad operating in darkness or engaging the enemy at longer ranges. The scope itself is of little use at close range, where it can actually be a hinderance and must be disabled.

5. Missile launcher (MkIII Mars pattern).

This man-portable tactical missile launcher provides the squad with flexible heavy weapons fire support. It is capable of eliminating hard targets and enemy vehicles at long range with its armour-piercing krak missiles (also shown), or can provide anti-infantry suppressive fire power with fragmentation missiles.

Despite its size and bulk, the missile launcher is constructed of lightweight materials, and to further reduce the encumberance, spare missiles are carried by other squad members as well the operator himself. This pattern missile launcher is a single shot weapon, and must be reloaded after each shot. Other patterns include a short magazine of missiles.

1.



2.



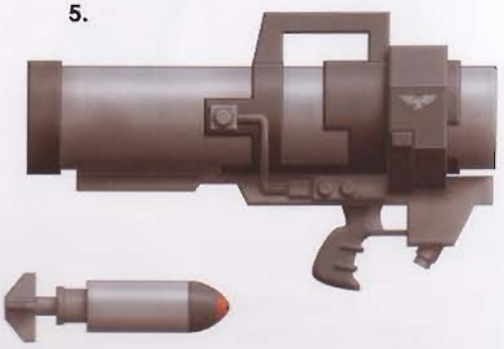
3.



4.



5.





2. Brother Dalan
In MkVII armour 18 Missions.
WIA on Beta Anphelion IV



3. Brother Aric
In MkVII armour. 27 Missions.



4. Brother Etche
In Mk VII armour. 40 Missions.



5. Brother Maun
In MkVII armour. 21 Missions.
KIA on Beta Anphelion IV



MISSION TIME: 8 198 850.M41
LOCATION: Anphelion Base Command Complex
TEMPERATURE: 2°C
VISIBILITY: 100m – falling
AMMONIA READING: 0.17% – low

The great armoured bulk of the Red Scorpions Terminators descended the Thunderhawk's front ramp, into the cold darkness and mists of Beta Anphelion IV, illuminated only by the gunship's landing lights and their Tactical Dreadnought armour's integral spotlights. Each heavy metallic footfall was deadened by the thick white fog. Helmet-communicators crackled into life as storm bolters and assault cannons swept the surrounding jungle for targets.

"Squad Raum, deploy right. Squad Rael, deploy left. Squad Darak, with me." ordered Commander Culln.

The three squads moved out, one after another, moving with well-rehearsed coordination as they approach the command complex's outer buildings. Emerging through the mist, the Terminators identified an entrance and closed in. All was silent. All was still. The base seemed deserted, no lights shone, no machinery whined, there was no sign of power.

At the sealed doorway his battle brothers stood sentry whilst Sergeant Darak activated his chainfist. With an angry growl the diamantine tipped blades roared into life, a whirring blur as the white lightning of its powerfield crackled in coruscating patterns about it. The metal of the doorway screamed its resistance in a shower of sparks. The din shattered the silence as the chainfist sliced deep, clean through the door. Four seconds, five seconds, six seconds passed as the sergeant cut a new entrance for his squad. With a resounding clang the old door fell inwards, revealing only a pitch-black corridor beyond.

"Squad Darak advance. Brother Dayn, take point," ordered Commander Culln, and without a word his squad moved in response. Brother Dayn's assault cannon nosed through the still smoking doorway as he stepped into the command complex. The other squad members followed behind in single file, the corridor being just wide enough to accommodate one of the massive armoured suits at a time. Cautiously they moved forwards, checking every corner and doorway as they advanced.

Inside, the Terminator squads moved forwards, corridor-by-corridor, room-by-room, with only their spotlights to guide them through the darkness. Slowly, methodically, and with the practised ease of decades in combat, they advanced in search of the control centre. Without any power supply each door had to be noisily cut down, but nothing within stirred. The Terminator sergeant's in-built auspexes remained clear. No contact.

The three veteran squads moved deeper into the control complex, until Commander Culln and Squad Darak located the command centre. It too was deserted; no lights blinked on the control panels. Culln checked the air purity, his visor display flickering to show the chemical breakdown of the air sample. "Air is within breathable parameters", he announced as he broke his helmet seal with a repressurizing hiss, and pulled it off. The air was dank and cold, with the faint taste of ammonia, but it was nothing his enhanced metabolic system wouldn't cope with. His communicator crackled into life.

"All stations, Raum. Garrison sector secured. No contact, but there are signs of combat. Blast doors have been sealed, there is some impact damage, and also what could be corrosive damage. There was a fight here, but no signs of bodies. Over."

"Culln confirms. Raum hold your position. Culln to Rael. Sergeant, confirm your location and status."

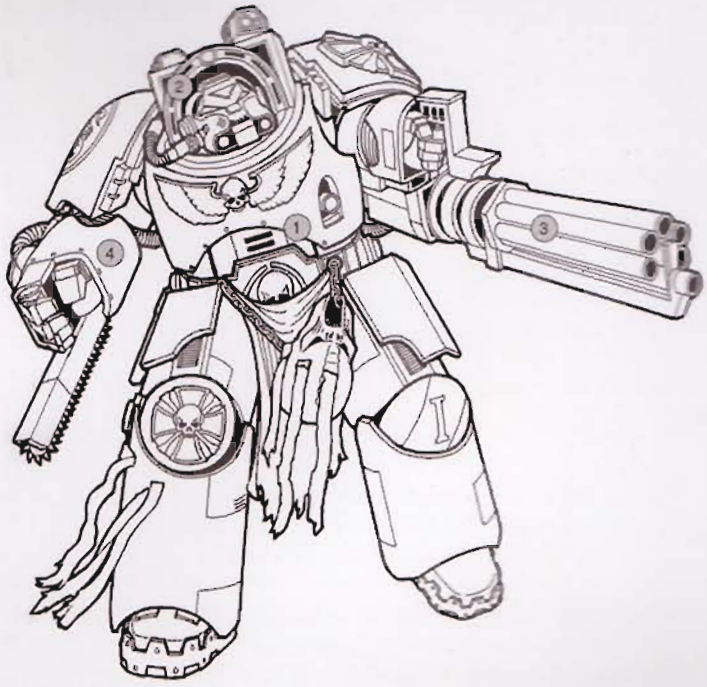
"Commander, we have swept the lower level, no contact. This facility is deserted. Squad standing-by. Over"

"Confirmed. Raum, secure the perimeter. Rael regroup at the command centre."



RED SCORPIONS' TERMINATOR

This is Brother Dayn, veteran Space Marine of the Red Scorpions Chapter, 1st Company, Squad Darak. During deployment on Beta Anphelion IV he was accredited with 42 confirmed kills.



1. Terminator Armour

Brother Dayn wears a suit of Tactical Dreadnought exo-armour, otherwise known as Terminator armour. Originally exo-armour was developed for working inside the high-pressure casings of plasma reactor shields or in the extremely corrosive environments inside the holds of bulk chemical transports. It was the suit's survivability (suitably enhanced by Chapter armourers with extra systems), that created near invulnerable combat armour.

In many ways a Terminator suit has much in common with powered armour, only of far heavier construction. Made from heavy gauge plasteel covered in a layer of shaped adamantium and bonded plasteel plates, coated in a ceramite ablative layer, a Terminator suit can withstand even the colossal impacts of high speed orbital debris. The survivability of Terminator armour makes it best suited to the most dangerous missions, like tunnel fighting, boarding actions, and house-to-house combat, where a squad's short-range firepower makes them all but unstoppable.



Terminator armour is rare. Most Chapters retain a few suits, but even the vaunted Deathwing (the 1st company of the Dark Angels Chapter), can only boast a hundred suits. Most Chapters have far fewer. Each suit is a revered item with a long history of previous users and regarded as the holiest of items. A Space Marine that has completed Terminator training will be an honoured battle brother, a veteran of many campaigns and as such, upon his death, his wargear becomes sacred.

All Terminators bear the Crux Terminatus, the honour-badge that marks them out as the Chapter's most experienced warriors. Legend has it that within each badge is bound a tiny fragment of the suit of armour worn by Emperor during the Siege of Terra, in his fight against the arch-traitor Horus. Other insignia includes the Chapter badge on the right shoulder pad, and the company number (1st company) on the left knee-pad.

2. Helmet

Like powered armour the suit's helmet contains its combat systems. Referred to as auto-senses, features include thought-activated comms-link, bio-status read-outs, full diagnostic and self repair functions, microphone, amplifiers, ear-protectors and an auto-reactive photochromatic visor to prevent the dazzling effect of sudden bright lights. Once plugged into his suit (a long procedure which requires the aid of several tech-adepts), the suit's visor also displays tactical information such as maps, way-point markers, compass, target recognition friend or foe and range-finder information and gives access to all the suits systems.

3. Assault Cannon

The assault cannon is a motorised, multi-barrel, self-loading autocannon. Driven by an internal motor the assault cannon can pour out thousands of shells. Carried by Space Marine Terminators for rapid room and corridor clearance, it is a weapon with a fearsome reputation.

The weapon's barrels are forged of a tempered ceramite alloy, which is resistant to the heat generated by the fast spinning motor and the wear of the thousands of shells being fired. Despite their heat resistance, the barrels are disposable, and wear usually requires them to be replaced after each mission. The assault cannon is not the most reliable of weapons, problems with motor failure and the high speed ammunition feeds result in it being prone to jamming. Its effectiveness, however, has meant that these problems are generally overlooked.

The weapon fires a fixed cartridge round with a dense metallic core covered in a non-metallic sheath with a diamantine tip for armour penetration. This gives stable flight ballistics at the short ranges the weapon is employed at, and keeps the rounds small for increased ammunition capacity.

When included in a Terminator suit the weapon will have gyroscopic stabillsation, along with recoil compensators built into the suit, to assist the gunner in keeping the weapon on target.

4. Chainfist

Brother Dayn's second weapon is his chainfist. A chainfist is a modified powerfist, using for cutting through heavy bulkheads or reinforced airlocks.

The weapon itself has diamantine teeth in an 70cm cutting blade and is optimised with vibration compensators, automatic tensioning and an acceleration drive for extra cutting power, should it be required.

The powerfist itself contains a small powerfield generator. When activated it wreaths the glove and blade in a crackling energy field. This field disrupts anything hit at a molecular level, greatly assisting armour penetration.

IA: Death Spectres, [Scrapped for the Forseeable Future]

Off Vash113

++ SCRIPTOR CLASSIARIUM ++

Group: ++ CODICIER ++
Posts: 2043
Joined: 8-December 06
From: Arlington, Virginia
Member No.: 24192

May 30 2008, 04:41 AM Post #1

Alright so this is a fluff exercise really, I may or may not actually do an army of this chapter but ever since I saw a Space Marine army painted in a hobby shop with a color scheme I liked but that wasn't named I've been trying to conceptualize a name for the Chapter. The one that fits the most is the Death Spectres. An officially named chapter but lacking a color scheme, the only reference I know of is in the Eye of Terror supplement listing the Chapters fighting in and around the Cadian Gate, listing 6 companies present from the Death Spectres Chapter. Not one of the Astartes Praeses though sadly enough. Nevertheless I've wanted to do something with the Death Spectres for a long time but other projects have demanded my time. Hopefully working on an Index Astartes for the Chapter will give me the motivation to put together an army of these guys when I finish my other projects. So lets begin:

Index Astartes: Holy Death Bringers Death Spectres

Name: Death Spectres
Gene-Seed: Imperial Fists
Founding: 22nd- Ref Date 312.M36

Homeworld: Cocytus

Death Spectres Tactical Marine



Origins

The Death Spectres were created in M36 during the Twenty Second founding following the Age of Apostasy. Heretical doctrines and a plague of unbeleaf spread across the Imperium like wildfire as the Ecclesiarchy fought to rebuild it's shattered reputation that Vandire had so badly tainted. The High Lords wanted more Astartes chapters of the faith and zeal exemplified by the Black Templars, so they requested the inception of a number of Chapters using the Imperial Fists gene stock. While the Imperial Fists gene-seed is not as pure as the Ultramarines as it lacks the Sus-An Membrane and Betcher's Gland, the Imperial Fists and their successors have always demonstrated considerable zeal and faith in executing the Emperor's will. Thus following the creation of the Sisters of Battle and the Ordo Hereticus, the 22nd founding came to be. The force designated Chapter 891 was placed under the command of Captain Nathaniel Antaeus of the Imperial Fists. Captain

Antaeus was given the honor of training the new Chapter and serving as it's first Chapter Master, this assignment meant departing the brotherhood of the Imperial Fists for life, but it also gave him a chance to instill a new generation of Space Marines with the teachings of Rogal Dorn and make his mark on history.

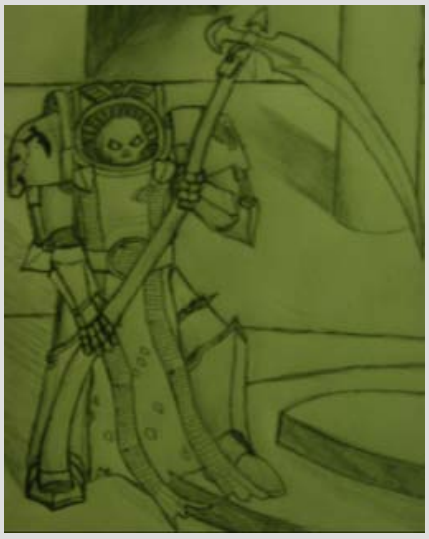
Antaeus took command of the Chapter in 312.M36, at this point the Chapter numbered six hundred fighting capable marines recruited from Terran stock, and four hundred scouts and initiates yet to earn their black carapace. For the next fifteen years Antaeus supervised the education of the Chapter's officers and specialists, particularly the Chapter Chaplains who would carry on the teachings of Rogal Dorn.

By 327.M36 the Chapter had served well in a dozen campaigns and major warzones. Antaeus decided it was time to find a homeworld. By chance the 891st Chapter of the Adeptus Astartes was tracking an Ork fleet through a mostly uninhabited region of space designated Sector 056.028, representing the twenty eighth system brought to compliance by the fifty sixth Expedition Fleet during the Great Crusade. Unsurprisingly the minor region had never been given a proper name. The system's only inhabitants were feral world populations mostly ignored by the Imperium, and a handful of mining outposts staffed mostly by ancient and decrepit servitors. The entire solar system's population was less than a hundred thousand..

The 891st Chapter moved in system trailing the Ork fleet until they came to the fourth planet of the system, a devastated world. In M32 the Mortifactors Chapter had been dispatched to the system to destroy a Space Hulk designated The Death Spectre. Scans indicated the Hulk was populated by a sizeable number of Orks, so the Mortifators decided to cripple the Hulk and push it into a collision course with the fourth planet of the system, a jungle death world at the time. The Mortifactors decided that to destroy the hundreds of thousands of Orks on the Hulk, the sacrifice of a few thousand feral humans was acceptable. When The Death Spectre collided with the planet it was as effective as if an exterminatus had been performed. The planet managed to hold together but ash and dust blanketed the sky completely and the temperature of the surface rose astronomically. The Mortifactors decided that nothing could live through such a collision and moved on.

Thus it was that Chapter Master Antaeus was surprised by what was revealed before him as the Chapter fleet entered orbit over the fourth planet. Almost four thousand years later the world had returned to life. A third of the planet was now taken up by a massive ocean filling the impact crater of the hulk. The rest of the planet was covered in a series of wasteland deserts ending in a mountain range that lay directly opposite the impact site. Rainwater collected on the mountains and drained into the ocean along exactly nine major rivers that snaked across the planet. Along the rivers plant life grew in lush rainforrest valleys and scans of the planet
revealed numerous human settlements along each of the rivers and a handful of habitations around the shores of the single great ocean. Antaeus consulted charts from the initial discovery of the planet and realized that the mountain range had been the site of the initial human settlement of the planet almost sixteen thousand years before. Curious but still with the Orks to deal with the 891st Chapter made planetfall after the Orks. For a month and a half the Space Marines hunted down and slaughtered the Orks, encountering many of the native inhabitants while doing so.

Master of Sanctity Balhast



To their surprise the Marines discovered that the natives had not simply hidden from the Orks but had actively engaged them. More shocking was the fact that the natives had not only fought the Orks, but that they had won. Ambushing the Orks in the jungle and bringing them down by any means possible the natives used pit falls, log traps, dropping massive trees onto vehicles, and cutting down Orks with crude iron arrows and spears the tribesmen managed to lay waste to any Orks who stumbled upon their villages and settlements. Equally surprising was the presence of metal crafting among the native tribes.

Despite these revelations Antaeus wanted to investigate what had happened almost four thousand years ago when The Death Spectre had crashed into the planet. Traveling to the mountains with the Chapter's 1st Company Antaeus entered the mountain range on foot, determined to discover what he could. Consulting the Emperor's Tarrot led Antaeus and his men to ancestral tribal footpaths leading into the mountains. Following these paths led the Space Marines to a network of caves deep in the mountain range. Strange corroded metal lined the entrances of the caves but Antaeus was suddenly seized with a burning desire to forge ahead deeper into the cave network. With a hundred marines at his side Antaeus entered into the depths of the mountains and what he discovered has become the stuff of legend within the Chapter.

According to the Chapter histories Antaeus discovered the derelict remains of the origional colonization ships that had landed on the planet with some of their systems still functioning, basic life support was still functional after all this time. It

was suddenly obvious what had happened. Those tribes that could had fled to the mountain caves when the Death Spectre appeared in the sky above the planet. Deep within the caves they survived the death of the planet's surface. When the ash clouds finally dissipated and life began to re-surface the tribesmen had come forth to re-inhabit the planet. Antaeus declared the miraculous survival of the tribesmen a gift from the Emperor. Upon his return Antaeus declared that the Chapter had finally earned the right to take a name and a homeworld, he gifted the Chapter with the name of the Hulk that had nearly destroyed the world, the Death Spectres and declared that henseforth they would call this world their home and it would be known as Cocytus, after the frozen lake in the ninth circle of hell in ancient Terran religions. The fortress Monastary of the Death Spectres was built in the centre of the great Ocean, on the ruins of the destroyed Hulk. Situated exactly at the southern pole of the planet the corroded remains of the Hulk was dubbed Death Spectre Isle.

With a name and a homeworld at last the Death Spectres were born.

Homeworld

Cocytus became the official homeworld of the newly dubbed Death Spectres chapter of the Adeptus Astartes in 331.M36 with the proper authorization of the Administratum. The Ancestor Mountains were declared sacred and made a site of pilgrimage for all Death Spectres and the natives of Cocytus. The native population itself served as an able source of recruits for the Death Spectres, the Apothecaries declared that the life support systems of the ancient colony ships had kept mutation minimal and the recruits proved acceptable initiates to the Chapter. Most of the tribes live in the nine primary river vallies of Cocytus, warring for hunting and fishing grounds constantly. A few scattered tribes live along the shore of the Cocytus Ocean and make their living hunting the various marine life of the waters, magnificent whales and giant sharks make common prey for the Cocytian fleets.

Over the centuries the inhabitants of Cocytus developed dozens of varying belief systems and traditions. The sects of any given river valley and those among the shore dwellers tend to be similar, though from region to region the beliefs of the inhabitants vary greatly, as do their traditions. Several tribes had turned to cannibalism and these the Death Spectres eradicated with righteous wrath though the majority of traditions amongst the Cocytian's proved acceptable to the Ecclesiarchy and were not altered under the Death Spectres control.

Death Spectre Isle is a remarkable sight, and considered one of the odd wonders of the Imperium. The ancient Hulk's ruined form is still visible, jutting from the waters of the Cocytus Ocean, the prows and wings of great warships thrust up from the water, their armored plates rusting in the constant wind and Ocean spray. The Fortress Monastery of the Death Spectres is built on the back of a mighty Emperor class battleship jutting from the hulk's ruined hide. Only the very prow of the battleship is visible above the waves, it's soaring Imperial Eagle prow pitted and scored from centuries in the warp but unbowed and unbroken. The Death Spectres Fortress Monastery sits astride the mighty battleship and some of the Fortresses chambers are built into the wrecked shell of the warship. The Chapter Master's own chambers reside within the head of the mighty gilded eagle of the ship's prow. All year round ice glaziers surround the rock and metal of Death Spectre Isle.

In 204.M37 The Death Spectres Fortress Monastery was assaulted from below by a host of feral Orks. Remarkably it seemed that some of the Orks had survived the crash of the giant Hulk, not all that surprising given the size and age of the Hulk, some of the deep ships must have survived the crash if so many were still visible above the surface of the Ocean waves. The 3rd Company of the Death Spectres descended into the ruins of the Hulk beneath the waves to find a Labyrinth of semi flooded passages and intact chambers beneath the Monastery. While the 3rd Company hunted down and slaughtered the Ork tribe that had attacked the under levels of the Monastery the Hulk was far too large to properly search and with so many flooded and damaged corridors Captain Talemon decided not to risk further investigation. Since then it has become a common initiation ritual for young Scout squads seeking promotion to full battle brothers to descend into the ruined hulk to hunt Orks. Every few decades a Scout squad will return bearing the tusks of Orks so some of the green skins still remain after all this time, living off of Emperor alone knows what. After the first incident the lower levels of the Monastery were fortified and protected, though no more Ork tribes have ever dared attack the mighty underground vault doors of the Monastery again.

Cocytus has two moons orbiting the planet. One of the moons boasts considerable mineral resources and is mined by Chapter serfs to provide the raw materials for the wargear and machines of the Chapter. The second planet has been turned into a giant dry dock and orbital defense fortress by the Chapter over the millenia.

Combat Doctrine

> Kill them all and let the Emperor sort them out.
>
> Attributed to Captain Arcasta

The Death Spectres have developed an affinity for terror tactics, inscribing their armor with litanies of hate and adorning the ceramite plates with images of death and bones central to many of the Chapter's beliefs. In battle the Death Spectres march to war implacably, showing no mercy once battle has been met, slaughtering their foes with relentless waves of bolter fire and carving them apart with chainswords and combat blades.

While the Death Spectres honor the Codex Astartes and practice all of the methods of war described in the holy tome, the Chapter favors lightning assaults and brutal implacable advances into the face of the enemy. The Death Spectres believe that a decisive, crushing victory against the best an opponent has to offer at the begining of any battle can obliterate an opponent's resolve. Many chaos hordes and xenos armies have fled before the wrath of the Death Spectres after seeing their very best put to the sword with impunity. The Death Spectres show their enemies exactly why they are the Emperor's Finest and send all those foolish enough to face them fleeing in terror. When the Death Spectres go to war they hold nothing back.

Organization

The Death Spectres are organized along the dictates of the Codex Astartes. The 1st Company is the Veteran Company. The 2nd-5th Companies are Battle Companies, the 6th-9th are the Reserve Companies and the 10th is the Scout Company. The zealous faith of the Chapter also means that the battle companies usually contain less Devastator marines than the Codex dictates. Few of the Death Spectres have the patience to stand back while there are traitors and xenos to slay. Because of this righteous fury the Chapter gives its Tactical Squads a wide array of weaponry to fit their needs. Some Tactical Squads go into battle armed with the traditional bolters, scything down all before them with disciplined volleys of bolter fire. Other squads however take to the field bearing bolt pistols and chainswords, to cleave apart their foes in the fire of close combat. Those Tactical Marines that excell in close quarters fighting are usually promoted to the Assault Squads.

No Mercy

In 913.M41 Captain Arcasta of the 9th Company laid siege to the rebel city of Nirvana Prime, the Capitol of a paradise world in the Segmentum Tempestus. The rebels had siezed the city and murdered the governor and the Administratum officials, seeking to secede from the Imperium. Captain Arcasta pushed the traitors back into the capitol and surrounded it with the men and weapons of the Nirvana Prime PDF Regiments and the Helican 74th Regiment of the Imperial Guard. Arcasta offered the traitors three chances to surrender, each time the rebels refused and tried to break out of the Imperial siege. Each time Arcasta commanded the battle and sent the traitors scurying back into their city. After the third breakout had been halted Arcasta called the Guard and PDF Colonels to a war council and gave his orders. While not technically under the command of the Adeptus Astartes, the inexperienced and weak commanders of the Helican 74th and the Nirvana PDF wouldn't dare oppose the command of a Space Marine Captain and the Imperial soldiers followed Arcasta's orders. For five days artillery pounded the city relentlessly, expending thousands of shells the Guard, PDF and Space Marine artillery units flattened the city. Begining at the outer walls and working inwards the artillery mercilessly pounded the city flat, annihilating every last one of the traitors.

With the utter destruction of the Capitol the remaining rebels across the planet laid down their arms and were rounded up. The traitors lived out their lives as forced labor in the Imperial Navy, giving their lives to repay their debt to the Immortal God Emperor.

Mistaken Identity

There have been a few occasions where the Death Spectres 1st Company has been mistaken for the legendary Legion of the Damned. The Death Spectres do not seek to disabuse some of these rumours, on the contrary such rumours shake the resolve of their enemies even further. On a few occasions the Death Spectres have even propogated the rumour themselves, helping the rumours along by teleporting 1st Company Terminators into battle and then teleporting them away once more.

In 991.M41 the chaos cults of Cissero the All Seeing were thrown into confusion and terror as squads of Terminators teleported into their midst to tear and rend before vanishing once more. The Death Spectres Battle Barge the Ardent Fury risked serious damage to the priceless teleportation arrays by doing so. Nevertheless the

The other primary difference in the Death Spectres organization is with the 9th Company. Traditionally the codex dictates the 9th Company as the Devastator Reserve Company. The Death Spectres abide by this dictate and the 9th Company is composed of 10 Devastator Squads, however over time the Death Spectres 9th has come to be known as the Siege Company. It is the only Company in the Chapter to make use of Vindicator or Whirlwind tanks and the command vehicle of the Company is traditionally a Land Raider Helios. Instead of serving as a reserve of devastator units for the battle companies, the 9th Company of the Death Spectres deploys to warzones where siege expertise is required. Those marines who tame their righteous zeal and demonstrate patience and skill with ranged weaponry are transferred to the 9th, and so while the Death Spectres usually wage war with a series of rapid assaults on key enemy positions, the 9th obliterates their foes with masses of

resulting confusion and loss of faith in the chaos cultists enabled the Imperials to achieve victory outnumbered twenty to one, and bring about the fall and death of a powerful sorcerer of Tzeentch.

heavy ordanance from afar. While many young Death Spectres look upon the 9th with contempt the Masters of the Chapter respect the ability of the 9th to exemplify another aspect of war than the Chapter traditionally values.

The Death Spectres do adhere for the most part to the standard codex markings for Company and unit designations. Sergeants wear the traditional Codex red helmets to represent their officer status, and wear the white stripe of a Veteran Sergeant. One of the traditions of the Death Spectres that is unusual is that Veteran marines will paint bone iconography onto their armor to represent every battle brother of their squad who has fallen, also traditionally veteran sergeants and marines who have accomplished a great feat in battle will paint a stylysed skull onto the faceplate of their helmets. Another noted tradition is the bone white helmets of the rank and file marines. When Chapter Master Antaeus fell in battle to an Ork Warboss a century and a half after the Chapter's founding the Death Spectres repainted their helmets bone white and added a skull to their Chapter Symbol in honor of Antaeus who molded the Chapter into the brutally effective fighting force it has become.

Recruitment

Every ten years the Chaplains of the Death Spectres travel across Cocytus to observe the tribesmen at war and in ritual games. Those youths who perform impressively in tribal warfare or in feats of strength and contests of prowess during the games are taken by the Chaplains to the shores of the Cocytus Ocean. There the Chaplains group initiates from different tribes into ship crews. Numbering twenty initiates each the crews are assigned a long fishing boat.

Their goal is to reach Death Spectre Isle alive. Each boat is adorned with the bones of the initiates who died crewing it in the past. Never will a ship arrive at Death Spectre Isle without any cassualties and the initiates are forbidden from discarding their dead. Sailing through the arctic oceans of Cocytus is highly dangerous. Few of the neophytes have much experience with navigating the ocean waters. Storms over the freezing oceans send many ships to the bottom, and others are lost to the giant ocean sharks of Cocytus, or destroyed when hunting other sea creatures during their journey. As a rule the Chaplains will assign an initiate from the shore dwelling tribes to each ship, but whether the other initiates learn from their more experienced fellows isn't certain, those initiates that try to go it on their own invariably die. The journey across the ocean serves an important role in the initiation rituals. It forces the tribesmen to work together or die, out on the ocean with nothing but each other they have no option but to work together and learn from each other. Less than ten percent of the ships that set sail from the shores of the Cocytus ocean ever make it to Death Spectre Isle. Those that do have faced mortal danger every second of every day for up to five months of hard sailing. The initiates have also learned to work together and trust their comrades with their lives.

The first duty of the initiates upon reaching Death Spectre Isle, assuming they survive, is to perform the final rites over the fallen. The bodies of the dead are ritually prepared and then burned in funeral pyres designed to destroy the flesh but not damage the skeletons. When the funeral fires burn out the bones of the dead are inscribed with Imperial litanies of protection. Then the initiates work to repair their ships that are invariably damaged after the perilous journey through the arctic waters, during the process of repair the initiates work the bones of their dead into the ships.

These duties introduce the initiates to the practices of the Death Spectres, and teach them to lay the souls of their comrades to rest. When the rites of death are completed the initiates begin their training as neophytes of the Death Spectres. For the duration of the implantation and training process the initiates test their metal many times. They regularly sail their repaired ships through the arctic oceans tracking the mighty sea creatures of Cocytus. The initiates join hunting parties into the depths of the ruined hulk. In vaults beneath the fortress monastery they train in simulated environments, learning to fight in many different warzones from jungles to desert wastelands, to ruined cities. When the neophytes join the Scout Company they are assigned to a company newly returned from the warzones of the Imperium. The scouts will learn from their full battle brothers in many battles, learning lessons that cannot be taught except through cold, hard experience. When the battle brother assigned as the neophyte's mentor decides the recruit is ready the marine will recommend the scout for promotion to the ranks of the Death Spectres as a full marine. Usually the implantation of the black carapace is performed in the chapter's fortress monastery. Sometimes if on extended campaign the implantation will be performed on one of the chapters vessels.

Once initiated into the ranks as a full battle brother the new marines will traditionally sail the ships they crewed as initiates back to the shore of the Cocytus ocean, where they rendevous with a Thunderhawk that will take them to the Chapter ships in orbit and off to the many warzones of the Imperium.

Gene-Seed

The Gene-Seed of the Death Spectres is relatively pure. The minor degradation of the Imperial Fists genetic material means the chapter lacks the Sus-An Membrane and the Betcher's Gland, though like the Imperial Fists themselves the Chapter doesn't see it as such a great loss.

However the Death Spectres Gene-Seed does show some strange aberrations in its Phase 13 Implants. Following the introduction of the Cocytian tribesmen into the chapter, the Melanochromic Organ began to produce strange results. An undetected mutation in the implant caused the entire chapter to develop albino coloring. The Apothecaries were most vexed by this change and sought for many years the reason behind it. The Melanochromic Organ is extremely complicated however and the Apothecaries never did find the exact alteration that caused the albino coloring, but since the mutation did not appear to cause any other effects and appeared stable once more the Apothecaries concluded that it was not harmfull to the Chapter. This conclusion appears to be vindicated as the Adeptus Mechanicus have not found any evidence of serious mutation in the tithed Death Spectres gene-seed.

Beliefs

The beliefs of the Death Spectres chapter are unusual among the Adeptus Astartes in that they actually worship the Emperor as a God. Most astartes chapters worship the Emperor as their lord and leader, but as a mortal. More so the Death Spectres have no one set of beliefs, instead many cults of belief flourish within the Chapter, revolving around the prior beliefs of initiates to the chapter, based on the doctrine of their ancestors. Each belief doctrine is valued in its own way and tolerated within the chapter as long as it remains within certain parameters. Scholars speculate that this strange set of beliefs is based on the traditions and the varying religious sects found within the people of Cocytus.

However there are a few rather more unusual and heretical doctrines that exist within the Chapter, though none speak of them. One such cult of belief asserts that the Emperor is not yet a God, but is on the threshold of ascendance, and only when the Emperor's body is allowed to die and his spirit released from the Golden Throne will he become a true God and his spirit stride forth to lead the Adeptus Astartes in a final Crusade across the stars. Needless to say this belief is borderline heretical, though unlike most in the Chapter it is talked of only in hushed tones if at all, numerous attempts by certain chaplains have been made to erradicate it, but some whisper that high ranking officers are members of the cult even the Chapter Master himself some say. While none would admit such things for to do so would threaten the integrity of the Chapter, the machinations of the cult and others play an integral part of the political structure of the Chapter and its agenda.

Only once have the varying cults of belief sparked open combat within the Chapter. In 272.M39 Captain Vinzero of the 1st Company accused Chapter Master Xion Helvar of heresy. Quickly Captians and senior officers chose sides until the Chapter was split almost half and half with one side standing behind Chapter Master Helvar, and the others behind Captain Vinzero. However to avoid outright combat the Chaplains of the Chapter did not pick sides and instead ordered the accused and the accuser to solve the matter in a trial by combat. Like something out of a cheesy underhive drama the Chapter Master and 1st Company Captain faced each other. Each warrior wore an ancient suit of Terminator Armor and each was an experienced combatant armed with the finest weapons the Chapter could provide. In the end though the more experienced Master Helvar won the combat.
Helvar refused to strike down his first captain and instead turned to leave the circle of combat victorious. Furious that Helvar would not take his life honorably Vinzero took up his power sword and made to stab Helvar in the back. Before he could do so Balhast the Master of Sanctity struck the first Captain from behind. Balhast's power scythe impaled Vinzero up to the hilt and pierced both of his hearts. Vinzero's final attack sealed Helvar's innosence in the Chapter's minds and the matter has not recurred again. What the matter did bring to light however is the unity of the Chapter Chaplains who, no matter their beliefs, will not condone a divide in the Chapter. To this day the arms and armor of Chapter Master Helvar, and First Captain Vinzero stand on display in the main reclusium of Death Spectre Isle, as a reminder of how close the Chapter came to destruction from within.

Sources

Index Astartes: Humanity's Shield
Index Astartes: Rites of Initiation
Codex: Eye of Terror
Insignium Astartes Poster

EDIT: Alright I edited the scheme around a bit to represent the official material, hopefully I haven't missed any references to the old scheme but I'll be editing this a couple times to trim it down once I finish the rest of it so hopefully if I missed anything I'll catch it then. Shortly I'll be editing in the rest of the info on Recruitment. After that I plan a Gene-Seed and Beliefs sections, as well as perhaps an On the Tabletop section to explain the rules and composition of the Death Spectres.

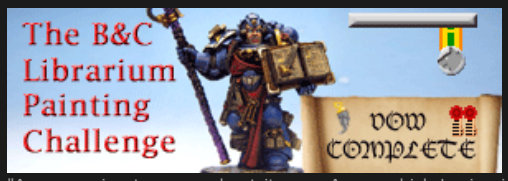
EDIT 2: I updated some of the info and finished the recruitment section.

EDIT 3: I added the Gene-Seed, Beliefs and Tabletop sections and did a little editing overall, will add a few more sidebars and review the whole for the next few days and polish it up some more.

EDIT 4: Ok so I removed some stuff, got rid of the BT inspired things and made the Chapter a bit more generic, removed the On the Tabletop section and edited out some other stuff including the first company colors. I'll replace the Terminator pic soon and add in some artwork I've been working on. I also added a little more to the beliefs section.

EDIT 5: This project is now scraped until further notice, as a writing exercise I'm now too pissed with it to take the time I could devote to other projects to finish it. Maybe I'll take it up again some other time, for now though I'm utterly sick of looking at it and I'm too far behind on other projects.

This post has been edited by **Vash113**: Jun 10 2008, 04:55 AM



"Are we going to scrap about it now. Argue which Legion is the toughest?"
"The answer always is, the Wolves of Fenris," Torgadon put in. "Because they're clinically insane."
-1st Captain Sigismund of the Imperial Fists and Captain of the Luna Wolves 2nd Company.

Add + Quote

On Hubernator

May 30 2008, 10:01 AM Post #2



+FRATER DOMUS+

Group: + FRATER DOMUS +
Posts: 2017
Joined: 2-March 08
From: England
Member No.: 33093
Chapter Name:The Phantoms

My word, there's a lot here. I think some parts can be moved around to other parts of the IA. However I would say this is good. Scheme is good. But I would advise sticking this on a SlimFast diet

---

The Phantoms

QUOTE (Brother Cambrius)

:lol: Hahaha! I just spilt earl grey tea all over my lap. You owe me a pair of new power armour trousers Hubernator.

QUOTE (Leethal)

Iruel: I'm a Blood Angel! I am teh uberest Rhino driver everrrrrr!

Add + Quote

Off Ferrata

May 30 2008, 11:08 AM Post #3



++PUNIO TRUCIDO++

Group: ++ MODERATI ++
Posts: 8540

A hell load of information, some of which I think it not needed. For an IA, I would suggest dropping a lot of the precise details (such as the Mortificator paragraph) and shorten the entire Origins section. It doesn't need shortening much, but just make sure everything there is adding to the character. Maybe include more information about their current actions, famous engagments etc. Things like nine rivers etc can work well in the home world section, but why does the reader need to know this?

Overall, one of the best new chapters I've read in a long time.

Joined: 14-December 04
From: Derbys, UK
Member No.: 14945
Chapter Name: Wings of Death

Imperial Castellans / Black Guard / Dark Sons
Aon'Ghus: Daemonic Crux / Unleashed / The Heart of the Sword

How often must the scoundrel prove himself a hero, before he believes it himself

Add + Quote

Off **captain_shrike**

May 30 2008, 11:30 AM

Post #4



Look really good. Really well detailed I really like it.

Just wondered if you had seen them in WD290 UK. Some guy was doing them for a tournament and went over background and shows a painted 1500 army of them.

+FRATER DOMUS+

Group: + FRATER DOMUS +
Posts: 1222
Joined: 24-February 05
From: East Sussex, England
Member No.: 16247
Chapter Name:++Iron Lords++



'Caniculam non crede'- Trust not the bitch!

WIP IA: Black Consuls (i.e IA:Codex Astartes)
Project: Armoured Forge- My WIP Iron Lords army

Add + Quote

Off **Commissar Moloto...**

May 30 2008, 11:46 AM

Post #5



There are some interesting ideas in here. Just quickly I'd say that you've missed out the fact that the Death Spectres are all albino, due to a malfunction in their gene-seed. I'll find the White Dwarf with the quote later on. Whilst I appreciate you haven't actually written a 'Gene-Seed' section, I still would've thought that it would've come up earlier.

+FRATER DOMUS+

This post has been edited by **Commissar Molotov**: May 30 2008, 11:47 AM

Group: + FRATER DOMUS +
Posts: 4652
Joined: 8-June 03
From: Leicester, England
Member No.: 6084
Chapter Name:The Castigators

+DEI+CASTIGATOR+
PARAGONS: HEROES AND VILLAINS OF PATRIOT CITY
ORDO ILLUMINATUS - A Games Workshop Art Site!

Add + Quote

On **Kurgan the Lurke...**

May 30 2008, 12:00 PM

Post #6



Good stuff so far Vash.

Two questions from a purely fluff-fanatic stand point:

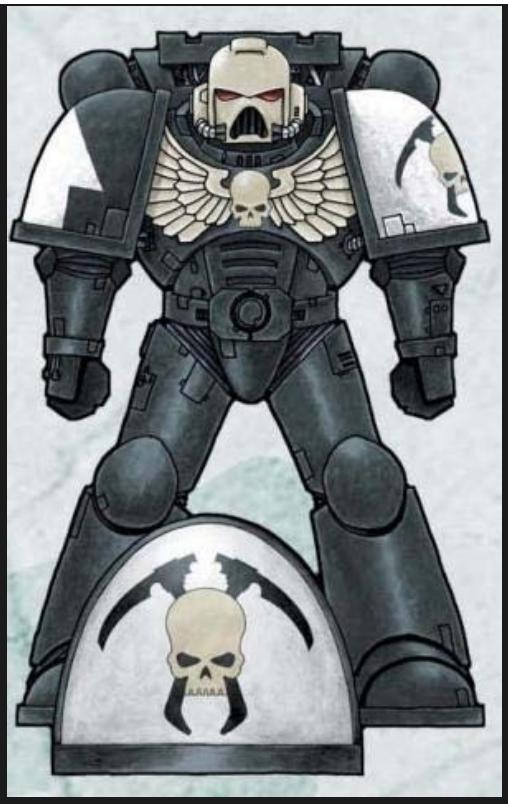
Here is their official color scheme (from the Insignium Astartes poster):

++INQUISITUS EXTERMINATI++



Group:
+++ADMINISTRATUM+++

Posts: 14499
Joined: 2-August 02
From: Segmentum Solar
Member No.: 2
Chapter Name: Vultures



Do you plan to use the same Chapter symbol? I'm not sure if we have it in our decal section or not.

Do you also plan to incorporate their gene-seed defect ? They have a defective Phase 13 implant which causes them all to become albinos:
http://uk.games-workshop.com/spacemarines/initiation/2/

There was a bit more about them in a more recent IA and I'll see if I can dig it up (only a couple lines) for you.

This post has been edited by **Kurgan the Lurker**: May 30 2008, 12:05 PM

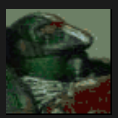
Reason for edit: See what I get for taking 20 minutes to type a 10 line post :P

Duck Blind Miniatures - My painted stuff.
The Cult of Orange -- None can withstand our.....color

Add + Quote

Off **Octavulg**

May 30 2008, 01:27 PM Post #7



+LEXICANIUM+

Group: + LEXICANIUM +
Posts: 2192
Joined: 27-November 04
From: Saint John, NB, Canada
Member No.: 14654

QUOTE

An officially named chapter but lacking a color scheme,

You appear to be wrong on this count.

QUOTE

the only reference I know of is in the Eye of Terror supplement listing the Chapters fighting in and around the Cadian Gate, listing 6 companies present from the Death Spectres Chapter.

Their albinism is mentioned in the IA on making new marines.

QUOTE

Death Spectres

You appear to have three choices: Change everything to be consistent with the official GW fluff, ignore the official GW fluff, or change the name of your chapter.

I'd recommend A or C.

QUOTE

The High Lords wanted more Astartes chapters of the faith and zeal exemplified by the Black Templars, so they requested the inception of a number of Chapters using the Imperial Fists gene stock.

So they want more chapters so zealous that they ignore the restrictions on chapter size and disregard most Imperial authority?

That doesn't sound like the brilliant plan you seem to think it is...

QUOTE

this assignment meant departing the brotherhood of the Imperial Fists for life,

Apparently, the training cadre can choose to return to their chapter of origin.

QUOTE

Kill them all and let the Emperor sort them out."

The original use of this was actually "Kill them all. God will know his own." Much more gothic, I'm sure you'll agree.

* * *

Looks pretty good. Longwinded, but good.

You definitely need to resolve your incompatibilities with GW fluff, though...

Proud Owner and Leader of the Ice Lords, the Bronze Prophets and the Stone Hearts. And one day, every one of them will be finished.

"Wake up. Pray. Train. Pray. Drop screaming through the atmosphere from low orbit into a raging battlefield, and take the fight to enemies that may outnumber us by as little as three to one. Do battle with the most horrific enemies of mankind imaginable and charge into lines of weapons that could shred a tank into ribbons. Afterward, lunch, time permitting." - Marshal Arturas, 15/05/08

"Roboute Guilliman knew that putting the power of two Heavy 4 Rending assault cannons under the command of a single Space Marine sergeant would make a second Horus Heresy a virtual certainty. No man should have that much power." - Brother Pariah, 12/06/06, on Dakka Dakka

Add Quote

Off **Commissar Moloto...**

May 30 2008, 01:33 PM

Post #8



+FRATER DOMUS+

QUOTE (Octavulg @ May 30 2008, 02:27 PM)

Apparently, the training cadre can choose to return to their chapter of origin.

Where do you get that from, Octavulg? I've read you saying it in a number of threads recently, but I've not seen any source that substantiates it.

Group: + FRATER DOMUS +
Posts: 4652
Joined: 8-June 03
From: Leicester, England
Member No.: 6084
Chapter Name:The Castigators

+DEI+CASTIGATOR+
PARAGONS: HEROES AND VILLAINS OF PATRIOT CITY
ORDO ILLUMINATUS - A Games Workshop Art Site!

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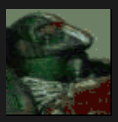
Off **Octavulg**

May 30 2008, 01:51 PM

Post #9



+LEXICANIUM+

Group: + LEXICANIUM +
Posts: 2192
Joined: 27-November 04
From: Saint John, NB, Canada
Member No.: 14654

QUOTE

Where do you get that from, Octavulg? I've read you saying it in a number of threads recently, but I've not seen any source that substantiates it.

IIRC, *you're* the one who first told me that. Gah.

Now I'm going to go digging through the first two pages of the damn forum to find where somebody told me that...

EDIT:

Aha! It was Sigismund Himself (the user, not the Black Templar founder). Here:
http://www.bolterandchainsword.com/index.p...howtopic=136449

Don't ask me where he got it from. He spelled it all right, so I assumed he was correct.

This post has been edited by **Octavulg**: May 30 2008, 01:55 PM

Proud Owner and Leader of the Ice Lords, the Bronze Prophets and the Stone Hearts. And one day, every one of them will be finished.

"Wake up. Pray. Train. Pray. Drop screaming through the atmosphere from low orbit into a raging battlefield, and take the fight to enemies that may outnumber us by as little as three to one. Do battle with the most horrific enemies of mankind imaginable and charge into lines of weapons that could shred a tank into ribbons. Afterward, lunch, time permitting." - Marshal Arturas, 15/05/08

"Roboute Guilliman knew that putting the power of two Heavy 4 Rending assault cannons under the command of a single Space Marine sergeant would make a second Horus Heresy a virtual certainty. No man should have that much power." - Brother Pariah, 12/06/06, on Dakka Dakka

Add + Quote

On **Hubernator**

May 30 2008, 02:00 PM

Post #10



+FRATER DOMUS+

Group: + FRATER DOMUS +
Posts: 2017
Joined: 2-March 08
From: England
Member No.: 33093
Chapter Name:The Phantoms

OK, who let *Octavulg* loose? I thought we were supposed to keep him locked up to stop him shredding IA's

---

The Phantoms

QUOTE (Brother Cambrius)

:lol: Hahaha! I just spilt earl grey tea all over my lap. You owe me a pair of new power armour trousers Hubernator.

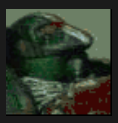
QUOTE (Leethal)

Iruel: I'm a Blood Angel! I am teh uberest Rhino driver everrrrrr!

Add + Quote

Off **Octavulg**

May 30 2008, 02:06 PM Post #11



+LEXICANIUM+

Group: + LEXICANIUM +
Posts: 2192
Joined: 27-November 04
From: Saint John, NB, Canada
Member No.: 14654

> **QUOTE**
> OK, who let Octavulg loose? I thought we were supposed to keep him locked up to stop him shredding IA's

I shred because I care, Hubernator. I shred because I care.

No one comes and shreds my IAs.

Proud Owner and Leader of the Ice Lords, the Bronze Prophets and the Stone Hearts. And one day, every one of them will be finished.

"Wake up. Pray. Train. Pray. Drop screaming through the atmosphere from low orbit into a raging battlefield, and take the fight to enemies that may outnumber us by as little as three to one. Do battle with the most horrific enemies of mankind imaginable and charge into lines of weapons that could shred a tank into ribbons. Afterward, lunch, time permitting." - Marshal Arturas, 15/05/08

"Roboute Guilliman knew that putting the power of two Heavy 4 Rending assault cannons under the command of a single Space Marine sergeant would make a second Horus Heresy a virtual certainty. No man should have that much power." - Brother Pariah, 12/06/06, on Dakka Dakka

Add + Quote

On **Hubernator**

May 30 2008, 02:12 PM Post #12



+FRATER DOMUS+

Group: + FRATER DOMUS +
Posts: 2017
Joined: 2-March 08
From: England
Member No.: 33093
Chapter Name:The Phantoms

> **QUOTE (Octavulg)**
> No one comes and shreds my IAs.

5 words: *Sigismund Himself* and *Commisar Molotov*. Or 2 words: *Ice Lords*

Sorry *Vash113* for the slight conversation breaking out in your thread.

This post has been edited by **Hubernator**: May 30 2008, 02:13 PM

The Phantoms

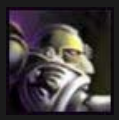
> **QUOTE (Brother Cambrius)**
> :lol: Hahaha! I just spilt earl grey tea all over my lap. You owe me a pair of new power armour trousers Hubernator.

> **QUOTE (Leethal)**
> Iruel: I'm a Blood Angel! I am teh uberest Rhino driver everrrrrr!

Add + Quote

Off **Vash113**

May 30 2008, 03:10 PM Post #13



++ SCRIPTOR CLASSIARIUM ++

Group: ++ CODICIER ++
Posts: 2043
Joined: 8-December 06
From: Arlington, Virginia
Member No.: 24192

@Hubernator
-No problem, glad you like it so far.

@Ferrata
-Thanks, yea I do see that I could shorten it a bit and remove some of the less important details to speed it along.

@captain_shrike
-No I didn't know that as I am not in the UK, nor do I subscribe to White Dwarf anymore. That's interresting to know though, did the army use the color scheme from the IA poster?

@Commissar Molotov
-Gah I know I've read that article I can't believe I missed that detail, thanks for pointing it out I'll deffinitely include that

information in the gene-seed section.

@Kurgan the Lurker
-And two bits of information I did not know before. I'll deffinitely be incorporating both into the IA, now that I know the official scheme I'll just switch the Vet and Normal marine scheme, maybe making the Vet scheme more of a dark grey than a bone white so that I can still paint bone details onto the armor, but it's not a drastic problem. The Chapter Symbol is also remarkably similar to what I had in mind, I was planning a skull backed by crossed downwards pointing swords. Scythes had crossed my mind but I wanted to avoid something too similar to the Scythes of the Emperor chapter symbol, but now that I see the official scheme I'll do it anyway it's not a bad lookin symbol. As for transfers it doesn't look too hard to pull off freehand as long as I don't try to overcomplicate it. If there's anymore official info/sources I'd be glad to see them, my library is extensive but does have a number of holes, any tidbits I can get I'll deffinitely add into the IA. Thanks for the help!

Oh I do have one question, the marine in the picture, is that just a Tactical Marine or is that a Sergeant? I'm wondering if the white helmet is part of the scheme or whether it marks an officer or something.

@Octavulg
-As for the first three points my answer is "well duh." For the fourth well dangerous the Black Templars may be but then again they were hardly something Vandire could order around now were they? Checks and balances can be very useful, sort of like the Sisters of Battle came to represent, and the Ordo Hereticus. Zealous chapters that won't be led astray can be usefull, plus newer chapters can't really pull the disregarding codex/too large thing like the Templars, they don't have the connections to pull it off and survive. As for the quote, thank you... but I prefere it my way.

As for the inconsistencies, well I didn't know about them before now did I? Which reasons that such will be corrected, it is a work in progress you see.

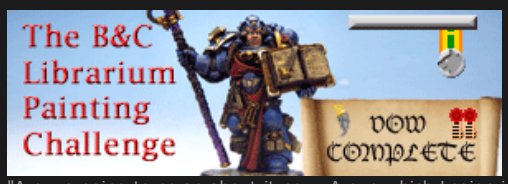
I'll be editing the IA asap to reorganize the color scheme, for now I don't think I'll remove anything just yet. I want to finish the various sections and then see how long the final result is before I figure out how much trimming of the fat needs to be done. I suppose the advantage of scythes is I now have a use for that spare Typhus manreaper scythe sitting in my bitz box, a cool power weapon for a Terminator Captain methinks.

As for the training officers if I recall correctly that may come from an old player made IA on the Brazen Claws with regard to Ultramarines training officers and loaned equipment, but I don't think it was official.

I think for the albino aspect I'm going to include that in the gene-seed section, not earlier as I think it would work better as an aberration that occured with the introduction of the Cocytian tribesmen's DNA into the Chapter's gene-pool, that wasn't reflected on the early first batch of marines.

One thing I haven't been able to decide on is the battlecry/motto. I've thought of a few things but they've all been too cheesy or cliche. Anyone got some ideas for a battlecry other than the ubiquitous For the Emperor?

This post has been edited by **Vash113**: May 30 2008, 03:49 PM



"Are we going to scrap about it now. Argue which Legion is the toughest?"
"The answer always is, the Wolves of Fenris," Torgadon put in. "Because they're clinically insane."
-1st Captain Sigismund of the Imperial Fists and Captain of the Luna Wolves 2nd Company.

Add + Quote

Off **captain_shrike**

May 30 2008, 04:19 PM

Post #14



+FRATER DOMUS+

QUOTE

@captain_shrike
-No I didn't know that as I am not in the UK, nor do I subscribe to White Dwarf anymore. That's interresting to know though, did the army use the color scheme from the IA poster?

Group: + FRATER DOMUS +
Posts: 1222
Joined: 24-February 05
From: East Sussex, England
Member No.: 16247
Chapter Name:++Iron Lords++

Come to think of it no it didn't. That colour scheme was made after that article though. It was a pasty black/grey all over with bone colour shoulder pad rims.



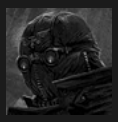
'Caniculam non crede'- Trust not the bitch!

WIP IA: Black Consuls (i.e IA:Codex Astartes)
Project: Armoured Forge- My WIP Iron Lords army

Add + Quote

Heru Talon

May 30 2008, 04:28 PM Post #15



+FRATER DOMUS+

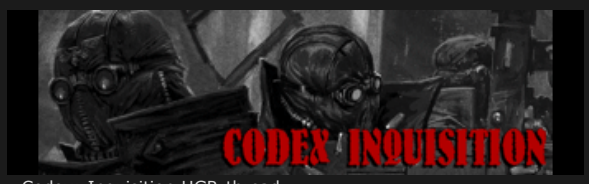
Group: + FRATER DOMUS +
Posts: 2061
Joined: 6-May 06
From: Aberdeen, Scotland
Member No.: 20677
Chapter Name:Falcon Knights

> **QUOTE (Vash113 @ May 30 2008, 04:10 PM)**
> Oh I do have one question, the marine in the picture, is that just a Tactical Marine or is that a Sergeant? I'm wondering if the white helmet is part of the scheme or whether it marks an officer or something.

It's a Tactical Marine.

> **QUOTE (Vash113 @ May 30 2008, 04:10 PM)**
> One thing I haven't been able to decide on is the battlecry/motto. I've thought of a few things but they've all been too cheesy or cliche. Anyone got some ideas for a battlecry other than the ubiquitous For the Emperor?

Don't give them a battle cry, have them play the silence card. They are "spectres" after all.



- Codex: Inquisition HGR thread -
- The Falcon Soars (My Blog) -

> **QUOTE (Beef to Heru Talon @ Aug 23 2007, 07:05 PM) [snapback]1341432[/snapback]**
> So you are right...

Add + Quote

Kurgan the Lurke...

May 30 2008, 07:48 PM Post #16



++INQUISITUS EXTERMINATI++



Group: +++ADMINISTRATUM+++
Posts: 14499

> **QUOTE**
> If there's anymore official info/sources I'd be glad to see them, my library is extensive but does have a number of holes, any tidbits I can get I'll deffinitely add into the IA . Thanks for the help

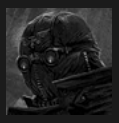
Only official stuff on them is the blurb about the Phase 13 implant and then again in another IA (I think it was talking about gene-seed defects) but it only amounts to a few sentances total. Plus what little is in the EoT book. Then the Insignium Astartes poster (I have had mine for a couple years now so not sure you can get it from Black Library anymore).

Joined: 2-August 02
From: Segmentum Solar
Member No.: 2
Chapter Name: Vultures

Duck Blind Miniatures - My painted stuff.
The Cult of Orange -- None can withstand our.....color

Add + Quote

Heru Talon May 30 2008, 08:11 PM Post #17



+FRATER DOMUS+

Group: + FRATER DOMUS +
Posts: 2061
Joined: 6-May 06
From: Aberdeen, Scotland
Member No.: 20677
Chapter Name:Falcon Knights

> **QUOTE (Kurgan the Lurker @ May 30 2008, 08:48 PM)**
> Then the Insignium Astartes poster (I have had mine for a couple years now so not sure you can get it from Black Library anymore).

And in the book "How to Paint Space Marines", which displays the same Death Spectres image as on the poster.

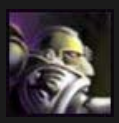


- Codex: Inquisition HGR thread -
- The Falcon Soars (My Blog) -

> **QUOTE (Beef to Heru Talon @ Aug 23 2007, 07:05 PM) [snapback]1341432[/snapback]**
> So you are right...

Add + Quote

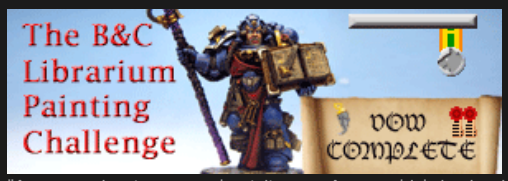
Vash113 May 31 2008, 02:20 AM Post #18



++ SCRIPTOR CLASSIARIUM ++

Group: **++ CODICIER ++**
Posts: 2043
Joined: 8-December 06
From: Arlington, Virginia
Member No.: 24192

Alright I made some adjustments to the IA and re-wrote the recruitment section and finished it out. I'm drafting a few verions of the gene-seed and beliefs sections that I'll likely post up later tonight.



"Are we going to scrap about it now. Argue which Legion is the toughest?"
"The answer always is, the Wolves of Fenris," Torgadon put in. "Because they're clinically insane."
-1st Captain Sigismund of the Imperial Fists and Captain of the Luna Wolves 2nd Company.

Add + Quote

superghostrider Jun 1 2008, 09:53 PM Post #19



+FRATER DOMUS+

Group: + FRATER DOMUS +
Posts: 77
Joined: 22-November 02

> **QUOTE (Octavulg @ May 30 2008, 01:27 PM)**
> > **QUOTE**
> > Kill them all and let the Emperor sort them out."
>
> The original use of this was actually "Kill them all. God will know his own." Much more gothic, I'm sure you'll agree.

From: East Coast, near Philly
Member No.: 2616
Chapter Name:Razor Hawks

This is close to the saying from some US military t-shirts of "kill them all and let God sort them out"

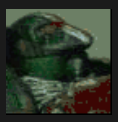
++ Razor Hawk Legion ++
"To Serve Is A Privilege, To Die Is An Honor"

Add + Quote

Off **Octavulg**

Jun 1 2008, 10:28 PM

Post #20



+LEXICANIUM+

Group: + LEXICANIUM +
Posts: 2192
Joined: 27-November 04
From: Saint John, NB, Canada
Member No.: 14654

> **QUOTE**
> This is close to the saying from some US military t-shirts of "kill them all and let God sort them out"

Supposedly, the line was first said by Papal Legate Arnaud-Amaury, in about 1209. "Kill them all. Surely God will know his own." He was being asked how to tell Cathar heretics from good Catholics during the Albigensian Crusade.

Although he may not have actually said this, he ought to have.

Thus, as can be seen, the really good lines pre-date even T-shirts.

Proud Owner and Leader of the Ice Lords, the Bronze Prophets and the Stone Hearts. And one day, every one of them will be finished.

"Wake up. Pray. Train. Pray. Drop screaming through the atmosphere from low orbit into a raging battlefield, and take the fight to enemies that may outnumber us by as little as three to one. Do battle with the most horrific enemies of mankind imaginable and charge into lines of weapons that could shred a tank into ribbons. Afterward, lunch, time permitting." - Marshal Arturas, 15/05/08

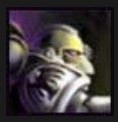
"Roboute Guilliman knew that putting the power of two Heavy 4 Rending assault cannons under the command of a single Space Marine sergeant would make a second Horus Heresy a virtual certainty. No man should have that much power." - Brother Pariah, 12/06/06, on Dakka Dakka

Add + Quote

Off **Vash113**

Jun 2 2008, 12:50 AM

Post #21

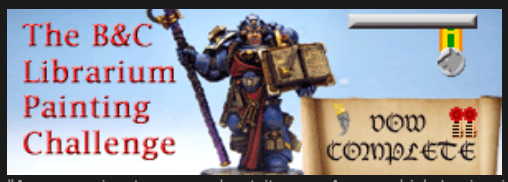


++ SCRIPTOR CLASSIARIUM ++

Group: ++ CODICIER ++
Posts: 2043
Joined: 8-December 06
From: Arlington, Virginia
Member No.: 24192

Yes and we all know where Laconic phrases came from, Napoleon had some good ones, there were plenty from WWI and WWII and the list goes on and on. I use the version that I think rings best, and so if you've ever watched Lord of War the quote goes:

"Thank you, but I prefere it my way."



"Are we going to scrap about it now. Argue which Legion is the toughest?"
"The answer always is, the Wolves of Fenris," Torgadon put in. "Because they're clinically insane."
-1st Captain Sigismund of the Imperial Fists and Captain of the Luna Wolves 2nd Company.

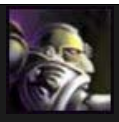
Add + Quote

Off **Vash113**

Jun 2 2008, 06:13 PM

Post #22

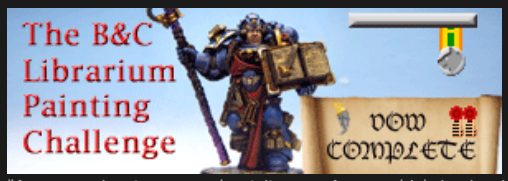
Sory for the double post, I finished the last few sections and did some more editing, it still needs a little work and some more sidebars perhaps. I'm still debating about whether I really want to shorten it or not, and where to do so.



++ SCRIPTOR CLASSIARIUM ++



Group: **++ CODICIER ++**
Posts: 2043
Joined: 8-December 06
From: Arlington, Virginia
Member No.: 24192



"Are we going to scrap about it now. Argue which Legion is the toughest?"
"The answer always is, the Wolves of Fenris," Torgadon put in. "Because they're clinically insane."
-1st Captain Sigismund of the Imperial Fists and Captain of the Luna Wolves 2nd Company.



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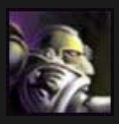
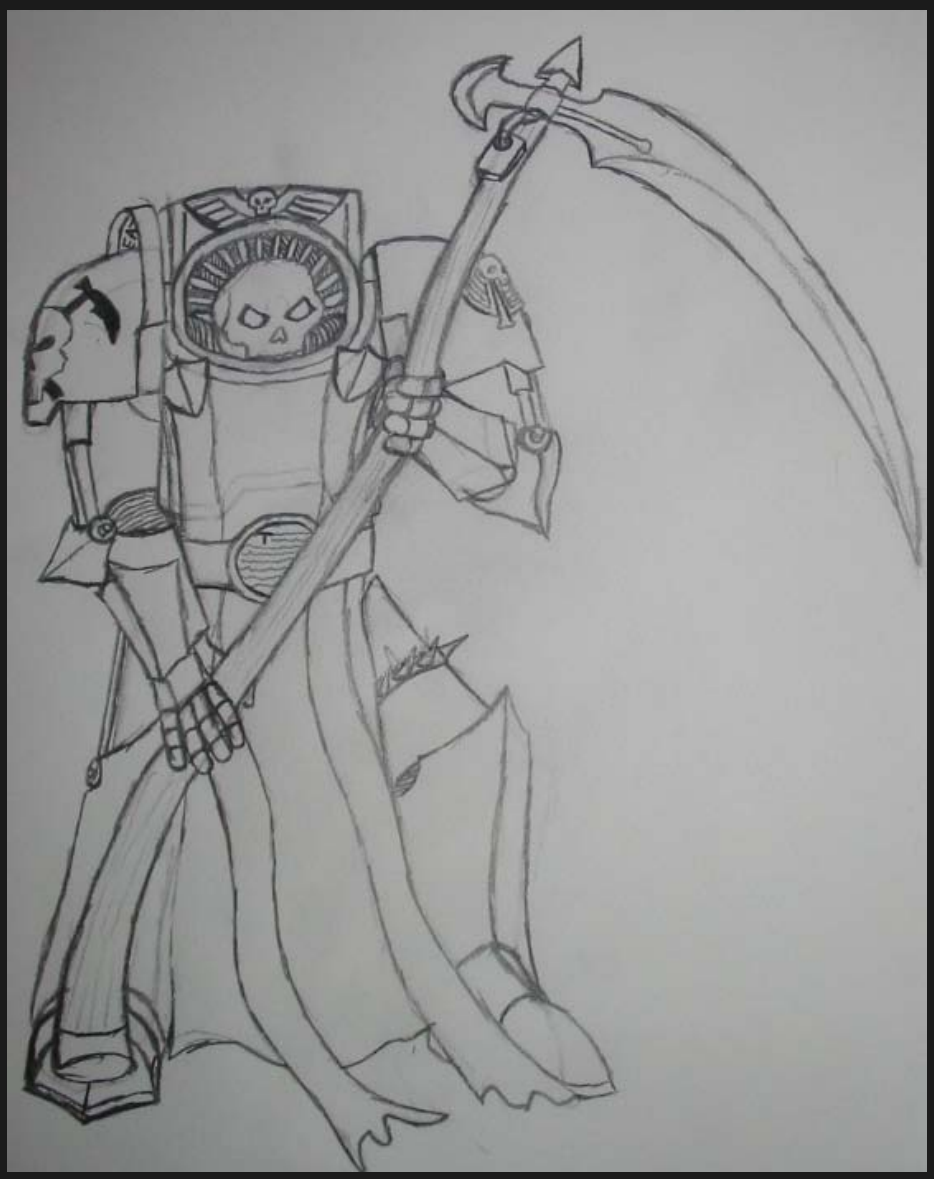
Off **Vash113**

Jun 4 2008, 12:46 AM

Post #23



Ok again apologies for the double post but I thought I should share this WIP of a Death Spectres Chaplain I'm sketching for the IA and as the concept sketch for a conversion:

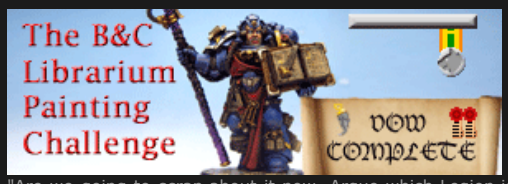


++ SCRIPTOR CLASSIARIUM ++



Group: **++ CODICIER ++**
Posts: 2043
Joined: 8-December 06
From: Arlington, Virginia
Member No.: 24192

This post has been edited by **Vash113**: Jun 4 2008, 12:47 AM



"Are we going to scrap about it now. Argue which Legion is the toughest?"
"The answer always is, the Wolves of Fenris," Torgadon put in. "Because they're clinically insane."
-1st Captain Sigismund of the Imperial Fists and Captain of the Luna Wolves 2nd Company.

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Off Commissar Moloto...

Jun 4 2008, 12:51 AM — Post #24



That looks pretty cool, actually. I hadn't imagined the Grim Reaper aspect to the Chapter (I tend to envisage that with the Scythes of the Emperor in a 'Horsemen of the Apocalypse' sense) but it looks like it'll be pretty cool. I look forward to it taking shape.

+FRATER DOMUS+



Group: + FRATER DOMUS +
Posts: 4652
Joined: 8-June 03
From: Leicester, England
Member No.: 6084
Chapter Name:The Castigators

+ D E I + C A S T I G A T O R +
PARAGONS: HEROES AND VILLAINS OF PATRIOT CITY
ORDO ILLUMINATUS - A Games Workshop Art Site!

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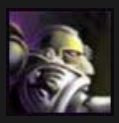
Off Vash113

Jun 4 2008, 01:50 AM — Post #25



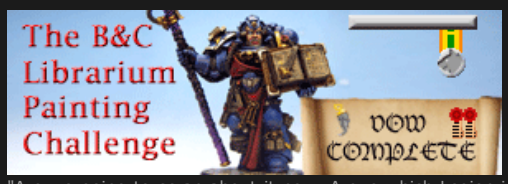
Really? I always envisioned the Scythes of the Emperor as sort of a Chapter of Tyrannic War Veterans as their near annihilation at the hands (or claws) of the Tyranids seems to have really set the feel of the Chapter recently. But that's just me.

++ SCRIPTOR CLASSIARIUM ++



Group: **++ CODICIER ++**
Posts: 2043
Joined: 8-December 06
From: Arlington, Virginia
Member No.: 24192

I sort of got the idea when looking at Cadaver's Death Guard Raptors. As I have a bunch of Dark Angels Veterans lying around I'm considering repainting them as Death Spectres, but then I wanted more of a dark gothic knight look than a monastic robed look so I may drill holes and distress the robes or something, but due to how many other projects I've got going on I may not get around to it for a while so I'll see about doing some more sketches and really nailing down the concepts before starting the modeling and conversions.



"Are we going to scrap about it now. Argue which Legion is the toughest?"
"The answer always is, the Wolves of Fenris," Torgadon put in. "Because they're clinically insane."
-1st Captain Sigismund of the Imperial Fists and Captain of the Luna Wolves 2nd Company.

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'); x = 1; } // '); } //

BACK TO INDEX ASTARTES SECTION



CULT OF THE MACHINE GOD

Techmarines of the Space Marines

Schooled by the Adeptus Mechanicus in the mysterious rites of the machine, Techmarines are essential for the survival of any Chapter of Space Marines. It is they who tend to the spirits of the weapons and wargear of the Chapter, ministering to the technological secrets that bind man and machine into an instrument of the Emperor's wrath. Deep within their machine temples they forge weapons and armour for their Battle Brothers with great reverence and skill.

Techmarines and the Adeptus Mechanicus

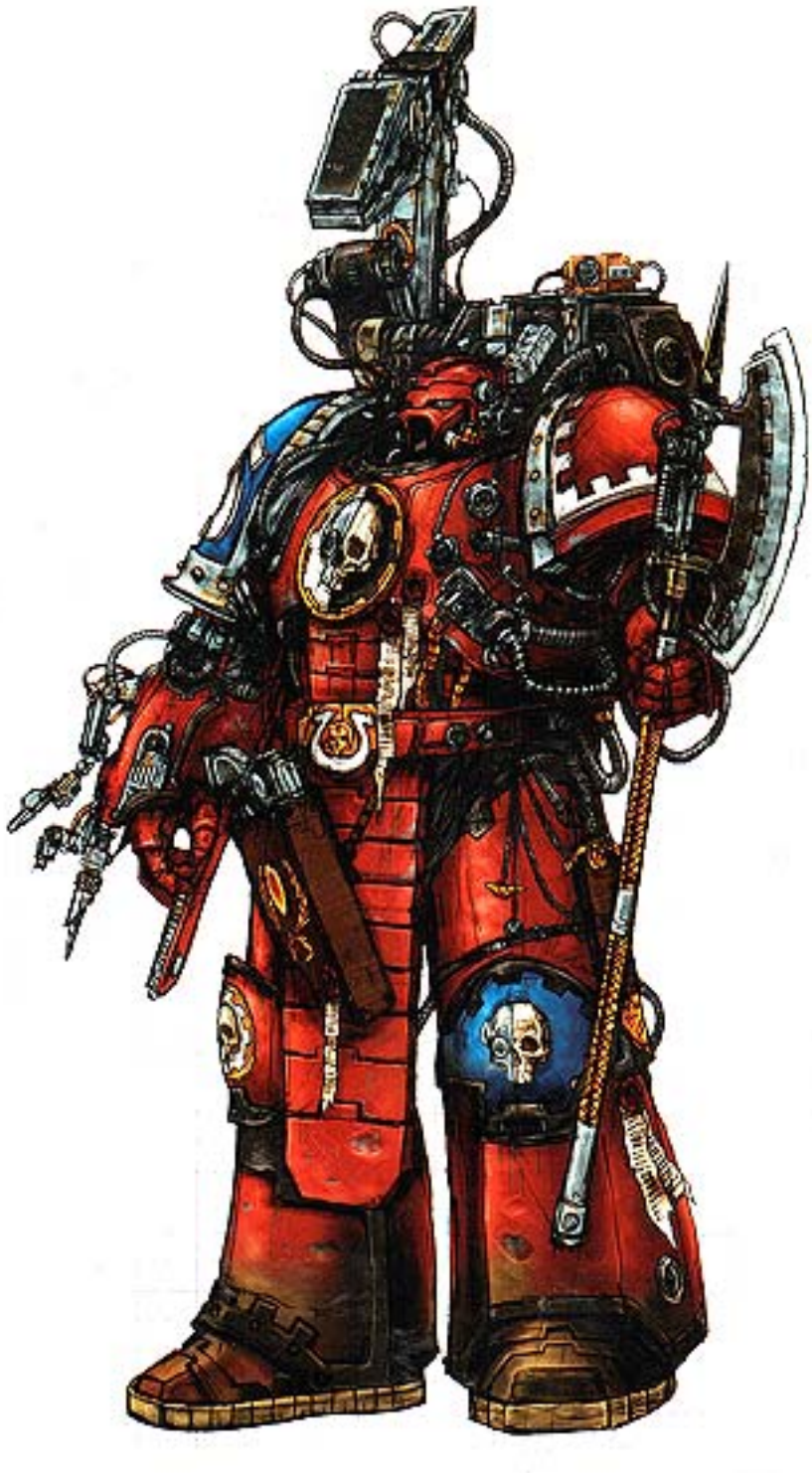
The workings of technology and the mysteries surrounding the inner secrets of machines is knowledge that has long since passed from the Imperium of Man. A great catastrophe wiped away much that was once common knowledge and reduced a great deal of Humanity to barbarism. What little remains, is debased, mythical or has become such unthinking repetition that its true purpose has long since been forgotten. These scraps, gathered obsessively over the millennia are jealously gathered together on Mars by the Adeptus Mechanicus, the devotees of the Machine God, the Omnissiah. Only those privy to such knowledge, however rudimentary it may be, can hope to utilise any form of technology, and such individuals are rare indeed.

Ancient pacts sworn between the Adeptus Mechanicus and the Adeptus Astartes allow the Space Marines to send a proportion of their warriors to Mars to train with the Adeptus Mechanicus and begin the long, arduous journey of becoming a priest of the Machine God. Without the passing on of such revered knowledge, the late of the Space Marines would be sealed, for only by such means may the weapons and wargear of the

Adeptus Astartes be maintained. The role of the Techmarine is to minister to the spirits of the machines in the care of their Chapter, the weapons, the armour and all the equipment in daily use by the Space Marines.

The young Space Marines train for many years on Mars, swearing powerful oaths and spending their every waking hour in deepening their understanding of the Omnissiah. They learn the correct rites of activation, maintenance and how to call forth or placate the wrath of the war-spirits of the machines they will be entrusted with.

When they return to their Chapter, they are changed individuals, aloof and mysterious, with an unusual dichotomy of loyalties. They are Techpriests of the Machine God and Battle Brothers of their Chapter. This division of loyalties causes the majority of Techmarines to stand apart from their Chapter, becoming strange figures of awe and power. The knowledge they possess is held in great esteem by their Battle Brothers and they recognise and acknowledge their skills in the arcane sciences pertinent to the dark secrets of technology. Though they possess great skill and knowledge regarding the mystical science of machines, they are warriors first and foremost and are often in the forefront of many of the fiercest battles. Should a vehicle or artefact of technology be lost, it is the Techmarines who will fight hardest to retrieve it, and as hard, if not harder, than their brethren fighting to recover a fallen comrade.



Techmarine Harkus of the Ultramarines Capter in modified power armour, complete with Argus pattern power couplings, a servo-arm designated for tank repairs and a Lucius pattern power axe.

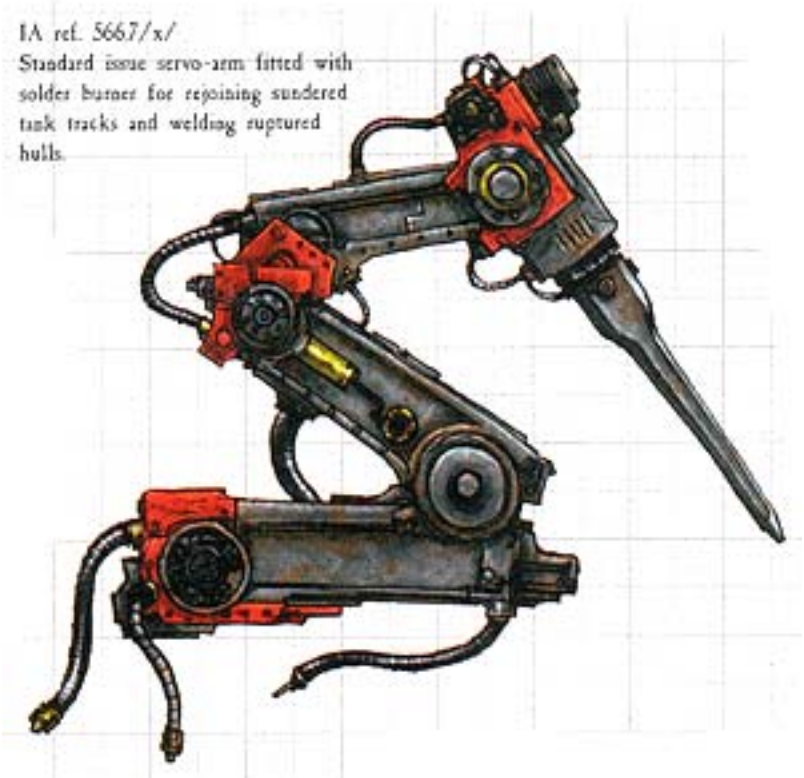
Codex Roles of the Techmarines

Within their Chapter, Techmarines are arcane engineers, maintaining and ministering to the needs of the Chapter's arms, armour and vehicles. Each Chapter has its own weapon shops, foundries and artisans. Some Chapters honour long-standing agreements with forge

worlds that supply them with starships and weapons which the Techmarines subsequently modify to meet their own requirements. This practice varies from Chapter to Chapter, but few Space Marine Chapters have the facilities to build their own spacecraft, most being constructed in the shipyards of Jupiter and Mars. A notable exception to this are the Ultramarines, who maintain extensive construction yards in orbit around Calth, one of the planets within their realm of Ultramar. Marine armourers are highly skilled, practical craftsmen and their chief weapon-smith is the Master of the Forge; an honoured title and a position of great respect. All of the Space Marines' armourers work within an ancient tradition of design and decoration unique to their own Chapter and the work of a fine artificer is incredibly prized.



Before battle, the Techmarines ritually prepare their charges for war, raising the anger of the war-spirits of the weapons and vehicles that are being employed in whatever coming conflict they are to take part in. They have a strong bond with the vehicles and weapons they issue to the Space Marines. Treating The equipment as though it belongs to them and the Space Marines are merely borrowing it temporarily. Once deployed for battle, the Techmarines and their servitor thralls ritually bless the weapons and tanks of the force, uncaging the war-spirits and allowing them to see the targets of their wrath. Together with a retinue of cybernetically altered servitors, the Techmarines can also effect battlefield repairs on vehicles, healing the damage done to armour and rekindling the war-spirit that it might fight once more. At battle's end, each wound done to the vehicles and wargear issued by the Techmarines is reverently repaired and recorded in the Litanies of Battle, and it is not uncommon for some vehicles to remain in service for many hundreds, if not thousands, of years. The



IA ref. 5667/x/
Standard issue servo-arm fitted with solder burner for rejoining sundered tank tracks and welding ruptured hulls.

oldest known serving vehicle is a Rhino belonging to the Salamanders, known and honoured as Nocturne's Hammer, said to have carried the great Primarch, Vulkan. It is a position of great honour to minister to such holy artefacts and those Techmarines who honour such revered pieces of technology are accorded great respect by their peers.

Equipment and Armour



IA ref. 4322/p/
Servo-skulls equipped with power drill, slave link and auto-callipers.

Techmarines employ a wide variety of esoteric tools and equipment not normally issued to their brethren. Many Techmarines are equipped with a servo-arm, a specialised auxiliary arm grafted to the Techmarine's armour and linked to his neural network. These arms can be fitted with a multitude of lastorches, vibrosaws and power drills or any number of arcane tools that aid the Techmarine in his battlefield role of vehicle maintenance and repair. Their gauntlets are also often heavily modified to include more delicate tools or even a limited form of mechadendrites. Many Techmarines have the organic components of their hands

Look to your battlegear and it will protect you

We guard it with our lives

Your armour is your Soul, and your Soul's dedication

The soul of the warrior is the shield of Humanity

Honour the craft of death

Only the Emperor is higher in our devotion

Honour the battlegear of the Dead
We ask only to serve

- Part of the Warrior Catechism of Worship as taught by the Chapter`s Techmarines.

removed and replaced with augmetic prosthetics that allow them a greater connection to whatever machine they are ministering to, some even going as far as to incorporate mechanical interfaces that allow the Techmarine to commune directly with the Machine Spirit.

In deference to their training on Mars and the close bond that exists between Techmarines and the Adeptus Mechanicus, Techmarines traditionally repaint their armour red, though one shoulder guard will always remain in their Chapter's colours.

Techmarines understand better than anyone the risks inherent in angering the war spirit of battle gear and are careful to ensure that their Chapter symbol remains clear and unobscured. Though the Iron Priests of the Space Wolves, despite their training on Mars, exhibit a fiercely independent streak by retaining their original armour colour throughout.

Strike the first rune upon the engine's casing employing the chosen vessels. Its tip should be anointed wilh the oil of engineering using the proper incantation when the auspices are correct.

Strike the second rune upon the engine's casing employing the arc-tip of the power driver.

If the second rune is not good, a third rune may be struck in a like manner to the first. This is done according to the true ritual laid down by the Great Engineer.

A libation should be offered.

If this sequence is properly observed the engine may be brought to full activation by depressing the large panel marked "ON".

- Runic Spaceflight - An introduction: Naval Flight Manual W110E

The beast of metal endures longer than the flesh of men. Those that tend the beasts of metal must labour long to lean its ways, for a single beast must suffer the mastership of many men until ready to shed its vorpal coils. Those that seek apprenticeship must attend closely to the runes of mobilisation, the rites of maintenance, and the words-of-power that describe the parts of a beast. Nor must they neglect the tutelage of the Adeptus Prefects, nof the casting of the ptoper roboscopes.

- Runic Mechanicus: An Introduction.

"The Machine is strong. We must purge the weak, hated flesh and replace it with the blessed purity of metal. Only through permanence on we truly triumph, and only through the Machine can we find victory. Punish the flesh. Iron in mind, iron in body."

Paulian Blantar

Iron Priests of the Space Wolves

The Iron Priests are masters of the forge and armoury, their expertise with matters technical marking them apart from their brothers of the Chapter. They fulfil the same function for the Space Wolves as Techmarines do for Codex Chapters. Like Techmarines they spend many years on Mars training with the Adeptus Mechanicus where they learn the innermost secrets of arcane mechanics. Like all those steeped in the mysteries of technology, the Iron Priests stand apart from their brethren though this is especially true of the Space Wolves who view such knowledge as a dark and frighteningly arcane science. The Iron Priests are the keepers and guardians of the venerable Dreadnoughts who dwell in the deepest

cavern of the Fang, the Space Wolves fortress, monastery on Fenris. They ensure that their ancient brethren are woken only in times of great need and honour their undisturbed slumbers. Without their expertise, the Fang would crumble and the Chapter itself die.

TECHMARINE SEVANO TOMASIN OF THE ULTRAMARINES

As is typical of the Ultramarines, their Techmarines exactly follow the letter of the Codex when it comes to their training and methodology. The rigid adherence to the holy tome of their Primarch instils a dogmatic belief in following the words written thousands of years ago without deviation in the Chapter, and even more so in the Ultramarine Techmarines. Sevano Tomasin was no exception to this, and was a faithful servant of the Cult Mechanicus and expert in the field of demolitions. His service to the Emperor was very nearly cut short on Ichar IV when a rampaging Tyranid Carnifex ripped apart the Land Raider he was driving. Alien bio-plasma flooded the interior of the vehicle and detonated its ammunition in a huge explosion that wrecked the tank and killed the monstrous alien. Determined not to lose his centuries of wisdom, the Chapter's Apothecaries were able to save his life, Tomasin himself directing the replacement of his legs and right arm with augmetic component he had forged many years ago. His expertise in demolitions came to the fore during the Ultramarines mission to the planet of Thracia when the Fourth Company was given the task of destroying a number of strategically vital bridges. Though the mission was ultimately a success, it was to be Tomasin's last, as he was killed in action by a direct hit from an artillery shell that cooked off the melta charges he was in the process of arming.

PAULLIAN BLANTAR IRON FATHER OF THE IRON HANDS

The Iron Hands Chapter of Space Marines eschew the codex practice of having Chaplains to administer to the spiritual needs of their Battle Brothers, relying instead on Iron Fathers, a position akin to an amalgamation of Chaplain and Techmarine. The Iron Hands have a deep-rooted hatred - and some might whisper fear - of the weaknesses of the flesh, seeing its frailty and ultimate decay as the greatest danger to Humanity. To them, the flesh is weak and must be replaced wherever possible. The Iron Fathers fuel this hatred with rousing speeches and fiery oratory, proclaiming that the example their Primarch set them is the only true path. The Iron Hands have a reverence for the machine that far outstrips that of most other Chapters, and they have a much closer relationship with the Adeptus Mechanicus than is usual.

Paullian Blantar served in the Kaargul clan company, a warrior with a natural affinity for the mysteries of technology. The Iron Fathers of his Chapter policed his kinship with the spirits of machines early on and he was sent to Mars to begin his initiation into the Cult of the Machine. Within decades he rose to become the pre-eminent Iron Father of his clan

company. A mentor and tutor to a great many aspirants of the Chapter. His expertise in the field of bionic augmentations was unparalleled and his skills in this area profoundly affected the direction of the Chapter. Blantar himself performed the necessary surgery on many recruits and was later to perform the augmentations that saved the life of his clan leader, Brannus, after Dark Eldar Haemonculi horrifically mutilated him following the Battle of Kaladrone.

His own hatred for the weaknesses of flesh was just as great and for the entirety of his life as an Iron Father, he ritually scarred what little flesh remained of his body until, towards the last years of his life, there was almost nothing organic remaining of his body, save his brilliant, mechanically attuned hrain. As with most Iron Hands, it was his fervent wish to one day he interred within the sacred sarcophagus of one of the ancient and revered Dreadnoughts.

DEEP STRIKE

Tactical Dreadnought Armour

by Graham McNeill

A series focusing on the Imperium's finest warriors, the Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes

There are few instances where Space Marine power armour is not enough protection for a warrior. But when battle calls for durability and protection over agility, it is to the revered suits of Terminator armour that the Space Marines turn. Massively thick armour plates and powerful servo-muscles drive these defensive shells, and only the best and bravest of a Space Marine chapter may don this ancient, holy battle-harness. Graham McNeill takes an in-depth look at the origins and history of Terminators.

Space Marine power armour has a long and glorious history, having its origins in the long-forgotten time before the Emperor's unification of Mankind on Terra. Nothing is now known of this time, but it is speculated that the first suits of powered armour were worn by the techno-barbarians that fought alongside the Emperor as he battled to bring Terra under his rule. Over time, these suits were refined and improved, becoming the earliest incarnations of fully enclosed power armour.

The first suits of Space Marine power armour were developed from this armour and were said to have been worn by the first Space Marines as they fought to unite the planets of the solar system under the Emperor's control. Legend tells that once the Terran system was secure, and the process of rebuilding firmly in hand, the galactic conquest began. Faded techno-arcana of the Adeptus Mechanicus tell that even before the Age of Strife ended, the Emperor started to make provisions for his Great Crusade.

Part of these plans included the re-equipping of the Space Marine armies with a far more sophisticated fighting suit that historians have dubbed Crusade or Crusader armour. Alongside these developments, the Emperor initiated a program to develop a system of armour that would provide even greater protection than that offered by power armour for Space Marines on the battlefield.

ANCIENT ARMOUR

Combining the technology of power armour and exo-armour developed for sealed environment suits used by starship crews forced to work in extremely hazardous environments, the development of Tactical Dreadnought armour was begun in order to provide the best protection possible for the Space Marines.

Exo-armour is constructed from heavy gauge plasteel plating, forming an armoured shell that can withstand even the colossal impact of high-speed orbital micro-debris. It is the only armour suitable for working inside the high-pressure casings of plasma reactor shields, or the extremely corrosive environments inside the holds of bulk chemical carriers. These same qualities, suitably enhanced, make Tactical Dreadnought armour virtually invulnerable to most weapons.

The development of Terminator armour, as Tactical Dreadnought armour soon became known, was well underway by the time the Horus Heresy erupted, and these heavily armoured suits had become widely available by the time the traitor Warmaster struck.

According to fragmented records of the Adeptus Mechanicus, Terminator armour was originally designed to be the ultimate Space Marine power armour, and was envisioned to replace the older suits. However, as the Horus Heresy sucked the resources from the Imperium, Terminator suits became increasingly rare, for they were exceptionally difficult to create and maintain. In addition, during most battles their bulk became a disadvantage against the lighter power-armoured warriors who easily outmanoeuvred them.

The suits were highly sought after, and they were used to great effect in the countless bloody and short-ranged battles waged in cramped conditions, such as boarding actions in ship-to-ship engagements, hive cities and tunnel fighting. It is in these areas that Terminator armour excels, as it is under these conditions that their bulk and sturdy frame serves best. Utilising heavy sheets of plasteel and ceramite, Terminator armour contains a full exo-skeleton and a complex arrangement of fibre-bundle muscles that allow a warrior to fight with deadly skill in close quarters, where agility is not of paramount importance.

In the same manner as power armour, Terminator armour contains its own independent power supply and fully enclosed life-support functions, though those incorporated in Terminator armour are more powerful and longer lasting. Various augers and auspex enable the Space Marine to be fully aware of his environment, both externally and internally and to monitor such things as radiation levels, proximity of biological entities and the life signals of the body. These operate in the same way as the support systems in power armour, although several other devices have been added to improve the protective aspects even further.

Teleport homers enable the bearers to teleport into the midst of battle with a good degree of accuracy. Meanwhile, threat detectors and motion sensors aid the Space Marine in avoiding enemy weapon emplacements and other situational dangers.

In addition, the suit is fully equipped with a range of auto-senses and targeters, allowing the tracking of targets with the utmost accuracy. Terminators are linked to each other with pict-display units, allowing the Space Marines to see what their brother warriors see. All suits are capable of this, but to avoid confusion, it is usual for only the Sergeant's armour to broadcast pict-signals.

VETERAN SPACE MARINES

A chapter's First Company is known as the Veteran Company and contains its bravest and most heroic battle brothers. Many of the these soldiers will have risen to the rank of Veteran Sergeant before being inducted, though less experienced Space Marines are often accepted into its ranks for performing acts of exceptional courage. These Space Marines are mighty heroes whose legendary actions have become part of the chapter's history, and it is every warrior's ambition to become one of their chapter's elite.

The First Company is invariably the most powerful company in the chapter, as many of its warriors are trained to take the field of battle wearing Terminator armour. All Space Marine chapters maintain a number of suits

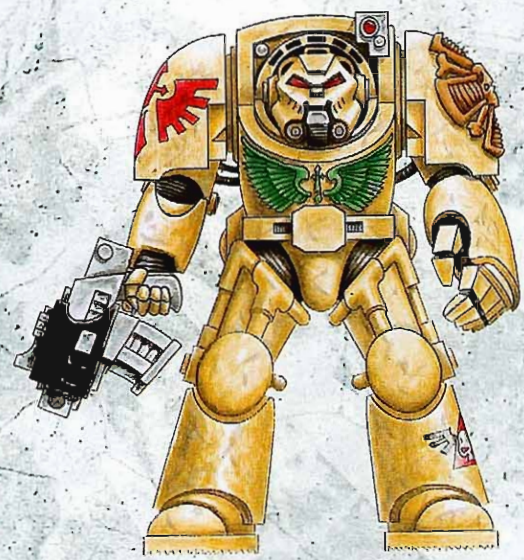
THE CRUX TERMINATUS

Each Terminator bears a badge upon his left shoulder guard that is made from stone and is said to incorporate fragments of the Emperor's armour. At the climax of the Horus Heresy, the Emperor personally led an attack upon the Warmaster's battle barge alongside his most trusted warriors. During the fierce fighting, the Emperor came face to face with Horus, who, in the battle that resulted, grievously wounded him. Following Horus' defeat, it is said that the Emperor decreed that his armour be taken off and melted down, and that the pieces be made into badges that all Terminators could wear in recognition of the service performed in the defeat of Horus. However, if this is true, then each suit of Terminator armour must only contain the most minuscule of fragments.

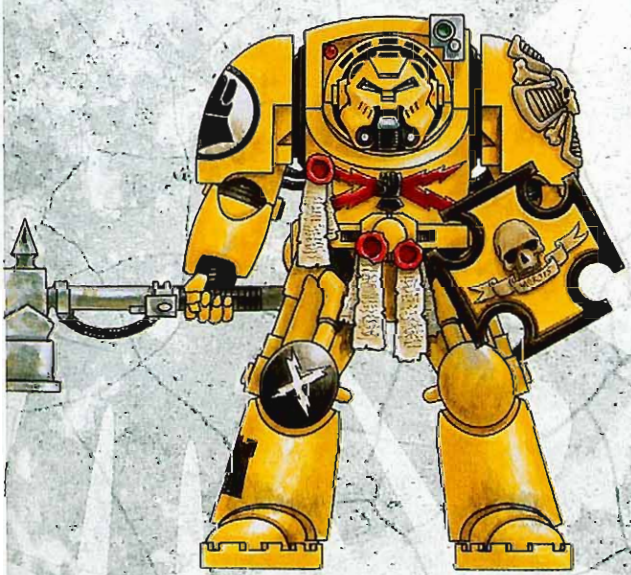
Chapter Approved Access Level: Ω thirty seven



Black Templars Sword Brethren Terminator



Dark Angels Deathwing Terminator



Imperial Fists Assault Terminator



Ultramarines Terminator

Thought for the day: Faith is your shield



THE CRUX ARGENTUM

Elements of the Crux Terminatus, on the shoulder pad of a Terminator, can be adorned with additional ornamentation in recognition of acts of supreme valour. One such adornment is the Crux Argentum, a shoulder badge of silver and encrusted with gems, that is awarded to Space Marines who perform acts of valour above and beyond the call of duty.

of the revered and rightly feared Terminator armour and these are amongst a chapter's most prized relics.

Suits of Terminator armour are rare and highly sought after, and as such, each chapter carefully maintains the suits that it has. Incredibly ancient, the secrets of much construction have long since been lost and each one is revered by the Space Marines and lovingly maintained by the chapter's Techmarines. The armour is often ancient, many of the older suits having been produced before the Horus Heresy. Although new suits are produced by the Adeptus Mechanicus, the production rate is so slow, and the demand for them so great, that each chapter takes the utmost care of its precious remaining suits. Each suit has a special place of honour within the First Company's Chapel and only warriors of the First Company and selected senior commanders may enter the armoury and don these holy artefacts. It requires rigorous training to be able to fight in Terminator armour and, once trained in its use, a Space Marine will be expected to perform above and beyond his brethren, acting as an example to the rest of the chapter.

ARMAMENT

Squads of Terminators are most often employed in boarding actions or where the fighting is certain to be close and bloody. Although they can also be equipped with weaponry that allows them to fight at longer ranges, it is brutal assaults that they are primarily designed for.

Terminator armour is designed to carry a variety of weapon fits, but the most common armament is a storm bolter and power fist. This configuration allows a Terminator to engage the enemy at long range while advancing and then to deliver a devastating assault with the deadly energies of a power fist – a weapon capable of tearing through the hull of a battle tank. Many Space Marines opt to carry a chain fist, similar in effect to a power fist, though equipped with a massively powerful chainblade attachment that can carve through the armoured bulkheads of a mighty starship.

Within each squad, one Space Marine is often designated a fire support role. The massive, fibre-bundle muscles and suspensor fields allow a Terminator to carry a much heavier array of weaponry than his power-armoured brethren. Such warriors may carry the dreaded assault cannon to lay down a hail of heavy shells, a heavy flamer when the fighting is certain to be at extreme close quarters and the enemy closely packed, or the Cyclone missile launcher to engage heavily armoured targets at long range.

Certain squads of Terminators are also configured specifically for close combat, with

Brother Sergeant Egil of the Space Wolves ducked behind the smoking, burnt-out shell of a Land Raider and slammed a fresh magazine into his bolter. The remains of his Blood Claw pack were spread throughout the blasted building, gore streaked and exhausted. Even with the filtering effect of his armour's auto senses, the noise of the battle was still deafening. He risked a glance around the side of the Land Raider. Thick clouds of choking black ash fell from a lacerated sky and the entire city was aflame. Massive explosions and the thunder of artillery obscured the battle and rendered even his acute senses useless. Egil spun round, raising his bolter to a firing position as he heard the crunch of heavy footsteps approaching behind him. The massive Terminator-armoured form of Brother Kaarlson of the Wolf Guard entered the building and Egil lowered his gun.

'Ready your men, sergeant. We take the fight to the traitors,' snarled the Wolf Guard. Even over the vox-unit's distortion and din of battle, the edge of feral anticipation in Kaarlson's voice was unmistakable. Egil nodded, passing the word to his men. The green runes on his visor display blinked as the Space Wolves acknowledged his orders. Egil racked the slide on his bolter as the ground suddenly shook under a thunderous impact. The deep, rumbling crash sounded again, like an angry god's footsteps, and Egil looked up as a massive shadow swallowed them. Emerging from the smoke, like a vast beast from the sagas, a Night Gaunt Titan towered above them, its dark carapace silhouetted against the bloody sky.

Lights flared around the Titan's head as Imperial fire impacted on its void shields, but the enormous machine ignored them, lifting one huge leg ponderously from the ground. Egil could clearly hear the whine of its powerful actuators over the explosions. The gigantic war-machine's foot smashed aside buildings in its path and Egil realised with sick horror exactly where it would stamp down.

'Everybody up! Move!' he yelled and fired his jump pack as the shadow of the Titan's foot descended upon them. Egil powered through the air, heedless of the crack of small arms fire that burst around him, angling for the cover of a shattered bunker. He landed badly and cursed as he fell to the rubble, looking back to see Kaarlson slowly lumbering through the ruins. He screamed his name as the mass of the Titan's foot smashed through the building and crashed down upon the Wolf Guard Terminator. Egil covered his head as the Titan's other foot swept above him, showering dust and debris. Howling with rage, he fired his bolter ineffectually at the Titan as it strode onwards, unheeding of the great warrior it had just killed.

Egil again reloaded his weapon, his thoughts filled with avenging the fallen Kaarlson. He looked over towards the flattened building and watched with astonishment as the rubble began to shift and heave. Massive chunks of plascrete and steel were pushed aside as Kaarlson pulled himself free of the debris. His Terminator armour had been gashed open in a dozen different places and his blood was splashed crimson against its grey, but he was alive. The Wolf Guard Terminator joined Egil in the ruins of the bunker and shouted, 'Like I said sergeant. Ready your men. We've wasted enough time.'

no ranged weaponry whatsoever. These squads are most often teleported into battle, where the enemy cannot engage them with long-range firepower before the Terminators attack. The most favoured configuration for these squads is either a pair of lightning claws – multiple, fist-mounted blades sheathed in lethal energy that can cut through armour and flesh with equal ease – or thunder hammer and storm shield. This latter configuration is usually employed when the enemy is likely to employ weaponry that may defeat even the formidable armour of a Terminator. A storm shield contains a small power field generator that can protect a warrior in melee and is proof against even the most lethal close combat weapons. The thunder hammer is a deadly weapon that releases a terrific blast of energy upon impact and those it does not kill, vehicles and the living alike, are rendered incapacitated.



DEPLOYMENT

Unlike Space Marines in power armour, Terminators are bulky and slow moving. As a result, methods have been developed to allow the squads to reach the enemy in enough strength to prevail. Terminator armour is designed to allow its wearer to utilise the technology of teleportation and through this sometimes treacherous method of transport, Terminators may teleport right into the heart of the enemy battle lines. Although teleportation can be far from accurate, it is often the best way to get Terminators into the

Within dark and forgotten places hide the enemies of the Emperor.

You have been chosen to enter such places and, protected by the best armour the Adeptus Mechanicus can provide, cleanse it.

Take with you your weapons, a valiant heart and the Emperor's blessing, and engage the enemy where it makes its lair.

Acknowledge death as it approaches, but do not succumb to its touch, for your purpose is great.

You have proved yourselves to be worthy of the status you now hold.

Every one of you standing here, all of whom have declared allegiance to the Emperor, and take his will as your guide, have shown your courage and have been rewarded for it.

Those that stand before me, I charge you now, go forth and vanquish the foe.

Sermon made by Chaplain Hanius to Blood Angels Terminators before the attack on Thain II.

thick of the fighting quickly. Teleportation is a barely understood science and the technology is far from perfected. Many chapters of Space Marines – such as the Space Wolves – have a healthy distrust of such things and refuse to use it. For chapters like this, the more common method of deployment for battle remains the more straightforward Land Raider battle tank. In this way Space Marines in Terminator armour can reach the heart of the battle.

The Land Raider is one of the most, if not the most, powerful tank in the Imperium's arsenal, able to withstand the impact of a battle cannon with little or no effect. These tanks were designed primarily to enable Terminator squads to travel in safety through the very worst warzones. They are equipped with frontal assault ramps that deliver the warriors within straight into the thick of the fighting. In addition, the Land Raider is armed with powerful lascannons and can act as mobile fire support for the Terminators once they have disembarked.

There are several Land Raider variants, but one of the most common is the Land Raider Crusader, a pattern developed by Marine-Artificer Simagus during the Jerulas Crusade of the Black Templars chapter. This crusade involved the besiegement of many heavily fortified bastions of a hive world and enabled the Sword Brethren Terminators of the Black Templars to penetrate the enemy with relative ease. With an increased transport capacity and weaponry designed to inflict maximum casualties amongst nearby infantry, many other chapters quickly adopted this Land Raider pattern.

THE BATTLE FOR MACRAGGE

A great and terrible day for the Ultramarines came with the battle for their homeworld, when the Tyranid hive fleet, Behemoth, smashed through Ultima Segmentum. The final battle against Behemoth was fought on the surface of Macragge itself, while the Ultramarines fleet battled the massive bio-ships of the Tyranids in orbit. The key to the defence of Macragge was the polar defence fortresses, held by the veterans of the First Company, Titans of the Legio Praetor and the Ultramar Defence Auxilia. Though the invaders paid in blood for every yard gained, the defenders were ultimately pushed back inside the darkened corridors of the fortress.

In defence of their homeworld, the warriors of the First Company displayed heroism the likes of which has rarely been seen since. Dying to a man in the depths of the fortress, the narrow corridors allowed them to excel in battle. Upon the eventual defeat of the Tyranid fleet, the Ultramarines descended to the surface of Macragge and discovered scenes of great carnage at the northern polar defence fortress. The dead of the First Company lay where they had fallen, mounds of Tyranid corpses piled hundreds deep around each warrior. Though the entire company had been killed, they had broken the back of the Tyranid invasion and helped the Ultramarines to ultimately achieve victory.

Such a grievous loss was almost too much to bear and Marneus Calgar, Chapter Master of the Ultramarines, decreed that the Chapter Banner of the Ultramarines would no longer be unfurled until the First Company was returned to full strength. Only now, 250 years after the defeat of hive fleet Behemoth, has the banner been lifted from its reliquary and been once again borne by one of the legendary Chapter Ancients.

THE DEFEAT OF ANGRON

The war-torn world of Armageddon has known the tread of invaders many times, most recently in the form of the Ork Warlord, Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka's second invasion. But Ghazghkull was not the first, or even the greatest, threat to Armageddon. Some 500 years before that Ork was even born, the taint of Chaos came to the planet. Trouble had been brewing for some time, with riots and civil unrest spreading throughout the planet's main continental mass. On Armageddon Secundus, these revolts were quickly suppressed, but those on Armageddon Prime proved to be more difficult to eradicate. Imperial reinforcements could not easily reach Armageddon due to



the presence of the Mid-Calvius CVII Warp storm and as the fighting continued, a vast space hulk appeared in orbit...

With the arrival of this space hulk, the rebels on Armageddon were revealed as cultists of the Ruinous Powers, and to make matters worse, the great space hulk contained the Daemon Primarch Angron. The fallen Primarch of the World Eaters was accompanied by hordes of daemons and frothing Berzerkers, who hurled the warriors of the Imperium back in a tide of bloodletting. As the defenders rallied beyond the Chaeron River, reinforcements arrived in the shape of the Space Wolves chapter of Space Marines, led by the Great Wolf himself, Logan Grimnar. But greater than that, the Chamber Militant of the Ordo Malleus, the Grey Knights, answered the defenders' desperate cry for aid.

The Grey Knights, the fighting arm of the Daemonhunters, attacked while Angron's horde built great monoliths to their diabolical master. Led by Brother-Captain Aurellian, 100 Grey Knights in Terminator armour teleported into the field of battle, fighting their way through the enemy host until they came face-to-face with the fallen Primarch.

Guarded by a dozen of his most favoured Daemon Princes, Angron was nigh unstoppable, but the Grey Knight Terminators attacked without thought for their own safety or survival. Many brave warriors fell in battle, but one-by-one, the daemons accompanying Angron were slain, banished back to the Warp by the faith and power of the Grey Knights. The battle waxed furious on the bloody field of Armageddon, but at last, the Grey Knights defeated Angron and cast his essence back to the Warp. With his defeat, the daemonic horde soon vanished and, without the presence of the Daemonic Primarch, the hordes of cultists were soon crushed beneath the might of the Imperial counter-attack.

The aftermath of the First War for Armageddon was, however, to bear witness to some of the most terrible cruelty imaginable as the entire population of the planet was systematically rounded up and placed into forced labour camps. The planet was then repopulated so as to avoid the threat of any lingering taint of Chaos – a heinous act for which Logan Grimnar has never forgiven the Administratum.



Graham McNeill
Graham's worked for GW for five years and has an unhealthy fascination for Buffy the Vampire Slayer, the books of David Gemmell and Clive Barker, and shooting things on his X-box."

THE DEATHWING

The Dark Angels, though one of the First Founding chapters, differs from the Codex Astartes in a number of ways, most notably in the composition of the First and Second Companies. The First Company of the Dark Angels, known and feared as the Deathwing, is unique in that its veterans never take to the field of battle in power armour, but instead fight in bone-white Terminator armour. Originally the armour was black, but after a single squad of Terminators freed one of the Chapter's major recruiting worlds – the squad's homeworld – from Genestealer infestation it was forever decreed that their armour would be white to honour their valour.



CHAOS TERMINATORS

Many veteran Chaos Space Marines enter battle wearing the revered and rightly feared Tactical Dreadnought Armour, or Terminator armour as it is more commonly known. The armour is massively bulky and contains a full artificial skeleton of fibre bundles and adamantium rods to support the heavy gauge plasteel and ceramite plates that form the outer carapace. A Terminator can move and operate with remarkable freedom and agility considering the sheer mass of the actual armour, which provides as much protection as an armoured tank hull.

A Chaos Space Marine in Terminator armour usually holds a ranged weapon, typically a combi-weapon of some type, and a chain-axe, shock mace, power claw or other powerful close combat weapon. This combination of devastating anti-personnel firepower and close quarters punch certainly makes a Chaos Space Marine Terminator a highly-feared opponent. Some Chaos Space Marines Terminators carry heavier and more powerful weapons to provide supporting fire for their comrades, such as the double-barrelled Reaper autocannon and the terrifying heavy flamer. Others prefer to enhance their abilities in close combat and wield a pair of Lightning Claws with which to carve up the enemy, or wear a chainfist for cutting through armoured vehicles and bulkheads.

Chaos Space Marine Terminators are not the swiftest of troops when it comes to reaching the enemy battleline. To counter this, they often use a Land Raider as a transport vehicle. Alternatively, they can be teleported into battle, either through arcane technology or sorcerous power. This allows the Terminators to arrive in the midst of the foe.

Chaos Terminators stand in great favour with their leader. Many of them are Aspiring Champions, who have left their brethren to elevate themselves in the eyes of the Ruinous Powers. So scarce is Terminator armour that sometimes an Aspiring Champion can only claim a suit for himself by killing the current wearer, whether in ritual combat or by more devious means.

Chaos Terminators often act as the personal guard of an esteemed Champion. Within the warband they enforce the will of their leader and take the pick of the spoils of victory. They tend to be egotistical, brutish men, who use their physical prowess and the Champion's favour to intimidate other members of the warband. Far from resenting such behaviour, most Chaos Space Marines simply plot to bring about the day when they can abuse such power for themselves.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Terminator	4	4	4	4	1	4	2	10	2+
Terminator Champion	4	4	4	4	1	4	3	10	2+

Unit Type: Infantry

Special Rules

5+ Invulnerable save, Deep strike.

CARNAGE AT CORILIA

During the Gothic War, Abaddon sent a fleet to attack the hive world of Corilia in the Quinrox Sound. Under the command of Vastakel Khyre, fifty Terminator-armoured Black Legionnaires teleported from orbit into Patriclus Hive, the seat of the Imperial Commander. Meanwhile, other forces descended in drop pods to surround the capital and seal it off from the rest of the world.

Corilian defence forces were rushed to the capital, but it was three days before they could gain entry, thousands of them having died at the hands of the Black Legion as the Imperial army attempted to break through their cordon. The inside of the hive was a charnel house. Thousands had been slaughtered by Khyre's Terminators. Many more, including the Imperial Commander, were captured and their fate, perhaps for the better, remains unknown.

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ROGUE SONS

Renegade Space Marine Chapters

Many miles beneath the Emperor's Palace on ancient Terra can be found repositories of knowledge so potentially damaging to the Imperium that they are sealed behind armoured portals capable of withstanding the most determined of attacks, and hexagrammic wards able to resist the strongest of psychic probes. One such library, accessible only to senior Inquisitors and High Lords of Terra, contains proof of the most terrible of crimes: treachery amongst the Emperor's trusted Space Marines.

Origins

The First Founding is an event of mythic proportions, shrouded in 10,000 years of legend, supposition and mystery, and even the details of the Second Founding are obscured by millennia of hearsay. Over the course of the long and bloody history of the Imperium as many as 1,000 Space Marine chapters have been created, perhaps many more. No one person or administrative body has any means of determining the exact number, as the Imperium has suffered periods of great turmoil, during which reliable records have been purged, revised, rescinded, destroyed in cataclysmic destruction or simply lost. In many cases, the only source of information regarding the Foundings, and many other aspects of the history of the Imperium, is to be found in myth and legend, which are taken, even by the most highly placed and informed men in the Imperium, as canon.

Kathal, Anarch of the Sons of Malice

The Captain of the First Company of the Sons of Malice, Kathal was instrumental in the chapter's fall from the Emperor's grace. Kathal and his company had successfully concluded the Cilix 225 campaign, in which three sub-oceanic hives in the rebellious Cilix system were scoured of the heretics who were threatening to depressurize them as an expression of their misguided devotion. The company's prolonged victory celebrations, led by the murderous Kathal, were observed by Inquisitor Pietas, a senior member of the Ordo Hereticus, who was revolted at what she saw as practices verging on the cannibalistic. Pietas mobilized a strike force of Adepta Sororitas Celestians, who deployed from orbit aboard their drop pods, making planetfall in the midst of the company at the height of the celebrations. The strike force found Kathal and his company a horde of fevered maniacs, having worked themselves into a state of animalistic barbarity over the course of their celebrations. Kathal's armour was splattered in gore, and blood ran from his mouth as he presided over the ceremony. Kathal and his brethren fell upon the strike force with a savagery the Inquisitor was

What is known, and whispered only in the safest of company, is that far more Space Marine chapters have been created than are extant today. Many of these missing chapters can be accounted for as having been lost in the Warp or having sustained irrecoverable losses in combat. Others still have vanished without trace.

The Ordo Malleus is responsible for maintaining the records regarding those Legions who turned traitor during the Horus Heresy, but the archives of the Ordo Hereticus contain details of chapters other than those turned to Chaos with Horus, Space Marines who have

utterly unprepared for.

The Celestians fought bravely, but their numbers were too few, and their faith, though strong, could not overcome the sheer fury of Kathal and his men. By the light of burning torches, Kathal cornered the Inquisitor, dragging her before his altar where she was ritually sacrificed. This heinous deed earned the Sons of Malice excommunication, and to this day they reside within the Eye of Terror, where they wage a hate-fuelled war against any they encounter, be they servants of the Imperium, or indeed, other followers of Chaos.

turned renegade in the millennia since the Great Heresy ended.

The number of chapters who have turned traitor can only be estimated. Why they do so is difficult to say, though some circumstances of such a rebellion can be theorised.

Every world in the Imperium is home to a culture unique to itself, and the people of each world worship the Emperor in a manner informed by its own characteristics. For the Helio-Cultists of Limnus Epsilon, for example, the Emperor resides in their sun, his warriors coming every century to claim the best of the world's youth to fight at his side within the fiery heart of their star. To the Apocalites of the worlds bordering the Hell-Stars of the Garon Nebula, he is the bringer of merciful death, deliverance from the evil that stalks their worlds by night. To the feral natives of Miral, the Emperor was the great beast that stalked the dark places of their forests, and to the acid miners of Mordant he is the guiding spirit-light that keeps the all-encompassing darkness at bay.

Even within the ranks of the Adeptus Ministorum, no two clerics drawn from two different worlds share the same view of the nature of the god they worship. Theosophical debates rage between men divided in their understanding of the Emperor's divinity, yet utterly united in their worship of him, though even here, debate on occasion turns to division, and division to outright aggression.

As each world express its devotion to the Emperor in a unique manner, so too does each Space Marine chapter revere him and his Primarchs in a manner unique to themselves. Many adore him not as a god, but as the founder and patron of the Space Marine legions, while the beliefs of other chapters may diverge yet further.

These deviations have on occasion led to friction and even open conflict between the Adeptus Astartes chapters and Adeptus Ministorum. Such a conflict is unlikely to arise from a simple difference of opinion, however, for no matter how abhorrent a member of the Ecclessiarchy may find the beliefs of a Space Marine chapter, there is no denying that the Space Marines are the living embodiment of the Emperor's divine wrath, and their mandate is granted by the Emperor himself. Open conflict is more likely to arise from the actions of clerics overstepping the bounds of their authority, and it can only be assumed that insanity, treachery or worse - perhaps daemonic or alien intervention - would in most cases lie at the heart of the matter.

On occasion, it may be an Inquisitor who moves against a chapter. Such action would only be considered in the most extreme of circumstances, as an entire chapter of Space Marines is a foe that few armies could hope to challenge.

Upon declaring such a chapter Excommunicatus, an Inquisitor will attempt to determine the root cause of the rebellion in order to gauge the potential obstacles to neutralising it. Should he suspect that Chaos as the reason for the chapter's fall from grace, the Grey Knights may be mobilised. Should doctrinal heresy prove the immediate cause then elite of the Adepta Sororitas may be the only force considered capable of prosecuting a War of Faith against the wayward chapter. On rare occasions, alien intervention may be suspected, and the

highly skilled servants of the Ordo Xenos brought in to investigate. Such an event is of such import as to attract the attention of the High Lords of Terra themselves, and no Inquisitor would bring such accusations without very convincing evidence indeed.

On other occasions, it may be sufficient for Inquisitor to approach the Masters of other chapters. To a Space Marine the very notion of a brother exceeding his Emperor-given mandate is anathema, it is to disobey the direct word of the Emperor himself, and so a simple word in the ear of a Chapter Master may bring about the censure or outright subjugation of the chapter in question. Space Marine Chapter Masters and Inquisitors are Individuals well placed to appreciate the devastating consequence of galaxy-wide sedition and rebellion, and have on many occasions worked in concert to quell such threats before any other authorities become aware of them.

Actually conducting an investigation and gaining evidence against a suspect chapter is in most cases next to impossible. Even the most loyal of chapters will be far from open with what they regard as prying outsiders. In the extremely rare instance of a chapter actually reneging on its vows to the Golden Throne, no investigation will be necessary or possible - the evidence will be clearly visible and damning in the extreme.

It is not recorded exactly how many chapters have been purged in this way, as all record of their existence will be expunged upon their defeat. It can be estimated however, that as many as a dozen chapters may have been completely destroyed and subsequently deleted from the records, while a small number of others have been declared Excommunicatus, but are still at large somewhere in the galaxy.

The Badab Uprising demonstrated that there can in fact exist degrees of rebellion. Aside from Astral Claws, three other chapters rebelled against the rule of the Imperium during that conflict - the Lamenters, Executioners and the Mantis Legion (also known as Mantis Warriors). These chapters simply found themselves on the wrong side of the conflict, and it would seem that hubris, rather that heresy, kept them fighting for over a decade. Many notable chapters have found themselves under investigation or engaged in open conflict against other factions - in an area as large as the Imperium grievances and misunderstandings are seen to be unavoidable from time to time. The chapters that sided with the Astral Claws at Badab were investigated after the war was resolved, and found to be free from treachery. Their homeworlds were forfeited to the loyalist chapters who fought against them, and the rebels sent on penitent crusades as punishments for their crimes.

Often, the progress of the fall of a chapter goes unseen until the dramatic moment at which it is judged to have crossed the line and turned renegade. Even the term 'renegade' is only relevant to outsiders, a matter of judgment rather than objectivity. For example, a Space Marine chapter may subjugate a rebel world and be welcomed by the survived populace as saviours and begged to rule over them. Such a situation is not without precedent, for the Ultramarines rule an entire realm, but this is most definitely outside of the mandate of a Space Marine chapter, and so the sin of pride may lead a chapter down the road to ruin.

Home World

The original homeworld of a renegade chapter will in many cases bear the brunt of Imperial retribution should the rebels choose to remain ensconced there. In the case of the Astral Claws (later renamed the Red Corsairs) the rebel chapter attempted to consolidate its position at the heart of its power base, turning their homeworld, and the entire Badab system, into an impenetrable fortress. Each world bristled with orbital defence stations and ground-based weapon silos. The high orbits were seeded with mines capable of seeking out invading

vessels and crippling them beyond any hope of salvation.



The Astral Claws held off the Imperium's reprisal for 11 years, three of which loyal forces spent prosecuting grueling sieges to break the rebels' hold on their home system.

However, few such traitor chapters attempt to defend their homeworld, often choosing instead to flee to regions where the Imperium's retribution can be avoided. As the Traitor Legions fled to the Eye of Terror after their defeat at Terra, so too have other rebels sought to eastablish themselves in areas of the galaxy where the Imperium may not easily follow. The Sons of Malice are such a chapter. They were founded in order to guard the western marches of the eye of Terror and fled into the Eye itself after an Inquisitor of the Ordo Hereticus unveiled their gruesome heresy. After the battle at the Palace of Thorns, which saw the Astral Claws finally ousted from Badab, the survivors made for the Maelstrom, an area of space riven with naturally-occuring warp storms.

It is known that some renegades have established bases upon worlds hostile to human life, worlds on which only a Space Marine, with his enhanced physiology, could hope to survive. The Steel Cobras - a chapter whose worship of the Emperor as an animal totem prompted a puritanical crusade against them led by a particularly bombastic Cardinal - are known to have established a base of operations deep beneath the ammonia seas of Tukaroe VII. Although the Imperium are aware of the renegade's existence, nothing short of an invasion by entire Space Marine chapter is considered likely to dislodge them from their fortified seabed bunkers. The only other option is Exterminatus, a fate that may still befall Tukaroe VII should the Adeptus Astartes refuse to assault their wayward kin. Other renegades choose a nomadic existence, plying forgotten space lanes aboard their battle barges and strike cruisers, far from Imperial Navy patrols. They survive by raiding, attacking shipping and backwater worlds in order to sustain their outcast existence and to satisfy their craving for bloodshed and revenge. Of the fate of a renegade chapter's original homeworld, one thing is certain. Those left behind after the rebels are dislodged will be made to pay for the crimes of their masters. Inquisitors have it within their power to quarantine entire planetary populations and any suspected of sharing their masters' heresies are executed in very public displays of retribution. On occasion, entire worlds have been put to death, so deeply runs the taint of treachery.

In the case of the Sons of Malice, the grisly tendencies that caused their excommunication was found to be rooted in the barbaric practices of the native, feral world population of the chapter's homeworld of Scelus. The native tribes were almost entirely eradicated by the Cadian 331st in a planet-wide campaign of genocide. Scelus was declared Perdita and stands to this day a stark example to any who would test the tolerance of the duly appointed representatives of the Holy Orders of the Emperor's Inquisition.

Combat Doctrine

How and why those few chapters who have rebelled fight depends on the chapter of the individual chapter, and they have no more or less in common with each other than loyal chapters do.

The Red Corsairs fight primarily as an expression of their twisted faith. As the rebel chapter fled from the aftermath of the Siege of Badab, the hideously wounded Chapter Master Lufgt Huron made a terrible pact with the Ruinous Powers, pledging eternal service in return for the blessings and patronage of Chaos. Huron sold his soul and the Astral Claws to Chaos, renaming himself Huron Blackheart and his chapter the Red Corsairs in the process.

Though piratical in the extreme, the renegade master leads the Red Corairs on savage attacks on Imperial shipping and outposts not because they have any overriding need for plunder, but because the very act of looting the regions he was previously sworn to protect pleases Huron as much as it does his diabolic patrons.



Of the motivations of renegade chapters, many observations and theories have been presented. Most have a need to replenish depleted arsenals, and those that have turned completely to Chaos raid in order to capture slaves to be sacrificed in whatever dark rituals they observe. Whether any renegades are actively seeking to replace fallen Brethren is a matter of debate, but it is known that some recruit or band together with human raiders. Another great source of concern to the Imperium's authorities is that rebel chapters may find a way of replenishing their diminished gene-stocks. Without new gene-seed they would perish, so the acquisition of more could conceivably make the renegades a threat for centuries to come.

Organisation

Most renegades retain the structure they maintained prior to their fall from grace, at least until such time as



circumstances dictate a change. A recently rebelled force may resemble a loyalist one in almost every detail, although certain ranks may be absent. For example, most rebels will not have any Chaplains, as these stalwart defenders of the faith will have resisted the chapters' fall to the last. In some cases, however, the Chaplains' unorthodox doctrines may in fact be the source of the rebellion. Others will not consider themselves rebels at all, as was the case when Executioners sided with the Astral Claws, and so adhere to a more traditional Codex organization, with every rank and position in attendance.

Chapters that have trodden the path to damnation for longer may well have degenerated further, deviating substantially from the dictates of the Codex Astartes. Some may resemble the Traitor Legions, fighting alongside hideous creatures summoned from the Warp, or utilising Chaos cultists in their never-ending quest for revenge against the Imperium that they have abandoned. Most rebels will have suffered considerable losses at the hands of loyal forces, and in fact represent only the small number of survivors who escaped the Imperium's retribution. These forces form small warbands rather than company (or chapter) sized formations and may find themselves fighting alongside other Chaos forces. The Damned Company of Lord Caustos is such a force, which, having been declared Traitor by an Inquisitor of the Ordo Hereticus, based on somewhat flimsy and circumstantial evidence, only later turned to the service of Chaos in order to survive in a galaxy ultimately hostile to them. Lord Caustos and his followers now sell their services to any force that will provide them with the equipment they need to continue their very existence.

The Red Corsairs are organised into a large fleet, able to deploy small, elite forces of renegade Space Marines supported by larger groups of human reavers. The Space Marines amongst the force are supremely proficient at the boarding actions favoured by the chapter whose ship-to-ship fighting prowess is infamous. Huron Blackheart maintains a substantial fleet consisting of vessels captured over numerous engagements, ranging from a single Adeptus Astartes battle barge, a number of strike cruisers, many and varied escorts and a huge number of classes of interceptors and bombers. It is claimed that the vessel used now as Huron's command ship was salvaged after having been found drifting on the edge of the Maelstrom. Some claim the ship is a vessel formerly of the Word Bearers Traitor Legion, but few give such claims any credence.

Beliefs

The heart of a chapter's fall is often to be found in the basis of its faith. Each Space marine chapter lives by its own dogma, and every aspect of its existence is informed by a combination of the Imperial Creed, Great Crusade lore, ever-evolving chapter legend and native belief.

If a chapter recruits exclusively from one specific culture, then a great many of the beliefs and traditions of that culture often find their way into chapter doctrine. Dozens of chapters recruited from feral world populations, where the native warrior lifestyle and naked aggression provide the most promising Neophytes, and often these primitive beliefs will mingle

with the Imperial Creed.

Over time, a chapter's body of beliefs may change significally, isolated as they are from the practices of other bodies. Were a subject of the Imperium to witness the initiation rituals or victory celebrations of any number of perfectly loyal, steadfast chapters, he might recoil in horror, taking the brethren for heretics. It is equally true that what may appear perfectly normal practices on one world would be viewed with outright disgust on another, and both would undoubtedly have their place within the great church that is the worship of the God-Emperor of Mankind. And so, for one such as an Inquisitor to openly decry the religious practices of a chapter as heretical, such practices must surely have gone way beyond the pale.

The Inquisitors of the Ordo Hereticus are undaunted, however, by the cloack of secrecy behind which many chapters worship, and have on several occasions attempted to investigate those thay suspect of transgression. Often the mere suggestion of heresy is enough to force a chapter to defend itself, and many an Inquisitorial investigation fleet has found itself fired upon before it even begins its enquiry. Most such incidents are covered up, or simply go unreported, but others lead to greater conflict. A very small number may lead to the excommunication of the chapter.

It is believed that all such renegades will, in time, turn to the service of the Ruinous Powers,

The Badab Uprising

Badab is a system of worlds close to the galactic core. While well positioned to protect the Imerium from the unlikely event of alien invasion, it is actually occupied by Imperial Space Marines because of its proximity to a giant permanent warp storm called the Maelstrom.

The Maelstrom is marked in the material universe by a huge cloud of gas and dust, and it has long been supposed that an area of warp/real space overlap causes the nebule and storm to co-exist in this way. The difficulties of patrolling or even navigating the Maelstrom mean it has become a refuge for deviants and heretics of all kinds. It is estimated that over 20 Ork empires and pirate kingdoms lurk within its sickly pall.

The Astral Claws Space Marine chapter had been stationed at Badab for over three centuries, keeping the south and western fringes of the Maelstrom secure. In 901.M41, the Master of the Astral Claws and Lord of Badab, Lufgt Huron, ordered the destruction of an Imperial investigation fleet as it entered orbit around Badab. Over 23,000 loyal servants of the Imperium were killed in the one-sided battle which followed. Crippled by an apparent fit of insanity, Huron declared himself ruler of Badab and announced the system's secession from the Imperium.

Inquisitors quickly uncovered plentiful evidence of why Huron had attacked the fleet sent to Badab. The Adeptus Mechanicus had filed numerous complaints about the tardiness of the Astral Claws in submitting gene-seed for routine purity checks, the chapter had amassed a huge debt of planetary tithes stretching back over a century and a half, and Huron's own evaluation reports betrayed ambition and a lust for power singularly inappropriate in the Master of a Space Marine chapter. Worst of all, he illustrated a lack of the absolute devotion to Mankind necessary in a lord of the Imperium.

The Tyrant of Badab, as Commander Huron is known in Imperial history, staved two punitive expeditionary forces in 902 and 903. After the second attack three other chapters, the Mantis Warriors, Executioners and Lamenters, pledged their support to the Astral Claws and the rebellion escalated drastically. Imperial shipping, always at risk in the pirate-infested systems around the Maelstrom, came under attack and communication was lost with outlying world. In 904 a ship belonging to the Fire Hawks Chapter was captured by the Mantis Warriors. The Fire Hawks immediately retaliated, and soon five whole chapters were involved in the fighting. The Marines Errant were recalled from the Eastern Fringes, but they quickly found themselves fully occupied protecting Imperial ships in transit.

though few have ever been found to be worshipping Chaos while still maintaining the pretence of loyalty to the rule of Terra. It has been posited that some weakness, predisposition or perhaps basic fallibility has instead made the chapter liable to the temptations of Chaos, and it is only after this tendency has been revealed that the self-fulfilling prophecy is realised. This is a curse that the Inquisition must bear, for to identify the seed of treachery is to cultivate it, and thus nothing less than the complete destruction of the suspect chapter will eradicate the taint of heresy.

But the cause of a chapter's fall may not always be the fault of its spiritual beliefs. Other factors may lead the chapter into conflict with other bodies. On occasion, dangerous individuals have gained positions of power and responsibility within a chapter, individuals who perhaps should never have even been recruited, let alone attained rank.

Such men may suffer from flaws common to Humanity: pride, vanity or anger for example. Instead of being led by a Chapter Master whose only consideration is service to Mankind, the Emperor and the Adeptus Astartes, the chapter finds itself under the sway of a megalomaniac or an egoist who wields his power according only to the vagaries of his own ambition.

By 906 more loyal Space Marine chapters had been brought in to stabilize the situation and the threat to Imperial shipping was more or less quashed. Ork incursions in the Ultima Segmentum in 907 necessitated the recall of several of the loyalist chapters but these were replaced by additional naval squadrons from Segmentum Solar which continued to protect the shipping routes. Imperial forces began the task of besieging the heavily fortified worlds of Badab while additional Space Marine chapters were brought in to investigate worlds occupied by the Executioners and Mantis Warriors.

The bulk of the Lamenters chapter was caught in an ambush in 908 and surrendered after bloody ship to ship fighting. The loss of the Lamenters was a great blow to the Tyrant and the rest of the war devolved into a succession of close sieges as one renegade stronghold after another was battered into submission. The uprising came to an end in 912 with the fall of Badab and the final defeat of the Astral Claws.

With the rebellion over the Inquisition made in extensive investigation into the renegade Space Marine chapters. They found slight evidence of heresy in the chapter cults but these were not considered irredeemable. The Lamenters, the Mantis Legion and the Executioners were granted the Emperor's forgiveness subject to undertaking a hundred year crusade. The homeworlds of the Executioners and the Mantis Legion were forfeited to the victorious loyalist chapters, along with the salvage rights to spacecraft damaged in the conflict and a proportion of the stolen cargoes which were recovered.

The Astral Claws were reported to have been all but destroyed. A contingent of around 200 fought their way through the Imperial blockade and escaped into the Maelstrom. The most corrupt elements from the other chapters which had pointed forces with the Tyrant of Badab soon followed after them. Nothing more was heard of these renegade Space Marines for many years afterwards. Of the fate of Imperial commander Lufgt Huron, Master of the Astral Claws and Tyrant of Badab, nothing is known.

These men have caused deep schisms within their chapters throughout the long history of the Imperium. Some have been thwarted by the actions of men nobler than themselves, and knowledge of the matter kept within the walls of the fortress-monastery. Others have led their chapter into direct conflict with other bodies, and have paid the ultimate price for their folly.

When a chapter fights and defeats the forces of Chaos, those brethren who witnessed the blasphemies of the

Ruinous Powers are invariably affected in some way by what they have seen. When called upon to fight Traitor Marines, a loyal brother is compelled to see himself reflected in the dark mirror of his former brethren's sin. The experience is one that can cause deep spiritual turmoil, and the Space Marine may spend many long nights in solitary vigil, praying to the Emperor for deliverance from the evil that befell the original Traitor Legions.

The chapter's Chaplains are always diligent in the aftermath of any battle fought against the minions of the Dark Gods, but still some taint may escape the rituals of purification and ablution. Should the stain of Chaos spread within the chapter, drastic measures may be required in order to avoid the slow corruption of the entire force.

The same is true of those fighting against aliens. The spore of the Xenos is a threat taken extremely seriously by a chapter's Apothecaries, who must monitor the physiology of their charges throughout their exposure to alien environments and creatures. Countless alien species exist within the galaxy, despite the measures taken by the Imperium to cleanse the stars of their presence, and each has a biology unique to itself. Natural defences, poisons, native bacteria and viruses all threaten human dominion of the Emperor's domains. Some races have unique methods of attack or reproduction that may threaten the spiritual and physical integrity of a chapter, such as psychic or genetic domination of a battle brother exposed to the aliens. Such instances can prove as dangerous as daemonic possession, and cause the tainted chapter to pursue goals utterly inimical to its duties to the Imperium.

Such an incident was uncovered by the Ordo Xenos, when Subjugators chapter fought a protracted campaign against the alien cell-kin of the Technetium Belt. The unique reproductive cycle of the species made their complete eradication very difficult to achieve. The cell-kin reproduced by viral dissemination, their DNA infecting the body of another creature where it would literally reshape the host in its own image. The Space Marines' enhanced genetic make-up proved largely resilient to this threat, but 20 of the brethren of the 3rd Company were lost in the early stages of the campaign as they were slowly mutated into new, hideous forms. The chapter's Apothecaries identified the threat, but too late to save those Battle Brothers affected by the cell-kins' infection. The infected Brethren that survived the conflict escaped and are assumed to be at large in the galaxy to this day.

Geneseed

Every year each Space Marine chapter is required to surrender a portion of its gene-seed stocks to the Adeptus Mechanicus. Here it is held in trust and maintained on behalf of the High Lords of Terra, and, therefore, for the Emperor. There are only two locations in the Imperium considered secure enough to hold the gene-seed. These would represent the most priceless of targets should the Traitor Legions learn of them. There are very few obligations enforceable against the Adeptus Astartes, but this requirement is absolute. The reasons for this insistence upon regular examination and purify testing is rooted in the events of the Horus Heresy, and were borne out by the circumstances leading up to the Badab Uprising, one of the catalysts for which was Lufgt Huron's refusal to submit the Astral Claws' gene-seed for routine purity testing.

The gene-seed of a renegade chapter may remain pure, particularly if the cause of the rebellion is doctrinal. Where Chaos or alien influence lies at the heart of the matter then mutation may set in, debasing the chapter's gene pool more and more as time goes on. A chapter serving Chaos may begin to manifest the same mutations as the Traitor Legions: limbs become distended tentacle-like appendages, hands become talons and other more random transformations take hold. The Chaos Powers may bequeath their dubious 'gifts' upon their

champions as they progress toward spawndom or Daemonhood, and entire squads of possessed take to the field.

Alien intervention may also lead to the degradation of a chapter's geneseed, as was the case with Subjugators during the Technetium Belt campaign, leading to metamorphosis, random mutation or more subtle, but equally damaging changes.

It is also the case that the processes utilised by the Adeptus Mechanicus to store and to cultivate tithed geneseed from the Adeptus Astartes may become corrupted and imperfect. Though the particulars of a new Founding are shrouded in secrecy and arcane ritual, it is known that all of a new chapter's genetic make-up is not always drawn from the seed of one donor chapter. Instead, a new chapter may represent a genetic cocktail of the geneseed of others, and although purity testing is rigorous in the extreme, it is perfectly possible that these disparate elements may react with one another at a later date, in ways quite unforeseeable by their creators, and so the seed of a disastrous mutation or character flaw is sown.

Whatever the effect, the servants of the High Lords are always vigilant against the signs of mutation, and the Inquisition is keen to punish any such signs of deviancy. This puts them into conflict with a great many loyal chapters, not least among them the Blood Angels and Space Wolves chapters whose geneseed is known to be as flawed in some respects as it is undoubtedly superior in others. The long and proud history of these and other ancient chapters has to date shielded them from the attentions of the Ordo Hereticus, but other, less renowned chapters are not so immune to the Inquisition's scrutiny, and they may find themselves under investigation should an Inquisitor suspect serious heresy.

Battlecry

The battle cries of renegades often go unrecorded, due in part to the fact that so many accounts are suppressed and the actual witnesses silenced.

The Red Corsairs are known to transmit a tirade of expletives and threats across all vox-caster frequencies as they ambush enemy ships and settlements. This is clearly intended to intimidate the target and put them at a psychological disadvantage from the moment the Corsairs launch their attack. The Sons of Malice reportedly fight in utter silence, and those who have fought against them cite this as the prime source of the deeply disturbing aura surrounding them.

Other renegades may retain their original chapter battle cries, seeing no reason to alter them, reasoning that it is the Imperium who is wrong. Thus many of the catechisms of Space Marine dogma may still be heard from the mouths of traitors; a source of great chagrin and sadness to the loyalists who must bear arms against their former brethren.

Using Renegade Space Marines in Warhammer 40,000

There are several ways in which you can field an army representative of a renegade Space Marine force, depending on your own tastes and the background of your army. If your Space Marines have only recently turned, then it is perfectly appropriate to use Codex: Space Marines, making use of the Chapter Traits system, with such drawbacks as Flesh Over Steel and We Stand Alone in play. If your force is of a more radical bent, or

has been renegade for longer, then Codex: Chaos Space Marines may be more appropriate. If you decide to field a force such as the Red Corsairs, who make use of human reavers and pirates as allies, then you may consider using the rules for the Alpha Legion, with cultists representing such troops, or you could use the Lost and the Damned army list found in Codex: Eye of Terror, with all manner of Mutants and Traitors in attendance.





A Red Corsair formerly of the Dark Angels chapter.



A Red Corsair formerly of the Space Wolves chapter

Inventing your own renegade Chaos Space Marine Chapter provides an ideal opportunity to combine elements of the Space Marine and Chaos Space Marine plastic kits, along with other components from both ranges. The squad pictured here is formerly of the Crimson Fists Chapter but has joined the piratical Red Corsairs. It features defaced Chapter livery with a range of Chaotic conversions.


The Pyre
Blazing Orange
Chaos Black
Steel Cobras
Brazen Brass
Dark Angels Green
Children of Purgatos
Snot Green
Shining Gold
Warp Ghosts
Rotting Flesh
Chaos Black
Extinction Angels
Liche Purple
Bleached Bone
Violators
Ultramarines Blue
Chainmail
The Damned Company of Lord Caustos
Fortress Grey
Liche Purple
Sons of Malice
Skull White
Chaos Black

THE LONG WAR

Since the Horus Heresy, the Chaos Space Marines have been a constant threat to the Imperium. Their raids and assaults are a grave menace, and every few generations, the forces of Chaos spill forth in massive invasions, spreading misery and destruction across dozens of star systems.

ETERNAL HATRED

The ancient events of the Horus Heresy have long since passed into myth within the Imperium. The average Imperial citizen is entirely ignorant of the tumultuous events of the Imperium's founding. Ten thousand years of history have obscured those dark days when Horus almost enslaved Mankind with the shackles of Chaos. Indeed, records of the full horror of the Heresy are only preserved now by the daemon-hunting Inquisitors of the Ordo Malleus, and perhaps within the memories of the Emperor himself.

However, within the Eye of Terror time flows differently and the same traitors who howled their praises to the Gods of Chaos before the Imperial Palace still live to this day. Their defeat gnaws at them like a cancer, and their hatred of the Imperium that they helped forge burns undimmed. These deadly warriors who were tall, powerful Space Marines, proud fighters clad in plasteel and ceramite armour, have become cynical and embittered reavers determined to destroy what they once protected. For these warriors the Horus Heresy is not some distant, half-forgotten age, but a glorious war still in living memory – a war that is still being fought.

Little remains of the organised Legions that waged war upon ancient Terra. Millennia of jealousies and infighting have broken down the Legions into companies and warbands of varying size. Each is led by a Captain or Champion of Chaos who pursues his own destiny. The most fervent worshippers of the Dark Powers band together to form squads blessed by their patron god, and bear his Mark upon their bodies and armour. Most have simply sworn themselves to all of the Chaos Gods. Others give themselves over to possession by daemons, allowing the monstrous creatures of the Warp to venture out into reality clad in the flesh of a living man.

In the ever-changing delirium of the daemon worlds, most Chaos Space Marines have survived the worst of the warping influence of Chaos by keeping their sense of purpose. They are carried forth by ancient warships that have survived from the time of the Heresy, but are now encrusted with millennia of baroque decoration and scarred by old battle wounds. The Traitor Legions also capture drifting space hulks and refit them to use as vast battle barges carrying thousands of troops. With these, the warbands of Chaos go forth to despoil the worlds of the Emperor, enslave His followers and steal His weapons and wealth so that they might carry out further attacks. Thus the raids of the Chaos Space Marines are an ever-present threat to the worlds around the Eye of Terror.

CHAOS RENEGADES

Over the turn of centuries, the forces of Chaos have been further swelled by Space Marines that have turned from the light of the Emperor to pursue their own agendas. Freed from the dogma and traditions of their Chapter, these Renegade Space Marines fully indulge their superhuman bodies and warrior minds. They most often become corsairs and mercenaries, using their unequalled battle skills to gather wealth and power, rising as tyrannical figureheads of pirate fleets and rulers of bases hidden on desolate planets.

As they explore this new freedom of possibilities, these Space Marines inevitably turn at some point to the Gods of Chaos to grant them more power to do with as they will, and from this point on, they are as doomed to walk the path of the Chaos Champion as much as any Traitor from the Horus Heresy. These renegades are hunted men – loathed by other Space Marine Chapters, who consider it a duty of honour to crush any renegades within the Adeptus Astartes lest their perfidious behaviour become a stain upon all Space Marines.

RENEGADE CHAPTERS

Though never rivalling the size and power of the Legions, a Space Marine Chapter is a potent military force and when an entire Chapter turns renegade it is a grave threat indeed. With all of the resources of a Space Marine Chapter at their disposal, the Renegades of Chaos destroy armies, conquer worlds and despoil whole sectors of the Imperium. Such events warrant an extreme response from the Imperium, not to mention other Space Marine Chapters. It is perhaps the most trying test of faith for a Space Marine to fight another Space Marine and these internecine conflicts often have a calamitous effect on other Chapters nearby. In these circumstances, such inter-Chapter wars tend to escalate quickly, engulfing many worlds with bloodshed. On occasion, those forces sent to deal with the treacherous Chapter may actually end up, in whole or in part, joining with those they were sent to destroy.

Such an occurrence infamously took place during the 'Obscuran Uprisings' of the late 34th millennia. During four hundred years of anarchic separatist rebellions across much of the Segmentum Obscuras, at least seven Space Marine Chapters broke their oaths to the Emperor and took part in the looting and pillaging of hundreds of worlds. Of these Chapters, two of them – the Sons of Vengeance and the Silver Guards – initially fought on the side of the Imperium but became renegades after their actions against the Free Council of Hannedra II.

Brutally crushing the rebellion that had overthrown the Imperial Commander of the world, the two Chapters ran wild, slaughtering and looting in the name of the Emperor. Soon the renegades dropped even the pretence of punitive action against the rebels when the Sons of Vengeance took their campaign to the neighbouring system of Laskaria, which at the time was still loyal to the Emperor. By the time news of the betrayal reached the Adeptus Terra, the two Chapters had split into dozens of warring warbands and turned fourteen star systems into their battleground as they spilt each other's blood in a savage war for dominance.

This and many other cataclysmic events have bloodily punctuated the history of the Adeptus Astartes, right up to the present day. Though there are no complete accounts even in the archives of the Inquisition, the lords of the Ordo Malleus believe that as many as fifty Space Marine Chapters have fully fallen to the wiles of Chaos since the end of the Horus Heresy. The Fall of Khartoth, the League of Deliverance, the Cycle of Restitution, the Reign of Blood, the Fourth Quadrant Rebellion; throughout all of these momentous events and wars the loyalty of the Space Marines has proven fallible and the lures of Chaos strong. The most recent was the turning of the Angels of Flame Chapter during an extended mission of reconquest on the rim of the galaxy near the Ghoul Stars. Even now planetary governors, Imperial Inquisitors and military commanders in the region wait with trepidation for the bloodshed that will surely follow.

THE CONSTANTINUS ICONOCLASM

While Renegade Chapters are a grave threat to the Imperium it is thankfully rare that a Chapter turns to Chaos in its entirety. More often, individual Space Marines succumb to the temptations of the Chaos Gods. Despite extensive psycho-doctrination and the constant attention of a Chapter's Chaplains, the seed of heresy can take root in the heart of any Space Marine. If allowed to grow unchecked such sins as indulgence, ego and ambition can turn a Space Marine from the role of Defender of Humanity to self-appointed judge and executioner.

Desertion amongst the ranks of the Adeptus Astartes is extremely uncommmon. However, when a Space Marine Chapter is fully stretched, its warriors scattered across many battlezones, it is impossible for the officers and Chaplains to monitor every battle-brother. Alone or as small groups, Space Marines on extended patrol can become divorced from the Chapter's teachings. They feel their skills are wasted or their dedication overlooked, and from such thoughts grow doubts. With no reassurance from the Chaplains, no comradely brotherhood to give him succour, a Space Marine might then decide that he has sacrificed enough for Mankind and turn to more selfish goals.

This was the case with Sergeant Constantinus of the Sons of Guilleman. As part of the Fourth Company of the Chapter, Constantinus and his squad fought in freeing the populace of Nova Terra from Tyranid attack.



ALPHA LEGION
Ref: Talesis Extremis
Recent sighting: Cardeyn Reb. 796.M41



ANGELS OF ECSTASY
Former Sons of Ulfsmar, turned Renegade during Gunyarkhan Betrayal



APOSTLES OF MINTHRAR
1st sighting: Eye of Terror. M33



BLEAK BROTHERHOOD
Possible Warp Ghoul faction
Last sighting: Cadian Gate



BROTHERHOOD OF DARKNESS
Ref: Qabbala Heresy, M40



CLAWS OF LORIEK
Sighted: Maelstrom
Notes: Possible Astral Claws splinter group (query?)



DEATH GUARD
Ref: Talesis Extremis
Cross-ref: Plague Fleets: zombie plague; Nurgle's Rot



COMPANY OF MISERY
Cross-ref: Brothers of Misery; Daemon Brotherhood
1st sighting: Maldon IV. M37



Squad Constantinus was one of a handful of units left on Nova Terra to combat any resurgent Tyranid organisms that had survived the war, and to monitor the populace for sign of Genestealer or other Tyranid infiltration or infection. For three years Sergeant Constantinus led his squad on endless patrols through the cave systems of Nova Terra's volcanic plateau where the Tyranids had made planetfall, cleansing nestling broods with flamer and chainsword, not once seeking reward. However, when rumours led Constantinus to possible Tyranid infection in the city of Cirtus he found a growing Genestealer cult had pervaded the city's ruling aristocracy.

As righteous as ever, Constantinus hunted down the infected nobles and their families and swiftly ended the threat. Far from being grateful, the people of Cirtus were enraged by the summary executions of their leaders and rose up in revolt. Disgusted by this behaviour, his will and patience finally exhausted, Constantinus fuelled the fires of rebellion. He led his squad on search and destroy missions throughout Cirtus, burning down entire city sectors. Soon the city was ablaze and the fume-choked avenues were awash with blood and rioting mobs, the palaces of the nobles nothing but charred ruins. Constantinus turned on those of his own squad who tried to stop him and cut them down with his powersword. He appeared before the power-hungry crowd and declared himself the new ruler of Cirtus. The former sergeant bitterly decried the Emperor and his minions, claiming that it was the Sons of Guilleman that had turned him into such a monster, and he swore to lead the people of Cirtus to freedom.

The few who spoke out against Constantinus were quickly silenced, by the renegade himself or his rapidly expanding army of zealous followers. They looted the great cathedral of Cirtus and melted down its idols and icons to create a great golden edifice dedicated to 'Constantinus the Liberator'. Over many months, the revolt spread from city to city until Constantinus stormed the mansion of the Imperial Commander at the head of an army nearly three million-strong. Constantinus beheaded the Imperial Commander and declared that Nova Terra was now free of the Emperor's iron grip.

The renegade sergeant renamed the world Constantinium and under his rule the mob was given free rein. Constantinus plunged his newly conquered world into an anarchic age of darkness as bloodthirsty crowds bayed in the streets and sacrifices were made to the Ruinous Powers. Called by their dark gods, dozens of Chaos Space Marine warbands travelled to Cirtus to join the renegades. Constantinus fought the best Champions of Chaos to arrive and defeated them, claiming their warbands for himself. He then embarked on a terrifying pogrom of other planets in neighbouring systems, and within a decade his rampage engulfed the whole sector.

Eventually Imperial forces arrived to reclaim the world, and war raged for thirteen years, only ending with the death of Constantinus. Even now, some three hundred years later, pockets of rebels still hold out in the volcanic plateau and whisper of the greatness of Constantinus the Liberator.

A BITTER WAR

While renegade Space Marines may provide new converts to Chaos, the Traitor Legions have not given up their ancient war. For ten thousand years they have raided and despoiled the realms of the Emperor, for the glory of the Chaos Gods or simply to undermine the rule of the Imperium.

The Word Bearers, once fanatically devoted to the Emperor, have turned their pious nature to the worship of Chaos and on the worlds they conquer, they raise dark cathedrals dedicated to suffering and sacrifice. In particular, they seek out those worlds where the Ecclesiarchy can be found in strength – Cardinal Worlds, Sepulchre Planets and Relic Worlds – and cast down the images of the Emperor to replace them with their own twisted statues and trophies.

Alone of the Traitor Legions, the Word Bearers still have Chaplains – the Dark Apostles, as they are known – who enforce a strict regime of religious observance upon their brethren. Their Primarch Lorgar expects all Word Bearers to spend a considerable period of each day in acts of ritual sacrifice, occult study or dark prayer. Wherever a warband of the Word Bearers passes, they leave mutilation and desecration in their wake, while the fire pits of the Chaos cathedrals on their daemon world blaze with the corpses of the Emperor's faithful.

DIVIDE AND CONQUER

Chaos cults have existed since the dawn of the Imperium, whether operating covertly or flaunting the rule of the Emperor in open rebellion. The Inquisition hold a special loathing for the Chaos Space Marines of the Alpha Legion for their part in spreading these iniquitous daemon cults and fanning the embers of heresy into raging fires of bloody rebellion.

After the Horusy Heresy ended, the Alpha Legion continued to fight the Imperium by the most covert means. Small units of Alpha Legion warriors set up hidden bases in asteroid fields, space hulks and barren systems throughout the galaxy, each an autonomous warband. Raiding parties still sally forth from these secret bases to catch the defenders of Mankind unawares – sabotaging outposts, attacking ships, terrorising settlements and destroying garrisons with deadly efficiency.

From these hiding places, the Alpha Legion warbands coordinate and direct the activities of magisters and covens from one end of the galaxy to the other, instigating massive insurrections and subverting governments to their cause. These revolts are usually nothing more than diversions and shields for the Alpha Legion's other activities, misdirecting the forces of the Emperor, leading them away from the Imperial worlds the Alpha Legion want to attack.



DEATH SHADOWS
Ref: Sabnak Exculpatus
Note: Sabotage and terror tactics specialists



DISCIPLES OF DESTRUCTION
1st sighting: 989.M41



HAKADOR'S REAVERS
Leader: Hakador [Daemon Prince], formerly Chapter Master Praetius



EMPEROR'S CHILDREN
Ref: Taitoris Extremis
Last sighted: Orpheus IV Embarcment



THE FLAWLESS HOST
Autogy Notes: Extreme combat drug users. Emperor's Children gene-seed marines



DRAGON WARRIORS
Note: Close range specialist troops; favour melta and flamer weapons



IRON WARRIORS
Ref: Taitoris Extremis
Specialisms: Grand Batteries, Engineers, Siegecraft



KNIGHTS OF BLOOD
Note: Fractal variant
Count-ask: Cadea, Chaos Prime and Hallo II marauders

Over the centuries, the Alpha Legion have used this method of warfare to pull Imperial forces to neighbouring sectors, before attacking in force, their warships and ruthless soldiers pouring out of the Eye of Terror to assail a now-unprotected world.

It was agents of the Alpha Legion who led to the eventual destruction of the Emperor's Swords Chapter midway through the 40th Millennium. For more than a dozen generations, agents of the Alpha Legion infiltrated the hive slums of Ghorstangrad, the Emperor's Swords' home world. Through subtle manipulation of the most dominant sects and gangs, the Alpha Legion began to take control of the disordered urban nightmare from which the Emperor's Swords recruited, seeding potential future Space Marines with all manner of deviant philosophies and subconscious triggers. Certain images and phrases used in clandestine rituals on the very young inculcated following generations to react in predetermined ways. Over many decades, though many of these brainwashed youths were rejected by the Librarians and Chaplains, some were recruited by the Emperor's Swords – a lurking threat unknown even to the recruits.

Almost three centuries after they had first put their plan into motion, the Alpha Legion broke out of the Eye of Terror and attacked Ghorstangrad. When the Emperor's Swords met them in combat, the Alpha Legion unleashed all manner of hypnotic and disorientating psychic attacks, releasing the nascent personalities hidden deep within the minds of the unknowing infiltrators. Dazed and distressed, these few deranged Space Marines turned on their battle brethren, and within hours the Chapter disintegrated into a morass of battling factions, some of which joined forces directly with the Alpha Legion and others who simply fought on for their own survival. The Emperor's Swords were destroyed, Ghorstangrad was razed, and the gene-seed of the Chapter was stolen. Many of the Chapter's Space Marines have gone on to become infamous reavers in their own right, either leading warbands of their own or in the colours of the Alpha Legion.

The Emperor's Swords were not the first Chapter split by the corruption of Chaos, and certainly will not be the last. Battle brother against battle brother, Company against Company, the Dark Gods of Chaos can bring division and death even to Chapters that few would ever doubt. Sometimes the Chapter never recovers, sometimes the loyalists triumph, hunting down and destroying their wayward battle brethren, and on occasion the renegades escape justice and flee the wrath of their former comrades. It is a great stain upon the honour of a Chapter for its warriors to turn renegade and it will be scrutinised heavily for centuries after such events, as agents of the Adeptus Terra and Inquisition seek to root out any lingering malfeasance.



LORDS OF DECAY
Cross-ref: Space Hulk Monolith of Woe, currently pursued in the Mentieth sector



NIGHT LORDS
Ref: Traitoris Extremis
Notes: Rapid attack, guerilla hit-and-run assaults



ORACLES OF CHANGE
Notes: Led by Sorcerer Amadeus Volkstein (formerly Epistolary Vanessa)



PUNISHERS
Origins Unknown
Location Unknown



THE SANCTIFIED
Cross-ref: Word Bearers
Location: Siege of Tanelius Hive, Hancock's Landing



THE REBORN
Notes: Corroded armour; antiquated weaponry
1st sighting: 795.M40 [query?]



THE PURGE
Participation in Verhallian genocides, responsible for 14,000,000,000+ deaths



SKULLTAKERS
Ref: Formerly Sarsarkers of Khardon; contact lost 153.M34-154.M39

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KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

The Blood Ravens Space Marine Chapter

Their origins shrouded in mystery, the Blood Ravens Chapter are ever drawn to the pursuit of knowledge and the acquisition of ancient lore. Guided by their powerful Librarians, the Chapter fights with a precision and calculated fury, able to predict an enemy's plans and thwart them before they come to fruition.

Origins

Though the Blood Ravens have a long and glorious history fighting in the name of the Emperor, their exact origins and earliest days are shrouded in mystery. Not even the mightiest Chapter Masters or revered Librarians can say with any certainty where the origin of their Chapter lies. They are a Proud and secretive Chapter, obsessed with ritual, history, and the acquisition of knowledge - most especially for the truth of their beginnings. The majority of the records on the Chapter date back no further than early M37, though references to their service in the litanies of other Chapters and Imperial Organisations prove that the Chapter existed and fought the enemies of the Emperor for centuries before this. This gap in the Blood Ravens history has led to endless speculation as to the exact origin of the Chapter, and what could have happened to expunge such a large and important portion of their history from their lore.

As a result, the Blood Ravens do not know from which Primarch or Chapter they are descended from, and so revere no one as much as the Immortal Emperor, supreme master of all Space Marines. However, the current organisation of the Blood Ravens owes much to a Space Marine named Azariah Vidya, known to the members of the Chapter through an ancient legend known as the Father Librarian, or Great Father.

The Legend of the Great Father tells that Azariah was the Master of the Blood Ravens' Chapter Librarium at a time when the Chapter was still in its infancy. The legend tells of how the Blood Ravens had suffered terrible losses in campaigns fought against a series of warp-spawned rebellions said to have taken place in the Gothic sector - though no corroborating records exist to confirm this. It is told that in the early days of the campaigns, the foul servants of Chaos were widespread and disorganised, with no hope of standing before the might of the Blood Ravens. But the machinations of Chaos are manifold and this impression proved to be horrifyingly false. The cult forces were far more organised than they at first appeared, and the centres of cult activity attacked by the Blood Ravens turned out to be fiendishly cunning traps. Many Blood Ravens were lost in these elaborate ambushes, and in a blow that could have proven fatal to the young Chapter, the Chapter Master and the Master of Sanctity th fell defending the retreat of the remnants of the 1st Company. With their ranks depleted and their Chapter Master dead, the Blood Ravens turned to Azariah for guidance in this terrible time.



Azariah was a fearsomely intelligent warrior who knew much of history and bore the burden of terrible knowledge of the ruinous powers. He was also blessed, or some might say cursed, with tremendously powerful psychic strength. He spent months studying the enemy's movements, tactics and even their histories in an attempt to discern how they might be defeated. While keeping up the facade that the Blood Ravens were reeling from the previous attacks, he utilised his warriors and those of the Imperial Guard to probe the enemy to see how they reacted, gauging their response and reactions. To some it appeared that he wasted his time, that retreating to books rather than steel and courage was no way to fight the enemies of the Emperor.

Eventually, Azariah completed his divinations and studies, declaring that he possessed the knowledge to defeat their enemies utterly. The Blood Ravens launched a sweeping counter-offensive that at first seemed organised in a confusing and uninformed way, hitting areas that were virtually devoid of enemy activity. But each location proved to be a key point where the forces of Chaos were secreting large amounts of supplies and troops, massing for ambushes or raising dark idols to their blasphemous gods. The attacks hit the Chaos forces with a supernatural prescience at their weakest points, smashing their resistance aside with ease. Feted with honours, Azariah insisted that the key lay in researching and dissecting the enemy's movements, but many came to believe that the powerful psyker was reading the minds of the enemy and gleaning the necessary information he needed to defeat them. After the crushing blow of the first offensive, the rest of the campaign was short and extremely bloody, with the forces of the enemy melting before the Blood Ravens' relentless assault. At the conclusion of the rebellion, Inquisitorial Purgatus teams discovered dark writings and abominable idols that pointed to the involvement of the traitorous Alpha Legion, a fact that surprised Azariah not at all.

After the resounding victory in the Gothic sector, the legend tells of how Azariah took the Chapter away to heal its wounds, mourn its dead and reflect on the battles it had just fought. At the insistence of his battle-brothers and the Masters of the Chapter, Azariah took on the dual mantle of Chapter Master and Master of the Librarium, an uncommon occurrence to say the least, and one that was frowned upon by other Space Marine Chapters who believed in a more rigid adherence to the Codex Astartes. Azariah served as Chapter Master for several centuries, and his heroic deeds are told in great prayers committed to the hearts and

minds of every one of the Blood Ravens.

While the Blood Ravens follow the Codex Astartes in spirit, if not letter, their passion for knowledge and history was instilled into the Chapter through the Great Father's example. As a result, the Blood Ravens are attempting to create one of the most extensive, well-organised and detailed archives ever seen in a Space Marine Chapter, hoping one day to rival even the ancient records of many of the Founding Chapters. The Blood Ravens thirst for knowledge, understanding that, alongside faith, it is the greatest weapon available to them in the fight against the Emperor's enemies.

One of the most remarkable aspects of the Blood Ravens is the large number of Librarians within the Chapter. The Librarians of the Blood Ravens are exceptionally powerful, but whether this is due to the Great Father or a result of the reverence the Blood Ravens hold him in is unknown. However, neither explanation fully explains how the Blood Ravens manage to cultivate such a high number of psykers within their ranks, or how they raise their power to such high levels.

Home World

The Blood Ravens do not have a specific homeworld, but whether this is due to its being expunged from their history or some darker reason is unknown. Their Chapter fortress is a mighty Battle Barge known as Omnis Arcanum, and the rest of the Chapter travels aboard a host of Strike Cruisers and Battle Barges that travel as its escorts The Librarium Sanctorum is aboard the Omnis Arcanum and it is here that the Chapter maintains its records of heroic deeds, lore of vanquished enemies and captured heretical knowledge.

While there is no fixed base of operations for the Blood Ravens, there are a number of planets that they consistently draw their potential recruits from, ranging from feral worlds of club-wielding savages to sprawling hive worlds. There appears to be no rhyme or reason to this process, but there are a number of worlds in particular that the Blood Ravens favour over others. Why this should be the case is unknown, but it is speculated by some that these worlds have a higher incidence of psykers than is normal, though such speculation is, thus far unsubstantiated.



Auto-reactive shoulder guard: Chapter Badge Iconography



Auto-reactive shoulder guard: Tactical Squad markings

Combat Doctrine

The Blood Ravens believe in studying the enemy and predicting their movements before launching any attacks. Not for them the rampaging charge or the spur of the moment, lightning assault. This has led to some friction between other, more headstrong, Chapters who prefer a more straightforward approach to war. One Chapter in



Veteran Sergeants Helmet

particular has branded the Blood Ravens cowards for their precise, methodical method of battle, but nothing could be further from the truth, as once the Blood Ravens take to the field of battle, they fight with a fury and zeal the equal of any other Chapter of the Adeptus Astartes.

In battle, the Blood Ravens destroy enemy units with utter ruthlessness and precision, their battle plan never varying from initial concept to final execution. Such is the depth of planning and thoroughness that every eventuality is planned for, thanks to their Librarians uncanny ability to predict how their enemies will react. They have in the past warned or responded to enemy attacks or invasions well before most Imperial sources have even been aware of them. This has led some puritanical figures to make dark mention of the tale of the fallen Primarch, Magnus, and his ultimate fate - claiming that his path to damnation began with such warnings...

Organisation

The Organisation of the Blood Ravens follows the standard practices laid down in the Codex Astartes, with ten companies, each of ten squads. The Chapter is made up of the prescribed mix of Battle Companies, Assault, Tactical and Devastator Companies, though the exact make up of these companies can vary quite extensively.

Due to the higher proportion of Librarians within the Blood Ravens, it is rare, but not unknown, for Librarians to lead companies into battle, though this usually only occurs when the Chapter fights alone and unaided. The higher echelons of command within the Blood Ravens reflect the high proportion of psykers within the Chapter and many of the Secret Masters of the Chapter are themselves psykers who lead powerful units of warriors chosen from the Librarium itself. These warriors obsessively study the ways of the Enemy to better fight the Ruinous Powers and are steeped in the all manner of forbidden lore. As a result, they are extensively monitored by the Chapter's Librarium for signs of corruption, as even the mightiest of psykers are not immune to the insidious lure of Chaos.

The Chapter's Librarium Sanatorium is grim testament to this fact, filled with the mad souls who have proven too weak to complete the final transformation into a Librarian. Here, those unfortunate souls are put to final use by the Chapter before being ritually executed as a danger to themselves and others. It is a place of great solemnity, with those who have made the ultimate sacrifice, honoured before their deaths with a personal shriving from the Chapter's Master of Sanctity himself.

Beliefs

Like many Codex Chapters, the Blood Ravens do not venerate the Emperor as a god, but as the mightiest of men. This inevitably brings them into conflict with the Ministorum, but this is allayed by the fact that they do not know the identity of their Primarch, which leads them to give praise to the Emperor with a fervour greater than almost any other Chapter. Their quest for knowledge echoes many tenets of the Adeptus Mechanicus, and the Chapter maintains close ties with the Priests of the Machine God, often joining forces with their fleets of Explorators in their conquest of the unknown quarters of the galaxy.

As part of their obsessive hunt for knowledge and the secrets of their origins, the Blood Ravens are known to seek out sites of lost artefacts and ancient significance to deny what they hold to the Enemy. The Blood Ravens rely heavily on their Librarians to keep the secret arch in order and compile new records, but just as important as their custodial tasks is their duty to seek out new information to bolster the archives and guide the Chapter in its quest for knowledge.



Blood Ravens Librarian wearing artificer-made armour with integral psychic hood, and welding a force staff with Chapter Iconography.

It is not uncommon for groups of Librarians to be dispatched with an army of servitors and a number of squads of Space Marines to uncover a lost artefact whose location has been recently been unearthed or revealed through ritual divination. This has brought the Blood Ravens into direct conflict with the Inquisition on several occasions, as many of the items they seek are touched by the Ruinous Powers. The Blood Ravens insist that it is their duty to hunt out and oppose the forces of Chaos wherever they may be and that by recovering and destroying the tools of Chaos they deny the Enemy their use. However, the Blood Ravens have been less than forthcoming regarding any proof of the destruction of any of the hundreds of artifacts they are said to have procured.

Geneseed

The Blood Raven geneseed is relatively stable, though the high proportion of psykers in the Blood Ravens ranks have resulted in the their geneseed tithe being tested on a more regular basis than most. Thus far, there has been little evidence of mutation, and nothing that points to the geneseed as the source of the Blood Ravens' disproportionate number of psykers or the power they exhibit.

There has been much speculation regarding which of the Founding Chapters the Blood Raven's geneseed is derived from. Both the Blood Angels and Raven Guard have been suggested, but these are likely speculation based simply on the similarity in names between the chapters. Rumour has also persisted that the Blood Ravens may be derived from the Dark Angels geneseed, but no facts have ever been presented to establish a definitive single source of the genetic material that makes up the Chapter. The fact that the Blood Ravens themselves have no record of the Chapter they descended from implies that they could easily have been a Chapter created in anticipation of some threat to the Imperium in centuries past that has since been met and defeated. The truth of their origin is the one piece of information the Blood Ravens seek above all others in their thirst for knowledge and formation.

Battlecry

"Knowledge is power, guard it well!"

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BLOODIED FIST

Crimson Fists Space Marine Chapter

A Second Founding successor of the Imperial Fists, the Crimson Fists have maintained the proud traditions of their Progenitor Legion for ten millennia, battling the multitudinous enemies of the Imperium with a stoic ferocity for which they have become renowned. Though recently decimated by the Waaagh! of the infamous Ork Warlord Snagrod, the Arch-Arsonist of Charadon. the noble battle-brothers fight on through their chapter's darkest epoch, drawing on their proud spirit and 10,000 years of faithful service to the God-Emperor of Mankind.

Origins

> *"Nothing ever assured me more that the Emperor truly watches over us than when I saw our Chapter Master return to us from death."*
>
> Sergeant Huron Grimm at the Siege of New Rynn City

The origins of the Crimson Fists lie at the end of the Horus Heresy. In the wake of the cataclysmic civil war that saw the arch-traitor Horus bring the Imperium to the very brink of ruin, those Space Marine Legions still loyal to the Emperor embarked upon a massive program of reorganisation and rebuilding. Roboute Guilliman. the Primarch of the Ultramarines Legion, presented his Codex Astartes - a tome of epic proportions that set out the future of the Legionnes Astartes as smaller units called Chapters, each formed from a parent Legion. A number of the Primarchs, including the Imperial Fists' Rogal Dorn, vehemently opposed Guilliman`s plan, hailing it as detrimental to the security of the Imperium, and a grievous insult to the honour of his legion.

The matter came to a head when the Imperial Fists' strike cruiser Terrible Angel was fired upon by the Imperial Navy. To his eternal credit, Rogal Dorn relented rather than plunge the Imperium into another bitter, internecine war. As did his brother Primarchs, he divided his legion into three chapters: the die-hard followers of the Primarch retaining the livery and title of the Imperial Fists, the





more zealous brethren becoming the Black Templars, and the more recently initiated and level-headed members, the Crimson Fists.

The newly-formed chapters were apportioned a battle barge, a number of strike cruisers and several rapid strike vessels from the Imperial Fists' extensive Fleet, and struck out to forge a destiny all their own. Over the next ten millennia, the Crimson Fists would carve their name in the annals of the Imperium, proudly maintaining the legacy of Rogai Dorn and the Imperial Fists.

Taking pride of place within the Assimularum of the chapter's space-faring fortress-monastery, is a majestic hololith carving depicting the chapter's first Master, Alexis Polux. In this masterpiece. Polux is portrayed during the newly-formed chapter's first action, the Scourging of Uralek Prime, in which the Crimson Fists fought and defeated a large force of Exodite Eldar who were attempting to eradicate the small Imperial colony recently founded upon that world. Polux was a giant of a man, whose physical strength belied a cold, rational and supremely logical mind. His character did as much to mould the future of the new chapter as the legacy of its Primarch Rogal Dorn, and his masterful and stoic defence of the colony serves to this day as a tangible example to new initiates of the chapter.

Polux fell eight centuries after the founding of the Crimson Fists, during the battle for an unnamed system, codified as HR8518. The system was occupied by a previously unknown alien race, who came to be referred to as the Scythians. These deviant xenos warrior monks made war using terrible venom-based weapons, and it was such a poisoned projectile that struck the Chapter Master in the temple and brought about his death. It is said he fought the deadly poison for many days before his superhuman physiology was finally overcome, though before he Scythians from HR8518 to his warriors. After his death, his forces enactec his plan, and the aliens were repulsed from the system after a short but extremely bloody campaign of xenocide from which the Scythians learned the true power of the Imperium. The xenos have since rarely engaged Imperial forces in open battle preferring instead to mount stealthy raids and assassinations where their deviant, underhanded and dishonourable ways can prevail.

Home World

For nine thousand years, the Crimson Fists were a space-borne chapter, plying the space lanes of the Imperium aboard a fleet led by the gargantuan fortress-monastery Rutilus Tyrannus. They were a crusading chapter, in the same manner as the Imperial Fists and the Black Templars, though they maintained close ties with the Loki sector in Segmentum Tempestus, which is home to a number of feral worlds from which the chapter draws new recruits. Segmentum Tempestus is infested by many Ork empires, and the chapter soon became expert in fighting these barbaric aliens.



It was after the glorious conclusion of the Voltigern Crusade in 745.M40 that the Crimson Fists were granted fiefdom over Rynn's World in the Loki sector. The sector had been threatened by a number of nascent Ork empires, and the Crimson Fists were able to attack each one in turn before any individual warlord could amass the strength to start a Waaargh! In the aftermath of the crusade, these empires collapsed as warlord turned upon warlord, their ambitions stymied by their inability to present a unified threat to the Imperium. It was more than a thousand years before another Ork empire would threaten the Loki sector, in the form of the disastrous Waaagh! Snagrod.

Prior to Waaagh! Snagrod, Rynn's World was a pleasant agri-world, providing exotic foodstuffs to the Imperial nobility across the entire sector and beyond. The Crimson Fists built their fortress-monastery in the inhospitable Hellblade Mountains, and though they retained feudal rights to the world, they allowed the hereditary governorship to remain in the hands of the local nobility. This very much follows Rogal Dorn's approach to worlds



from which the Imperial Fists would recruit, allowing the chapter to concentrate on their own duties while the administration of their world is handled by those most qualified to do so.

Rynn's World's proximity to the chapter's primary source of recruitment, the feral world of Blackwater, made it an ideal homeworld. This allowed Crimson Fists apothecaries and Chaplains to attend the annual 'Festival of the Bloodied Fist', during which the most promising ot the feral worlds' young men would vie for the opportunity to join the mighty warriors from the stars. During the festival, the aspirants must undertake feats of great strength and courage, culminating with the Rite of the Dragon, in which the would-be Space Marine must track and kill one the ferocious swamp-dwelling Barb Dragons, killing it with only his bare hands in order to earn the right to become an aspirant. Each year, only a handful of young men get as far as this rite, and only one or two of these are likely to survive it, ensuring only the aspirants are accepted into the chapter.

With the destruction wrought by Snagrod, Rynn's World has much rebuilding to undertake. The Siege of New Rynn City was a protracted conflict that saw the city, and vast swathes of surrounding land, reduced to a barren, war torn wasteland. Now the conflict has been won, the surviving Crimson Fists are looking to their chapter's future, and the building of a new fortress-monastery.



Combat doctrine

When the Imperial Fists Legion was divided into individual chapters, those brethren of a more moderate nature became the Crimson Fists - where many of their former brethren in the legion railed against the changes wrought by the implementation of the Codex Astartes, the Crimson Fists embraced

them. As a result, the chapter has maintained the combat doctrine set down by Guilliman, training in all the aspects of war the Astartes may expect to undertake.



Above: Crimson Fists First Company Veteran Sergeant. Note seals and relicas indicating bearer is in mourning for his fallen brothers, and artificer-made armour and power fist bearing heraldry of New Rynn City Guard.

Throughout the chapter's long and glorious history, it has become noted for its expertise in fighting the many alien monstrosities that assail the Impenum of Man, in particular the Orks. While the Crimson Fists have never neglected training to fight any and all foes, it is true that they have proved a valuable asset to the Ordo Xenos, contributing many battle-brothers to secondment in the Kill-teams of the Deathwatch.

In the aftermath of the Battle of Rynn's. World, the chapter has found itself severely depleted and unable to fight in the manner proscribed by the Codex Astartes. Throughout the war, Chapier Master Kantor was forced to field his squads as infiltrators and guerrilla troops, attacking specific, high-value targets rather than spearheading massive assaults, as would most other chapters in such a conflict. With the resolution of the war, one of Kantor's primary aims has become the rebuilding of his chapter into a viable fighting force once more.

CHAPTER MASTER KANTOR

Pedro Kantor has served as the master of the Crimson Fists for almost a century, and his record of service goes back another 250 years before he assumed that position. He first rose to prominence at the Battle of Melchitt Sound, where, as a sergeant, he led his squad in a boarding action against the Ork kill kroozer, the Growler. The kroozer was disabled by the attack, allowing the Crimson Fists' strike cruiser, the Crusader, to break the Ork battle line, scattering the alien fleet and winning the battle for the Imperium.

Captain Cortez, serving as the Captain of the part in such celebrated victories as the Battle of Steel Cross, the Defence of Fortress Maladon and the Kardian Campaign. The two warriors rose through the ranks together, fighting side by side as brothers, Cortez' stubborn nature tempered by his friend's even-minded calm. Kantor reportedly grieved deeply when his compatriot disappeared fighting Eldar pirates in the Wheel of Fire, though Kantor, like many of those who knew the Captain of the 4th Company harbours the belief that the notoriously invulnerable Captain lives on yet.

Faced with the destruction of the vast majority of his chapter at Rynn's World, Kantor was faced with a choice few Chapter Masters have ever had to make. He could lead the remnants of his decimated force in a vainglorious last enemy as possible before succumbing to their overwhelming numbers, or, as he chose, he could marshal his resources and deploy his remaining force in missions that favoured small, elite units, looking to the eventual rebuilding of the chapter.

It has been noted would have chosen the former option, ensuring their chapter a place in legend rather than accept their virtual defeat. It is to Kantor's eternal credit, and is a mark of a leader of superior character that he made the choice he did, for the Imperium can ill afford the loss of such a chapter as the Crimson Fists.

Organisation

As has been noted, the Crimson Fists have, since their founding ten millennia ago, adhered rigidly to the precepts of the Codex Aslartes. Following the Battle of Rynn's World, the chapter is committing all available resources into rebuilding this organisation.



True to their origins as a space-borne, crusading chapter, the Crimson Fists have traditionally maintained a large fleet of battle barges, strike cruisers and rapid strike vessels. Though the Battle of Rynn's World saw these assets depleted enormously as Ork kroozers rampaged throughout the system, those vessels that survived the initial losses of the war proved invaluable in stalling the Ork invasion until the Imperial Navy could muster a response, reinforcing the Navy once they were in system, and in moving Kantor's small force around the warzones to make best use of its skills. Following the losses of the Rynn's World campaign, the chapter finds itself in the unusual position of having more specialists than battle-brothers. The chapter's fleet vessels are commanded by Techmarines under the Master of the Fleet, and a number of Apothecaries are also stationed aboard these ships. The presence of these experienced brothers is vital to the rebuilding of Ihe chapter, for without the Techmarines' intricate knowledge of the workings of the Machine God. the Crimson Fists could not remain a viable fighting torce, and without the Apothecaries' knowledge of the complex process of creating new warrior brethren, the chapter would

dwindle and disappear within a short span of years.



With the completion of the Rynn's World campaign, the Apothecaries have begun the long process of inducting new brethren. The process cannot be rushed however, for the Crimson Fists have a long and noble tradition to maintain, and to compromise on the quality and suitability of aspirants at such a critical juncture in the chapter's history could one day spell its doom.

A number of Scout squads have been accepted into the ranks ol the newly reformed 10th Company, and these individuals are forging the future of the Crimson Fists with every battle they fight They have already distinguished themselves m early actions against the Ork invaders, and are developing an abhorrence for the barbaric race beyond even that of a veteran of many xenos wars.

Beliefs

The Crimson Fists venerate the Emperor as the gene-father of the Adeptus Astartes, and Rogal Dorn as the Primarch of the Imperial Fists Legion. They maintain a strict calendar of holy days, one of the most sacred being the Day of Foundation, during which the entire chapter gathers to celebrate its creation. During the ceremony, extracts 1rom the works ol Alexis Polux are recited, as well as the words of Dorn himself. The chapter's greatest victories are remembered, and its boldest sacrifices commemorated. In this way, the lessons of the chapter's history are passed down through the ages. ensuring Ihe brethren learn from the actions of their ancestors. This sort of critical introspection is encouraged by the Codex Astartes. but actually practiced by very few Space Marine Chapters, whose pride will often preclude any admission that they have anything to learn from past mistakes, or indeed that their predecessors erred in

The final destination on my pilgrimage to Rynn's World was my visit to the Jadeberry Hill Necropolis. Upon that blasted knoll is headstones, each one a memorial to a fallen battle-brother of the Crimson Fists. Each stone is engraved with the battle honours of a hero whose mortal remains will never be recovered, his body blasted to atoms by the fell hand of fate. I lingered at that bleak place for a day and a night, meditating upon the seeming futility of my own existence. Come the morn, I was struck by a revelation. Had not the Crimson Fists resolved to prevail in the face of utter defeat? If so, then I would strive to emulate their example. I am but a man, but I shall crane my neck to look upon the faces of giants.

Preface to chapter V. 'In the Footsteps of the Angels of Death', by Herak Sactorii

any way.

In line with their ancestry, the Crimson Fists have been observed on occasion to follow the Imperial Fists` tradition ot fielding a Champion of the Emperor. The chapter fields the Emperor's Champion far less frequently than other Imperial Fists successors such as the Black Templars, but there have been a number of recorded instances when a battle-brother has been overcome with visions of the Emperor on the eve on battle, and taken up the Black Sword and donned the Armour of Faith to lead his brethren into righteous battle against the Emperor's foes. No instance of an Emperor's Champion being fielded has been recorded since the destruction of the Crimson Fists' fortress-monastery on Rynn's World, and it is entirely likely that the ancient and sacred vestments of the office were lost forever in the destruction.

Gene-seed

The Crimson Fists draw their recruits from a number of feral worlds in the Loki sector, most notably the world of Blackwater. The natives of this world are renowned for their ferocity and courage, but are far from barbarous primitives. They are a noble people, whose lives are a daily struggle against adversity, and it is this stoic nature that makes them such ideal material for the Crimson Fists.



Being a successor chapter of the Imperial Fists Legion, the Crimson Fists share their genetic legacy with them, inheriting many of the characteristics of their Primarch, Rogal Dorn. The chapter's gene-seed is highly stable, though the Imperial Fists', and therefore, the Crimson Fists', genome is lacking the Betcher's gland that allows a Space Marine to spit acid, and the Sus-an membrane that allows him to enter a life-sustaining state of deep sleep.

The Imperial Fists are known to suffer from a deep-seated drive towards self-sacrifice and penance. They strive to master the self-inflicted punishment of the pain glove, and are notorious tor their dogged pursuit of victory, even in the (ace of overwhelming odds. Perhaps because their initial membership was drawn from the less extreme members of the Imperial Fists Legion, the Crimson Fists do not suffer from this headstrong impulse to anywhere near the degree of their

progenitors. They are certainly every bit as noble, relentless and dedicated, but have clearly conquered any urge they may have to prove their devotion in the fires of self-imposed penance.

The chapter only narrowly escaped extinction during the destruction of its fortress-monastery. According to the genator-adepts of the Adeptus Mechanicus, a chapter reduced to less than a company of brethren has only a 20-25% chance of survival, for the failure rate of the progenoid gland will often preclude the successful harvesting of new gene-seed, resulting in an inability to induct new brethren. It was only the chapter's superior gene-seed that saved it from extinction, for the Crimson Fists have been reduced to less than a company of brethren, yet seem more than capable of rebuilding their numbers - however it will take many decades before those numbers are at anything approaching full strength.

Battlecry

Chaplain - "There is only the Emperor", brethren - "He is our shield and our protector".

THE RYNN'S WORLD INCIDENT

In mid 989.M41, the Ork warlord Snagrod the Arch-Arsonist of Clurdon united the warring fictions border ing the Loki sector, and launched Ihc largest Waaagh! the Peryton 163 Cluster had seen in almost a millennium isolated Imperial colony of Badlanding.

The defenders of Bidlinding were utterly unprepared for the invasion, and within days the only major strongpoint of resistance was, the town of Krugerport, where the remnants of the Mordian 18th, 24th Lammas and 49th Boros regiments put up a bold, but ultimately doomed, defence.

Confident that he had the world in his grasp, Snagrod put out incessant, ranting broadcasts, boasting that his next conquest would be Rynn's World, which lay only a few weeks warp travel from Bidlinding. Chapter Master Kantor responded immediately, despatching the 4th Company under Captain Drakken to Badlanding to stall the Ork Waaagh! and determine its strength.

The battle of Krugerport was a tragic defeat for the Crimson Fists who found Waaagh! Snagrod to be far larger and more aggressive than any could have predicted. Only a handful of Space Marines survived the battle, though those that escaped were able to bring invaluable intelligence back to Rynn`s World. Kantor ordered the immediate recall of those companies fighting away from Rynn's World, mobilised the Planetary Defence Force, and prepared for the inenvitable invasion.

When the Waaagh! hit Rynn's World, it was with a force unparalleled by any other Ork invasion since those of Armageddon. As Ork drop ships and roks fell through the night sky. Kantor and his Command squad, along with a bodyguard of ten battle-brothers, were inspecting the outer defences of the Crimson fortress-monistery. Seeing the invasion upon them, the small force prepared to return to their base, when the horizon was the incadescent white. Night turned to day, and an instant later a blast wave struck the Marines, barrelling them to the ground. For long minutes the very air burned and howled like the gates to hell itself had been flung wide, before

subsiding and leaving the night lit red by a distant conflagration.

The Crimson Fists' fortress-monastery had been destroyed. By infernal chance, a single warhead, launched from the Laculum battery, had faltered on its trajectory, falling from the edge of the stratosphere back towards the ground. One single missile should have proved insignificant to the mighty adamantium walls of the fortress -monastery, but this was not the case. The missile struck an unknown weak point, penetrating deep into the rock upon which the fortress stood.

Its fuse set to burrow through the metres thick armoured hide of a starship before striking the chapter's arsenal. The resulting protecting ordnance capable of crippling a capital vessel, ripping the heart out of the mountain on which the fortress stood. The arsenal, the fortress-monastery of the Crimson Fists, the mountain, and an area half a mile wide were atomised in a heartbeat.

Kantor witnessed the destruction of his chapter from afar, but set aside his grief to consolidate what little power he still commanded. Going to ground, Kantor resolved to make for New Rynn City, where a small contingent of Crimson Fists stood beside the local militia. The trek to the city took ten days, and lying low during the day to avoid the increasingly rapacious Ork hunter-killer-eater patrols. They marched throughout the night, never stopping for food or rest. On several occasions they ran into Ork invaders and were forced to fight their way through, but on the tenth day they reached New Rynn City, to find it under siege by a massive force of the barbaric invaders.

Skirting the edge of the enemy, Kantor led his men towards the only intact access to the city, an underzoom that crossed under the river Pakomac to the island on which the city stood. The gates of the underzoom were barricaded, and Kantor's force reached them scant moments before the invaders launched a near suicidal frontal assault upon them. To Kantor's great joy though, Crimson Fists manned the gates. Together, the two forces fought for hours to repel the endless tide of Orks that smashed into the barricades.

The Siege of New Rynn City was to grind on for eighteen months, but under the inspired leadership of Pedro Kantor, the Imperium won out against near impossible odds. The wider war would like many years to win, and many of the worlds of the Loki sector captured by Waaagh! Snagrod, including Badlanding, are lost, remaining in Ork hands to this day.

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BACK TO CODICIUM IMPERIALIS SECTION



The Battle for Rynn's World

It all began on Badlanding, an Imperial system at the fringes of Ork dominated space and only a few weeks away from the Rynn star system through warp space. On 3650989.M41 Badlanding was invaded by Ork hordes under the command of Warlord Snagrod the Arch-Arsonist of Charadon, one of the many Ork empires which blight the galaxy. Violently independent and as hostile to other Ork domains as to any other kind of alien, the empire of Charadon had endured for over sixteen centuries under a series of different warlords - each more vicious and sadistic than his predecessor. The current incumbent, the self-proclaimed Arch-Arsonist, had conquered all the Ork tribes opposing him in a twelve year reign of bloodshed and war. This made Charadon the most powerful coalition in the anarchic confines of Ork space, and made Warlord Snagrod exceptionally popular with the Orks under his sway.

The single habitable world of the Badlanding system was protected by three recruitment companies of the Imperial Guard (from 18th Mordia, 24th Lammas and 49th Boros regiments), commanded by Commissar-General Alhaus Baldur plus a planetary defence network of ground-based missile silos and defence lasers which had not been used or blessed by a Tech-Priest in over three centuries. Perhaps unsurprisingly the Orks made successful landings across the planet, although they lost a number of ships to both the antiquated defences and the ill-considered landings in the treacherous dust seas of the equatorial quatal.

The Imperial Guard troops fought alongside the indigenous Badlanders and between them they put up a stout resistance centered around Krugerport, the only sizable settlement on the planet and seat of government. But, however bravely and desperately the forces of Badlanding fought, the Orks were both braver and more numerous. Ork big gunz battered at the walls of Krugerport and fast-moving warbuggy and warbike squadrons ravaged the surrounding settlements, capturing or killing most of the human populace who did not manage to flee into the caves honeycombing the nearby Scratch mountains. The Imperial garrison was swiftly outmatched by the growing numbers of Orks which gathered against them, and Krugerport fell within days, even as a counter strike of Crimson Fists Space Marines was readied at their fortress-monastery on Rynn's World.

The irregular broadcasts of the Arch-Arsonist took on an ever more strident, bragging tone after the fall of Badlanding. Warlord Snagrod boasted of the invincibility of his Orkish legions, the power of his fleets and his ability to destroy the most powerful Imperial enclave on his border - Rynn's World itself! Evidently some sort of retribution was required to curb the Warlord's overweening ambitions. Unfortunately a substantial portion of the Crimson Fists Chapter was already engaged in hunting Eldar pirates in The Wheel of Fire and securing the N'goth-Katar trade routes, so

Rynn's Might

When a malfunctioning defence missile had all but destroyed the Crimson Fists' Fortress-Monastery, almost annihilating the entire Chapter, the Land Raider Rynn's Might survived the blast and was hurled clear. The detonation woke the vehicle's machine-spirit, which went about executing the last orders it had received - seek and destroy.

Rynn's Might spent several hours righting itself from amongst the tangled wreckage before setting off in search of the enemy. It came across and Ork vanguard shortly after and attacked

resources were limited.

Although resting Badlanding from the Orks control would be impossible in the short run, Chapter Master Kantor planned a series of raids on Warlord Snagrod's latest acquisition. These would serve a number of aims. Firstly they would secure information on the strength of the Orks, their war machines and ships. Secondly they would disrupt the Orks and prevent them tightening their grip on Badlanding and exploiting its resources. Thirdly they would encourage the resistance of the surviving humans now engaged in a guerrilla war from their scattered settlements in the Scratch mountains.

Localised warp storms delayed the first Crimson Fists strike cruiser, the Crusader, under the command of Brother-Captain Drakken and carrying the Crimson Fists' 4th Company, for several weeks. On its arrival the Crusader managed to slip into the system and approach Badlanding undetected. The airwaves were thick with Ork transmissions, and the crew identified some sixteen different Ork warships in the area of the planet alone. Though the wisdom of continuing with the planned raid was questioned in the face of the Ork armada, Captain Drakken determined to lead his Company down to the planet's surface.

Three Thunderhawks cut through the yellow haze of Badlanding's atmosphere to place the Space Marines within thirty miles of Krugerport. Captain Drakken planned to march his troops to the town, destroy its communications tower and water filtration plant, gauge the strength of the Ork garrison and then withdraw for extraction before overwhelming reinforcements arrived from the nearest harvesting rigs.

The initial phases of the raid passed well. At nightfall Scout squads infiltrated the town ahead of the main body of Crimson Fists and eliminated several guard posts to prevent the immediately, its lascannons and heavy bolters turning trukks and buggies into flaming coffins for the Orks. After destroying some thirty Ork vehicles and chasing down their fleeing crews, Rynn's Might continued its search.

For three days it scoured the area around the burning Fortress-Monastery, running across several Ork patrols and swiftly annihilating them. It was as night fell on the third day that Rynn's Might encountered a full Ork warband. The Orks were thrown into confusion by the sudden attack of the lone Space Marine assault tank, disturbed by the metallic war cries bellowing forth form its external speakers. In the darkness, the Land Raider's artificial eyes and ears served better than even the night vision of the Orks, and as they recoiled from its initial assault, Rynn's Might attacked with greater determination.

Missiles and high energy bolts scorched the hull of the Land Raider, but it continued its charge, crushing bikes and Orks under its armoured tracks, its weapons lighting the darkness with flashes of lascannon bursts and heavy bolter fire, illuminating the battle with the flames of wrecked Dreadnoughts and Killer Kans. The Orks attempted to muster a counter-attack, their Warboss gathering his bravest warriors and Nobz about him. Rynn's Might noted this build up of force and headed for the Ork leader at full speed, ignoring the shells that ricocheted off its armoured hide as it drove over the mangled corpses of the greenskins.

Out of heavy bolter ammunition and with its lascannons fused from near-continual firing, Rynn's Might used its only weapon left to it - its bulk and weight. Many of the Orks fled from this image of the Emperor's fury as it bore down on them, searchlights blazing in their eyes, external vocalisers still blaring prayers to the Emperor. The Warlord stood firm though, firing blast after blast from his crude cannon, until a luck shot splintered a track link and sent Rynn's Might spinning madly. Immobilised, there was little it could do as the Orks clambered across its hull with their tankbusta bombs, blowing off chunks of ceramite and adamantium.

But Rynn's Might was to have a final vengeance. It opened up its hatchways and assault ramp, and the Orks poured on board, eager to loot what they could from this prize. As they entered, Rynn's Might slammed the entrances shut again, hydraulic rams cutting Orks in half and trapping the Warlord and his bodyguard on board. In a final act, Rynn's Might overcharged its reactor, spewing plasma and poisonous gases into its own interior, incinerating and choking the greenskins that had got

alarm being raised as the rest of the Company moved forward. Within an hour, the 4th Company had advanced within the outer limits of Krugerport. At this point however, the Orks became alerted their presence and fighting broke out across the town. Initial resistance was weak and scattered as individual Orks or small groups tenaciously held ruined buildings or recklessly counter-attacked down the winding streets. Brushing aside the opposition the Space Marines pushed forward towards their twin objectives of the communication tower and filtration plant.

inside.

Kantor ordered the location of Rynn's Might to be recorded carefully and left a guard over its remains, vowing to return and retrieve its machine-spirit and give it a new body so that it might fight with such vigour and determination once again.

Showing the customary resolution of their race, the Ork resistance soon stiffened. Within minutes whole mobs of Ork warriors spilled into the streets and a host of Ork vehicles thundered out onto plains around the town, hemming in the Space Marines and making vicious hit and run raids on their sides and rear. The 4th Company became increasingly bogged down by having to turn and protect themselves against the repeated counter attacks, and the two prongs of their attack became separated.

Sergeant Werner, commanding the troops making for the filtration plant, achieved his objective just before midnight after several hours of fighting. All contact was lost with Captain Drakken and the thirty brethren which had accompanied him to the communications tower, and in light of the casualties suffered by his own force, Sergeant Werner was forced to conclude that the Captain and his men had been wiped out.

Thunderhawks were summoned to extract Sergeant Werner and his men from the blazing filtration plant. By now Ork ground defences were fully mobilised and a storm of cannon fire rose against the heavily armoured gunships as they descended. Both Thunderhawks were damaged and their crews injured, and only by the most strenuous efforts were the survivors of 4th Company embarked and the Thunderhawks taken aloft. More hits were scored on them as they took off, and one craft had an engine disabled. Unable to achieve escape velocity, the damaged Thunderhawk was forced to crash-land in the Scratch mountains and no further communications were received from it.

The Crusader escaped Badlanding hotly pursued by several Ork ships. Out of the eighty four Space Marines committed to the action, fifty six had been lost. The Ork warbands on Badlanding had inflicted a heavy defeat on the Crimson Fists. Sensorium uploads to the Crusader were subject to stringent tactical analysis upon its return to Rynn's World. The Orks in Krugerport had proved to be alert and exceedingly aggressive. Their The leader was identified as Warboss Uzrog Mag-Kull, a powerful and respected war leader reputed to be one of Snagrod's most dangerous lieutenants (dangerous to the Arch-Arsonist too, which is probably why he had been sent to Badlanding). Uzrog's warband was mainly composed of members of the Deathskull clan, easily identified by their blue warpaint and wargear scavenged torn the Imperial Guard troops slain in Krugerport.

Uzrog's warband was known to be sizable but the number of Orks encountered in Krugerport was greater tan its known size and included many from the Goff clan. It was surmised that another warband was present in the town, doubtless sent by the Arch-Arsonist to ensure that Uzrog's ambitions didn't extend to building or empire of his own, based around Badlanding.

The raids which had been planned against Badlanding were suspended indefinitely. Chapter Master Kantor, a - veteran fighter against Orks could see what was coming by the strength and aggression of the Ork forces encountered there. An Ork Waaagh was gathering strength and the attack on Badlanding had only been the first stage, the first ripple of lightning at the beginning of a storm. More and more Orks would be drawn to the

fighting like moths to a candle flame, warbands at first and then entire tribes.

Kantor believed any further action taken against the Orks would only stir them up further, accelerating their build-up to even more dangerous levels. It was suggested that Badlanding be subject to the cleansing -` the Exterminatus' to destroy the growing Waaagh! Kantor saw that this would only delay rather than destroy the Waaagh, giving it time to gain in strength become more terrible than before - even worse, Humanity would be robbed of another precious habitable into the bargain.

No, Badlanding would be reconquered when the Orks had expended their strength on expansion and conquest, not while the Orks were gathering their strength there. The Imperium would be informed, but fighting ships and troops would take months or even years to reach the sector, if they arrived at all. When the storm broke, it would mean years of fighting in this comer of the galaxy. Where the next blow would fall was impossible to say, but the Crimson Fists would need to be ready to stem the tide.

The fortress-monastery of the Crimson Fists was placed on alert and all companies recalled. The defence militias of the human inhabitants of the planet were mustered and armed, even though an attack on the Crimson Fists' heavily-defended home world seemed insane. Nonetheless it was possible that Ork raiders might attempt a sneak attack in much the same way as the Crimson Fists had at Badlanding.

Sirens sounded throughout the Crimson Fists' fortress-monastery as orbiting auger satellites registered an alien warfleet exiting the warp within ten planetary diameter

s of Rynn's World. For several minutes the defenders were paralysed by astonishment and disbelief that anyone would risk exiting the immaterium so close to a planet Opticon scans confirmed the approaching fleet as a mass d ramshackle Ork ships which were in the process d launching a cloud of assault boats and larders at the planet. Snagrod was apparently psychotic enough to try a full-scale invasion of Rynn's World.

But the planetary defences of Rynn's World were not those of Badlanding, weak and ill-kept. Defence platforms and system ships were clustered thickly around the planet, great batteries of defence lasers and missiles lay beneath its surface. Within seconds of arrival, the first Ork ship was torn apart by incandescent blasts of flame. More followed moment-by-moment as more weapons came on line and the defensive fire intensified. Ork attack craft burned like clouds of cinders - the night side of Rynn's World grew bright as day beneath the terrible inferno which stalked the heavens.

The Ork fleet plunged on into the maelstrom with reckless bravery. They blasted satellites and platforms, rammed or boarded system ships and monitors. The first assault larders breached the atmosphere and plummeted down on laser silos and missile sites, their cargoes of green-skinned warriors spilling out to slaughter the defence crews. The tally of casualties and combat reports became a stream and then a flood as the fighting spread.

Then, at the height of the fighting, a single missile from a salvo launched by Battery Laculum on the western flank of the fortress-monastery went awry. At the edge of the stratosphere it fell back, its fiery trail describing a long, elegant arc back towards the heavily armoured bulk of the Chapter fortress. A single rogue missile should have been able to inflict little harm on those adamantium walls, let alone threaten its vulnerable arsenal protected by stasis fields, ceramite doors and hundreds of meters of solid rock. Yet harm it did - by infernal chance it bit deep into the impenetrable stone, its plasma warhead detonated with full force and breached the arsenal walls.

The ancient stronghold shook as secondary explosions ripped through the catacombs beneath it. Flash fires raced

through corridors and up stairwells. Jets of flame geysered from every slit and embrasure and in moments the fortress-monastery had become an erupting volcano of terrible violence. The rock itself melted and ran like wax in the resultant inferno.

Chapter Master Kantor had escaped the destruction of the fortress as he was engaged in surveying the outer defences at the time the attack came, and was hastening back as the missile struck. So Kantor and a handful of Crimson Fists survived the conflagration and, grimly setting aside their fury at the destruction of their revered Chapter fortress, retreated towards the distant planetary capital of New Rynn City. With their fortress, heart of the planetary defences, gone, the skies above them soon filled with the distant glitter of the multitude of Ork ships in orbit.

Hundreds of assault boats and landers streaked across the night sky like fiery meteors. Over the next five days the Orks rampaged across Flynn's World virtually unchecked. Cities were pounded into rubble by orbiting Ork ships. Settlements and farms were sacked and burned by the barbaric warriors in a frenzy of bloodlust. Columns of clattering Orkish vehicles carved swathes of devastation over the green hills, killing and enslaving the populace wherever they could be found. Kantor and his men fought skirmishes with Ork hunter-killer-eater patrols, often barely escaping before more Orks arrived in overwhelming numbers. They travelled by night to avoid the attention of Ork fighta bommers which criss-crossed the skies by day. During the daylight hours they were forced to seek cover where they could - lying up amidst the ruins of a farm one day, hiding out in an abandoned quarry the next. Food and ammunition grew scarce but every night the distant thunder of Ork guns around New Rynn City grew closer.

On the tenth night after the destruction of the fortress monastery, Kantor and his command reached the outskirts of New Rynn City - to find only shattered ruins. The central portion of the city was built on an island in the midst of the great river Pakomac, and this appeared battered but still standing. The rest had been destroyed in the fighting. Many Ork forts had been built out of the rubble and it was obvious that equally many warbands were vying for the glory of capturing the last city on the planet. Each warboss had his own schemes to cross the river - some were trying to build bridges under withering fire from the defenders, others were constructing boats or pontoons or submersible siege towers, still others were bombarding the city with artillery.

All existing bridges to the besieged isle had been destroyed, so Kantor led his men to a major underzoom which led under the river near Jadeberry Hill. The Crimson Fists were forced to take a wide detour around an Ork warband mustering in the pre-dawn for an attack and reached the tunnel entrance only minutes before the Orks advanced. They rejoiced when they discovered that the tunnel mouth was being held by Brother Marines of the Crimson Fists who had been dispatched to New Rynn City before the Orks attacked.

Their leader was Veteran Sergeant Huron Grimm, who was astounded to find his old Chapter Master, who was believed to have died at the fortress-monastery, emerging from the pre-dawn mist with the battered and bloodied remnants of three squads of his brethren. The rejoicing of the brethren was short-lived as moments later all had to man the barricades to stave off the first of many attacks that day. A vast force of Ork assault troops, with a high proportion of Stikk Bommas, led by Warboss Ulruk, battered at the Crimson Fists in successive wave attacks. After three days of constant fighting, the Crimson Fists were driven back down the underzoom tunnel and forced to use demolition charges to prevent the Orks following. New Rynn City was left completely isolated and besieged.

The eighteen-month siege of New Rynn City, and the campaign to liberate Rynn's world when Imperial reinforcements finally arrived, would make epic tales in their own right. As Kantor had predicted it took years of fighting to reconquer the worlds in Loki Sector which were seized by Waaagh! Snagrod. Badlanding remains in

Ork hands to this day.

PEDRO KANTOR

CHAPTER MASTER OF THE CRIMSON FISTS

Pedro Kantor has served as the master of the Crimson Fists for almost a century, and his record of service goes back another 250 years. He first rose to prominence at the Battle of Melchitt Sound, where, as sergeant, he led the crucial boarding action against the Ork Kill Kroozer, *Da Growla*. The Kroozer was disabled in the attack, allowing the Crimson Fists' Strike Cruiser, *the Crusader*, to break the Ork line of battle and scatter the greenskin fleet into the detritus-clogged outer system.

When Waaagh! Snagrod hit Rynn's World, Kantor was one of a handful fortunate enough to survive the rogue missile strike that levelled the Crimson Fists' fortress monastery. Kantor witnessed the rippling explosions that tore the heart from his Chapter, but set aside his grief to consolidate what power he still commanded. Weighing up his options, Kantor resolved to make for New Rynn City, where a small force of Crimson Fists stood as sentinels alongside the local garrison. The trek took ten days through a landscape choked with rampaging Ork warbands. During the daylight hours Kantor and his men were forced to seek shelter where they could – lying up against the ruins of a farm one day, hiding out in an abandoned quarry the next. Kantor arrived at New Rynn City wearied to the bone, and his armour slick with the blood of slain Orks. Scarce half of the Crimson Fists who had embarked upon the journey survived to reach the city gates, and not a man amongst them arrived without a score of wounds. Yet still their resolve never faltered. No sooner had Kantor arrived than the greenskins came to New Rynn City in force. What the Orks found before them was no faltering garrison, but a vengeful and determined force of Space Marines whose fury had been well and truly roused. Under Kantor's determined leadership, New Rynn City remained inviolate, and eighteen months later became the staging area for the offensive that drove the Orks from Rynn's World.

In the aftermath of the fighting, Kantor was presented with a choice few Chapter Masters have ever had to make. Rynn's World had been saved, but the Crimson Fists were a shadow of their former glory. He could lead the remnants of his decimated force in a vainglorious last stand, determined to slaughter as many of the enemy as possible before succumbing to their overwhelming numbers, or he could marshal his resources and look to the eventual rebuilding of the Chapter.

It is to Pedro Kantor's eternal credit, and a mark of his superior character as a leader of men, that he chose the latter path. In these dark times, the Imperium can ill afford the loss of such a Chapter as the Crimson Fists.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Pedro Kantor	6	5	4	4	3	5	3	10	3+

SPECIAL RULES

And They Shall Know No Fear, Combat Tactics, Orbital Bombardment, Independent Character.

Chapter Tactics: If you include Pedro Kantor then all units in your army exchange the **Combat Tactics** special rule for the **Stubborn** universal special rule and your Sternguard Veteran squads gain the **Hold The Line!** special rule detailed below. If more than one character in your army has the **Chapter Tactics** special rule, you must choose which version will apply.

Hold the Line! If your army includes Pedro Kantor, your Sternguard Veteran squads are scoring units.

Inspiring Presence: All friendly units within 12" of Pedro Kantor receive +1 Attack whilst he lives. This bonus does not apply to Kantor, and does not stack with the similar bonus from a Chapter Banner.

WARGEAR

Dorn's Arrow: This ancient and venerated storm bolter has the following profile:

Range	Strength	AP	Type
24"	4	4	Assault 4

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HARBINGERS OF DOOM

Codex Chaos Space Marines introduces a number of new troop types for Chaos Space Marine Lords to use, but none are more interesting and useful than the Raptors. This month Jervis takes a closer look at the background of these carrion warriors, and discusses some of the ways they can be used on the battlefield.

ORIGIN OF THE RAPTORS

Raptors are a debased form of the jump pack-equipped troops that fought in the Traitor Legions during the Horus Heresy. At that time jump packs were a rarity, and they were usually only issued to elite units of troops. These earlier forms of jump pack were rather more sophisticated and efficient than the ones commonly used by the Imperium in the 41st millennium, being considerably lighter and less bulky, while at the same time having a higher thrust to mass ratio which allowed slightly longer and higher jumps to be performed. Such was their complexity, however, that only the most skilled tech-adepts could attempt their construction, and with time even this ability was lost, so now all that can be done is to maintain those packs that still remain. If it had not been for the discovery of the STC for the jump pack currently used by the Imperium (by an unknown tech-priest on the backwater planet known only as DH2), it is likely that the Raptors would have been the only troops using jump packs in the 41st millennium.

At the time of the Heresy, though, very few units of troops were equipped with jump packs. In much the same way that Terminator armour is still seen as being a badge of honour, being a member of jump pack-equipped assault unit was a source of pride and prestige. Such troops, being rare, were employed only for highly specialised and often highly dangerous missions. All of these factors combined to instill a unique 'esprit de corps' amongst the warriors of jump pack-equipped units... and it was this spirit of dangerous individualism which was to have terrible consequences during the Horus Heresy...

TECHNOLOGY IN THE AGE OF THE IMPERIUM

Extracted and summarised from the original work by Scribe R Priestley

The Age of the Imperium is not a technically inclined age. It is an age where problems are solved by brute force and

THE RAPTOR CULT

When Horus began his revolt against the Emperor, his armies included over half of the jump pack-equipped assault units of the huge Space Marine Legions of those days. Although small as a percentage of the overall size of Horus's army, there were still tens of thousands of such troops under his command. Like all of the Space Marines in the Traitor Legions, these troops were slowly and

insidiously corrupted by the Chaos gods so that, step by step, they were turned into something all together the opposite of what they had once been. Where there had once been proud, noble Space Marine warriors, there now stood the vain, selfish creatures that quickly became known by both themselves and their enemies simply as Raptors.

It would seem likely that the Raptors became dedicated worshippers of one of the Chaos gods, and that their appearance reflects this in some way, just as the Thousand Sons, Khorne Berzerkers and Plague Marines all have an appearance which reflects aspects of their patron god. However, exactly who the Raptors worship is by no means clear; it could be one of the major Chaos Gods, such as Tzeentch or Slaanesh, but is more likely to be one of the plethora of minor Chaos deities, that while not as powerful as the major powers, are every bit as dangerous and evil.

Whoever they worship, as time has passed the Raptors have become ever more corrupted, their armour mutated by some strange force of Chaos so that it no longer bears anything other than a passing resemblance to the power armour it once was. At the same time, the pride and spirit of the Space Marines that became the Raptors has been perverted to a vain belief in their own superiority over all other creatures, which is often expressed in acts of quite unspeakable cruelty. Although the Raptors will fight along-side other Chaos Space Marines, their haughty attitude and obvious disdain makes them unpopular, to say the least - a feeling that is reinforced by the Raptors' tendency to desert as soon as they have got what they want. And what they want appears to be nothing other than death destruction and the simple infliction of pain and suffering for its own sake. They circle the battlefield, swooping down on the weakest and most vulnerable target they can find, and then depart leaving death in their wake before the enemy can retaliate. Truly they are amongst the most loathsome of all the followers of the Chaos gods.

USING RAPTORS IN WARHAMMER 40,000

The first thing to note about Raptors is that you are limited to using only one unit of them in your army. I imposed this restriction partially to reflect the Raptors' rarity (in terms of the background), and partially because I thought lots of units of Raptors could unbalance the game. As a house rule you can use more than one unit in a game, or even field entire armies made up of Raptors if you so desire - if your opponent will agree and if you are willing to do all of the required conversions! But for the purposes of the tactics below I'm going to assume you only have one unit in your army.

ignorance, where dangers are either too gross or too unthinkable to elicit any other response. Technological innovation and invention does not exist, and those that come into contact with technology use it with reservations and a reverence that is almost religious. The Space Marines, for example, treat their equipment and armour as if it were imbued with a will of its own - a fine chest-plate, well looked after and constantly maintained may reward its wearer by saving his life; whereas a Space Marine who neglects his equipment may be struck down by a leaking suit or malfunctioning weapon. Such is the will of the Gods.

Much of the technology used by the Imperium is recovered from Standard Template Constructs, or STCs. These were designed during

Raptors are a useful addition to any Chaos Space Marine army, but like any fast-moving unit, they must be used carefully if they are not to be wiped out early on in every battle you use them in, especially as they are available in such limited numbers. You should therefore resist the temptation to hurl them out ahead of the rest of your army, as this will simply result in them getting killed piece-meal while they are on their own.

Instead you should try to hold the Raptors back and use them only once the rest of your army has engaged the enemy. This will allow the Raptors to harry specific troops while the enemy has its hands full trying to deal with the rest of your force. They are ideally suited to this tactic, and it also fits in rather nicely with the way they are described in the background, which makes it doubly worth doing (a victory won using troops in a way that they wouldn't really act is no victory at all, at least in my opinion!).

As for specific tactics once you do bring them into play, you' find that Raptors are very useful for taking out enemy units that lurk behind cover, such as mortars and Whirlwinds, which the rest of your army can't get at. Alternatively you can land them behind a position you want to assault so that their heavy firepower can whittle down the defenders and so you can catch the enemy in a crossfire if they have to fall back. Last but by no means least, Raptors can also be used to seize objectives or table quarters in missions that require such things to be done.

Have fun!

the Dark Age of Technology for use by human settlers establishing colonies on newly discovered planets. Their prime function was to enable the colonists to construct shelters, generators and transports without prior knowledge. The designs were intended to be able to cope with anything - by the standards of their day they were rough and ready, big and brutish, hard to damage and easy to repair. During the Age Of Strife human civilisation reverted to barbarism, and almost all of the technological innovations of the previous millennia were lost or destroyed. All that survived from before that terrible time were debased and corrupted versions of the old STC designs, scattered and lost on thousands of back-water planets across the galaxy. These documents contain lost knowledge from

the Dark Age Of Technology, and the Adeptus Mechanicus make it their business to find them - the STCs are their equivalent to a holy text, a font of all knowledge, a quest for the holy grail.

CHAOS RAPTORS

Chaos Space Marine assault troops are known as Raptors. They consider themselves an elite group of warriors – a belief that stems from the shock attack role of jump troops during the Horus Heresy. The Raptors have egotistically perpetuated this belief for ten thousand years. Within the Space Marine Legions, jump packs were comparatively rare, but such was the effectiveness of these assault troops that their commitment to battle often proved to be a turning point. Able to drop from aircraft overhead or cross the battlefield with long bounds, the assault companies of the Emperor and Horus were usually held in reserve and then sent into action against the weakest part of the enemy line. This concept of preying on the vulnerable has led to the Raptors becoming vicious hunters, who can strike anywhere, at any moment.

Many who join the ranks of the Raptors modify their armour to give themselves a more terrifying appearance, and the Raptors often fit amplifiers and voxcasters that emit piercing wails and screams. Their armour can be highly stylised, mimicking the appearance of a vicious bird of prey or swooping daemon. All Raptors are easily identifiable by their large jump packs, with their arched intakes and thrusters.

Units of Raptors fall upon the enemy like a shrieking, furious gale, tearing their foes apart with bolt pistols and vicious chainswords. Some Raptors exchange these close combat weapons with flamers or meltaguns, allowing the squad to destroy enemy transports or drive their adversaries out of fortified positions. Having forced their prey into the open, the Raptors then strike swiftly and mercilessly, cutting their foes down when they are at their most vulnerable.

While the Raptors may think of themselves as an elite, many other Chaos Space Marines consider them to be preening, self-indulgent egotists. Rivalry between the Raptors and other squads is commonplace, and often Raptors will not fraternise with other members of the warband, further displaying their arrogance. Whatever their personal feelings on the matter, most Chaos Champions recognise the effectiveness of a Raptor attack and will gladly recruit Raptors into their warband – having the services of such consummate assault troops outweighs the inter-squad conflict fostered by their presence. Some Chaos Space Marine commanders deliberately stoke the fires of division, believing that only through such struggles can the strongest prosper and the weakest be weeded out.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Raptor	4	4	4	4	1	4	1	9	3+
Aspiring Champion	4	4	4	4	1	4	2	10	3+

Unit Type: Jump Infantry

Special Rules

Deep Strike.

THE CADIAN GATE

The Warp is a swirling and unpredictable place, crossed by eddies and currents and riven with storms. Around the Eye of Terror, where warpspace and realspace clash and strain with each other, navigation is even more fraught with peril. Although this prevents the forces of the Emperor from launching major attacks against the daemon worlds of the Traitor Legions, it also effectively imprisons them. There are a few stable warp routes out of the Eye of Terror – rivulets and pathways that can be navigated more safely. Those that are known to the Imperium are heavily guarded, and none more so than the Cadian Gate. Situated around the garrison world of Cadia, the Cadian Gate is maintained by strange pre-Imperial pylons on the planet's surface. Only here can the largest fleets enter or exit the Eye of Terror, making the Cadian system and neighbouring sub-sectors the site of perpetually fierce fighting between the Chaos Space Marines and the armies of the Emperor.

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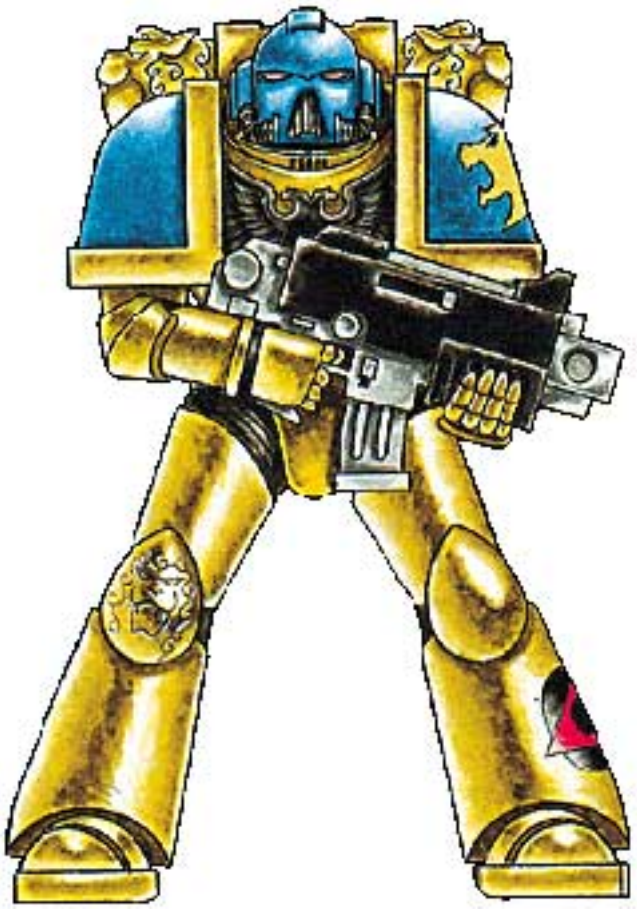
CELESTIAL LIONS

The Celestial Lions have a long and glorious history, stretching back over four thousand years, but events set in motion a decade ago may now prove to be the Chapter's undoing. During the Khattarn Insurrection, five companies of the Celestial Lions were attached to the forces of Inquisitor Apollyon to aid him in crushing the revolt. The orbital defences were no match for the Space Marine battle barges and the initial landings were virtually unopposed. As the campaign progressed and the number of prisoners taken by the Celestial Lions grew, it became increasingly clear to them that there was more to the revolt than they had initially been briefed. The corrupt priesthood of Khattarn had fallen prey to the vile god of decadence and led the ruling castes into the depraved worship of Slaanesh. The Planetary Defence Force and local Imperial Guard regiments could not stand against the righteous fire of the Space Marines, who easily swept aside all resistance. Within the space of three months the rebellion was crushed and the Celestial Lions were boarding their ships, ready for the journey back to their Fortress Monastery on Elysium IX.



Chapter`s Armour

As the Space Marine craft achieved high orbit, the Navy ships in the Inquisitor's force began bombarding Khattarn, systematically obliterating every trace of life on the planet's surface. This horrified the Celestial Lions who roundly condemned Inquisitor Apollyon. Their force commander, Captain Saul attempted to halt the bombardment, but he was unable to prevent the Inquisitor from wiping out the planet's population. The Celestial Lions were highly vocal in their condemnation of the Inquisitor's actions and began a series of loud and highly public criticisms of him and the entire Inquisition. A delegation of the Chapter's senior officers left for Terra to further their cause, but the ship failed to arrive. A freak warp storm blew up around their vessel, sending it hundreds of light years off course and into Ork held space. The wreckage of their craft was finally discovered nearly two years later. This was not enough to deter the Celestial Lions from their course and they continued to demand an investigation into the extermination of Khattarn's population.



Their efforts were to prove in vain however. The Inquisition answers to no-one but the Emperor himself. With the outbreak of the third war for Armageddon, the Celestial Lions







were ordered to mobilise their entire Chapter and deploy their forces in Hive Volcanus. Within a month of their deployment, the Celestial Lions had suffered appalling casualties. Intelligence provided to them on the Orks strength and disposition proved to be woefully inaccurate and each battle found the Space Marines vastly outnumbered and cut off from support. Several of the higher ranking officers within the Chapter began to suspect that this was deliberate, but could prove nothing and had no choice but to continue their attacks on the Orks as before. In one disastrous battle, four entire companies were wiped out in the Mannheim Gap by the combined forces of Warlord Thogfang's Gargant mob and the Razor Speed Freeks. Losses continued to mount, culminating in the Orks launching an uncannily well co-ordinated attack on the Celestial Lions base camp.

The battle raged for over three hours, hundreds of Space Marines falling to the overwhelming numbers of the Orks. Unerringly accurate sniper fire from the mountains blasted through the camp, relentlessly targeting the Chapter's Apothecaries. A depleted company was finally able to break through the Ork ring of firepower and fight their way back into the hive. Only ninety six brothers of the Celestial Lions survived, and even worse, the last of the Chapter's Apothecaries took a bullet in the head within hours of arriving at Hive Volcanus.

The gene seed of the fallen now lies unharvested on the battlefields of Armageddon and the surviving battle brothers have all sworn to die alongside them, fighting the Orks until the last breath has been crushed from their bodies.

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THE DARK APOSTLES

Word Bearers Space Marine Legion

(PLAYING WORD BEARERS ARMY)

While the vast majority of Chaos Space Marines are known for their unyielding bitterness towards the Imperium of Man, there are few who could match the depths of hatred of the Word Bearers. Armed with zealous faith in Chaos in all its myriad forms, the Word Bearers waged an unholy war against Man even before the Horus Heresy erupted.

> Speak the words of Lorgar and you shall live forever in the glory of Chaos. Speak them not and every one of you shall die today.
>
> Ultimatum made at the gates of Moergh IV prior to its destruction by Kor Phaeron

Origins

Lorgar, Primarch of the Word Bearers Legion of Space Marines, was known as one of the most scrupulous and dedicated followers of the Imperial Cult. His zeal in persecuting the enemies of the Emperor was almost unmatched by any of his brother Primarchs and many were those who felt him to be the most devoted of the Primarchs. It was on the world of Colchis that his character was to be formed, one of the first worlds settled in Mankind's exploration of the stars. Its continental masses were dotted with strange, crumbling edifices, and no amount of exploration and research could fathom their purpose. Explorators at the time of the Great Crusade put the date of its first settlements somewhere around the 16th Millennium, though it is impossible to be certain. Imperial scholars and historians believe that the world of Colchis was once highly advanced technologically, but fell into anarchy during the turbulent time known as the Age of Strife and that its population regressed to the level of a feudal society.



Few records remain of the society that arose from the ashes of the Age of Strife, save those penned by Lorgar himself, and these are sealed in the deepest vaults of the Library Sanctus on Terra. Various fragments of these records are reproduced in the Speculum Historiale, the exhaustive history of the Great Crusade penned by the historian Carpinus. In his description of Colchis, Carpinus tells of a caste of priests calling themselves the Covenant who rebuilt the shattered society of Colchis on the promise that



a great leader would one day come to deliver them from the darkness their world had descended into. With harsh religious observance, the Covenant's strict dogma became a gigantic, monolithic belief structure that permeated every facet of daily life on Colchis. Of Lorgar's coming, Carpinus speaks of a fiery comet smashing into the foremost temple of the Covenant bearing the infant Primarch, while Lorgar himself often made oblique references to his 'pilgrimage' to Colchis. Another tale tells of the arrival of a strange, golden-skinned child at the doors of the Covenant's largest temple, asking to be schooled in their ways. The child was taken into the temple and given the name Lorgar, growing to manhood within its walls and quickly mastering the many tenets and codes of faith imposed by the Covenant. The truth of the matter will, in all likelihood, never be known, and though the answers may lie in the blasted words of the Liber Malum, its pages must never again be opened.

However it came to pass, Lorgar became a devout member of the Covenant, taking fiery words of faith to every corner of the globe, where the power of his oratory and charisma won him many supporters. He rose rapidly through the ranks and though the people of Colchis loved him, he had enemies within the Covenant who grew jealous of his popularity and challenge to their power. The Speculum Historiale speaks of a tale told by Lorgar to Konrad Curze, Primarch of the Night Lords, during the victory celebrations on Boraint following the defeat of the Arch-Heretic of Dulorth. Lorgar spoke of strange dreams and visions that afflicted him in his early years. In them he saw a mighty warrior in gleaming armour with a helm of bronze and a shining sword. A giant in blue robes with but a single, unblinking eye stood behind him, speaking of his lord's coming to Colchis and that Lorgar must be ready for him. Lorgar was convinced that this mighty warrior was the divine leader the Canticles of the Covenant had promised and, at the urging of Kor Phaeron, his closest friend, began spreading the word that their god would soon be amongst them. People flocked to hear his words and waves of popular support followed Lorgar wherever he preached. This was the opportunity Lorgar's enemies within the Covenant had been waiting for and they denounced him as a heretic, fearing the threat to the status quo and their power.

Lorgar's supporters rallied round him, fighting and killing the soldiers of the Covenant who came to arrest him. Lorgar himself fought with strength and passion for his cause, and each time the Covenant's warriors came for him, he slew them. His enemies had vastly underestimated the depth of belief in Lorgar's words and the Covenant split into two factions, each deeply opposed to the other's belief, and each believing that only they could save their people. A holy war of horrific proportions erupted, with more and more of the population forced to choose sides as the battles grew larger and spread across the planet. For six years the fighting raged across Colchis and many were the atrocities carried out in the name of holy righteousness. Lorgar's supporters were outnumbered, but they were led by a Primarch, and his strength and power were beyond compare. Lorgar fought many battles,

KOR PHAERON
MASTER OF THE FAITH

Kor Phaeron was Lorgar`s spiritual advisor on Colchis and the Primarch valued his counsel above all others. When the visions of the Emperor s arrival on Colchis plagued the young Primarch, it was Kor Phaeron who pressed him to take his prophecies to the people. First amongst Lorgar's followers, Kor Phaeron followed the Primarch through all his battles against the Covenant, lending him spiritual strength when it seemed there was no end in sight to the wars. Upon his elevation to a Space Marine, Kor Phaeron became Lorgar s second in command, leading the First Company of the Word Bearers. Even in a legion of zealots, Kor Phaeron stood out. and it was inevitable the Legion s chaplains would pick him for further

learning the ways of war with astounding rapidity. His inspired words roused his armies to undreamed of heights of courage and devotion, binding them to the promise of their saviour's coming, and the priests of the Covenant could do nothing to stop him. Eventually, Lorgar led his people to victory, storming the temple he had trained in and killing all the priests within. With the end of the war, the people awaited the arrival of the divine being promised by Lorgar, and less than a year after the final battle, a mighty, sky-borne vessel descended to the temple on a trail of fire. The Apocrypha of Skaros tells that the Emperor and Magnus the Red descended to Colchis with two squads of Thousand Sons Space Marines, to meet its mighty war leader. Lorgar dropped to one knee, immediately recognising the Emperor from his visions, and swore his undying fealty to him. Under Lorgar's rule, every facet of the Covenant's belief structure was devoted to the worship of the Emperor and the population of Colchis rejoiced, united behind their new and wondrous god.

The elaborate celebrations and pious displays of devotion lasted for many months, and recent translations of some of the more obscure passages within the Speculum Historiale infer that the delays enforced on the Great Crusade by the lengthy shows of fealty Lorgar offered chafed at the Emperor, who wished to resume the conquest of the galaxy as swiftly as possible. These same scholars cite later events in the Great Crusade as further proof of this, though others point out Carpinus's revisionist tendencies and claim that such interpretations are based on the venerable historian's hindsight. At the conclusion of the celebrations the Emperor offered Lorgar command of the Word Bearers and bade him take his best and bravest warriors to become Space Marines for his praetorian guard. Lorgar accepted the honour the Emperor offered him and decreed that he would leave Colchis and take his place at the Emperor's side. He appointed faithful followers to minister to his people in his absence, garbed himself in his battle gear and departed with the Emperor and Magnus.

devotional training. Immersed in religious study. Kor Phaeron s zeal rose to new heights and the warriors he led fought with ferocity unmatched by any of their brethren. Kor Phaeron advanced quickly through the Chaplaincy, the speed of his assimilation of holy texts beyond all mortal comprehension.

But a man such as Kor Phaeron should never have become a Space Marine. His ambition for power had led him as a child to the Covenant, and thence to Lorgar. As the Word Bearers sat becalmed in deep space, following the Emperor`s rebuke of Lorgar`s slow advance, it was Kor Phaeron who first gave voice to the idea that if the Emperor would not accept their worship, there were other beings in the galaxy who would. Kor Phaeron understood Lorgar`s need for acceptance and he knew that the powers of Chaos turned no-one away. Kor Phaeron s quest for power had now led him to Chaos and as Lorgar brooded over the Emperors reproach, Kor Phaeron worked subtle manipulations and whispered appeals to Lorgar`s pride, slowly poisoning the Primarch against his former master.

Kor Phaeron became Master of the Faith and began the process of corrupting the entire Legion. With Lorgar embracing Chaos with gusto, it was not long before the Word Bearers were wholly dedicated to the Ruinous Powers. As before. Kor Phaeron was Lorgar`s spiritual advisor and led contingents of the Word Bearers in some of their most devastating battles of the Horus Heresy. He was eventually defeated by the Ultramarines on Calth and forced to flee to the Maelstrom. The Ultramarines claim to have destroyed his battle barge in an engagement on the fringes of the Maelstrom, but such a claim is impossible to verify in this volatile region of space. However, the number of cults and uprisings believed to have been instigated by the Word Bearers in regions surrounding the Maelstrom makes it increasingly likely that Kor Phaeron survived and continues his evil calling to this day.

Lorgar led his Legion throughout the glory years of the Great Crusade, setting out to eradicate and destroy all forms of blasphemy and heresy that threatened the Emperor's realm. All manner of ancient scrolls, books, artworks and icons were burned and smashed before the advancing ranks of the Legion. In their place, vast monuments and cathedrals, all dedicated to the Emperor, were erected upon the mounds of dead of those who had resisted conversion. The greatest Chaplains of the Legions produced enormous works on the divinity and righteousness of the Emperor, and Lorgar himself delivered countless speeches and sermons, converting millions to the Emperor with his words alone.

The progress of the Word Bearers was slow, but complete. None escaped the crozius or the bolter. Entire worlds were scoured of the living for their refusal to submit to the will of the Emperor. When the Emperor took note of Lorgar's slow advance across the stars, he personally reproached his Primarch. He informed Lorgar that his purpose was not for faith, but for battle. The true mission of the Space Marines was to re-conquer and unify the galaxy under the banner of Imperium, not to waste precious time and resources in vast displays of fealty and piety.

THE PURGING OF FORTREA QUINTUS

The world of Fortrea Quintus had been isolated from Imperial rule for several centuries, and when the leading edges of the Great Crusade reached the frontier of their system, the planet s monarchy was unwilling to submit itself to Imperial rule and had the Emperor s representatives executed The Word Bearers were the nearest Legion, though were already heavily engaged in fighting Orks in the Chairak Nebula. Lorgar despatched two thousand warriors to Fortrea Quintus with orders that the planet be pacified within three months. The Word Bearers quickly established positions on the planet and found the populace to be living in abject poverty, while the corrupt and ruthless monarchy grew fat off their labours. A well-trained and disciplined army defended the planets rulers, equipped with advanced weaponry and war-machines. Under the command of Captain Jarulek, the Word Bearers steadily pushed their enemies back, their captain rousing the populace with stirring speeches and fiery oratory. In ever-increasing numbers, the people of Fortrea Quintus joined Jarulek's march until his army numbered more than a million.

A month after the Word Bearers had landed. Captain Jarulek. together with his millions of new followers,

Lorgar was stunned. Upon returning to his personal battleship, the Fidelitas Lex, the Primarch refused to speak to any of his lieutenants or chaplains. He removed his power armour and wore nothing but sackcloth, his golden skin greased with ash, his hair torn and dishevelled. He mourned the Emperor's command for a month, and the Legion of the Word Bearers stood idle and silent within the depths of space, waiting for a command, any command, to be issued by their Primarch.

The Master of Mankind did not remain ignorant of Lorgar's reaction. The Emperor was on the verge of once again reprimanding his tardy Primarch when news came that the Legion had suddenly renewed its campaign. Worlds now fell before the Word Bearers like ripe grain. The assaults were quick and devastating; no longer did Lorgar offer redemption or salvation to those he set his Legion against. The embittered Primarch offered only the sword, and in his wrath the holocausts were unnumbered. Pleased with what he saw as progress, the Emperor turned his eyes towards other matters. What he could not know is that he had already been betrayed.

The Word Bearers were the first Legion to be fully corrupted by Chaos. While it is true that Horus was the first of the Primarchs to be tainted, and his Sons of Horus were the first Legion to openly rebel, in truth it was the Word Bearers who were the first to

launched his attack on the planetary ruler s last bastion, the Palace of Light. The casualties amongst the populace were horrendous, thousands dying every minute as they charged the defended walls, armoured bastions and labyrinthine trench systems of the main gates armed with little more than pistols and spears. As the carnage continued at the mam palace gates, the Word Bearers attacked on another front, catching the defenders off guard and striking for the heart of the palace. Nothing could stand before them and Jarulek himself captured the planets ruler, throwing him to the blood-maddened survivors of the battle at the gates. Fully 90% of the people who had joined Jarulek s march were dead, while barely a handful of Word Bearers had been killed. Following the victory, Jarulek began indoctrinal teachings among the populace and when Adepts of the Ministorum arrived to bring the word of the Emperor to Fortrea Quintus, they were horrified by the Word Bearers careless use of the populace, but found the people as well versed in the faith of the Imperium as any loyal world could be.

*[**Historical note**: Fortrea Quintus was later cleansed by the Blood Angels after the planet sided with Horus during the Heresy and the citizenry rose up to slaughter their Imperial leaders. It is widely believed that the Word Bearers corrupted the populace on the planets initial capture.]*

fully embrace Chaos as an entire Legion. When the Emperor rebuked Lorgar's shows of devotion, the Primarch turned his gaze towards gods who would be more worthy of his dedication. In Chaos, Lorgar found what he was searching for. Beyond all mortal comprehension, the gods of Chaos welcomed, even demanded, worship. As such, they were initially generous with Lorgar, as his devotion to gods that accepted his worship unquestioningly was second to none. Lorgar's ego, however, would not allow him to become any single god's champion, instead preferring to worship Chaos in its myriad, infinite forms. The Word Bearers came to worship Chaos as a pantheon of countless gods and goddesses, dark princes and ethereal powers that writhed and seethed in the haunted depths of the Immaterium.

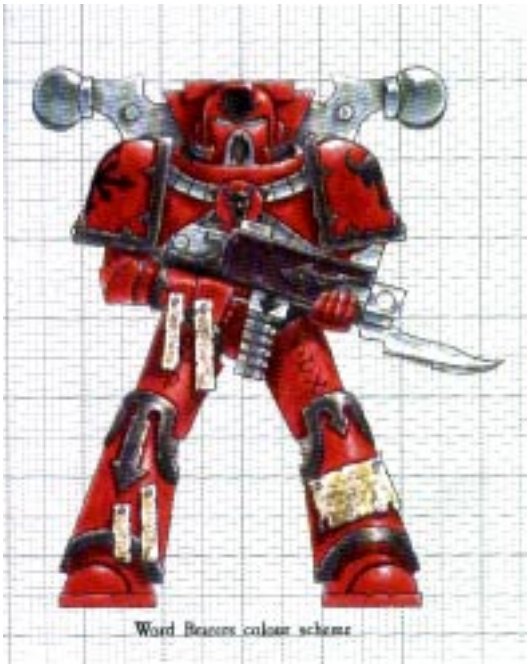
Lorgar would later say that as he turned his faith to Chaos, a veil lifted from his eyes and he was able to see the Emperor for what he was; not his god at all, but an irreverent man who had failed to grasp that what Humanity needed above all else was religious domination, that could only be provided by godlike beings such as himself. The resultant submission and fealty to Chaos would allow Mankind to stave off the countless alien hordes that sought to overwhelm and destroy the young Imperium. At first, the Legion kept their new faith secret, unaware that Chaos had already tainted many of their brethren. Once Horus openly defied the Emperor, and his Legion renounced all ties to Imperial authority, the Word Bearers openly cast their lot with the side of Chaos. The second Legion to spit on their oaths of loyalty, the Word Bearers, soon set upon the Legion they had come to despise the most, the Legion of Roboute Guilliman, the Ultramarines.

While the Emperor had chastised the Word Bearers, they watched with jealous hearts as he championed the Ultramarines as his finest warriors. When the Heresy erupted and the shackles of loyalty were cast off, the Word Bearers set upon the Sons of Ultramar with unbridled hatred. The Ultramarines were initially stunned, and Lorgar was able to push them back to Ultramar, the region of space that the Ultramarines govern and defend. It was upon the world of Calth that the final battle would take place. Famed for its orbital shipyards, Calth was a typical world of Ultramar. Its inhabitants were wealthy and generous, knowing little in the ways of want or fear. In many ways, theirs was a paradise, and as such it was not to last.

When the Word Bearers launched their attack against the Ultramarines, the strike against Calth was led by one of Lorgar's greatest champions, the former Master of the Faith, Kor Phaeron. This mighty champion swore to utterly destroy the planet, and was very nearly successful. From his personal battle barge, now

renamed Infidus Imperator, Kor Phaeron directed a full-scale invasion of the Calth System. Calth's three sister planets were all destroyed, massive geo-nuclear strikes ripping them apart at the core. Its once gentle sun was laced with deadly metals and substances that increased the star's radiation output tenfold. Within a century after the Heresy's end, the final elements of Calth's atmosphere were burned off, the world left airless, its populace now dwelling in gigantic underground caverns. Upon its surface, the Word Bearers fought the Ultramarines to a standstill. The traitors held superiority in numbers, weaponry and brutality, but the Ultramarines would never give in. As driven as the warriors of Lord Kor Phaeron were, they could not dislodge the Ultramarines, many of whom had once called the planet home.

The war upon Calth was devastating and horrific. Ancient codes of warfare and martial conduct were broken and set aside by the Word Bearers as all manner of death and destruction was unleashed. The Ultramarines were stunned by the millions of cultists the Word Bearers used as human shields and disgusted by the hordes of daemons unleashed as shock troops. The Word Bearers, in turn, had underestimated the tenacity and resolve of their hated foe. In the end, Lord Kor Phaeron was defeated when reinforcements from Macragge drove the Word Bearers from the surface of Calth. Kor Phaeron retreated all the way to the Maelstrom, a turbulent region of the galaxy where the Immaterium of Chaos seeps through into the material realm of the universe. The Ultramarines were victorious, and their leader, Brother Captain Ventanus, would one day set foot upon a broken Colchis, symbolically capturing the abandoned home world of the Legion that had once threatened to enslave Ultramar.



While Kor Phaeron set his men upon Calth, Lorgar was leading the rest of the Legion against Terra. The horrors of the battles there were beyond the comprehension of mortal beings and fill many vaults of the Library Sanctus. Lorgar helped smash down the realm of the master he had once served with the fanaticism of a zealot. Suffice to say, Horus was defeated, and the legions of Chaos were forced to flee. The Word Bearers were also forced to retreat to the Eye of Terror, and there they have remained, returning to the Imperium to raid, pillage, and destroy, awaiting the chance to reclaim what was once theirs.

From the fires of betrayal
Unto the blood of revenge
We bring the word of Lorgar
The Bearer of the Word
The Favoured Son of Chaos
All praise be given unto him
For those that would not heed
We offer praise to those who do
That they might turn their gaze our way
And gift us with the boon of pain
To turn the galaxy red with blood
And feed the hunger of the gods

excerpted from the three hundred

As time passed and the atrocities carried out in the name of Lorgar rose to new heights, he was rewarded by his patrons with the gift of daemonhood. Now he truly was the equal of a god, and the birth scream of this newest daemon of Chaos was said by Astropaths to have echoed through the warp with triumphant vindication. From the Daemon-world of Sicarus, Lorgar watches over his Legion, directing its myriad wars and engagements, orchestrating the vast corruption from within that the Imperium suffers at the hands of his innumerable cults and covens. Unlike many of the other Traitor Legions, the Word Bearers have remained a unified, if loosely organised, Legion. Each of Lorgar's champions have become an amalgamation of brutal war leader and divinely inspired preacher of Chaos known as a

and forty first Book of the Epistles of Lorgar

Dark Apostle. Each is gifted an army roughly equivalent to a Space Marine Chapter, known as a Host, and these armies have proven to be deadly raiding forces against the Imperium.

From the two primary bases of the Legion, the daemon world Sicarus and the factory-world of Ghalmek, located within the Maelstrom, the Word Bearers launch twisted wars of faith against the Imperium. On each world they attack, they plant the seeds of future corruption and an ever-expanding web of cults. Fortunately for the Imperium, the cults of the Word Bearers compete heavily with those of the Alpha Legion, a rivalry that has spread to the Legions themselves. Though the Alpha Legion and the Word Bearers have united several times to take part in the Black Crusades of Abaddon, they are more usually in states of bitter division and rivalry.

On the worlds they attack, the Word Bearers build huge monuments dedicated to their dark gods, and vast cathedrals are erected where the chants and prayers of the faithful intermingle with the screams of those being sacrificed in the name of Lorgar. The Word Bearers are the only Traitor Legion to still observe codes of religion in the form of their Dark Apostles, and under them have retained a strict regimen of blasphemous prayer and evil devotion that fills much of their time. All Word Bearers are expected to be thoroughly knowledgeable in ritual sacrifice, occult study, and decadent worship. In battle the Word Bearers are zealous in the extreme, marching forward under huge banners dedicated to Chaos in its myriad forms, reciting catechisms as they fight, and slaying the enemy for failing to follow the one true path to righteousness. Their war against the Imperium of Man is total, and it will not end until every icon of the Emperor who betrayed them lies shattered at their feet.

Home World

Colchis was once a technologically advanced world that regressed to a feudal state during the Age of Strife. The arrival of Lorgar brought with it both a blessing and a curse. A blessing because it brought the world into the fold of the Imperium, a curse because his arrival signed the planet's death warrant many hundreds of years later. Under Lorgar's brief rule the planet prospered, but when the Emperor came to Colchis and put Lorgar in command of the Word Bearers, those he left behind allowed the world to fall into decline. When the Ultramarines took the fight to Colchis, they found a devastated world, its industry in ruins and its people clinging desperately to civilisation. Given Lorgar's treachery, the Inquisition ordered the planet to be cleansed and the Ultramarines battle barge, Octavius, bombarded Colchis with cyclonic torpedoes. The geological structure of Colchis was highly unstable and the resultant seismic activity split the planet apart. Nothing now remains of Colchis and where it once existed is still a closely guarded secret.

Combat Doctrine

The Word Bearers follow the words of their Dark Apostles with utter loyalty and faith in battle, and they in turn interpret the will of Lorgar by many and varied means. The means to win a battle may be contained within the entrails of a particular captive, a particular alignment of the stars or the pattern of cast bones. The Dark Apostles decree how the battle is to be fought and the warriors of

the Host obey unquestioningly. Before battle, the Word Bearers gather in ritual prayer, chanting blasphemous hymns and forbidden doctrine to affirm their faith in the power of Chaos. Often these chants will be answered and it is common for the Word Bearers to fight alongside hideous daemonic entities that have made diabolical pacts with the Dark Apostles.

The Word Bearers then raise their damned standards high and march into battle beneath cursed icons, bellowing catechisms and canticles of hatred at their foe as hideous drums beat out a dolorous thunder. The relentless advance of the Word Bearers is a terrifying sight, as the monotonous chant and beat of drums can break even the strongest will. The night before battle, the enemy can hear dark mutterings emanating from all around, echoed in the pounding drums, stretching the nerve and instilling every man with fear. The unshakeable belief of the Word Bearers that they alone can save the galaxy has seen them marching towards certain death, yet unwilling to take a single step backwards. Any victory won over the Word Bearers is only won at a terrible cost, as their attacks will only ever end when all are dead.

Organisation

"We killed thousands, yet still they came. A living tide of traitors, herded by armoured giants in red armour like so much cattle into the teeth of our guns, chanting that damnable litany that infests my head still. They waded, knee deep in blood, yet still they came. All to the horrid cadence of pounding drums, a driving beat that stretched the nerves of my men to breaking point, and a droning mindless chant. Yet for all the cruel disregard their masters showed, every traitor died with a beatific smile upon his face..."

After action report 3445/rtf/9
Filed by Colonel Johann Adronia

Alone amongst the Legions of Chaos, the Word Bearers maintain a facsimile of their former discipline and faith. That faith has been corrupted beyond all recognition and their discipline now serves darker masters, but their organisation bears a twisted resemblance to their former glory. The various warbands of the Word Bearers, known as Hosts, are scattered throughout the Eye of Terror and the Maelstrom, each led by a mighty champion known as a Dark Apostle. These terrifying warriors fulfil the dual role of chaplain and commander. Veterans of a thousand times a thousand battles, these mighty champions of Chaos are the epitome of a warrior of Chaos. These blood-soaked killers make unspeakable pacts with the entities of the warp, ritually debasing the Crozius Arcanum that was once their symbol of office by binding a daemonic creature within its accursed form. They are a potent reminder that even the most revered champions of the Emperor can fall from grace.

Each Host varies enormously in size, ranging from the equivalent of a Space Marine Battle Company to a rare few that almost equal a Chapter in size. The organisational make-up of each Host differs wildly as well, and can change depending on the whims of the Dark Apostle that leads it. Often they wilt suddenly alter the hierarchy of their Host for reasons known only to themselves. The reason for these changes has continued to baffle Imperial tacticians, as they often result in unwieldy or tactically inflexible formations that appear to have no battlefield precedent. The Word Bearers themselves accept these changes without question and none dare question the Dark Apostle's methods. The most commonly occurring structure discovered is that

roughly equating to a Space Marine company, with the Host broken down into units of about twelve warriors. Each is commanded by a champion of the Word Bearers who strives to become as devout a war leader as the Dark Apostle in the hope of one day being chosen to succeed him on the occasion of his death.

Beliefs

Rooted in the beliefs of Lorgar himself, the Word Bearers are the heralds of a terrible new age of religious servitude. Only united behind the teachings of a god and offering the obeisance that such a god requires can the masses of Humanity be saved from the perils of alien menace and internal schism. There is only one power in the galaxy worthy of such submission, and that is the dark majesty of Chaos. Each warrior of the Word Bearers is a missionary bringing the darkness of Chaos with them, preaching the one true faith to those that will hear it and exterminating those who will not. Their belief is simple, tread the path of Chaos or die.

Gene-seed

The gene-seed of the Word Bearers was originally thought to be pure, but events subsequent to the Horus Heresy revealed the weaknesses inherent in their genetic make-up. The Space Marines of the Word Bearers have a marked tendency towards dogged, unquestioning belief and stubbornness that verges on insanity. Since the Heresy, their gene-seed has become corrupted beyond redemption and those negative traits have been magnified to hideous proportions. The Word Bearers do not display a particular tendency towards mutation, though those who are gifted with such blessings of Chaos are much favoured amongst their Host.

Battle Cry

The Word Bearers do not seem to evince any one particular battle cry, favouring instead to march into battle chanting passages from their damned texts over and over. The Host's Dark Apostle chooses the exact passage before the battle, and each warrior chants in time with the beating of great drums, either carried into battle by the Word Bearers themselves, or channelled through the amplifiers on their suits of power armour.

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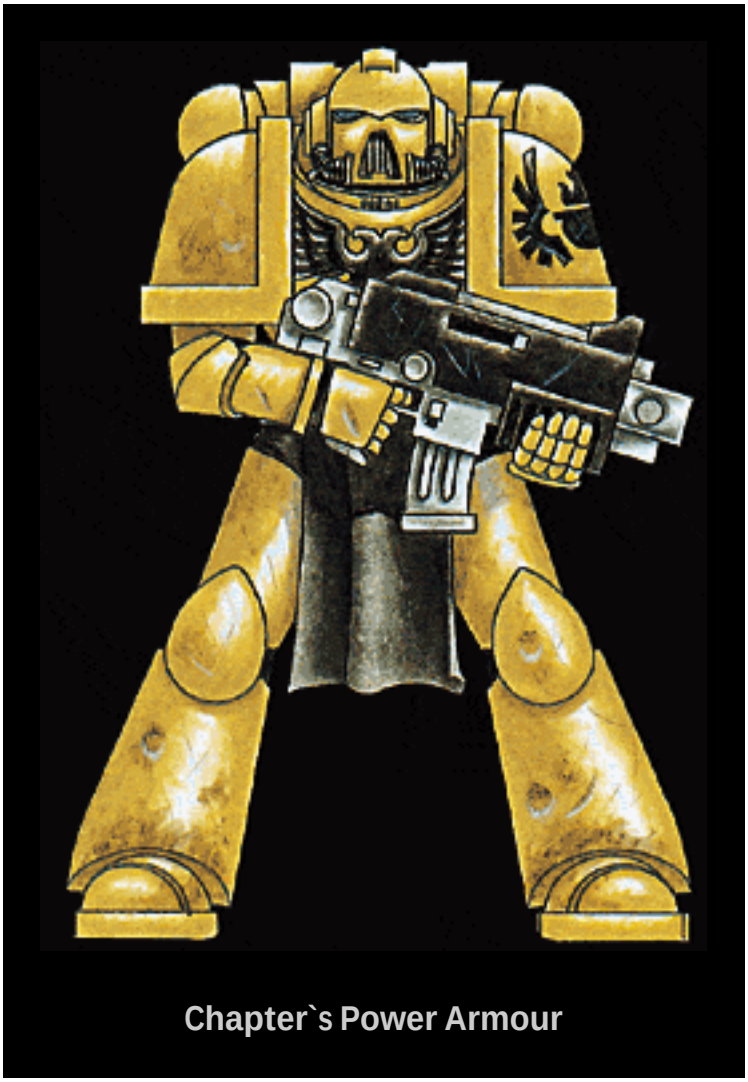
ANGELS OF VIGILANCE

The origins of the Angels of Vigilance are shrouded in mystery. It is suspected that the Chapter came into existence during the Second Founding, but it is unknown from which Legion their gene-seed originates. Given the monastic nature and unflinching devotion to duty of the Space Marines within the Chapter's ranks, it is believed that they may be one of the Dark Angel's successor Chapters. However this is unconfirmed and certainly the Chapter is not listed in the Apocrypha of Davio as such.



Chapter`s Power Armour

The fortress monastery of the Angels of Vigilance is a gigantic orbital dock circling the world of Pervigilium. These docks are situated just outside the Cadian Gate, the stable corridor of space that leads from the Eye of Terror to Earth. Each time the fleets of Chaos vomit from the Eye of Terror, the Angels of Vigilance muster to fight them. Each time warp space is calm enough to allow passage, the Angels of Vigilance take the fight to the forces of Chaos.

However unlike many other Chapters of Space Marines, the Angels of Vigilance have never once mobilised their entire Chapter to fight in warzones across the galaxy. Each battle brother has sworn a blood oath that the monastery shall never be undefended and each time the Chapter has been called to war, at least one company is duty bound to remain on the monastery. Several times in the Chapter's history the Masters of the order have had their loyalty questioned when they have ignored the High Lords of Terra's requests for the Chapter's aid.



The source of this blood oath is unrecorded, but Imperial histories show that in the years following the Horus Heresy, the Dark Angels Legion of Space Marines disobeyed direct orders from the High Lords of Terra and launched a campaign against the ruling castes of Pervigilium. Years later, following the Second Founding, the Angels of Vigilance took up station around the planet and have kept watch on it and the Eye of Terror ever since.

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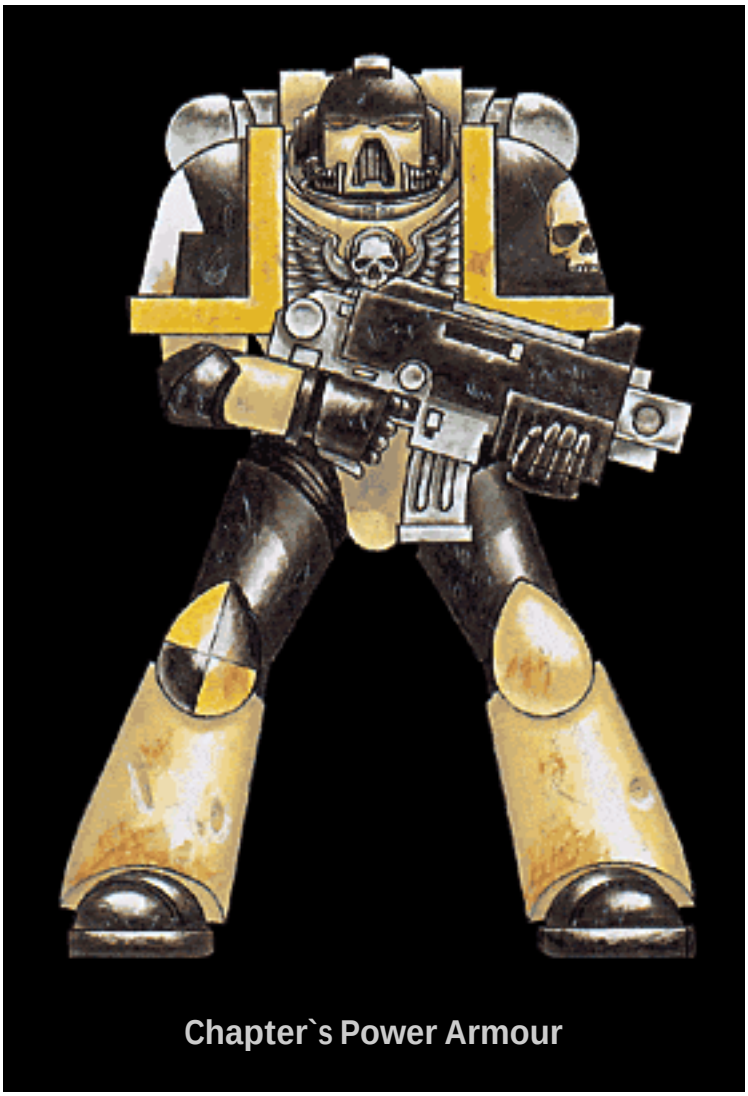
MORTIFACTORS

The Mortificators are recruited from the feral world of Posul, a night world shrouded in almost perpetual darkness. The fierce nomadic tribes that inhabit this bleak world are locked in a state of constant warfare, fighting terrible battles and feasting on the flesh of the dead. A bloodthirsty caste of warrior monks rule the tribes and preach a culture of death worship. The monks of Posul teach that an enemy's strength can be harvested by the taking of his skull and eating of his flesh. Death in battle is the ideal of every warrior where he will be taken to the Halls of Victors to sit at the feast table of the Ultimate Warrior, a divine being who embodies the pinnacle of fighting prowess.



Chapter`s Power Armour

A tribe's standing is measured by the number of skulls it takes in battle and as such the mightiest tribes of Posul make ideal recruits for the Adpetus Astartes. Warriors picked from the strongest tribes are recruited by the Chaplains of the Mortifactors who were, themselves, once warrior monks amongst the tribesmen.



The halls of their fortress monastery which orbits Posul are adorned with the skeletons of their dead, their chapels paved with enemy skulls. The Chaplains preach that in death all brave warriors shall become one with the Emperor, the true Ultimate Warrior. Traditions learned over generations die hard and the Chapter's Chaplains continue the practices of their ancestors, slipping into death-like coma's on the eve of battle in order to divine the Emperor's will and advise their battle chieftain accordingly.

On the day of the Feast of the Emperor's Ascension (998.M41), the entire Chaplaincy of the Mortifcators fell into a deathly trance lasting seven days and seven nights. When they regained consciousness it was to deliver a chilling prophecy. The war on Armageddon against the Beast would be the

Last Battle and all men who would be warriors were called upon to fight in it. Entrusting the care of their fortress monastery to serfs and servitors, the entire Mortifactors Chapter mobilised and began the journey to Armageddon.

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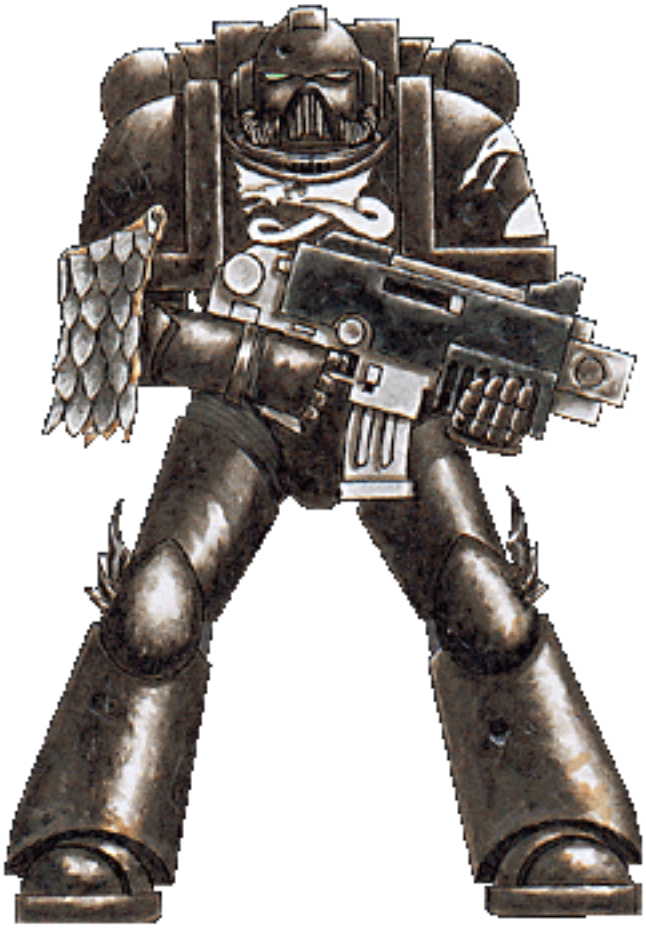
BLACK DRAGONS

The Black Dragons were founded just prior to the Age of Apostasy, a time of civil war and bloodshed that almost saw the Imperium destroyed. It was a dark time for the Imperium when worlds were destroyed on the whims of the insane Lord Vandire. Perhaps these days of ill omen cursed the founding of the Black Dragons from the beginning or perhaps it was the debased and ritualised medical practices of the Magos Biologis chirurgeons. Whatever the reason it did not take long before the flaw inherent in their gene-seed to become apparent.

One of the many zygotes neophytes are implanted with is the Ossmodula. This small organ has a complex function within the body of a Space Marine. It monitors and secretes hormones affecting epiphiseal fusion and ossification of the skeleton while at the same time, engineered hormones encourage the forming bones to absorb ceramic based chemicals administered in the Marine's diet. Two years following implantation, the long-bones will have strengthened considerably and there will have been a general increase in the size of the recipient's skeleton. Extreme ossification of the chest cavity caused by growth of ribs forming a solid mass of inter-laced bone plates provides a Space Marine with an armoured layer to protect his secondary heart and lungs.



Chapter`s Power Armour

But the Ossmodula zygote of the Black Dragons functions in an abnormal way causing the growth of bony crests on the head, and blade-like protuberances from the forearm and elbow. Like the Death Company of the Blood Angels, warriors inflicted with such abnormal developments are formed into a separate fighting unit. Known as the Dragon Claws, they sharpen these additional protrusions to a killing edge, and sheath them in adamantium to turn them into deadly close combat weapons. This strains the tolerance of the Inquisition and their are many recorded instances of other Space Marine Chapters (notably the Dark Angels and Marines Malevolent) refusing to fight alongside them.

It is even rumoured that the Black Dragon Apothecaries deliberately encourage such growths, even going so far as to knowingly implant aberrant





zygotes into some initiates. This is exceptionally dangerous, and the practice is forbidden by Imperial edict. But old traditions die hard as the ferocity of the Dragon Claws is much valued by the Chapter Masters.

Each Chapter is required to send 5% of its genetic material to the Adeptus Mechanicus on Mars. This 'tithe' serves two purposes, enabling the Adeptus Mechanicus to monitor the health of each Marine Chapter and store gene-seed with a view to founding new Chapters. The Adeptus Mechanicus has on several occasions threatened the Black Dragons with military action unless it complies with this decree and even when the Chapter has submitted genetic data, its veracity has often been considered suspect as each sample provided has passed the most stringent genetic purity checks without fail. Without being able to prove anything, many Adepts believe that the Black Dragons submit genetic material culled from other sources. How this can be possible is unknown and the Adeptus Mechanicus is eager to fully investigate the medical practices within the Black Dragons.

THE LEGION OF THE DAMNED

ACCURSED CRUSADERS, FORGED IN THE FIRES OF VENGEANCE

Of all the legends of the Imperium, the strangest by far is that of the Legion of the Damned. These silent warriors are Space Marines in appearance, their black armour adorned with chilling images of bones and fire, yet they are not of any Chapter under the Emperor's sun. Most eyewitnesses dispute even the Legionnaires' mortality, for an eerie glow suffuses their sable armour and a halo of ghostly fire dances about their feet. There are many corroborated accounts of Legionnaires enduring firepower that would annihilate mortal men. The most notable of these reports came from the Keyan battlezone, where a half dozen Legion of the Damned walked unharmed from the volcano cannon blast that claimed four Predators and two-score Space Marines. The bolters carried by the Legionnaires, though in aspect no different to those borne by other Space Marines, discharge flaming projectiles that can pierce the strongest armour. Nothing, not Chaos Chosen, rockcrete bastion nor boiling lava can stay the spectral wrath of the Legion.

The nature and origin of the Legion of the Damned is a topic much debated by the Imperial scholars. Some believe the Legion to be the survivors of the lost Fire Hawks Chapter, transmuted into a new and terrible form by the Warpstorm that claimed their vessel.

Others consider the Legion to be an extension of the Emperor's superhuman will, time-lost saviours or even the vengeful and immortal spirits of Space Marines slain in the Imperium's many wars. In the course of their investigations, several Inquisitors have tried to capture or intercept the Legion of the Damned, but all have failed. Some have even been present on the same battlefield as the Legion, but events always inexplicably conspire to prevent the Inquisitors getting close to their quarry, leaving them nothing more than frustrated witnesses to the event.

Who, or what, guides the Legion of the Damned is an enigma to all save maybe the beneficent Emperor himself. They appear only in the times of greatest need, coalescing unexpectedly out of the fires of a desperate battlefield to turn a disaster into victory. The Damned Legionnaires fear no foe, and they fight with a chill precision that few mortal warriors can match, passing through the bloody ground like vengeful ghosts. Terror is their harbinger and oblivion their gift. When the battle is done and the foe eliminated, the Legion of the Damned depart as suddenly as they had arrived. They seek neither reward nor thanks from those they have saved, and leave only the bodies of the slain and an enduring mystery in their wake.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Damned Sergeant	5	4	4	4	1	4	2	10	3+
Damned Legionnaire	4	4	4	4	1	4	2	10	3+

SPECIAL RULES

Fearless, Slow and Purposeful.

Unyielding Spectres: The Legion of the Damned are impervious to even the deadliest weaponry. Their saving throw is invulnerable.

Aid Unlooked For: The Legion of the Damned always start the game in reserve and always arrive by **Deep Strike**, even in missions that do not normally use these rules. Note that the Legion of the Damned are renowned to arrive wherever they are most needed, so you can re-roll the deep strike scatter dice if you wish.

"Never before or since have I seen fighting such as I witnessed when that host fell upon the Orks. Seizing the moment, I regrouped my Company and led them once more into the fray, yet there was little work for us, for the greenskins lacked stomach for the fight. Soon we secured the great bastion once more and without further loss. Of the dark brotherhood there was no sign."

Varro Tigurius
Ultramarines Chief Librarian



'); x = 1; } // '); } //

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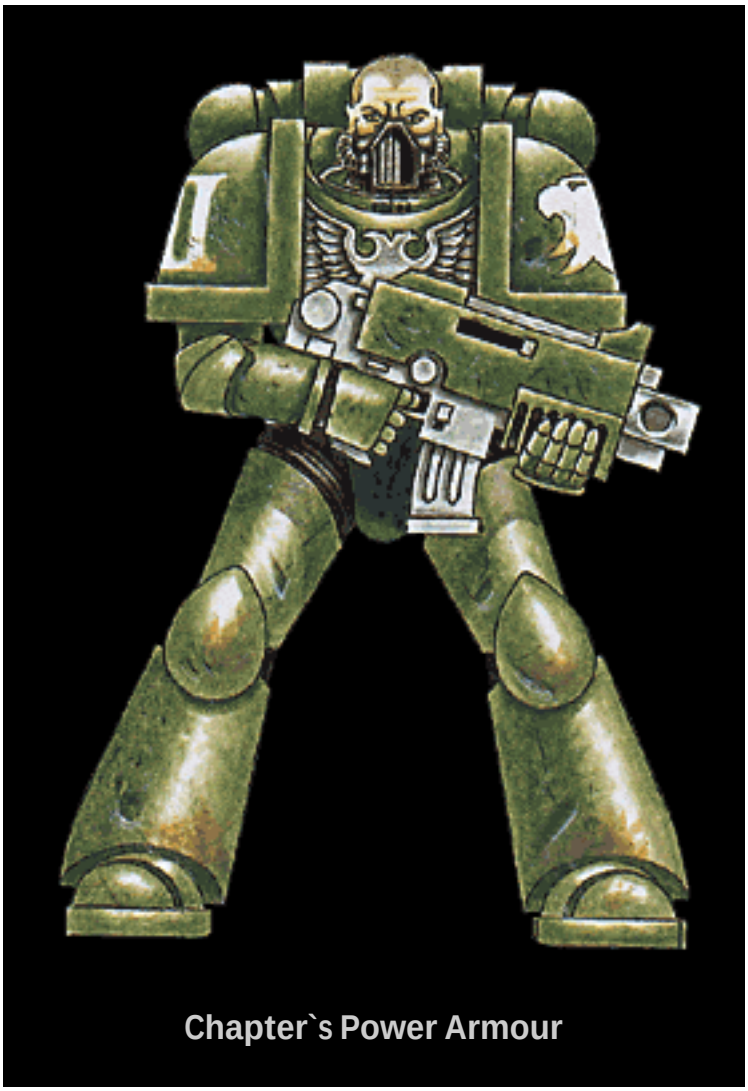
RAPTORS

One of the Raven Guard's successor Chapters, the Raptors are experts at the surgical strike and jungle warfare. In 969.M41 as part of the continuing fight against the Arch Maniac of Calverna in the Segmentum Solar, the Raptors Chapter of Space Marines were en route to the Ork held factory world of Gramnia Major. A freak warp storm threw the Chapter's ships off course and when the battered vessels emerged from warp space, they were forced to crash land onto the death world of Jemadal.



Chapter`s Power Armour

The surface of Jemadal was covered in dense, slimy jungles, teeming with voracious predators and carnivorous plants. The atmosphere of the planet was so heavily saturated with moisture that human lungs, even the hyper efficient multi-lungs of a Space Marine, were unable to extract enough oxygen from the air. Previous attempts to terraform the planet by the Adeptus Mechanicus had been abandoned centuries before and to survive an hour on Jemadal was an achievement. The world was infested with predators and each day the Raptors came under attack from swarms of carnivorous beasts and bat-winged creatures that could kill a man with a single bite.



As the breathable air in the Raptors armour began to run out the Chapter's Tech Marines desperately sought a solution to the problem of their dwindling oxygen supplies. Necessity is the mother of invention and the Tech Marines were able to modify the breathing apparatus of the powered armour helmets to incorporate an osmotic gill that would filter the oxygen from the moisture rich air. This proved to be highly efficient and the Space Marines were able to survive for seven years on Jemadal, subsisting on a diet of indigenous plants and fungi before being rescued from the death world by the Ultramarine battle barge Rath's Honour.

The constant warfare in the depths of Jemadal's jungles had honed the



already fearsome skills of the Raptors to an exceptional degree and with the outbreak of war on Armageddon, they were amongst the first Chapters to be called upon. The Chapter has deployed throughout the equatorial jungle and vapour woods with the Ork Hunters and Catachans where their deadly jungle warfare skills will be put to best use.

'); x = 1; } // '); } //

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EXORCISTS

To: ++ *Inquisition Clearance Insufficient* ++

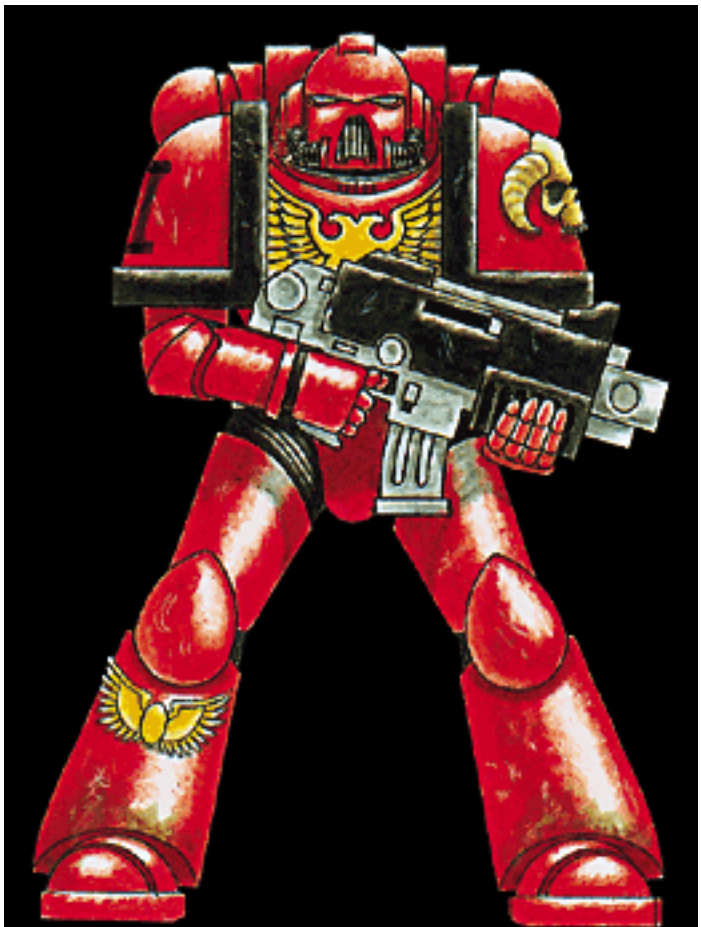
From: ++ *Inquisition Clearance Insufficient* ++

Date: 013.M36

Subject: Adeptus Astartes, Exorcists Chapter

Thought for the day: Ruthlessness is the kindness of the wise.

Honoured Lord, it is with great pleasure I contact you to inform you of the success of our project. Minor setbacks aside, I can report that the first two companies of the Chapter created in this thirteenth founding are responding well to the daemonic possession therapy. Under controlled hexagramic conditions, the subjects were exposed to possession by minor creatures from the daemonic pantheon under the watchful eye of Ordo Malleus daemon hunters protected by sigils and wards of great power. Incense inimical to the summoned creatures was burned while chants of binding were continually intoned from the ++*Liber Expurgatorius. Inquisition Clearance Insufficient* ++.



Chapter`s Power Armour

Once the subject was exposed to the essence of the daemon, the creature was allowed to remain in the host body for twelve hours before being cast out by a daemon hunter. In some cases the resultant physical and psychological damage to the Space Marines was irreparable and we were forced to terminate, but the majority of the subjects survived the procedure and required only minor reconstructive surgery and corrective psychotherapy.

After a period of recuperation, the subjects were instructed in the methods of combating the daemonic, trained in the use of the 666 verses of the Book of



Exorcisms and equipped with the weapons of an Exorcist. The two companies were then put into action on a daemon infested world on the northern fringes of the Eye of Terror. With a squad of the Grey Knights held in reserve, the Exorcist Space Marines achieved a kill ratio of 97:1. Impressive under normal circumstances, but against the daemonic, I'm sure you'll agree that these figures clearly indicate that the procedure is both safe and effective.

The test subjects adrenal production more than tripled and levels of the neurotransmitter Serotonin dropped drastically, resulting in heightened states of aggression and combat effectiveness. Only 1% of the Space Marine subjects re-succumbed to daemonic influence on the planet and I believe that, subject to careful monitoring, this Chapter might eventually be granted a base and limited autonomy within a reasonable time frame.

THE DARK FOUNDING

Not all the foundings of Space Marine Chapters are recorded in exact detail. However, the Adeptus Terra maintains a single bank of original gene-seed from every single Chapter ever created since the Horus Heresy. There is one notable exception: the Thirteenth Founding, also known as the Dark Founding. No-one knows how many Chapters were created by the Dark Founding or what became of them. Perhaps the secret lies in some deep vault in the record office of the Adeptus Terra. Maybe the Space Marines of the Dark Founding are still out there somewhere, waiting to return to the world that created them.

With this success behind us, I believe the time is right to begin the creation of a full Chapter of Exorcists. The technology is in place and the need for such troops has never been greater. The two test companies can be integrated into normal Chapter organisation with the minimum of fuss and the resulting Chapter of Exorcists could be operational within less than fifty years. By then, the minor side effects that have manifested in a number of test subjects should hopefully be eliminated.

I remain your humble servant
Lauram Clelland
Genetor-Major, Xenobiologis

'); x = 1; } // '); } //

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Badab War

In 901.M41, as a result of Lufgt Huron's apparent mental destabilisation, the Master of the Astral Claws and Lord of Badab attacked and destroyed an Imperial investigation fleet as it entered orbit around Badab. Huron's action can be understood with the benefit of hindsight. The Adeptus Mechanicus had long complained of the Astral Claws' tardiness in submitting gene-seed for routine analysis, whilst the chapter had amassed a huge debt in planetary tithes stretching back over a hundred and fifty years. And when the Imperium moved against its wayward chapter, a full scale rebellion was initiated, the most serious of its kind since the end of the Fourth Quadrant Rebellion in 780.M41.

The Tyrant of Badab, as Commander Huron is known in Imperial histories, was a power-hungry and ambitious individual who should never have risen to power within a Marine Chapter. He was plainly a dangerous individual, able in many respects but lacking the absolute dedication to humanity vital in a Lord of the Imperium. It will never be known for sure, but current hypotheses suggest that the Commander was either an alien shapechanger, or otherwise subject to alien domination of a most unnatural kind. A sudden and unexpected manifestation of psychic powers may lie at the heart of the matter.

By 903 three other chapters, the Mantis Warriors, Executioners and Lamenters had joined the rebellion. Imperial shipping was attacked, and a ship belonging to the Fire Hawks Chapter was captured by the Mantis Warriors in 904. The Fire Hawks immediately retaliated, and soon five whole chapters were involved in the fighting. The Emperor recalled the Marines Errant from the Eastern Fringes, but they quickly found themselves fully occupied protecting Imperial ships in transit.

In 906 two more loyal Marine units, the Red Scorpions and the Minotaurs, had been brought in, and the threat to Imperial shipping was more or less quashed. In 907 the Red Scorpions and Fire Hawks were recalled to their normal service duties in the galactic east, and two more chapters, the Novamarines and Howling Griffons were committed to space-lane duties.

Meanwhile, the Star Phantoms began the task of besieging Badab whilst two other chapters were drafted in to investigate the worlds occupied by the Mantis Warriors and Executioners. The Lamenters were caught in an ambush by the Minotaurs in 908 and eventually surrendered after bloody ship-to-ship fighting. This came as a great blow to the Tyrant, and the rest of the war consisted almost entirely of close sieges. The uprising came to an end in 912 with the fall of Badab and final defeat of the Astral Claws. Before the war was over, The Exorcists, Fire Angels, Salamanders, Space Sharks and Sons of Medusa all became involved for short periods of time; chapters replacing other chapters as pressures elsewhere necessitated their re-deployment.

With the rebellion over, The Mantis Legion, Executioners and Lamenters were granted the Emperor's forgiveness, subject to undertaking a hundred year crusade. The homeworlds of the Mantis Legion and Executioners were forfeited to the Space Sharks and Star Phantoms for their part in the war. The other

legions received salvage rights to spacecraft and a proportion of the booty. The Astral Claws were all but destroyed. Only a contingent of about two hunded fought their way through the Exorcists' blockade and escaped into deep space. They have not been heard of since. Of the fate of Imperial Commander Lufgt Huron, Master of the Astral Claws and Tyrant of Badab, nothing is known.

+++

Chapter Name:	Astral Claws
Homeworld:	Badab
Primarch:	N/A
Chapter Master:	Commander Lufgt Huron
Founding:	N/A
Founding Chapter:	N/A

The Chapter's fall from grace began in 901 M41 when Huron ordered the destruction of an Imperial Investigation Fleet as it entered orbit around Badab. The fleet had been dispatched because of the Chapter's continued tardiness in sending Gene-seed to the Adeptus Mechanicus, as well as the amassing of a large tithe debt owed to the Imperium, a debt spanning a hundred and fifty years time.

With the destruction of the Imperial Fleet by the Astral Claws space assests, Huron declared himself Tyrant of Badab and declared the planet's secession from the Imperium. By 903 M41 three other Chapters had, for still unknown reasons sided with the Tyrant and succeeded as well; the Executioners, the Lamenters, and the Mantis Warriors. All records of their reasons where destroyed and the surviving members could not recall any reason being given. The Inquisition believed it was the taint of Chaos, but upon examination of the survivors, none was found.

The first recorded engagement by Barab Forces with Loyalist Marines came in 904 M41, when the Fire Hawks were drawn in by an attack from the Mantis Warriors. By 906 M41 Loyalist Chapters arrayed against the rebellious Badab forces included components of the Marine's Errant, the Minotaurs, and the Red Scorpions chapters. In 907 M41 Badab was besieged by the Star Phantoms Chapter, and the so called Badab War, later known as the Fourth Quadrant Rebellion, ended in 912 M41 with the liberation of Badab. The remains of the Astral Claws, numbering around two-hundred combat ready and walking wounded marines, were forced to flee with the broken body of their Master, they fled from the Imperium. Later records show that the remnants of the Astral Claws became the Red Corsair Pirate group, who's current location is unknown.

+++

Chapter Name:	Mantis Warriors
Homeworld:	N/A
Primarch:	N/A

Chapter Master: N/A

Founding: N/A

Founding Chapter: N/A

Little is known about the Mantis Warriors from the time before their involvment in the Badab War. Also refered to as the Mantis Legion, for some strange unknown reason the chapter chose to side with the Astral Claws, Executioners, and the Lamenters as part of the rebellous Badab Forces. The first recorded engagement with Loyalist Marines came in 904 M41, when Mantis Warrior forces ambushed forces from the loyal Fire Hawks Chapter, causing a swift retaliatory action. In 907 M41 the worlds occupied by the Mantis Warriors and Executioners were recaptured by forces of two formerly unnamed Marine Chapters. Since then information has been found to lead one to believe the previously un-named where forces of the Space Sharks and Star Phantoms chapters. This information seems to be confirmed by the forfitted possessions of their homeworlds to the Sharks and Phantoms. In 912 M41 the Mantis Warriors were granted the Emperor's forgiveness, and sent on a one hundred year crusade.

+++

Chapter Name: Lamenters

Homeworld: N/A

Primarch: N/A

Chapter Master: N/A

Founding: N/A

Founding Chapter: N/A

Little is known of the Lamenters pre-Badab war, most of their records where destroyed in the conflict. However, close examination of the sacred standard of the Blood Angels Chapter depicts the winged Sanguinius wearing a robe with what appears to be a variation of the symbol of the Lamenters Chapter badge. The Lamenters however, have produced no rumours similar to those of the other Blood Angel's successor chapters, nor the Blood Angels themselves. In 698 M41 the Chapter was part of a combined Space Marine force led by Marneus Calgar, consisting of forces from the Angels of Absolution, Marines Errant, Silver Skulls, and Ultramarines chapters. During a seven year crusade the force inflicted a series of major defeats on the Ork empire of Charadon delaying the invasion by Waaagh Argluk by some thirty odd years.

During the Badab War, the Lamenters, for some strange unknown reason, sided with the rebellious Badab forces of the Astral Claws, Executioners, and Mantis Warriors Chapters. In 908 M41 the Lamenters were caught in an ambush by the Minotaurs Chapter, and after exceedingly bloody ship to ship boarding actions, surrendered to Loyalist forces. In 912 M41 they were granted the Emperor's forgiveness, and sent on a one hundred year crusade along the Eastern Fringe. After the chapter forgivness by the Emperor, the Chapter's banner was sent to the Adeptus Sororitas to be restored and purified. The banner became known as the Banner of Tears for the sisters who wept as they rewove the banner into a once again pure symbol of the

empire. It was taken with the Lamenters on their penitent crusade, and remains one of their most holy relics.

In 992 M41 Tyranid Hive fleet Kraken invaded from the Eastern Fringe of the Imperium. The Lamenters, along side the Scythes of the Emperor Chapter who where assigned to watch the recently forgiven Lamenters, were originally alone in dealing with this threat. But the Marines were outnumbered literally millions to one, and approximately nine-tenths of the Chapter was destroyed in the fighting, and similar results felt by the Scythes. Their current disposition of forces is unknown.

+++

Chapter Name:	Scythes of the Emperor
Homeworld:	Sotha
Primarch:	Roboute Guilliman
Chapter Master:	Chief Librarian Tormal
Founding:	3rd
Founding Chapter:	Ultramarines

The Scythes of the Emperor are lead by Chief Librarian Tormal who is their only remaining senior officer and librarian and has been with the chapter for almost a century. Of the last 10 years in constant war with the Tyranids. They were founded in the close following years of the Badab War in which their primary mission was to enforce the Emperor's will on the Eastern Fringe. Their secondary mission was to watchover the recently forgiven Lamenters Chapter for any further signs of revolt following the Lamenters revolt after their involvment in the Badab War.

+++

Chapter Name:	Marines Errant
Homeworld:	N/A
Primarch:	N/A
Chapter Master:	N/A
Founding:	N/A
Founding Chapter:	N/A

Little remains in the Imperial Database about the origins of the Marine's Errant. In 698 M41, the chapter forces formed part of a combined Space Marine force led by Marneus Calgar, consisting of forces from the Angels of Absolution, Lamentors, Silver Skulls, and Ultramarines chapters in additon to those from the Marines Errant. During a seven year crusade the force inflicted a series of major defeats on the Ork empire of Charadon, delaying the invasion by Waaagh Argluk by some thirty odd years.

The Marines Errant also saw action during the Badab war, entering battle in 904 M41, when the Marines Errant were recalled from actions on the Eastern Fringe to reinforce the Fire Hawks Chapter. However, rather than reinforce the Fire Hawks, they quickly found themselves fully occupied protecting Imperial shiping in the area.

+++

Chapter Name:	Fire Hawks
Homeworld:	Zhoros - *destroyed*
Primarch:	Roboute Guilliman
Chapter Master:	N/A
Founding:	N/A
Founding Chapter:	Ultramarines

In the year 963 of the current millennium, Space Marine chapter 'Fire Hawks' was ordered into the Crows World sub-sector. Crows World and adjacent planetary systems had fallen into anarchy following heavy raiding by Eldar Pirates. The Fire Hawks' intervention would drive the Eldar from the human worlds, restoring Imperial rule and teaching the alien invaders an important lesson. The entire chapter-fleet, including the chapter's mobile space-fortress, made a successful warp jump from the Piraeus system a mere 120 light years from Crows World. The five ships, over eight hundred brethren, and two thousand other personnel expected to reach Crows World within no more than 12 hours. They never arrived.

Twenty years after the event the chapter was officially declared lost in the warp and presumed destroyed. The great Bell of Lost Souls tolled a thousand times, and it said that the Emperor himself ordered a Black Candle to be lit in the Adeptus Chapel of Fallen Heroes.

Fire Hawks: Legion of the Damned

On 9667986.M41 a routine Imperial patrol passed through the Ork held system of Jakor-tal. The squadron uncovered altogether unexpected scenes of devastation. The limited facilities available to the patrol could uncover no clue to the identity of the attacking forces. The incident was noted and passed into the everlasting record of the Administratum.

A rash of similar incidents within the same and adjoining sectors soon began to arouse the interest of the Inquisition. Squadron commanders throughout these sectors were reinforced and ordered to double their routine patrols. The incidents continued apace, increasing rather than declining in frequency and destructiveness. Even so, no sign of the intruders was discovered for almost a year. Then, on 3628987. M41, a patrol ship in the Maran sub-sector narrowly avoided a collision with a space-craft at the Cift jump-point. The patrol ship was entering the Cift system as the unidentified craft was leaving. Alerted by the close encounter, the patrol crew scanned the entire jump-area and discovered two long cylindrical objects within the intruder's projected flight-path. These were hauled aboard and proved to be standard space-coffins without identification markings.

The coffins were shipped back to earth and opened by the Adeptus Mechanicus. The coffins themselves were identified as belonging to the *Absolute*, one of the spacecraft from the vanished Fire Hawk fleet. Inside were the armoured remains of two Space Marines. The unconventional armour colours and unofficial insignia puzzled the investigators, but serial numbers tallied with equipment made by or issued to the Fire Hawks. The armoured suits were expected to house members of the lost chapter, and were carefully broken open. The bodies within were human, but further identification proved impossible due to their advanced state of decay.

The full truth would not emerge until almost a year later when a besieged Imperial research station received unexpected help. The garrison had been attacked suddenly by Ork pirates. After three hours of fighting the situation looked hopeless. Then, without warning, the Orks found themselves attacked in the rear. The ferocity of the fighting appalled even the station's defenders. Within half an hour, several hundred Orks had fallen to the mysterious, power-armoured figures. Then, as suddenly as they had appeared, the warriors vanished. This time they left behind a banner - the gnarled chapter flag of the Fire Hawks - and inscribed upon it was the motto *In dedicato imperatum ultra articulo mortis* (For the Emperor beyond the point of death). As well as the banner there was a recorder and sundry other sealed items. These were immediately shipped to Earth.

From the data contained in the recorder the Administratum was able to determine exactly what had happened to the lost chapter. Following their warp-jump the entire fleet had been caught within a warp-storm of terrific intensity. Stunned by the power of the warp, the chapter was forced to endure the attacks of powerful warp entities. Ship after ship was destroyed and absorbed into the fabric of the warp. Soon only one craft remained. By a daring warp-exit manoeuvre the craft burst out of warp-space, emerging far in the galactic east, thousands of light years off-course and beyond even the psychic light of the Emperor.

The original survivors numbered two hundred brethren. All gene-seed had been lost, all initiates killed, and most of the chapter's masters were gone. None of the ordinary human staff have survived at all. To make matters worse the brethren had changed. This change became more obvious over the next few months. Skins began to blacken and blister, flesh began to fester and putrefy. Slowly they began to die. Within days of the transition into normal space it became obvious that the chapter had been exposed to some form of dangerous mutation or disease. It took many years to navigate a way back into the Imperium, during which time almost half the brethren succumbed to the malady. Those who remained were no longer sane. Pain and despair had driven even their hardened minds beyond the point of rationality. Doomed to agonising deaths, they gradually became obsessed with their fate. Now they only wanted to die. But they were still marines, still loyal to the Emperor and humanity. They would not die without a purpose.

So began the unstoppable war of the Legion of the Damned! The marines elected to remove all insignia from their armour. Instead their armour would be black, decorated by each brother with whatever emblems of death he chose (the accompanying illustrations show some typical variations). Most brothers employed a similar theme - skeletons, bones and skulls.

All ranks and companies were abolished, most of the chapter's officers were already dead and the remaining warriors were too few to make up a fully functioning chapter hierarchy. All brothers were to be equal before death - levelled by the certainty of their assured extinction. The warriors decided to expend their lives

attacking enemies wherever they could be found. The disease had robbed them of their sanity, but not their loyalty!

'); x = 1; } // '); } //

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Marines Malevolent

To: General Vladimer Kurov, Commander Imperial Forces, Armageddon.

From: Colonel Destrier Celestine, Armageddon Command Guard

Date: 998.M41

Subject: Conduct unbecoming, Marines Malevolent

Thought for the day: Let the fire of battle cleanse your soul

General Kurov,
I must bring to your attention an action that took place at 06:44 (local time) in the environs surrounding Hive Hades. An incident involving the Marines Malevolent Chapter of Space Marines has brought to light some disturbing behavioural patterns within their ranks that I feel merits your most detailed attention.

Striking from the Diablo Mountains, a force of Orks (estimated strength: 5,000+ with vehicle and dreadnought support) poured down Devil's Ridge and stormed the blockhouses at the head of the Eumenidies river bridge. The Orks slaughtered the defenders here and swept across the bridge into Emperor's Deliverance refugee camp. As you are no doubt aware, this camp currently houses over 12,000 refugees from the destroyed hive and nearly 1,000 members of the Adeptus Ministorum.



I was therefore horrified when the Whirlwind anti-personnel tanks of the Marines Malevolent opened fire on the Orks while they were still within the camp's perimeter. High explosive rockets turned the refugee camp into a storm of shrapnel and when we launched our counter-attack, I saw horrendous collateral damage amongst the camp's population. While the Orks were penned within the camp, the Marines Malevolent were able to isolate areas of resistance and destroy each one in turn. The battle lasted for another six hours and the Orks were eventually destroyed utterly.



Power Armour & Shoulder Pad

At the battle's conclusion I confronted the leader of the Space Marines, Captain Vinyard, and appraised him of my disapproval regarding his battle stratagems. Not only did the captain threaten my life, but he also stated that those who had died in the camp were expendable and acceptable losses. He went on to say that those who would not fight against the Orks and would cower in a camp had no right to live because their freedom was bought with another's blood. Captain Vinyard then expounded fully (and at some length) on his belief in the ultimate supremacy of humanity in war and his Chapter's tenets of belief. Namely that there is no such thing as innocence, merely degrees of guilt. I fully believe that the Marines Malevolent hold Imperial citizens in contempt and perceive themselves to be self-evidently superior to their fellow man. While biologically this may indeed be the case, I feel it is a worrying psychological trait that has not only brought about the deaths of nearly four thousand refugees and members of the Adeptus Ministorum, but shows a worryingly egotistical streak in the command structure of the Marines Malevolent.

I look forward to your earliest reply.

Colonel Destrier Celestine
Armageddon Command Guard

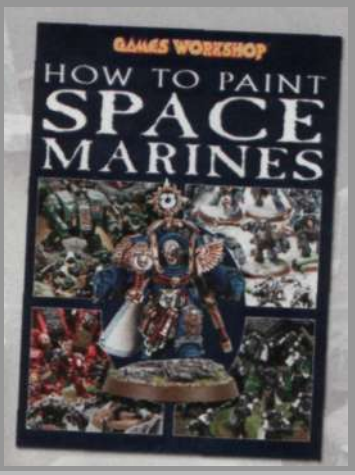
Howling Griffons



The Howling Griffons are one of the lesser-known chapters of the Adeptus Astartes, yet they have a long and proud history. Adherents of the codex and veterans of the Eye of Terror, these bold warriors can be recognised by their distinctive quartered colour scheme. John Cadice, a long-term hobbyist, painted an army of Howling Griffons years ago but abandoned them... until recently, when he came across their uniform in the How to Paint Space Marines book. Inspired, he decided to create an entirely new army. For the Emperor!







The Howling Griffons are but one of the hundred chapters featured in How to Paint Space Marines, our fantastic, 96-page, full colour hobby manual. Packed full of useful tips on painting and modelling these noble power-armoured warriors, How To Paint Space Marines also features uniform and marking guides for the Adeptus Astartes.



John: It was way back in WD101 that I first discovered the Howling Griffons. They were one of the chapters of the Adeptus Astartes that fought in The Badab War. Their picture featured alongside a number of other chapters that are still recognisable today including the Salamanders, the Raptors and the Lamentors. Their liveries reminded me as much of football team strips with their contrasting colours and emblems as of knight's heraldry, and perhaps this is why they stuck in my head.

Since first reading about them, I've gleaned as much background on the Howling Griffons as I could from the following sources: Index Astartes: Humanity's Shield (WD284) and Index Astartes: The Eye of the Storm (WD286), as well as from Codex: Chaos Space Marines and Codex: Eye of Terror.

Adherents to the writings of Roboute Guilliman as laid down in the codex, the Howling Griffons are organised in a conventional fashion, split into ten Companies, each with 100 Space Marines led by a Captain.

However, I discovered when reading Insignium Astartes that they do have one notable deviation. Unlike in most Codex Chapters, no Company colour is painted onto the armour of the Howling Griffons, although they do bear tactical markings and a numeral to denote their squad number within the Company as normal.

The troops shown here are from the chapter's Fifth Company. Their Company Captain, Alvaro, has allowed his troops the freedom to apply personalised liturgy to their armour as they see fit.

COMPANY CAPTAIN AND DREADNOUGHT

I started building my new army on a strong foundation: a Captain with his Command squad, all armed for close combat, and three squads of Tactical troops, which you can see over the page. One of my favourite models is the Dreadnought and I'd like to add more of these mechanical behemoths to the army in time.

THE COMPANY CAPTAIN

My Company Captain is named after one of the Howling Griffons' more famous Chapter Masters, Alvaro.

Alvaro's head is originally from the Catachan Sentinel kit whilst the ornate crest on the helmet is taken from a Champion of Slaanesh.

I prefer characters like this to be bare headed so I decided to model him cradling his helmet in his right hand.



In order to make Alvaro's armour look as if it had been decorated by one of the chapter's artificers, I used one of the plastic shoulder guards with a decorative rim.

To give him some real firepower I chose to take the storm bolter from the Dreadnought and attach it to his power fist.

When I armed the model I specifically used the power fist from the Command sprue because it was pointing.

BANNERS

The squad leaders of the Command and Tactical squads all have a banner or icon of some kind; the classic back banner is my favourite. These, along with the Company Standard (inset), offer me plenty of room to really go to town on the painting. The Captain and the Dreadnought also have their own personal flags and iconography. Banners give me a perfect opportunity to paint striking heraldry based around the dramatic Howling Griffons badge. The models' quartered colour scheme gives them the look of medieval knights, something this heraldry helps strengthen.







THE DREADNOUGHT

The key feature of this model is its pose. As I wanted my Dreadnought to have a dynamic appearance, reminiscent of a living warrior, I cut and repositioned the left leg to allow me to raise it up so the foot could grip the masonry on the base. The body is twisted and the assault cannon arm pivoted away from the body.

To fill the gap between the right arm-apd its body I cut the generator from a magna power field from The Battle For Macragge boxed set"..The Imperial eagle "oh the banner top came from the same source, while the banner itself, and the pennants on the gun arm, are from the Empire Knights boxed set. .'

DREADNOUGHT MARKINGS

Although the Howling Griffons chapter doesn't display company markings, I still wanted a way to show that they were part of the Fifth Company. Looking over the pages on Dreadnoughts in Insignium Astartes I came across a note on their markings; they sometimes display an identification number on their armour, coloured in the Company colour. This solved my problem. I painted the badge black, the colour of the Fifth Company according to the Codex Astartes.





THE BADAB WAR

The Badab War was the first time since the days of Horus that loyal Space Marines fought one another. Lufgt Huron, master of the Astral Claws destroyed an Imperial fleet in orbit around Badab that was investigating his refusal to pay tithes and submit gene-seed for analysis. This act started a war which dragged in several chapters on both sides, including the Howling Griffons. After, 11 years of intense fighting, Huron was overthrown and order restored.



Badab War colour schemes, from WD 101

THE 13TH BLACK CRUSADE

One of the..notable engagements that the Howling Griffons have been involved in is the Defence of Cadia. Seyen of the eight companies dispatched by the Howling Griffons are still engaged in a trench-war on Amistel Majoris. Having broken through the plague fleet blockading the world, the 2nd to 8th Companies arrived in time to bolster the Drookian Fen Guard, who were suffering horrific losses to the hell-spawned epidemics unleashed by the Traitor Forces opposing them. Within days, the Howling Griffons and the Leg'io Astprum Titans were the only force able to man the extensive defences. Any warrior caught in the open and not protected by power armour when the plague Winds hit could be sure of an excruciating death, and an eternity' of servitude as a Plague Zombie in Nurgle's legions.

The lst Company of the Howling Griffons, including Chapter Master Alvaro, are currently based on the battle barge Force of Destiny, and are engaged upon a mission to track down and persecute a company of Night Lords under the command of the infamous Daemon Prince Козлодой. It is widely known that the Howling Griffons . harbour a particularly deep hatred of this Daemon Prince. While that hatred serves the greater needs of the Imperium's defence against Chaos/lip other authority has sought to question Alvaro's actions.

Command Squad

Command Squad Abraxus of the Fifth Company of the Howling Griffons under Brother Captain Alvaro



Company Champion Trajan armed with power sword and combat shield

Brother Gauis armed with bolt pistol and chaii

Standard Bearer Scirpico with bolt pistol and Company banner



Veteran Sergeant Abraxus armed with bolt pistol and lightning claw

Brother Apothecary Laertes armed with bolt pistol and narthecium

Brother Praetor armed with bolt pistol and chainsword

Brother Lucius armed with bolt pistol and chainsword

Tactical Squads

Tactical Squad Crassus of the Fifth Company of the Howling Griffons under Brother Captain Alvaro



Brother Numitor armed with plasma gun

Brother Sergeant Crassus armed with bolt pistol and chainsword

Brother Solinus armed with heavy bolter



Brother Severen armed with boltgun

Brother Epheus armed with boltgun

Brother Strabo armed with boltgun

Brother Bellanus armed with boltgun

Brother Daceus armed with boltgun

Tactical Squad Maximus of the Fifth Company of the Howling Griffons under Brother Captain Alvaro



Brother Paelemon armed with boltgun

Brother Vespero armed with boltgun

Brother Varus armed with boltgun

Brother Sergeant Maximus armed with, combat shield and power sword

Brother Beds armed with boltgun

Brother Fabius armed " with tlamer

Tactical Squad Invictus of the Fifth Company of the Howling Griffons under Brother Captain Alvaro



Brother Sergeant Invictus armed with boltgun

Brother Helixus armed with missile launcher

Brother Omegus armed with boltgun

B/other Fennias armed with boltgun

Brother Lamentius armed with boltgun

Heavy Support

Heavy weaponry and armour is essential to give an army some real backbone. There are plenty of tanks available for the Adeptus Astartes that I could choose from to bolster my Howling Griffons, but they weren't my first port of call.

DEVASTATORS

Some Space Marine players prefer to have nothing but tanks surjpQrting their armies. Tanks haVe great armour and weaponry, so I could see their point, but Devastators look brilliant and have a better spread of weapons available to them, so I a,dded these to-my army first. My weapon of choice is the humble.missile launcher. It has two;kinds of missile: frag, effective against massed tro'ops,- or krak, which rips through most armoured * targets with one shot. To give the squad extra punch, I also added a lascannon.

I find it's easier to come up with interesting poses for models armed with missile launchers. Models armed with cumbersome lascannons and mutti-meltas need to hold the weapon with two hands, which is much more limiting. Missile launchers are shoulder mounted, allowing the Space Marine to angle the weapon'up or down, to use his other hand to steady the weapon or reach for another missile.

Squad Tercon of the Fifth Company of the Howling Griffons under Brother Captain Alvaro



Brother Fennias armed with lascannon

Brother Lamentius armed with missile launcher

Veteran Sergeant Tercon with boltgun and auspex

Brother Signatus armed with missile launcher

Brother Helicanus armed with missile launcher

TANKS

The How To Paint Space Marines book demonstrates a new idea for painting tanks that I really like. Vehicles are often handled in much the same way as the army's troopers: the chapter colour is applied directly onto the armour, along with large chapter symbols and iconography. In the case of the Howling Griffons this would result in bright red and yellow vehicles, which looks a little strange.

But one of the Studio's Ultramarines Razorbacks (it's on page 39 of the book) has been painted a grey colour all over and the chapter colour applied to specific areas of the hull such as the hatches and front armour. In the case of a bright, two-colour scheme, such as the one used by the Howling Griffons, this is a particularly useful approach. I decided to paint my Howling Griffon Predator an overall neutral desert colour (I finally decided on Bubonic Brown), with the weapons picked out in contrasting Scab Red. Only the hatchways were painted in the chapter livery with the chapter icon applied over the top.

I was able to apply company markings on the vehicles in the form of a vehicle identification number. This is rendered in white on a black field to tie into the Fifth Company colours. Next I added a Razorback to the force to back up my Devastators, and a Rhino to transport Squad Maximus into battle.

I applied the company heraldry in a more limited way on the banners. I singled out the Rhino and the Razorback for special treatment, as they are troop carriers. They both have large banners, which I attacked with a modelling knife to make them appear battle worn and tattered. I also considered giving the Predator and the Whirlwind banners, but in the end felt that their battlefield role made them a little superfluous. They still carry enough Howling Griffons iconography to make them look part of the army though, including small shields and other tokens.



Razorback Maneus, attached to Squad Tercon of the Fifth Company under Brother Captain **Alvaro**



Rhino Gloriam, attached to Squad Maximus of the Fifth Company under Brother Captain Alvaro

Whirlwind Daceus of the Fifth Company



Predator Destructor Trajan of the Fifth Company



Elites and Fast Attack

TERMINATORS

The opportunity to take two assault cannons was too hard to resist. Backed up by five storm bolters, these powerful weapons make a mess of anything that gets in their way, so I posed all the Terminators in aggressive firing positions.

As the Terminators are part of the First Company, if I were painting a strict codex force they would have white helmets. I got around this by hinting at their First Company status in the colours of the banner, specifically the squad number's white background.



Brother Flavian with assault cannon and power fist

Brother Crassus with storm bolter and chainfist



Brother Titus with storm bolter and power sword



Brother Coriolanus with storm bolter and power list



Brother Elanius with assault cannon and power fist

Brother Cossos with storm bolter and power fist

Brother Sicarius with storm bolter and power fist

BIKES AND LAND SPEEDERS

linfike.the approach I took with the tanks, the pikes were painted in the full chapter livery, in the case of the Land Speeder, I decided to apply the same Desert Yellow/Scab Red colours as on the vehicles.



Veteran Sergeant Numitor armed with a lightning claw

Brother Virus and Brother loans armed with ftamers





Land Speeder Typhoon of the Fifth Company armed with a multiple missile launcher and heavy bolter



Attack Bike of the Fifth Company armed with twin-linked boltguns and heavy bolter

The Brazen Claws

By Chris Widenbar

'And lo, despair was compounded, for Mankind lost not only He Who Broke the Darkness, Ferrus Manus, the Shining Light of Medusa, cut down by Foul Corruption and Betrayal: for worse was to come, and there was much horror and anguish, for the Most Holy God-Emperor was, alas, to be lost to the world of Man.'

Extract from the Scriptorium of Iron ... from Index Astartes: Iron Hands, by Anthony Reynolds

Following the Horus Heresy the Iron Hands returned to Medusa to mourn their losses and train a new generation of warriors. It was during this time that Roboute Guilliman laid down the dictates that would form the Codex Astartes. The combination of these two events would form the basis of the Brazen Claws' character as a Chapter.

Origins

The Scriptorium of Brass, the most ancient record of the Brazen Claws' illustrious history relates that shortly after the disappearance of Ferrus Manus, Roboute Guilliman, the Primarch of the Ultramarines, presented the Codex Astartes to the Loyalist Legions as his vision of the future. Many resisted the changes Guilliman proposed to make to their organisation, with the breaking up of the Legions into smaller Chapters the most bitter point of disagreement. The Iron Hands, already mistrustful of their brother Marines, argued vehemently against any such change, insisting that they could do the Emperor's work more ably as a Legion rather than a scattered handful of Chapters.

The Iron Hands' mistrust grew as the other Legions, having seen the sense of Guilliman's words, began the process that would become known as the Second Founding. As reports reached Medusa that, in the wake of the vicious battles between the Imperial Fists and Iron Warriors, Rogal Dorn, the chief opponent of Guilliman's changes, had agreed to the breaking up of his Legion the Iron Hands' fear of being broken up reached a fever pitch. It was under these circumstances that the Clan Company leaders met on the fourteenth anniversary of the massacre on Istvaan and the disappearance of Ferrus Manus to discuss their future. The meeting lasted long into the night with the Legion split into two factions, one opposing the changes and the other recognising the wisdom behind them. The meeting wore on and with neither side willing to compromise it seemed likely the Council would end in blows until finally, a cloaked figure stepped into the circle of the Clan Council. The twin hearts of many an Iron Hand leapt, believing the Shining Light of Medusa had returned to them and would once again lead them out of the darkness!

As the black clad warriors began cheering and chanting the name of their Primarch the figure threw back his cloak. A shocked silence settled over the assembly when the firelight revealed not the silver hands of Ferrus Manus but the armoured gauntlets of Roboute Guilliman. More than one grizzled veteran, who had battled furiously to drive his corrupted brothers from the Imperium and faced daemons without flinching, sank to his knees in dismay. Guilliman strode forward into the centre of the circle and began to speak to the assembled leaders, calming their fears and explaining the necessity of assuring the shaken Imperium that no man could ever recreate the havoc wrought by Horus. The Iron Hands, the hope of their Primarch's return cruelly dashed, their will to resist broken, grudgingly accepted the broad dictates of the Codex Astartes.

The Clan Council now turned to the problem of breaking up the Legion. Eventually it was determined that 3 Chapters would be founded. The first would keep the name and colours of the Iron Hands Legion, the second Chapter would become the Red Talons, named for the lost Brothers of Ferrus' bodyguard, the third Chapter would be named the Brazen Claws in honour of Ferrus' flagship. They would be organised according to the traditions of the Clans of Medusa, the oldest members would retain the name, trappings and Homeworld of the Legion while the younger members were assigned to the newly formed Chapters.

The following weeks were filled with a flurry of activity as the new Chapters were organised, it quickly became apparent to Guilliman that the loss

of not only many of the Legions' greatest warriors, but also much of their finest equipment when the Traitor Legions turned on Ferrus Manus and his bodyguard on Istvaan, would hamper their ability to equip 3 Chapters according to the dictates of the Codex. As the senior Chapter the Iron Hands claimed much of the remaining supply of rare equipment such as Land Raiders, Tactical Dreadnought Armour and power weapons. Second in line, the Red Talons claimed most of the rest. As a result the Brazen Claws received not only the most junior of the Iron Hand Battle Brothers, but also ended up poorly equipped in relation to their brethren. The loss of many of the Iron Hands vessels at Istvaan created further problems for the Brazen Claws, for once the needs of the Iron Hands and Red Talons had been fully met, the Chapter received barely enough starships to transport it's Marines and their wargear to the Segmentum that they would guard, let alone the necessary support personnel and equipment they would need to fulfil the duties that would be expected of them.

The officers of the Brazen Claws protested and petitioned their brother Chapters for a fairer share of the Legions' equipment. Their pleas fell on deaf ears, for many of the older warriors among the Iron Hands were almost as distrustful of their younger brethren as they were of outsiders. The Iron Hands claimed that they had not earned a full share in the Legion's few remaining artefacts, as many of their number had never even seen Ferrus, let alone fought alongside him in the Great Crusade. Seething, the Brazen Claws turned to the Red Talons, hoping they would be more reasonable. Again their request for an equal share of the Legion's equipment went unheard; the Red Talons cited their own shortages, blaming the Iron Hands for their greed. Accusations flew between the three Chapters, breaking their brotherhood almost before it began. The treatment the Brazen Claws' received that day soured relations between the 3 Chapters, a situation that has not improved with time. Frustrated by the behaviour of their former brothers, the Brazen Claws appealed to Guilliman to intercede.

Guilliman, who had foreseen this, would not reverse the decision of the Clan Council but did offer the loan of Ultramarines starships and equipment to help make good the Chapter's deficiencies. The Scriptorium of Brass notes that the Brazen Claws' newly appointed Chapter Master Larinus did not agree immediately, but rather, shrewdly asked the Ultramarines' Primarch what the price of such largesse was. Guilliman's answer stung the martial pride of the youthful Larinus - a cadre of Ultramarines officers and specialists would train the young Brazen Claws in the ways of war until such time as Guilliman himself decreed them fit to serve the Emperor under their own guidance. Larinus knew his own limitations, having only recently attained the rank of Captain in the Iron Hands Legion, he had not even commanded his company in battle, let alone a full Chapter of Marines. Despite the blow to his ego that the Primarch's words inflicted, Larinus agreed to Guilliman's terms and the Compact of Medusa was born.

The Coriolis Campaign

Over the next five decades the Brazen Claws abided by the Compact of Medusa and served their apprenticeship under the command of Palinurus of the Ultramarines, fighting alongside the Ultramarines and their descendents on many occasions. Their final battle under the guidance of Palinurus and his brethren occurred 50 years to the day of the sealing of the Compact. Guided by their Librarians the Brazen Claws descended on the world of Coriolis, a once temperate planet transformed into a barren wasteland by Phix Tabtii, a protégé of Magnus himself, and his small cabal of Thousand Sons sorcerers. Their pitiless rule enforced by their soulless brethren, Phix and his brothers sacrificed millions of natives to their foul god as they tried to duplicate their Primarch's feat and teleport their fortress into the Eye of Terror.

A short, brutal campaign shattered the cabal's grip on the planet and as the Brazen Claws besieged the psykers' fortress Guilliman himself appeared with his First Company to aid in the final destruction of the foul coven. Upon his arrival Guilliman was immediately closeted in the Chapter's Damocles Command Rhino with Larinus. Rumours spread amongst the Brazen Claws and their Ultramarines teachers that Guilliman had decreed this campaign the final test of the Compact of Medusa; if the Brazen Claws defeated the Thousand Sons here they would be free to control their own destiny. In the midst of one of the planet's fierce Khamsin storms the Brazen Claws and their Ultramarine allies renewed their attack. Slowly they gained the upper hand over the cabal's automaton brethren, rigidly disciplined bolter fire combined with the withering barrage of heavier weapons eventually driving the Traitors into the inner sanctum of their fortress. Upon these shattered walls Larinus met Phix in battle, power sword meeting corrupted force

staff in a blinding blizzard of varicoloured sparks. The psyker hammered at Larinus' mind as well as his body, as the combined forces of the Loyalist Marines swept the fortress clear of Traitors. Their foes now little more than empty, inanimate shells of armour, the Brazen Claws Marines began to move to their commander's aid.

Seeing the destruction of his forces and the approach of more Loyalist warriors Phix called on Tzeentch's power to bind the fierce winds to his will, blanketing the sorcerer and Chapter Master in a whirlwind of sand, obscuring them from view, intending to finish the youthful Larinus and escape under cover of the storm. Despite the sorcerous winds the Brazen Claws continued to advance to their Lord's side, only to be stopped in their tracks as every attempt they made was countered by the psyker's grip on the Khamsin. Time after time the Brazen Claws drove into the sandstorm only for lashing tentacles of wind to smash Marines from their feet or see entire squads buried under shifting dunes as sorcerous sand-waves crashed down upon them.

Inside this lightning speckled maelstrom Larinus' greater skill began to show as he beat back the defences of the cabalist, striking his ornate armour time and again, each blow turned aside by the glowing wards engraved there. Emboldened by his opponent's inability to harm him the psyker cast aside his daemon-staff, daring Larinus to strike him, laughing as the sorcerous armour defeated each blow. Cackling madly, calling upon his foul patron to strike down the Loyalist Marine Phix struck out with gauntlets wreathed in psychic energies, forcing Larinus onto the defensive.

The fierce Khamsin winds calmed for a moment, no longer bound to the Thousand Son's will as he gathered his mental energies to crush Larinus. As the sorcerer lunged for Larinus' throat, crackling energy leaping from his fingertips, Larinus met the psyker's attack with one of his own, abandoning his defensive posture as his battle-cry rang from the walls … 'His will be done!'. A percussive blast of light rolled over the Brazen Claw as his weapon pierced the unmarked visor of his opponent's helm, releasing the psyker's pent up mental energy in an explosive burst, disintegrating Phix's armoured form and smashing Larinus to the ground. The Khamsin returned with a vengeance, filling the sudden silence with it's howl as Larinus staggered to his feet. Holding aloft the melted ruin of his power sword Larinus turned to face his warriors as they echoed his warcry, drowning out the keening of the wind … 'His will be done!'.

The Scriptorium of Brass goes on to record how Guilliman fulfilled his promise and bestowed upon Larinus the full authority of the office of Chapter Master, gifting him with his own power sword to replace Larinus' lost weapon as a mark of respect for the young warrior. Larinus' first act was to return the equipment the Chapter had been loaned by the Ultramarines, declaring that as an independent Chapter they would make what they needed or do without. Guilliman accepted the return of the Ultramarines' weapons and equipment but bade Larinus keep the Battlebarge Chalcedon, the pride of the Brazen Claws' small fleet, declaring the Chapter had earned it many times over in the last 5 decades. Larinus agreed, renaming the craft 'The Sword of Guilliman' in honour of the Primarch and his role in birth of the Brazen Claws. Larinus' second act was to declare Coriolis the new homeworld of the Brazen Claws.

Homeworld

Coriolis has been home to the Brazen Claws since that fateful day, it's people proving to be ideal recruits for the Chapter and it's position astride several major Warp routes allowing the Brazen Claws to monitor a large part of the Sector with relative ease. Once an idyllic world, Coriolis is now a desert planet, scarred by the corrupt sorcery of the Thousand Sons, the days are blisteringly hot whilst the hours of darkness are bone-achingly cold. The deserts, scoured by fierce winds and lashed by tremendous sandstorms for days at a time, are a place of mortal terror for the tribes that inhabit Coriolis. The natives believe the wind to be the howls of the damned and the shifting sands to be caused by the thrashing of souls imprisoned by evil sorcerers. Other stories tell of deadly wraith-like creatures that lurk in the desert or haunted caves that swallow whole tribes. These folk tales vary across the tribes but Imperial Scholars believe that at the root of each tale are the horrors the Thousand Sons cabal inflicted on the people of Coriolis before the arrival of the Brazen Claws and their Ultramarine allies.

The planet's populace survive in the many great caves that honeycomb the planet, living a simple tribal lifestyle, raiding each other during the brief calm periods that descend upon the desert periodically. Only the bravest of the tribes' warriors will brave the deserts and the spirits of the dead,

even in periods of calm, to raid their enemies for food, water and women. It is from these warriors that the Brazen Claws recruit new members. Known as Windwalkers among the clans for their seemingly preternatural ability to survive the fiercest of Khamsins and the courage to face the most vengeful desert spirits, the Brazen Claws are mystical warrior-gods to the people of Coriolis and many a young boy dreams of joining their ranks.

A lone Brazen Claw approaches each warrior band and selects those young enough to be successfully transformed into Marines, awed by the sight of a famed Windwalker, daunted by the dangers of following him through the desert, only the bravest will follow him to one of many small outposts surrounding the Brazen Claws' fortress, a mighty edifice standing on the ruins of the cabal's castle. Many would-be Marines turn back on this trek, seeking shelter as the winds rise and the spirits stir the sand at their feet, those who do not are met by one of the Chapter's Apothecaries at the entrance to the outpost. Each aspirant is examined by arcane devices and only those who pass the myriad tests administered by the Apothecary are allowed to enter the shelter of the Brazen Claw outpost.

The rejected warriors are returned to the clans by the Windwalker who selected them, usually to a new tribe in a bid to prevent the clans' bloodlines from stagnating, those who are presented to a new clan are often married to the clan chieftain's daughter by the Windwalker himself. Many of the tribes' greatest leaders rise from the ranks of these rejected warriors, for they have proven their martial skill by being chosen for testing and they have shown their bravery by walking the deserts in the company of a Windwalker. Once the Windwalker has led the failed aspirants to their new homes he returns to the outpost to rejoin the successful aspirants.

In the Windwalker's absence the Apothecary tests each applicant more thoroughly, ensuring that only the best of the tribesmen are accepted by the Chapter. Even amongst Marine Chapters this second round of testing is seen as extreme, with many aspirants who would find a home in another Chapter being rejected by the Brazen Claws. The Apothecary then takes those young warriors who fail these stringent examinations to the Chapter's Fortress Monastery, there they become serfs and servitors to the Brazen Claws.

The Windwalker will now spend 50 days with those few aspirants who have met the Chapter's strict standards, one day for each year the Brazen Claws studied under the command of the Ultramarines, training them in the fundamentals of desert survival, field craft and combat. At the end of the 50 days the Windwalker will disappear, leaving each recruit a small cache of supplies and two different maps, one to the Chapter's Fortress Monastery, the other to his tribe's cave. Each young warrior now faces the choice between the safety of home or the far more daunting task of striking out to join the Windwalkers.

Those who take the easy route and return to their tribe are reviled as cowards and are often turned away to seek shelter elsewhere, many become hermits living in the deserts, using the knowledge they learnt from the Windwalker to prey on unwary raiding parties, adding to the legends of the dead and the lost in the desert sands. Those with the courage to journey to the Brazen Claws' Fortress Monastery face a gruelling trek of 10 or more days on less than a mouthful of water a day. Those who survive thirst, the Khamsin and the other desert perils often arrive at the foot of the Fortress Monastery dehydrated, wind burnt and near death.

No matter their state each aspirant is awed by the sight that greets them, the shining brass bound doors of the Fortress Monastery, intricately inscribed with the entire Scriptorium of Brass.

The Sword of Guilliman

More than 10 millennia old, the Battlebarge Sword of Guilliman still serves the Brazen Claws as the flagship of their small fleet. Originally named Chalcedon in the service of the Ultramarines Legion the vessel was one of those lent to the Brazen Claws by Guilliman himself under the terms of the Compact of Medusa. When the compact expired Guilliman gifted the vessel to the Brazen Claws in reward for their service, Chapter Master Larinus of the Brazen Claws promptly renamed the vessel Sword of Guilliman in honour of the Primarch's generosity and teachings. Since that day it has served the Emperor ably, in countless Crusades and numerous smaller actions

Most recently the Sword of Guilliman led the Brazen Claws fleet in the defence of Kasr Holm in the Cadian system during Abbadon's last attack on the Cadian Gate. Sadly this ancient vessel was grievously damaged during the final days of the campaign, only the gallant sacrifice of the Strike Cruiser Defiant and it's entire crew allowing the pride of the Brazen Claws' fleet to escape it's Chaos tormentors. The vessel is currently undergoing repairs and is not expected to return to active service for more than 3 years such is the scarcity of refitting resources in the wake of the immense naval battles of the 13th Black Crusade.

Without any fanfare the doors open and the recruit is welcomed by the Windwalker who recruited him, a simple brand in the form of the Brazen Claw's Chapter insignia is applied to the young warrior's sword arm and from this moment on the recruit is truly a Brazen Claw.

Organisation

The Brazen Claws closely follow the Codex Astartes as laid down by Roboute Guilliman, having abandoned the idiosyncratic Clan Company system of their forefathers, their tutelage under the auspices of Palinurus and his fellow Ultramarines having instilled in them a deep respect for the dictates of the Codex and all they represent. Though the Brazen Claws venerate the Codex they also recognise that even this most hallowed tome does not hold the answers to all the situations a Marine may encounter on the battlefield. This acknowledgement gives the Chapter a modicum of flexibility in battle, allowing them to react to unexpected challenges and new enemies with greater ease than is common amongst their brethren of the Second Founding, such as the famously rigid Black Consuls.

The Brazen Claws follow the Codex closely in organising their Companies along the traditional lines of a Veteran First Company, four Battle Companies, four Reserve Companies and a single Scout Company. Squads too, are organised along Codex lines, ten strong whenever possible, divided into Tactical, Devastator and Assault squads. The Chapter has maintained the capacity to build many light vehicles common to Marine Chapters, including bikes and some Land Speeder variants, this has allowed the Brazen Claws to build up sufficient reserves of these vehicles to equip the entire Eighth (Reserve) Company with a mix of 'speeders and bikes when necessary.

However their relative paucity of certain types of equipment has necessitated some operational and organisational changes. Chapter Master Larinus' first declaration, that the Brazen Claws would be truly self-sufficient has been strictly maintained throughout the years, and the Chapter maintains only the small armoury of vehicles and the handful of Dreadnoughts granted to it during the break-up of the Iron Hands Legion. The Chapter's Forge is however, extremely adept at repairing these treasured relics and many sport honour markings and campaign badges earned galaxy wide over the last 10,000 years. As a result the Brazen Claws are a predominantly infantry force, with only the best warriors being mounted in the ancient Rhinos, or even more rarely, one of the Chapter's few Land Raiders.

Equipment shortages have necessitated other deviations from the Codex, for example the Chapter's entire First Company always fight in Power Armour, the Chapter as a whole having only a dozen of the prized suits of Tactical Dreadnought Armour. Only the Chapter Master and his ten Captains are entitled to wear these ancient suits and each is treated with the greatest reverence by both the wearer and his men. The twelfth suit is maintained in the livery of the original Iron Hands Legion as a mark of respect for their lineage, residing in stasis until the day Ferrus Manus returns to don the armour and lead his sons to glory.

Combat Doctrine

Following the tenets of the Codex Astartes, the Chapter puts its faith in the basic weapons of the Marine, the bolter and chainsword, and the training and faith of it's warriors. This simple, yet effective approach has been reinforced by the Chapter's relative lack of complex technologies such as power weapons and plasma guns. This lack, much like the scarcity of vehicles, stems from the bitter split of the Iron Hands Legion and what the Brazen Claws consider the unfair sharing of the Legion's wargear. As a result, each of these rare weapons dates back to the era of the Horus Heresy and is treated as a holy relic, with only the most skilled warriors and the finest shots in the Chapter being honoured with the use of them.

In battle the Chapter follows the broad dictates of the Codex, forming a solid base of Devastator and Tactical units, suppressing the enemy with accurate volleys of bolter shells and missiles, before swift units of Assault Marines, or Veteran squads of the First Company, often mounted in Rhinos, deliver the knockout blow. Where appropriate the Chapter deviates from the Codex, going so far as to mount the entire Eighth Company on Bikes or Landspeeders for lighting strikes against critical targets whilst other Companies tie down the bulk of the enemy. This blend of orthodoxy and innovation has won the Chapter many glorious victories, most recent among them the Defence of Kasr Grallen during the 13th Black Crusade.

Only on rare occasions do the Brazen Claws' ancient Dreadnoughts and Land Raiders take part in the

Brother Tiberinus and Dreadnought Praxis

Before receiving the mortal wounds that led to his internment in the sarcophagus of the Dreadnought Praxis, Tiberinus was Captain of the Brazen Claws 3rd Company and a veteran of more than four centuries service to the Emperor. He fell on the battlefields of Thattr during the Hieronymous Crusade, leading his Company in the charge that broke the back of the heretic army on the steps of the Heiron Cathedral itself. In that same battle the Dreadnought Praxis was severely damaged, Brother Eurystheus, the pilot, finally joining the Emperor after more than a millenia of faithful service, killed by the same lascannon round that damaged the ancient walker's engine and ended it's battle. When Tiberinus' wounds were deemed more than even the enhanced body of a Space Marine could survive and the damage to Praxis was determined to be repairable it was decreed that the two would be joined in service to the Chapter once more.

The 4 years it took for the extensive repairs needed to Praxis left Tiberinus, unable to activate his Sus-an Membrane due to his wounds, in the care of the Chapter's Apothecarion. Although they were able to sustain his life for this period even their arcane technologies could do little for his pain. By the time of his attachment to the Dreadnought's life-support systems Tiberinus' nerve endings had been scarred by constant pain impulses, meaning a life of permanent suffering for the former Captain. Only the honour of serving the Emperor once more kept Tiberinus alive throughout this ordeal.

In the two decades since Praxis was reactivated by Brother Aulis, the Brazen Claws' Master of the Forge, Tiberinus has been instrumental in a number of the Chapter's campaigns, most recently the epic Defence of Kasr Grallen during the 13th Black Crusade where he fought alongside the Ultramarines Dreadnought Magister, containing the shattered remains of the very same Brother Captain Palinurus who taught the Brazen Claws the ways of the Codex Astartes more than 10,000 years ago.

Chapter's battles and in each case the use must be sanctioned by the Chapter Master himself, for the Chapter is hesitant to risk it's most treasured links to the past. Even the Despoiler's most recent attack on Cadia on the Chapter failed to persuade the Chapter's current leader, Chapter Master Telamon, to release more than a single Land Raider, the Unyielding Justice and a pair of Dreadnoughts, Brother Menesthius and the newly entombed Brother Tiberinus, to combat the Traitor Legions.

Beliefs

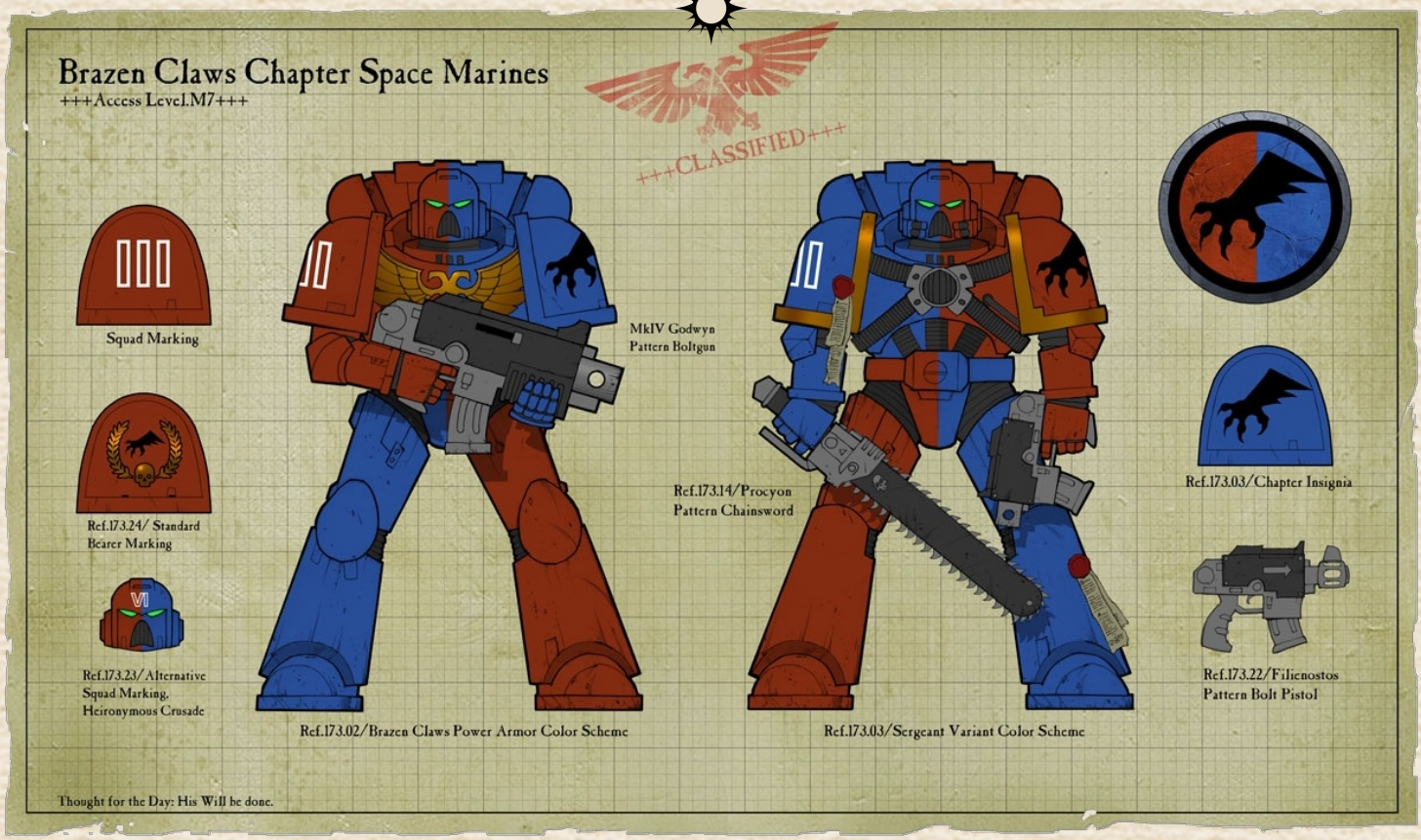
The Brazen Claws share a number of beliefs with their parent Chapter; many however, have been moderated by the influence of Guilliman and the Codex Astartes. Chief amongst the shared dogma of the Iron Hands and Brazen Claws is their unshakeable belief that Ferrus Mannus will one day return to lead his sons to glory. Larinus and several of his Captains were amongst those Iron Hands said to have been blessed by the vision of their Primarch's final words to his sons and the Chapter has been preparing for Ferrus' return since those days, going so far as to have preserved a precious suit of Tactical Dreadnought Armour in the original livery of the Iron Hands' Legion for the day of his return.

The Chapter's formative belief however, instilled in them by their years under the auspices of the Ultramarines, is in training and preparedness, to this end the Chapter's Marines train endlessly in a wide of variety of terrain, situations and conditions. This credo is a virtual mirror image of that of the Iron Hands, to whom the flesh is weak, and who take every opportunity to augment their bodies with bionics. The Brazen Claws believe that their bodies and minds can be moulded into the perfect weapon through training and experience without being shored up by such artificial measures. As a result of this broad spectrum of training Brazen Claws Marines are often chosen to accompany Adeptus Mechanicus Explorator teams or Rogue Traders on exploratory missions. Many times the Chapter's rigorous training has paid off as the Marines attached to such expeditions have excelled in conditions that have overwhelmed less well trained and disciplined troops.

In addition many Marines undergo specialist training, the best and brightest being chosen as apprentices to the Chapter's Chaplains, Apothecaries, and TechMarines. Each Company except the 10th fields these junior specialists in its 1st Squad alongside the Company's Captain or senior Sergeant. Should any of the specialists attached to the Company fall in battle his most senior apprentice will step up and immediately assume his battlefield role.

Gene-Seed

The gene-seed of the Brazen Claws is as stable and pure today as it was the day the Iron Hands Legion was broken up, a fact the Chapter is extremely proud of. In order to maintain these standards the Brazen Claws only accept the purest warriors from the ranks of the desert clans and any candidate who deviates from the Codex accepted norms during his transformation into a Marine is



immediately sequestered by the Chapter's Apothecaries. If they are unable to stabilise and correct the initiate's deviation he is mind-scrubbed and will eventually become a servitor to the Chapter.

The excesses of Ferrus' gene-seed seem to have been tempered by the teachings of Guilliman, or at the very least, redirected. Unlike their brethren of the Iron Hands and Red Talons Chapters, the Brazen Claws do not seem to be compelled to augment and even replace their bodies with bionics and other arcane technologies. There are however, a few notable exceptions to this amongst the Brazen Claws, a small number of recruits feel the pull of Ferrus' geneseed, and the need to bionically augment their bodies can become overwhelming. Thankfully this flaw is usually detected early on in their training and those afflicted are quickly attached to the Chapter's Forge as would-be TechMarines, here their bodies will be augmented to allow them to properly venerate the Omnissiah. This serves two purposes, firstly increasing their efficiency as TechMarines and secondly, assuaging the compulsion they feel to be rid of the 'weakness of the flesh' as they see it. An unwelcome side effect of this throwback to the weakness of the Iron Hands is that many of their unaffected brethren hold a slight distrust for the Chapter's Techmarines, uncomfortable with such close links to their estranged brethren. As a result the Chapter's Techmarines often live in isolation from their brother Marines, becoming increasingly distant and reserved over time. For those few who manifest this flaw later in life the solution is not so simple, for the compulsion grows exponentially once it has occurred, quicker than the Techmarines can train their new brother in the ways of the Machine Cult and augment his body to ease his cravings.

Amongst the majority of Brazen Claws this obsessive aspect of the Iron Hand's gene-seed seems to have been funnelled into an emphasis on training with the Chapter maintaining some of the most wide ranging and comprehensive training facilities amongst the entire Legiones Astartes. The facilities currently cover more than half of Coriolis' secondary continent; they include a variety of carefully controlled climate and terrain enclaves including jungle, arctic and urban areas together with wide expanses of the planet's native desert. The Chapter prepares it's warriors in many other ways, requiring them to train in diverse situations such as in a vacuum, underwater, in complete silence or overwhelmed by visual and aural distractions. Each of these training regimes has it's own enclave meticulously maintained by the Chapter's serfs so as to be ready for use in an instant should their masters so require.

These enclaves are often created based on the experiences of Brazen Claws Marines seconded to Rogue Traders and Explorator teams. In many cases the Chapter exchanges the service of it's warriors on such missions for the expertise of the Rogue Trader or Explorator's Techno-

Magos in creating new training enclaves based on these experiences upon their return. The Chapter is continually expanding it's training facilities in an attempt to be prepared for any eventuality in any location under any circumstances. On several occasions the High Lords of Terra have arranged for fledgling Chapters to be trained by the Brazen Claws in their extensive facilities in order that the new Chapter be properly prepared to assume it's role amongst Humanity's greatest defenders.

Battle-Cry

'His will be done!'

Argument rages amongst Imperial scholars as to whether 'His will' is the Emperor's, Ferrus Manus' or even Roboute Guilliman's. Many have posited that in fact, the cry refers to all 3 in one degree or another. The Brazen Claws refusal to clarify this issue only encourages further speculation amongst these so-called experts and it is doubtful if the truth of this matter will ever be known.

Designers Notes

The Brazen Claws are an official GW-created Second Founding Iron Hands successor. We know when they were created, who by, but little else. Chris Widenbar picked up the gauntlet and made the Brazen Claws truly his. TCS caught up with him to ask about his Chapter.

TCS: Welcome, Chris. Why not start with a bit of background about yourself. How long have you been a 40k player? What drew you to the game? What armies do you have?

Chris: My first 40K game was actually Space Crusade sometime in the mid-80's. I loved the plastic Dreadnought in there, I used it as a DIY 'Mech design in BattleTech for years afterwards. After that I graduated to Rogue Trader and Horus Heresy (the first incarnation of Epic) and it was really the fluff in HH that got me. I loved the artwork in the rule books and the savage and bitter Brother versus Brother ethos the game had.

As for armies, well, I had Blood Angels in Space Crusade (and later Space Hulk), I used 'Mechs as proxy Space Wolves for most of Rogue Trader (I couldn't afford to buy 2 lines of minis during my early teens) and then in 2nd/3rd Ed I had my only true and complete 40K army - Dark Angels. I haven't really played much since the last half of 3rd Ed, my regular gaming group broke up after Uni so since then I've really just painted whatever has taken my fancy so I have drips and drabs of Ultramarines, Space Wolves, Salamanders and lots of single minis that I just felt like painting. I have a couple of squads and a Dreadnought in Brazen Claw colours too and recently I've been tempted by the new Dark Angels, some of those minis are to die for...

TCS: What drew you to the Brazen Claws - a fairly obscure Chapter?

Chris: Two things really. First was the colour scheme, bold red and bright blue - how can you resist? Plus I love split schemes in general, they're fun to paint and look great on the tabletop.

The second thing is just that when I write my fluff I like to fill in the blanks GW has left, to write fluff that fits with the existing information and expands on it. So in this case the BC were essentially 'blank' - all I had to work on beyond name and colour scheme was a single line in the Iron Hands IA saying the IH and they're Second Founding Successors didn't get along too well at all.

If I'm really honest I'd also add that I'm useless at naming Chapters and designing cool heraldry and colour schemes so I've always found it easier to start a DIY with those things in place for me.

TCS: What advantages and disadvantages did you encounter when detailing an official GW Chapter instead of creating your own DIY? Would you say one is 'easier' than the other?

Chris: Well, like I said above, I didn't have to come up with a name or colour scheme, two things that have been my DIY Chapter nemeses since Rogue Trader times. The second advantage is a bit odd - folks are generally keen to see what you've done with an official Chapter, folks like to see the blanks filled in as much as I like to fill them in, so it often means a friendlier reception for your work. Of course the flip side is more criticism if you do something outlandish or beyond what folks expect in that situation.

The disadvantages of detailing a known Chapter were twofold for me, like I say there's an expectation placed on your work and the second, much larger problem is the possibility (however remote) that GW might one day swoop in and make

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Beasts of Steel

Chaos Space Marines Tanks

When the Traitor Legions rebelled, they took with them vast arsenals of mighty warmachlnes and highly destructive weaponry. Ten thousand years after the defeat of Horus, the Traitors continue to plague the Imperium. and their twisted and defaced armoured vehicles are the equal of any tank the loyalist Chapters can field. Adept Hoare has received clearance to investigate further.

When a Space Marine Chapter goes to war, it does so transported by the sturdiest of armoured carriers, and supported by the mightiest of tanks in Humanity's arsenal. Land Raiders, Predators and Rhinos are all integral components of a Space Marine task force, and the same is true of the Traitor Legions and their own armoured vehicles.

The Horus Heresy

The First Founding Space Marine Legions were not the formations of the Imperium today: they were far larger forces, with many more men, vehicles and ships at their disposal than a post-Heresy Chapter could ever muster. Where a 41st Millennium Chapter can subdue a single world, a First Founding Legion had the manpower and resources to conquer a complete sub-sector.

NURGLE

The plague carriers of Grandfather Nurgle ply the battlefields of the 41st Millennium, spreading disease and decay wherever they pass. These nightmare vehicles may take the form of a Rhino, Predator or a Land Raider, and in each case will appear as a horrific blotted corpses of the Plague God's victims. Foul smog belches, from unholy censers, filling the atmosphere with the spores of corruption and death. As the tank passes, new bodies are added to the heap, where foul Nurglings caper amongst the welcome dead.

TZEENTCH

Tzeentch is the master of the Warp, and wields its energies as the deadliest of weapons. Many vehicles belonging to the forces of the Changer of the Ways are adorned with leering gargoyle faces

Entire companies of armoured vehicles supported these massive armies, and when Warmaster Horus' treachery was revealed, nine whole Legions declared for him. placing many thousands of tanks at his disposal.

Corruption

To look upon a Traitor Marine is to witness the tragic blasphemy of Chaos; a once proud warrior perverted into a hate-fuelled murderer, his armour adorned with vile sigils where once the icons of the blessed Imperium were displayed. The same is true of their vehicles:

that writhe and cackle, crawling through and over the fabric of the vehicle with a life of their own. The mouth of each gargoyle spouts incandescent warp-flame, wreathing the tank in sheets ot sorcerous fire. Any enemy approaching the vehicle will be engulfed in sheets of witch-fire, burned hideously by the dancing fire-spirits of the Warp spurting from the mocking gargoyles' mouths.

SLAANESH

The armoured vehicles of the servants of Slaancsh are often filled with all manner of outlandish organ pipes, horns and grilles. These emit psycho-sonic waves that render nearby sentient creature all but insensible. Audible only at the very edges of hearing. these siren songs promise ecstatic delirium, and whisper of forbidden pleasures. Other vehicles project discordant crescendos or screams of agony, and in each case, the enemy must force his full attention to blocking out the sound lest he become swept up in the oblivion it promises. Only the strongest willed of warriors can stand before such a vehicle and remain unaffected as swathes of lesser troops sink to their knees or flee before it.

KHORNE

When the Berserkers of the Blood God take to battle, they do so aboard Rhino armoured personnel carriers in order to get to grips with their enemies as swiftly as is possible. True to the credos of the God of War. the Berzerkers seek nothing but to tear their foes asunder in the bloody storm of hand-to-hand combat. Their vehicles adhere to the same philosophy, and are fitted with horrific devices of death and destruction referred to as Destroyers. All manner of wicked blades, brutal spikes and churning buzz saws are mounted upon the hull of the vehicle, designed to cut down the enemy and grind them beneath its tracks for the greater glory of Khorne.

where once the sanctified engines of the Adeptus Astartes proudly bore the livery of the Emperor's finest, their hulls are now bedecked with grisly trophies and emblazoned with runes painful to behold.

The Traitor Legions launch their genocidal invasions from the Eye of Terror, razing worlds and slaughtering untold numbers of Imperial citizens. These assaults are frequently supported by the armoured might of the Legion, in the form of Land Raiders carrying their lethal cargo of Chaos Terminators, Rhinos transporting squads of Traitor Marines and Predator tanks lending their fearsome anti-armour and anti-personnel firepower to the attack. Across a thousand blasted warzones the forces of Chaos wage their long war against the Imperium. transported and supported by armoured vehicles bearing the dread sigils of their blasphemous patrons.

Construction

Although many of the Traitor Legions' armoured vehicles have been in service since the Horus Heresy, many more have been procured or built since that time. All the Legions will loot captured vehicles from their Imperial counterparts, twisting the machine and dedicating it to the Dark Gods. Such vehicles are a source of great bitterness when faced by loyal forces, who will often go to extreme lengths to remove the stain on the original Chapter's honour, and to end the suffering of the vehicle's Machine Spirit.

Some Traitor Legions have the means to manufacture their own armoured vehicles. Although few of the Legions have Techmarines as such, they all employ traitor Tech Priests and artificers who are capable of repairing or even constructing new vehicles. The most common source of newly manufactured vehicles is a captured forge world, whose industrial capacity can be forced to produce a staggering quantity of machines in the short period of time before Imperial retribution arrives.

The Rhino

The Rhino is as ubiquitous a transport vehicle amongst the Traitor Legions as it is amongst those Chapters loyal to the Emperor. When the Traitors rebelled, each Legion had an enormous stock of these transports, and a great many of these ancient vehicles are still in sen/ice 10,000 years after the Horus Heresy.



One particular Rhino, belonging to the World Eaters Legion, was reportedly present at the Siege of the Emperor's Palace, and has been identified on numerous occasions over the millennia since. The vehicle, identified as 'Barbarus' by its nameplate, is covered in iron spikes, each adorned with the severed head of an Imperial warrior. The records of the Ordo Malleus state that Barbarus belonged to the squad of Sergeant Solax of the World Eaters 3rd Assault Company before the Heresy, and this individual is thought to be the beast now known as Kossolax the Foresworn. If this is indeed the case, Sergeant Solax has risen to the command of an entire company of Berzerkers, and Barbarus has served with him and his warband the entire time.

The Predator

The Liber Proditor Armorum, a treatise written in 812.M39 by Techmarine Suprema Lysol Blane of the Imperial Fists Chapter, contains many startling insights into the Traitor Legions' use of armoured vehicles.

One aspect focused on by the learned Techmarine is the practice employed by several Legions of permanently grafting crew and vehicle together to form a symbiotic combination of man and machine. Though many loyal Chapters utilise permanent linking of crew and vehicle, what Blane was researching was a far more fundamental union. Critics point to the fascination with contrition and self-imposed penance that characterises the Imperial Fists' gene-seed, claiming this as the root of Blane's conclusions. Despite his detractors, Blane's research has proved invaluable in many conflicts against Traitor Legion armour.

Blane was certainly guilty of focusing his efforts into researching the practices of one specific Legion, the Iron Warriors, with whom the Imperial Fists have a long and tragic history of enmity. Blane observed that the crew of the Legion's armoured vehicles, in particular Predator crews were routinely sealed within their vehicle in a manner similar to the 'pilot' of a dreadnought. The Iron Warriors are noted for their inordinate use of cybernetic augmentation, and this is believed by Techmarine Blane to allow the crewman to link to his vehicle in a manner impossible for a wholly organic being. Crew and vehicle become one; the vehicle an extension of the pilot and the pilot the mind of the vehicle.

Blane's research proved invaluable at the Battle of Ramisen Point, where an Iron Warriors' armoured salient was defeated utterly by an Imperial Fist counter-attack. The Imperial Fist Devastators were provided with specific firing solutions via Techmarines accompanying each squad, allowing them to target points on the enemy tanks that would cripple the pilots and render them incapable of controlling their vehicles.

Blane's work was to be integrated into the Codex Astartes, but upon reviewing the data the Iron Fathers of the Iron Hands Chapter objected strongly enough that the notion was set aside. Many point out that the Iron Hands share the Iron Warriors' practice of cybernetic enhancement, believing the Chapter was protecting its own interests in suppressing the information. The Iron Hands insisted they wished merely to protect the Adeptus Astartes from the consequences of the information falling into the wrong hands.

The Land Raider

The Land Raiders of the Adeptus Astartes are amongst the most awe-inspiring sights on the battlefields of the 41st Millennium. They are mighty behemoths that crush all before them under adamantium tracks, and their Godhammer pattern lascannons are the bane ot enemy vehicles and

EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARIES OF INQUISITOR LE GUINN

226337.M41 Now the Beast is under my jurisdiction, our researches can proceed. Upon the morrow I shall invoke the Lesser Fiend I suspect is bound within the core of the vehicle. In truth, this nutter fills me with dread, but doubt has no place in my work, which I pursue for the benefit of all Mankind.

227337.M41 Upon Merric's World I bound the vehicle behind the Seven Seals of Abjuration, and now I must break these Seals one by one. This process will require great dedication and purity of purpose. Even now. I feel the Dark Servant is aware of my intent. Only a [FRAGMENT MISSING] conjuration of the Abyssal Minion would [FRAGMENT MISSING]

The First Seal is broken! As we invoked the Rites of Release I sensed the tides of the abyss strain at the skein of reality. Though we still ply the gulf, is we would be suicidal to attempt the invocation whilst traversing the Empyrean. I feel forces are aware of our work, and watching from afar. I shall proceed with the Second Seal with caution.

228337.M41 Seven hours it took us, but we have successfully unbound the Second and Third Seals. Such was the malignince of the Lesser Fiend that I lost Adept Silvanus. His death will haunt me I am sure, for its manner was the worst fate one of our order could suffer I fear he has joined the ranks of the damned, a Dweller in the Pit.

229337.M-11 At the unbinding of (FRAGMENT MISSING] Egan Belisarius. my Navigator. I fear for his soul, for he would surely have [FRAGMENT MISSING]. We must press on though, for the Fiend tests us, gauging our defences and gaining more knowledge of us at each turn. Seventh Seal is unbound, else all

bunkers. A Land Raider is capable of carrying a squad of Space Marine Terminators within its armoured hold, and the combined assault of the vehicle and passengers is a force few enemies of the Imperium can hope to stand against.

If the Imperium's Land Raiders are objects of such dread, then those employed by the Traitor Legions are the very stuff of nightmares.

In the year 337.M41, Imperial forces recovered a Land Raider belonging to the Word Bearers following the successful defence of Merric's World, in the Segmentum Obscura. The Blood Reavers Chapter captured the crippled vehicle, and were planning on destroying it. However, Inquisitor Le Guinn of the Ordo Malleus had his own agenda, and invoked the rights granted him by the Juris Inquisitorum. The Blood Reavers voiced the strongest of objections, but were overruled by the Inquisitor, whose Xanthite rhetoric swayed his fellow Inquisitors into allowing him custody of the captured vehicle.

Imperial Land Raiders are invested with a sanctified Machine Spirit: a machine intelligence that performs myriad functions and can control the vehicle should the crew be incapacitated. Land Raiders belonging to the Traitor Legions appear to be inhabited by something far more malicious, and Le Guinn was determined to discover its nature. Binding the Land Raider with pentagrammic wards, Le Guinn transferred the vehicle to his transport vessel for the journey back to the Inquisition Fortress world of Nemesis Tessera.

Portions of Le Guinn's diaries survive, and tell an incomplete story of what occurred

will be lost.

230337.M41 Fate has taken an ill turn to be sure, and I pray the Emperor will deliver us from our predicament. Somehow, the Fiend gained dominion over [FRAGMENT MISSING] entered the Empyrean. That such a ritual as we performed today should be attempted whilst [FRAGMENT MISSING] powers I dare not think, let alone commit to paper. By Thor, what are we to do without Belisarius?

I have it! By incorporating the Rites of the Ingrediantia Minoris I can gain dominion over the Nefarious Power. Sacrifice will be required, but such is the life of one sworn to the service of Mankind.

231337.M41 [FRAGMENT MISSING] lay dead, but their sacrifice was not in vain. My will prevailed, and I am now shure I have it.

I feel it [FRAGMENT MISSING] and I can hear its thoughts, evil, repugnant notions Emperor is my shield!

I must perform the Unbinding of the Seventh Seal alone, for my compatriots are [FRAGMENT MISSING] and the crew I consider of insufficient purity to [FRAGMENT MISSING] punish them

[FRAGMENT MISSING] I gained access. The Dismal Text contained no warning that could have prepared me for what I discovered within. I was enjoined, bound, carried up, though the grace of Emperor shielded me from the touch of the Abyss. A cold mind clamoured, but through it all I [FRAGMENT MISSING] blood, sinew, pulsing [FRAGMENT MISSING] investing me with the clarity of purpose I now entertain. All is changed now the truth is revealed to us I now [FRAGMENT MISSING] the folly of their ways, and the wisdom of our own. Such is the order of reality and the Hell-regions both.

As one we [FRAGMENT MISSING] the ship [FRAGMENT MISSING] those who through ignorance would seek to sabotage my efforts. Our departure is [FRAGMENT MISSING] but with the (FRAGMENT MISSING] gouge out the eyes of the ignorant as I have gouged out my own. My blood has mingled with that of the Beast and its [FRAGMENT MISSING] through my veins. [FRAGMENT MISSING] they shall listen, they shall know the truth. I shall bring it to them and make them acknowledge me.

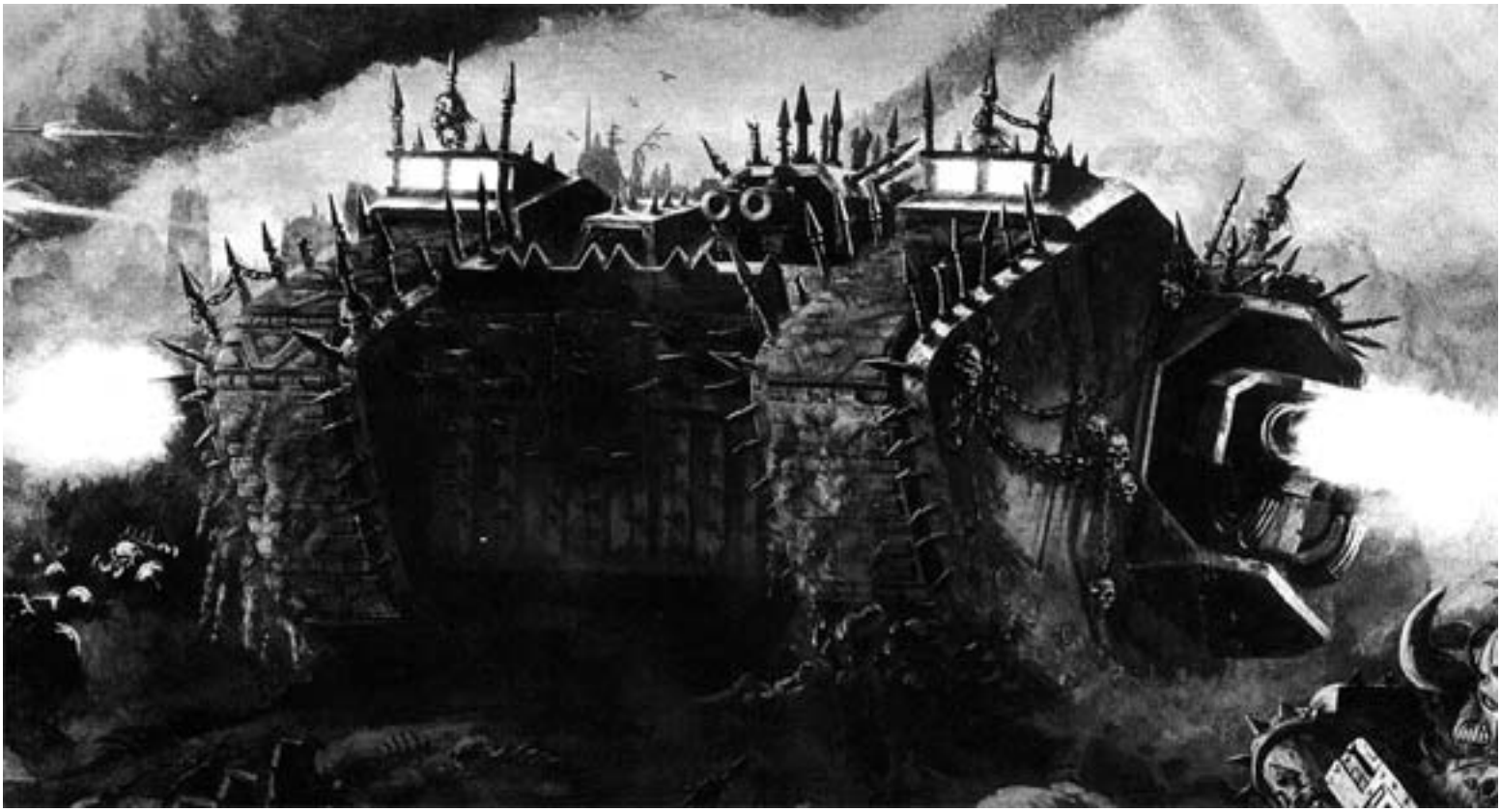
during the three month journey through the Warp.

Rather than allowing the beast to remain quiescent behind the seals and bindings, Le Guinn commenced his investigation en route. Quite why he took such a risk when the Ordo Malleus oubliette on Nemesis Tessera was undoubtedly the safest place in the region to perform such an examination, is unknown. From his notes, it is obvious Le Guinn was grimly fascinated by the malignant intelligence lurking within the vehicle's armoured core.

The Inquisitor's notes go on to describe his methodical breaching of the hull: a painstaking process that took six days to accomplish and cost the lives of three of his acolytes and his most valued savant. The being occupying the vehicle put up a hideous defence, projecting waves of malevolence at any who approached and straining at the great chains restraining it. At length, Le Guinn gained access to the interior, and his descriptions bare witness to a man pushed to the limits of sanity by his vocation.

What happened next aboard the Inquisitor's vessel is shrouded in mystery, but eleven weeks later the ship emerged from the Warp at the fringes of the Tessera system. Defence pickets attempted to raise the ship, but no response was forthcoming. A team of Inquisitorial troopers boarded the vessel, and discovered all crew and passengers dead. Many had been brutally murdered, but others showed no outward signs of injury other than contorted expressions of anger and delirium.

The investigators recovered the fragments of Le Guinn's diaries, and swiftly came to the conclusion that he had overstepped the bounds within which all Inquisitors must operate. He had attempted to discern the nature of the entity inhabiting the Chaos vehicle, and in so doing had opened himself up to it. The being must surely have been a form of Daemon, and as such was able to possess Le Guinn, driving him to murder his compatriots.



A conclave of Puritan Inquisitors renounced Le Guinn's folly, and concluded that his vessel should be set adrift, declared Perdita. They would not risk freeing the malevolent entity by destroying the ship, and it is assumed that it remains trapped there to this day, screaming with rage, sealed within the hold of the ship doomed to drift upon the tides of deep space for eternity.

Conclusion

The armoured vehicles of the Traitor Legions serve as much as battlefield support as they do physical reminders of the blasphemies of Chaos. They bear the grisly trophies of 10,000 years of marauding, as well as the horrifying gifts of the Ruinous Powers. These beasts of steel and ceramite will continue to reap death and destruction in the name of the Legions exist as a power to rival that of the Imperium.

CHAOS DEFILER

The origins of the war machines known as Defilers are shrouded in mystery. No one truly knows how they came into existence, but there are tantalising clues and forgotten fragments of ancient texts that point to how such an affront came into being. Post-action reports and pict-skull images have allowed Imperial Strategos to piece together the nature of this diabolical creation.

Standing on six mighty, piston-driven limbs, the Defiler's body supports a daemonic turret armed with an array of deadly weaponry, ranging from reaper autocannons to racks of high explosive missiles. A Defiler's most potent ranged armament is a battle cannon mounted in the turret, which is capable of blowing apart vehicles and destroying enemy squads with a single blast. Those foes fortunate to survive this barrage of shells must face the fury of the Defiler at close quarters. With two massive claws to grab and crush the enemy and whirring blades or whip-like flails, the Defiler charges into the enemy and smashes aside all opposition as its mechanical growls echo over the cries of the wounded and dying.

Unlike the battle tanks of the Imperial Guard and Space Marines, the Defiler is not operated by a human crew. Instead a Defiler is fuelled and guided by the warp energy of a bound daemon of Chaos. Using complex arcane rites, the adepts of the so-called Dark Mechanicus work with Chaos Space Marine Sorcerers to draw forth the essence of a daemon from the Warp, and trap it within the rune-bound hull of a Defiler. Enraged by this intrusion, the daemon needs to be sedated with spells of appeasement and pacification, which are lifted at the start of battle.

Its full immortal anger unleashed, the daemon within drives the Defiler forward on its powerful legs, spewing death with its guns. It rejoices in battle, crushing the enemy with its monstrous claws and ripping apart everything in its path, all the while roaring inhumanly from its vox-grilles. Unconcerned for its survival, the bound Daemon ignores the blasts of missiles and detonations of shells against its armoured hide, advancing through the heaviest fire without hesitation or fear.

				Armour				
	WS	BS	S	F	S	R	I	A
Defiler	3	3	6	12	12	10	3	3

Unit Type: Vehicle (Walker)

Special Rules
Fleet.

THE SHADOWHIVE

Far out on the Eastern Fringe, at the very limits of the Astronomican, lies the world of Bastonbeil. A night-shrouded hive world, Bastonbeil was a primary recruiting ground for the Death Falcons Space Marine Chapter. However, at the dawn of the 41st Millennium, even as the Death Falcons' Chapter Master renewed his oaths to the Emperor at the Conclave of Gathalamor, Bastonbeil fell. Something ancient and terrible rose from the underhive of Bastonbeil's capital, something that fed upon the souls of the living, devouring them in their millions. The Death Falcons responded in their entirety, to destroy the mindless zombies left by the creature, and to hunt down the beast itself. It is not known what happened in those dark depths, but after three months the Death Falcons were no more. Instead, the Company of the Shadow emerged. Space Marines with grey armour that writhed with the faces of the damned stormed the upper reaches of the hive, and overthrew the Imperial Commander. Over the last nine hundred years they have enslaved Bastonbeil and from their dark base launched many bloody attacks against neighbouring systems.



CHAOS RHINO



The Rhino is the ubiquitous transport vehicle of the Space Marines, and at the time of the Horus Heresy each Legion had access to hundreds of these armoured vehicles. Its chassis is based on Standard Template Construct design, meaning that it is relatively simple to build and maintain, and capable of using a variety of engines and fuels. These qualities have ensured that the Rhino has seen use over the length and breadth of the galaxy and is almost as much a symbol of the mighty Adeptus Astartes as the boltgun or power armour.

Over the ten thousand years of the Long War, the Chaos Space Marines have continued to use the Rhino as their principle transport vehicle, allowing them to strike swiftly and precisely at their target. The Chaos Space Marines also loot Rhinos from defeated enemies, defacing all Imperial insignia, attaching banners proclaiming their allegiance to the Chaos Gods and festooning the vehicles with spikes, blades and grisly trophies.

Squads mounted in Chaos Rhinos can close rapidly with the enemy, protected from small arms fire, or they can swiftly redeploy to another part of the battlefield to outmaneouvre their adversaries. A Chaos Rhino is often upgraded with short-ranged Havoc Rocket Launchers to turn it into a more powerful fighting vehicle.

		Armour		
	BS	F	S	R
Chaos Rhino	4	11	11	10

Unit Type: Vehicle (Tank)

Transport: Ten models. Note that models in Terminator armour, Obliterators and Summoned Daemons, even though they are Infantry, cannot be transported.

Fire Points - 1: The Chaos Rhino has a large hatch on top of its hull, which can be used as a fire point. This does not leave the Chaos Rhino open-topped as its passengers wear power armour.

Access Points - 3: The Chaos Rhino has two side hatches and a rear ramp, any of which can be used as access points by the passengers.

Special Rules

Repair: If a Chaos Rhino is Immobilised, the crew may attempt a repair in their Shooting phase (this stops the vehicle from shooting). To do so, roll a D6 – on a 6 the immobilised damage result is repaired and the Chaos Rhino is free to move again in later turns.

SCOUND'S FALL

One of the most daring Chaos Space Marine raids took place on the planet of Scound's Fall, a mere hundred light years from Terra. Having slipped through the Cadian Gate, a small flotilla of ships from the Night Lords Legion spent months in the Warp evading detection by Imperial patrols and pickets. Scound's Fall was chosen as a target because of its large Schola Progenium Abbey. Here future Admirals, Commissars, Storm Troopers and Sisters of Battle were housed and trained by the Ministorum.

The viciousness of the Night Lords' attack left no survivors after seven days of fighting, and butchered remains of both sides were laid out in talismanic patterns to help with the summoning of a daemonic horde. Having gorged themselves on the souls and bodies of the Emperor's faithful, the daemons rampaged across half the world while the Night Lords left, eluding the Imperial warships intent on their capture.

For the Night Lords to have struck so decisively and so far from the Eye of Terror sent shockwaves through the military organisation of the Segmentum Terra and eventually led to the court martial and penitent exile of Lord Commander Solar Jaxon.

"Cast down the idols! Destroy the temples! Slay the priests! Show these fools that they worship nothing more than a rotting corpse!"

Dark Apostle Harzhan of the Word Bearers

CHAOS PREDATOR

The Predator is the main battle tank of the Space Marines, and can be fitted with different weapons allowing for anti-armour operations, anti-infantry firepower or a mixed role. Based upon the versatile Rhino chassis, the Predator has an armoured turret that can sport an autocannon or lascannons, and can be further armed with the addition of side sponsons mounting extra heavy weaponry. By sacrificing all troop carrying capacity, the Predator is also protected by a reinforced chassis within its armoured plates.

Chaos Predators are used to provide mobile support to fast-moving Chaos Space Marine attacks. Capable of laying down terrifying firepower, the Chaos Predator can eliminate enemy armour to pave the way for an infantry assault, or unleash a blaze of fire to decimate enemy squads attempting to counter-attack.

Frequently, the Predators used by the Chaos Space Marines have seen service for hundreds, if not thousands, of years. They are embellished with horrific decorations, fluttering banners, daemonic gargoyles, beast-headed weapon muzzles and the icons of Chaos, making them as much a statement of the Chaos Space Marines' hatred of the Imperium as a weapon of war.



		Armour		
	BS	F	S	R
Chaos Predator	4	13	11	10

Unit Type: Vehicle (Tank)

CHAOS VINDICATOR

The Vindicator is another Space Marine vehicle based upon the Rhino Standard Template Construct data. The Vindicator sacrifices its transport capacity in order to mount reinforced armour, additional internal bracing and ammunition storage. This is needed for the massive Demolisher cannon mounted on the front of the hull, supported by thick recoil suppressors. Protected by an enormous armoured plate at the front, the Vindicator can move into position under intense enemy fire, approaching the walls of an enemy stronghold until its devastating armament is within range.

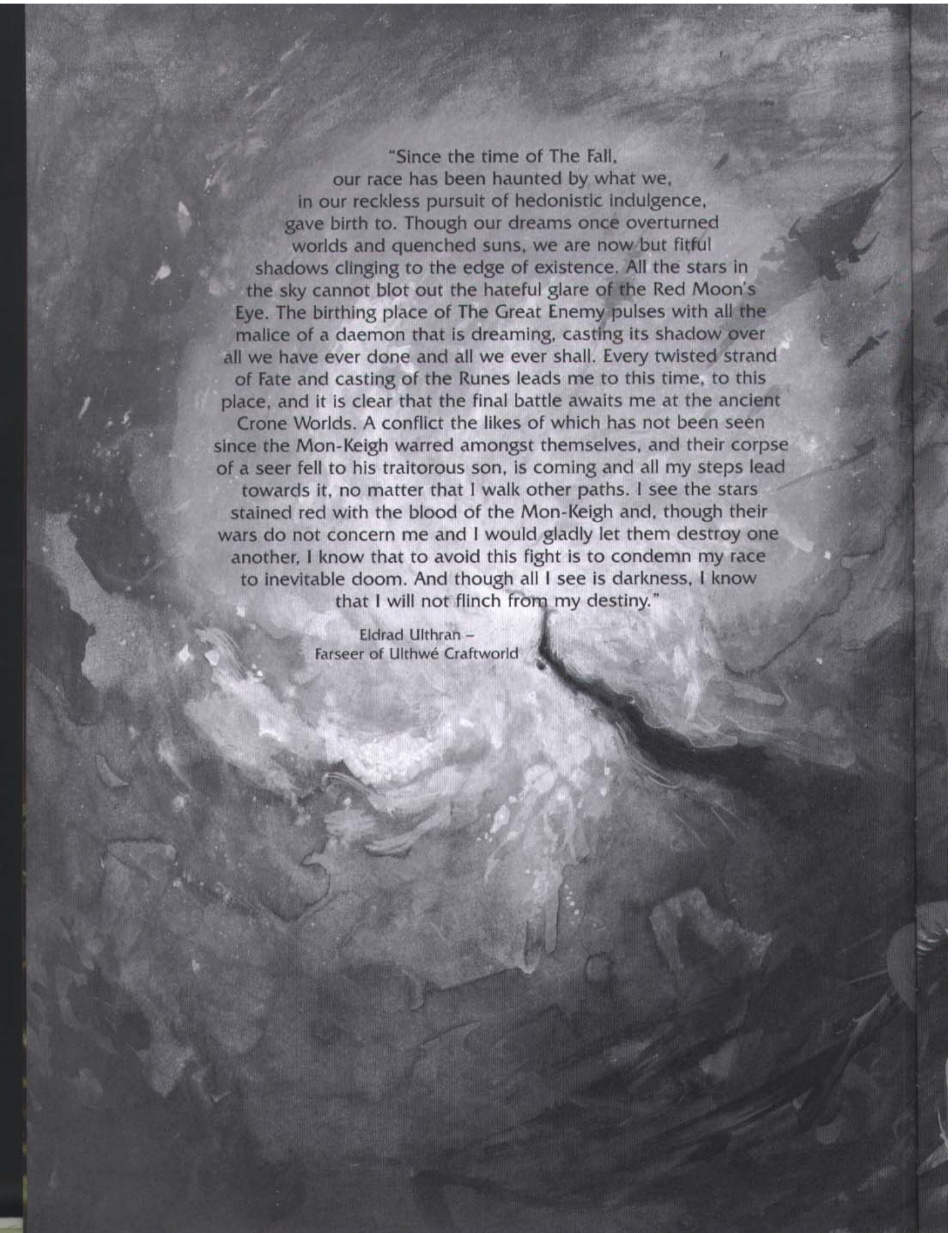
The Demolisher cannon fires a large bore shell packed with high explosives. While it lacks the range of a standard battlecannon, the Demolisher is more potent and can breach a city wall or obliterate a tank. It is ideal for levelling bunkers and fortifications, for blasting infantry out of trenches and foxholes, or for smashing through the gates of a citadel.

Chaos Vindicators were used extensively by the Traitor Legions during the Siege of the Imperial Palace, and have seen service in the Legions and with Renegade warbands all across the galaxy in the last ten thousand years. The Iron Warriors, the loyal followers of Perturabo, still field entire squadrons of Vindicators, emblazoned with Chaos symbols and adorned with the wreckage of fallen cities as trophies of victory.

During the Dominion of Fire, two Chaos Vindicators belonging to the Brothers of Anarchy spearheaded the Chaos Space Marine attack on Fortress Secundex, battering their way through its fifteen metre-thick rockcrete curtain wall over the course of three days. With a breach opened, the Brothers of Anarchy poured in, and the citadel fell within the next few hours.

		Armour		
	BS	F	S	R
Chaos Vindicator	4	13	11	10

Unit Type: Vehicle (Tank)



"Since the time of The Fall,
our race has been haunted by what we,
in our reckless pursuit of hedonistic indulgence,
gave birth to. Though our dreams once overturned
worlds and quenched suns, we are now but fitful
shadows clinging to the edge of existence. All the stars in
the sky cannot blot out the hateful glare of the Red Moon's
Eye. The birthing place of The Great Enemy pulses with all the
malice of a daemon that is dreaming, casting its shadow over
all we have ever done and all we ever shall. Every twisted strand
of Fate and casting of the Runes leads me to this time, to this
place, and it is clear that the final battle awaits me at the ancient
Crone Worlds. A conflict the likes of which has not been seen
since the Mon-Keigh warred amongst themselves, and their corpse
of a seer fell to his traitorous son, is coming and all my steps lead
towards it, no matter that I walk other paths. I see the stars
stained red with the blood of the Mon-Keigh and, though their
wars do not concern me and I would gladly let them destroy one
another, I know that to avoid this fight is to condemn my race
to inevitable doom. And though all I see is darkness, I know
that I will not flinch from my destiny."

Eldrad Ulthran –
Farseer of Ulthwé Craftworld



HISTORY OF THE CADIAN GATE

Gateway to the Eye of Terror

To fully understand the Cadian people and their way of life, it is necessary to go back ten thousand years to a time lost in legend, a time of war and blood known as the Horus Heresy. The Emperor and his progeny, the Primarchs, stood shoulder to shoulder and carved a realm amongst the stars in a time of heroes. Each Primarch led a Legion of the Emperor's finest soldiers, genetically enhanced warriors known as the Space Marines, and fought battles beyond number to liberate human space from the clutches of aliens, Chaos and all manner of terrible foes. Each of the Primarchs was a superhuman figure, gods amongst men, but like men they could also be prey to jealousy, bitterness and vanity. Such was the fate of Warmaster Horus, the Emperor's most favoured son and Primarch of the Luna Wolves.

Chaos had corrupted Horus, so subtly and gradually that he had not recognised his descent into evil until it had already consumed him. Such was Horus's skill in manipulating others to do his bidding, that he corrupted fully half of the Legions to his cause and led them in rebellion against the Emperor. As hostilities erupted, it became clear that the rot had spread much further than anyone could have believed possible, as regiment after regiment of the Imperial Guard declared for Horus. The Collegias of the Adeptus Mechanicus split apart in rebellion and entire Titan Legions unfurled banners with the blasphemous runes of the Chaos gods upon them. Horus attacked without mercy, driving the forces of his once-brother Space Marines before him. Before long, Horus's advance had breached the heart of the Emperor's realm; his warships had defeated Battlefleet Solar and smashed the lunar defences, leaving Terra virtually unprotected.



The hordes of Chaos landed on the holy soil of Terra, traitor Space Marines, shambling mutants and cultists beyond number. The battle raged for many weeks, with the death toll spiralling into the millions. Everywhere, the forces of the Emperor were pushed back, choking the halls of the Imperial Palace with dead as they fought for every yard of ground. Eventually, the traitors breached the final walls of the palace and the end looked certain. Horus was a master strategist, but it was at this point that he made a fatal error. Knowing that Imperial reinforcements in the shape of the Dark Angels and Space Wolves were nearing, he knew he had to end the siege of the Emperor's Palace soon. Horus moved his battle barge into low orbit and ordered its shields lowered. Whether this was a reckless gamble or the last of Horus's humanity surfacing will never be known, but, faced with such an opportunity, the Emperor could not afford to miss this chance to take the fight to Horus.

The Emperor and two of his most devoted Primarchs, Sanguinius of the Blood Angels and Rogal Dorn of the Imperial Fists, teleported onto Horus's flagship with their most trusted warriors. They found a craft warped by the powers of Chaos, barely recognisable as having been forged by human hands. Diabolical sorceries scattered the Emperor's force throughout the ship and when the Emperor finally came face to face with Horus, he found the Warmaster standing above the broken body of Sanguinius. The Emperor fought Horus in every way imaginable – physically, spiritually and psychically – with the war-torn planet below as the prize for the victor. The battle was long, but eventually, the Emperor was able to defeat Horus, though it was at the cost of much of his humanity. At the battle's conclusion, the Emperor's body was little more than a broken shell. Rogal Dorn found the Emperor's shattered body and returned him to Earth, whereupon he ascended to the Golden Throne that sustains his life force to this very day.

The defeated Traitor forces collapsed with the death of Horus and fled in disarray from the gates of Terra that had proved to be just beyond their grasp. Some loyalist forces rallied and gave chase, but most remained on Terra to consolidate their great victory. Many rebels were put to the sword, but the majority of the Traitor Legions escaped to the realm of space known as the Eye of Terror, that region of space where reality and insanity collide and the raw energy of the Warp pours into realspace in a swirling maelstrom. Here, the gods of Chaos rule over uncounted planets, all warped to their own evil aspects, and this is where the Traitor Legions found refuge from their pursuers, isolated from the galaxy by powerful Warp storms.

Each world within the Eye of Terror is a daemon world, warped and twisted by the whims of the gods of Chaos and the powerful daemon princes who rule them. The Traitor Legions regrouped and nurtured their hatred, planning for the day when they would wreak a terrible vengeance on those who had defied them. Within the Eye, time flows differently. Those same traitors who fought on Terra still fight in the service of their monstrous gods. They fight against each other to prove their supremacy, and against the forces of the Imperium when the Warp storms calm long enough to allow them to rampage into Imperial space. The sectors surrounding the Eye of Terror are heavily militarised to resist these invasions when they come, and none more so than Cadia, the fortress world that stands at the mouth of the one stable route leading from the Eye of Terror, the Cadian Gate.

Fortress Cadia

Cadia stands upon the one reliable route to and from the Eye of Terror and, as such, is one of the most strategically vital worlds in the Imperium. There are other routes from the Eye, but none are as stable as the Cadian Gate, and no force of any size can venture forth from the Eye without first passing through it. The exact reasons for this calm area of space is uncertain, though many believe it is due to the presence of the famous Cadian Pylons. These mysterious black monoliths dot the landscape of Cadia, and their origins have remained unexplained since Cadia was first settled by humans.

Cadia itself is a bleak, merciless and wind-blown planet, where only the strongest survive to adulthood and discipline is learned at the earliest age. Cold winds howl across wide, sundered plains where armies train with live ammunition and every day not spent training is a day wasted. Every city, or Kasr, is a fortress, with the streets and buildings fashioned with great cunning by the finest military architects. Every Cadian is taught the skills of the warrior as soon as they can walk and they are much sought after by commanders throughout the galaxy. Such a planet breeds hardy and determined warriors and the Cadian regiments have a well-deserved reputation for both honour and fighting spirit. From the earliest age, Cadians are taught to field strip a weapon with their eyes shut and tactical doctrine is taught before reading and writing. One soldier in every ten is recruited into the Interior Guard, regardless of ability or achievements, and as a result some of the most able soldiers spend their entire military service on Cadia and the soldiers of the Cadian Planetary Defence Force are amongst the most effective and skilled fighting men in the Imperium.

The pylon had been looming in our windscreen for a while now, and Fischig swept us around it, almost kissing the black stone. The moaning song of the wind as it laced through the geometries of the pylon was now so loud I could hear it over the racing turbines of the speeder.

The pylon was vast: half a kilometre high and a quarter square. The upper facing of the smooth black stone was machined with delicate craft to form holes and other round-edged orifices no bigger than a man's head. It was through these slim, two hundred and fifty metre tubes that the wind moaned and howled.

And the tubes weren't straight. They wove through the pylon like worm tunnels. Tech-magi had tried running tiny servitor probes through them to map their loops, but generally the probes didn't come back.

As we banked up higher for another pass, I could see the distant shape of the neighbouring pylon, across the moors, sixty kilometres away. Five thousand, eight hundred and ten known pylons dot the surface of Cadia, not counting the two thousand others that remain as partial ruins or buried relics.

No two are identical in design. Each one rises to a precise half kilometre height and is sunk a quarter kilometre into the ground. They predate mankind's arrival in this system, and their manner of manufacture is unknown. They are totally inert, by any auspex measure known to our race, but many believe their presence explains the quieting of the violent warp torrents that makes the Cadian Gate the single, calm, navigable route to the Ocularis Terribus.

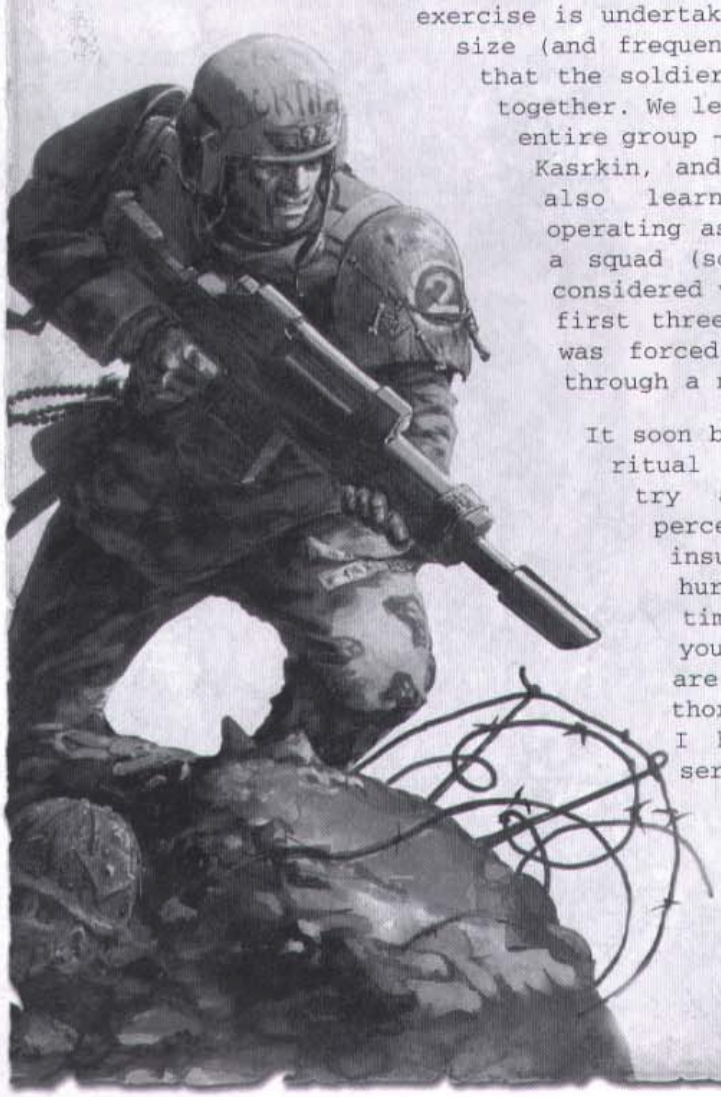
Excerpted from the novel *Malleus* by Dan Abnett.
Used courtesy of the Black Library.



The training I undertook upon my assignment to the 122nd Cadian Regiment was different from the normal activities involved in most regimental training I had thus far undergone in my career with the Imperial Commissariat. My initial surprise was the youth of my companions in the basic training program, all of whom were much, much younger than myself, the oldest being perhaps fourteen. I had heard that the Cadians began their training young, but frankly, this astonished me, though not as much as the level of competence displayed by such youngsters. At first I was indignant at being forced to train with children, but I was soon to be disabused of this notion after witnessing their fitness and skill at arms.

There were many specialised skills I needed to learn very quickly in order to operate with the Cadians, and the emphasis was very definitely on improving my stamina and overall strength. For too long I had ridden in the cupola of a Chimera and the first days of training were harder than any battle I have fought in. But I was determined to uphold the honour of my position and refused to fail. In short, after three months I could run, jump and fight for prodigious distances carrying a significant weight. Such activities required special determination and failure is not an option for troopers in the Cadian Regiments. As a newly assigned Commissar, I had to perform doubly well to earn the respect of the soldiers.

One of the biggest factors in the Cadian training program is learning to function as a team. Every challenge and exercise is undertaken in groups of at least squad size (and frequently larger) and it is crucial that the soldiers learn to operate effectively together. We learned how to move at pace as an entire group - known as speed marching in the Kasrkin, and something of an art form. We also learned the difference between operating as an individual and as part of a squad (something I had not previously considered valuable). Many times during my first three months I almost faltered and was forced to rely on my squad to get through a number of challenges.



It soon became clear to me that it is a ritual amongst the Cadian troopers to try and outperform anyone they perceive as an outsider, and this insular nature was one of the many hurdles I had to overcome in my time with the 122nd. But say what you will about the Cadians, they are amongst the strongest and most thoroughly disciplined formations I have ever had the honour of serving with.

Excerpted from the memoirs of
Commissar Kotarian Verhek,
assigned to the
122nd Cadian Regiment 963.M41

Like many sector-wide conflicts, the Gothic war began slowly, with sporadic, and seemingly insignificant, raids against smaller outposts (qv. The Arx Raid). Vessels stricken with disease were discovered adrift in the Athena Sector, along with sightings of the Chaos vessel Plagueclaw, *and Astropaths began reporting unsettling disturbances in the Warp. Panic and anarchy became widespread as fanatical sects arose, believing that the Emperor, bless his holy name, was displeased with them. Hysteria spread throughout the sector and on many worlds order broke down completely. The Imperial Navy lost several ships to 'accidents' in space dock that were subsequently blamed on poor maintenance and faulty ammunition – a rather too convenient explanation for my tastes. Three years after the first raid at Arx, the forces of the Despoiler struck.*

Abaddon's fleets struck at a dozen Imperial bases and sent the warships of Battlefleet Gothic reeling. Chaos ships attacked all across the Gothic Sector and the first inkling of Abaddon's true intentions was to come to light in the Rebo system, where one of the mysterious Blackstone Fortresses orbited the fifth planet. These massive edifices of unknown origin had been refitted to serve as bases for the ships of Battlefleet Gothic. For the first time in history, one of these fell to Abaddon's forces, and he was soon to make horrifying use of the captured base.

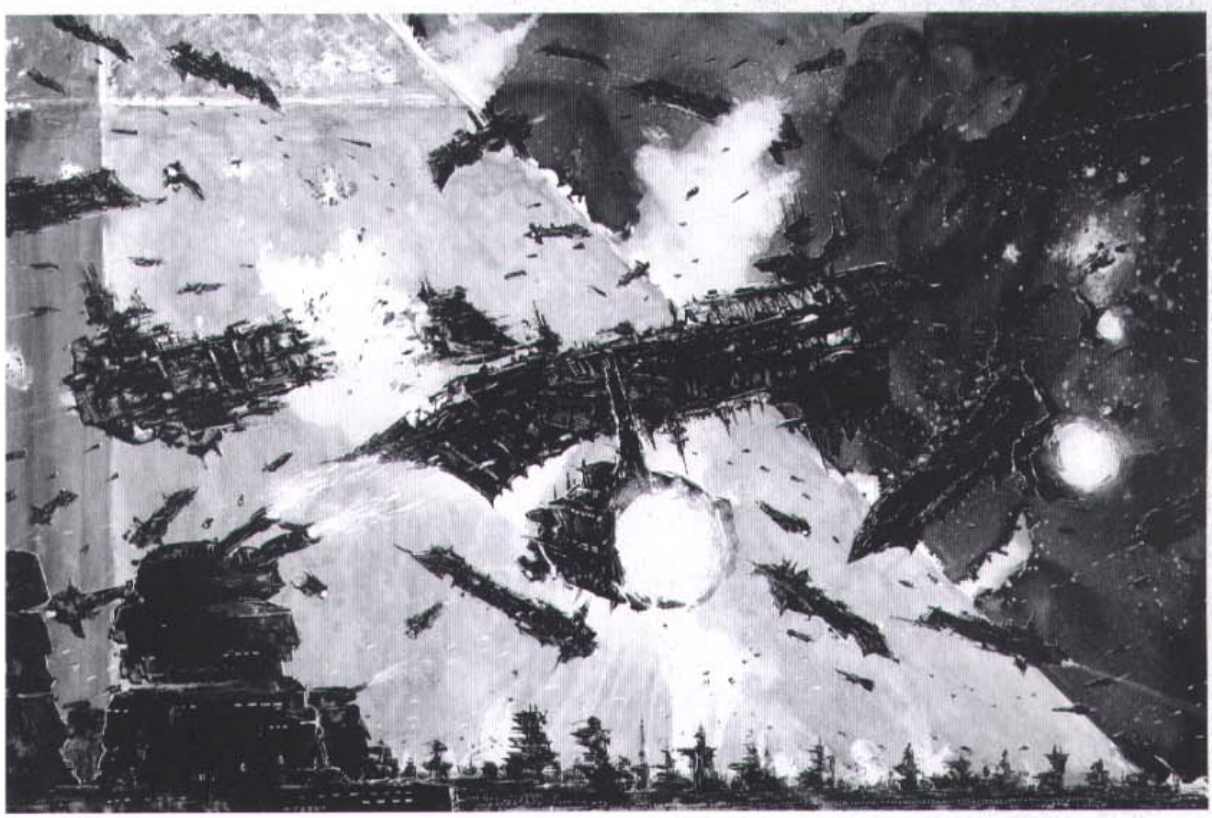
Abaddon's fleet had a devastating weapon, never before seen, named the Planet Killer. *Its name was not simply born from the arrogance of its builders, but horrifyingly well deserved, as Abaddon demonstrated at the Cardinal world of Savaven. The account of the destruction of Savaven from Jeremiah Soldagen, Savaven's orbital defence commander, still has the power to chill the soul. His description of continents splitting apart, burning skies and the planet breaking into pieces makes solemn reading indeed. Fourteen million people died within an hour and the crippling effects of this on Imperial morale should not be underestimated; many worlds were hurriedly – though unfortunately not entirely – evacuated before the* Planet Killer *arrived.*

Another Blackstone fell at Brinaga. At Fularis II, Abaddon was to terrifyingly demonstrate the true power of these ancient constructs. Exact information regarding the incident is sketchy, but evidence points to a massive energy beam being unleashed from the Blackstone Fortress that scoured Fularis II bare, stripping its atmosphere and transforming its surface into a barren, rocky plain.

Imperial forces were continually engaged throughout the sector, from the Hammerhead Deeps to the Cyclops Cluster, desperate to halt the might of the Chaos fleet. At the outset of 151.M41, Lord Admiral Ravensburg took the fight to the enemy, resulting in the clash at Gethsemane where he was able to utterly destroy a Chaos fleet of considerable size. Eldar vessels also fought in this battle, though many historians believe their role to have been minimal, whereas my researches – particularly into the actions of Captain Leoten Semper and his ship, the Lord Solar Macharius *– point to a considerable Eldar involvement in the latter stages of the war (qv. Warp Gates).*

News of this great victory invigorated the Imperial Navy and, as the Warp storms that had isolated the Gothic Sector for so long began to abate, vessels from neighbouring sectors were finally able to reinforce the Lord Admiral's bloodied fleet. Abaddon brought the full power of the Blackstones to bear on the star of Tarantis, the mustering point for ships entering the Gothic Sector, in an attempt to stem Ravensburg's reinforcements. Combining their power, the Blackstones caused the Tarantis star to explode, killing everything still within the system.

The final battle of the war was to be fought at Shindelgeist, where Blackstone V floated in the depths of space. A trap was sprung by the Lord Admiral and the Eldar, who defeated Abaddon's greatest fleet in a truly magnificent three-day battle. In an act of spite, Abaddon sought to destroy the star there also, and had it not been for the sacrifice of Captain Abridal on the Flame of Purity, *the victory would have been a hollow one. Abaddon had been defeated, though he escaped with two of his captured Blackstones, though various sources claim that they must have been destroyed. Unfortunately, this appears to be merely wishful thinking; while the ultimate fate of these immeasurably powerful artefacts is as yet unknown, I fear the Imperium will eventually rue their loss.*



The Imperial Fleet of Lord Admiral Ravensburg defeats Abaddon's forces at Shindelgeist

CREEPING DEATH

As the end of the forty-first millennium drew closer, the first signs that Abaddon's long-feared attack was imminent came in the form of numerous sightings of drifting vessels emerging from the Warp in the surrounding sectors. All were converging on the core systems of each sub sector and, while this number of space hulks was rare, it was not unheard of. System defence ships scrambled to intercept them and prevent them from reaching their systems' inhabited worlds. The vessels of the Adeptus Astartes boarded those they could, but their numbers were limited. The Space Marines found them to be twisted and disease-ridden nightmares, encrusted with all manner of necrotic matter and toxic filth. Subsequently, every such vessel encountered was destroyed with torpedoes and bombardment cannons, but for some it was already too late.

With a synchronicity that could not have been coincidence, outbreaks of virulent sickness erupted among Imperial Navy crews within a day of a reported sighting of the dreaded Chaos vessel *Plagueclaw* in the outer reaches of the Urthwart system by Captain Roark of the Dauntless class cruiser *Duke Lurstophan*. As the sickness spread throughout the region's naval forces, and the number of ships fit for duty fell exponentially, even more hulks dropped from the Warp, converging on vital strategic worlds. Ships from neighbouring sub sectors rushed to destroy the hulks and a small, ad hoc fleet was assembled at Belis Corona under the command of Admiral Quarren. The fleet surged from port and began the hunt for the *Plagueclaw*, though they were to encounter something far, far worse. In the shadow of the Frenerax Dust Cloud, the fleet was ambushed by a force of Chaos warships led by the *Terminus Est*, flagship of the Herald of Nurgle, Typhus himself. The battle was short and bloody, with several Imperial ships crippled in the opening salvo of torpedoes, while others were overrun by vile, diseased creatures that vomited forth from loathsome boarding craft. Admiral Quarren recovered well and rallied his forces superbly, counterattacking and fighting his way clear of the trap. Typhus did not pursue and the majority of Quarren's fleet was able to limp back to port. The Battle of Frenerax had been a costly disaster, but there was worse to come.

During the return journey to Belis Corona, thousands of crewmen sickened and died and only with the help of system pilots was the fleet able to dock safely. But if the situation at Belis Corona was bad, it was worse elsewhere. Many of the plague hulks had slipped through the defensive net and the same contagion that had struck down the ships' crews was spreading like wildfire through many inhabited worlds in the Cadian and Agripinaa sectors as well as those of the Belis Corona sub sector. The Hive world of Subiaco Diablo proved to be an ideal breeding ground for the unknown plague and was quickly quarantined by officers from the Officio Medicae, but not before millions had already perished. Within a month, a dozen other worlds reported cases of the plague and panic spread as transit between neighbouring sectors was halted in an effort to stem further infection.

As the epedemic spread, apocalyptic sects began appearing on every world afflicted, preaching that the Emperor's wrath had descended upon them and was a punishment for their sins of wickedness and vice. Only the faithful would be spared the Curse of Unbelief and hordes of flagellating devotees filled the streets of every world around the Eye of Terror. The continued health of these fanatics gave their words the sheen of truth and millions flocked to hear their fiery rhetoric. The plague continued to spread, but it was on Subiaco Diablo that the true horror of the plague was finally revealed. To the shock and disgust of the the planet's inhabitants, the mass graves deep in the ash plains heaved and split, the corpses of those who had perished in the plague climbing from the lime-encrusted ground. Soon millions of shambling corpses were advancing on the hive, clawing their way inside and attacking the weakened inhabitants.

Within months, plague zombies were climbing from their graves on scores of worlds throughout the Belis Corona and Agripinaa sectors, and Imperial forces were stretched to the limit in containing these abominations as well as mobs of flagellating zealots who burned medicae ward facilities to the ground in their misguided attempts to halt the plague. Paralysed by the sheer scale of the epidemic, the Naval forces in these regions were completely unprepared for the vast Chaos fleet that emerged at the edge of the Subiaco Diablo system and surged into Imperial space. The Herald of Nurgle, the Traveller, Typhus of the Death Guard had come to reap the harvest of his plague, and nothing stood ready to stop him.



THE BLACK CRUSADES OF ABADDON THE DESPOILER

Abaddon the Despoiler, the Arch Heretic whose name is a curse on a thousand worlds, once led the First Company of the Luna Wolves, and was as devoted and brave a warrior as any. The Emperor later honoured Horus's Legion by decreeing that its name be changed to the Sons of Horus, but when the Heresy erupted, it was clear that Abaddon's loyalties lay with the Warmaster. Abaddon fought at the forefront of the war, zealously tearing asunder that which he had once helped conquer in the name of the Emperor. Abaddon was Horus's most favoured warrior and it was rumoured that he was in fact the Warmaster's clone son. When the final battle of the Heresy came, Abaddon was fighting on another part of the Warmaster's battle barge, though he felt the psychic shockwave of Horus's death resonate through the Warp and his scream of anguish plunged him deeper into madness than any mortal should ever fall. He fought his way to the bridge and found the corpse of his beloved Warmaster, taking the lightning claw from Horus's wrist for his own.

Though every instinct screamed at Abaddon to wreak his vengeance, he knew that the forces left to him were not enough to win the day. Horus's last gamble had failed and the war was over. Taking command of the battle barge, Abaddon led the retreat to the Eye of Terror, assuming command of the Sons of Horus and renaming them the Black Legion. Abaddon vanished into the Eye of Terror and entered the realms of dark legend. Decades passed before Abaddon was to return, surging from the Eye at the head of a massive army and smashing aside the defenders to pour forth into Imperial space. For a time, it looked as though Abaddon would succeed in breaking through the defences around the Eye of Terror, and only the combined might of several Space Marine Chapters and the Titan Legions finally halted this first of Abaddon's Black Crusades.

Since that day, there have been eleven separate Black Crusades, ranging from small raids to sector-spanning conflicts that have cost the lives of millions of Imperial soldiers. On the world of El'Phanor, the Despoiler exterminated the kin of the Kromarch and on Mackan, Abaddon earned the eternal hatred of the Blood Angels when he slew their warriors and violated their flesh. Beneath the Tower of Silence on Uralan, Abaddon was led to the daemon sword Drach'nyen by a golden-skinned stranger and with this cursed item, carved himself a realm of diabolical evil within the Eye of Terror before plunging the Gothic sector into war. Once more the Imperium was victorious, but the cost of victory was high and two of the Blackstone Fortress, powerful weapons created in ancient times by long-forgotten hands, were lost to the Despoiler. Numerous other incursions, too scattered and random to be called Black Crusades have plagued the Cadian Sector and there can be no respite while this most evil of heretics still lives.

Now, dire portents wax nigh and even the most blinkered cannot fail to see a pattern emerging in the attacks in the sectors surrounding the Eye of Terror. The Emperor's Tarot regularly displays powerful cards representing war and death on an apocalyptic scale, and Astropaths report horrifying visions of torrents of blood raining from the sky to drown the Imperium of Man. Even the Eldar, aloof and cruel aliens, have given warning of the rise of a Great Uniter, as deep within the anarchy of the Eye of Terror, ancient feuds have been set aside in the face of Abaddon's leadership. Bitter hatreds, such as that between the World Eaters and the Emperor's Children following the Battle of Skalathrax, have been quelled and even the Alpha Legion and the Word Bearers share an uneasy peace. Binding oaths and debts have been called to account and a force, the likes of which has not been seen since the Horus Heresy, has been assembled, ready to strike the Imperium like a thunderbolt.



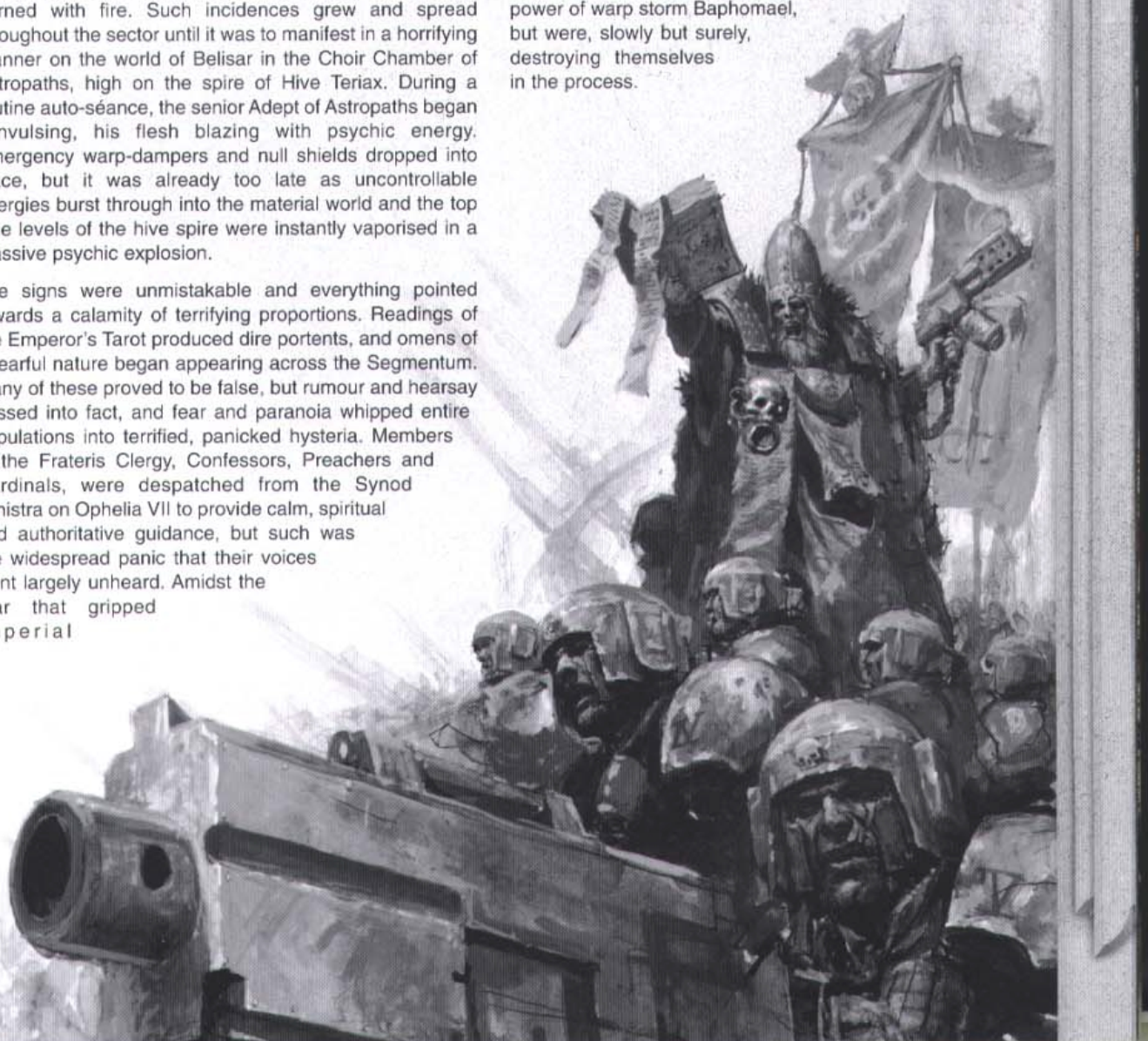
THE THIRTEENTH CRUSADE OF ABADDON THE DESPOILER

As the plague known as the Curse of Unbelief swept through many Imperial worlds throughout the Belis Corona and Agripinaa sectors, cults preaching that the Imperium had forsaken the teachings of the Emperor grew in numbers. Decrying the sufferers' sickness as just punishment for their wickedness, they claimed that only in the flames and purgation of pain could the cure be found, and they would provide both. On Malin's Reach and Lelithar, Imperial rule all but broke down as the plague crippled the authorities' ability to contain the zealots and screaming demagogues who whipped the mobs into a frenzy of destruction and self-mutilation. Naval facilities and symbols of Imperial rule were openly attacked and over the following weeks, mob rule virtually replaced that of the Administratum on many outlying worlds.

Such vast outpourings of zeal and bloodshed echoed in the Warp, stirring the already volatile Immaterium into new and violent life. The fringes of Warp Storm Baphomael expanded to engulf the edges of the Cadian system and Astropaths based at Kasr Partox reported terrible visions depicting vast plains of mutilated bodies and worlds burned with fire. Such incidences grew and spread throughout the sector until it was to manifest in a horrifying manner on the world of Belisar in the Choir Chamber of Astropaths, high on the spire of Hive Teriax. During a routine auto-séance, the senior Adept of Astropaths began convulsing, his flesh blazing with psychic energy. Emergency warp-dampers and null shields dropped into place, but it was already too late as uncontrollable energies burst through into the material world and the top nine levels of the hive spire were instantly vaporised in a massive psychic explosion.

The signs were unmistakable and everything pointed towards a calamity of terrifying proportions. Readings of the Emperor's Tarot produced dire portents, and omens of a fearful nature began appearing across the Segmentum. Many of these proved to be false, but rumour and hearsay passed into fact, and fear and paranoia whipped entire populations into terrified, panicked hysteria. Members of the Frateris Clergy, Confessors, Preachers and Cardinals, were despatched from the Synod Ministra on Ophelia VII to provide calm, spiritual and authoritative guidance, but such was the widespread panic that their voices went largely unheard. Amidst the fear that gripped Imperial citizens, almost lost among all the other incidences of terror and bloodshed, unknown raiders attacked the outlying Agri-world of Dentor. The crew of a bulk freighter delivering agricultural machinery discovered this atrocity, finding entire communities butchered like livestock and the landscape burned. Nothing was taken and no motive could be ascertained. No more could be done and the report was buried under the more pressing matters that continued to prey upon Segmentum authorities.

On Cadia itself, the Adepts tasked with the study of the ancient pylons became aware of a new and unsettling development. The pylons, which had until now been utterly inert, began resonating with an almost imperceptible vibration. Research teams were immediately despatched to investigate and their findings were disturbing to say the least. Microscopic stress fractures were developing along the previously impenetrable surfaces of the pylons and all were resonating at an amplitude similar to that produced by a Gellar Field, the invisible energy field that shields a starship travelling through the Warp. The pylons appeared to be fighting to hold back the power of warp storm Baphomael, but were, slowly but surely, destroying themselves in the process.



Disintegration

Yet more reports of brutal raids filtered back to Segmentum command, echoing the savagery of the attack on Dentor. Isolated settlements in the Sarlax and Amistel systems fell to the mysterious raiders, with each attack more vicious and bloodthirsty than the last. Naval patrols attempted to police the space around the eastern reaches of the Agripinaa sector, but their resources were stretched thinly as it was.

Following yet another raid, this time against an Imperial research facility on Malin's Reach, the 31st Destroyer Squadron (Deathbringers) operating out of Demios Binary was attacked and destroyed by unknown ambushers.

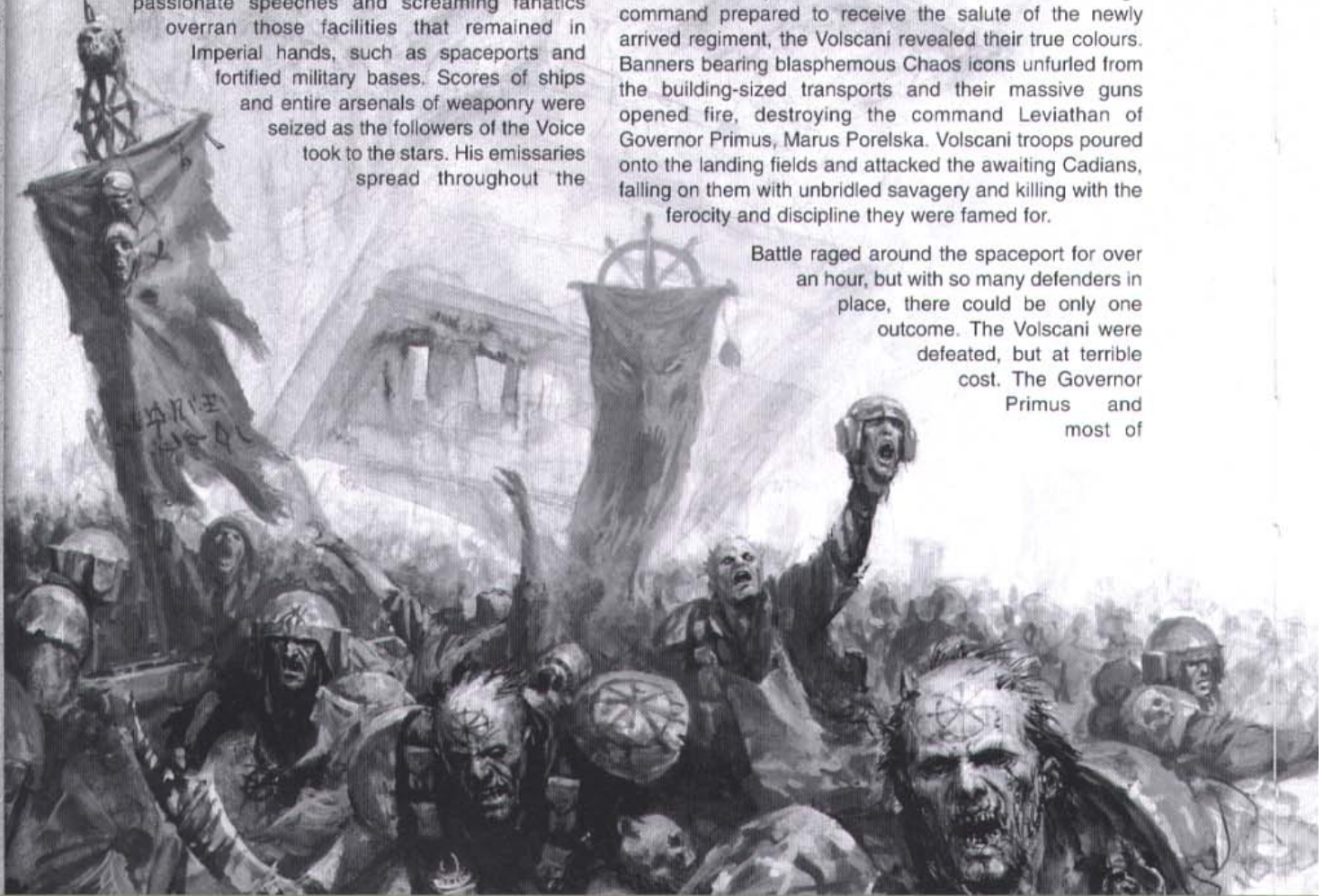
External pict-capture recovered by salvage teams recorded confused images of what appeared to be twisted and perverted variants of Space Marine vessels attacking the Cobra class destroyers, and internal logs, though fragmentary, showed boarders in blue and gold armour butchering the crew. As the attacks continued, the Navy pulled all its ships back to port and Tactical Strategos identified a pattern in the attacks that appeared to be moving inexorably inwards from the eastern sub sectors and directly towards Cadia.

As Naval forces in the Agripinaa sector retreated to their bases, yet more disaster was to befall the beleaguered Imperial forces. On Lelithar, a powerful figure arose amongst the raving cults and fanatics, proclaiming himself the Voice of the Emperor. An orator of fearsome skill, this mysterious individual roused entire populations with his passionate speeches and screaming fanatics overran those facilities that remained in Imperial hands, such as spaceports and fortified military bases. Scores of ships and entire arsenals of weaponry were seized as the followers of the Voice took to the stars. His emissaries spread throughout the sector, and cults of the Voice emerged on Yayor, Amistel, Albitern and even amongst the inmates of the prison world of Bar-el. As destructive as the Cults of the Voice were, they spurred a battered Imperium into life, preachers and missionaries of the Missionarus Galaxia spreading through the affected regions and decrying the evil of the anti Imperial cult. Imperial faith rose like a phoenix from the flames and furious battles erupted between the followers of the Voice and pious servants of the Emperor. Far from destroying the faith of these sectors, there was a resurgence of vows of piety. Imperial assassins and kill-teams were despatched to terminate the leader of this cult, though none were ever seen again. Only one garbled communication, from a lone Vindicare Assassin, gives a clue to identity of the Voice of the Emperor; a hooded figure carrying a sword and a pair of exquisite pistols.

Betrayal on Cadia

Despite disintegrating Imperial rule throughout the sectors surrounding the Eye of Terror, Cadia remained a disciplined centre of control. To combat the increasing frequency and scale of Chaos activities, the military high command ordered that every Shock Troop regiment muster on Cadia. Hundreds of extra landing fields were constructed at Kasr Tyrok and the infrastructure required to support such a muster gathered from Kasr Holn, Helotas and Fremas. Millions of soldiers had already been assembled when the Volscani regiment, considered by many to be the most hardened fighters in the sector, landed on Cadia. Vast dropships brought Leviathan command transports onto Cadian soil and as the high command prepared to receive the salute of the newly arrived regiment, the Volscani revealed their true colours. Banners bearing blasphemous Chaos icons unfurled from the building-sized transports and their massive guns opened fire, destroying the command Leviathan of Governor Primus, Marus Porelska. Volscani troops poured onto the landing fields and attacked the awaiting Cadians, falling on them with unbridled savagery and killing with the ferocity and discipline they were famed for.

Battle raged around the spaceport for over an hour, but with so many defenders in place, there could be only one outcome. The Volscani were defeated, but at terrible cost. The Governor Primus and most of



the ranking officers were dead and what was left of the Cadian command structure struggled to maintain order. As the last scattered pockets of resistance were hunted down, the Lord Castellan, Ursarkar Creed, took over the reeling Cadian forces, quickly restoring a measure of command and control following the atrocity. As Ursarkar Creed fought on the bloody fields of Kasr Tyrok, the most trusted advisor to the Governor Secundus collapsed deep inside the fortress of Kasr Vazan, his body bloating and rotting in a manner all too familiar to the chirurgeons of the Cadian Sector. The Kasrkin reacted with admirable speed, but it was too late for the troopers of Kasr Vazan and within an hour, the entire fortress was declared Unclean and sealed forever.

The Calm before the Storm

There could be no doubt now that a major incursion from the Eye of Terror was imminent, and the newly-instated Governor Primus, Ursarkar Creed, ordered the Cadian forces to dig in, strengthening their defences, stockpiling munitions, war materiel and food and water. Hurried pleas for aid from forces beyond the Cadian Sector were despatched with the highest authentication codes and within days, missives from the Space Wolves and a number of other Chapters of Space Marines arrived, pledging warriors and naval assets to join the fight. Regimental musters were begun in scores of nearby sectors as the Administratum reacted to the threat with a haste unheard of in such a monolithic organisation. Imperial forces were gathering, but it would be many weeks, if not months before enough strength could be gathered. In addition, an unconfirmed report of a fortress monastery afloat on a massive bedrock was filed by Captain Urquarn of the Gothic class cruiser, *Abridal's Glory*, but many of the ship's crew were suffering from fatigue from long tours of duty and his report was dismissed as the hallucinations of an over-tired crew.

In addition to this, Cobra squadrons patrolling the edges of the Eye of Terror filed numerous sightings of Eldar ships, though the Navy was unable to engage the aliens, as their speed soon carried them beyond weapons' range. Fleet command was at first alarmed by these reports, but the Eldar ships seemed more concerned with flight than combat and there were no reported engagements between the two forces. Hurried investigations of the worlds the Eldar were abandoning revealed them to be unusually verdant, with strange, xeno constructions that Astropaths divined to be warp gates that had been recently, and permanently, sealed. Why the Eldar would abandon these worlds and seal off their precious warp gates was just one mystery amongst hundreds that had surfaced in the preceding months and there were not the resources to investigate fully.

As the Cadian forces prepared for the inevitable attack, yet more assaults from the unknown raiders hit the Tabor and Ulthor systems, but this time vessels of the Imperial Navy were in position to counterattack. Three squadrons of Cobra Destroyers in conjunction with the Lunar class cruiser, *Goliath*, pursued the attackers into the Faberius Straits and in a fearsome battle, crippled the Styx class cruiser, *Darkblood*. The engagement cost the Navy most of the Cobras and the *Goliath* was severely damaged, but at last the attackers had been identified. The *Darkblood* was codified as being attached to the Night Lords warleader, Tarraq Darkblood, one of the most vicious killers in a Legion replete with sadistic butchers. Before Imperial reinforcements could arrive, a huge force of Chaos warships were picked up on long-range augers, and the surviving Imperial vessels were forced to withdraw, limping to the safety of the nearby port of Aurent.

The Storm Breaks

As part of the constant vigil around the Eye of Terror, highly trained units of Kasrkin were pushed into the swirling maelstrom, desperate to find some indication of where the first blow would land. Astropathic divination pointed towards the blighted world of Urthwart, where a massive force was believed to be gathering. Urthwart was a world taken by Chaos, its population enslaved and sacrificed to the dark gods. The Kasrkin found nothing alive on Urthwart, merely death and hideous plague zombies infected with the Curse of Unbelief. But as the Kasrkin prepared to withdraw, frantic vox communication from their ships in orbit reported numerous vessels advancing on Urthwart from the Eye of Terror. The Kasrkin fell back to their dropships and attempted to return to their carriers, but it was already too late. The Imperial ships were either crippled or had been forced to disengage and make for Cadia. There was to be no escape and the Cadians were stranded on Urthwart as a massive vessel, larger than the most gargantuan capital ship approached them: the Planet Killer.

Oblivious to their fate, the Cadians could do nothing as the incomprehensible power of the Planet Killer was unleashed in a devastating lance of energy that bored through the planet's crust and sundered the very bedrock. The land split and the planet's core exploded, breaking Urthwart into spinning pieces of molten rock. The death of Urthwart echoed in the Warp, blowing out the encroaching warp storms, and every telepath within a thousand light years felt its death scream. As Urthwart collapsed in on itself, a Chaos fleet of hundreds of warships and hulking transports surged from the depths of the Eye of Terror towards Cadia. The diseased *Plagueclaw* and *Terminus Est*, along with a massive flotilla of plague hulks, emerged in the Subiaco Diablo system and began heading deep into the pestilence-wracked sector. Alongside the Chaos fleet, and guarded by the Despoiler class battleships *Merciless Death* and *Fortress of Agony*, came two hideously altered Blackstone Fortresses. Where once they had served the Imperium as Naval bases, they now resembled twisted and mutated cathedrals, dedicated only to blood and death.

Naval patrols, forewarned by the surviving Astropaths on Belisar, fell back before the tide of corrupted vessels, desperately calling for aid from neighbouring sectors. The ban on transit between sectors was still in force and precious hours were wasted as Naval captains fought to overcome the bureaucracy of the Officio Medicae who attempted to prevent them from press-ganging their crews back into service. Those ships that could be mustered

gathered in the Ormantep system under the command of Admiral Pulaski, ready to fight and die to give the defenders on Cadia whatever time they could buy with their lives. Unlike many other naval battles, there was no jockeying for advantageous position by the foes. The Chaos fleet obviously intended to batter its way through the Imperial Navy and the two fleets clashed in the shadow of the Ilthirium Belt, a mineral rich asteroid field plundered by the mining hulks of Ormantep.

Battle was joined and the horrendously outnumbered loyalist fleet fought in the grand tradition of the Imperial Navy, with courage, honour and steadfastness. A dozen vessels were crippled in the opening moments of the battle, either by wave after wave of torpedoes or constant attack runs of Doomfire bombers, but the rest of the fleet fought on. As both fleets intermingled and the battle became a desperate, close quarters engagement, with horrific damage being inflicted on both sides, a portion of the Chaos fleet split from the main battle and surged past the heavily engaged Navy towards the Agripinaa sector. For long hours the two fleets pounded one another, and all hope seemed lost when Admiral Pulaski's flagship, *Honour and Duty*, was destroyed in a catastrophic plasma drive explosion. The Imperial defenders had commended their souls to the Emperor when several Chaos warships that had assumed blocking positions suddenly exploded as the warships of Battlefleet Agripinaa caught the Chaos fleet off guard. Led by Admiral Quarren, the newly arrived Imperial reinforcements cleared a path for the beleaguered Navy to disengage from the battle and withdraw to Demios Binary.

Quarren had saved what remained of the fleet, but in doing so had left the way clear for the splinter fleet of Chaos vessels to breach the defences of the Agripinaa sector. With little or nothing to prevent the Chaos ships from entering each planet's orbit, the systems of the Agripinaa sector were wide open to attack by the diseased followers of the Plague God. Soon the worlds of this and the Belis Corona sub sector became nightmare visions of hell, mud, horror and war. On Amistel Majoris, cursed Plague Marines of Nurgle landed and decimated much of the local defence forces before the forces of the Drookian Fen Guard were able to effect planetfall and bolster the embattled defenders. Plague took many hundreds of lives and the once verdant fields of this prosperous world were reduced to desolate, corpse choked plains, with bodies piled ten deep in every crater. Colonel Pertaj orchestrated a masterful defence, devising a cunning series of trench systems to confound the foe and lead them into deadly fire traps. But the colonel never lived to see his defences in action as the plague struck him down before the first major engagement of the war. Space Marines from the Howling Griffons Chapter fought their way through the Chaos blockade, escorting the ships of the Legio Astorum, to man the defences as the first wave of attackers struck. Only the Space Marines, with their blessed power armour and Titans could survive the toxin-ridden battlefields of this plague front and the normally lightning fast warfare practiced by the warriors of the Adeptus Astartes bogged down into gruelling trench fighting. Both sides fed their forces into the meat grinder of battle, neither willing to surrender the world to the other.

On Lelithar, the originating world of the Voice, Imperial Guard soldiers of the Jouran Dragoons, together with Warlord Titans of the Legio Ignatum landed at Gorgosa and laid siege to the captured Imperial palace, said to be the operational headquarters of the Voice. The resultant siege decimated much of Lelithar's capital city and cost the lives of millions of people as the city's populace rose to fight the soldiers of the Imperial Guard. Supported by the Death Spectres Chapter, the siege continues to grind mercilessly towards an uncertain conclusion.

Plague swept across the face of every world and as many soldiers fell to disease as to the weapons of the enemy. In space, Admiral Quarren led the battered fleet in a fighting retreat back to Cadia and stationed it in a defensive posture in conjunction with the three Ramilies class star forts in orbit. The Chaos fleet advanced towards Cadia, stopping only to allow the Blackstone Fortresses to scour Demios Binary to a barren rock. Lightning arcs of incandescent energies razed the planet's surface bare, killing millions of Imperial servants and destroying every structure in a matter of hours. Chaos vessels quickly overwhelmed the orbital defences of Solar Mariatus, the outermost planet of the Cadian system, and hundreds of dropships carrying traitor regiments of Volscani Cataphracts descended to the surface, attacking the mining outposts and capturing the valuable ore refineries from the defending units of the Cadian 23rd.

Here, the traitor forces established a forward base of operations from which to launch attacks throughout the system. St. Josmane's Hope fell soon after, the inmates of this military prison rising up against their gaolers as the first waves of the Violators renegade Space Marines attacked. Brutal, close-quarters fighting erupted all across the continent-sized prison and many of the guards kept a bullet for themselves rather than be taken by the frenzied inmates. Welcoming the traitor forces as liberators, the inmates were to be horrifyingly disabused of this notion as those allowed to live were instead taken as slaves for the Chaos fleet or conscripted into its armies. Enemy ships spread throughout the Cadian system, several being picked off by shadowy Eldar vessels that vanished as mysteriously as they arrived, but the bulk of the Chaos fleet advanced directly on Cadia.

Admiral Quarren had done what he could, but the overwhelming Chaos fleet could not be stopped and after three days of hard fighting, the majority of his ships had been either crippled or destroyed. Those vessels that could escape fled to the Forge world of Kantrael in an attempt to refit and rearm in time to make a difference, but there were precious few of them. A single Ramilies star fort fell to the invaders, the remaining two managing to overload their reactors and self-destruct before the enemy could consolidate their hold upon them. With the space around Cadia secured, orbital bombardments hammered the planet's surface and, one by one, the defence batteries were silenced. Hundreds of cargo hulks moved into orbit and disgorged swarms of landing craft that streaked through the planet's upper atmosphere.

The invasion of Cadia had begun.

To: Lord Inquisitor Goreden,
Ordo Xenos, Nemesis Tessera
From: Interrogator Kieras, Clearance Omicron
Subject : Ahriman of the Thousand Sons
Priority: Ultra High, immediate action requested.

Received: 999.M41
Message Format: Telepathic
Astropathic Duct: Chima Lomas
Thought for the Day: Wisdom is the beginning of fear.

Honoured Inquisitor, allow me to introduce myself to you. My name is Ferdan Kieras, a loyal servant of the God-Emperor and former pupil of Inquisitor Czevak. It has been both my pleasure and honour to serve the honourable Inquisitor for nearly five decades in an investigative capacity, seeking out information as well as undertaking other, more esoteric missions involving xeno creatures. As sign of my truth, I urge you to seek counsel from the Biologis at Nemesis Tessera and verify the gene sequence data attached to this message. But now to the substance of this missive.

It is with heavy heart I bring to your attention the disappearance of my master. I fear a terrible fate has befallen him, and it was his instruction that in such circumstances, I should contact you and seek guidance. It had long been a dread to my master that the being known as Ahriman of the Thousand Sons discover his whereabouts and force him to reveal hidden knowledge imparted to him by the Eldar. To fully understand the dire implications of this, I must unfortunately reveal to you much knowledge that should best remain secret.

As I am sure you are aware, Ahriman was once a Librarian in the Thousand Sons Legion of Space Marines, and under the tutelage of his Primarch, Magnus the Red, learned much of the ways of sorcery. In time his mastery of blasphemous magicks was almost the equal of his cyclopean Primarch and his knowledge of forbidden lore corrupted him beyond redemption. The Thousand Sons were also tainted and Ahriman realised that the Legion would soon be reduced to little more than gibbering monstrosities. He conceived a great spell to save the Legion, called the Rubric of Ahriman. Its energies were more powerful than he could possibly have anticipated and its effects on the Thousand Sons devastating. Only those with sorcererous powers were spared its effect, while the remainder of the Legion were reduced to dust within their sealed suits of armour, becoming little more than fighting automatons. Enraged with Ahriman's betrayal, Magnus cast him out and since that day, Ahriman has sought ever more powerful artefacts to increase his understanding of the Warp.

One source of lore that has always eluded him is the Black Library, a vast repository of ancient secrets collated by the Eldar and gathered together in a hidden place, unknown to the eyes of Man. Only those pure of heart and with the strength of mind to comprehend the scale of such awful knowledge may enter this place and sup from its wisdom, and my master was one such individual. Ahriman has long sought Inquisitor Czevak in order to wrest the location of the Black Library from his mind, but through cunning and machination, my master has thus far eluded his nemesis. But recent developments lead me to believe that the dread sorcerer has finally caught up with him. A Savant in my employ, having accessed secret files of the Ordo Malleus regarding Ahriman, was recently found dead, and psychometric readings revealed an individual who could be none other than Ahriman himself as his killer. A number of other incidents, at first glance unconnected, but upon further scrutiny linked in the subtlest of ways, all point to the same dire conclusion. My master's last contact was in the region of space known as the Sentinel Worlds and it is here that I shall begin my search. I shall investigate further, but it seems clear to me that Ahriman of the Thousand Sons has ensnared Inquisitor Czevak.

If this proves to be the case, then I urge you to use whatever power you can bring to bear on this matter and despatch all force that can be gathered to hunt down this heretic sorcerer and stop him before he achieves whatever nefarious plan he intends to implement.

Yours in desperate need,

Kieras

Interrogator Kieras.

Sweet merciful Emperor, the secrets of the Black Library unlocked by the sorcerer of the Red Cyclops! Better that Czevak has perished to some foul xeno creature than fall into his clutches. I shall mobilise the 34th Gudrunite Rifles and petition the Chapter Master of the Iron Hands for his warriors' aid.

I pray I am not too late.

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Humanity`s Shield

Chapters involved in the defence of Cadia

With the forces of Abaddon the Despoiler flooding through the Cadian Gate, the Imperium's defences are hard-pressed to stem the tide of Chaos threatening to overwhelm them. But, amongst the defenders stand at least twenty Space Marine Chapters: the very finest warriors in all the armies of Mankind. Scriveners Haines and Hoare report from the front lines on a setection of the Space Marine Chapters standing resolute before the invasion.

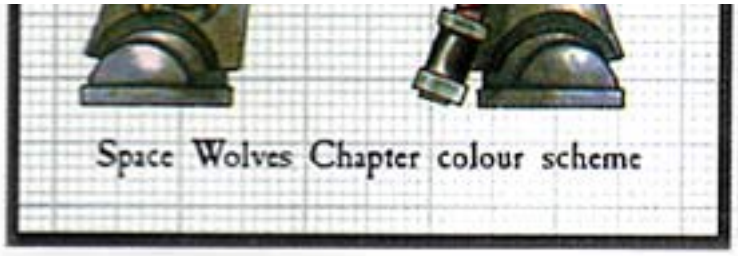
Untold thousands of Imperial Guardsmen man the defences of the fortress worlds of the Cadian Gate. Though they stand before the teeming hordes of Chaos with courage and honour, they are but men, and subject to the limitations of a man's flesh. There is however, another force set before the Despoiler, though they number but one warrior for every battalion of Imperial Guard. The superhuman Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes stand above the rank and file of Humanity, ready to sacrifice all in the name of the immortal God-Emperor of Mankind.

Space Wolves



When the Governor Primus of Cadia sent out his plea for aid to the sectors surrounding the Cadian Gate, the Space Wolves were amongst the first to answer. Mobilising his entire chapter, Logan Grimnar, the Space Wolves' Chapter Master, recalled every one of his twelve Great Companies from whatever missions they were engaged upon, and set course for the Cadian Gate. Grimnar arrived at Cadia at the head of a grand fleet consisting of the ships of five of the Great Companies, and wasted no time in calling for a council of war with the Governor Primus and the Lord Castellan of Cadia.

The council decided that the skills of the Space Wolves would be best utilised by dispatching individual Great Companies to specific areas, where they could respond as and when a threat appeared. Grimnar's own Great Company attached itself to the fleet of Admiral Quarren and



first saw action within weeks of their arrival at the battle of Ormantep. It is reported that Grimnar's Rune Priests had forewarned him of the intervention of the legendary, long-lost Space Wolves 13th Great Company at the ground battle for the listening station that preceded the space battle. The Great Wolf himself would not be drawn to comment on the matter, and no trace of the 13th Company was discovered.

When the full force of Abaddon's Black Crusade broke, Grimnar and his Great Company fought alongside Quarren as the fleet attempted to forestall the invasion of Cadia. The last confirmed contact with Grimnar reported that his Great Company was set to attempt planetfall on Cadia as the last of the orbilal defences fell. Whether or not the action was successful is not yet clear, but it is known that the Old Wolf's fleet withdrew to Kantrael alongside Admiral Quarren's ships without the warriors of the 1st Great Company.

Howling Griffons

Seven of the eight companies dispatched by the Howling Griffons are currently engaged in a gruelling trench-war on Amistel Majoris. Having broken through the Plague Fleet blockading the world, the 2nd to 8th Companies arrived in time to bolster the Drookian Fen Guard, who were suffering horrific losses to the hell-spawned epidemics unleashed by the traitor forces facing them. Within days, the Howling Griffons and the Legio Astorum Titans were the only force able to man the extensive defences constructed by the Drookians. Any warrior caught in the open and not protected by power armour when the plague winds hit could be sure of an excruciating death, and an eternity of servitude as a plague zombie in Nurgle's legions.

The 1st Company of the Howling Griffons, including Chapter Master Alvaro, are currently based on the battle barge Force of Destiny, and are engaged persecuie a company of Night Lords under the command of the infamous Daemon Prince Periclitor, It is widely known that the Howling Griffons harbour a particularly deep hatred of this Daemon Prince. While that hatred serves the greater needs of the Imperium's defence against the forces of Chaos, no other authority has sought to question Alvaro's actions.



Death Spectres

When an apparently small-scale cult uprising on Lelithar turned into



bloody revolt, the Lelithar Planetary Defence Force found itself unable to challenge the leader of the rebellion, a shadowy individual referred to as 'The Voice' by his followers.

The Imperium's response to the uprising was swift and brutal. Three companies of the Death Spectres Chapter, alongside the Imperial Guard of the Jouran 146th Regiment and the Titans of the Legio Ignatum, carried out the Gorgosa Landings, encircling and laying siege to the world's capital. Within weeks, concentric lines of trenches and gun positions circumvallated the city. Hundreds of square miles of minefields were laid, and the entire area riddled with razor wire.

As the siege grinds on, the Death Spectres are adopting a fluid style of warfare allowing their jump pack equipped Assault squads to react quickly to any gains the Imperial Guard can force. In this manner they have succeeded in infiltrating a number of breaches in the massive city walls, carrying out sabotage missions deep within the citadel before withdrawing under the cover of another assault. However, despite these successes, the Siege of Gorgosa shows no sign of immediate conclusion, and the Death Spectres are set to remain engaged on Lelithar indefinitely.

Subjugators

The Subjugators Chapter despatched three companies direct to Cadia within days of receiving word that the Despoiler had returned, vowing that the remainder of the chapter's resources would be mustered as soon as was possible. The chapter arrived aboard two mighty battle barges just as the Chaos fleet was commencing the invasion of Cadia. The Subjugators threw themselves straight into the conflict, during which the 3rd Company distinguished itself by triggering the reactor overload that destroyed one of the Ramilies star forts orbiting Cadia, at the very moment the forces of Chaos gained control over it. Only a handful of the 3rd Company escaped the subsequent explosion, but their heroic sacrifice undoubtedly saved the lives of many thousands of Imperial defenders on the surface of Cadia, who would otherwise have found themselves facing the might of the fort's guns.

Dark Angels and the Unforgiven

All the so-called 'Unforgiven' Chapters are known to be heavily active throughout every warzone around the Eye of Terror, though they are not fighting as part of any coordinated defensive strategy, and do not acknowledge the authority of anyone other than Azrael, the Grand Master of the Dark Angels.



The Dark Angels are based upon a massive, space-borne fortress monastery built upon a continent-sized fragment of their destroyed home world of Caliban. This mighty vessel has been sighted on a

number of occasions, in widely separated areas of space. The chapter is a secretive and shadowy force, and the nature of their base is the subject of myth and legend. Thus, the scattered reports of it have, in most instances, been dismissed as the ravings of over-stretched and over-tired ships' crews.


Dark Angels Chapter colour scheme

The battles in which the Dark Angels and the other Unforgiven Chapters have taken a hand appear unconnected to Imperial Strategics, and unconcerned with the needs of other Imperial forces. Others have pointed out that the Unforgiven are, as they have done many times in their history, pursuing a strategy of their own. The only pattern noted to date is that a large number of actions have been fought in the vicinity of the ruins of Caliban, though the nature of the enemy, and the objective is as yet unclear.

Doom Eagles

Upon arriving at the Cadian Gate, the Doom Eagles Chapter dispatched forces to a number of warzones, notably areas that had already suffered terribly at the hands of Chaos. The largest of these detachments, under the command of Captain Luctus of the 3rd Company, is currently involved in operations within the Belis Corona sub-sector, where the notoriously pious chapter are battling those who have fallen to the Curse of Unbelief. Only those without the strength of faith to resist are afflicted by the plague, and it has been noted that not a single Doom Eagles battle-brother has been touched by its blight.



The Doom Eagles have proven effective in combating the plague zombies infesting many worlds of the sub-sector, though, typically for this aloof chapter, they have refused all offers of support in consolidating these successes.

Marines Exemplar

Led by their Chapter Master, Commander Maxim Absolon, the Marines Exemplar committed all but a single reserve company to the defence of the Cadian Gate early in the conflict, arriving less than a week after the Space Wolves Chapter. Accepting Grimnar as the more



experienced commander, Absolon allowed his companies to be deployed according to the Great Wolf's strategy, which saw them despatched across all the warzones to bolster those defences most in danger of falling.

Tragically, Absolon was lost in the opening phase of the conflict, as his company attempted to extract the senior staff of an Astropathic way station before the forces of the Despoiler overwhelmed the jungle moon on which it was located. The 5th Columnus, a Traitor Imperial Guard unit led by the demagogue, Colonel Jobe, were making a push towards the Belis Corona system, but had first to secure the jungle moon. Greatly outnumbered, Absolon led his force in a desperate breakout, and although the majority of the company escaped, the commander's Thunderhawk gunship was shot down, exploding as it failed to clear the jungle canopy.

The commander is listed as missing in action, though the Marines Exemplar have not given up hope that he may have survived the crash and is active behind enemy lines. However, Absolon's second in command. Captain Raoul has distanced the chapter from Logan Grimnar's Council of War, preferring instead to deploy the companies as his own advisors see fit.

Harbingers

Although they have most recently been heard of purging Orks from the Piscinan Belt the Harbinger Chapter has an old score to settle with the Death Guard. The Chapters' origins can be traced back to a raid on their Black Planet home world by the Death Guard, aided by Fabius Bile. Their Chapter Master, Nimrod Grudge, received early word of the Plague of Unbelief and mobilised the Chapter accordingly. Leaving most of the Chapter either in the Piscina system or on the Black Planet the Harbinger 1st, 4th, 7th and 9th Companies boarded their battle barge, Unrelenting Fury, and set course for Nemesis Tessera.

Immediately upon their arrival they were recruited for a special mission. As the Harbingers are known for their skill in the arts of boarding space hulks and launching planetary assaults, it can only be assumed that their mission involves the use of these particular skills.

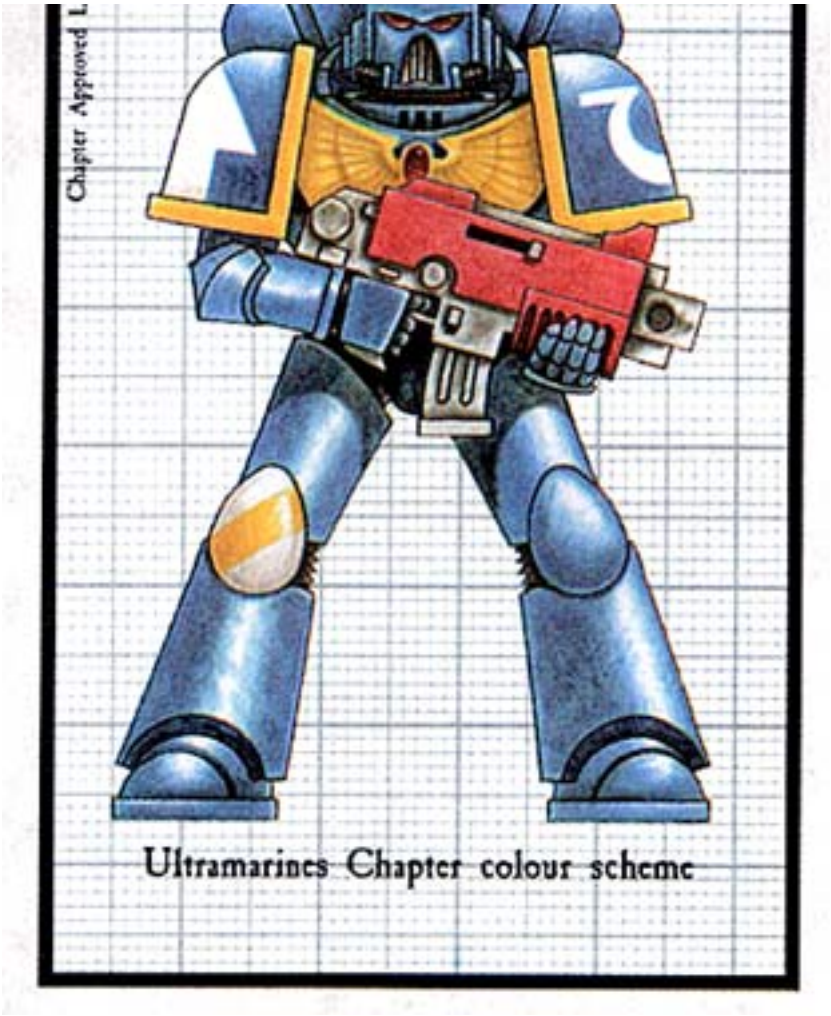
Ultramarines

Ten thousand years ago. in the aftermath of the Horus Heresy, Roboute Guilliman, the Primarch of the Ultramarines, decreed that his chapter would stand ready to oppose the Traitors that fled to the Eye of Terror should they ever return to plague the Imperium. The Ultramarines took no



part in the Battte of the Emperor's Palace, as they were fighting half a galaxy away, and Guilliman was determined that his chapter would never find itself unable to respond to such a threat again.

The solution was to ensure a continuous presence in the vicinity of the Eye of Terror, by maintaining an honour guard made up of individual squads from different companies. In time, the chapter's commitments across the Imperium necessitated that the other Primogenitor chapters - the second founding successors of the Ultramarines, should also provide squads.



For the last ten thousand years this guard has maintained a presence at the Cadian Gate, standing firm alongside the other chapters stationed there to challenge any Black Crusade that threatens Cadia's defences. At the outset of the 13th Black Crusade, the force is comprised almost entirely of Ultramarines squads, alongside which stand a number of detachments from the chapter's successors. The honour guard has already seen action in a number of engagements, notably the Defence of Narsine and the Sarlax Reprisals, lending the legendary courage and honour of the Ultramarines and their kin to the defence of the Cadia Gate.

Reinforcements

The call to arms has been issued across the Segmentum Obscurus and beyond, and the warriors of the Adeptus Astartes have been at the forefront of those to answer. As Abaddon's blasphemous hordes smash into the defences of the Cadian Gate, battle barges belonging to at least a score of chapters are even now ploughing through the Immaterium, making best speed for the warzones surrounding the Ocularis Terribus. Amongst these chapters are known to be the Blood Angels, the Imperial Fists, the Salamanders and the Black Templars, each of which is sworn by ancient oaths to defend Humanity against those traders who foreswore their own vows ten millennia ago. The beleaguered defenders of the Cadian Gate can only pray that these legendary warriors arrive in time to stem the tide of filth.

FORCE DISPOSITIONS AT THE OUTSET OF THE THIRTEENTH BLACK CRUSADE OF ABADDON THE DESPOILER

COMPILER'S NOTE: Due to the sheer scope of the theatre of operations in which the forces listed below operated, these figures should be considered little more than conjecture. The status of the forces of the Imperium changed rapidly during the initial stages of the conflict, and no true record of their disposition could be made. Later in the conflict, reinforcements flooded in from the entire region, and Cadian Sector Command lost all track of the number and status of the units involved. Furthermore, those figures relating to the forces of the Despoiler were based on unreliable and rapidly changing intelligence, the nature of which was virtually impossible for any sane man to decipher.

The Blessed Forces of the God-Emperor of Mankind

KNOWN LEGIONNES ASTARTES

ANGELS OF ABSOLUTION	10 Companies
ANGELS OF VIGILANCE	5 Companies
ANGELS SANGUINE	7 Companies
BRAZEN CLAWS	10 Companies
DARK ANGELS	10 Companies
DEATH SPECTRES	6 Companies
DOOM EAGLES	5 Companies
EXORCISTS	10 Companies
EXCORIATORS*	8 Companies
HARBINGERS	8 Companies
HOWLING GRIFFONS	8 Companies
IRON HANDS	10 Clans
IRON KNIGHTS	1 Company
IRON SNAKES	5 Companies
MARINES EXEMPLAR*	9 Companies
NIGHT WATCH*	11 Companies
NOVAMARINES	6 Companies
RELICTORS*	10 Companies
SUBJUGATORS*	3 Companies
SPACE WOLVES	12 Great Companies
STORM WARRIORS	10 Companies
ULTRAMARINES	1 Honour Company
WHITE CONSULS*	10 Companies

++CONTINUED IN FILE QW/77++

* The Mythos Angelica Mortis makes reference to a group of twenty Chapters known as the Astartes Praetes. The tome claims that these chapters were founded with the express purpose of guarding the regions surrounding the Eye of Terror, although the identity and status of each individual chapter is not currently known.

RECORDED ADEPTA SORORITAS

GREATER ORDERS:

ORDER OF THE BLOODY ROSE	6 Preceptories
ORDER OF THE EBON CHALICE	4 Preceptories
ORDER OF OUR MARTYRED LADY	5 Preceptories

LESSER ORDERS

ORDER OF THE ERMINE MANTLE	3 Missions
ORDER OF THE WOUNDED HEART	1 Commandery

NOTABLE IMPERIAL GUARD UNITS

AVELLORNIAN GUNNERS	32 Squadrons
BAR-EL PENAL LEGIONS	4 Legions
CADIAN KASRKIN	486 Companies
CADIAN SHOCK TROOPS	612 Regiments
CADIAN YOUTH ARMY	16 Regional Commands
DROOKIAN FEN GUARD	16 Companies
FINREHT HIGHLANDERS	3 Regiments
GUDRUNITE RIFLES	47 Regiments
JOURAN DRAGOONS	7 Regiments
KELLERSBURG IRREGULARS	3 Regiments
KNOVIAN GHARKAS	14 Regiments
MORDANT 303RD 'ACID DOGS'	1 Regiment
NARSINE YEOMANRY	32 Battle Groups
NECROMUNDAN 8TH 'THE SPIDERS'	1 Regiment
THRACIAN GUARD	35 Regiments
VAN DE'MANS WORLD 'REDBACKS'	5 Regiments
ZENONIAN FREE COMPANIES	9 Companies

++CONTINUED IN FILE NI/24++

ORDO MALLEUS

INQUISITORIAL TASK FORCES	CLASSIFIED
GREY KNIGHTS	CLASSIFIED
INQUISITORIAL STORMTROOPERS	
Nemesis Tessera	est. 38 Companies
Ocularis Terribus Warzone	CLASSIFIED

DEPARTMENTO MUNITORUM

ENGINEER CORPS	18
SEIGE AUXILIA CORPS	28 Counter-siege batteries

OFFICIO ASSASSINORUM

AGENTS	CLASSIFIED

TEMPLARS PSYKOLOGIS

DISRUPTION SQUADS	37
AUGUR TEAMS	6

NOTABLE ADEPTUS MECHANICUS

CENTURIO ORDINATUS	4 Ordinatus
HOUSE KRAST	2 Households
HOUSE AROKON	4 Households
LEGIO METALICA	Demi-Legio
LEGIO IGNATUM	Legio
LEGIO GRYPHONICUS	Legio
LEGIO ASTORUM	Legio
ORDO REDUCTOR	Demi-Legio
SKITARII	87 Regiments
DIVISIO TELEPATHICA PSI-TITANS	Classified

++CONTINUED IN FILE VX/99

IMPERIAL FLEET

+Vessels of Note

DUKE LURSTOPHAN	Dauntless class cruiser
ABRIDAL'S GLORY	Gothic class cruiser
HONOUR AND DUTY	Emperor class battleship

+Battlefleets of Note

BATTLEFLEET CADIA	12 Battleships
	12 Cruiser Squadrons
	21 Escort Squadrons
BATTLEFLEET CORONA	7 Battleships
	13 Cruiser Squadrons
	17 Escort Squadrons
BATTLEFLEET SCARUS	5 Battleships
	9 Cruiser Squadrons
	13 Escort Squadrons

+Estimated Total Fleet Assets

FRONT LINE BATTLE GROUPS	21
REAR ECHELON BATTLE GROUPS	36
INDEPENDENT STRIKE GROUPS	4
SPACE MARINE BATTLEBARGES	est. 21+
SPACE MARINE STRIKE CRUISERS	est. 150+
SPACE MARINE ESCORT SQUADRONS	est. 200+

++CONTINUED IN FILE HG/87++

See file ET/778/K2230z for summary of battle honours.
See files ET/340/Q1349-639 for estimated casualty figures.

The Forces of Abaddon the Despoiler

RECORDED TRAITOR LEGIONNES ASTARTES

ALPHA LEGION	20+ unconfirmed sightings-all sectors
BLACK LEGION	Major presence-all sectors
DEATH GUARD	Major presence-Subiaco Diablo
EMPEROR'S CHILDREN	Unconfirmed actions against Eldar reported
IRON WARRIORS	Suspected presence-Cadian system
NIGHT LORDS	Unconfirmed reports-all sectors
SONS OF MALICE	Active-Scelus sector
THOUSAND SONS	Active-Caliban and Prospero sectors
VIOLATORS	3 confirmed actions-Cadian sector
WARP GHOSTS	Unconfirmed sighting-Agripinaa system
WORLD EATERS	Significant involvement-all sectors
WORD BEARERS	Active-rear echelon sectors

KNOWN TRAITOR LEGIO TITANICUS

DEATHS HEADS	Major presence confirmed-Cadia
DEATH STALKERS	Unconfirmed involvement-Cadia
FIRE MASTERS	Limited presence-Cadian sector
IRON SKULLS	Major force sighted-Vorga Torq
LEGIO VULCANUM I	4 unconfirmed assaults-Belisar and Kromat
LEGIO VULCANUM II	Suspected presence-Subiaco Diablo

MAJOR TRAITOR GUARD UNITS

5TH COLUMNUS	Presence confirmed-Belis Corona
666TH REGIMENT OF FOOT	Confirmed presence-Cadia
DISCILIAN APOSTATES	Unconfirmed
JENEN IRONCLADS	Major presence-Kromat system
SENTREK FREEMEN	3 suspected sightings-Barisa system
THE TRAITOR 9TH	Significant presence-Kantrael system
UBRIDIUS LIGHT INFANTRY	Major presence-Cadian sector
VOLSCANI CATAPHRACTS	Active-Cadia

++CONTINUED IN FILE IO/57++

ESTIMATED MUTANT HORDES

THE ANNOINTED OF AQ'SI	6 attacks confirmed-Belisar system
THE SHYIS'SLAA	Linked to cult uprisings-Albitern system
THE STIGMATUS COVENANT	Significant presence-Mackan system
THE UNSANCTIFIED	Unconfirmed involvement-Bar-el system

++CONTINUED IN FILE DE/80

RECORDED TRAITOR FLEET UNITS

+Estimated Traitor Fleet Assets

BATTLE FLEETS	est. 38
BLACKSTONE FORTRESSES	2
'WOLF PACK' SQUADRONS	est 19

+Battlefleets of Note

THE GRAND FLEET OF THE DESPOILER

	7 Battleships
	13 heavy cruisers
	est. 23 cruiser squadrons
	est. 30 escort squadrons

THE FLEET OF KOSOLAX THE FORESWORN

	1 Battleship
	3 cruiser squadrons
	8 escort squadrons

THE PLAGUE FLEET OF TYPHUS, HERALD OF NURGLE

	Terminus Est
	2 Battleships
	3 heavy cruisers
	5 cruiser squadrons
	est. 12 escort squadrons

+Vessels of Note

PLAGUECLAW	Unknown class
DARKBLOOD	Styx class heavy cruiser
PLANET KILLER	Undesignated class capital vessel
MERCILESS DEATH	Despoiler class battleship
FORTRESS OF AGONY	Despoiler class battleship

++CONTINUED IN FILE WW/33++

...file ref. ET/398/X9344w... ...ref. Force dispositions... ...Ocularis Terribus warzone...

There is only the Emperor, and he is our shield and protector.

LOYAL SPACE MARINE CHAPTERS

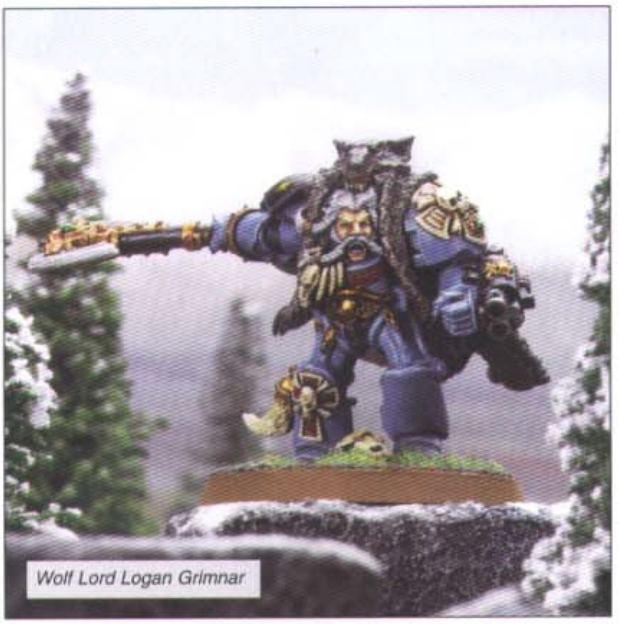
A selection of the Chapters fighting to uphold the honour of the Emperor of Mankind.



Ultramarines



Iron Hands



Wolf Lord Logan Grimnar

Cunning and resourceful, the Old Wolf's thirst for battle will only be quenched by the slaughter of the forces of Chaos.



Dark Angels



Doom Eagles



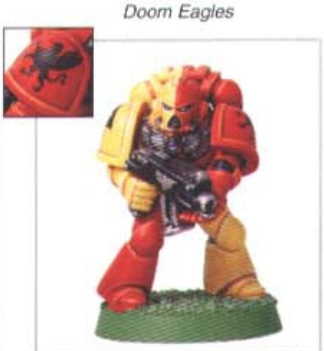
Revilers



Angels Sanguine



White Consuls



Howling Griffons



The Space Wolves seek to purge the battlefield of the plague-ridden Death Guard and Defiler.

SPACE WOLVES 13TH COMPANY

Lost in the Eye of Terror for ten millennia, the Space Wolves 13th Company wear pre-Heresy Space Wolves colours. During countless centuries separated from their homeworld, these mighty warriors have been forced to repair battle damage with armour torn from the bodies of their fallen foes.







Tearing their enemies apart with razor-sharp talons, the fearless Wulfen are terrifying foes even to the battle-hardened minions of Chaos.



Sweeping down from the trees come the feral Space Wolves 13th Company.



Rune Priest

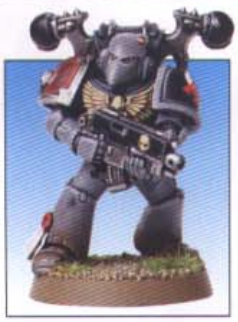
Equal in skill to an elite Wolf Guard, the Storm Claws are battle-honed in the art of close combat. They are single-minded in their purpose: the destruction of the enemies of the divine Emperor.



Storm Claws biker



PAINTING THE 13TH COMPANY





- *A layer of Codex Grey was applied over a black undercoat, leaving the colour in the recesses visible.*
- *The edges of the armour were painted Fortress Grey.*



SPACE WOLVES 13TH COMPANY

The legendary 13th Great Company of the Space Wolves Legion disappeared 10,000 years ago, and the circumstances of that disappearance are the subject of numerous myths and legends. With the advent of the Thirteenth Black Crusade, Abaddon has unleashed the hordes of the Eye of Terror upon Mankind. Snapping at his heels come elements of the 13th Company, warbands intent upon fulfilling the task they were set ten millennia past by, legend states, the Primarch Leman Russ himself.

A Space Wolves 13th Company warband uses the following units:

HQ	1 Wolf Lord*; 0-1 Rune Priest*; 0-1 Wolf Priest*.
ELITES	Wulfen pack; Storm Claws pack
TROOPS	Grey Slayers pack
FAST ATTACK	Fenrisian Wolf pack; Storm Claws Biker pack
HEAVY SUPPORT	13th Company Long Fangs pack

** These units are chosen from Codex: Space Wolves; the remainder are from the 13th Company list.*

The Space Wolves' 'Retinues' special rule applies to the 13th Company. Those characters that can take bodyguards are noted in this list; Wolf Guard bodyguards are not available to them.

A 13th Company army is never joined by allies or units from other lists, for example, Deathwatch Space Marines, Inquisitors or Assassins. None of the 13th Company have access to, or may make use of, transports of any type.

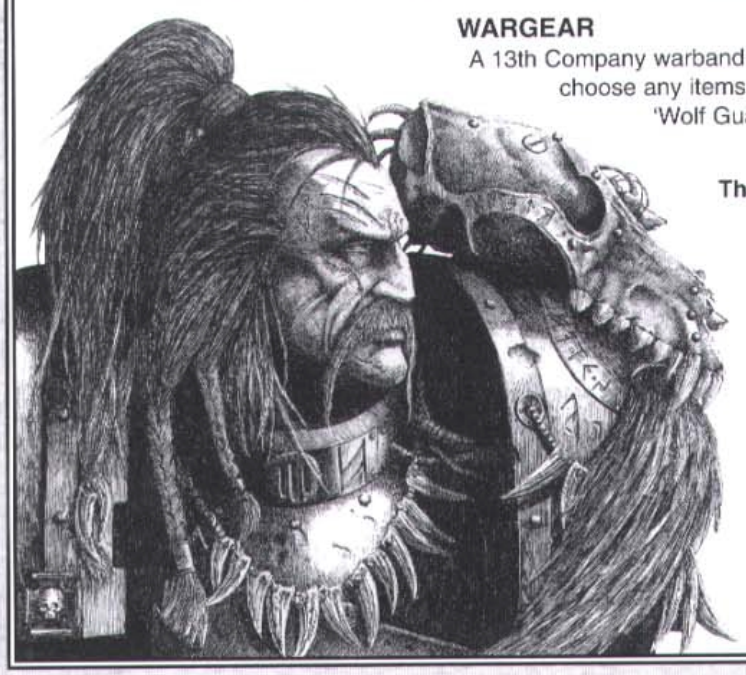
SPECIAL RULES

A 13th Company warband makes use of the special rules as described in Codex: Space Marines and Codex: Space Wolves, except that they may not use the *Drop Pods* special rule. They also use the new rules below:

Move through cover: All members of the 13th Company, with the exception of packs of Fenrisian Wolves and Storm Claws biker packs roll an extra D6 when rolling to move through difficult terrain. In most circumstances this will mean that they roll 3D6 and pick the dice with the highest score. Models in Terminator armour, and any packs they lead, do not benefit from this ability.

Scouts: The Space Marines of the 13th Company are adept at catching an enemy unawares. To represent this, the entire army may always be deployed at the start of the battle, even in scenarios where you would normally be required to hold models in reserve. In addition, after both sides have deployed the army may make a 'free move'. This move happens before the first turn takes place, before deciding who has the first turn, and all normal movement rules apply. In this case, Wulfen do not move subject to the *Animal Rage* rule, and a Rune Priest may not use The Gate. Models in Terminator armour, and any packs they lead do not get the free move, and neither do Storm Claws biker packs (due to the noise they make!).

Sentries: In scenarios which use the *Sentries* scenario special rule, a 13th Company warband uses four Grey Slayers as sentries, each having a spotting range of twice its Initiative.



WARGEAR

A 13th Company warband has access to the Space Wolves armoury, and may choose any items within the normal restrictions. Models referred to as 'Wolf Guard pack leaders' in this list may be equipped as per 'Wolf Guard leaders' in the Space Wolves armoury.

The Mark of the Wulfen . . . . . .
20 points for a Wolf Guard pack leader;
30 points for an independent character

The Mark of the Wulfen as described in Codex: Space Wolves has a slightly different effect when applied to members of the 13th Company, as every Space Wolf of the company bears the curse, no matter how manifest it may be at any given time. Any Wolf Lord, Rune Priest or Wolf Guard pack leader may take the mark, and that character benefits from the additional D3 attacks in close combat. The character and unit are assumed to automatically pass any Morale checks, and will never fall back or become pinned, and will always hit and be hit on a roll of 3+ in close combat.

HQ

Imperial observers believe the 13th Company has split into a number of smaller warbands, each forming the retinue of an individual Lord. Whether the warbands sighted to date represent a small proportion of the 13th Company's number is unknown, and it is entirely possible the bulk of the Company remains within the Eye of Terror. The leaders are mighty heroes who have led their bands throughout the many long centuries of their hunt, and some believe their quarry is now close at hand.

1 WOLF LORD

Bodyguard: The Wolf Lord may be accompanied by a bodyguard of Storm Claws, chosen from the Elites section of the army list. If chosen as a bodyguard, they count as part of the same HQ choice on the force organisation chart as the Wolf Lord. If the Wolf Lord is mounted on a bike, then he may instead take a bodyguard of Storm Claws bikers.

Wulfen Lord: If the Wolf Lord bears the Mark of the Wulfen, then Wulfen may be taken as Troops instead of Elites. In this case, Grey Slayers are not available to the army (as all but the hardiest of brethren have fallen to the curse of the Wulfen).

Exactly how the 13th Company navigate and travel through the Eye of Terror is a mystery, but some believe the Rune Priests hold the key. These warrior-mystics have been observed to traverse the battlefield by means of teleportation, and this psychic ability is thought by some to lie at the heart of the matter.

0-1 RUNE PRIEST

PSYCHIC POWER: The Gate

A Rune Priest of the 13th Company must guide his companions through the perils of the Eye of Terror. He has learned how to open small, temporary warp gates, through which he can pass in order to divine the path ahead.

On a successful Psychic test, the Rune Priest can use the power at the start of the Movement phase instead of moving normally. The Rune Priest and up to one squad of Grey Slayers, Storm Claws (not Storm Claws Bikers!) or Long Fangs within 6" of him is removed from the tabletop and then immediately placed anywhere on the tabletop using the Deep Strike rules. The Gate may be used even if enemy models are in base contact with the Rune Priest or any of the squad that move with him (the enemy models are left behind). This power replaces Stormcaller.

A Wolf Priest is often seen in the company of the Wulfen, those brothers of the 13th Company who have succumbed utterly to the curse of the Canis Helix. He is thought to act as a warden of the lost, the only one who can control them in battle, and temper their rage once victory is won.

0-1 WOLF PRIEST

Wulfen-kind: If a Wolf Priest joins a Wulfen pack, you may choose whether or not it is subject to the *Animal Rage* rule each turn, so long as the Wolf Priest is with the pack. If the pack moves due to the *Animal Rage* rule, the Wolf Priest will move with them, but may not fire any weapons in the Shooting phase. A Wolf Priest may not take the Mark of the Wulfen.

ELITES

Those brothers of the 13th Company upon whom the Curse of the Wulfen is fully manifest are banded together into packs of snarling, feral beasts. With matted pelts and voracious eyes, they stalk their prey as wild creatures, using only their animal claws to tear and rend them asunder.

WULFEN PACK

	Pts/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Wulfen	24	5	0	5	4	1	5	2+1	10	3+

Number/squad: 5-15

Weapons: Though some Wulfen may still bear the remnants of their former weaponry, they use only their savage claws in close combat, which are counted as two close combat weapons (included in the profile above).

SPECIAL RULES

Animal Rage: At the beginning of the 13th Company Movement phase, each Wulfen pack must advance a normal move +D6" towards the nearest enemy instead of moving normally. The extra D6" movement is not affected by difficult terrain.

Wolf Priest: No character other than a Wolf Priest may join a Wulfen Pack.



Though all members of the 13th Company have reached the levels of skill in warcraft equivalent to a Space Wolves Wolf Guard, the Storm Claws are equipped to fully utilise these skills in hand-to-hand combat. They are savage and unrelenting, yet noble and stoic in pursuit of their mission.

STORM CLAWS PACK

	Pts/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Storm Claws	21	4	4	4	4	1	4	2	9	3+
Wolf Guard	+10	4	4	4	4	1	4	3	9	3+

Number/squad: 6-10

Weapons: Bolt pistol and close combat weapon, frag and krak grenades.

Options: Up to two models may replace their close combat weapon with a power weapon at +10 points, or a power fist at +15 points. Up to two models may replace their bolt pistol with a plasma pistol at an additional cost of +10 points each.

Character: One Storm Claw may be upgraded to a Wolf Guard pack leader for +10 points. The leader may choose additional equipment from the Space Wolves armoury.

TROOPS

At the core of the 13th Company are the Grey Slayers packs, men who have served for millennia and are as dependable and experienced on the field of battle as any mortal could aspire to be. These men have borne the Curse of the Wulfen for millennia, and through it survived the very worst the Eye of Terror can throw at them.



GREY SLAYERS PACK

	Pts/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Grey Slayers	21	4	4	4	4	1	4	2	9	3+
Wolf Guard	+10	4	4	4	4	1	4	3	9	3+

Number/squad: 6-10

Weapons: Bolter and close combat weapon, frag and krak grenades

Options: Up to two models may be equipped with one of the following weapons each: flamer at +6 points; melta gun at + 10 points; plasma gun at +10 points.

Character: One Grey Slayer may be upgraded to a Wolf Guard pack leader for +10 points. The leader may choose additional equipment from the Space Wolves armoury.

Standard Bearer: One Grey Slayer in the army may be upgraded to a Standard Bearer and given a wolf totem from the armoury at the cost listed there.

SPECIAL RULES

True Grit: The Grey Slayers have the strength and skill to fire a bolter with one hand and may use the 'True Grit' rule.

FAST ATTACK

The Space Wolves have always had an affinity with the creatures of the wild, and the brothers of the 13th Company of old were known to take them into battle with them. Today, the 13th Company are often accompanied by the descendents of these noble, savage beasts.



The 13th Company have been observed to use bikes to scout the battlefield and to probe enemy lines. They are used in battle to outmanoeuvre the enemy, harrying his flanks and disrupting his lines so that the Grey Slayers may advance uncontested. Caught between the two, the enemy is soon forced to attempt a desperate breakout lest he become completely cut off.

FENRISIAN WOLF PACK

	Pts/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Fenrisian Wolf	10	4	0	4	4	1	4	2	8	6+

Number/squad: 5-15

SPECIAL RULES

Cavalry: Fenrisian Wolves move as Cavalry. They must always charge and make a sweeping advance whenever possible.

STORM CLAWS BIKER PACK

	Pts/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Biker	36	4	4	4	4(5)	1	4	2	9	3+
Pack Leader	+10	4	4	4	4(5)	1	4	3	9	3+

Number/squad: 3-5 13th Company Space Wolves mounted on bikes.

Weapons: Each bike is fitted with twin-linked bolters. Each biker is armed with a close combat weapon, frag and krak grenades.

Options: Up to two models may be armed with one of the following: power weapon at +10 points; power fist at +15 points; flamer at +6 points; meltagun at +10 points; plasma gun at +10 points.

Character: One biker may be upgraded to a Wolf Guard pack leader for +10 points. The leader may choose additional equipment from the Space Wolves armoury.

SPECIAL RULES

Skilled Riders: Storm Claws bikers may re-roll a failed Difficult Terrain test, but must accept the result of the second roll.

HEAVY SUPPORT

Old and wise in the ways of war when the Imperium was young, the Long Fangs remain the voice of reason and sage council in a 13th Company warband as they do in the Space Wolves Chapter as a whole. They provide devastating fire support as their brethren advance, directing their volleys of las-blast and heavy bolter shell with unerring cunning.

13TH COMPANY LONG FANGS PACK

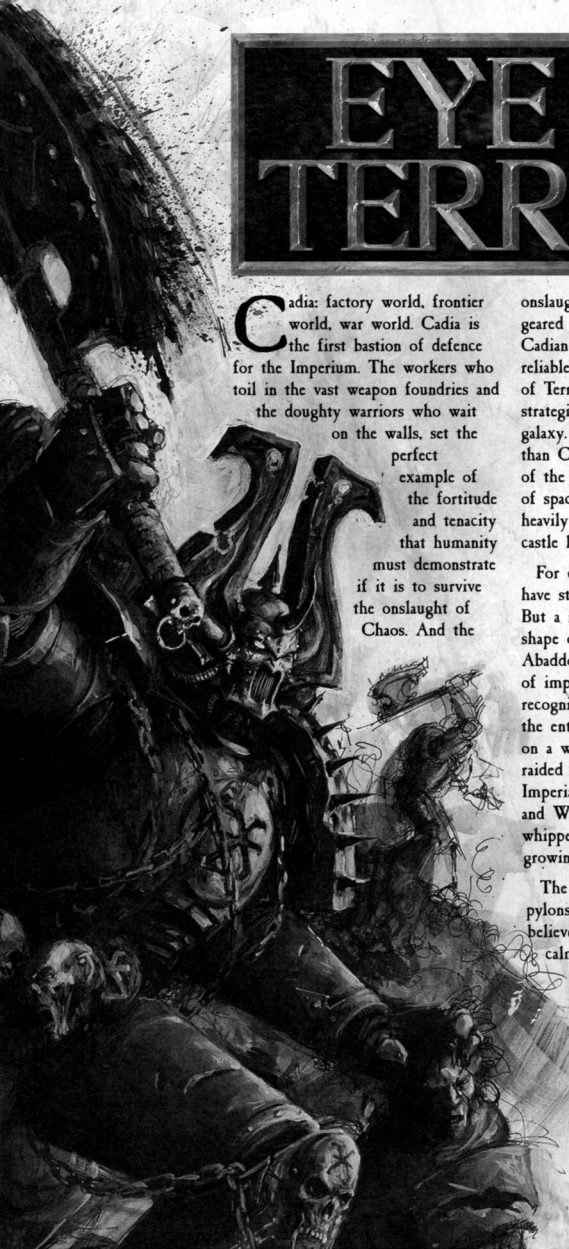
	Pts/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Long Fang	18	4	4	4	4	1	4	1	9	3+
Pack Leader	36	4	4	4	4	1	4	1	9	3+

Number/squad: Pack leader plus 2-4 Long Fangs

Weapons: The pack leader is armed with a bolt pistol and close combat weapon. Each remaining Long Fang must be armed with one of the following weapons each: heavy bolter at +15 points; missile launcher at +20 points; lascannon at + 35 points; plasma cannon at +35 points; flamer at +10 points; meltagun at +15 points; plasma gun at +15 points.

SPECIAL RULES

Fire Control: As long as the pack leader is alive and doesn't shoot in the Shooting phase or charge in the Assault phase then the pack may engage up to two different target units instead of one. Simply declare which models will fire at each target and then carry on using the normal rules.



EYE OF TERROR

Cadia: factory world, frontier world, war world. Cadia is the first bastion of defence for the Imperium. The workers who toil in the vast weapon foundries and the doughty warriors who wait on the walls, set the perfect example of the fortitude and tenacity that humanity must demonstrate if it is to survive the onslaught of Chaos. And the onslaught of Chaos is what Cadia is geared to avert, at all costs. The Cadian system lies close to the only reliable route to, and from, the Eye of Terror. This makes it the most strategically placed system in the galaxy. No planet is more important than Cadia in terms of the defence of the Imperium. The whole sector of space around the Eye of Terror is heavily militarised, and Cadia is the castle keep.

For centuries the Cadian defences have stymied Chaos invasion forces. But a new threat looms, in the shape on an old and dreadful foe: Abaddon the Despoiler. The signs of impending doom have been recognised, and terror is sweeping the entire Segmentum that is now on a war footing. Planets have been raided and left devoid of life, Imperial shipping is being attacked and Warp Storm Baphomael is being whipped into a frenzy by the growing bloodshed and death toll.

The ancient and mysterious pylons on Cadia – that some believe are the cause of the area of calm that exists around the Eye of Terror – are beginning to resonate, and microscopic cracks are forming on the surface. The pylons appear to be trying to hold back the growing storm, but in the process are slowly tearing themselves apart.

Something terrible is

happening, and the Imperium finds itself ill equipped to deal with it.

Anarchy and Uproar

Law and order on Imperial worlds is breaking down, as renegade preachers and fiery orators scream of impending death and the revenge of the Emperor on a people who have strayed from the righteous path. Even on Cadia, the foundations of Imperial rule are beginning to crack. As the masses of Imperial Guard mustered in preparation for the onslaught, an entire regiment, the Volscani, showed its true, treacherous colours as Chaos worshippers.

The Imperium is massing its forces and trying to restore a semblance of order. Everyone knows that doom is approaching, and it will take all the strength and fortitude that the men and women on Cadia can muster to stop it.

The Eldar are abandoning the area completely. Their ships are slipping into the warp and leaving their worlds empty. Imperial Astropaths have hypothesised that the bizarre xeno constructions found left behind are warp gates that have been recently, and permanently, sealed. As to why the Eldar would do this to their precious gateways, they cannot say.

The war in space continues, and is escalating. Imperial fleets are being led into traps, and a vast Chaos invasion fleet is gathering. The worst news, and something the Imperium has long dreaded, is the inclusion in the fleet of two Blackstone Fortresses and the most powerful ship in existence: the dreaded Planet Killer.

These are the opening moves of Warmaster Abaddon's thirteenth Black Crusade. Somehow, he has managed to forge alliances between the constantly warring factions of Chaos Space Marines, deviants, mutants and foul traitors, thus creating the most powerful



invasion army of Chaos ever to ride to war against the Imperium. It is the dreaded nightmare come reality; the very thing that military strategists have planned to counter for decades, but hoped would never happen.

It has. And the Imperium now stands on the brink of destruction. If Abaddon, with his foul hosts, can break the already shell-shocked Cadia, the rest of the Emperor's domain will lay before him, like a ripe fruit ready to fall into his claws. Abaddon's victorious battle fleet surrounds Cadia, and her massive defence turrets have been silenced. The air is filled with hundreds and hundreds of landing craft, packed with the unholy warriors of Chaos, who want nothing more than to cull the humans and pile their heads for the benefit of Abaddon, bane of mankind.



What is the Black Library doing?

The Eye of Terror campaign is very exciting because it is an ongoing thing, and no one is sure what is going to happen. It's an important occurrence in the 40K universe, as the fate of the Imperium really is hanging in the balance.

We at the Black Library are keen to use the creative pool that the Eye of Terror campaign represents in our myriad of releases. In Inferno! 37, our very own games developer (and one of the great minds behind the Eye of Terror), Andy Hoare has written an action packed adventure, 'Hunter/Prey,' detailing one of the first incursions onto Imperial soil by Abaddon's unholy warriors at the beginning of the thirteenth crusade. The early stages of the war are chronicled, and the story has one or two other surprises as well...

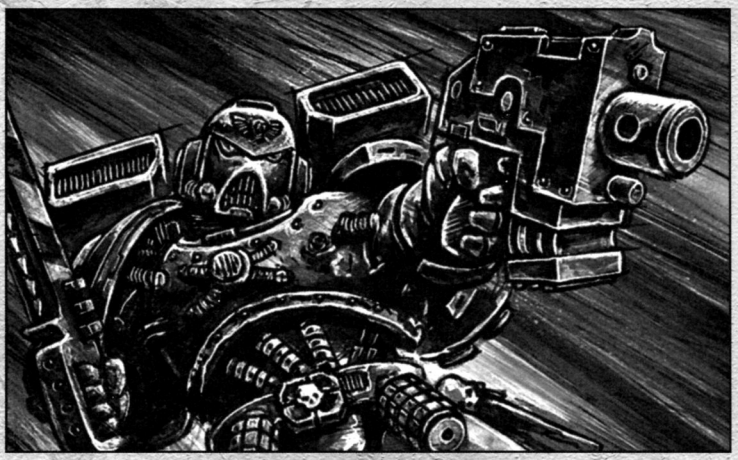
Our biggest companion piece to the Eye of Terror campaign is the new strip 'Last Stand on Yayor.' Here we find the indomitable Space Marines, doing deadly battle with the repulsive forces of Grandfather Nurgle. In homage to the open-ended nature of the Eye of Terror campaign, we are giving YOU the chance to decide on the outcome of the struggle.

As of the 24th July to 24th August 2003, you will be able to log onto:

www.blacklibrary.co.uk/eyeofterror

and submit your vote as to who you want to see win in the outcome. If you want to see the putrid forces of Nurgle win a devastating victory, vote for Chaos. But if you want to see humanities finest, the Adeptus Astartes, win a crucial victory for the Emperor vote Imperium. The future of the protagonists is in you hands. Choose wisely.

The outcome of the vote will be published in Warhammer Monthly Issue 74.



The Doom Eagles

When the situation in the Cadian sub-sector became apparent, the Doom Eagles chapter of the Adeptus Astartes immediately dispatched half of their forces to the region. Their fatalistic attitude and morbid fascination with death drew the various companies to worlds held in the grip of the plague of unbelief and thus the forces of the Doom Eagles found themselves at war with the legions of Nurgle.

First onto the scene were the third company under Captain Comemnus who were already involved in a pilgrimage to Van Seles's world in the Chinchare sub-sector. When the order came for them to head towards the sectors surrounding the Cadian Gate, Comemnus, on board the strike cruiser *Silver Spectre*, ordered his company into the Agripinaa System to put down plague zombie uprisings across the system's many and varied inhabited worlds. Splitting his company into five battle groups comprising of only twenty marines each, the third company made planetfall across the system's worlds in a desperate attempt to stem the tide of the insidious Chaos plague.

The Sixth Company, led by Captain Torrus, arrived in-system several days after the Third Company and were immediately diverted to intercept the Imperial troop transport, *The Deliverance* after all contact was lost with the ship. Fearing that the entire crew and its complement of over one hundred thousand Imperial Guardsmen had succumbed to the plague, squads of Doom Eagle marines were teleported aboard in an effort to cripple the ship until a larger relief force can assemble to cleanse the craft. No report has yet been received by Cadia command and the success of this mission cannot be confirmed.

The battle barge *Death's Dark Shadow* is currently en-route to the region surrounding the Eye of Terror, carrying three full companies of Doom Eagles. Its exact mission and estimated time of arrival are as yet unclear.

EYE OF TERROR

OFFICIAL PRODUCT

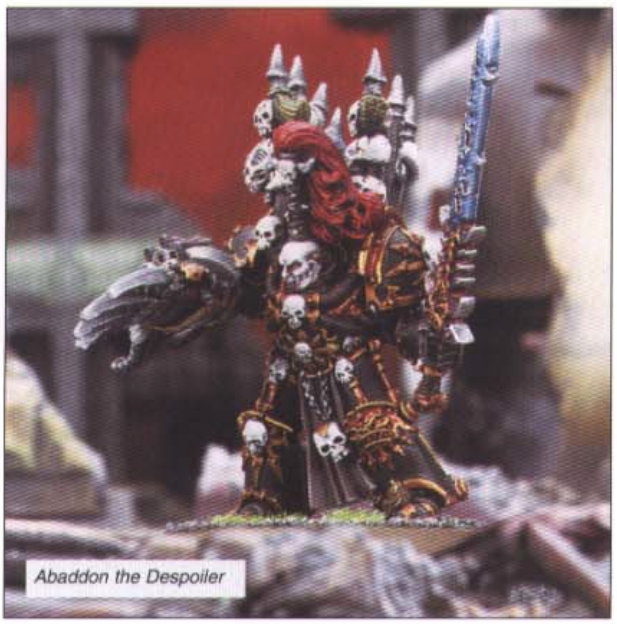
From now on, all tie-in products that we release during the Eye of Terror campaign will have the official Eye of Terror logo on it, as will any product that includes Chaos as a subject. Look out for these exciting products the Black Library will be firing your way shortly.

CHAOS SPACE MARINE LEGIONS

The legions of Chaos who seek to set the universe alight with unquenchable fires of Chaos.



Black Legion



Abaddon the Despoiler

Leading his dreaded Black Legion, Abaddon has won the favour of the Chaos gods. None can stand before his might.



World Eaters



Iron Warriors



Violators



Alpha Legion



Word Bearers



Thousand Sons



Emperor's Children



CHARACTERS FROM THE EYE OF TERROR CAMPAIGN



Ahriman of the Thousand Sons



Abaddon the Despoiler



Typhus



The Avatar of the Bloody-handed God



Eldrad Ulthran,
Farseer of Ulthwé



Maugan Ra



Logan Grimnar



Lord Castellan
Ursarkar E. Creed



Commander Azrael, Supreme Grand
Master of the Dark Angels.

THE LOST AND THE DAMNED

Who knows what form the horrifying hordes of Chaos will take? The never-ending tide of mutants and the very spawn of Chaos seek to consume all before them. Not only this but the defenders of Mankind face their own kin turned traitor, the mightiest of all being the brutal Chaos Space Marines.



Whole armies of Imperial Guardsmen turn traitor and use treachery as well as their battle skills to destroy the chosen of the Emperor.



The foulest blessings of Chaos are most richly bestowed on the hordes of Mutants.



Like a grim tide of unholy horror and death come the hordes of the Lost and the Damned.



Most favoured of all the Legions of the Damned, the Chaos Space Marines and monstrous Defilers shed the blood of the righteous in an eternal sacrifice of skulls and souls.

PAINTING TRAITOR GUARD

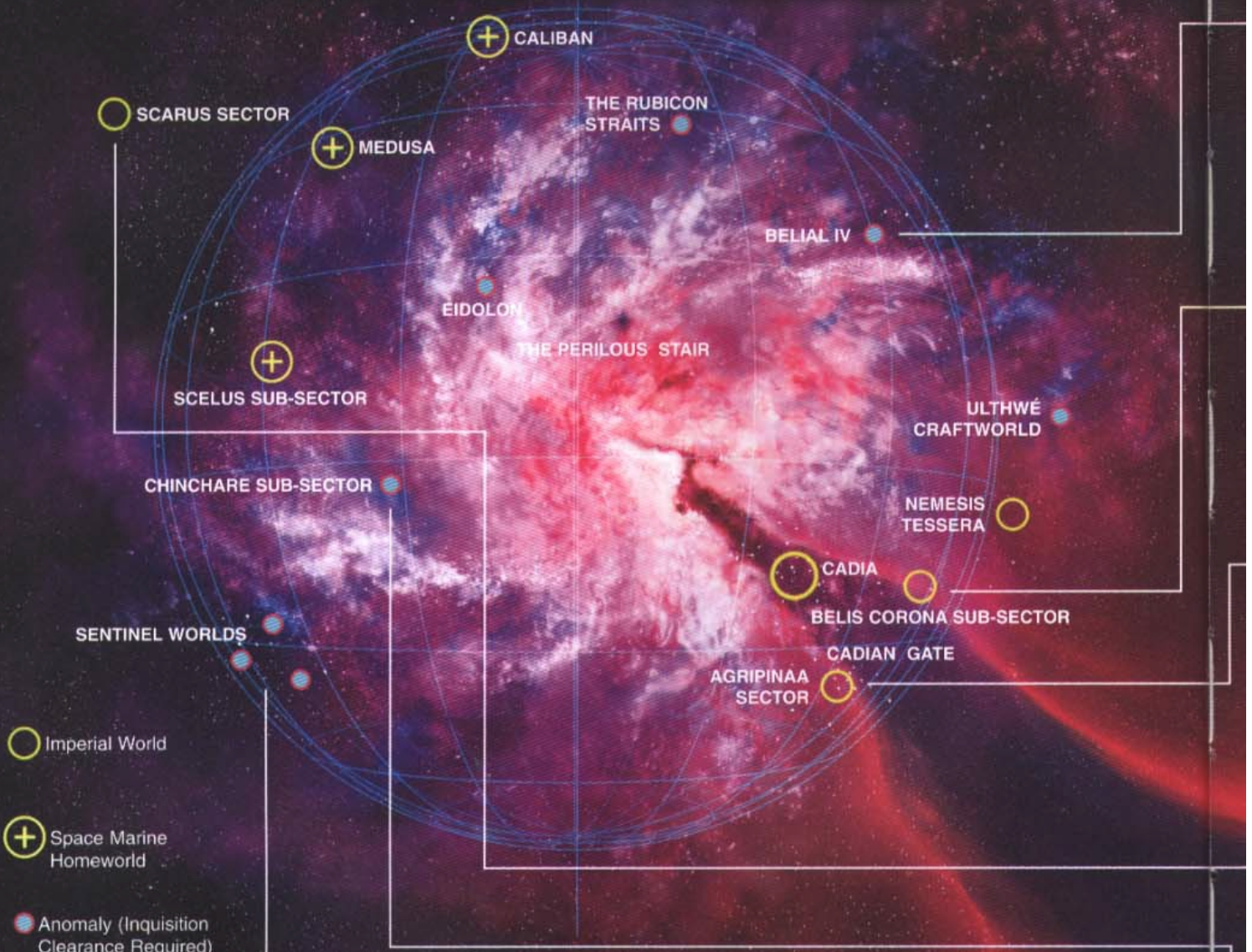




- The uniform was painted a base colour of Chaos Black.
- This was highlighted with an equal parts mix of Chaos Black and Bleached Bone.
- The detail was painted Scab Red.

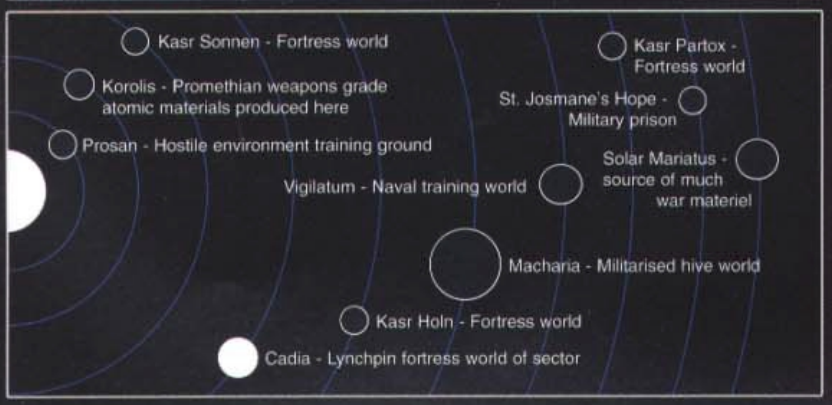


EYE OF TERROR



Cadia is a fortress world, the guardian of the one stable route from the Eye of Terror. Its entire population is geared for war and its factories and manufactorum churn out munitions, weapons and tanks at a prodigious rate. It is perhaps the most vital location in the entire Imperium and the military strength based there is unfeasibly vast. 71.75% of its population are under arms. Largest exporter of arms and munitions in region.

CADIA SYSTEMS





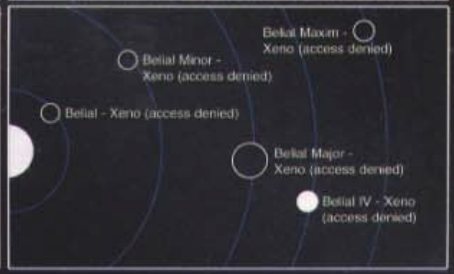
BELIAL IV

One of the early Eldar homeworlds, Belial was pulled towards the Eye of Terror during the Fall and is now known as a Crone world, deserted and abandoned. It is home to a sacred Eldar artefact of black crystal, a sword forged from the energies of death.



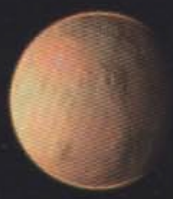
OX345.44
Orb. Dist. 6.67AU
0.97G/Temp 11°C
Xeno World
Tithe Grade: Adeptus Non
Aestimare: Z666
Population: No indigenous lifeforms recorded

BELIAL IV SYSTEM



BELIS CORONA

A vast conglomeration of orbital dockyards, the naval facility orbits the dead world of Belis Corona. Entire battlefleets can be serviced here and the munitions stockpiles are stored in armoured bunkers kilometres below the planet's surface.



IN45.554
Orb. Dist. 3.94AU
0.76G/Temp 2°C
Dead World
Tithe Grade: Adeptus Non
Aestimare: K500
Population: No indigenous lifeforms recorded

BELIS CORONA SYSTEM



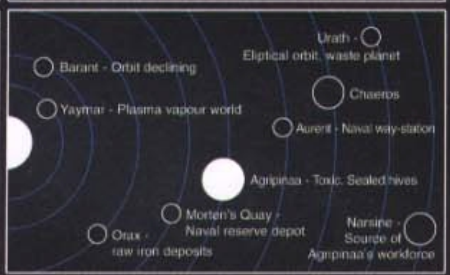
AGRIPINAA

Virtually the entire surface of this world is covered with industrialised infrastructure, pipelines, factories, mines, refineries, processing plants and manufactorum cathedrals. Like almost every other inhabited planet in the sector, this world primarily produces materials for the Cadian front and its industrial heartland is solely engaged in the production of ammunition.



AM23.5
Orb. Dist. 2.4AU
0.77G/Temp 4°C
Industrial World
Tithe Grade: Exactis Tertius
Aestimare: B30
Population: 80,000,000

AGRIPINAA SYSTEM



THRACIAN PRIMARIS

Planetary capital of Helican sub-sector, Thracian Primaris glows like an oozing cataracted eye. The planet has no moons and its populace live primarily in hive cities scattered across seven tenths of its surface. Defended by five Ramilies class starforts and with a PDF of 8 million men, the planet is as well defended as any Imperial world.



HSs 1.01
Orb. Dist. 0.89AU
1.12G/Temp 28°C
Industrial World
Tithe Grade: Exactis Particular
Aestimare: A350
Population: 22,000,000,000

THRACIAN PRIMARIS SYSTEM



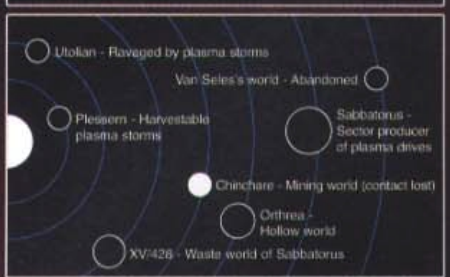
CHINCHARE

(Rogue Systems) – An asteroid locked in a figure of eight orbit around a binary star. Once home to a creature of Chaos formed from the coagulated bodies of pilgrims who had descended into the asteroid to worship a corrupted crystal structure known as the Lith. The creature was destroyed by Inquisitor Eisenhorn and Magos Bure.



AM3.04
Orb. Dist. 2.44AU
0.5 – 9.67G/Temp 12°C
Mining World
Tithe Grade: Adeptus Non
Aestimare: G130
Population: Skeleton crew of miners and associated staff.

CHINCHARE SYSTEM



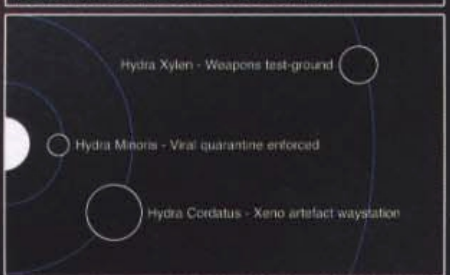
HYDRA CORDATUS

A collection of blighted worlds that have remained quarantined for many centuries following the discovery of xenos artefacts buried beneath their surfaces. It is suspected that these may be similar in nature to the monolithic black pylons as found on the surface of Cadia. Imperial Fist vessel *Justita Fides* listed as missing after its failure to arrive at Hydraphur following a warp jump from Hydra Cordatus.



OM01.876
Orb. Dist. 2.06 – 8.74AU
Mean Gravity 0.94G
Mean Temp 34°C
Dead World
Tithe Grade: Adeptus Non
Aestimare: Z1
Population: Index Expurgatorius

HYDRA CORDATUS SYSTEM



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The Rhino APC

Armoured Space Marine Carrier

Throughout the galaxy, servants of the Emperor take fire and steel to the enemies of Humanity, borne across the sell of uncounted battlefields in armoured fighting vehicles known as Rhinos These blessed vehicles carry the warriors of the Emperor safely through the inferno of shot and shell to bring the Emperor's fiery retribution upon his enemies. The Rhino has been on Imperial service for over ten thousand years and the origins of this faithful vehicle lie in the depths of Humanity's east, at the beginning of its expansion into space.

An Age of Exploration

Mankind's first steps into space were painfully slow, and even upon reaching other planets, colonisation was hampered by the lack of an all-purpose vehicle with which to explore these new worlds and the multitude of different terrain types encountered. However, all this was to change soon after the colonisation and exploration of Mars, with the development of warp drives and the evolution of the Standard Template Construct (STC) system. The exact origins of the STC system have been lost in the thousands of years since its first discovery, but its impact has ramifications that still resound in the 4.1 st Millennium. The sheer versatility of the STC system enabled the earliest colonists to simply input their needs and the STC system would design the most practical and robust solution to meet those requirements; be it a vehicle, shelter or any other item the colonists desired.

The STC allowed the early colonists to create all manner of useful equipment from locally available materials and fuel them with whatever resources were to hand. As time passed, refinements were introduced into the system and it is said that many of the earliest STCs could in fact learn and self-evolve. STCs became more and more efficient and with its perfection, Mankind's expansion into space leapt forwards as starships became capable of reaching further and further into the galaxy. Mankind entered a golden age of exploration and colonisation and it seemed as though nothing could halt the expansion of Humanity's realm.

The Earliest Rhinos

In conjunction with this, early colonisation of newly discovered worlds was facilitated by the creation of the RHINO Tracked Exploration and Multi Defence vehicle - commonly referred to as the Rhino. At its most basic level, the Rhino is an armoured transport on tracks, designed to cope with all manner of hostile environments and cross almost any dangerous terrain while protecting those within. The efficiency of the design has resulted in the basic configuration of the Rhino remaining largely unchanged in the last ten thousand years. Capable of being constructed from almost any materials and powered by any partially combustible fuel, the Rhino has proven, time and time again. to be one of the most reliable and durable vehicles ever devised. The design soon

spread, and within the space of a decade, almost every world within the burgeoning coalition of planets had its own locally produced variants of the Rhino. The military applications of this vehicle were quickly realised and the features that made the Rhino so appealing to the early colonists were perfectly suited for military operations. The armed forces of the day quickly adopted the Rhino as as armoured fighting vehicle and troop transport, fitting it with weapons and an augmented engine capacity.

The earliest known use of the Rhino in battle is recorded in the faded script of the LiberArmorum by the armed forces of Torben's World against the indigenous xeno creatures that inhabited the fertile western plains of this fecund world. These regions had long been in dispute, with the aliens claiming that these lands were sacred to them and places of great holy significance. When several human townships built on the edges of the plains were attacked and their inhabitants murdered, retribution was swift and deadly.



Three hundred Rhinos were despatched across the plains to the largest alien settlement. Such was the speed of the Rhinos, that the aliens had, no foreknowledge of the attack and were caught completely by surprise. The aliens' technology was equivalent to that of a black powder society and their firearms would have wreaked havoc in the ranks of the human troopers, but for the protection of their armoured vehicles. The Rhinos surrounded the settlement and poured their firepower into the flimsily-constructed dwellings, before smashing through them and disgorging nearly three thousand troopers. With the destruction of this settlement, the remainder of the aliens were soon eliminated and the colonisation of Torben's World progressed with no further interference. News of this victory soon spread and the tactics of using the Rhino in battle became further refined.

The Rhino became the standard transport vehicle of human armies across the galaxy, with differing variants falling in and out of favour as the nature of Man's enemies and battlefields changed. The armies of Mankind spread Throughout the galaxy, and many hundreds of worlds were brought within this growing galactic empire. As more enemies were encountered, the STC systems provided these early armies with many different variants on the Rhino such as the Predator, Immolator and Whirlwind.

All this was to come to an end, however, `n a period of now known as the Age of Strife that caused such a massive upheaval in the realm of Man can now only be guessed at, but its cataclysmic ffects cannot be underestimated. The many wars that erupted around this time engulfed the entire galaxy and not a single planet was spared the horror of rattle. Alliances and coalitions collapsed into internecine conflict, planets and systems waging war on one another for reasons that have since been lost to posterity.

The Death of Knowledge

Whole planets were razed in the precious `STC` libraries destroyed or smashed by their enemies. Countless designs were lost and many of the STC systems were damaged beyond repair. By the time the wars subsided and Mankind had been united under the banner of the newly-revealed Emperor, the vast majority of STC systems had been destroyed and their priceless knowledge forgotten. Denied this most valuable resource, those few fragments of knowledge that remained became treasured relics, passed down from generation to generation, their very existence kept secret from the outside world. In time these fragments became legendary canticles of faith, their knowledge assuming the status of divinely inspired wisdom_ Hard copies of schematics and designs created by STC systems have lasted longer than the STCs themselves and have become the holy grail of the Adeptus Mechanicus, who eagerly seize on any scrap of information that might lead to the discovery of even the tiniest fragment of an STC's output. Over the millennia, scattered pieces of S T C lore have been recovered and ancient designs have slowly been reincorporated info :he Imperial inventory. The immolator tank used by the battle sisters of the Adeptus Sororitas is one such example, the databank containing its construction details discovered within an ancient factory complex on the world of Fornoth, during the Icaria Crusade.

As knowledge of their construction faded from memory, attrition took its toll on the number of Rhinos throughout the galaxy. The rituals of maintenance became debased as the centuries passed and knowledge of the exact workings of the Rhinos passed into myth. Among those who retained the priceless knowledge of their construction were the Techmarines of the newly created Legiones Astartes and Tech Priests of the Adeptus Mechanicus, who established strict guidelines regarding the construction, consecration and maintenance of these valuable vehicles- Whether built in the Martian weapon-forges of the Adeptus Mechanicus or the fortress monasteries of the Space Marines, the builders of these holy vehicles know that the purity and spiritual welfare of the Rhino is as important as the skill of the artificers who construct it.

The Rites of Construction

At every stage in a Rhino's assembly, sacred oils are applied and scented incense burnt to sanctify the process. Armoured panels are ritually inscribed with protective sigils as they are fixed into place and prayers are chanted as the bolts are turned in the cardinal directions. Every component is ritually checked and blessed before being installed, and as the Rhino roils to the end of its assembly nave, the ceremony of commission is prepared, whereupon the builders call upon the Spirit of the Machine to invest the Rhino with a measure of its power. The runes of activation are: hammered thrice upon its armoured hide and the engines fired as the third blow is struck. If the engine catches first time it is seen as a good omen for the vehicle and the warriors it will carry into- battle. As the Rhino rumbles out of the assembly hangars it is given a battle name worthy of such a sacred artefact and is then ready to depart for a life of war amongst the stars.

Besides the Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes only a select few imperial organisations now have access to Rhinos, the priceless technology involved in their construction and maintenance is too valuable to be entrusted to any but the most loyal and steadfast bodies of warriors. The Adeptus Sororitas and Adeptus Arbites have a number of Rhinos and they maintain a body of those sanctified and pure of heart to care for





them. Years of training go towards achieving this respected position. Aspirants must learn how to divine the runes of engineering, memorise the liturgy of maintenance and constantly study the routine of service. It is a position of great honour to care for these vehicles and those that are carried into battle within one of these armoured transports are mindful of the spirits that inhabit the mechanical functions and blessed bolts that make up each one.

Should a Rhino ever be lost in battle it is an occasion of great mourning for those entrusted with its care, and furious battles have been fought to reclaim the burned-out carcass of a Rhino simply to lay its spirit to rest. After the Battle of Naeuysk Gorge, fourteen Rhinos of the Imperial Fists had to be abandoned when traitor Space Marines from the Night Lords Legion ambushed the advancing column as it crossed the only bridge across the gorge. The attackers destroyed the lead and rear vehicles, trapping the rest in place. Previously placed demolition charges blew out the bridge supports and every Rhino on the bridge plummeted nearly a thousand metres into the gorge. The survivors were harried back to their base and the name of the Night Lords placed forever on the Chapter's Litany of Hatred. The following morning a daring mission involving an airborne assault across the gorge pushed back the Night Lords from the hills on the opposite side and allowed the Imperial Fists to bring up salvage units to start the recovery of their shattered vehicles and the bodies of their comrades. The battle in the hills raged for over thirty hours, with Imperial Fists' casualties amounting to almost 85% as they fought to give their Techmarines enough time to retrieve the fallen Rhinos. Many of the recovered vehicles were subsequently repaired and sent back into action, their battle spirits eager to avenge the ignominy of their earlier defeat.

Rhinos that can be salvaged are brought back to the forge and each wound reverently repaired by skilled artificers, the battle scars worn with pride and their war-spirits honoured with the Litanies of Battle. As a result, many Rhinos have remained in service for thousands of years, becoming holy relics amongst the Chapters of Space Marines and other Imperial servants who rely on them. The oldest Rhino still in existence belongs to the Salamanders, and is known as Nocturne's Hammer. The Salamanders tell that it carried their legendary Primarch, Vulkan, into battle at the Siege of Devlin's Fastness, sallying out through the gates of the Imperial fortress to attack the foe. Nocturne's Hammer has seen over eight thousand years of action and now has a place of honour in the Chapter's reliquary on Prometheus, its armoured hide scarred by millennia of war. It is a great honour for a Techmarine to be chosen to minister to this holy vehicle and it is a duty that is solemnly observed. At the dawn of each new century, the Chapter's Techmarines gather in the reliquary and the Master of the Forge strikes the rune of activation upon the engine. It is seen as a portent of great doom should the engine `ail to catch first time.

The Rhino continues to serve as the mainstay of many Imperial organisations and it is unlikely to be superseded without the discovery of a functioning STC database that will enable imperial servants to further refine and improve on its design. Until that day, the faithful Rhino will continue to carry the warriors of the Emperor into battle, proof against the weapons of their foes and ready to bring the wrath of the Master of Mankind upon his blasphemous enemies.

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STEEL CHARIOTS

Space Marine Land Raider

Across the hundreds of thousands of planets in the Imperiunrt, even amongst the most regressed and superstitious populations, the Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes are legendary. On civilised worlds they are spoken of in hushed whispers, accompanied by ignorant tales of ancient secrets concerning bio-alchemy and geno-conditioning. The myths of primitive peoples tell of the Angels of Death who descend from the stars on fiery wings to bring retribution to the serpents of Chaos. Just as prominent are the tales of the steel chariots of the Angels -massive beasts of metal with a skin that turns any blow, whose eyes unleash bolts of lightning and in whose stomach the Angels of Death travel. This is the legend of the Land Raider.

The Land Raider is based upon the near-mythical Standard Template Construct (STC) technology, and as Such its design pre-dates the Imperium by many thousands of years. Its rediscovery is commonly attributed to the great Technomagus Arkhan Land at the very birth of the Imperium. When the Imperial Land Raider first saw combat is now a matter of much debate amongst Imperial archaeologists. Some claim it was during the Siege of Delebrion that a Land Raider first fired its lascannons in anger, others point towards the massed tank battles of Calysto Platinum and say that the Land Raider drew first blood during the mighty conflict that raged over that world at the start of the Emperor's Great Crusade. The popularity of the Land Raider in Imperial forces was nothing short of overwhelming. A whole forge world, Anvilus 9, was turned over entirely to the production of Land Raiders and the design spread throughout the galaxy with the Emperor's fleets.



At that time, the Land Raider was used by almost every human force, including the Space Marines and the Imperial army. There was not a battlefield in the first two hundred years of the Imperium that had not tested the mettle of this awesome war engine. Then the Warmaster Horus virus bombed Istvaan V and the Great Heresy engulfed the galaxy. Anvilus 9 was overrun by renegade Techpriests at the outset of the Heresy, and production of the Land Raider was suddenly reduced to a trickle from a handful of forge worlds still loyal to the Emperor's rule (many forge worlds opted to secede from the Imperium at this point, rather than joining one side or the other). With the Warmaster's forces threatening to overrun Terra, the Emperor decreed that all Land Raiders still in loyalist service were to be recalled for exclusive use by the Legionnes Astartes, who were at the forefront of the fighting.

The Land Raider proved to be essential for both sides during the bitter fighting that would decide the fate of the Imperium. It was one of the few vehicles that could, when used in sufficient numbers, hold off and even destroy the massive Titans of the Adeptus Mechanicus, whilst its ability to fight in almost any imaginable warzone, including seabeds and in highly corrosive atmospheres, meant that it saw more service than any other machine of war. The Heresy was eventually crushed by the sacrifice of the Emperor, but with the Emperor's ascension to the Golden Throne none dared countermand his order that Land Raiders were for the exclusive use of the Space Marines. Thus has it remained for the last ten thousand years.

The Land Raider is ideally suited to the highly mobile warfare employed by the Adeptus Astartes. Like Space Marines, the heavily armoured Land Raider is capable of fighting in almost any conditions, including extremes of climate, total vacuums and high gravity worlds. The Land Raider offers vita! protection and transport for a squad of Space Marines, and has enough heavy weaponry to lay down considerable supporting fire once it has dropped its passengers at the battlezone. On death worlds and in other harsh environs, the Land Raider's onboard stores allow the Space Marines to replenish the environmental and energy systems of their power armour, giving them a greater operational span.

In battle, it is common practice for the squad to disembark, leaving the Land Raider to fight independently. The Land Raider's mix of armament allows it to fulfil a variety of battlefield roles. In many respects it is used as a mobile emplacement, its thick armour able to withstand all but the most destructive land-based weaponry in the galaxy. In this role, several Land Raiders can form a defensive line against a counter-attack or create a near impenetrable enclave inside enemy held territory. Its twin-linked lascannons are the best tank busting armament found on a vehicle of such size, so much so that the Orks often refer to Land Raiders as 'Kan-blasterz'. Combined with its heavy bolters, the Land Raider is always capable of dealing with squadrons ol light vehicles and can tear a swathe through even the most heavily armoured infantry squads.

The Land Raider has advantages over nearly every other battle tank in the Imperium. Its troop carrying capacity means that it can always bring its own infantry support, regardless of how far from the battle line it must operate. The Land Raider has everything on board to tend to the needs of its crew and passengers, including medical facilities, life support and a shrine to ensure spiritual purity. Its rugged engine design can be adapted to use almost any fuel type, including a variety of gases, fossil fuels, liquids and even vegetative matter. A triple-redundant bank of analytical engines and communications arrays provide for excellent command and control facilities, allowing the Land Raider to act as a base of operations for the squad it carries, giving it an unequalled capability for deep range strikes behind enemy lines.

The Land Raider's survivability comes from its many layered composite armour which, thanks to Magos Land's STC data, can be manufactured from a wide variety of different resources and materials. Its size makes it less unwieldy in battle than the super-heavy Baneblades, Stormhammers and Shadowswords used by the Imperial Guard, without any significant reduction in protection.

Behind Enemy Lines

One of the most famous stories in the history of the Red Talon Space Marine Chapter is that of Techmarine Clearn, his driver Marine Rillan and their Land Raider Eagle's Claw. The action took place during the first day of the Battle of Amion, during the campaign fought against the rebel Imperial forces of the self-styled King of the Further Reaches in M41.917. The battle resulted in the breaching of the rebels' main defensive lines, and led to the final defeat of the rebel forces.

Eagle's Claw formed part of the Red Talon's 6th Company, which had been split up over a wide front to support the Imperial Guard

TECHNOARCHAEOLOCIST ARKHAN LAND



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units making the attack. Clearn had been given the task of first supporting the assault and then, once the rebel lines were breached, aiding the 189th Armageddon Steel Legion as it exploited the breakthrough. By 0620 the Land Raider was 2,000 metres ahead of its original start line and was beginning to catch up with the Baneblades, Leman Russ battle tanks and Imperial Guard infantry assault teams attacking the rebel lines. As Eagle's Claw crossed the last line of rebel trenches it came under fire from rebel anti-tank teams armed with Imperial lascannons, which had already managed to knock out two of the Guard's Leman Russ tanks. The lascannon fire damaged Eagle's Claw's communications array, cutting Clearn off from the rest of the Company for the remainder of the battle. Undeterred, Clearn was able to use a belt of trees for cover in order to close with the enemy in relative safety. Bursting from the tree line Eagle's Claw swept over the rebel position. The rebels attempted to flee but were cut down by the Land Raider's heavy bolters. The Guard assault squads arrived to occupy the position and Clearn set off again, travelling east towards the main objective of Amion itself. By now the 189th had come forward and were beginning to harry fugitives from the broken enemy lines. Unfortunately, wherever they met stiffer opposition, the mechanised infantry began to suffer casualties and were forced to halt. Clearn provided assistance in two such actions, destroying five enemy tanks and killing dozens of enemy infantry in the process, but more importantly allowing the mechanised infantry to head on towards their next objective. At this point Clearn evidently decided that he would make far better progress on his own. His map told him that there was an enemy supply cantonment in a shallow valley not more than five kilometres away. He headed towards the location of the camp, and when he finally reached the crest of the valley, he found the occupants hastily stuffing their belongings into their packs as they attempted to evacuate. Clearn opened fire at once, killing or wounding sixty of the rebels before the rest made good their escape, and then using Eagle's Claw's lascannon to blow up the rebels' vital stockpiles of fuel and ammunition which had been left in the camp. This secondary objective having been reduced to a blazing inferno, Clearn decided to head towards the main objective of Amion. He soon came across files of rebel infantry retreating towards the defences of the hive and engaged them at ranges of 200 to 600 metres. Eagle's Claw remained in the area for over an hour, shooting at any sign of movement as it cruised up and down. In the process, return fire damaged Eagle's Claw's fuel cells, which started to leak fumes into the interior of the tank, rendering the air so poisonous that the crew were forced to don the helmets of their power-armoured suits.

been, it was Arkhan Land who led the greatest expedition into the ruins of the Librarius Omnis on Mars. For three years he searched the labyrinthine catacombs of that deserted edifice in search of functioning STC databases. He was not to succeed in his ultimate quest, but on the way he made two discoveries which were to revolutionise technical treatises for millennia to come. The first of these was a near complete dataslab image of STC information pertaining to a heavily armoured battle tank, which was to become known as the 'Land' Raider in honour of its originator. Secondly, Land was to unearth valuable information on anti-gravitic plates, and further hypothesised about the practical applications such anti-grav engines could be put to use to, leading to the construction of the first 'Land' Speeders.

Land was to eventually die leading a second expedition into the Librarius Omnis; his vox diary was found two centuries later by one of a number of rescue teams. It is believed that he and his party were picked off one by one by some mysterious predator, although it is still a matter of much controversial debate whether this was some kind of living beast, a psychic entity or perhaps even a sentient virus. For most it is simply proof that the secrets of the Dark Age of Technology are best left in mystery and prehistory.

Because of the risk of fire and explosion most men would have decided that enough was enough. Clearn, however, was not a man - he was a Space Marine, and a Space Marine of the Red Talons Chapter at that. So, although he was now completely alone, he decided to press on. Soon he found himself in the midst of the retreating rebel army, surrounded by columns of vehicles and marching men who believed they were beyond

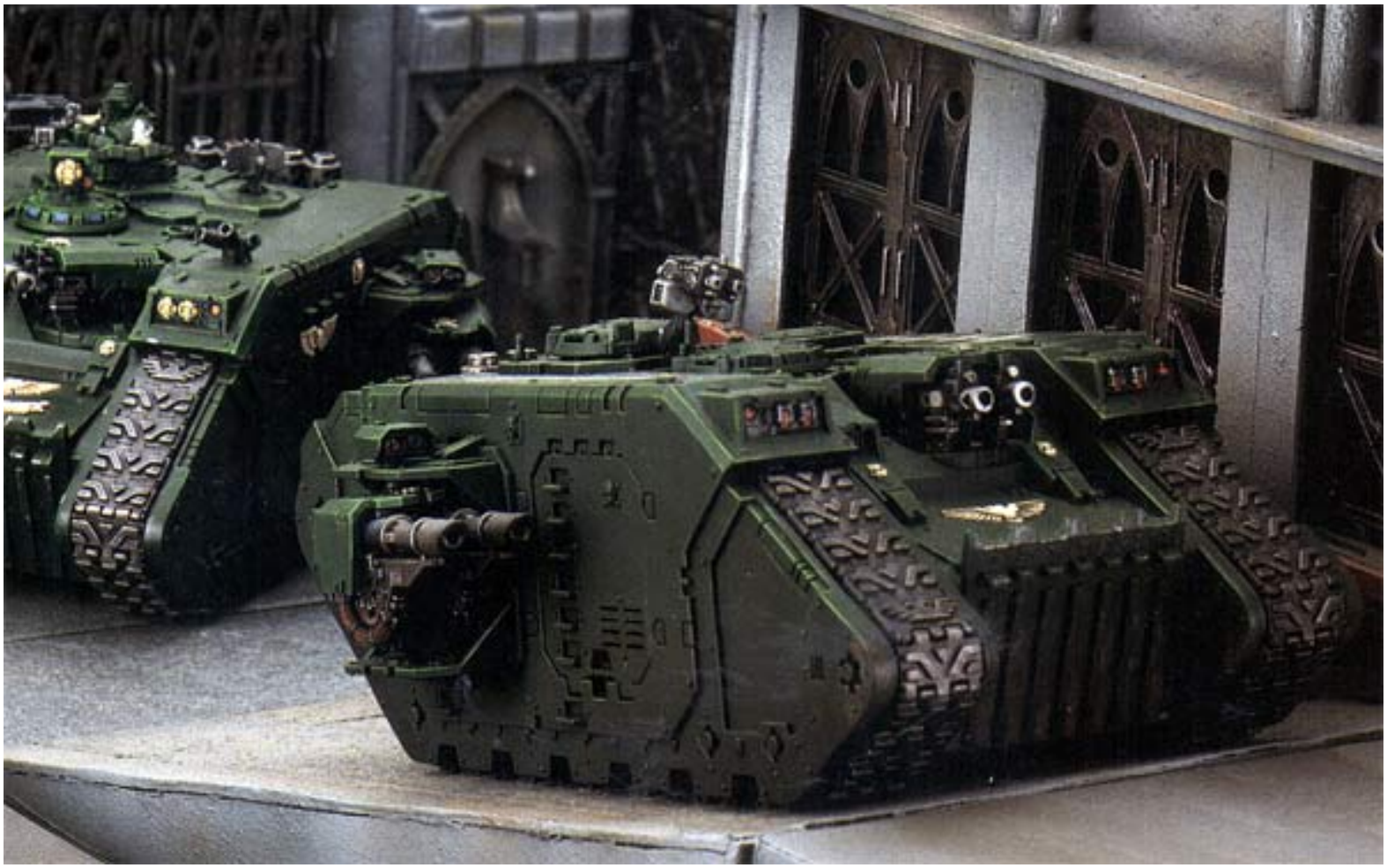
the reach of danger. When Eagle's Claw opened fire on them at close range, inflicting heavy losses, a wild panic ensued. Men ran in all directions, vehicles careened out of control and crashed into each other. It was carnage!

Now satisfied, and with no ammunition left for his heavy bolters and the barrels of three of Eagle's Claris lascannons burnt out from overuse, Clearn ordered Marine Rillan to turn for home. But he had left it a moment too late. The enemy had brought up a battery of Basilisks, which quickly scored three hits, causing Eagle's Claw to burst into flames. Clearn and Rillan leapt clear, pausing only to grab their bolters from the burning vehicle's ready rack as they did so. Surrounded on all sides by enraged rebel infantry, the fate of the two Space Marines was never in doubt. Nonetheless, they put up a stiff fight as the rebels swarmed round them. Finally, however, Rillan was shot dead, and Clearn was dragged down and kicked and hammered with lasgun butts until he was unconscious.

Hours later the burned out shell of Eagle's Claw was found by the advancing 189th Armageddon Steel Legion some 16 kilometres beyond what had been the original start line. How it had got there remained a mystery and a source of much speculation to the troops that made up the armies fighting in the campaign for many months. It was only when Clearn was freed from the cells of infamous Temple of Truth Through Pain that the full story was able to be told. But by then the colourful tales of the exploits of the Land Raider Eagle's Claw had already become legend...

The Battle of Thranx

Few worlds have suffered beneath the scourge of heresy and treachery like the hive world of Thranx in the Segmentum Solar. From its day of liberation during the Great Crusade to the day of its Exterminatus by the Dark Angels, Thranx was a byword for anarchy and disruption. During the 36th millennium an alien-inspired rebellion erupted amongst the monolithic equatorial heat sinks which controlled the atmosphere and heat exchanging across the rest of the world-encompassing hive. Aliens controlling the rebels sought to ransom the world for their own ends but were met by the solid resolution of Governor Count Momery. He sent his own finest mechanised regiments against the rebel positions without hesitation. At his command, ten thousand Leman Russ tanks clattered across the endless rooftops and terraces which covered the world-hive.



The Governor's proud tanks were decimated in the course of a single afternoon by rebel lascannons and Earthshaker cannons mounted high on the ziggurat-like steps of the heat sinks. As the tanks advanced across the open rooftops the rebels simply picked them off. Over five thousand wrecks were left upon the battlefield. Governor Momery was a rash man, and sent his depleted regiments again the next day, this time preceded by a massive bombardment from orbital monitors and attack craft. Unfortunately the damage to the rebels' defences was counterbalanced by the cratering of roadways and bridges the tanks needed to advance. Two thousand more wrecks were added to the battlefield before the regiments broke and fell back again. By now the rebels were literally turning the heat up across the whole planet and millions of citizens were already dying of heat stroke and dehydration. At last Governor Momery instructed his Astropaths to request assistance from the Adepts of Earth. By great good fortune, a battle barge of the Iron Hands Chapter of the Adeptus Astartes was passing close to Thranx and it was diverted to prevent Thranx becoming a dead world. The Iron Hands Companies aboard were depleted after a tunnel fighting campaign on Kolyma, but their vehicles were intact. Their leader. Commander Sien, determined to make a last ditch offensive using his handful of Land Raiders and the Governor's surviving tanks for support. Although his force was limited, he believed that if the rebels' defensive position could be cracked at one point, the entire ring of heat sinks could be easily rolled-up by the Governor's troops. He led the five Land Raiders of his company forward during the night, walking ahead of them to personally examine the route while the rebels were kept busy with a bombardment from the battle barge overhead. Commander Sien mounted up and led his Land Raiders into the attack at dawn, forming a hardened tip to a wedge of Thranx Steel Legions in an assault on Heat Sink 871. The defence was bitter, from the instant the Land Raiders appeared they were at the centre of a storm of shells and bolts raining down from above. The heavy armour of the Raiders shrugged aside much of the fire but Sien had advanced no more than 200 metres before Land Raider four, Metallus Gravus, was immobilised by a shattered track and then destroyed as rebel Earthshaker batteries found their range. The other Astartes battle tanks pushed forward, racing along a

shell-torn skedway to reach the first ramp up the flank of the heat sink. Land Raider two. Quoth Karrasis, was blown apart by a direct hit from a rebel defence laser at the top of the ramp. Sien allowed the laser no time to recharge and gunned his own machine. Cestus, up the perilously narrow roadway to get a clear shot at the laser's armoured cupola. After a few tense seconds Cestus reached a firing position, only to miss with his first salvo of lascannon fire and be left fully exposed to the emplacement's return shot. To Sien's amazement the panicking rebel gunners also missed and he was able to use the Land Raider's heavy bolters to drive them away from their position. Wasting no time, Sien turned up the second ramp followed by Raiders three and five, only to find his way blocked by welded steel anti-tank obstacles. Commander Sien and his Techmarine dismounted under increasingly intense fire from rebel infantry to attach melta bombs onto the obstacles, both being lightly wounded in several places. As they remounted, Raider five notified them that the defence laser was being re-manned. Sien detailed Raider five to keep the laser position suppressed, but as the giant tank turned to bring its full armament to bear it slipped partly off the roadway and was left with its right tracks hanging over empty space a hundred metres over the steel plain below. With commendable clarity of purpose. Raider five opened fire on the laser emplacement and knocked it out with several direct hits. Seconds later a shellburst tipped Raider five over the edge and Sien was reduced to a command of just two tanks. Sien triggered the melta charges and pushed on, Cestus leading and Raider three giving fire support, the two battle tanks ground up the second ramp, scattering enemy infantry and taking more hits as they did so. The third and final ramp was blocked by a salvaged Leman Russ, its battle cannon zeroed in on the corner as Sien made the turn. Once again the Emperor was watching over Sien and the hit only wrecked one of his lascannon sponsons. Slewing his vehicle to bring the other weapons to bear, Sien riddled the Leman Russ with lascannon bolts. To clear his path he maintained fire on the tank until it was reduced to a molten skeleton. Crunching over the wreck brought him to the top of Heat Sink 871 where the two battered Land Raiders made short work of the Earthshaker battery atop it. With the rebels' defences fatally breached the Thranx Steel Legions swarmed into the gap and began the long process of reducing the rebel redoubts. At the end of the battle Sien counted the number of hits to his Land Raider's adamantium hide and found it had survived 132 enemy shots.

Across the hundreds of thousands of planets in the Imperium, even amongst the most regressed and superstitious populations, the Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes are legendary. On civilised worlds they are spoke of in hushed whispers, accompanied by ignorant tales of ancient secrets concerning bio-alchemy and genoconditioning. The myths of primitive peoples tell of the Angels of Death who descend from the stars on fiery wings to bring retribution to the serpents of Chaos. Just as prominent are the tales of the steel chariots of the Angels – massive beasts of metal with a skin that turns any blow, whose eyes unleash bolts of lightning and in whose stomach the Angels of Death travel. This is the legend of the Land Raider.

The Land Raider is based upon the near-mythical Standard Template Construct (STC) technology, and as such its design pre-dates the Imperium by many thousands of years. Its rediscovery is commonly attributed to the great Technomagus Arkhan Land at the very birth of the Imperium. When the Imperial Land Raider first saw combat is now a matter of much debate amongst Imperial archaeologists. Some claim it was during the Siege of Delebrion that a Land Raider first fired its lascannons in anger, others point towards the massed tank battles of Calysto Platinum and say that the Land Raider drew first blood during the mighty conflict that raged over that world at the start of the Emperor's Great Crusade. The popularity of the Land Raider in Imperial forces was nothing short of overwhelming. A whole forge world, Anvilus 9, was turned over entirely to the production of Land Raiders and the design spread throughout the galaxy with the Emperor's fleets.

At that time, the Land Raider was used by almost every human force, including the Space Marines and the Imperial army. There was not a battlefield in the first two hundred years of the Imperium that had not tested the mettle of this awesome war engine. Then the Warmaster Horus virus bombed Istvaan V and the Great Heresy engulfed the galaxy. Anvilus 9 was overrun by renegade Tech-Priests at the outset of the heresy, and production of the Land Raider was suddenly reduced to a trickle from a handful of forge worlds still loyal to the Emperor's rule (many forge worlds opted to secede from the Imperium at this point, rather than joining one side or the other). With the Warmaster's forces threatening to overrun Terra, the Emperor decreed that all Land Raiders still in loyalist service were to be recalled for exclusive use by the Legionnes Astartes, who were at the forefront of the fighting. The Land Raider proved to be essential for both sides during the bitter fighting that would decide the fate of the Imperium. It was one of the few vehicles that could, when used in sufficient numbers, hold off and even destroy the massive Titans of the Adeptus Mechanicus, whilst its ability to fight in almost any imaginable warzone, including sea beds and in highly corrosive atmospheres, meant that it saw more service than any other machine of war. The Heresy was eventually crushed by the sacrifice of the Emperor, but with the Emperor's ascension to the Golden Throne none dared countermand his order that Land Raiders were for the exclusive use of the Space Marines. Thus has it remained for the last ten thousand years.

The Land Raider is ideally suited to the highly mobile warfare employed by the Adeptus Astartes. Like Space Marines, the heavily armoured Land Raider is capable of fighting in almost any conditions, including extremes of climate, total vacuums and high gravity worlds. The Land Raider offers vital protection and transport for a squad of Space Marines, and has enough heavy weaponry to lay down considerable supporting fire once it has dropped its passengers at the battlezone. On deathworlds and in other harsh environs, the Land Raider's on board stores allow the Space Marines to replenish the environmental and energy systems of their power armour, giving them a greater operational span.

In battle, it is common practice for the squad to disembark, leaving the Land Raider to fight independently. The Land Raider's mix of armament allows it to fulfil a variety of battlefield roles. In many respects it is used as a mobile emplacement, its thick armour able to withstand all but the most destructive land-based weaponry in the galaxy. In this role, several Land Raiders can form a defensive line against a counter-attack or create a near impenetrable enclave inside enemy held territory. Its twin-linked lascannons are the best tank busting armament found on a vehicle of such size, so much so that the Orks often refer to Land Raiders as 'Kan-blasterz'. Combined with its heavy bolters, the Land Raider is always capable of dealing with squadrons of light vehicles and can tear a swathe through even the most heavily armoured infantry squads.

The Land Raider has advantages over nearly every other battle tank in the Imperium. Its troop carrying capacity means that it can always bring its own infantry support, regardless of how far from the battleline it must operate. The Land Raider has everything on board to tend to the needs of its crew and passengers, including medical facilities, life support and a shrine to ensure spiritual purity. Its rugged engine design can be adapted to use almost any fuel type, including a variety of gases, fossil fuels, liquids and even vegetative matter. A triple-redundant bank of analytical engines and communications arrays provide for excellent command and control facilities, allowing the Land Raider to act as a base of operations for the squad it carries, giving it an unequalled capability for deep range strikes behind enemy lines.

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ARMOURED

Technoarchaeologist Arkhan Land

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FURY

Continuing this month's features on the awesome Space Marine Land Raider, Imperial Scribe Gav Thorpe describes the history of this bastion of the Adeptus Astartes fighting forces.

The air was rent with howling Ork war cries as the greenskins stormed forward through the shattered ruins once again. Trooper Clave shuddered at the mass of bestial creatures rushing towards him, before steadying his lasgun against the crumbling brickwork of a smashed wall and taking careful aim. His shot joined a ragged volley of blasts from the Imperial Guard around him, sending half a dozen of the Orks crashing to the rubble-strewn road.

'Where are those Space Marines we were promised?' Clave asked himself bitterly, loosing another blast of super-charged light into the approaching mass of greenskins. For three hours they'd barely staved off the waves of Orks pouring through the ruined shell of the town, and had been totally unable to complete their orders of securing the remnants of the Imperial temple, only two hundred yards from where they had got bogged down by the Ork assaults. Edging along the wall for a better vantage point, Clave thought he could hear something over the screaming of the Orks. It was a creaking, grinding sort of noise, barely audible but persistent.

As he glanced around he saw something which caused his heart to pound in panic. Amongst the Orks were three enormous Dreadnoughts, striding through the greenskins with awkward, swaying steps. One levelled its guns at the squad to Clave's right and the wall exploded into shrapnel as a hail of shells erupted along the Imperial Guard defence line. As he ducked back from the attack, a rocket screamed haphazardly overhead to explode in a shower of brickdust on the old Refectorium behind Clave. The Orks seemed to be holding back, barely held at bay by the lessening fire of the Guardsmen. Lasbolts glanced ineffectually off the Dreadnoughts' armour plates, accompanied by the equally useless detonations of heavy bolter shells. Clave cursed the platoon's lack of anti-tank weaponry – recon had told them there were no heavy Ork vehicles in this quadrant.

The Dreadnoughts were barely two dozen yards away now, the greenskins massed behind them, waiting expectantly to leap on any opening the Dreadnoughts smashed through the Imperium's soldiers. Clave's lasgun gave a pitiful whine and he managed to drag his eyes away from the clanking Dreadnoughts for just long enough to change the spent power pack for a new one.

With an ear-splitting crash, the wall five yards to Clave's left exploded outwards, showering fist size chunks of stone across the torn slabs of the roadway. The air was filled with a mechanical growling as the Land Raider rumbled across the rubble, blotting out the light of Javon's setting sun. Servos whined as the lascannon closest to Clave adjusted aim, turning rapidly in its remote mounting to sight upon the nearest Dreadnought. With a blinding flash the twin barrels seemed to ignite the air and the Ork war machine was suddenly wreathed in swirling black smoke. It took one more step forward before tottering sideways and collapsing, a rogue spark turning its fuel tank into a raging fireball.

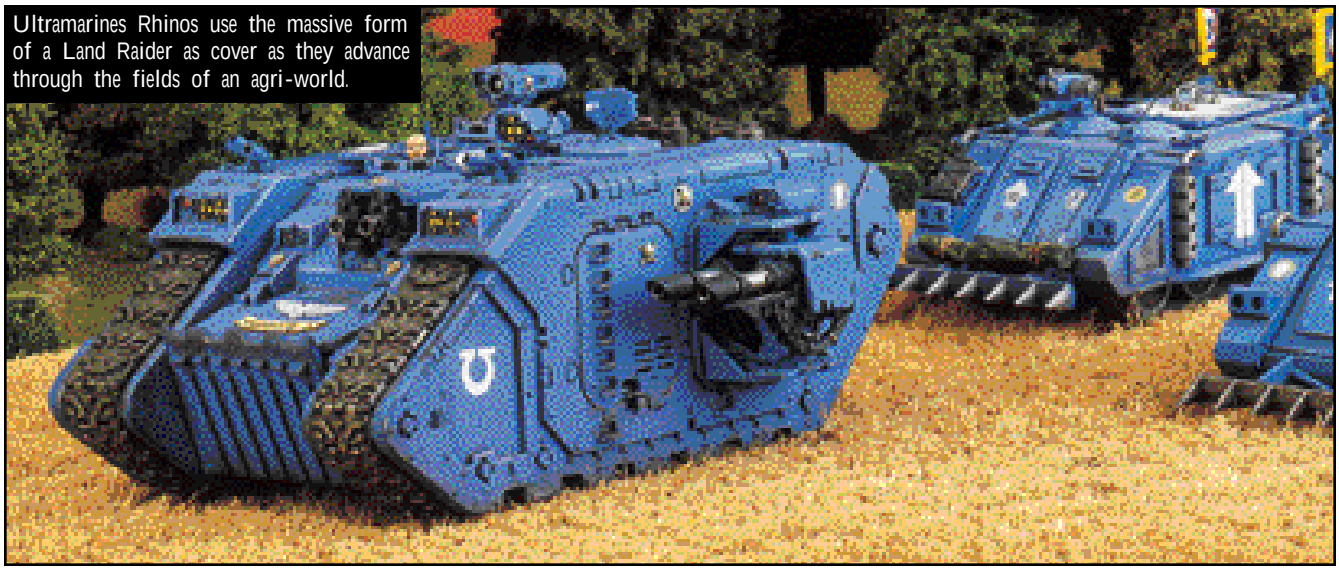
The other two Dreadnoughts turned towards the Land Raider, treading jerkily through the thick oily smoke billowing from their wrecked comrade. The rocket launchers of one swivelled towards the vehicle and with a blast of sparks fired. One rocket corkscrewed wildly into the air, but the other flew straight, impacting onto the upper armour of the Land Raider's assault ramp. However as the smoke of the detonation drifted away in the wind, the worst damage to be seen was a patch of bubbling paintwork. More rockets flew past erratically or impacted harmlessly on the inches-thick armour as the Land Raider's tracks ground round slowly, turning it to face its attackers. Once more two bright beams of light stabbed out, slicing effortlessly through the crudely painted armour of the rocket-armed Dreadnought, shattering it into pieces of twisted metal and charred flesh. With a metallic roar from its external speakers, the last pilot hurled his war machine forward, pushing it into a lumbering run. With a resounding clang, the Dreadnought slammed into the front of the Land Raider.

Clave could see the Dreadnought's powered claw and whirling saw blade smashing and hacking at the front of the tank. Sparks fountained in all directions, and Clave saw a plate the size of his head twisted off and torn aside. With a lurch, the Land Raider backed up and the Dreadnought took a faltering step forward now that it was no longer leaning on the front of the tank. Once more the lascannons erupted into life; one bolt of light shearing through the Dreadnought's right leg below its lower joint, the other blowing apart the power claw. Toppled to the ground, the Dreadnought tried to claw its way forward, dragging its shattered hull along the road with its saw arm.

With a whirr the assault portal at the front of the Land Raider opened and Clave saw a storm of bolter fire erupt from within its armoured hull. Even before the ramp had touched the ground, the Space Marines inside were storming out, bolters in their hands clattering wildly. The Space Marine squad surrounded the forlorn Dreadnought, their bolters blazing constantly. Their sergeant, his heraldic banner flapping in the heat from the burning Dreadnought, stepped forwards, dodging aside as the spinning power saw lashed out. He bent forward and rammed something into the upper leg joints and a moment later two muffled thuds signified the krak grenades detonating. Their first target neutralised, the Space Marines headed towards the Orks, who were milling around in a confused, demoralised fashion.

"Guardsmen!" Clave heard Commissar Divel bellowing from further along the line. "Advance!"

With a cheer, Clave hurled himself over the wall towards the Orks, the rest of the platoon to either side of him.



Ultramarines Rhinos use the massive form of a Land Raider as cover as they advance through the fields of an agri-world.



A Land Raider forms a strongpoint in the Dark Angels lines.



A Blood Angels Land Raider delivers its deadly cargo into the heart of the Night Lords' defenses.

CHAOS LAND RAIDER

The Land Raider is the heaviest ground vehicle used by the Space Marines, and is more akin to a mobile strongpoint than a battle tank. With equally heavy armour on its sides and rear, it can plough into the enemy army with virtual impunity, its thick adamantium and ceramite plates withstanding all but the deadliest anti-tank weaponry. The Land Raider's capacious hull can carry a full squad of Chaos Space Marines or, more usually, a detachment of deadly Chaos Terminators. Once in position, a Land Raider opens its front assault ramp to disgorge its cargo of bloodthirsty warriors directly into combat with the foe, while providing supporting fire with its multiple weapon systems.

Land Raiders are highly prized by the Chaos Space Marines, and their numbers are very limited. Warmasters and Chaos Champions often use a Land Raider as their transport to proclaim their status and power, adorning their mechanical behemoth with large banners, decorating its hull with the bodies of the slain and symbols of the Dark Gods. With its lascannons blazing and enemy shots sparking harmlessly off its armoured hull, a Land Raider is a bastion of strength that can spearhead an attack or form a mobile rallying point when in defence.

"Those dark arts named Daemomancy excel in the summoning, conjuration, exhortation and control of diabolic entities from the Immaterium. The Daemomancer knows the intonations, offerings and promises that will gather the attention of these infernal phantasms. Through researched study of the cabalistic formulae and liturgy, the impure celebrant can increase his influence over the Great Powers. With such increased power, the entreatment of diabolic forces becomes more secure, the response to pleas for treacherous reward greater.

The Black Sorceries of Daemomancy rely upon certain elements, some physical, others spiritual. The offering of these components in correct quantities and order is paramount to Daemomancy. Blood, sweat, hair, bone, fear, loathing and hatred are the Ingredientia Majoris, common to all conjurations and summonings. Dependant upon the Nefarious Power to be entreated, certain Ingredientia Minoris will also be required."

Liber Malificorum –
Of Daemons and the Diabolic, Vol.3 mccxxvii



"The revelation of spirit when encountering the power of Chaos is as freeing for the machine as it is for the mortal mind. It is our duty to create this blessed state of union."

Teachings of Gaiak Krustellam, Dark Magos

		Armour		
	BS	F	S	R
Chaos Land Raider	4	14	14	14

Unit Type: Vehicle (Tank)

Transport: Ten models. Models in Terminator armour count as two models. Note that Obliterators and Summoned Daemons, even though they are Infantry, cannot be transported.

Fire Points - 0: The top hatches are for the use of the Chaos Land Raider's crew, and cannot be used by passengers as firing ports.

Access Points - 3: The Chaos Land Raider has a large frontal access ramp and a hatch on each side of the hull, any of which may be used to embark or disembark.

Special Rules

Assault Vehicle: Models disembarking from a Chaos Land Raider may Assault in the same turn.

WARHAMMER 40,000

In the first of a new series telling the tales of the universe's most legendary characters, we take a look at Ahriman – the Primarch of the Thousand Sons, a man who seeks to control Chaos.

HEROES & VILLAINS OF THE 41ST MILLENNIUM

AHRIMAN OF THE THOUSAND SONS



> And what are the achievements of your fragile Imperium? It is a corpse rotting slowly from within while maggots writhe in its belly. It was built with the toil of heroes and giants, and now it is inhabited by frightened weaklings to whom the glories of those times are half-forgotten legends. I have forgotten nothing, and my wisdom has expanded far beyond mere mortal frailties.
>
> – Ahriman of the Thousand Sons

Ahriman was among the foremost of the Thousand Sons when they set their feet upon the long path of learning the secrets of magic. Like his Primarch, Ahriman had become obsessed with arcane mysteries as he fought through the galaxy on the Great Crusade. He had encountered isolated cultures where magic had re-emerged as the dominant form of power after the machines had died. Magnus the Red's thirst for knowledge was imprinted into all of his sons, and they pursued the quest with equal fervor. Towards the end of the Great Crusade, the Primarch compiled a truly monumental tome of sorcery called *The Book of Magnus*, sometimes known as *The Book of the Thousand Sons*, filled with arcane lore from across the galaxy. As Chief Librarian, Ahriman was keeper of this book on the Thousand Sons' home world of Prospero, and he studied its inner mysteries extensively. His power gradually grew and expanded as he grasped the subtle nuances of magic discovered by wise men across the galaxy over millennia of study. Like all of the Thousand Sons, Ahriman came to believe that the untapped power of the Warp could be harnessed for the good of Mankind. Only weakness of mind and spirit prevented ordinary men from controlling the Warp utterly.

Over time, the most powerful and influential of the Legion's brethren began to think of themselves as sorcerers, and they devoted more time to uncovering the mystical secrets of the universe than to fighting the Emperor's wars. But the Emperor could

not tolerate the gradual shift of the Thousand Sons towards Chaos. He knew that no man, not even a Primarch, could master Chaos. The Legion's warning that his most trusted Warmaster was plotting against him seemed to confirm the Emperor's worst fears that the forces of Chaos had insidiously corrupted the whole Legion and now sought to fragment the newborn Imperium.

The Emperor unleashed the Space Wolves Legion on the Thousand Sons' tranquil home world of Prospero. Ravening, grey-armored assault squads of Blood Claws seized Prospero's neglected orbital lasers and missile batteries within hours of arriving. Thereafter, the Thousand Sons were almost bombarded out of existence. Delicate towers of vast antiquity were smashed to rubble by energy beams from above. Vast libraries of incalculably precious works burned beneath a rain of fusion fire. Stunned by the magnitude of their betrayal, the Thousand Sons saved what they could and fled, breaking through the Space Wolves' blockade in their surviving ships to seek sanctuary with the Warmaster.

The Thousand Sons soon dedicated themselves to Tzeentch, the Power of Chaos who is the greatest master of magic. He became their patron God, and as they fought their way through the Heresy, Magnus and the Thousand Sons used their dedication to Tzeentch to avoid the deeper corruption suffered by the other Traitor Legions. After Horus's defeat, the Thousand Sons escaped to the Eye of Terror. Only then did the other aspects of their patron's nature begin to reveal themselves to the Thousand Sons.

The first visible signs were the grotesque mutations that began to manifest themselves among the battle brethren. Ahriman and the other sorcerers were even more horrified when some of their own number began to warp and change. They had failed to master Chaos - instead Chaos was mastering them.

Ahriman was determined that the long path to knowledge they had trodden would not end in madness and abomination. He formed a secret conclave consisting of many of the most powerful sorcerers that had resisted the insidious spread of mutation. Secretly, he began to study the Book of Magnus again, seeking some way to prevent the Legion devolving any further. In time, he prepared the Rubric of Ahriman, a spell so potent that it would unleash forces far beyond the control of the sorcerers. If it worked, the Legion would be rendered immune to the warping effects of Chaos.



The Thousand Sons prepare to exact vengeance on their enemies - the Space Wolves.

The cabal of sorcerers refused to help Ahriman at first, but when Magnus was elevated to the ranks of Tzeentch's Daemon Princes, it became clear that the last vestiges of humanity were being driven from the Thousand Sons. Soon they would be nothing but mewling Chaos Spawn robbed of all their hard-won knowledge and power; the destruction of their home world and the Heresy would have all been for nothing. At last, the sorcerers agreed to join their power together, and a terrible cataclysm of magic was summoned about the Planet of the Sorcerers.

It is said that even the Daemons fled before the roaring maelstrom of magic that Ahriman and the others sent against their world. Crackling clouds of multicolored energy descended from the skies and enveloped the great silver towers of the Thousand Sons. Forking bolts of blue and yellow lightning struck down the corrupted Space Marines one after another. No sorcerous protection or physical defense could keep the powers at bay. The storm of magic raged for an eternal night, which could have lasted days or centuries, until finally Magnus himself used his unearthly powers to end it.

Knowing he had little time, the Savant hurriedly tapped his 37-digit identifier into the ancient cogitator. He glanced at the door to ensure that it was locked, and then turned back to the machine. The green light of its brass-framed pict slate danced across his anxious, hooded face.

Accessing archives that fewer than a score of men in the Imperium could penetrate, the Savant began his search, pulling together scraps of information, reports, and logs – anything linked to the subject of his inquiry: Inquisitor Czevak.

He soon found that all mention of Czevak had been purged from every Imperial database, but he had not spent over half a millennium hunting down blasphemers and traitors without learning something of the nature of information. The arrogant believe they can purge the networks of the taint of a name, but the enlightened know that information strives to be free, as a virus seeks to replicate. So it is that a scrap of data will lurk in the darkest corners of ancient logic-stacks. Sometimes data would become physically isolated from the vast logistaria of the Imperium as they were archived in hard form, only to be retrieved by a Servitor or Acolyte many years later and unknowingly released once more to spread throughout the networks.

"The information is here," muttered the Savant with another nervous glance at the door. "I know it's here." Lines of text sped across the pict slate, the Savant's implanted cyber-engrams absorbing it all at a rate no normal human could hope to match. His hands danced across the keys as he isolated certain scraps of information and requested entry to deeper and deeper levels of the archives. Soon, he could see a picture emerging. First came a transcript of Inquisitor Czevak's address to the Conclave of Har in which he claimed to have penetrated the secrets of the legendary Black Library. Next, an oblique reference to The Stern Codex, a body of knowledge Czevak clearly had an interest in. So too, it seemed, did others, and soon the Savant sensed a taint within the information; like a sheen of oil on the surface of a stream, there was an almost indiscernible hint that something was not as it appeared.

Pausing briefly and cracking his knuckles, the Savant took a deep breath and glanced around before connecting a multistranded, purity-sealed cable from the socket at his temple to the cogitator. Closing his eyes, he muttered a prayer to the Emperor before diving headlong into the polluted logister stream.

The lit candles in the chamber flickered, though no breeze could penetrate its sealed environs.

Fully immersed in the omniscient logister network, the Savant was almost overwhelmed by the weight of ten millennia of raw, unprocessed information. The data he sought came to him in a flood now, events and names filling his consciousness: The Black Library, the xenos Eldar, the Traitor Legions. He halted the flow when he discovered mention of an incident on the outskirts of the Eye of Terror, described by the Astropath who logged the report as a "psycho-temporal event of unparalleled magnitude." The Black Legion. The Guardians of Ulthwé.

Diving deeper, he uncovered another vein that caused him to halt in shock. The Arch-Traitor, Abaddon the Despoiler, a beast who had caused the Imperium untold grief since he first led his Black Crusades from the Eye of Terror ten millennia past. Movements and incidents in the vicinity of the Eye came into sharp focus; a pattern was emerging.

The candles were extinguished, though the Savant was too deeply immersed to pay them any heed.

Czevak was a key; he possessed knowledge that another craved. One searched for him, a schemer, a manipulator, a servant of the Changer of the Ways. With a start, the Savant saw the Eldar Webway through which the Black Library may be entered, and he saw that someone was working to gain entry to it. This manipulator stood at the side of Abaddon the Despoiler, assisting him in some great, terrible endeavor, though he did so purely to further his own ends.

In a moment of clarity, the Savant saw the ruin of the Imperium in sharp relief. He unplugged the cord and became suddenly aware of the cold, dark chill that had entered the chamber.

"The Gate. The Despoiler. The Fields of Unbelief. The Traveler. The Hidden Way. The Manipulator. Oh God Emperor, protect us..."

Behind him, a multihued shimmer appeared in the air and resolved itself into a massively armored, humanoid form.

The Savant turned, met the gaze of the figure, and knew instantly that this man was the being whose machinations he had glimpsed behind the tainted data flow.

"Ahriman."

The figure raised an archaic pistol, and a single shot filled the chamber with its thunderous report. The Savant slammed back against the cogitator, the bolt round passing straight through his frail body and destroying the machine in a shower of sparks. Every surface of the small room ran with the Savant's lifeblood as his failing eyes took in the sight of the intruder standing over him. Before dying, the Savant heard a distant, echoing whisper as the figure dissolved and was gone.

"The way is indeed hidden old man, but no longer from me."





In the aftermath, it was clear that the Rubric of Ahriman had both surpassed his expectations and failed horribly. Those of the Thousand Sons with sorcerous powers had either survived and had their knowledge and powers greatly augmented, or they had been utterly destroyed.

The battle brethren whose powers had been slight or nonexistent had been changed. Their armor was sealed shut as if every clasp and joint had been welded together. Inside the heavy shell of ceramite and adamantium, the physical bodies of the Chaos Space Marines had been reduced to handfuls of dust, but their spirits remained, trapped inside their battle armor for all eternity. They had been reduced to little more than automata, but Ahriman was satisfied - the physical corruption of the Thousand Sons had been halted even if it was at a terrible price. The Cyclopean eye of Magnus soon fell upon Ahriman and his cabal as the culprits. The Daemon Primarch was furious and summoned Ahriman and the others before him in order to destroy them utterly. However, as Magnus raised his fist to crush the unrepentant sorcerers, Magnus heard a distant, sibilant voice: "Magnusss, you would ssmash my pawns too readily."

Tzeentch, Changer of the Ways, had guided the plot to its fruition for his own purposes. Who can say what the most enigmatic of the Chaos Powers planned to bring about? Whatever the Dark God's reasoning, Ahriman had been an unknowing puppet. Magnus was secretly pleased by the arcane skills exercised by his followers. But still, they had to be punished, and so the Daemon Primarch banished Ahriman and the others from the Planet of the Sorcerers for all eternity. He doomed them to



Ahriman of the Thousand Sons

wander the Eye of Terror and beyond in an eternal search for perfect understanding.

Over the millennia, Ahriman has sought out magical artifacts, ancient arcane books, talented psykers, and any aspect of sorcerous knowledge or power. He has led raids specifically to acquire such things, even going as far as to attack museums and the private collections of antiquarians, much to the mystification of his victims. In many instances, magical artifacts are acquired by local Chaos cults, and Ahriman merely comes to take them away, together with any humans who might make promising servants. It often comes as an unpleasant surprise to a cult's magus to find that his efforts to summon help from the Thousand Sons merely result in losing his sorcerous artifacts and most of his coven.

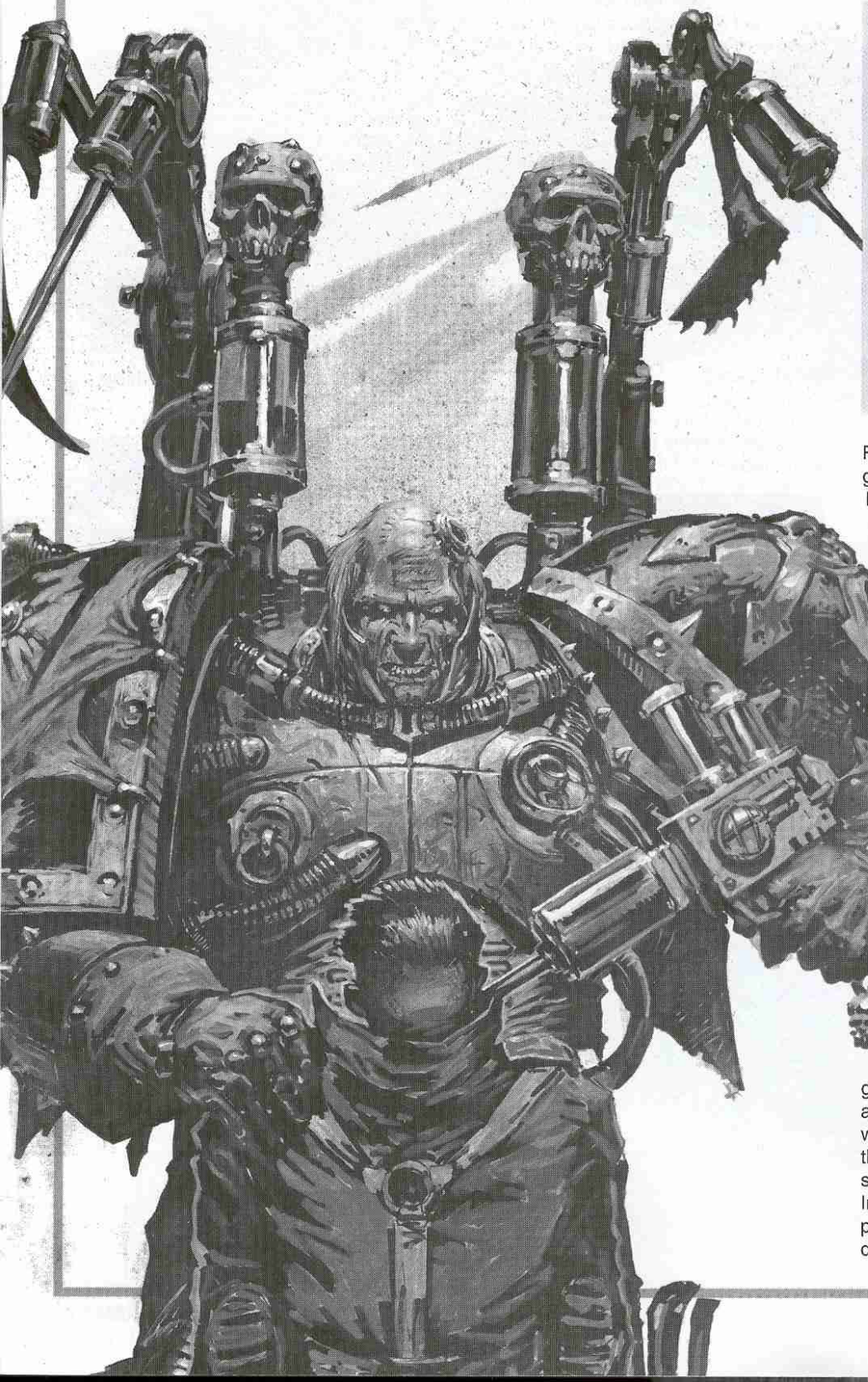
Untouched by the warping influence of Chaos these ten thousand years, Ahriman still believes that Chaos can be mastered with knowledge and cabalistic strength. Deep in his black heart, Ahriman believes that he can find the final pieces of the puzzle within the hidden dimensions of the Black Library of the Eldar. The Eldar fear him greatly and live in terror of him finding his way into the ancient labyrinth of the Webway. Somewhere within its secret ways lies the Black Library, a vast repository of arcana from across space and time that details the Realm of Chaos.

Most recently, Ahriman has been following the psychic spoor of Inquisitor Czevak, one of the few humans to have entered the Black Library and lived. Should Ahriman succeed in capturing Czevak, there would be little the Inquisitor could do to conceal the path to the Black Library from Ahriman. He would hold the keys to the vast accumulated wisdom of the Eldar race about Chaos. Such knowledge would make Ahriman a new and deadly God.

Chem-master, Primogenitor, Manflayer - Fabius Bile is known as many things in the Warhammer 40,000 universe. As our new series continues, we turn our focus towards a man who claims to have unlocked the secrets of the creation of the Emperor's Primarchs.

HEROES & VILLAINS OF THE 41ST MILLENNIUM

FABIUS BILE, PRIMOGENITOR OF THE TRAITOR LEGIONS



> Follow me, my children, and the glory of victory shall be yours. We shall cleanse ourselves in the crimson waters of the enemy. We shall bring the ecstasy of quick release to those who stand before us. We shall give bloody praise to the Lord of Pleasure and sing his name as we dance across the fallen. Follow me my children, and you shall taste the undreamt joys that lie beyond the bounds of mortal sense.
>
> Fabius Bile

Fabius Bile has traveled the more of the galaxy than any other lord of the Traitor Legions. On Dimmamar, he is known as the Chem-master; on Arden IX and in the Bray system, he is called Manflayer; to the wretched tribes living among the ravaged hives of Paramar V, he is the Clonelord. He calls himself "Primogenitor," claiming that he has unlocked the secrets of the Emperor's work in the creation of the Primarchs and the first Space Marines.

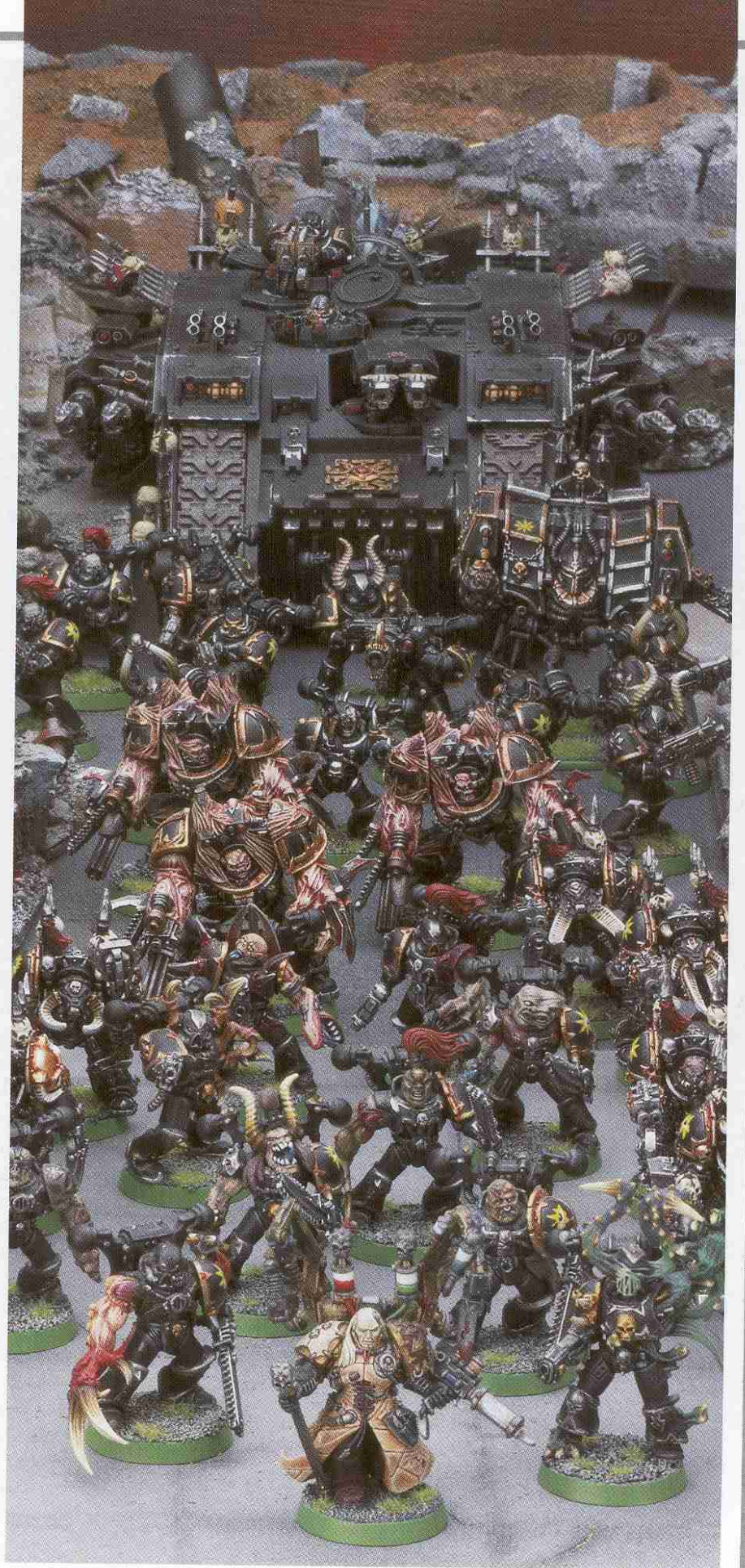
Every planet that Bile has contacted can attest to his alchemical knowledge and skills, for he has left a trail of foul deviants and twisted abominations wherever his ships have landed. His name has become a curse to the Adeptus of Earth, as his pollution of Mankind's gene-pool has become ever more apparent. Whole populations have been wiped out by the Adeptus Astartes, as they purge Bile's creations with fire and sword. Often, the Space Marines of the Imperium find once-civilized planets populated by ragged hordes of debased, shambolic monsters.

However, in several battles, the Emperor's Space Marines have encountered fierce resistance from a hardened cadre of enhanced humans that fight with the strength and cunning of devils. These altered spawn of Bile's experimentation exhibit strength, speed, and intelligence many times higher than the human norm and are depraved, psychotic killers. These are Bile's proudest creations, the pinnacle of his arts, the New Man he would see spread throughout the galaxy: fickle, selfish, obsessive, aggressive, treacherous, and murderous. Each of Man's worst traits has been bred into these creatures and married with the psychology of a tyrant and the strength of a madman. Even the Inquisition does not know how many of these abominations have escaped into the galaxy but does know that they are almost impossible to locate until their incipient psychosis sends them on a manic killing spree.

Bile is a renegade from even his own Legion. He held the position of Lieutenant Commander of the Emperor's Children at the time of the Heresy. The Emperor's Children invaded Earth with Horus but took little direct part in the fighting around the Imperial palace. Instead, they descended upon the civilian population of the Administratum, the complex infrastructure of clerks, bureaucrats, curators, and menials who coordinated the efforts of the far flung Imperium. Whole families of staid scribes and haughty prefects fleeing the battle zone were hunted down by the Emperor's Children and incarcerated in dreadful conditions. More than a million prisoners were rendered down to supply an array of stimulants and intoxicants for the corrupt renegades as they sought ever wilder pleasures.

Perhaps it was at this time that Fabius Bile started along the dark pathway that would bring such woe to populations of entire planets. He was certainly foremost in experimenting on living prisoners and kept them alive in their torment for weeks at a time. Even amid the carnage of the Heresy, his fascination was with life, not death. Bile aided the Emperor's Children as they slipped further into the embrace of Slaanesh. He altered their brain chemistry to sharpen their senses and connected their pleasure centers to their nervous systems so that any stimulus would bring them unholy joy. However, as the Emperor's Children lost themselves in sensuality, Bile moved further and further from them.

Bile left Earth before Horus's defeat and was accompanied by a handful of altered followers. He moved through the war-torn Imperium from planet to planet and system to system and offered his assistance to the rebel forces in



Another settlement falls to Bile and his Black Legion cohorts.

RECOVERED EXTRACTS FROM THE PAGES OF THE GRIMOIRE MUTATIO CURATUS

THE FORBIDDEN WRITINGS OF FABIUS BILE

ON NEOPHYTE ZYGOTE IMPLANTATION AND THE RITES OF TRANSMUTATION

Each of the Legions has now nominated aspirants seeking to throw themselves upon our mercy in the vain hope that we may deem them worthy to join our ranks. Those loyal to the shrunken corpse on Terra still cling to their own processes by which perhaps one in a hundred neophytes may survive to become a battle brother. The methods I have developed over the last millennia are more stringent, for we must be pure in our hatred and hard of heart, body, and soul. Fewer than one in every thousand survive, and I strive each day to lengthen these odds still further.

Where the loyalist lackeys may take but a short span of years to complete the zygote implantation process, I will draw the process out for as long a period as the aspirant may bear. The strongest of subjects will assert the power of his will upon the process itself, thus speeding the transformation: these aspirants by far make the most promising initiates.

The exact implantation procedure depends upon the Legion by whom I am employed, as I have striven for these long millennia to maintain the individual purity of each. While some Legions are missing certain zygotes, and others suffer to varying degrees from mutation and degeneration, each Legion seeks to maintain the genetic link to its Primarch.

The Night Lords display the purest of gene-seed in terms of resistance to mutation, yet the gene-stock passed down by the Primarch Konrad Curze is characterized by extremely pale skin and jet-black hair. This peculiarity of the Night Lords' Melanchrome and Mucranoid glands is as much part of them as their delightful capacity for pain and torture.

In contrast, the mighty Black Legion is highly prone to physical mutation due to their voluntary hosting of all manner of daemonic entities. On the orders of Abaddon, I have taken steps to ensure the continued survival of the Legion in the face of the potentially disastrous effects of this symbiotic relationship. Utilizing the prize recovered by the Iron Warriors at Hydra Cordatus, the Despoiler and his Legion shall soon stand superior to even the Astartes of old.

Other Legions are affected by mutation to varying degrees. The Iron Warriors, the embittered sons of Perturabo, suffer from an asynchronous Biscpoea gland, which makes them prone to occasional minor deformations of the limbs. They routinely substitute mutated extremities with cybernetic replacements. The Thousand Sons were so affected that Ahriman was forced to invoke his Rubric.

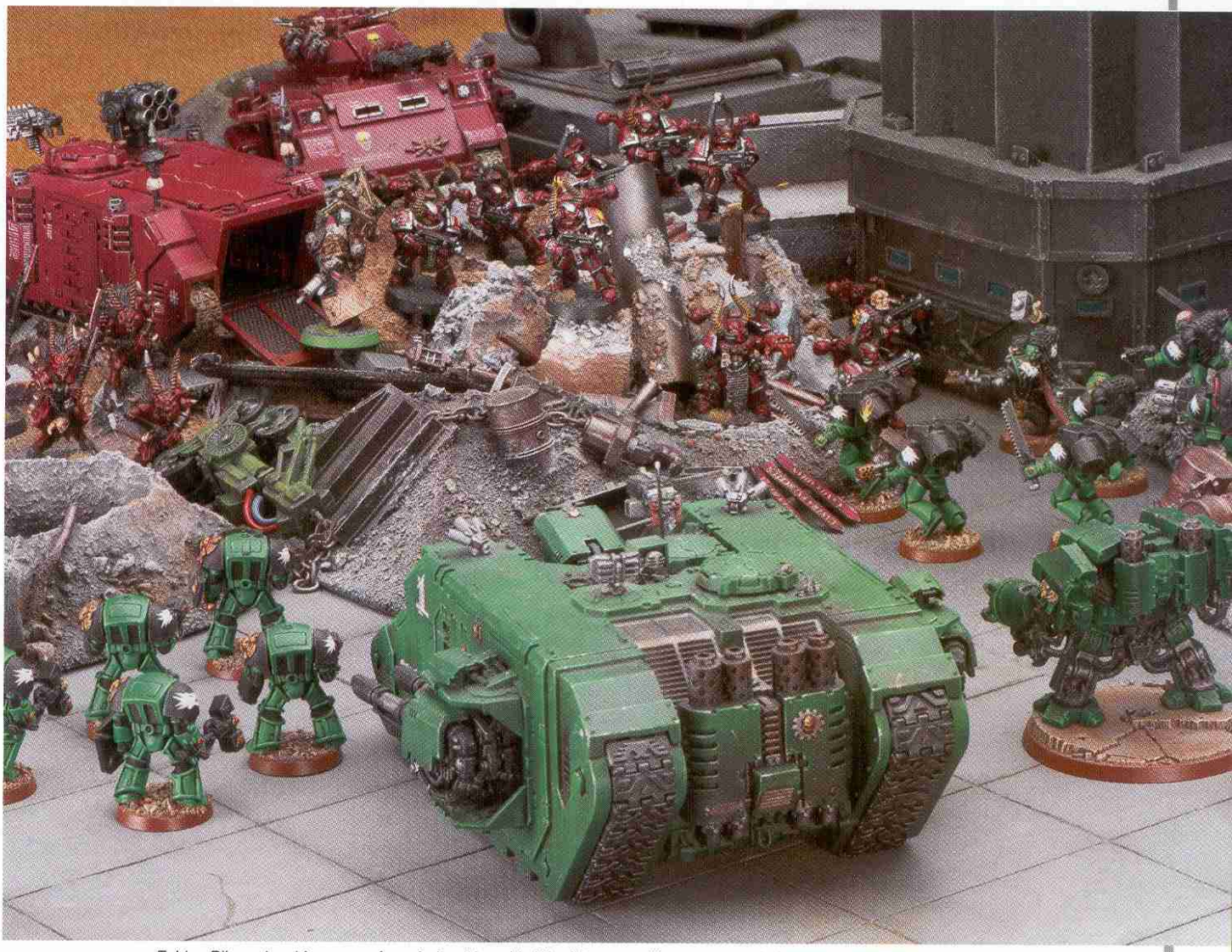
Each of the Legions reveres the gene-seed passed down from its creator, and in many ways, the smallest of flaws defines the strengths of the Legion.

ON GENE-SEED RECLAMATION

I now hold within my grasp the very secret of gene reclamation! For seven centuries now, the Emperor's Children Legion has suffered a gradual wasting of the Catalepsean node, the implant that allows a Space Marine to endure long periods with little or no rest, induced by the sheer potency of the toxic stimulants imbibed by the members of the Legions over the millennia. This affliction takes the form of hallucinatory episodes and periods of extreme paranoia triggered whenever the subject attempts to sleep. At first, the Emperor's Children welcomed this new experience, for there exists within its ranks a cult that encourages its effects. However, for the remainder of the Legion and for new aspirants, such an affliction is undesirable. Following the capture of a scout belonging to the feeble Space Wolves Chapter and the subsequent extraction of his Catalepsean node and Progenoid gland, I have synthesized a serum for a course of corrective therapy, which can be applied to any subject bearing the Primarch Fulgrim's gene-mark. It appears that the Canis Helix of the Space Wolves is able to counter the negative effects experienced by the Emperor's Children, due perhaps to the pitiable predominantly nocturnal metabolism of the Sons of Russ. To date, few Emperor's Children have opted for the treatment, as most prefer to explore every new experience to its very limit.

ON GENOMANCY

At the heart of my reclusium, sealed behind wards of unbreachable power and guarded by the finest of my Praetorians, lies the means by which Chaos shall win the long war against the False Emperor. Through forbidden ceremonies not attempted in aeons, I have called forth and bound a power from the Warp, a composite being of mutated flesh and primal spirit. This being serves but one purpose; it is no more than a massive, bloated womb, within which I have cultivated the next generation of our kind. The process is fueled by the sacrifice of the Progenoid glands of our erstwhile Brethren in the weakling "loyal" chapters. Even now, as I create these creatures to swell the ranks of the Legions, those forces go forth into the Imperium of Man to bring down the Emperor's lackeys. What delicious irony that their very deaths shall fuel our own rebirth!



Fabius Bile makes his escape from Arden IX, as his Word Bearers allies attempt to halt the oncoming Salamanders.

Fabius Bile, as his atrocities and acts of mass genocide often repelled even their own supporters. Nonetheless, the assistance that Bile could offer was potent. His sera could transform mediocre defense troopers into ravening super soldiers, or he could use the black technology of cloning to mobilize thousands of "perfect warriors" within a matter of months.

But all the spawn of Bile's experiments could not hold back the furious tide of loyalists that boiled outward from ravaged Terra. Retribution finally caught Bile in the Arden system, where he was supporting the excesses of the renegade Lord Tyrell in exchange for fetal material. The Adeptus Astartes plummeted down upon the corrupted world of Arden IX like fiery angels of vengeance. The flesh refineries and cloning vats burned in a single night before the righteous fury of the Space Marines of the Salamanders Chapter, and Bile had to flee once more. This time, Bile barely escaped with his own life; his ship was crippled by an Imperial Gothic Class Cruiser as he fled once more into the dubious safety of the Warp.

Like much of the flotsam of warp space, Bile's vessel was drawn into the Eye of Terror. He drifted there for an age, until, by chance or by design of some Dark God, his ship was caught in the gravity well of an ancient Daemon World. Once this planet had harbored the brilliant, scintillating civilization of the Eldar before their spectacular fall from grace. Now it was a crone world of twisted darkness and crawling madness. Here, Bile made his new home.



The sinister presence of Fabius Bile

He soon discovered that the shattered Traitor Legions in the Eye of Terror had desperate need of his services. They needed cloned warriors and slaves by the score, but most of all, they needed the precious progenoid gene-seed organs to create more Space Marines so that they could attack the Imperium with renewed vigor. Fabius Bile eventually negotiated a delicate position with the Traitor Legions. They each needed his services, but he refused to aid any one Legion more than any other. In this way, his safety has, thus far, been assured.

This month, Heroes & Villains takes a look at one of the greatest heroes the Imperium has ever produced: Logan Grimnar. He is a man who, over the centuries, has earned the respect and trust of his men and those of almost every other Chapter of the Adeptus Astartes.

HEROES & VILLAINS OF THE 41ST MILLENNIUM

WOLF LORD LOGAN GRIMNAR OF THE SPACE WOLVES



Logan Grimnar,
Bloody-handed warrior,
He piles the skulls of his enemies.
He builds a mound of the fallen.
His foes weep rivers of woe.

Logan Grimnar,
The strong wolf of the pack,
His sword hungers for red flesh.
His guns thirst for battle.
He laughs amidst the battle-din.
Logan Grimnar, father of wolves,
His sons hunt his enemies,
Slay them where they falter,
And bring their pelts to Fenris.

taken from
"The Saga of Logan Grimnar"

Of all the Chapter Masters, Logan Grimnar is the most belligerent and headstrong. He is the latest in a line of Space Wolf Masters that stretches back to the Great Crusade and the time of the Space Wolves' Primarch, Leman Russ. He is also one of the Imperium's oldest and most renowned warriors. He has an immense martial pride and tolerates no interference in the running of the Chapter by any outside authorities. He is more willing than any other Chapter Master to fight for autonomy.

Logan's suspicion of other Imperial organizations, including other Space Marine Chapters, runs deep, and with good reason. Ever since the Age of Apostasy, the Space Wolves have been wary of the intentions of others and have had numerous clashes with the Ministorum of Terra. This cunning and fierce old man has led the Space Wolves for over 500 years and has earned the nickname "Old Wolf." Five hundred years is a long time even for a Space Marine, many of whom live for several centuries. During this time, Logan has willingly and fervently led his Great Company and the forces of his fellow Wolf Lords in open battle against the forces of other Imperial organizations whose actions he deemed threatened the Space Wolves and their thinly scattered domains. These confrontations have led many to accuse Logan of heresy, treason, and fostering genetic deviancy within the Chapter. However, more than any other Chapter, the Space Wolves stand ever ready to fight the foes of the Emperor.

THE SPACE WOLVES

The Space Wolves are one of the most famous of all the Space Marine Chapters, and their name and deeds are known throughout the galaxy. The Space Wolves were one of the original 20 Space Marine Legions, founded by the Emperor over 10,000 years ago.

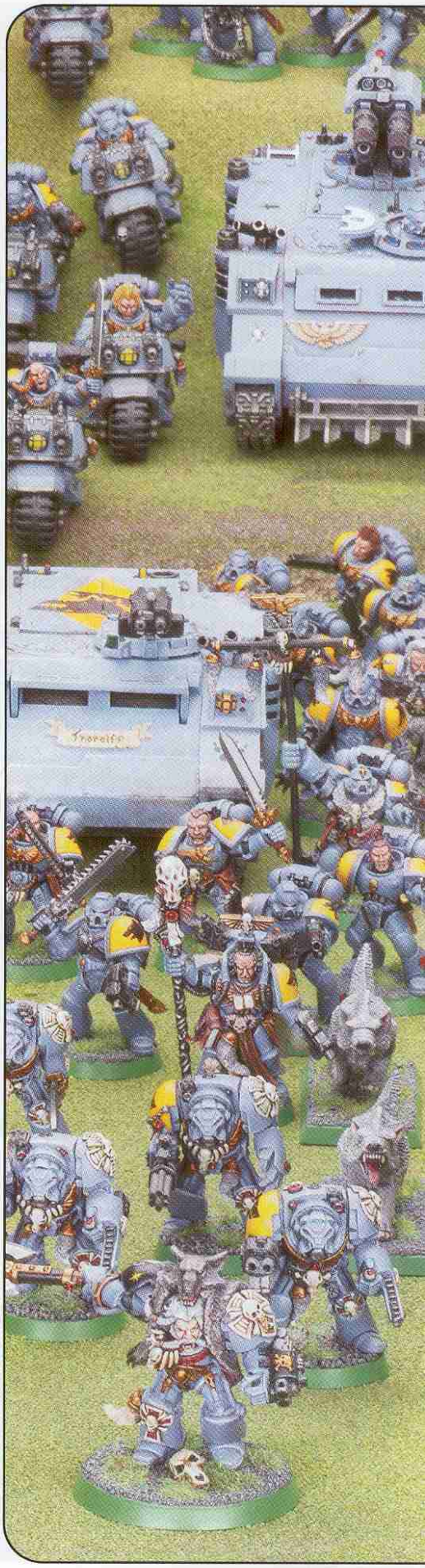
From these times, there are few details of any certainty. It was a time of legends. It was an age of war. Such records as were made have not survived, and only later did chroniclers of the Administratum describe the bloody events of those days. The Imperium was rent by a terrible civil war, commonly known as the Horus Heresy after the Warmaster that led half of the Space Marine Legions in rebellion against the Emperor. According to their own tradition, the Space Wolves were pivotal in one of the early campaigns in this war, when the entire Legion attacked and devastated the rebel Thousand Sons Space Marines on their homeworld of Prospero. The superhuman Primarch of the Thousand Sons, the cyclopean giant Magnus the Red, is said to have fought against the equally superhuman Space Wolves Primarch, Leman Russ, while all around, the rival Space Marines battled for supremacy. Eventually, the Thousand Sons gave way, and Magnus the Red fled with what remained of his forces.

For 10,000 years since the end of the Horus Heresy, the Space Wolves have continued to serve the Emperor faithfully and with honor. The Chapter has endured ages of constant battle. It has survived times of anarchy within the Imperium and periods of occasional isolation from Earth. The Imperium itself has weathered crises from within and without, but at times, it has been deeply riven by rebellion or divided by invasion. On other occasions, tumultuous warp storms have stranded parts of the galaxy for hundreds of years. Through all these years of mixed fortune, the Space Wolves have held true to the vow of Leman Russ to serve the Emperor, though not always in ways that the High Lords of Terra might have approved. As many administrations have found to their cost, the one way you can guarantee to get the Space Wolves to do something is to order them not to do it.

This headstrong attitude means that the Space Wolves have fought in more conflicts and campaigns than any other Space Marine Chapter - so many in fact, that it would be impossible to describe at any length the wars fought by the Space Wolves over their 10,000-year history. Indeed, not even their own extensive records give a full account.

Legends tell of fierce battles fought against the Chaos Space Marines after the Horus Heresy. However, no formal history of those times has survived. Some of the Chapter's earliest history is preserved only in the form of epic sagas, tales of heroism composed by Fenrisian bards at the courts of the Wolf Lords.

Such tales form an important part of the Space Wolves' tradition, and it is in this form that all Space Wolf warriors habitually recall the deeds of the past. There are many thousands of these sagas. Some seem so improbable as to be pure invention. However, most contain a germ of truth, and all are accepted for what they are – a fitting testament to the heroes of the past.



Led by Logan's wisdom and encouraged by his renowned thirst for battle (which many of his supporters claim equals that of the legendary Leman Russ himself), the Space Wolves have defeated many threats from without and within the Imperium. The majority of the Imperial commanders within the sectors surrounding Fenris are grateful to be under the Old Wolf's watchful eye. A large and powerfully built warrior, Logan Grimnar towers above even his own Wolf Lords. His great mane of hair is grey and coarse, and his beard stretches to his waist. Like all older Space Wolves, his canine teeth have grown into substantial fangs.

Logan Grimnar's rise through the ranks of the Space Wolves began many years ago, and now only one living Space Marine remembers him as a young Blood Claw. Ulrik the Slayer, greatest of the Wolf Priests, witnessed the rise of Logan Grimnar and accompanied him during many of his greatest exploits, fighting every imaginable kind of foe, from brutal, unforgiving Orks to the foul abominations of Chaos.

Logan Grimnar has fought battles in space as well as upon the surface of planets and has led expeditions into the Eye of Terror to attack the Chaos Space Marine Legions. It was upon one such expedition that he acquired the Axe

The rune stones clattered across the rough-hewn wood of the feasting table and filled the dark, lonely room with echoes. Logan Grimnar regarded the wizened features of Gretrir the Rune Priest as he studied the meaning of the casting. Grimnar cared little for the vagaries of fortune telling but knew better than to test the patience of the man who had made their study his life's task by interrupting him.

At length, Gretrir looked up, meeting the steady gaze of the Great Wolf. "Once more the runes tell of dire events my lord. Once more the Enemy approaches the Gate."

Grimnar cast his mind back to the war against Chaos on Armageddon. The conflict had seen him lead the defense of an entire world against the filth that had vomited forth from the Eye of Terror, led by Angron, Daemon Prince Primarch of the World Eaters Traitor Legion. That war had seen the millions-strong horde rampage across the surface of the Hive world and reduce an entire continent to ashes. Only with a terrible cost in lives was Angron stopped, and the rebuilding of Armageddon took generations to complete.

As if he read the Great Wolf's mind, Gretrir spoke against the crackling roar of the hearth. "Aye, my Lord, Armageddon was Hell itself. But what I see in these stones makes the First War for Armageddon seem like a drunken scrap among Blood Claws."

"Speak on, old friend, for you know I have sworn before the Gates of Morkai that I will not allow what happened at Armageddon to be repeated."



Gretrir knew that Grimnar spoke of the atrocities committed by the Administratum in the aftermath of the war as much as the horrors perpetrated by the forces of Chaos during it. Deemed tainted by Chaos, the survivors were dispatched to forced-labor camps where they lived out their miserable lives in brutal slavery. Only Grimnar had spoken out against this injustice, but his words had fallen upon deaf ears.

He stared at the rune stones scattered between them. "I was always a poor student of the stones. Speak their meaning plainly."

"See, here," said Gretrir as he indicated a group of stones that lay close to the table's edge, the glow of the fire glittering from their polished surfaces. "These indicate the sü, the horde. 'Op ke' means 'to attack,' and the configuration suggests in great strength."

Grimnar's blood began to rise as he pictured the servants of the Ruinous Powers intruding once more on the Emperor's domains. His proud warrior spirit railed against the thought, and with a grunt of disgust, he slammed his fist down upon the heavy table. The runes leapt several feet into the air before coming to rest once more.

Grimnar made to sweep the runes from the table with a backhanded gesture, but Gretrir's vice-like grip caught his arm before he could do so.

The pair froze – gazes held for a tense moment – before Gretrir indicated with a glance that his lord should look down at the runes.

Grimnar's steely gaze left the Rune Priest and took in the new pattern of the runes.

"Damn it, priest, I would have you tell me plain the riddles you read."

Gretrir ignored his master's fit of pique and ascribed it to the distaste a dyed-in-the-wool warrior always feels towards matters as abstract as rune-casting. He released his grip on the Wolf Lord's arm and indicated three runes that had landed together behind the main mass.

"The Ulfhedinn," Gretrir said, and it seemed to the pair that the fire crackling in the hearth died down as the word left the Rune Priest's lips.

Comprehension dawned in the Wolf Lord's eyes as he recalled the teachings of the Rune Priests and other, whispered sagas that only the most senior of the Chapter were permitted to hear.

"The Lost – they return?" asked Logan.

"Aye, my Lord. For good or for ill, the Were-kin shall once more stalk the domains of Man."



Logan leads his company into battle against the Space Wolves' mortal enemies, the Thousand Sons.

Morkai, taken as a trophy from a defeated Champion of Chaos. This weapon has been reforged by the Iron Priests but still glows darkly with the power of Khorne, the bloodthirsty God of Chaos. It is engraved with the symbol of Morkai, the double-headed wolf guardian of the Gates of Death.

Logan's exploits are known throughout the Imperium. He is one of the great heroes of Mankind, whose image is universally recognized and respected, and his conquests span the galaxy. Many human worlds owe their existence to his might, and on several planets, he is hailed as a savior and patron. Every year, prayers are offered up in his name on a dozen worlds. To this day, tributes continue to arrive at Fenris from grateful planetary lords, and the Old Wolf remains possibly the most highly respected and best loved warrior in the entire galaxy. Only enemies of Mankind fear his name and curse the warrior who has driven them to defeat and despair.



Logan Grimnar

	Points/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Grimnar	250	6	5	4	4	3	5	4	10	2+

A Space Wolves army of 2,000 points or more may include Logan Grimnar. When you include him in your army, he counts as one of the army's HQ choices. He must be used exactly as described here and may not be given extra equipment or Wargear. In addition, he may only be used in a battle when all players have agreed beforehand to allow the use of special characters.

Wargear: Terminator armor, storm bolter, wolf tooth necklace, wolf tail talisman, wolf pelt, the Axe Morkai, Belt of Russ.

SPECIAL RULES

The Axe Morkai: Logan carries the Axe Morkai, a fearsome weapon taken from a defeated Chaos Champion and reforged into the image of Morkai, the guardian wolf at the Gates of Death. Morkai is a master-crafted weapon that Logan can choose to use either as a frost blade or as a power fist. He can choose to split his attacks between the two different weapon types; for example, he can make two of his attacks as frost blade attacks and two as power fist attacks.

Legendary Leader: Logan Grimnar is a name that instills fear in the hearts of the enemies of the Imperium. Because of his reputation, Logan can, once per battle, call on all those nearby to redouble their efforts and attack with all their might. When he does so, all friendly models within 12" of Logan, whether they belong to the Space Wolves or not, get a +1 Attack bonus for the rest of the turn. Note that Logan can make this call during the opponent's turn if desired.

Wolf Guard Bodyguard: A Wolf Guard bodyguard may accompany the Wolf Lord. See the Wolf Guard entry in the army list for details.

This month, Heroes & Villains tells the story of Cypher. Wherever Cypher goes, trouble is never far away. Held in equal measures as the thorn in the side of the Dark Angels and as their only savior, Cypher and his fellow Fallen Angels' cursed history is a famous legend.

HEROES & VILLAINS OF THE 41ST MILLENNIUM

CYPHER, THE FALLEN ANGEL



"I know not if he represents the greatest threat or greatest hope for the future of the Imperium. I only pray we stop him before we find out."

Inquisitor Bastalek Grim

Cypher is an enigmatic and sinister character. He appears as if from nowhere, brings death and destruction with him, and then vanishes just as abruptly as he appeared. Strangely, it is rare that Cypher himself instigates the violent acts that invariably occur when he is present. Rather, he seems to act as a catalyst who fans any feelings of hatred or mistrust into a raging, uncontrollable fire.

Cypher rarely speaks. When he does so, his tones are clipped, and his words few. No one knows his real name, and no one in living memory has dared ask him what that name might be. However, the occasional glimpse of the dark power armor beneath the long robes that Cypher wears indicates, without a doubt, that he is one of the Fallen. In many ways, he epitomizes the fate of the Fallen Dark Angels, cursed to wander time and space, never able to return home.

The Fallen Dark Angels originated in the dying days of the Horus Heresy, when Lion El'Jonson, Primarch of the Dark Angels Space Marines, returned to his home world of Caliban. As the unsuspecting ships of Jonson's fleet moved into orbit, they were met by a devastating barrage of defense laser fire. Stunned by the attack, Jonson withdrew and attempted to find out what had happened on his home world.

A captured merchant ship soon provided the answer. When Lion El'Jonson left Caliban to take part in the Great Crusade, Luther, his second in command and life-long battle brother, was left in charge of the remainder of



Cypher and his Black Legion cohorts blast their way through a Dark Angels blockade.

the Legion. Despite the importance of Luther's position, it was not one that suited his ambitious personality, and soon his role as planetary governor of some half-forgotten backwater world seemed more and more like an insult to him. The seeds of jealously grew until Luther became a man obsessed, whose own neuroses pushed him over the edge. He became easy prey for the Chaos Gods, who used their terrible powers to make Luther one of their followers and dangerous beyond imagining. Using his renowned oratorical skills, Luther convinced the Dark Angels under his command that they had been shamed and that the Emperor had turned his face from them. Luther instilled his own Chaos-fueled feelings of jealousy in the Dark Angels who were left on Caliban during the Great Crusade. When Jonson returned, these feelings erupted in open rebellion.

The fury of Jonson and the loyal Dark Angels at this terrible betrayal knew no bounds. Jonson himself immediately led an attack against Luther's headquarters. What followed was a fight of titanic proportions during which the two equally matched adversaries struck blow upon blow against each other. The battle tore down the monastery around them until the whole massive edifice was leveled. Meanwhile, the massed guns of the fleet pounded the planet, until the surface of Caliban began to crack and heave under

Every segmentum, indeed almost every sector of the Imperium, has a Cypher legend, some of them dating back thousands of years, and the number of bounties offered for his capture would buy a subsector were anyone able to collect them. It is clear that the popularity of Cypher legends is tied to nonconformists throughout the Imperium. Self-deluded radicals believe that Imperial institutions attempt to repress individuality and, in a perverse reaction, subconsciously approve of the maverick mystery man.

Cypher has become an iconic figure in the minds of these neurotic radicals. He is hooded, clearly implying that he is an outlaw who wishes to avoid recognition, a pointless gesture because everyone clearly does recognize him! In fact, most sightings are only the result of an imaginative observer conferring Cypher's identity on some unknown man. Anyone who foments rebellion and defies capture can become Cypher in the popular imagination. Tales commonly emphasize Cypher's prodigious skill with pistols: normally he is portrayed firing both a plasma pistol and a bolt pistol with unerring accuracy. This technique is normally associated with hive gangers, particularly outlaws of the sort that attract a mystique similar to that of Cypher. Such "sightings" are clearly a product of uncontrolled wish fulfillment rather than accurate observation. Finally and most perplexing are the frequent references to the sword that Cypher carries. There are no credible examples of the sword being drawn. However, the rumor most commonly heard is that the sword is broken and is somehow connected to the early history of the Dark Angels. The link with the Dark Angels is a difficult one to prove, as they are among the most secretive of the Adeptus Astartes. It is known that the Dark Angels and their successor Chapters sometimes refer to themselves collectively as the Unforgiven and are frequently seen hunting down renegade and traitor Space Marines with or without official sanction. It is assumed by some, therefore, that Cypher is a former Dark Angel and that his sword may be one of their sacred relics. This is pure supposition and an insult to the reputation of the Emperor's most devoted warriors.

From The Heresy of Cognitive Dissonance
by Cardinal Elyass Vallkante



Seeing Cypher's crippled Rhino in the distance, the Dark Angels Assault Squad tries to seize their foe.

the strain of the bombardment.

As the planet itself started to break apart, the battle between Jonson and Luther reached its climax. Luther, aided by the powers of Chaos, unleashed a furious psychic attack that knocked Jonson to his knees and left him mortally wounded. As the dying Primarch struggled to stand, his noble features wracked with pain, it was as if a curtain was lifted from Luther's eyes. He realized the full extent of what he had done. His was a triple betrayal, of his friend, of the Dark Angels, and of the Emperor. The truth shattered his sanity, and no longer willing to fight, he slumped down beside Jonson.

Luther's psychic cry of pain and despair echoed through the Warp, and the Chaos Gods realized that, once again, they had been defeated. They lashed out in fury and frustration. A rent appeared in the fabric of space, and a warp storm of unprecedented power engulfed Caliban. In an uncontrollable, swirling flood of psychic energy, the Warp rushed into the physical universe.

Those "fallen" Dark Angels who had served under Luther and his clandestine masters were sucked from the face of Caliban into the Warp and scattered throughout space and time. Caliban, already weakened by the loyalist bombardment, was ripped apart and sucked into the Warp.

This story of treachery and betrayal is the Dark Angels' secret shame. None know of it other than the Dark Angels, their Successor Chapters, and possibly the Emperor on his Golden Throne. Even within the Chapter itself, very few brother-Marines know exactly what happened during those fateful days. It is only when Dark Angels are inducted into the Deathwing that they learn the story of Luther's betrayal. More terrible still, they learn that many of the Dark Angels who followed Luther are still alive. These damned warriors are the Fallen Angels.

Not all of the Fallen Angels have succumbed to the power of Chaos to the same degree. A large number of the Fallen have embraced the ways of the Dark Gods and are now true Chaos Space Marines. However, many others realize that their actions during the fall of Caliban were wrong. Disgusted by the corrupting influence of the Chaos Gods and unable to reconcile themselves with the Dark Angels, they lead a solitary existence. Many become mercenaries, roaming the galaxy as masterless men. Others are

> Upon the dead world of Cthelmax, our Adeptus Mechanicus Explorator team researched the ruins beneath the fractured crust of this barren rock. Several previous expeditions to this planet had already been lost, but an entire company of veteran soldiers and a squad of Space Marines guarded this expedition. Upon our arrival at the site of the previous expedition, we were astounded to find a battle underway between a group of dark-armored warriors and strange silver-skinned constructs of gleaming metal. They fought before a rippling gateway of jade-veined darkness as a being with skin of shimmering gold killed the warriors with ease, each languorous blow from its hand cutting a warrior down.
>
> But I saw that, alone among the dark warriors, a single figure darted through the combat, fired twin pistols, and evaded every blow. As the golden being turned to face him, he slashed its torso with a shining silver knife. No sooner had the blade struck than it was wrenched from his hand and swallowed whole within the being's golden flesh. The sounds of battle continued, and a dark veil dropped around the combatants. When next I looked, there was no sign that anything had occurred. The area was completely empty.
>
> Explorator Majoris Doreth [suppressed].M41
> Cthelmax - Primus Site

> You may say he doesn't exist, but I know better. When I was crewing on an ore freighter back in '73, we were laid up on Dagohma making repairs. That was the time the mining Guilders sent in their hired guns to clear the colonists from the Shantos Hills. The colonists were all for packing up and leaving until Cypher arrived, but his prowess and his words gave them courage. Before long, the Guilder compound was under siege. He didn't stay till the end, but by then, there was no stopping the colonists. They stormed the compound and hanged the Guilders from their strip-mining rigs. No one else could have done what he did - so what if he didn't tell anyone his name? When the Space Marine Angels of Death arrived weeks later, he was all they were interested in, but no one told them anything, even when they were declared rebels and the trials began. No one forgot what he had done for them. They died proud and free.
>
> Arsann Crowe,
> Recidivist and Heretic

willing to atone for their sins and, in an attempt to do so, have integrated themselves back into human societies.

However, the subsequent actions of the Fallen are irrelevant in the eyes of the Dark Angels, who believe that the only way they can rid themselves of their shame and restore their honor and trust within the Emperor's eyes is to find all of the Fallen and assure that they are either slain or made to repent. This task is by no means an easy one. The Fallen are dispersed throughout space and time either as isolated individuals or in small bands, and the Dark Angels can go for years without hearing any rumors that might lead them to one or more of the Fallen. When the Dark Angels are able to follow up on such rumors and their missions are successful, those Fallen that are captured are taken back to the Dark Angels Chapter Monastery, The Tower of Angels. Deep inside its dungeons,



Cypher of the Fallen Angels

Interrogator-Chaplains attempt to make the Fallen repent. Occasionally, they do and, for their pains, die quickly. More often than not, though, the captured Fallen refuse and suffer a long, drawn-out and agonizing death at the hands of those who would save their souls.

However, there are some who whisper that Cypher may in fact represent the Fallen Angels' only chance of redemption, and that his seemingly random appearances hide a pattern that reveals that he is slowly moving across the galaxy towards Earth and the Emperor himself. Those who speculate along these lines also point to the fact that Cypher carries a sword that he never draws or uses in combat, and that this weapon could be the fabled Lion Sword, wielded by Lion El'Jonson himself and thought lost forever after the Primarch's final confrontation with the arch-heretic Luther. Whether or not these speculations are true, it is certainly the case that Cypher's presence in one place seems to attract the members of the Fallen, though none know how or why they gather.

Probably because of this, the members of the Dark Angels Inner Circle hate and fear Cypher more than any other Fallen Angel and would willingly perform almost any act, no matter how vile, in order to capture or kill him. That they have not yet managed to do so speaks volumes for Cypher's almost supernatural ability to escape capture.

	Points/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Cypher	151	5	5	4	4	3	6	3	10	3+

Any Chaos Space Marine or Imperial Guard army may include Cypher as a special character. He counts as an Elite choice. Cypher is an independent character and must be used exactly as described. He may not be given any extra equipment from the Chaos or Imperial Armories.

Wargear: Cypher is armed with a master-crafted bolt pistol and a master-crafted plasma pistol.

SPECIAL RULES

Space Marine. Cypher and any Fallen Angels benefit from the *And They Shall Know No Fear* special rule published in *Codex: Space Marines*.

Fallen Angels. If you include Cypher in your army, then you may also include a squad of Fallen Angels. These are treated as a unit of Chaos Space Marines, selected as normal from *Codex: Chaos Space Marines*. The Fallen Angels hate the Dark Angels with a fiery passion and must assault them if able to do so in the Assault Phase. Note that if Cypher joins the Fallen Angels and they are forced to assault, then he must also assault.

Animosity. The very presence of Cypher foments discord and animosity among the troops he leads. When Cypher joins a squad (with the exception of the Fallen Angels), roll a D6 at the start of each turn he remains with it. On a roll of a 1, the members of the squad begin to argue and suffer a -1 penalty to their Leadership for the rest of the turn. Note that this rule does not apply to other independent characters or to vehicles.

Divine Protection. If Cypher is ever killed or otherwise reduced to 0 Wounds, he vanishes from the battlefield; remove the model from play. Note that removal of Cypher confers his Victory Points to the opposing player. If mission-specific rules require the opposing player to capture Cypher, then roll a D6 when Cypher has been "killed." On a 6, Cypher has been captured, though of course he will no doubt escape soon after, whisked away by his mysterious patron.

Gunfighter. Cypher is a master marksman and can aim and shoot with a pistol in both hands. This ability enables him to shoot with two weapons in the Shooting Phase: once with his master-crafted bolt pistol and once with his master-crafted plasma pistol. If Cypher remains stationary, he may *Rapid Fire* both pistols at the same time, giving him four shots in total! Such is Cypher's skill with his pistols that he continues to fight with them in close combat where he counts as being armed with a power weapon and gains the +1 Attack bonus for being equipped with two close-combat weapons.

Hunted by the Dark Angels. The name of Cypher carries millennia of hatred for the Dark Angels. Since the destruction of Caliban, the Deathwing and Ravenwing Companies have hunted him throughout the galaxy. All members of the Deathwing and Ravenwing, and all Dark Angels characters must charge Cypher or Fallen Angels if able to do so in the Assault Phase.

Transmitted: Hunter Fleet Phaleg
Received: Tower of Angels
Destination: Grand Master Azrael
Intercept/Redirect: None, Inner Circle members restricted
Date: 3677999M41
Telepathic Duct: Epistolary Kheros
Ref: FLN/30724592/IP
Author: Interrogator-Chaplain Phaleg

The tarot has guided me truthfully as always. On Amistel, I captured three of the disciples of a heretic calling himself the Voice of the Emperor. They proved quite informative. They received their orders on Lelithar where the cult of the voice is the strongest. Their descriptions of the Cult Magos conforms with Fallen one-zero-zero. I urge you to bring the Tower of Angels and all the might of our Chapter to Agrapinna sector. One-zero-zero's machinations have destabilized the entire sector and provoked a substantial response from the Ecclesiarchy. Stealth will not serve. We will need to fight our way through to him. That he should be sighted so openly, so close to the remains of Caliban in times such as these demands urgency.

I believe that the Gate is about to be stormed. Our final reckoning with the Fallen is at hand.

This month, Heroes & Villains brings you the legend of Typhus. A walking embodiment of disease and death, Typhus was chosen by Nurgle to lead the Chaos Plague Marines. Striking from the Eye of Terror in his ship *Terminus Est*, Typhus continues to blight the Imperium.

HEROES & VILLAINS OF THE 41ST MILLENNIUM

TYPHUS, THE TRAVELER, HERALD OF NURGLE



"Look upon me and know that I can slay you at will. You have no defense save one: to look into the darkness at the back of your own mind. There, you will find Father Nurgle waiting to offer you life in return for your submission. Deny him, and you are mine."

When Mortarion, Primarch of the Death Guard, allied his Legion with the forces of Warmaster Horus against the Emperor of Mankind, he did not know the price that would be paid for his treachery. One among the Death Guard knew full well though; his name was Typhon, and he had been recruited like so many others into Mortarion's forces on the feral world of Barbarus where the Primarch had grown up. Barbarus was home not only to men but to inhuman overlords that preyed upon them.

In his early days, Mortarion had overthrown these monstrosities. However, many crossbreeds resulting from their cruel dominion survived. The bloodlines were not easy to follow, and Mortarion had more pressing concerns. Typhon was of such a bloodline. He possessed formidable psychic powers that allowed him to navigate the mist-shrouded world of Barbarus freely. These powers were largely latent at this time and would only develop later with training.

When the Death Guard began to recruit on Barbarus, it was Typhon's warrior skills that marked him out. In modern times, the recruitment process is far more exacting – and should be. Much more is known about preserving the purity of the gene-seed, and a Space Marine Chapter of a thousand men can be more discriminating about potential candidates. In the days of the Great Crusade, the Legions needed recruits with a good right arm and the courage to follow their Primarchs into battle. When it was realized that Typhon was also a Psyker, he was readily welcomed, as each Legion was building up its strength by adding Librarians.

So it was that the Death Guard harbored a tainted soul. Even as



The Herald of Nurgle watches on as a plague washes over the landscape.

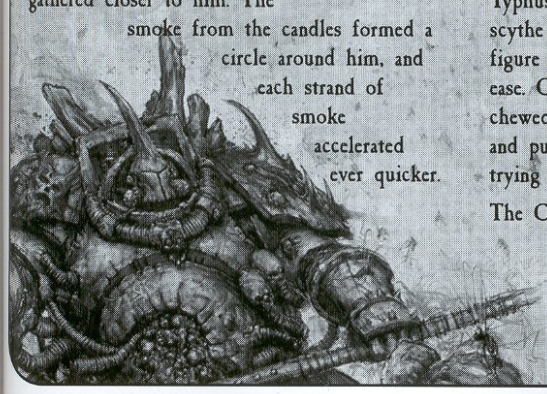
Mortarion led his legion on the Emperor's Great Crusade, Typhon communed with the Dark Powers. They already favored him, and with their aid, Typhon rose to the rank of Captain-Epistolary, commander of the battleship *Terminus Est* and a full company of the Death Guard. When the Death Guard joined Horus, it was Typhon who slew the Death Guard's Navigators and claimed that they remained loyal to the Emperor. It was Typhon who promised Mortarion that his powers could lead the Death Guard through the Warp to Terra, and it was Typhon who led them to damnation, becalmed in the Warp, adrift and helpless.

The journey to Terra was the first time that the Traitor Legions had to pay the price for turning on the Emperor. This voyage was a nightmare that would mark them in the most horrific way. Time flows differently in the Warp, and the ordeal that Typhon led them into could have lasted days or centuries. By the end, none of the warriors aboard the

The Cadian System 2675999.M41

The teleportation chamber of the Terminus Est pulsed with unholy life. Walls that once contained banks of the most advanced circuitry now dripped with slime and writhed with the contortions of the damned. Typhus stood at the center of the room.

He was crouched. The single horn atop his helmet nodded in turn at each of five malformed green candles that burned at the corners of a pentagram, causing each to gutter and emit thick, greasy smoke. As the smoke rose, the teeming flies that surrounded Typhus poured all over him and crawled back into his armor through cracks and vents. At his feet, a carpet of squealing Nurglings gathered closer to him. The smoke from the candles formed a circle around him, and each strand of smoke accelerated ever quicker.



Typhus tapped the haft of his great scythe once on the floor, and the strands of smoke coalesced. A second tap and the chamber was empty. The Herald of Nurgle was elsewhere.

The night was moonless. Rain impaired visibility, and the roar of artillery was deafening. Typhus stood in a well built communications trench, and to either side, Cadian soldiers gaped at him in surprise and horror.

The plague stirred within him and poured out, as a black cloud of Nurgle-marked flies swarmed around the doomed Cadians. Some of them were dying of blight even before Typhus's bellow of rage sounded and boiled their flesh into puddles of diseased matter. Typhus strode through the miasma, his dread scythe swinging before him in an unstoppable figure eight that reaped men with terrifying ease. Capering ahead of him, his Nurglings chewed on the exposed faces of the fallen and pulled at the legs of those who were trying to escape.

The Cadians fought back as best they could, but their lasgun fire pattered harmlessly from Typhus's massive Terminator-armored form. No bayonet could pierce the web of death from Manreaper. As he marched along the trench, he harvested the souls of the Cadians. Their officers rushed at him, their finely-crafted power swords raised, but each was dismembered in turn. After a while, there was only the rain, the flies, the shrieks of the Daemons, and the hulking, one-horned personification of death stalking though the trenches. Like a leviathan of legend, the Herald killed men by the dozens and then by the hundreds. In his wake, the dead and the wounded swelled with pustules before bursting to unleash more plague flies. This battlefield was now a place of death in more ways than one. The diseases that had taken root would spread, and what was once a defensive strong point was now a festering wound.

Typhus nodded his satisfaction. The Cadian soldiery were veterans, brave and tenacious. They could not blame this defeat on "the numberless hordes of Chaos." The Cadians would know that one of Nurgle's captains had slaughtered an entire company, and they would know terror. The knowledge would gnaw at them. The tale would be magnified. Many would turn. Others would falter. The fall of Cadia was one step closer, and with it, the godhood Typhus craved.

Death Guard's Battle Barge *Terminus Est* could judge how long their fleet had been becalmed. By the time the full horror emerged, none were able to resist it.

One by one, the Death Guard were afflicted with a plague so virulent that even their multi-lung and oolitic kidney failed to protect them. They remained conscious but were paralyzed and helpless to do anything other than endure the burning pain that filled their bodies. Only their unquenchable instinct for survival preserved them.

That instinct was pushed to its very limit, and then the background hum of the warp shield generators died and was replaced by a distant vibration that grew steadily more intense. Suddenly, the sound turned into the buzz of a million wings as countless black, bulbous, Warp-spawned flies poured through every bulkhead. The Destroyer had arrived, foulest of Nurgle's plagues. The flies swarmed over the paralyzed Death Guard, fed off their sweat, infected their wounds, and infested every orifice.



Typhus of the Death Guard

Throughout the vessel, the bodies of the Death Guard twitched uncontrollably, as the plague flies laid their eggs inside them. Flesh and armor swelled as the corruption filled the warriors. Their bodies bloated and distended until they burst, leaving entrails hanging from their wracked bodies and pus-filled lesions all over their skin.

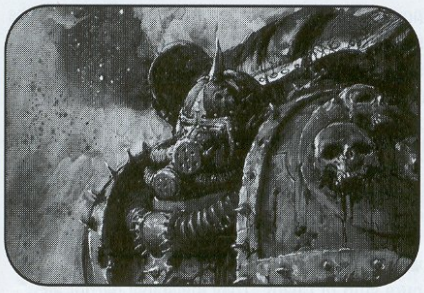
On the bridge, ship's master Typhon was the first to stir. Through a miasma of death, he rose to his feet. From deep within him came a rattling, phlegm-laced roar – "More."

All over the vessel, the flies left their hosts and flew to him. The tide flowed into him ceaselessly until it was gone. Impossibly, the giant figure still stood – no longer Typhon. Now, he was host to the Destroyer Hive, the favored son of Mortarion. Now, he was Typhus.

Typhus advances backed by his trusted Death Guard.

He had received his reward from his true master, Nurgle, Lord of Decay, the God he had served even before the corruption of Mortarion. Even when Typhus was subordinate to Mortarion, only Nurgle was his true master.

In the Eye of Terror, Mortarion shaped his Daemon World to resemble Barbarus. Typhus was sickened by the sentimentality. His loyalty was to Nurgle, and Nurgle waxed strong when mortals feared death. Taking his ship and his followers, Typhus returned again and again to the mortal realm, and the legend of the traveler, the Herald of Nurgle, was born. The rewards granted him by Nurgle are testament to a score of blighted worlds and countless damned souls.



	Points/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Typhus	230	5	5	4	4(5)	4	5	3	10	2/5+

Typhus, the Herald of Nurgle, may be included as the Chaos Lord of any Death Guard Chaos Space Marine army of at least 1,500 points. He may be accompanied by a retinue of Chosen selected as normal but must otherwise be fielded exactly as specified.

Wargear: Mark of Nurgle, Sorcerer, Daemonic Essence (+1 W, included in profile), Daemonic Aspect, Nurgle's Rot, Nurgling Infestation, Terminator armor (+1 A, not shown above), Manreaper, Warp Talisman.

SPECIAL RULES

Psychic Abilities: Wind of Chaos, two minor powers – always has Affliction and Miasma of Pestilence.

Destroyer Hive: Typhus's armor and body are host to a horrific plague that manifests as a swarm of insects that pour from the cracks and vents in his armor. When he charges into combat, he counts as using frag and blight grenades. When he is charged, Typhus and his retinue (if any) count as being in cover. In addition, units with models within 6" of Typhus contract Nurgle's Rot on a roll of 5+ instead of the normal 6.

Independent Character: Unless accompanied by a retinue, Typhus is an independent character, and all the rules regarding independent characters apply to him. See the Warhammer 40,00 rulebook for full details on independent characters.

TERMINUS EST

The Terminus Est was one of the first capital ships assigned to the Death Guard by the Emperor. It was of a unique design that pre-dated the Great Crusade and was copied in M36 as part of the Garcox Prerogative to create the Despoiler Class. As might be expected, the older vessel was considerably more powerful than the later copy.

Nothing definite is known of the pre-Heresy configuration of Terminus Est. References exist that suggest it was primarily employed as a planetary assault ship. This assessment seems accurate, as the Terminus Est conforms to the design of vessels of the Space Marines Legions assigned to similar roles. Many of the vessels used in the Great Crusade were handicapped by system failures that the Imperium could not repair. Thus, many systems on these vessels were replaced with less efficient but easily maintained alternatives.

The role of the Terminus Est during the Heresy is better known. At Istvaann, the Terminus Est engaged and destroyed the Shadow of the Emperor, the flagship of the Raven Guard. It is argued that this engagement was the earliest recorded conflict between Battleships specialized to carry Attack Craft. The engagement was swift and deprived the loyalist forces of any air support in the massacre that followed.

When the Terminus Est was sighted as part of the armada that followed Horus to Terra, the ship had changed. The Mark of Nurgle was upon it and upon all the other vessels of the Death Guard. When Mortarion led the assault on the Lion Gate starport, Typhus controlled the Plague Fleet and, it is suspected, began the orbital bombardment of the Emperor's palace.

Following Horus's death and the arrival of loyalist reinforcements, the Terminus Est's formidable reserves of Attack Craft were expended as a rearguard while the Death Guard were evacuated back to their ships. With the rest of the Traitor Legions, the Death Guard fled to the Eye of Terror and disappeared from human knowledge for centuries.

In the Eye, it is suspected that the Traitor Legions fought amongst themselves. It is the boast of the Death Guard that their Primarch-turned-Daemon Prince Mortarion conquered a mighty empire within the Eye and transformed it to his own tastes. Typhus and the Terminus Est were among the first of the Death Guard to be sighted again when they brought plague to the Agripinaa system in M35. The success of the Terminus Est in defeating the battle groups sent against it had a major effect on the thinking of the Imperial Navy. In M36, an Adeptus Mechanicus expeditionary force found schematics of the Chaos ship's design on the perdita world of Barbarus and began building the Despoiler Class. Little did the Adeptus Mechanicus know that the core architecture and design of the Despoiler's warp shields hid a fundamental corrupting flaw. Only in the following centuries, when the vessels of this class were either lost in the Warp or turned renegade, did the realization strike home.

The Terminus Est and Typhus did not play a central role in the Gothic War. A single sighting near Anvil 206 was the only evidence of their presence. However, considering the later incidents traced back to Anvil 206, it is clear that Typhus's mission was accomplished.

Now, in M41, the Terminus Est is one of the oldest ships known to the Imperium. The power of Nurgle holds its ancient hull together, and the most virulent plagues seethe through its dank corridors. Nurgle gives the Terminus Est license to travel the stars to spread death at the behest of its damned captain. There will be no rest for the Imperial Navy until the Terminus Est is finally hunted down and cleansed for ever.

THE SIEGE OF THE EMPEROR'S PALACE

THE SUNDERING OF THE IMPERIUM

Over the next few issues we delve deep into Imperial archives to report on some of the most famous and often bloody cityfights in the history of the Imperium. The first file to be opened is that of the Siege of the Emperor's Palace.

THE GATHERING STORM

The Horus Heresy was the single greatest challenge humanity has ever been confronted with. The most terrifying thing about it was the unholy speed with which it divided the Imperium. The rebels struck with an intensity that left the loyalists stunned and confused. Uncaring of loss, the traitors engaged in apocalyptic battles on a score of worlds. Everywhere Chaos cults rose up, in open rebellion where they could, otherwise engaging in acts of terrorism, sabotage and assassination. Units of the Imperial Guard and Imperial Navy with decades of loyal service behind them turned traitor and lashed out at their former comrades. The extent to which the Dark Gods had spread their influence among the institutions of the Imperium was completely unanticipated. On Mars, even the Adeptus Mechanicus were sundered by civil war.

Yet, when the conflict is rendered down to its essential truths it is clear that all the slaughter and all the destruction was nothing but a diversion. It was intended to grant Horus time to bring his forces to Terra and destroy the Emperor, without whom humanity would have no shield from the creatures of the warp and would certainly be damned.

THE BATTLE FOR TERRA

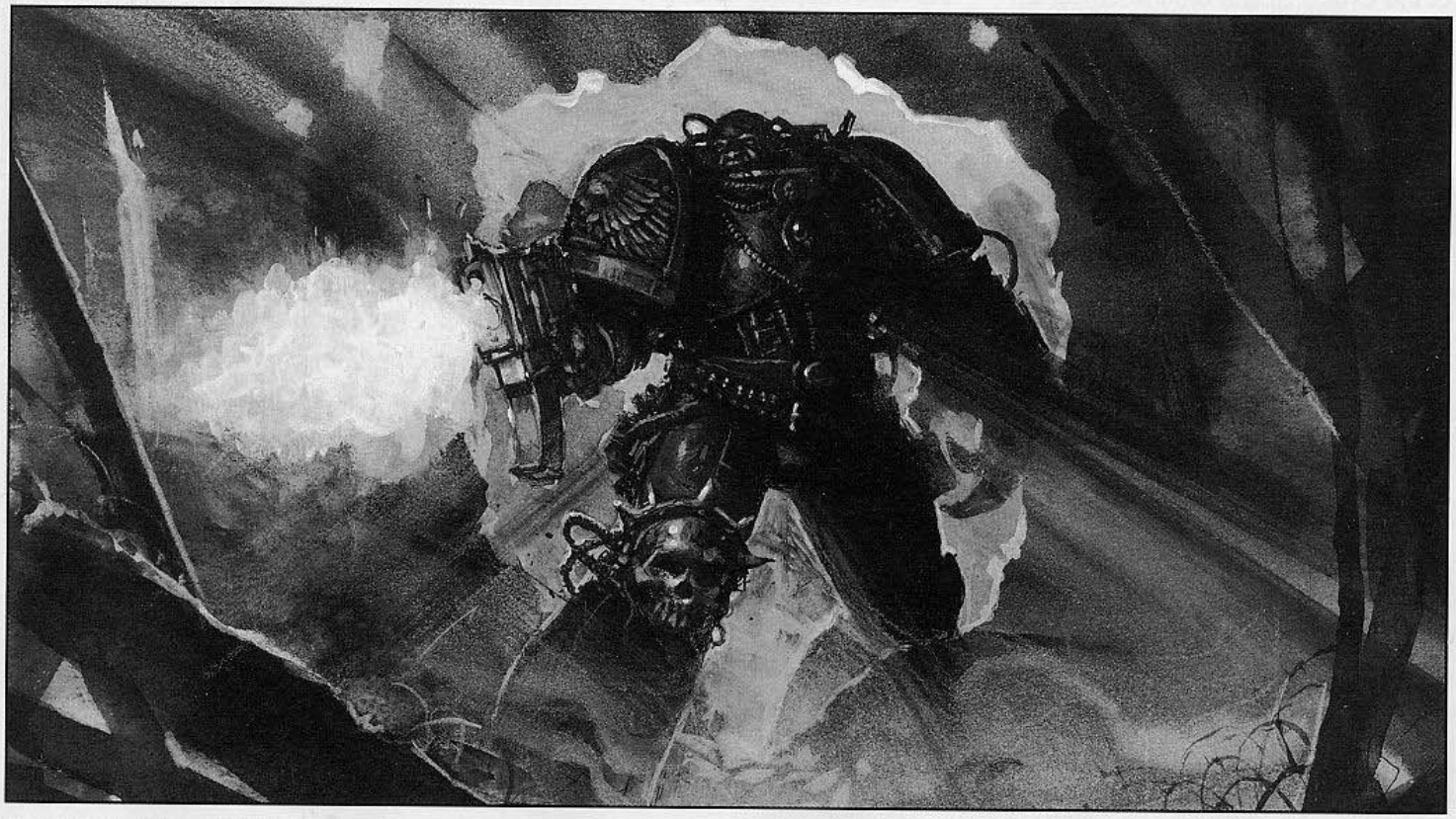
The history of the ebb and flow of this legendary battle is as fragile as the perceptions of the witnesses. Facing death is one thing but these witnesses saw things that they should never have seen: loathsome mutants, bestial abhumans and howling cultists, all led by hosts of Daemons and the traitor Chaos Marines themselves. Their accounts mostly reflect their horror and revulsion and contain little hard information.

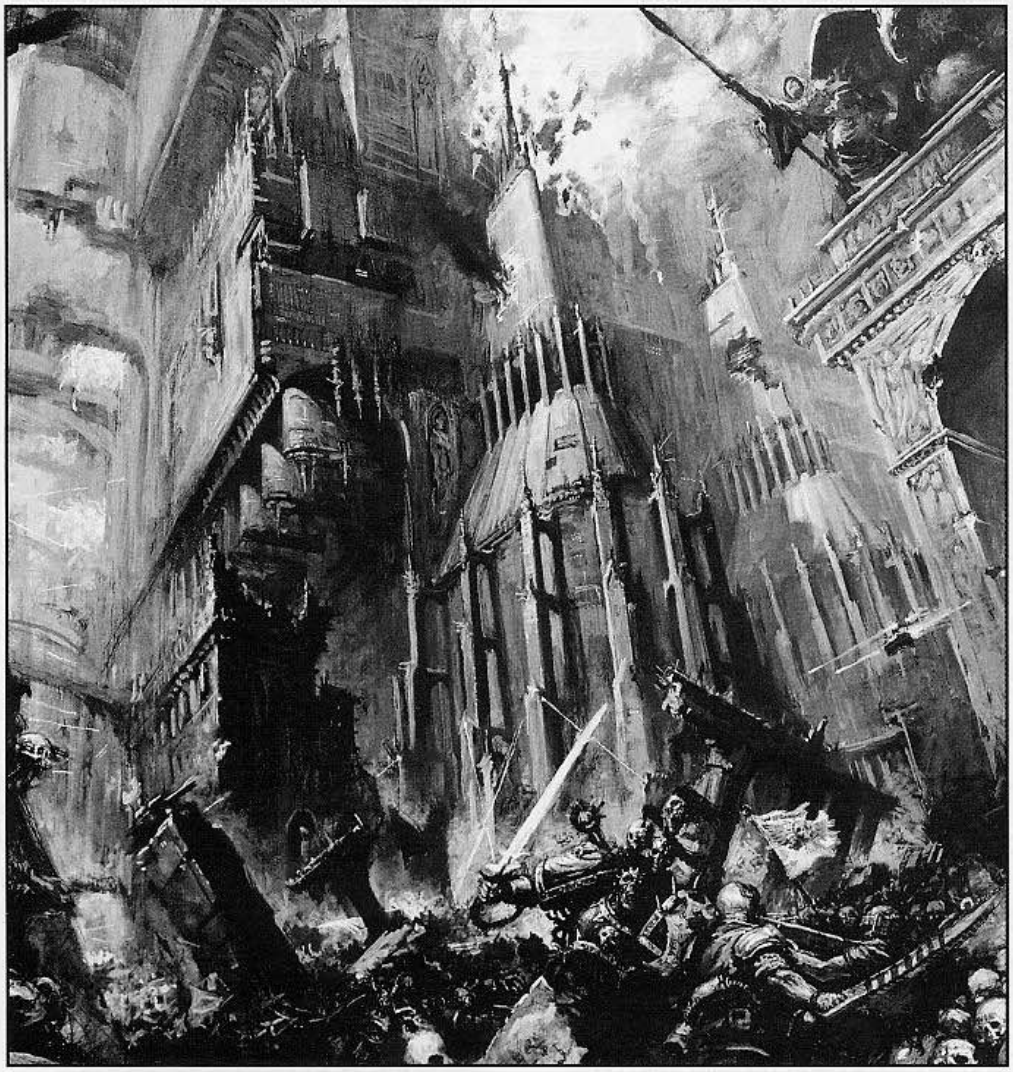
Examined clinically, the battle breaks down into five distinct actions, although these are obscured by the sheer size of the Chaos horde of which some part or other was continually in action for the duration of the battle. The five stages were as follows:

PLANETFALL

It was vital for Horus to secure a landing site within striking distance of the Imperial palace, that was suitable for landing heavy transports. After an initial orbital bombardment forced any mobile defenders into deep shelters, Horus unleashed the World Eaters and Death Guard Traitor Legions against the Eternity Wall and the Lion's Gate Spaceports.

Whilst both spaceports possessed good defences, they were betrayed by their defenders. Imperial Guard units in the garrisons had already been tainted by Chaos and, as the onslaught began, they changed sides. This rendered the perimeter defences untenable and the assaulting Traitor forces quickly carried the fighting inside both spaceports.





Once they had a foothold, the Traitor forces quickly overwhelmed the remaining loyalist defenders. The fighting raged from building to building, which was to the advantage of the Chaos Space Marines. The battle became fragmented and confused, with isolated pockets of loyalists desperately holding the defence laser silos in the hope of slowing the main Chaos landing. They undoubtedly disrupted Horus' plan, as the first wave of heavy transports that attempted to land incurred significant losses. It was a defiant gesture by men with no hope of survival. In the context of the battle as a whole, however, these acts of desperate heroism may have made the vital difference between victory and defeat.

With most of the loyal Imperial Guard units penned in by the orbital barrage, no reinforcements were at hand. The Traitor forces, however, could use the death and bloodshed to defile Terra by summoning daemonic entities. The atrocities committed in this engagement removed any doubts about who Horus was and whom he served.

THE ADVANCE TO THE PALACE

With his landing sites secured, the next units deployed by Horus were the Storm Lords and Flaming Skulls Titan Legions. Just as he chose precisely the right troops to seize the spaceports, once again Horus' military genius was revealed. What he needed now was to press the attack before the loyalists could contain his forces in their drop zones. Horus' army was huge and unwieldy. No commander, even Horus, could coordinate such a horde and so Horus didn't try. Instead, he concentrated on commanding the one or two formations in each phase of the battle that were critical to the success of that phase. The Khornate Battle Titans swept from Eternity Wall to Lion's Gate, linking the two Traitor landing sites. The shattered Imperial forces fell back before them, unable to prevent the Palace from being brought under siege.

DEFENCE OF THE OUTER WALL

The traditional view of the scene at the Saturnine Gate is of the Chaos horde pausing before the wall while Angron roars out Horus' terms for the defenders' surrender, only to be rebutted by Sanguinius. But this does not feature in the admittedly fragmented contemporary accounts available to us. The Testament of Adept Jannar certainly implies that many loyalists were pinned against the walls by the close pursuit and that no pause occurred in the fighting.

These premature Traitor attacks achieved nothing. Horus will not have worried about this, only his Traitor Marines and Titan Legions were critical to his plans so cultists and mutants could be expended just to wear the defenders down. It is unclear how long Horus allowed the general assault to continue for. He certainly had other considerations.

Loyalist Titans made spirited counter-attacks against the Chaos horde's flanks. When the Titans were halted, the White Scars would sweep down on the long columns, wreak havoc and withdraw. The Death Guard and the Storm Lords were pulled back to counter the loyalists and limit the damage they could do.

There was also disobedience in Horus' own ranks. The Emperor's Children separated from the main Chaos force to satisfy their own dark urges by preying upon the civilian population. Horus could do little about this; with luck the terror which the Emperor's Children spread would work for him and divert loyalists away from the palace. Even so, Horus may have regretted using the pursuit of sensation to turn Fulgrim and his legion, now that it had cost him almost a quarter of his Traitor Marines.

When the attack on the palace was finally launched it was in two distinct forms. Angron and the World Eaters, heavily supported by Khornate Daemon engines, launched a full frontal assault. This powerful force drew all available defenders to the wall in their sector yet still managed to gain a foothold through their uncompromising savagery.

Meanwhile the Death's Head Titan Legion was put at the disposal of Perturabo, Primarch of the Iron Warriors. Perturabo was a master of siege craft and, whereas Angron's assault was primal, his was scientific.

Whilst the defenders were demoralised by the fury of the World Eaters' attack it was the structural integrity of the palace wall that yielded to the Iron Warriors. Perturabo combined an underground assault in tunnellers with a pinpoint Chaos Titan

macrocannon bombardment that cracked the wall open revealing the maze of chambers and corridors within. The rest of the Chaos horde surged forward into the breach while Perturabo organised crews to reload his war machines.

The wall of the Imperial palace was miles across, it contained a labyrinth of offices, workshops and store rooms. Here the fighting took place from room to room and was of the most unimaginable ferocity. Outside the palace, the massed ranks of the traitors stretched all the way back to the Lion's Gate starport where still more were disembarking. Eventually these numbers would have to prevail.

THE WHITE SCARS ATTACK!

It was now that Jaghatai Khan led his White Scars against Lion's Gate. They quickly cleared the streets of the starport, secured key buildings and, as testament to their determination, dismounted from their bikes and dug in. This blocked the flow of Chaos reinforcements to the palace at the most critical moment. Further attacks were launched against Eternity Wall spaceport but with less success. The Death Guard were Horus' principal reserve and he committed them to reopen Lion's Gate. By this time the spaceport had been fought over twice already and had been reduced to a tangled mass of ruins. Although the White Scars and Death Guard stayed locked in battle while the attack on the palace raged on, Lion's Gate remained firmly shut.

THE INNER PALACE

After a great deal of bitter fighting amidst the ruins of the outer wall Horus' troops broke through to the palace grounds. Once again the Titans of the Death's Head legion were decisive. Guided by the mercurial mind of Perturabo, they blasted a path through the wall but sustained terrible losses. By the time the way was open the Titans were in no fit state to continue. Perturabo and the Iron Warriors believed their job was done and, leaving the palace to the horde, attacked the lightly defended Imperial Fists fortress monastery adjoining the palace. Soon the earth shook as the Iron Warriors' demolition charges brought the monastery down from within.

In the palace grounds the Blood Angels and Sanguinius were the rearguard of the Imperial forces. Angron's World Eaters pressed them very closely and tried to force the Ultimate Gate as the Blood Angels retreated inside. They were stopped by Sanguinius himself; alone he held the gate against a giant Bloodthirster long enough for the loyalists to get inside and shut the gate.

Magnus One-Eye and the Thousand Sons had not joined Horus in force. The Space Wolves' attack on their home world, Prospero, had left the legion disorganised and vulnerable. Those present had fought well though; they had summoned every daemon known to them and cast every invocation in their grimoires. Now they turned to their bolters and advanced to the Ultimate Gate. The outer wall had been breached but the Chaos heavy siege equipment was still stranded beyond it. In the absence of artillery and war engines, Horus turned to the arcane power of the Thousand Sons to break into the Emperor's palace. Before the sorcerers could begin their ritual, however, the Imperial Fists came to the rescue. Rogal Dorn had commandeered the Sky Fortress, a huge gravitically powered bastion, to re-enter the palace. The combined powers of Imperial Fists and Blood Angels librarians were directed by the Emperor to counter the Thousand Sons sorcerers. The opposing psykers were stalemated, Horus' forces stood poised for the final attack but the Ultimate Gate remained closed to them.

ENDGAME

The final attack was never launched. Horus sensed the approach of the Space Wolves and the Dark Angels. With all his reserves except his own Sons of Horus committed, the arrival of two fresh legions could be decisive. Horus knew that he had but one card left to play. He dropped the shields on his flagship and awaited the Emperor's arrival. Horus had always known that the war must end with the death of the Emperor and that he alone had enough power to accomplish the task. He had hoped to make the task easier by fighting a weakened and demoralised Emperor, but that advantage had been lost on the battlefield thanks to the courage and resolve of the Emperor's soldiers.

There were no witnesses to the final confrontation between the Emperor and Horus aboard the Warmaster's battle barge, but we know of the events and the Emperor's ultimate victory through the teachings of the Ecclesiarchy. With Horus' death the remaining Chaos Legions on Terra broke up. The Chaos Space Marines reacted first, evacuating with practised efficiency, leaving their minions to suffer the wrath of the loyalists.

CONCLUSIONS

Horus needed a quick, decisive battle in which his advantage in numbers would give him victory. By fighting on Terra, the Emperor used himself as bait to draw Horus into battle. This stiffened the resolve of the loyalists and ensured that the battle would be fought in heavily fortified and urbanised terrain, well suited to defensive fighting. In this context, time was the Emperor's ally and with it he won the most important victory in Humanity's history.



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INDEX MALLEUS

THE BLOOD PACT

An investigation into this notorious threat to the Imperium by Dan Abnett

From obscure origins as a Chaos cult in the heathen fringes of the Segmentum Pacificus, the Blood Pact has risen to become a notorious threat to the Imperium of Mankind, for they are that rare combination: a fiercely disciplined military order with an unswerving loyalty to the ruinous daemon-gods of the warp.

Physical Characteristics

The true and natural likeness of the beings sworn into the vile Blood Pact is rarely seen, for they choose to conceal their faces behind snarling iron face-masks of a crude and ancient pattern. It is certain for the most part that they are humans or human-mutants, though unconfirmed rumours speak of other xenos breed crealures inducted into their ranks.

In general terms, the Blood Pact warriors encountered by Imperial forces usually resemble a ragged or barbaric regiment of the Imperial Guard. They wear fabric battledress uniforms either looted from the corpses of Guardsmen, or manufactured to resemble a basic Imperial design. Over ihis are worn packs, webbing and the usual assortment of infantry kit, including heavy field boots and a steel bowl-helmet. Because their kit, equipment and battle dress is essentially a mix of plunder and homemade, no two Blood Pact troopers are ever identical. Their appearance is rough and ill kempt: their clothing torn, patched and dirty, and helmets chipped and grazed.

True to their name, the warriors of the Pact present themselves in blood red. The helmets are painted an arterial crimson, and the

URLOCK GAUR AND HIS LIEUTENANTS

To the Blood Pact, the only personality of note is Urlock Gaur himself, for not only is he their warlord and commander-in-chief, but it is to him personally that they pledge themselves forever in blood. Gaur sometimes leads the massed Pact forces himself, but so tight is its discipline, and so great his faith in it, he is happy to charge divisions to the command of senior officers or other warlords. A good example of this would be the devastating attack on the Khan Group on 773. This counter-stroke against Crusade forces was conducted by Enok Innokenti, one of Gaur's trusted demagogue lieutenants. A vast force of Blood Pact warriors, including armour and Death Brigades, was entrusted to Innokenti's command, and their murderous onslaught was only brought to an end when they were fought to a standstill during the extraordinary battle to take the Civitas Beati on Herodor. Other Blood Pact elements were serving under Anakwanar Sek when he overran the forge world at Urdesh, thus providing the

uniforms dyed red. It is common knowledge that the blood of enemies is used for this latter purpose as one of the Pact's sorcerous rituals prior to battle. As a result, the Blood Pact warriors exude a revolting, charnel stink, made even less pleasant by the unguents and oils with which they anoint their bodies, and their own parlous standards of hygiene.

Blood Pact forces with a vast and ready source of armour and field weapons. Blood Pact combat resilience was also displayed during their epic defence of the fortress world Morlond, during which period then enjoyed the direct command of the Gaur himself.

A Blood Pact warrior's hands always remain bare and ungloved to display the ghastly ritual scars across the palms and knuckles, made at the time of induction to the Pact. In cases where Blood Pact troops have been captured, or when opportunities have arisen to examine their corpses, it has often been found that this ritual scarring covers other parts of the body and face.

The ritual iron visors - known as grotesques - worn by the Blood Pact are variations on a single basic design. The Masks portray a howling, screaking, grimacing (some say leering) face, often with a great hooked nose or chin, or both, like a carnival masque. For most ranks, this mask is pitch black, though senior commanders may wear silver or even gold grotesques. Such 'officers' also affect uniform styles equivalent to the Imperial Guard, with epaulets, gold fragging and jackboots, etc.

The Blood Pact speak all the languages of corruption and - thanks to their many origin worlds - a haphazard mix of Imperial dialects and sub-dialects. However, Warmaster Macaroth's tactical advisors have determined that the Blood Pact use their own unique 'battle tongue' or combat jargon in the theatre. This, so far, has proved indecipherable.

Homeworld

The Blood Pact, by their very nature, have no homeworld. They recruit from the murky feral worlds of the Chaos Marches beyond Imperial territory, and also from the populations of worlds they conquer and overrun.





Myths and hearsay speak of the order arising on an outworld called Ghourra or Gaurra on the edge of the disputed Sabbat Worlds. This would be some three thousand years ago. The dynastic, tribal society of Ghourra was ruled by a feudal overlord, or Gaur (alt 'Ghour' or 'Gour'). The Gaur surrounded himself with an elite warrior priesthood who conducte the ritual observances by which the Gaur made tribute to his daemon-god. Khorne. This priesthood evolved over time into an outright bodyguard which practised its martial skills as strictly and diligently as the priesthood had conducted their bloody rites.

As the Gaur's strength grew, and his influence began to spread to neighbouring worlds, it was this bodyguard force that led the conquering armies. Soon it became a mark of respect to be 'bloody parted" to the Gaur. Numbers grew, recruiting from vassal worlds, and the bodyguard became an army in its own right. Thus was the Blood Pact as we know it spawned.

Uniquely, every single member of the Blood Pact (and tactical estimates suggest there may be as many as three quarters of a million Blood Pact warriors) is personally inducted into service by the Gaur himself. To prove his allegiance in blood to both the Gaur and the Blood God, each aspirant ritually gashes his hands on the sharpened edges of the Gaur's battle armour.

First Contact

The Blood Pact were first encountered during the Imperial Crusade to liberate the Sabbat Worlds, a chain of nearly one hundred inhabited systems along the edge of the Segmentum Pacificus. An oft-disputed area, the Sabbat Worlds had first been colonised as part of the Imperium in M35, when Chaos was driven from that sector by the original crusade of St Sabbat, a shepherd girl from Hagia, after whom the worlds were named. In the late 600s and early 700s of M41, a vast Chaos host commanded by the abominable warlord, or 'Archon' Nadzybar swept through the Sabbat Worlds and tore them out of Imperial hands. Nadzybar's host - raised in the feral marches beyond Imperial space - was not one single army, but in fact a cooperative alliance of many, each one led by its own demagogue warlord. These warlords became Nadzybar's lieutenants, and the names of many live in infamy: Anakwanar Sek, Enok Innokenti, Shebol Red-Hand, Sholen Skara, Heritor Asphodel, Nokad the Blighted, Qux of the Eyeless and Urfock Gaur.

In 755.M41, the High Lords ot Terra charged the great Slaydo with the task of raising a liberating army and

retaking the Sabbat Worlds, Slaydo, who had already assembled a considerable force to victoriously prosecute the Khulan Wars, was named Warmaster, and quickly built a formidable Crusade host to take on a major part of Nadzybar's strength at Balhaut. Though Slaydo himself perished in the battle, this was a famous Imperial victory. Archon Nadzybar was slain and his forces put to rout. Under Macaroth. Slaydo's successor as Warmaster, the Imperial Crusade began to drive the Chaos presence from the Sabbat Worlds.

But even with Nadzybar dead, this was not an easy task. By 772.M41, after protracted infighting, a new Archon had emerged from the ranks of the warlords to take Nadzybar's place. This was Urlock Gaur. His forces began to counter-attack Macaroth's, thus beginning the third and perhaps most bitter phase of the protracted conflict.

Gaur's Blood Pact had been encountered in combat during the early years of the Crusade, but never properly identified. However, once he became Archon, the Blood Pact became a backbone element of the Chaos host. It is believed many other arch-enemy units and divisions, wishing to prove their loyalty to the new Archon, converted to the Blood Pact. The trained and disciplined nature of the Pact also appealed to the many converted, corrupted or traitorous Imperial Guard units captured during Nadzybar's For ten years, this massive Imperial assault force struggled to gain a foothold in the Sabbat Worlds, for the Archon's armies were monstrously powerful. Eventually, Warmaster Slaydo manoeuvred his Crusade force into place occupation of the Sabbat Worlds. Within just a few years, the Crusade forces came to recognise the Blood Pact as elite infantry of the arch-enemy.

Combat Capabilities

The Blood Pact is a martial force of distinction, a fact that often takes its enemies by surprise. The forces of Chaos are often feral, ruthless and zealous and - while savage assets in battle - these qualities often mitigate against effective battlefield operations. Unlike, for example, the Kith who followed Sholen Skara, the Blood Pact is not an army of poorly-equipped fanatics who overrun their enemies by sheer berserk fury. The Blood Pact is drilled and trained in warfare techniques to a standard of competence at least equivalent to the Imperial Guard. They have excellent (often captured) communication systems, and an unshakeable chain of command, meaning that they can be confidently deployed with tactical precision. The Blood Pact can hit specific targets or accomplish specific missions, and individual warriors have the intelligence and field training to operate independently, if necessary, for the Pact's interests. This is what makes them so dangerous. They are not mindless fanatics; they are excellent battlefield soldiers in the sworn service of Chaos.

Certain elite or veteran sections of the Pact coterie form the so-called 'Death Brigades", representing the finest and most ruthless storm squads in the Blood Pact. Though comparatively few in number, the Death Brigades are often encountered at the spearhead of assaults, as the private company of senior Chaos leaders, or deployed on specialist missions, and are justly the most dreaded of all Blood Pact units.

Technology

A representative Blood Pact trooper will be armed with a lasgun or autogun as his primary weapon. Troopers may also carry pistols, stick grenades and bayonets. In close-quarter environments such as trenches or when storming techniques are required, they favour plate or chain mail tunics and arm

themselves with billhooks, trench clubs and grenades. Some are able combat specialists in the field of demolition or marksmanship.

Blood Pact units will contain a mix of heavy and support weapons comparable to the Imperial Guard, including heavy autoguns, flamers, mortars and rocket launchers. Some Imperial theorists claim that the officers of the Blood Pact deliberately style their organisation on the model of the Imperial Guard, and it is certainly the case that traitor Guardsmen are used to hone and improve the basic combat abilities of the Pact. Such traitors -thankfully rare - are distributed throughout the Pact's numbers to disseminate good techniques.

Others point out that Blood Pact armaments resemble those of the Imperial Guard because these are the most commonly plundered. Several munition-producing forge worlds -especially Neffethyl and Urdesh - were amongst the planets conquered in the Sabbat cluster, and from them the Blood Pact have enjoyed a ready supply of Guard-quality weapons.

The Blood Pact - again thanks to the captured forge worlds and spoils of war - have proficient armour and artillery divisions. Imperial field pieces are often found in their possession. Blood Pact armour is generally slightly inferior to standard Imperial, most of it being Urdeshi-pattern armoured cars such as the STeG 4, and the AT70 Reaver-pattern tanks, though they do also have more limited numbers of the larger and more powerful AT83 Brigand-pattern tanks, as well as captured examples of Leman Russ and Chimera. The Blood Pact also fields Defilers, as well as a lighter-armoured variation known as the Stalk-tank. Stalk-tanks are powered by six arachniform piston limbs, and are armed with double pulse-lasers in mini-turrets. On very rare occasions, the Pact has also been found to have Baneblade super-heavy tanks in its vanguard. All Blood Pact armoured vehicles are painted red, inscribed with numerous obscene Khornate slogans, and are often decorated with the skulls and hides of their enemies.

Threat Index and Imperial Policy

The Blood Pact is a direct and grave military threat to Imperial security in the Segmentum Pacificus. Its disciplined and trained nature means that it represents something of elite branch of the arch-enemy's host. Furthermore, concern must be expressed as to its increasing size. Urlock Gaur is a charismatic leader, and the Blood Pact is an aspirational order for many young warriors. The Blood Pact is also a painful object lesson as to how the primary skills and strengths of the noble Imperial Guard may be turned against the Imperium itself.

Imperial military leaders are urged to suppress Blood Pact activity wherever it is found. The appearance of Blood Pact forces must be communicated at all costs to Fleet or sub-sector command, as it indicates a pre-planned, tactical enemy action as opposed to a random uprising or raid.

The vile and heretical legions of Chaos are ordinarily a supreme menace to the Imperium

of Man because of their bludgeoning ferocity and near numberless strengths. The Blood Pacs is a rare example of a more precise and deliberate destructive force.

Records also show that though the Pact show little quarter, they are more likely to attempt to turn and recruit Imperial soldiers (by force if necessary) than other Chaos forces.

Peculiarities

A marked trait of the Blood Pact is its willingness to collaborate with xenos breeds and alien mercenaries from the outworlds and marches to achieve military objectives. Most notably, the Blood Pact often operates alongside non-human mercenaries called the Loxatl, using them as shock troops. The Loxatl are sinuous, non-humanoid quadrupeds evolved from amphibian forms. Slighter larger than a human, they are extremely swift and dexterous, and use large dew-claws to give them purchase on any surface, allowing them to run up walls and across ceilings. Out of water, the vision, hearing and smell of these grey- skinned aliens is dull, and they rely on powerful taste and vibration sensing to hunt and corner prey.

Loxatl use a weapon of alien assign known as a flechette blaster. They carry these powerful weapons -along with ammunition bandoleers - on their torsos, mounted on mechanical armatures that fire the weapons via some unknown mind impulse device. This leaves a Loxatl's limbs free for climbing. The blasters fire deadly shot-bursts filled with millions of razor-sharp filaments that shred armour and cause grievous wounds in their targets flesh.

Loxatl are believed to operate in small, 'brood group' units of biological kin, communicating by vibration, subsonic calls and - when in close proximity -iridescent patterning that they are able to flash and move across their skins.

Imperial Guardsmen have reported that nearby Loxatl activity can often be detected by a nauseating smell, a mix of rancid milk and crushed mint.

VESH ETOGAUR AND THE AKKORITE SLAUGHTER

The sheer efficiency of Blood Pact operations can be demonstrated by the battle of the Akkorite Peninsula on Belshiir Binary in 771. Belshiir is a vital and much-contested world due to the prometheum wells, refineries and processing depots clustered around the Gulf of Akkor. The peninsula itself provides a land-bridge access between the Hinter Deserts and the gulf-coast highways linking the refineries. Here, in ferocious, sun-blasted terrain, a force of two hundred Blood Pact troopers, supported by four stalk-tanks and two Loxatl brood groups, cut off, overwhelmed and annihilated a force of three thousand Imperial Guardsmen. The Guard elements were advancing across the peninsula with the intention of capturing the B'shen Atok refinery, and recon assessment had reported only a limited number of hostiles active in the zone. The Pact force, greatly outnumbered, was commanded by an officer called Vesh Etogaur (the second word possibly indicative of rank, as in 'demi-gaur' or colonel). Under his strict command, the Pact force lay in baking heat for three days without faltering or breaking line until the Imperial unit had moved into the cone of their ambush. The resulting slaughter lasted twenty two minutes. None of the Guardsmen survived, and the refinery remained in the hands of the arch-enemy for a further fifteen months.

'They hide their faces in snarling iron, but the cruelty in their hearts is manifest in their brutal deeds. We are lost and we are done. May the God-Emperor forgive our failure and protect our souls.' - last transmission of General DeLestt, Urdesh.

'If you are the last man standing, you're not fighting hard enough.' - attributed to Colonel Kaldenbach's commissars, facing the Blood Pact at the Civitas Beati, Herodor, 773. M41.

BLOOD PACT DEATH BRIGADES

BY ANDY HOARE

For those who wish to field a force of the Blood Pact, we've provided some rules and advice for using these dreaded warriors in your games of Warhammer 40,000.

The bulk of the Blood Pact is best represented using the Lost and the Damned army list found in Codex: Eye of Terror. Traitors can be used to represent the line troopers of the Blood Pact, and Defilers can represent Stalk-tanks. Beyond this, you should try to avoid using Chaos Space Marine allies, Daemons, Mutants etc, but as similar troop types do turn up in Dan Abnett's novels we wouldn't want to go so far as banning them from the list. For the elite Death Brigades, add the following unit entry to your Lost and the Damned army.

TROOPS

Blood Pact Death Brigade Squad										
Profile	**Points**	**WS**	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**W**	**I**	**A**	**Ld**	**Sv**
Trooper	11	3	4	3	3	1	4	1	8	5+
Veteran Squad Leader	+10	3	4	3	3	1	4	2	8	5+

Number/squad: 5-10

Weapons: Lasgun and frag grenades.



Options: Any model may exchange their lasgun for an autogun, shotgun, or laspistol/autopistol and close combat weapon for free. Up to two models may exchange their weapon for a flamer at +3 points, a meltagun at +10 points, a plasma gun at +10 points or a grenade launcher at +10 points. One model may be equipped with a demolition charge at +10 points. The squad can be equipped with krak grenades at +2 points per model. The squad may be equipped with chain mail and steel plate assault armour, improving their Armour save to 4+ at +3 points per model.

Characters: For +10 points, one Death Brigade Trooper may be upgraded to a Veteran squad leader, who may be given 15 points of equipment from the Chaos Space Marine Armoury (but no

Marks, Gifts or other items).

SPECIAL RULES

This Blood Pact Trooper is a very simple conversion. It's a plastic Cadian trooper, with the head of one of the classic Chaos Space Marine Raptors.

Veterans: The Death Brigades are made up of dangerous and experienced veterans of many wars against the Imperium. To represent this, each squad may be given a single Veteran Skill chosen from the Chaos Space Marine armoury, paying the points cost listed there. Purchasing a Veteran Skill will move the unit to the Elites section of the army list.

Index Malleus

I

A series focusing on the threat to the safety of Mankind

INFERNAL THREAT

An investigation into the foul Daemons of the Warp

by Phil Kelly & Graham McNeill

Daemon – the mere utterance of the word is enough to instill fear into the stoutest heart, and rightly so. For humanity's great nemesis, Chaos, has no purer form, and the countless millions of hideous blasphemies that populate the Warp desire nothing less than the utter destruction of the Imperium.

Physical Characteristics

The very fabric of Chaos is inconsistent and unpredictable, so it is impossible to list the myriad forms of Daemons. Nevertheless, despite the inconsistent nature of the Warp, it is thought that the major Chaos deities value certain physical aspects relevant to their peculiar ethos. As such, it is possible for a learned Chaotician to distinguish a Daemon's patron deity from whatever perverse form it chooses to manifest in the material realm. It is widely believed that the features shared by the entities of a particular Chaos power give clues as to the preferred forms of the deity in question.

The Daemons of Khorne, the Blood God, are commonly the color of dried gore, massively built, and brutish in appearance. Even the smallest of these Bloodletters stand head and shoulders taller than a Space Marine, and their heavily muscled physique is honed with the sole intention of massacring every living thing that they encounter. Very few actual reports of these Daemons are to be found, for the blood kin exist purely to kill. As such, the vast majority of knowledge concerning these Daemons is forensic. The following is a transcription of Inquisitor Leshra's findings after the Eyrian Arena massacres.



The floor of the chamber is awash with blood...it is astounding that a mere eight bodies could relinquish so much. They have been crudely and violently dismembered. The walls are spattered with blood to an amazing extent; barely a square inch of the original façade remains unsullied. Long, rope-like tendrils of gore dangle from the ceiling and speak of the terrible energies with which this slaughter was perpetrated. My servitors, in piecing together the bodies of the fools that summoned this beast, found that all body parts were still present except the skulls of the slain, of which there are no traces.

The Daemons that owe their allegiance to Slaanesh, the Prince of Pleasure, are the antithesis of the Bloodletters, for they are said to be creatures of striking and ethereal beauty. A weak man that so much as glances one is lost forever; no matter how fervently his conscious mind warns him of danger, he will be powerless to resist the base instinct to succumb to these creatures and to serve them for an eternity of humiliation as a mindless slave. But there are some who have passed the test of witnessing these beings whose souls have not been ensnared by their sinuous dance and promises of paradise. They describe these Daemonettes as resembling nubile young females. Horrific mutations such as bony protuberances and cloven extremities in no way diminish their hypnotic beauty. That these blasphemies can transmute a natural reaction of revulsion and terror into uncontrollable desire is testament to their subtle powers. And yet it is said that still greater servants of Slaanesh exist, the Keepers of Secrets. Despite the vast size of these many-limbed nightmares, their lithe grace surpasses even that of the lesser order of Slaaneshi Daemon, and they revel in consuming not only the bodies of their prey but also their souls.

All Daemons are falsehood. They are lies, given the shape of creatures by the power of Chaos. Fear the Daemons of Khorne for this reason and then fear them once more.

Inquisitor Covenant

Perhaps the foulest of all Daemons are the minions of the Lord of Decay, Nurgle, as they are putrefaction given form. Why any member of Humanity should worship a deity of pestilence is an enigma to the sane, but nevertheless this ancient god is one of the most powerful of the blasphemous pantheon. His servants are the tally-men of disease, ceaselessly counting every contagion to have ever blighted the universe. An ancient vox record from the Apothecarium Maloris, dating back to the Drellian Plagues and kept locked away in the Library Sanctus, contains a sample of their droning, sonorous chant. All who have heard it have fallen ill and died.

++++Pict Record Begins++++

Image displayed sways as pict-skull avoids male figure dressed in red surgical smock [Genetor-Major Lauram Clelland]. Clelland approaches a male figure strapped securely to a reclined medicae table. The restrained figure is in a high state of agitation and appears to be undergoing some form of possession. The nature of the possession is unclear but is estimated to be a higher order of warp entity. Continual chanting of the Verses of Repugnance are intoned from a source outside the pict-skull's field of vision.

[Voice - off-pict. Identified as Inquisitor Olarius]

Olarius - Quickly, man, be done with it! The entity will overcome the wards soon.

Clelland - I am proceeding as fast as is safe, Inquisitor. You of all people should know the risks inherent in creating a Daemonhost under these conditions.

Olarius - Do not presume to lecture me, Mechanicus. Just do it faster. This one is stronger than we imagined. These bindings may not be strong enough.

Clelland nods and hurries forward to administer hypo-syringe to the restrained subject. As he approaches the medicae table, the subject tears loose an arm that is darkening in coloration and grips Clelland's neck. The grip tightens, and 1.45 seconds later, the subject has broken Genetor Clelland's neck and torn his head from his shoulders. Clelland collapses, and the subject begins spasming.

Olarius - Emperor's blood! Seal the chamber! Now, damn it, now!

The subject [now positively identified as a Daemonhost] breaks free from the medicae table, and image sways as pict-skull avoids a blow from its hand, which elongates and sprouts long talons. Inquisitor Olarius and three Ecclesiarchy priests carrying books of exorcism enter shot as pict-skull is spun around. The Daemonhost's skin darkens; the musculature swells; and its face becomes bestial. The priests scream and run for chamber's exit, but find it sealed. The Daemonhost disembowels the representatives of the Ecclesiarchy in two blows before Inquisitor Olarius shoots it with a weapon classified as a psycannon. The Daemonhost falls but rises to its feet, apparently unharmed by the close-range blasts, and slashes open the Inquisitor's stomach. Olarius falls as the ceiling-mounted sprays engage and douse the chamber in blessed acids. Image blurs as acids eat into pict-skull then vanishes altogether as Daemonhost smashes it to the floor. Audio lasts a further 3.42 seconds, consisting of screams of Inquisitor Olarius and the Daemonhost as the acid performs its sacred duty.

++++Pict Record Ends++++

All known Daemons of Nurgle exhibit every outward sign of decay and leak a hissing gruel of pus and diseased viscera wherever they drag their foul-smelling carcasses. The only sure way of cleansing an area tainted by such beasts is with righteous, purifying flame.

To try to classify the Horror Daemons of Tzeentch by their physical characteristics is futile. Every one of the servants of the Lord of Change can mold its form with the slightest thought, and the majority of these beasts are nothing more than a roiling mass of clawed limbs and fanged mouths. From within these fleshy, ever-changing beasts hatch larval versions of the original that clamber screaming from the mouths of their previous incarnation. Men have been driven insane merely by witnessing these monstrosities, and many have died in agonizing pain as the balefire that serves as these Horrors' lifeblood consumed them in a conflagration of psychic energy.

As with all Daemonkind, when the tide of battle turns against them, they will begin to fade from existence, the bonds tying them to the physical realm dissolving instantaneously. The Ordo Malleus and the Ecclesiarchy are well aware that true faith accelerates this process, as do canticles of abjuration and exorcism.

Natural Environment

Daemonic creatures have no homeworld as such, since outside the Immaterium, they require vast amounts of warp energy or a host body to exist. As such, the only planets where Daemons can exist without fear of being cast back to the warp are those within the Eye of Terror itself, where the Immaterium spills into the galaxy in a maelstrom of warp energy. In this region of space, worlds exist where the laws of physics and nature do not apply, and the landscape is constantly shifting at the whim of the Chaos power that rules the planet.



Each of the Chaos powers is master of an uncounted number of Daemon worlds within the Eye of Terror, and their realms are a twisted reflection of their blasphemous aspects. A journey within the Eye of Terror is a voyage that only the heretic or the insane would dare undertake. The little reliable knowledge that does exist has been gleaned by the most powerful psykers of the Imperium who have reported dreams or visions where the worlds of Chaos have been revealed to them. The worlds of Nurgle are filth-ridden plague pits where Daemons shuffle across the necrotic surfaces and dolorously count the contagions unleashed by their scrofulous patron. Slaanesh's worlds, cloaked in the heady musk of indulgence, throb with every form of excess imaginable, while those of Khorne echo with the screams of those slaughtered by the bloodthirsty warriors of the Blood God. Tzeentch's worlds are monstrous, ever-changing labyrinths where the landscape barely has solidity before it is reshaped into some new nightmarish form.

There are a multitude of other worlds within the Eye of Terror: planets like flat sheets of black glass, worlds girt by fire, and others where bloody rain pours upwards from the surface. On one world, a black sun stands in a white sky, and smoky threads pour from it onto a tangled dark city of nightmare fortifications – said to be the world of Medrengard, dwelling place of the Iron Warriors' Daemon Primarch Perturabo. Another world is swathed in lakes of boiling blood from which spheres of fire float into the sky and spread their light across the firmament. There are an unknown number of worlds within the Eye of Terror and an infinite number of realities that exist as potentials in the swirling Chaos of the Eye.

First Contact

It is impossible to know for certain when Mankind's first contact with the daemonic first took place, since – if Chaoticians are correct – the energy that creates such monstrous beasts has existed for as long as humans, if not before. The Warp, sometimes known as the Sea of Souls, is a churning mass of raw potential energy, which humans with psychic talent can tap to use sorcerous powers. Since the dawn of time, there have been those who could shape that power to their own ends, and their legacy has been recorded in dark myth since those times.

The volcanic caverns of Hnang-Mei, beneath the vast mountains of a region of Terra whose name has long been forgotten, bore witness to what may have been the first recorded instances of daemonic intrusion. Before their destruction during the Great Betrayer's assault on Holy Terra ten thousand years ago, the murals and daubings on the cave walls depicted primitive humans and crude, but unmistakable, images all too familiar to the Daemonhunters of the Ordo Malleus.

Combat Capabilities

The chosen style of warfare varies between each class of Daemon and is largely dependent upon their patron deity. Just as the Daemon's form is determined by its allegiance, so too are its strengths in combat and therefore also its weaknesses. The Bloodletters fight with massive brazen axes, wrought in the likeness of skulls or the symbol of their patron deity, Khorne. It has been speculated that the bronze axe was one of the first tools of war manufactured by Mankind and hence has a particular resonance with Khorne. These weapons are thought to be imbued with limited sentience and may even have vampiric qualities, as many of the victims of the Bloodletters have been found utterly drained of their blood. The axes of Khorne are also widely used by the mortal devotees of the Blood God (cf. 934.457.WorldEaters). In conjunction with the Bloodletter's unnatural strength, these deadly weapons can penetrate even the armored flanks of a standard pattern Rhino. It is known that there exists one Daemon creature steeped further in the favor of Khorne, the monstrous Bloodthirster. This immensely powerful creature towers over its minions and is possibly the most formidable of all Greater Daemons. It is consummately skilled in the arts of war and can smash apart an armored bunker with one blow. Inordinately powerful, none can best this

> I saw three of them, playing like children in the entrails of Myer and Rubril, at the end of the corridor, and I ran like hell back to the front line. If they had caught me, a violent death would have seemed like paradise.
>
> Trooper Viliad
> of the Minervan Tank Hunters

behemoth at close quarters; for it is war incarnate.

The Daemons of Slaanesh are slight in build, but their size belies their lethal prowess at close quarters. The long, razor-sharp claws of the Daemonette, akin to the diamond-hard chitin of the Tyranid Genestealer, are capable of slicing through adamantium. Along with the greater form of the Slaaneshi Daemon, the many-armed Keeper of Secrets, these beasts are thought to exude a strong musk that dulls the senses and erodes the free will of their prey. Comparatively small, even the las-fire of Imperial Guardsmen has proven to be effective against them. However, unlike their Khornate counterparts, the Daemons of Slaanesh are cunning and attack with guile and speed rather than ferocity and strength.

Conversely, the maggot-kin of Nurgle have proven to be exceptionally durable on the field of war and range from the size of a human infant to that of a battle tank. Among all the Daemons of Chaos, they may have the strongest link to the physical realm, for their plague-riddled forms can shrug off heavy bolter shells as though they were mere stubber rounds. It is likely that their addled physiology cannot feel pain. The rotten, rusted blades used by the blighted hosts of Nurgle carry virulent poisons and fast-acting bacteria that, when brought in contact with exposed flesh, cause the affected areas to wither and slough off as the contagion spreads throughout the victim's nervous system. These Daemons also harbor Nurgle's Rot, a corruption of the soul that can potentially infect any living thing in the Daemons' vicinity. There is no defense against these Daemonic infections other than true faith, and even an Ogryn's stalwart metabolism is no match for such potent afflictions.

Still more nauseating is the propensity for the Daemons of Nurgle to eject torrents of infected bile at close range, seeping into and burning through all materials up to and including standard issue flak armor. Even vanquishing such beasts with power fists and thunder hammers is folly, for the merest spattering of the ichor that serves as their blood can lead to a painful, plague-riddled death.

The Tzeentch entities nicknamed "Horrors" and "Flamers" are the only manner of Daemonkin known to manifest a ranged attack. This generally takes the form of multicolored daemonic flames ejected from the Horror's eyes, mouth, or hands. The effects this balefire has upon its target vary wildly. The aftermath of the Balsoir Symposium in 885.M37, extensively investigated by the Ordo Malleus and the Relictors Chapter, remains the archetypal illustration of what these Daemons are capable of. The corpses of the heretics present at the symposium ranged from severely burnt to mutated beyond all recognition. Among the bodies were mewling, ravaged mounds that had once been men. Countless eyes and mouths opened across blistered flesh to plead for a merciful end to their newfound existence. Several of the altered had grown in part to resemble animals, insects, or the Horrors that had wreaked such carnage upon them. Others were reduced to stringy puddles of fibrous gore or hung in mid-air, their dangling organs arranged to spell out eldritch Tzeentch runes. Once the investigation had been concluded, the entire complex was put to the torch.

Alone among the daemonic species, the minions of Tzeentch are vulnerable at close quarters. Although their scrabbling claws and many-fanged mouths can tear apart a guardsman with ease, they are no match for the Adeptus Astartes. Their propensity to split and reform in an accelerated form of asexual reproduction is alarming but ultimately a mere distraction to a determined assault.

Due to the fact that all Daemons tend to manifest suddenly and unexpectedly in the heat of battle, it is extremely difficult to mount a defense against them with ranged weaponry. Therefore, the only measure of safety an Imperial trooper can have against these diabolic foes is unshakable conviction and faith in the Emperor, bolstered by a thorough knowledge of the Imperial creed.

> The creatures of the warp have but one trait with which you need concern yourself – their undying contempt for the Emperor. It is your task to quell the rebellion they preach, and the only sure way is to destroy them utterly.
>
> Inquisitor Shoran

Technology

Daemons appear to have no concept of technology, and understandably so. For their actual forms are optimized for the furtherance of their god's whims, and they need nothing so human as tools to achieve their goals. However, there remain a few notable exceptions. Chaos Space Marines that have ascended to daemonic status sometimes retain twisted and malformed versions of their original weaponry and armor, often fused into their very form until the two become indistinguishable, to a greater or lesser extent (cf.094.476.technovirus. Obliterator). Far from standard pattern bolters and close combat weapons, these accouterments have twisted and changed over the millennia until they are virtually unrecognizable and can even sprout from the flesh of the entity in question. Daemon Princes the size of Dreadnoughts have been described as



still sporting a mockery of their original power armor, whether it has grown with them as part of their form or is some kind of daemonic exoskeleton is unknown.

Perhaps the closest parallel to technology available to the daemonic is the Daemon weapon. These are created by taking a sword or some other tool of war and debasing it with profane, sacrilegious runes until it is possible to imprison a Daemon within the fabric of the weapon itself. This adds a tremendous degree of potency and magical power to the artifact in question, although this invariably differs from item to item. A variation of this process has even been applied to standard pattern Imperial vehicles by imprisoning a daemonic entity within the hull of anything from a Dreadnought to a Land Raider. It is even suspected that the minions of Chaos create mechanical vessels purely for this purpose (cf.016.924.Defiler).

Threat Index and Imperial Policy

The threat of the daemonic cannot be underestimated, and it is the sworn duty of every member of the Ordo Malleus to destroy any trace of such entities. There can be no rest in the persecution of daemonic creatures or those who would traffic with them, and entire worlds have been sacrificed to prevent catastrophic daemonic incursions and irreparable damage to the barriers separating warp space and real space.

Some believe that the Inquisitors of the Ordo Malleus and (by extension) the Grey Knights are too zealous in their use of lethal force and cite the destruction of valuable planetary systems that have been suspected of being under daemonic influence but were later found to be free of corruption. But these opinions are voiced by those who have never seen the horror wreaked by even one daemonic entity. Even a single, unprotected psyker can unwittingly provide a gateway for a Daemon to breach the barriers between the Immaterium and real space. And where one Daemon travels, others can follow, as its very presence weakens the fabric of reality.

Upon detection of a daemonic incursion, the Ordo Malleus can call upon any and all local resources to aid them in their fight against the spawn of the Warp. Should the threat prove serious enough, and there are Grey Knights near, an Inquisitor can call on the Chamber Militant of the Ordo Malleus. An Inquisitor and his allies have the full remit of the High Lords of Terra to requisition any and all resources they deem necessary in order to meet the threat of the daemonic.

To the Ordo Malleus, there is no measure too extreme that can be taken in the fight against the creatures of the Warp, and any collateral casualties among civilian populaces near the fighting are seen as the inevitable consequence of combating such evil. The ultimate sanction of Exterminatus, whereupon an entire planetary biosphere is destroyed, is also available to an Inquisitor. Such measures are never undertaken lightly, but no Inquisitor would shy away from their use should the situation warrant.

Even after the daemonic incursion is defeated, the work of the Ordo Malleus is not complete, as every trace of the corrupted ground must be ritually purified. Every living thing touched by Chaos must be destroyed in cleansing flames, and the area must be quarantined for decades or even centuries before it is declared safe.

Social Structure

The daemonic legions exist in a fairly well established hierarchy, although this is by no means rigid, as a daemonic entity can rise and fall in the favor of his patron god over the course of a single day. At the lowest end of the hierarchy are the Spawn, those who have failed in their quest to become a Daemon Prince and have been transformed beyond all recognition by their fickle gods into a vile, flailing mass of limbs, mouths, spikes, and ectoplasm. At a similar level are Daemons such as the pustulant Nurglings, entities that gibber and cavort in the wake of the scions of their putrid god.

Above them are the daemonic beasts, to whom notions of status are irrelevant. The Juggernauts of Khorne, part infernal machine and part daemonic flesh, are used as mounts by the Berzerker champions of the Blood God. The Slaaneshi equivalents, serpentine fiends with long, lashing tongues, are almost as deadly; their hypnotic musk debilitates the victim before the warrior mounted upon it strikes the killing blow. The riding Daemons of Tzeentch, although sentient, have the appearance of a metallic disc and the temperament of a shark. Sorcerers of Chaos often employ these strange creatures to convey them into the midst of battle, accompanied by screeching, blade-winged Screamers that are attracted to the magical energy of their masters. The Furies, winged Daemons that descend upon their prey in a cloud of sharp fangs and slicing claws, are thought to owe allegiance to no given Chaos power and fight purely for the love of carnage and death.

The majority of daemonic entities occupy the next step in the hierarchy and are the beasts most likely to answer the summons of the heretic. These are the daemonic foot soldiers of the Chaos powers and comprise the Daemonette, Bloodletter, Horror, and Plaguebearer (see *Physical Characteristics*, above).



The Greater Daemon Amnaich was the scourge of the unsurveyed Golwyn Belt for the latter centuries of M39 and sought to pull the entire system into an anomalous region of time-space where no outside influence could reach him. In this manner, Amnaich could feed from the billions of souls held captive within this warp rift for millennia without fear of retribution from the forces of the Imperium.

Amnaich had assumed a truly gargantuan form upon his ascension to Daemonhood, as close to physical perfection as his patron, Slaanesh, could bestow. His voice was described as rolling thunder in a drought, his seemingly benevolent gaze like the first rays of sun after an eternity of night. Such was Amnaich's charisma and presence that all who saw him worshiped him as a god and turned from their fertility deities in the face of this towering manifestation of perfection. Even the daemonic hosts that cavorted in his wake were perceived as shining angels by the populations of the Golwyn Belt. Such was the aura of deception the narcissistic Amnaich was capable of casting about himself. Those fools that worshiped him traveled far and wide as missionaries, spreading the word of Amnaich and preaching harmony and tolerance across each and every civilization they encountered. Such was their conviction and such was the favor Amnaich held with Slaanesh that more and more conversions to the Amnaichan religion erupted with each passing day. He was truly favored in the eyes of the Ruinous Powers and sought to orchestrate a mass sacrifice of such magnitude that it would wrench the star system across the skein of reality into Amnaich's promised land.

At the height of his power, Amnaich was adored by every one of the planets populating the Belt. His image graced every altar, grail, and banner on a hundred worlds, and worship of these graven idols was ingrained upon their populations over the centuries. This false faith was unshakable, for the god they worshiped walked among them once every generation. During these manifestations, Amnaich appeared to spread joy and light, whereas in reality, he spread corruption and false hope. Under his instruction, a vast golden colossus was erected at the heart of each city, as faithful a representation of Amnaich as the finest sculptors of the day could create. Such was the scale and perfection of each edifice that it took the labor of entire bloodlines to complete each one, and many hundreds died in their creation. This was all the better in the eyes of Amnaich, for his plan neared completion.

As the end of M39 neared, and the system prepared to celebrate the dawn of a new millennium, the creed Amnaich had spread reached a fever pitch. On the eve of the millennial celebrations, he would take the most devout of his followers to the promised land. Ever eager to be seen as devoted in the omniscient gaze of their god, each and every citizen across the countless worlds of the Golwyn Belt vowed to transcend mortal existence in the most final and irrevocable way. The resultant psychic shockwave caused by a suicide pact of such magnitude was certain to rend reality apart across the entirety of the Belt, pulling it within the Warp for all eternity. If Amnaich succeeded in his diabolic plan, he would certainly have garnered enough power to become the god he had always claimed to be.

Needless to say, such a burgeoning presence in the Warp had not gone unnoticed by the Imperial astropaths, despite the remote location of the Golwyn Belt. An investigation was launched by the most talented psykers in the Inquisition, and the nature of the threat posed by Amnaich was finally realized. An Imperial fleet of then-unprecedented scale was dispatched toward the system.

In the days preceding the millennial celebrations, Amnaich undertook a great ritual that allowed him to fragment his consciousness into countless parts and instill a piece of himself into each of the golden titans at the heart of his disciples' cities. As his minions ended their lives at the feet of these mighty icons, their souls would flow into each statue, granting Amnaich existence within hundreds of these mighty forms. With these, he would achieve indestructibility, an army of golden titans forged in his own image, feasting from his captive populations in a reign of terror that was to last till the end of time.

On the eve of the millennial celebrations, Amnaich's plans were in place, and it seemed nothing could stop his ascension to godhood. Around each of the golden titans were gathered millions of the faithful, chanting Amnaich's name in unison and debasing themselves as they prepared to sacrifice themselves to his glory. Amnaich's consciousness filtered into the statues as his vile ritual reached its climax, ready to gorge on the departing souls of his disciples. But the Imperial fleet had wasted no time. Such was the sheer scale of the golden idols that they could be detected from orbit, and above every one was an Imperial ship. At a prearranged signal, each of these craft launched a lance strike upon the exact locale of the golden colossi. Each of the sacrilegious structures was blown apart in an instant, the explosion killing every one of those faithful to Amnaich's false religion.

Only those few who had not bowed to Amnaich's epic religious conversion of the Golwyn Belt remained alive. At a stroke, the Imperial fleet had not only obliterated Amnaich for eternity but also selectively destroyed virtually every adherent to his faith. The dawn of M40 did indeed see a new world order as the Ecclesiarchy was dispatched en masse to convert the confused and frightened survivors to the Imperial way; after such a potent display of force, none dared question the might of the Emperor. Today, the elite regiments of the Golwyn Strike Corps number well over 200, and their planetary tithes regularly exceed even the most stringent demands of the Administratum.

At the upper echelons of the daemonic hierarchy are the Greater Daemons, those who are truly the closest in nature and spirit to their overlords. Physical manifestations of the evil and despicable Chaos powers they serve, Greater Daemons have the power to command whole hosts of their lesser kin. Only those with the favor of the gods may summon a Greater Daemon to the material plane, and such an action invariably costs the life of those foolish enough to try.

At the pinnacle of daemonic society are the Daemon Princes. To a follower of Chaos, the ascension to the status of Daemon Prince is the ultimate accolade. Although many are less powerful in the field of battle than the Greater Daemon, there are those have the capacity to enslave worlds to their whim, or change reality with a glance. For unlike the Daemon created from the stuff of the Immaterium, the Daemon Prince was once mortal and has proved himself through countless centuries of slaughter and sacrifice to be a truly worthy servant of Chaos. Daemon Princes retain the driving ambition and ruthless cunning that elevated them to Daemonhood, and the qualities that gained the favor of their deity are magnified a hundredfold. Each of the worlds in the Eye of Terror is ruled by a Prince of puissant power and influence, and the Princes answer to their god alone. It is even rumored that among the ranks of the Daemon Princes are the Primarchs that turned against the Emperor during the Horus Heresy, a true testament to the power that some of these diabolic individuals now wield.

A series focusing on the races that threaten the safety of the Imperium of mankind

ULTIMATE PREDATOR

An investigation into the Genestealer menace

by Phil Kelly

The insidious threat of the Genestealer has spread like a plague across the galaxy, infecting thousands of worlds with the taint of the Tyranid race. Often the precursor to a major invasion, the extermination of these highly dangerous aliens wherever they are found is of utmost importance to the Imperium.

Physical Characteristics

As the first of the Tyranid organisms known to have been encountered by the Imperium, there is more documented information on the Genestealers' nature than any other species populating the grotesque armies of the hive fleets. The majority of Genestealers encountered thus far have exhibited similar behavioral patterns and near identical physiology. However, certain specimens have been found to have evolutionary biomorphs, showing categorically that Genestealers do not conform to a strict biological template. One of their most disturbing traits, that which gave rise to their name, is the ability to assimilate the genetic pattern of their host species.

Genestealers, like virtually all Tyranid organisms, are characterized by their six limbs and resilient carapace. They are bipedal, able to move with lightning speed on their reverse-jointed, clawed lower limbs. The upper sets of limbs are distinctly different, the foremost pair ending in razor-sharp claws capable of slicing through even Tactical Dreadnought armor (ref. MGP.Macragge. 1stComp.qv). Their secondary limbs are typically shaped like gnarled hands, allowing the Genestealer to manipulate objects, climb and even operate simple devices such as touch-panels. The number of digits differs depending on the parent organism. Despite their dexterity, these secondary limbs are still more than capable of ripping a limb from its socket. The thickly-muscled tail appears to be vestigial, although could aid the balance and agility shown by all variations of the species.

The color of the Genestealer varies depending on its parent hive fleet, specimens having been reported ranging from bone-white to jet black. Perhaps the most successful strain of Genestealers is typified by a blue-indigo coloration. This strain has been encountered on numerous space hulks and is possibly specifically nomadic; bio-engineered purely to infect new hosts.

A Genestealer's head is characteristically bulbous and houses a disproportionately large brain for such a single-minded creature. Its jaws are lined with viciously sharp teeth, all designed for ripping and tearing; like other Tyranids they only have incisors, not molars.

Within its maw is its reproductive apparatus, the ovipostor, through which the Genestealer implants its seed into a host. This takes the form of a thick, flexible proboscis that ends in a diamond-hard tip able to break through bone with relative ease. The throat of the Genestealer is thick with muscle allowing it to shoot the ovipostor from its mouth with incredible force and speed.

Their carapace, along with the density of their internal skeleton, typically thickens with body mass; a Genestealer whose host was Orkoid will typically be tougher than one born of Eldar gene-stock. Underneath this is the fibrous muscular sheath that can be compared to standard flak armor in terms of durability. These layers provide a considerable degree of protection; combined with their naturally tough physique it is possible for a Genestealer to charge headlong through a volley of lasgun fire and survive. As with other Tyranid organisms, they typically have an open circulatory system with haemolymph flooding the intercellular spaces. This system is host to unnumbered phage cells, believed by the Magos Biologis of New Hallefuss research facility to be digestive systems. These allow them to feed on the nutrient-rich end product of a Tyranid invasion. Closer investigation shows the phage cells to have a dual purpose, acting in a manner similar to fibrinogens in the human bloodstream and clotting the liquids that seep from any wounds that the Genestealer has suffered (ref.MBfl277.anticoagulant.hellfire.qv).

Another physiological anomaly that Genestealers display is the redundant respiratory and circulatory systems inherited from their host. Furthermore, they exhibit vestigial digestive systems. Some specimens even have complete stomachs, although these are superfluous given the efficiency of the phage cell. These expendable

systems allow the Genestealer to sustain considerable non-lethal damage and still function. It is widely known by Imperial forces that those coming into conflict with Genestealers should direct their fire towards the thorax and abdomen of the beasts, as even with several extremities missing they are still highly dangerous opponents.

Thanks to the capture of live Tyranid specimens by the Draco Legion of the Adeptus Astartes, it is known that Genestealers are able to feel pain and react adversely to its application, either becoming incredibly aggressive or cowed into temporary submission. Genestealers have a tremendous tolerance for cold, allowing them to survive in deep space, hidden within the bowels of the space hulks they typically infest. They are even able to survive in a vacuum for a short space of time. To truly exploit the space detritus it inhabits, a Genestealer has great longevity and also the ability to endure long periods without nourishment. A Genestealer can also enter a torpid state at will, lowering its metabolic rate dramatically. Therefore, they are able to survive long periods of inactivity and hardship until new prey enters their lair.

Home World

Due to the fact that the Genestealers were the first of the Tyranid organisms to be encountered, it was widely believed that the site of their discovery, the moons of Ymgarl, was their home world. The initial description of the Genestealer, by Sergeant Justus Miale, describes the creature as having six limbs, two of which culminated in clawed arms, aggressive and bipedal. The Ymgarl creature had a long muscular tail and a tough sinuous body. Its face was a mass of sensitive feelers and tendrils surrounding a circular mouth filled with inward-pointing teeth, although the ovipostor is practically identical.

An extensive post-exterminatus archaeology on the now barren surface of Ymgarl has revealed fossils of the Csith, a large leech-like organism that could well have been the preferred host for the Ymgarl Genestealer, thus explaining the differences in physiology.

Originally, Genestealers were thought to be indigenous lifeforms and, although the aliens were deadly they were believed to pose no real threat to the Imperium. Hence no active xenocidal campaign was undertaken at the time. However, it has since been ascertained that this is not the case. Genestealers were found in a number of distant locations in practically every Segmentum over the following centuries, including aboard an increasing number of drifting space hulks.

Shortly after this discovery, Hive Fleet Behemoth invaded from the galactic south-east. Entire armies of Genestealers were seen in the midst of the Tyranid forces at the Battle of Macragge, attacking in unstoppable waves, time and time again overwhelming even the most well-defended locations with their speed and unwavering ferocity.

A vigorous investigation by the Inquisition, commissioned by Inquisitor Kryptmann, subsequently discovered that the Genestealer is a vanguard organism; the precursor to a full-scale Tyranid attack. This explained their presence aboard the space hulks, immense agglomerations of debris and wrecked craft that float ponderously through the warp, periodically reappearing in real space. Most space hulks are empty, lifeless shells. However, a significant number have been found to contain rare and archaic machinery, or relics from the Dark Age of Technology. Such a prize is without price, and no amount of risk is unjustified in its retrieval. As a result, Explorators, treasure hunters and pioneers have been known to board a space hulk in the hope of uncovering such devices. Unfortunately they often uncover nests of Genestealers, which proceed to impregnate them before allowing them to return to civilized worlds. In this manner the Genestealer spreads the Tyranid infection across the galaxy.

Combat Capabilities

Genestealers do not rely purely on their deadly speed and vicious, ripping





claws to defeat their enemies. They are possessed of considerable intelligence, comparable to that of *Lupus Fenrisii*, and are able to coordinate stealthy attacks and set traps when hunting their prey. It is postulated that they convey information telepathically, since no other form of communication has been observed thus far. This 'brood intelligence' is thought to be akin to the gestalt consciousness of the Hive Mind, only on a far smaller scale. The Genestealer brood can therefore act as an autonomous unit, able to function light years away from the synapse control of the larger Tyranid creatures.

Much of the Imperium's information on the combat abilities of the Genestealer has been supplied by the 1st Company of the Blood Angels. They have performed numerous expeditions into the depths of space hulks such as *Spawn of Execration, Charybdis, Immeasurable Hatred, Sin of Damnation* and *Harbinger of Despair*. Decorated with the Blood Star after his success in leading missions into the heart of two of the aforementioned hulks, Captain Lorenzo of the Blood Angels has filed comprehensive reports on the tactics used by these aliens and the lethal threat they pose.

The Genestealer will not hibernate until it is absolutely familiar with its surroundings, including in-depth knowledge of the ventilation systems, sewers and other crawlways that surround the space hulk's corridors. In this way they can surround and ambush their prey, whose knowledge of the spaceship's labyrinthine passageways is often woefully inadequate. This allows them to close incredibly rapidly, denying their foe the opportunity to cut them down with ranged weaponry. Once the Genestealer is in close combat, it utilizes its clawed forelimbs to rip apart its opponents. The three claws on each forelimb are incredibly sharp and diamond-hard, able to slice through bulkheads and cut through the thickest armor. Combined with the awesome strength afforded by the efficiency of the Genestealer's musculature, it is quite feasible for a Genestealer to rip its way through the side of a Chimera to get to the troops inside. The survivors of a Genestealer attack are inevitably heavily armed, forewarned and well-trained, or a host carrying purestrain seed.

Although the characteristic claws of the Genestealer are its primary weapons, certain variations in the xenomorph's form have been reported across the galaxy. Long, stabbing talons occasionally replace the Genestealer's secondary limbs, and several specimens have been found on Ork-infested hulks with thicker carapaces. In 234921.M41, a Genestealer was captured that carried virulent inorganic poisons and haemotoxins in sac-like pouches on is arms. Another known genus can shoot thick, barbed strands of sinew into their victims to keep them from moving freely as the Genestealer closes in for the kill. These 'flesh hooks' are dispatched from the ribcage by a sharp intercostal muscle spasm, and can also aid the xenomorph in climbing walls and other vertical surfaces. Presumably these traits are either inherited in part from the host species, or bioengineered by the Hive Mind in its eternal quest for ever more deadly soldier-organisms.

Technology

Genestealers have evolved specifically to fill a close assault niche. No specimens have been reported as possessing any of the biological weapon-symbiotes typical of Tyranid Warriors. As with all of the Hive Mind species, what technology they do have is purely biological, advances such as the aforementioned flesh hooks more than compensating for their lack of conventional equipment.

Threat Index and Imperial Policy

The Imperium no longer underestimates the threat posed by Genestealers, and their extermination has been given the highest priority.

If a single Genestealer or even an organism carrying the alien's seed is allowed to reach an inhabited world, they can infect its populace with

alarming speed, quickly spreading genetic corruption and unthinking devotion to the father organism (ref.MD346.Coratinorum.int.qv). This will eventually result in a clique of hybridized slaves, ranging from a small coterie to a major rebellion. Once this has attained significant size, the collective psychic resonations of the cult's members shine like a beacon through the warp, attracting the rest of the hive fleet. In this manner the Genestealers ensure that their parent hive is guided to areas of plentiful biomass and abundance of suitable prey species. Without a populous planet the cult cannot spread; the psychic signature of the Genestealers remains dim, and the hive fleet does not expend valuable energies journeying to barren or sparsely populated systems.

The efficiency of this approach is without question, as Genestealers have been encountered across the length and breadth of the galaxy. The Imperium has long since realized that the destruction of Genestealer infestations wherever they are found is of the greatest importance, as it could feasibly prevent entire hive fleets from descending upon a system. Space hulks are boarded whenever they appear by squads of Space Marine Terminators, who will not stop until they have either eradicated every sign of Genestealer infection from the craft or have all perished in the attempt. The High Lords of Terra have issued an unprecedented eighty-two decrees ordering the Genestealers' extinction via the most extreme methods available to them. In point of fact, Exterminatus, whereby all signs of life are scoured from a planet via the use of powerful cyclonic torpedoes, is thought to be the only truly effective method of dealing with a Genestealer infestation. The Imperium shows no hesitation in the use of this apocalyptic tactic. Even an unconfirmed rumor is enough to merit an extended investigation, but one confirmed sighting is enough to warrant Exterminatus. In 345087.M39, the Salamanders Chapter of the Adeptus Astartes finally used this method to cleanse Ymgarl and its moons of any sign of life, but by then this was just one world among hundreds that harbored the alien threat.

When a Tyranid invasion is underway, the military might of entire Segmentums is mobilized to repel it in all-out war. Only with total commitment, sacrifice and dedication can Imperial troops ever hope to stem the tide of a hive fleet. The Tyranids are so pure of purpose that they cannot ever be bargained with, diverted or exploited, and Genestealers exemplify this.

Social Structure

Amongst such a single-minded race as the Tyranids, Genestealers have an unusually complex and advanced social structure once their infection

FIRST CONTACT

+++ EXCERPT +++

"Trojan lunar research base hadn't responded for well over two days and, as usual, I got the short straw. Me and the boys got up there as quick as we could given the circumstances, but I reckoned we were probably too late. Anders' reports are usually tiresomely punctual. So I made sure that we were fully equipped, and we took every weapon we could lay our hands on.

Leaving the shuttle, we tried close range vox-contact, but still we got nothing. Guardsman Atrai kept telling us they were simply absent without leave, the constant ennui or those damned Csith-leeches eventually driving them away from that barren hellhole. I'm a little less green, so I had my lasgun up and ready when the first one came for us.

A sinuous, many-limbed xenomorph, with a nest of tentacles instead of a face, sprinted from the shadows. It was hissing, and it moved so fast that I knew pretty quickly that I only had one shot. I made it count, luckily, and the thing stumbled. That brought my squad enough time to flame it and put it down; it stopped writhing eventually. We bagged it up... it was larger than a man, and six-limbed like an insect. It had an exoskeleton, but the rest of it was leathery and moist. Thin strands of mucous drifted from its tendril-mouth. It was the ugliest son of a grox I have ever set eyes on. As we were carrying it back to the shuttle, it came to life again, its claws ripping through the thin plastic and eviscerating Guardsman Horast. We dropped it like a hot stone and fell back, that oaf Gulao hosing it down with so much burning promethium that the guys in the lab would have found out precious little had we stopped to scoop up the remains. I made sure he took point.

The research station was deserted. Only in the refectory was there any sign of a struggle: there was some kind of barricade over the far door but it had been smashed apart. We found Sigsman's body in there. He'd hung himself from the pipes with his own belt. Some of the guys were getting a little freaked out, but since Gulao had toasted our original catch, we had no real choice but to move into the network of tunnels beneath the base.

We found Anders down there, just standing there, stock still. He was facing away from us, peering down the dark tunnel. He wasn't responding. I span him round, possibly a little too forcefully. His eyes were empty, staring up at us with no hint of recognition, and his face was ringed by small discs of discolored flesh.

I heard something dropping down behind us. Pretty much the whole squad had crowded round to see what was wrong with Anders, so the first they knew of the second xenomorph's attack was a bloodcurdling scream from Guardsman Hadio. It was cut off sharply as a three-clawed hand burst through his neck. Gulao turned only to get a face full of tentacles, they whipped around his head and stuck fast. We shot the damn thing anyway. It kind of shuddered for a second and then fell off Gulao, ichor seeping from a dozen wounds in its torso. Gulao was in shock, but to my astonishment it hadn't killed him.

I'd had enough, so I ordered the evacuation. We had our specimen, genuinely dead this time, and we had Anders. Needless to say we made all speed back to the shuttle and left immediately. I recommend further investigation, despite the fact that quarantine didn't pick up any contagion in that last check. I just have this feeling in my gut... "

+++ EXCERPT ENDS +++

has been allowed to spread. At a fundamental level, a purestrain Genestealer brood is uncomplicated by such nuances, with no one alien having any more importance than another. Just as a group of biological cells or a swarm of insects, they function in perfect unison, lacking the concept of self. However, if a single Genestealer has successfully impregnated a target on a populated world, a bizarre and perverse family structure grows up around it, ensuring its safety and ascendancy as the nexus of the resultant cult.

The Genestealer responsible for the initial infection implants its egg into a Human, or indeed any other creature. The Genestealer's gaze has a hypnotic effect on its prey, allowing it to close in and implant an egg beneath the skin. In fact 'egg' is something of a misnomer; it actually acts more like a cancer, altering the host's genetic structure and, in particular, its reproductive system. The victim itself is not subject to any debilitating effects, actually increasing in strength and health as the infection takes root. When the victim mates, its offspring will be hybrids – part Human, part Genestealer. The hybrid child does not consume its parent, as with more inefficient parasites. One of the changes wrought by the infection is the absorption of part of the host creature's brain. During this foul process the parent is shorn of any free will, reduced to the role of slave to its unborn child. Once the infant is born, the parent will go to any length, even suicide, to protect its offspring. In the parent's mind, the child is hale and hearty, a specimen of physical perfection. In reality, it is a repugnant, mewling crossbreed, discolored features twisted into a fanged mask. This mockery of the family unit is incredibly disturbing – a message from the Great Devourer that even ties of kith and kin will be consumed and assimilated by the Hive Mind.

The offspring of these unholy unions then interbreed, flocking together in the darkness until a sizeable cult surrounds the purestrain Genestealer at its center. This patriarchal figure grows older and larger on the adulation and support of its cult, becoming even more grotesque and developing a level of intelligence comparable to that of a human. More and more hybrids are born, with varying degrees of genetic corruption. Some could even pass for human, although they have a marked tendency toward hairlessness and heavy bone structure, and their stare is extremely unsettling. Others may bear close resemblance to their forefather, and a rare few are born as true Genestealers. Needless to say, the degree of mutation is not an issue among the cultists; the procreation of their hideous group overcoming all feelings of revulsion or propriety.

Many of these hybrids are able to exercise the human intelligence stolen from their genestock, learning quickly how to utilize conventional weaponry and infiltrating military and political institutions to further the aims of the sect. Worshipping their Patriarch as a god, they stop at nothing in their corruption of the dominant command structure. To this end, leaders of the cult direct their purestrain brood-kin to impregnate influential figures within the local authorities and planetary defense forces. Those implanted subsequently lose all free will, lying, murdering and blackmailing to further their power, the better to tear down organizations from within when their true masters descend from the stars.

When the cult has grown to significant size, the psychic beacon that emanates from the cult's Patriarch ensures that a hive fleet will finally descend upon the doomed world. As the cult comes into range of the Hive Queen's psychic control, it becomes utterly subservient to the Tyranid invasion, and the underground cult will explode in bloody and violent revolution. This uprising is sometimes contained by the ruling forces, but usually by the time the Tyranid fleet arrives, the victim world's defenses are rife with confusion and insurrection. The destruction of the cult is of no consequence to the Hive Mind, but this devastating preliminary attack can cripple the world's defenses even before the first mycetic spore enters the atmosphere.

Genestealer Brood **Genofixed species**

	Pts/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Genestealer	16	6	0	4	4	1	6	2	10	6+

Brood: The brood consists of between 6 and 12 Genestealers.

Bio-weapons: Genestealers have rending claws. Depending on the host species, Genestealers show occasional mutability and the whole brood may be equipped with up to one bio-weapon or biomorph enhancement chosen from the following list at the points cost indicated per model.

- *Scything talons (+1A) 6 pts*
- *Flesh hooks 2 pts*
- *Implant attack 4 pts*
- *Toxin sacs (+1S) 6 pts*
- *Extended carapace (+1Save) 3pts*

SPECIAL RULES

Infiltrate: Genestealers are intelligent and stealthy. They will take advantage of any opportunity to creep closer to their prey before springing ferociously into the attack. To represent this, Genestealers may *infiltrate* in scenarios where the Infiltrate scenario special rule is being used. If the mission does not allow units to use the Infiltrate rules then the Genestealers must set up normally with the rest of the army.

Brood Telepathy: Genestealers have their own brood telepathy which allows them to function independently without the influence of the hive mind. Because of this, Genestealer broods outside the range of any Synapse creatures do not use the Instinctive Behavior rules and instead take Morale checks and Pinning tests just like ordinary troops.



ICHAR IV: THE COMING OF HIVE FLEET KRAKEN



Over two hundred years after Hive Fleet Behemoth, the initial incursion of Tyranids into the galaxy, certain members of the Adeptus Administratum began to question the necessity of maintaining such a powerful military presence in the galactic south-east. Reports of terrorism and revolution were cited as symptoms of civil unrest due to the rancor of a populace living in the conditions of an armed camp. However, the most vocal of those to espouse these theories and recommend the withdrawal of military presence from the sector were either from these same regions or had traveled there at some point. Fearing subversion, the Inquisition ordered an investigation, fully expecting to find evidence of heresy. This began with a purge of all who had been in contact with the worlds of the eastern fringes, with tens of thousands incarcerated to stop any possible infection spreading. Although this met with success, the Inquisition eventually uncovered the most widely-spread Genestealer infection to have plagued a civilized world.

Ichar IV, the hub of an industrial system vital to the Imperium, was the first world to come under the vigilant eye of the Inquisition. Years before, a religious sect, known as the Brotherhood, had caught the hearts of hundreds of workers with its promise of the Emperor's return and a place at his side. The Brotherhood's charity and mercy became widely known, and their authenticity seemed unimpeachable even when under full-scale investigation by the Ecclesiarchy. They appeared to have commendable faith in the Emperor, and were ultimately granted the right to build the Cathedral of True Faith in the center of Lomas, Ichar IV's capital city.

Shortly after its completion, civil unrest started to bubble to the surface, and Brotherhood preachers whipped the populace into a zealous frenzy with word of the Emperor's imminent arrival. Rioting broke out and the Adeptus Arbites were called in to restore order, but were fired upon from hidden gun nests in the Cathedral. Great mobs of howling rebels fell upon them and they were forced back. When the Arbites requested back-up from the Planetary Defense Force, most of them rebelled, reinforcing the followers of the Brotherhood and plunging the city and ultimately every other on Ichar IV into civil war. The tendrils of corruption reached far and deep, and each and every official was assassinated, be it by a sniper's rifle or a Genestealer's claws. The Brotherhood announced the new theocratic government a month before the first of the Inquisition arrived.

Inquisitor Agmar wasted no time in getting to the root of the problem, correctly surmising that the rebellion was a well-orchestrated plot and requesting the assistance of the Ultramarines chapter from nearby Macragge. In the interim, Agmar led several raids into the heart of the Brotherhood's territory as total war raged throughout the cities. Each new expedition uncovered more about the true nature of the Brotherhood, and when Inquisitor Agmar finally uncovered a brood-nest, his worst suspicions were confirmed.

The next few months saw a major Imperial offensive launched all over Lomas, with the forces of the Ultramarines deploying straight into the seething heart of the Brotherhood's forces. A strike force of twenty Terminators was teleported straight into the nave of the Cathedral of True Faith, and cut a swathe through the assembled acolytes. A counter-attack was quickly mounted, all semblance of Humanity disappearing from the Brotherhood's forces as a howling tide of hybrids, degenerates and cultists fought back with suicidal frenzy. The Terminators were resolute, however, and pressed on into the shadowy crypts of the cathedral.

The rotten heart of the Brotherhood headquarters was a network of dank tunnels, disgorging wave after wave of ravening Genestealers toward the Ultramarines. Scores were cut down by the Terminators' weapons, heavy flamers preventing flank attacks; the Ultramarines had fought this foe in the confined tunnels of space hulks many times before. The Genestealers' numbers seemed near infinite, and the Terminators fell one by one until there was barely a handful left. Nevertheless, they pressed on, eventually penetrating through to a massive vaulted chamber with ribbed walls arching far above, and moist, chitinous protuberances jutting from every surface. In its center sat the bloated, sickening form of the cult's Patriarch, the first Genestealer to spread the infection to this blighted world. A horde of monstrosities poured towards the Terminators, the true-born of the cult, and battle was joined. The Librarian of the Ultramarines squad fought his way to the Patriarch, every nuance of will forcing him on against impossible odds. Unable to best the lightning-fast creature in hand-to-hand combat, the Librarian commanded his men to open fire on them both, a maelstrom of storm bolter shells ricocheting from the Librarian's armor but detonating in the vulnerable areas of the Patriarch's swollen flesh. The Librarian took the opportunity afforded by the distraction to slay the Patriarch with his force axe. With its death, the brood was thrown into confusion and subsequently slaughtered by the Terminators.

* * * * * * * * *

Ichar IV was under Imperial control within the month. However, both the Ultramarines Librarian and the Astropaths of the system felt the Patriarch's death scream resonate throughout the warp, and some even claimed to feel a subtle change, a distant shift in the noisome currents of the Immaterium.

Less than a fortnight later, the full force of the Great Devourer fell upon the Eastern Fringes as Hive Fleet Kraken began to consume everything in its path.

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The Pyre

Written by Honzi Brown
Wednesday, 03 January 2007

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THE PYRE

Renegades of the Imperium

For two thousand years the renegade chapter of The Pyre have stayed in their lava planet waiting to cause destruction and fire to the Imperium.

ORIGINS:

From the scraps of information gleaned from imperial libraries the Pyre was once the Brothers in Flame chapter that were based on the planet of Furio in the Segmentum Obscurus. Scholars are not completely sure what founding they belonged to but speculate that they were the only successors of the Salamanders coupled with Ultramarines gene stock. This led them to having a preference for flamers and melta weapons in squads and vehicles over other specialized and heavy equipment, but didn't leave them with the slower reflexes and attitude of the Salamanders thanks to Ultramarine genes. The High Lords of Terra deemed the chapter worthy of battle after the 55 years of building the chapter. They gave them control of Furio as a homeworld and the battle barge "*Imperator Flamma.*"

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With vigour they set out to prove themselves. The chapter had quickly made a name for itself fighting off anything they were sent against. Every company performed superbly on the field in anything from open field fighting to sieges where the chapter could use their flamers and meltas to great affect.

The more they used their weapons, the more addictive they got to the flames of destruction. Often they would call in Titans even if they were not needed just to see the explosions of fire they caused. Other chapters started to see this and kept a vigil on the chapter fearing something terrible was going to happen.

When the heretics of Ydma in M38 were in open rebellion the chapter was called in. They burned scores of the Traitors laughing maniacally as they burned and destroyed buildings and broiled people alive. When they were finished they boarded their ship and virus bombed the planet killing everyone who remained. Then the whispers of Chaos came to the ear of the Judicator, Hann Figuris. They told him of the destruction he could cause with their help. He was seduced there on his barge and through him the entire chapter reneging their vows to the Emperor they renamed themselves The Pyre. After killing their chaplains they set off for the heated world of Furio.

When they arrived they burned the local populace alive and tore down the edifices of the planet in the name of destruction. They rampaged about, pouring vast amounts of oil around the landscape and set it to fire. The Pyre then dug themselves in around the fire.

When news finally reached the rest of the Imperium of Ydma and Furio, they mobilized the Mortifactors and Salamanders chapters against the fiery planet. Drop pods of Mortifactors landed first against the renegades but some landed in the fire of The Pyre. Even marines could not take such heat, as they were boiled alive in their power armour. When they finally regroupedt to attack the traitors they saw the extent of chaos on their brothers.

Hann Figuris stood on a rocky cliff smothered in flames, but they had no effect on him for he was covered in daemonic flames of ebony and his skin stretched against his face showing a skull form. The possessed of The Pyre also had such flames and shrinking skin. Daemons arrived from the warp as screaming skulls wreathed in flames flying at the foe with dexterous speed. The Mortifactors bore the brunt and suffered but held fast and received help from the Salamanders who were used to such heat. At the end The Pyre's thunderhawkes evacuated half the chapter's forces of the planet with Hann and they fled upon the renamed battle barge, "*Destruction's Child*," and fled to the blazing planet of Optumo V. But the fires of Furio have not burned out yet, and will never be put out until the

chapter's need for destruction is quenched.

The Master of Flame

Hann Figuris was once the proud defender of humanity but now the twisted judicator is flame incarnate. The favour he gets from his gods made his skin black rock from which the crevices leak fire. Two curved horns point to his enemies and Ignopotens rests in his black gauntlet. In his other charred hand he carries the flame bolter. His skin-tight flesh on his skull is hidden behind a helmet where two fiery eyes are all that are seen. On Optumo, he broods in his quarters, which are wreated in fire, staring out the window overlooking the ocean of lava. He only comes out when war is waged. Any man locked in combat with him won't be standing for long as fire coils around him and slowly melts him away.

HOME WORLD:

Furio is a temperate world in the Segmentum Obscurus, which is in orbit close to a sun causing very hot temperatures and only one season. When the emperor came to Furio he was seen as a great sun, blazing with energy. That is how The Pyre regarded him as before their fall from grace, and now they see him all burnt out and unable to cause destruction and fire. The landscape was generally a desert apart from numerous cities dotting its surface. Very little animal life was encountered on the planet. The population enjoyed relative peace and good trade from surrounding systems for the fuel they produced. The Imperial Guard regiments from Furio and the Brothers in Flame chapter handled any threat easily and without need of help from anyone else. Ironically the only time the guard needed help was when the Purging of Furio occurred. All that's left of the people are ashes and everything else is a blasted wasteland of fire as far as the eye can see.

The new world that The Pyre preside in is Optumo V. It's a world on the edge of the eye of terror. Its landscape is a vast ocean of lava with a big rock with volcanic mountains. The planet would kill any normal human because of the heat but generally it's not hot enough to outright kill a Space Marine but unsafe for one to be there in any respect. The Pyre made a string of underground citadels in the volcanoes of the rock and thanks to the vicinity of the

eye; fiery skulls fly in the soot-chocked skies and arch-viles as they are named stalk the planet.

COMBAT DOCTRINE:

Before their fall The Pyre followed strict codex doctrine. But when they turned renegade they change their tactics to better accommodate their destructive impulses. But they do not just charge in and destroy like the World Eaters. They are perfectionists in battle. They make sure they will win by sheer force of numbers or by poisoning water supplies or destruction of a command bunker. All of this is factored in the plans of The Pyre, but when they do reach enemy lines they burn, slash, kill, consume and destroy anything in their path.

On the battlefield the individual members compete on who can cause the most death and destruction. The Pyre revere obliterators as much as dreadnoughts are revered by Space Marines because of the sheer destruction they cause. Defilers are also a favourite. Raptors tag along the army having their own need for death and destruction.

Although tanks are difficult to maintain on Optumo V there are a few that follow the companies to war. When they are deployed they crash through obstacles they burn and flay everything that tries to stop them. The bestial engines leak fire onto to the ground leaving a trail of fire and ash in it's wake. Anything left behind from the tank are easy targets for the lost souls the demons with the resemblance of burning skulls with horns. The other daemons spawned by the gods of The Pyre are the arch-viles thin humanoid monsters that conjure fire by clasping their fists together.

Very few armies can hold out for long against The Pyre on ground but in the darkness of space the Imperium usually finds itself fighting boarding actions against The Pyre. And then finding their ships either stole by the traitors or in flames to a point of the ship being unsalvageable.

The Four Praetors

The four praetors used to be the most noble of men but now chaos warped them into the opposite of what they used to be. Their names invite fear to the piratical humans in the Optumo system. They each have a burning sigil in the shape of a flame on their foreheads. And they are each given terminator armour and one of the 5 Ignopotens. The flaming daemon weapons of The Pyre. Like their companies they try to out do each other to gain favour from the Master of Flame, Hann Figuris.

Their names are as follows:

-Hakrath Ignifer of the 1st

-Meznilben Torreo of the 2nd

-Liber Incencdia of the 3rd

-Eversio Occasus of the 4th

ORGANISATION:

The legion organized itself in the same way a loyal chapter does. Ten companies form the body of the chapter except each company has equal amounts of army composition, so there were terminators in each company as with scouts. This led to the warriors competing against other companies to try to out do each other.

Instead of having Masters and Captains the old chapter of the Brothers in Flame had Judicators and Praetors and The Pyre use these titles today but they inspire dread instead of honour.

Like the loyalists space marines they had 1000 marines in their loyalist days, after the

purging of Furio they left 600 dead on the planet. Of the 400 that were left, they got evenly divided into four companies. The Optumo System is home to multitudes of pirates and evil characters of all types, perfect for recruits to the fallen Pyre. The twisted and burning apothecaries watch the backwater humans rabble amongst themselves and pick the most ruthless individuals who themselves have a liking to destruction.

In this way the four companies have swelled in number in these past two millenniums. Each company has around 1500 marines. And with Hann Figuris the Judicator and his four Praetors they are 6000 strong and ready to burn the galaxy.

The fleets of The Pyre stay within the eye of terror and are called upon from Hann Figuris to lay waste to the Imperium once more.

GENE SEED:

The Pyre, after seeing so much destruction have grown a need for destruction. This may go down as far as the gene seed itself giving the body satisfaction for the sight of fire, death and destruction. This obsession been built up for centuries so is permanent and unable to fix. Some cravings become so fierce that some marines have no choice but to destroy, these men are sent in miniature armies to lay waste to a planet or a certain star fort.

And with making the act with the dark gods of chaos undivided the chapter seems to have a common mutation causing the skin to burn but stay deathly pale and also causing it to stretch or shrink against the bone and muscles causing a skeletal look.

BELIEFS:

The close orbit of the sun of Furio caused the people there to regard the sun as a deity. The heat that it made on the planet sometimes engulfed a continent in flames and destroying buildings with explosions occurring with the natural gas.

The chapter regarded themselves and the emperor as a sun that would never burn out and cause fire and destruction across the galaxy. But when they took a look at the other chapters they didn't see the destruction they wanted. Other chapters tried to cause as little collateral damage as possible while The Pyre caused all the damage they could. When the reports to the adepts of Terra were sent the High Lords of Terra ordered the chapter to stop

the calamity, at that point they saw the Imperium as a burnt out sun ready for destruction and then they went to Ydma and finally to Furio for the purging.

BATTLE CRY:

"Let the galaxy burn!" A battle cry often stole by other renegade chapters.

CHAPTER COLOURS AND ICONOGRAPHY:

The colours of The Pyre are a blazing orange with black trim. Their symbol was long ago a space marine head with a background of flames, but now they have no symbol and the old ones were scratched off leaving a blank shoulder pad.

Although they've been next to the eye for 2000 years they still retain some resemblance to loyal Space Marines.

The Gorvan Massacre

In M40 Hann Figuris finally deemed the legion strong enough to attack the Imperium. The closest system to Optumo was Gorva. The system was valued by the Imperium by helping the surrounding sector with its many forge worlds. A perfect target for The Pyre. With vengeful fury The Pyre sent all four legions to battle. The pirates of Optumo joined in and raided and plundered shipping lanes blocking valuable resources to the defenders. The four companies split up taking undefended planets by surprise and digging themselves in ready for counter attacks. The Imperial Guard in the system were hard pressed to defend any defence for long because of the sheer amount of attackers assaulting their lines.. The Guard from surrounding systems aided the Gorvans the best they could by setting defences and digging themselves in trenches and bunkers. But the meltas and tanks of The Pyre ate through imperial defences. Daemons of The Pyre aided their mortal allies. Lost Souls flew in the soot-chocked skies as the arch-viles conjured their magical flames. Gorva III was one of the most brutally scarred. The 3rd company poured oil into hives and let the flames of chaos burn the defenceless as the flames spread to every corner of the hives. The planets that withstood the attacks were virus bombed. The craving for destruction of The Pyre was too great and the Astartes were called to help. They arrived in the form of many different companies from many different chapters. The fighting then became a stand still both sides

taking and losing lives. Then the unthinkable happened. Numerous cults of chaos dedicated to destruction spread across Gorva and the defenders were attacked from two fronts. Unable to defend the multiple planets in Gorva, Imperials withdrew to Gorva Prime. The planets left behind were pillaged and their inhabitants thrown in ovens. Then The Pyre and any cultists that followed flew to Gorva Prime to launch their final attack The Pyre and their newly found allies launched the biggest invasion seen so far in the conflict. Newly acquired dreadclaw pods were launched into the wilds of Gorva. Destroying factories and hives where they went. After scouring the planet with minimal resistance the traitors looked to the capital hive on the planet. For a 5 mile radius the hive was buried in bunkers, trenches, razor wire and redoubts. But The Pyre surrounded the city and breached it in many places. Each company was a spearhead for the cultists and daemons that followed suit. Every bunker, redoubt and building was sacked and burned and in the twisted space of the hive Raptors with Lost Souls picked on independent parts of the enemy's armies and The Pyre were eating their way through each block of the hive. Buildings were toppled and lit and by the seventh day of fighting a colossal pile of rubble was all that remained of the planet. With their craving temporarily satisfied The Pyre killed their cultists and left for Optumo V where they wait for their craving to peak again.

Playing Pyre Chaos Marines

Use the codex Chaos Space Marines except of s few things below...

The Pyre use the following units in the codex:

HQ: 0-1 Judicators (Hann Figuris) and Praetors.

ELITES: 0-1 Obliterators, Chaos Terminators, Chaos Space Marine Veterans and Possessed.

TROOPS: Chaos Space Marines and Arch-Viles.

FAST ATTACK: Raptors, Chaos Marine Bikers and Lost Souls.

HEAVY SUPPORT: Havocs, Defiler, Chaos Predator and Chas Land Raider.

Special Rules:

- - The Judicator and Praetor replace the Lord and Lieutenant entries.
- - The Arch-Viles replace the daemon pack entry.
- - Lost Souls replace the Daemonic Beasts entry.
- - Models are only allowed the Mark of Chaos Undivided and nothing else.

The daemons of The Pyre:

UNDER CONSTRUCTION

Modelling Pyre Chaos Space Marines

There are two ways you could do this.

First of all you could just use regular chaos space marine models or you could mix and match various bits from the space marine codex with chaos. Because The Pyre have only been in the Eye of Terror for 1/5 other legions have been in there for.

Discuss this article on the forums. (10 posts)

Last Updated (Wednesday, 03 January 2007)

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CHAPTERS OF THE ADEPTUS ASTARTES

It is estimated that there are around a thousand Space Marine Chapters in existence at any time, each with its own unique livery and icon. Some of these are venerable orders, having a history that dates back to the dawn of the Imperium, whilst others are more recent additions to the glorious ranks of the Adeptus Astartes.

Choosing your Chapter

When collecting your Space Marine Chapter, you can choose one of the many in action in the 41st millennium. On the following pages are uniform diagrams showing liveries and icons for 100 Space Marine Chapters. You will find details about their company and squad markings earlier in the book.

First Founding

There were originally 20 Space Marine Legions founded by the Emperor at the dawn of the Imperium. Nine remained loyal to the Emperor after the conflict and these are still in the forefront of the forces of the Adeptus Astartes in the 41st millennium. During the Horus Heresy, nine of the original 20 Space Marine Legions turned to Chaos whilst another two were expunged from Imperial records altogether.

Successor Chapters

After the Heresy, each of the remaining loyal Space Marine Legions were divided into new Chapters. One of these retained the Legion's original name and livery, whilst the other parts of the Chapters took new names and colours. These new Chapters were called Successors and, although they have their own identity, they retain the character of their Founding Legion.

Codex Chapters

it is impossible to calculate the actual number of Space Marine Chapters that have been founded since the Heresy. Whole Chapters were raised during times of strife, only to be destroyed and all records lost. Their actions may have long since been forgotten but their names and Chapter symbols remain as a testament to the might of the Adeptus Astartes.

Specialist Formations

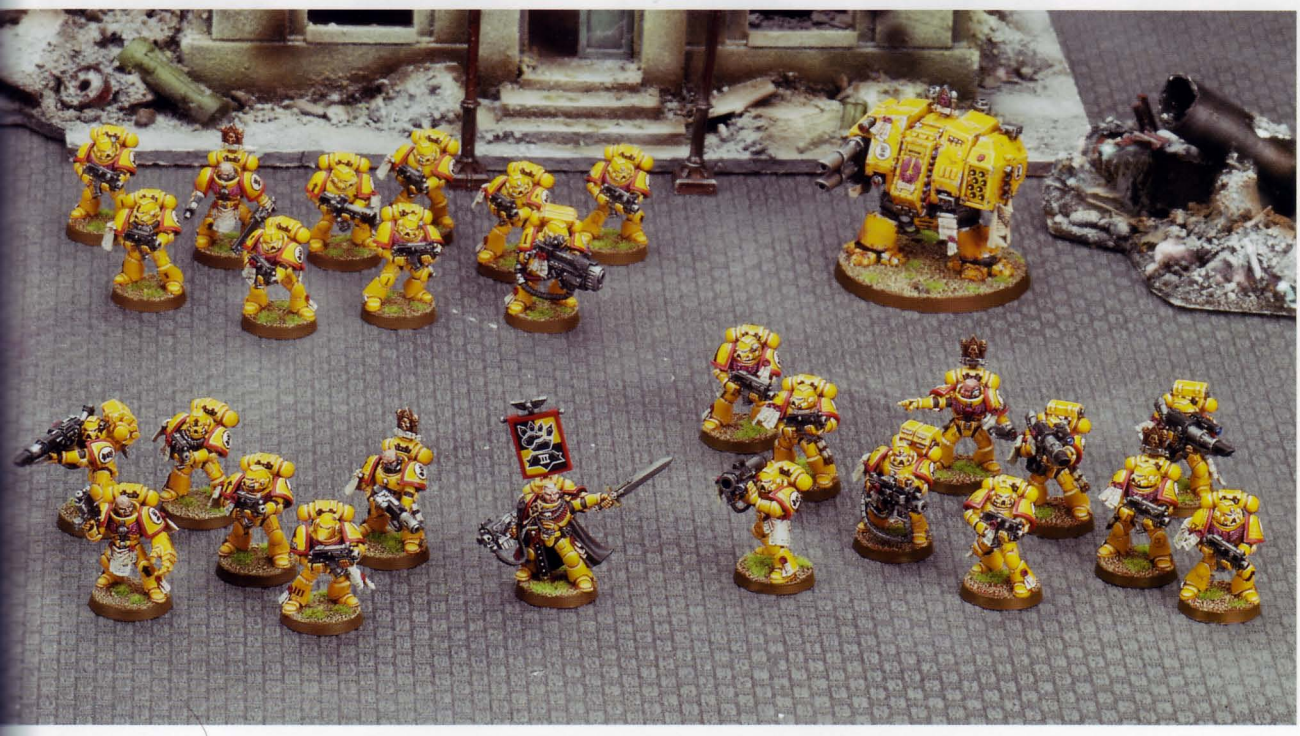
There are a number of more unusual formations that exist outside the normal structures of the Adeptus Astartes. Defending against the horrors of Chaos are the implacable Grey Knights, whilst the Deathwatch are troops drawn from different Chapters who are specially trained to defend against the threat of alien invasion. Most mysterious of all are the Legion of the Damned. Appearing when the need is greatest, nothing is known of these mighty warriors. Some even doubt they exist at all, but the heaps of corpses left in the wake of their awesome, implacable advance cannot be disputed.

Modelling the Chapters of the Adeptus Astartes

We finish off by showing a few modelling projects inspired by one of the First Founding Chapters, the White Scars and one of the Blood Angels Successors, the Flesh Tearers.



First Founding	Dark Angels, White Scars, Space Wolves, Imperial Fists, Blood Angels, Iron Hands, Ultramarines, Salamanders, Raven Guard.
Successor Chapters	Angels of Absolution, Angels of Redemption, Angels of Vengeance, Crimson Fists, Black Templars, Marauders, Rampagers, Storm Lords, Angels Encarmine, Angels Sanguine, Angels Vermillion, Blood Drinkers, Flesh Tearers, Brazen Claw, Raptors, Revilers, Red Talons, Eagle Warriors, Doom Eagles, Novamarines, White Consuls, Black Consuls, Praetors of Orpheus, Genesis, Aurora, Silver Skulls, Sons of Guilliman.
Specialist Formations	Grey Knights of the Ordo Malleus, The Deathwatch of the Ordo Xenos, Legion of The Damned
Codex Chapters	Mentors, Blood Ravens, White Minotaurs, Black Dragons, Brotherhood of a Thousand, Red Templars, Hawk Lords, Sons of Orar, Emperor's Spears, Doom Warriors, Red Wolves, Tigers Argent, Death Strike, White Templars, Fire Lords, Emperor's Hands, Crimson Guard, Omega Marines, Iron Fists, Relictors, Scythes of The Emperor, Skull Bearers, Sons of Medusa, Dark Hands, Storm Giants, Storm Warriors, Flame Eagles, Subjugators, Angels Porphyr, White Panthers, Death Eagles, Iron Lords, Red Legion, Storm Hawks, Dark Hunters, Blood Swords, Lion Warriors, Sable Swords, Brazen Minotaurs, Dark Sons, Star Dragons, Exorcists, Death Spectres, Howling Griffons, Imperial Harbingers, Imperial Paladins, Imperial Talons, Invaders, Iron Knights, Tauran, Iron Snakes, Knights of Gryphonne, Lamentors, Marines Errant, Marines Exemplar, Knights of The Raven, Golden Gryphons, Masters of Protelus, Mortifactors.



FIRST FOUNDING



Brother Crassus armed with boltgun | *Veteran Sergeant Altarion with bolt pistol & power sword* | *Brother Galtian armed with boltgun* | *Brother Elanius armed with boltgun* | *Brother Venatus armed with boltgun*

Tactical Squad Altarion of the Second Company of the Ultramarines under Brother Captain Sicarius



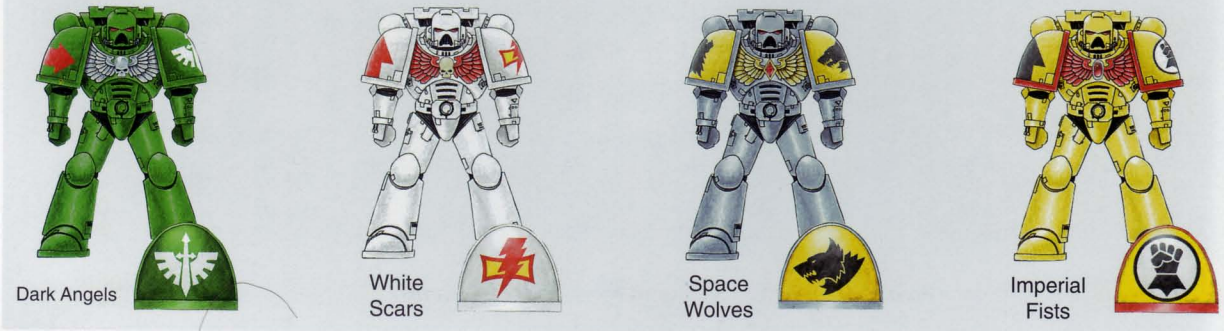
Brother Tomaz with plasma cannon | *Brother Vladimir with plasma cannon* | *Veteran Sergeant Dimitri armed with boltgun* | *Brother Zoran with plasma cannon* | *Brother Ignat with plasma cannon*

Devastator Squad Dimitri of the Third Company of the White Scars under Brother Captain Drago



Brother Lucius armed with bolt gun | *Brother Tiguran armed with bolt gun* | *Veteran Sergeant Vadias with bolt pistol & chainsword* | *Brother Strabanus armed with bolt gun* | *Brother Coriolandus armed with bolt gun*

Tactical Squad Vadias of the Third Company of the Imperial Fists under Brother Captain Doranan



Dark Angels | White Scars | Space Wolves | Imperial Fists

FIRST FOUNDING



Brother Erwan armed with lascannon

Brother Dolf armed with lascannon

Veteran Sergeant Franz armed with chainsword

Brother Nestor armed with lascannon

Brother Karl armed with lascannon

Devastator Squad Franz of the Fourth Company of the Iron Hands under Brother Captain Corban



Brother Agrippan with bolt pistol & chainsword

Brother Helicanan armed with flamer

Brother Sergeant Titus with bolt pistol & chainsword

Brother Fennias with bolt pistol & chainsword

Brother Omeggus with bolt pistol & chainsword

Assault Squad Titus of the Sixth Company of the Salamanders under Brother Captain Cronus



Brother Gudrun armed with bolt gun

Brother Mathias armed with meltagun

Veteran Sergeant Gunther with bolt pistol & power fist

Brother Reimund armed with bolt gun

Brother Xaver armed with bolt gun

Tactical Squad Gunther of the Third Company of the Raven Guard under Brother Captain Alban



Blood Angels

Iron Hands

Ultramarines

Salamanders

Raven Guard

DARK ANGELS AND IMPERIAL FISTS SUCCESSORS



Brother Barak with plasma pistol & chainsword | *Brother Joel with bolt pistol & chainsword* | *Veteran Sergeant Melek with bolt pistol & power axe* | *Brother Raanan armed with bolt pistol* | *Brother Michah with plasma pistol & chainsword*

Assault Squad Melek of the Fourth Company of the Angels of Redemption under Brother Captain Avrun



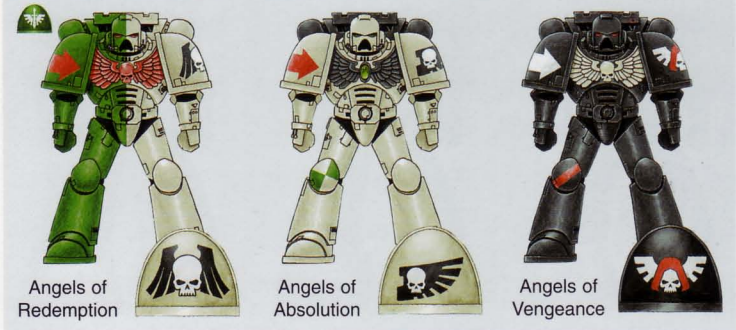
Brother Ezra armed with boltgun | *Brother Falk armed with boltgun* | *Veteran Sergeant Avraham with combi-weapon & chainsword* | *Brother Boazan armed with meltagun* | *Brother Aviv armed with boltgun*

Tactical Squad Avraham of the Fifth Company of the Angels of Absolution under Brother Captain Issac



Brother Adalbert with bolt pistol & chainsword | *Brother Jurgen with bolt pistol & chainsword* | *Brother Sergeant Rodolf with bolt pistol & chainsword* | *Brother Walther with bolt pistol & chainsword* | *Brother Wenzel with bolt pistol & chainsword*

Assault Squad Rodolf of the Second Company of the Crimson Fists under Brother Captain Steffan



Angels of Redemption | Angels of Absolution | Angels of Vengeance



Crimson Fists | Black Templars

WHITE SCARS SUCCESSORS



Brother Fyodor with plasma pistol & chainsword



Brother Boleslav with bolt pistol & chainsword



Veteran Sergeant Vlad with storm shield & thunder hammer



Brother Gavriil with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Georgian with bolt pistol & chainsword

Assault Squad Vlad of the Third Company of the Rampagers under Brother Captain Anton



Brother Iva armed with boltgun



Brother Maksim with heavy bolter



Brother Lazar armed with boltgun



Brother Vova armed with boltgun



Brother Rodya armed with boltgun

Tactical Squad Lazar of the Second Company of the Marauders under Brother Captain Makari



Brother Feophil with heavy bolter



Brother Dimitri with missile launcher



Brother Sergeant Sebasjan with bolt gun



Brother Simona with missile launcher

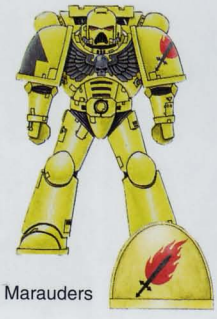


Brother Zoran with heavy bolter

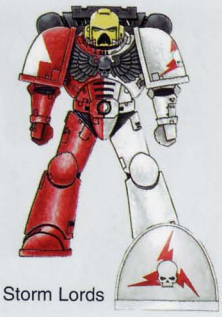
Devastator Squad Sebasjan of the Second Company of the Storm Lords under Brother Captain Andrej



Rampagers



Marauders



Storm Lords

BLOOD ANGELS SUCCESSORS



Brother Terah with plasma pistol & chainsword | *Brother Philemon with bolt pistol & chainsword* | *Veteran Sergeant Davith with bolt pistol & fleshtearer* | *Brother Aaron with bolt pistol & chainsword* | *Brother Esdras with bolt pistol & chainsword*

Assault Squad Davith of the Third Company of the Flesh Tearers under Brother Captain Joel



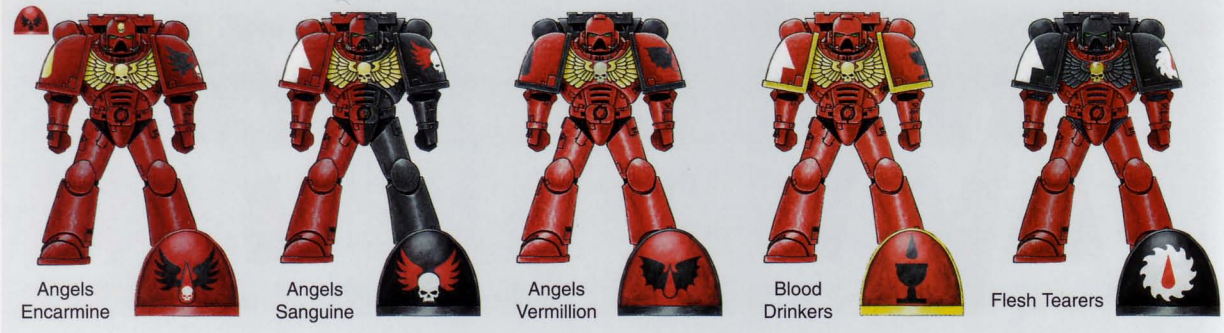
Brother Jediddah armed with boltgun | *Brother Teman armed with flamer* | *Veteran Sergeant Haggai with lightning claws* | *Brother Abiel armed with boltgun* | *Brother Jasin armed with boltgun*

Tactical Squad Haggai of the Second Company of the Angels Sanguine under Brother Captain Zimri



Brother Felix armed with multi-melta | *Brother Carmi armed with multi-melta* | *Veteran Sergeant Jachin with bolt pistol & chainsword* | *Brother Buz armed with multi-melta* | *Brother Issachar armed with multi-melta*

Devastator Squad Jachin of the Fourth Company of the Blood Drinkers under Brother Captain Ezekiel



Angels Encarmine | Angels Sanguine | Angels Vermillion | Blood Drinkers | Flesh Tearers

IRON HANDS AND RAVEN GUARD SUCCESSORS



Brother Marcell armed with boltgun | *Brother Erdmann armed with boltgun* | *Veteran Sergeant Erich with storm bolter & chainsword* | *Brother Gotthold armed with boltgun* | *Brother Irmtrudd armed with boltgun*

Tactical Squad Erich of the Second Company of the Brazen Claws under Brother Captain Xavier



Brother Terah with bolt pistol & chainsword | *Brother Philemon with plasma pistol & chainsword* | *Veteran Sergeant Caelestis with plasma pistol & chainsword* | *Brother Aaron with plasma pistol & chainsword* | *Brother Esdras with bolt pistol & chainsword*

Assault Squad Caelestis of the Fifth Company of the Raptors under Brother Captain Benedict

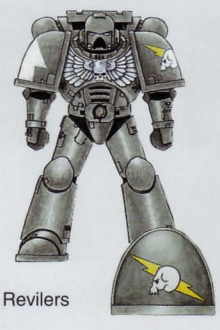


Brother Pius armed with lascannon | *Brother Arcadia with missile launcher* | *Veteran Sergeant Dominicus with bolt pistol & chainsword* | *Brother Renatus with missile launcher* | *Brother Issachar with plasma cannon*

Devastator Squad Dominicus of the Second Company of the Revilers under Brother Captain Honorius



Raptors



Revilers



Brazen Claws



Red Talons

ULTRAMARINES SUCCESSORS



Brother Modestus with plasma pistol & chainsword

Brother Praetor with bolt pistol & chainsword

Veteran Sergeant Gerontius with plasma pistol & chainsword

Brother Sipian with bolt pistol & chainsword

Brother Ixion with bolt pistol & chainsword

Assault Squad Gerontius of the Third Company of the Doom Eagles under Brother Captain Constantius



Brother Lertes armed with boltgun

Brother Cossos armed with boltgun

Brother Sergeant Arias with bolt pistol & chainsword

Brother Tiberian with plasma cannon

Brother Probis armed with boltgun

Tactical Squad Arias of the Second Company of the White Consuls under Brother Captain Daceus



SPECIAL FORMATIONS



Brother Numitor armed with gauntlet-mounted storm bolter & force halberd



Brother Bellanus armed with gauntlet-mounted storm bolter & force halberd



Brother Agrippa armed with incinerator & force halberd

Grey Knights of the Ordo Malleus



Brother Numenter of the Crimson Fists seconded to the Deathwatch, armed with lightning claws



Brother Luther of the Imperial Fists, seconded to the Deathwatch, armed with boltgun & power fist



Veteran Sergeant Nikolaus of the Black Templars, seconded to the Deathwatch, armed with storm bolter & power sword



Brother Crasis of Genesis, seconded to the Deathwatch, armed with boltgun



Brother Fabius of the Nova Marines, seconded to the Deathwatch, armed with heavy bolter

The Deathwatch of the Ordo Xenos



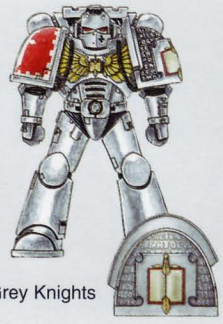








The Legion of the Damned



Grey Knights



Deathwatch



Legion of the Damned

CODEX CHAPTERS



Brother Cornellus armed with boltgun



Brother Strabos with heavy bolter



Brother Sergeant Gaius with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Helixan armed with boltgun



Brother Flavian armed with boltgun

Tactical Squad Gaius of the Fourth Company of the Mentors under Brother Captain Vespacian



Brother Gaspard armed with boltgun



Brother Toller armed with boltgun



Brother Sergeant Eleazer with bolt pistol & chainsword



Brother Anak with missile launcher



Brother Bauhin armed with boltgun

Tactical Squad Eleazer of the Fifth Company of the Blood Ravens under Brother Captain Hyrcleon



Brother Tryjon with heavy bolter



Brother Tacitus with heavy bolter



Veteran Sergeant Epathus with bolt pistol & chainsword

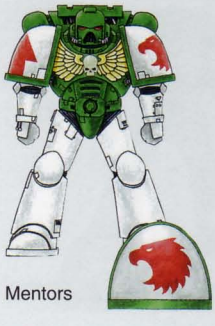


Brother Sinon with heavy bolter

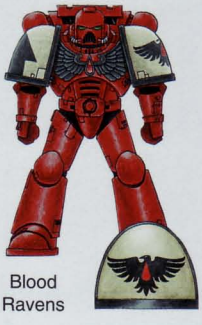


Brother Antilochus with heavy bolter

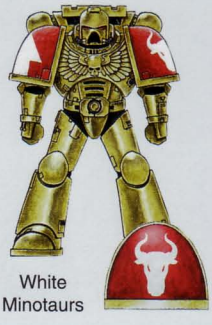
Devastator Squad Epathus of the Ninth Company of the White Minotaurs under Brother Captain Preator



Mentors



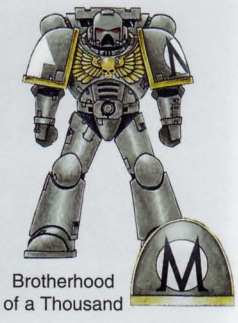
Blood Ravens



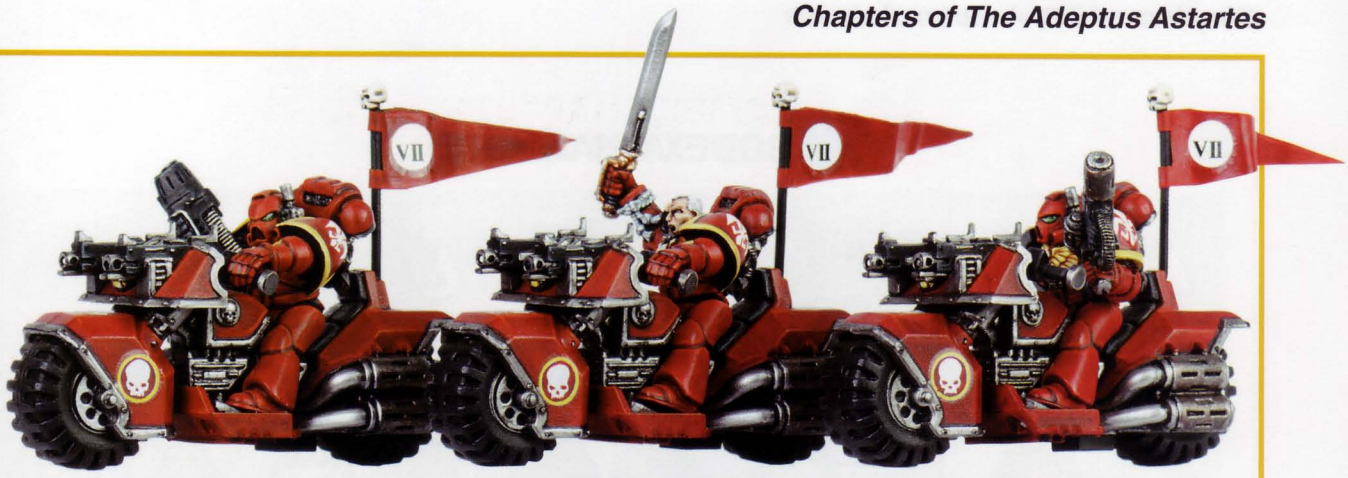
White Minotaurs



Black Dragons



Brotherhood of a Thousand



Brother Omegus armed with plasma gun

Veteran Sergeant Venatus armed with power sword

Brother Lamentum armed with meltagun

Assault Squad Venatus of the Second Company of the Red Templars under Brother Captain Ardias



Brother Tercon armed with boltgun

Brother Primus armed with boltgun

Veteran Sergeant Varus with bolt pistol & power fist

Brother Caesir armed with meltagun

Brother Invictus armed with boltgun

Tactical Squad Varus of the Second Company of the Hawk Lords under Brother Captain Ephaeus



Brother Sinon armed with boltgun

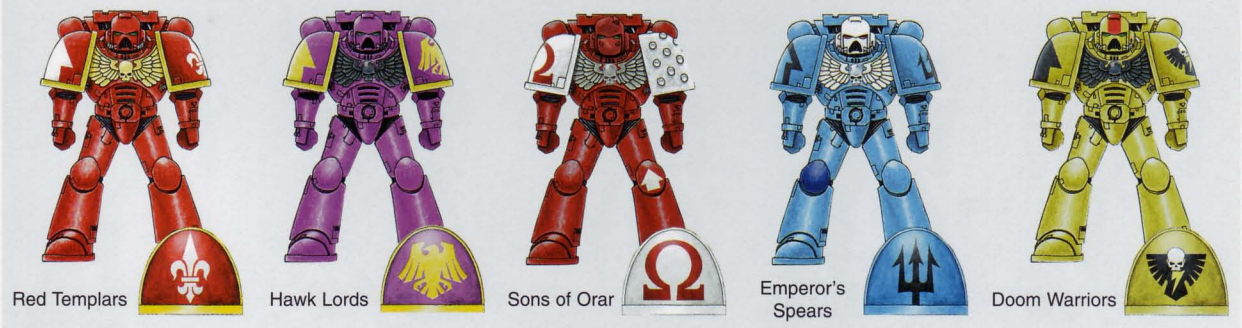
Brother Marneus armed with boltgun

Veteran Sergeant Abraxus with chainsword & storm bolter

Brother Vandius with heavy bolter

Brother Atavian armed with boltgun

Tactical Squad Abraxus of the Third Company of the Sons of Orar under Brother Captain Typhon



Red Templars

Hawk Lords

Sons of Orar

Emperor's Spears

Doom Warriors

CODEX CHAPTERS

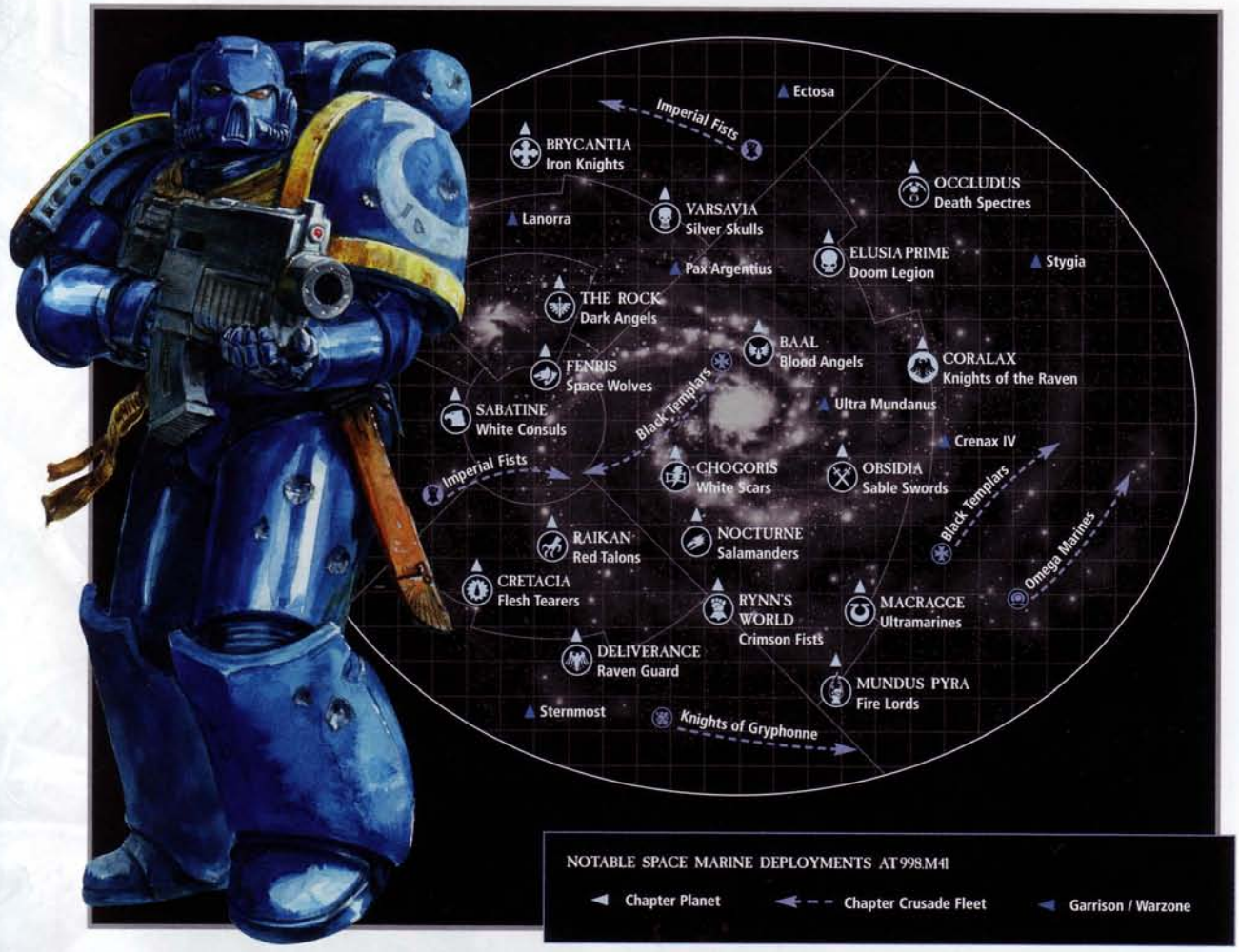


CODEX CHAPTERS



THE SPACE MARINES

They are the Adeptus Astartes, the Angels of Death, the Saviours of Mankind.



The Adeptus Astartes are the most powerful of all human warriors. In many respects they are not really human at all, but superhuman beings forged by genetic modification, arduous training and the rigours of strict discipline. Space Marines are the embodiment of the Emperor's will – their roaring boltguns bring death to the enemies of Mankind, their presence in battle the difference between life and death. They are the Angels of Death, and none can stand against them.

Space Marines are organised into independent armies, called Chapters, of which there are roughly one thousand spread throughout the galaxy. Each Chapter has its own ships, its own heraldic uniforms and its own distinct identity and traditions. Unlike other military formations within the Imperium, a Space Marine Chapter is entirely self-sufficient, with its own forges, warships and support facilities.

Most Chapters operate from a Chapter Planet – a world within the Imperium, owned and governed by the Space Marines that maintain a base there. Some Chapters are not planetbound at all; their base of operations can be a vast space fleet, an orbital asteroid or a space station. As some Chapters rule entire planets, systems or sub-sectors, a Space Marine Chapter Master may act as the head of government as well as a marshal of war.

All the Space Marines in a Chapter belong to its warrior cult. These warrior cults preserve traditions and practices that date back to the earliest days of the Emperor's reign. Space Marines from a single Chapter are therefore spiritual brothers as well as brothers-at-arms. This dual existence as physical and spiritual warriors is what forges the Space Marines into such dedicated and determined warriors.

Although there is less than one Space Marine for every planet in the Imperium, they are sufficient to the task. The superhuman abilities of the Space Marines allow them to fight with a tenacity that lies far beyond the capabilities of lesser men, laying down a lethally accurate hail of bolter fire until the foe lies broken and beaten. The Battle-Brothers of the Adeptus Astartes cannot rest behind walls or fortifications – this they leave to the Imperial Guard. Seek, strike, secure – this is the combat doctrine of the Space Marines. They conduct the most dangerous and crucial of assaults, leading lightning raids behind enemy lines, seizing vital positions and slaying enemy warlords to render opposing troops leaderless.

ORBITAL ASSAULT

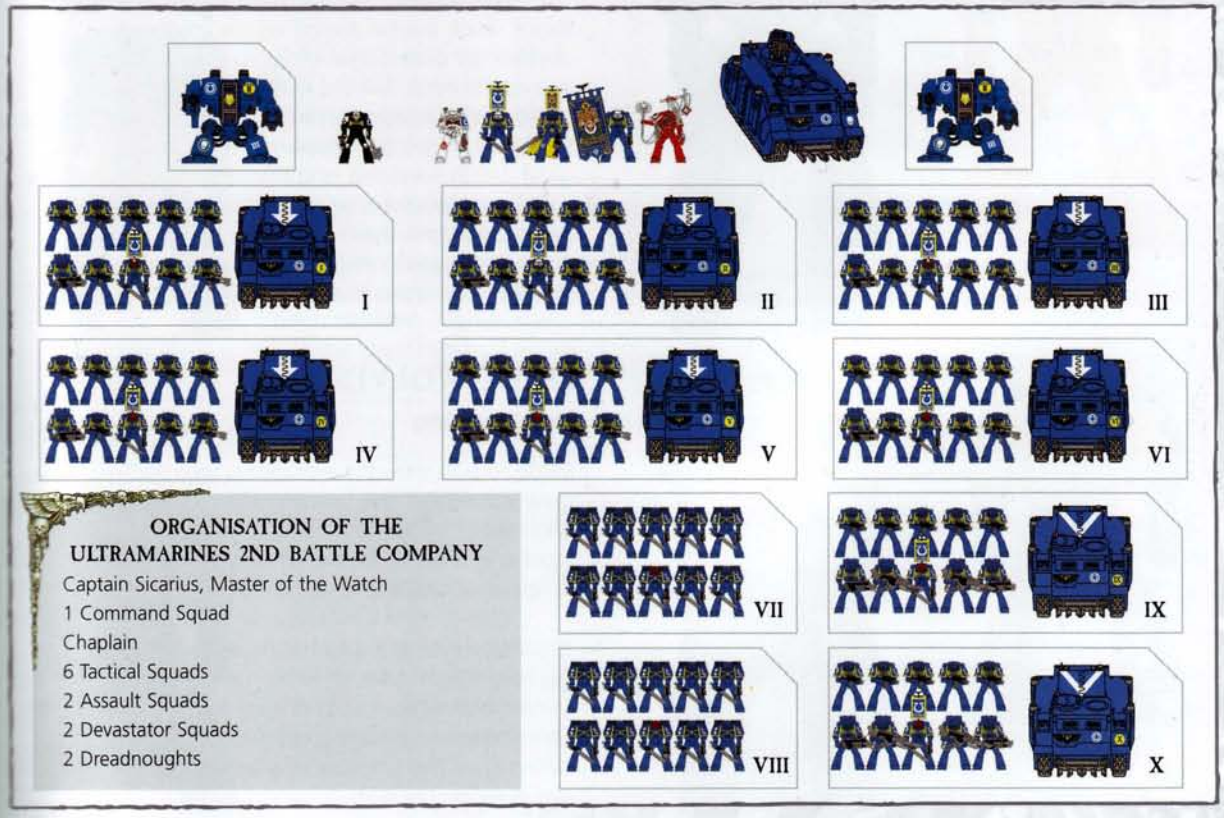
A Space Marine attack is heralded by the screaming approach of Drop Pods – armoured capsules launched from near orbit at speeds impossible to track or intercept. Supplied with coordinates by Space Marine Scouts, the Drop Pods deploy squad after squad of power armoured warriors into the very heart of the foe.

While Tactical, Assault and Devastator Squads secure the initial beachhead, Thunderhawk Gunships swoop low over the battlefield, deploying Land Raider or Predator tanks to the fray. Nigh inviolable in their Terminator armour, veteran Space Marines teleport onto key objectives, shredding enemy soldiers with assault cannon fire and smashing tanks apart with their power fists.

Such offensives are normally over in mere hours, for few armies can contend with the full fury of the Space Marines. On those rare occasions when an assault stretches out into days or weeks, the Space Marines press the assault with valour and determination, carrying bolter, chainsword and lascannon against the enemy long after lesser men would have given up hope. Only when the foe is beaten, when the cratered ground is hidden beneath a carpet of enemy dead and the area secured, do the Space Marines move on.

It may take one, two or a dozen such strikes to bring a campaign to a victorious end, but victory is never in doubt. Whilst a Space Marine draws breath he will fight, and whilst a Space Marine fights, triumph remains within his grasp. A half-company of fifty Space Marines is sufficient to end the rebellion of thousands, while a full Chapter of a thousand or so battle brothers can decide the fate of an entire sub-sector. Many foes have underestimated the sheer determination and valour of the Adeptus Astartes, but not one has survived to repeat that grave mistake.

With victory won, the Space Marines remain planetside until fresh units of the Imperial Guard and local defence forces arrive. Scarcely is the battlezone secured when the Space Marines embark once more on fresh campaigns. They are the saviours of the Imperium, made strong through faith and refined in the crucible of war. For such heroes there can be no rest – only an eternity of battle in the Emperor's name.



ORGANISATION OF THE ULTRAMARINES 2ND BATTLE COMPANY

Captain Sicarius, Master of the Watch
1 Command Squad
Chaplain
6 Tactical Squads
2 Assault Squads
2 Devastator Squads
2 Dreadnoughts

CHAPTERS OF THE SPACE MARINES

One thousand bastions of strength and valour, fighting for the survival of mankind.



Tactical Marine, Ultramarines 2nd Company



Shoulder plates bearing squad and Chapter markings



Ultramarines Chapter banner

ULTRAMARINES

First Founding

The Ultramarines are the exemplars of the Space Marines, the purest and noblest of all of the Adeptus Astartes. It was the founding Primarch of the Ultramarines, Roboute Guilliman, who established the Codex Astartes, the august tome that laid the foundation for the Space Marine Chapters. Many hold the Ultramarines to be the rightful heirs not only of Guilliman, but of the Emperor himself.

> "We are the Ultramarines, the Sons of Guilliman. Whilst we draw breath, we stand. Whilst we stand, we fight. Whilst we fight, we prevail. Nothing shall stay our wrath."
>
> – Marneus Calgar
> Chapter Master of the Ultramarines



Tactical Marine Blood Angels 3rd Company



Assault Marine Blood Angels Death Company

BLOOD ANGELS

First Founding

The Blood Angels strive for absolute perfection in all things. Their martial disciplines are practiced unceasingly over long and vigorous lives, their rituals and doctrines as flawless in execution as they are wondrous to behold. Yet for all their outward nobility, the Blood Angels are deeply marred. Each carries a curse within his blood, a dormant flaw that inevitably awakens to madness and blood rage. This is the legacy of their Primarch, Sanguinius, and it has doomed the Blood Angels to be feared and mistrusted by those they protect.



Grey Hunter Space Wolves 2nd Company



Blood Claw Space Wolves 2nd Company

SPACE WOLVES

First Founding

Made feral in thought and appearance by their genetic heritage, the Space Wolves are the most ferocious of all Space Marines. They are are also the most unorthodox, having forsaken the Codex Astartes in favour of the Teachings of their own Primarch.

The Space Wolves have little patience with the fawning superstitions of other men, preferring the ancient warrior-traditions of their home planet, Fenris. Each strives to perform great deeds worthy of song, calling upon the Emperor only to witness the living and to judge the slain.

IMPERIAL FISTS

First Founding



The Imperial Fists have earned battle honours against many major alien races and been instrumental in holding the Imperium together through the bleakest of times. They also performed a pivotal role in the defence of the Emperor's palace during the dark days of the Horus Heresy.

DARK ANGELS

First Founding



The Dark Angels stand first amongst the Space Marine Chapters, as they have done since their very inception. Theirs is a proud Chapter, with traditions and rituals that date back to the earliest days of the Imperium.

SALAMANDERS

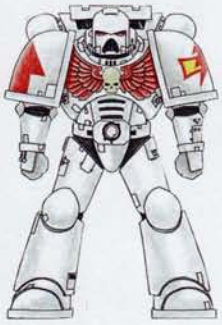
First Founding



Born out of darkness and fire, the battle brothers of the Salamanders Chapter are tenacious in the extreme, refusing to yield battle even when other Space Marines would fall back.

WHITE SCARS

First Founding



White Scars are the proven masters of reconnaissance and of the hit-and-run attack. They are hunters and raiders without peer in the armed forces of Imperium.

FLESH TEARERS

Second Founding (Blood Angels Successors)



The Flesh Tearers are subject to a terrible blood-rage, driven to win victory in close assault where they can sunder the foe with chainsword and power fist. Such is their bloodlust that many other forces of the Imperium are wary of calling upon the Flesh Tearers in all but the direst need.

CRIMSON FISTS

Second Founding (Imperial Fists Successors)



The Crimson Fists are a Chapter on the edge of extinction. Yet they fight on, bearing the blows of a cruel fate with a stoicism that has become legend across the Imperium.

SILVER SKULLS

Unknown Founding



The Silver Skulls believe that the Emperor guides their purpose. They take to the battlefield only when portents demand it, fighting with valour that has won them great renown across the Imperium.

BLACK TEMPLARS

Second Founding (Imperial Fists Successors)



The fanatical Black Templars have no Chapter Planet. They are a fleet-based Chapter, divided into many Crusades. The Black Templars have modified the Codex Astartes, and each Crusade is led by a Marshall whose ad hoc company is assembled to pursue a particular goal.



'); x = 1; } // '); } //



BACK TO WARHAMMER 40,000 SECTION

(russian/english) Imperium of Mankind

Siege Of The Imperial Palace (russian/english)

(russian/english) Defenders Of Macragge

Space Wolves Homeworld (russian/english)

(russian/english) Space Wolves

Chaos: The Long War (russian/english)

(russian/english) Chaos: Horus Heresy

Chaos: Abaddon the Despoiler (russian/english)

(russian/english) Chaos: Thypus, Herald of Nurgle

Chaos: Fabius Bile (russian/english)

(russian/english) Chaos: Cypher the Fallen Angel

Chaos: Ahriman of the Thousand Sons (russian/english)

(russian/english) Corpus Auxilla: Inquisitorial Factions

Corpus Auxilla: The Thorian Inquisitors (russian/english)

(russian) Corpus Auxilla: Inquisitor Quixos

Corpus Auxilla: Inquisitor Czevak (russian/english)

(russian/english) Assault on Holy Terra

Relictors: Extremis Diabolus (russian/english)

(russian/english) Crimson Fists: Battle for the New Rynn City

Battle for Armageddon (russian/english)

(russian) Glavia & Glavian Pilots



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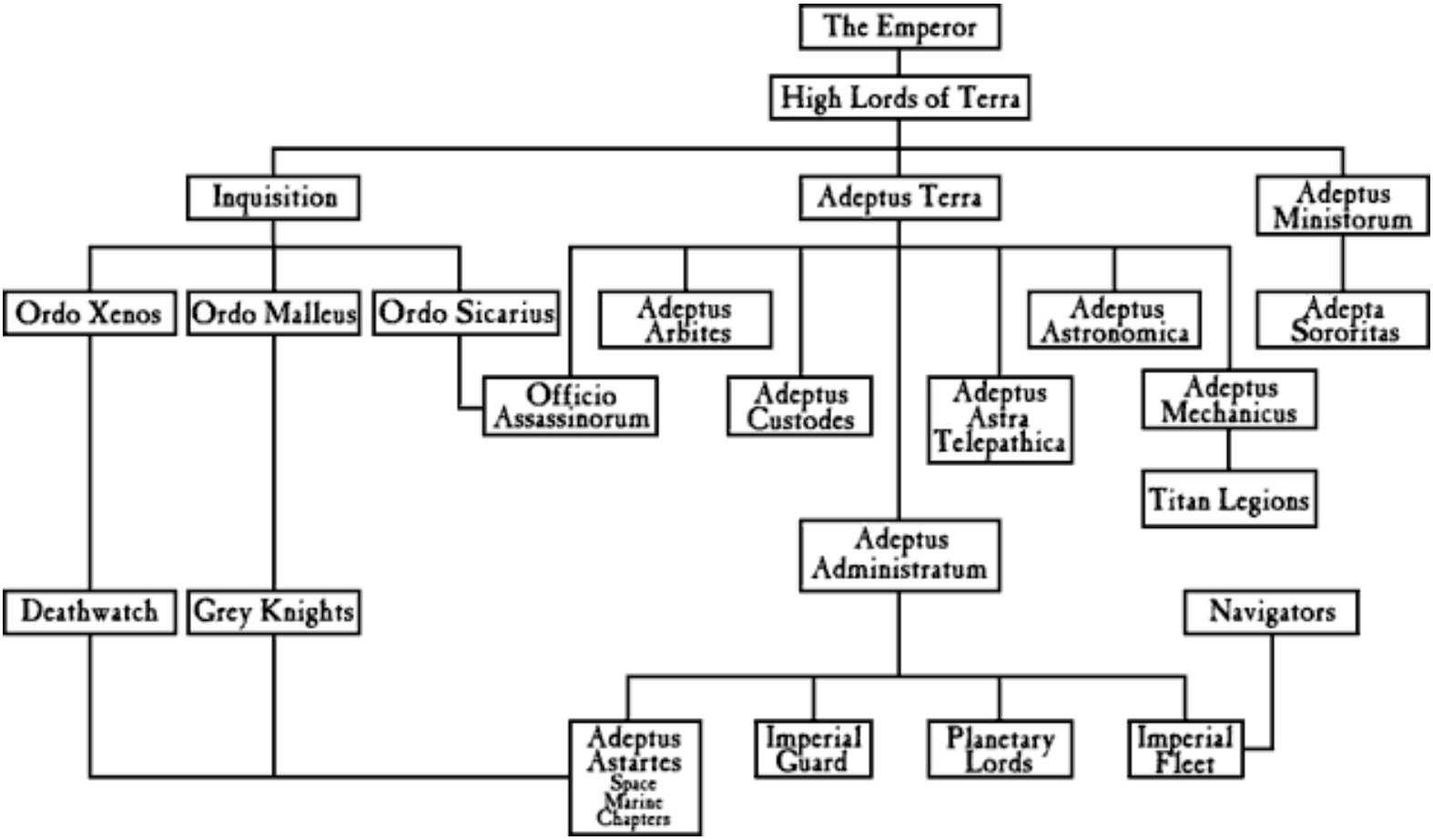
BACK TO CODICIUM IMPERIALIS SECTION

IMPERIUM OF MANKIND



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BACK TO CODICIUM IMPERIALIS SECTION



SIEGE OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE

++++++++ DATE: 3298998.M41
++++++++ REF: Inq/01159704311/BR
++++++++ BY: Inquisitor Fortez
++++++++ RE: Siege of the Imperial Palace
++ THOUGHT: Trust no one else and trust yourself less.

+++ The thirteenth of Secundus, 30.014, the bombardment began. From orbit the Warmaster`s ships laid down an unrelenting barrage of missiles and deadly energy beams The aim was to cripple the defences around the Emperor's palace and make possible a massive invasion of Earth. The Lunar bases had already fallen and the defending fleets had been scattered. on Mars, as across the entire Imperium, bitter civil war raged.+++

+++ The Emperor himself oversaw the defences of his fortress-palace, personally commanding the Adeptus Custodes, his elite guard. He was accompanied by Sanguinius, white-pinioned Primarch of the Blood Angels and his Legion of Space Marines. Beneath their fortress-monastery, grim visaged Rogal Dorn led the Imperial Fists in final prayers. In the rubble of burnt out hab-areas Primarch Jhagatai Khan mustered the White Scars, the Legion of Space Marines he had personally instructed in the art of lightning warfare. Outside the palace three full Titan Legions stood ready to defend their Emperor.+++

+++ Within the Emperor's halls even the Space Marines shuddered, knowing that they would soon confront their lost and damned brethren. The terrifying prospect of facing those corrupt Primarchs who had sold their souls to Chaos filled every man's mind with indescribable horror and dread.+++



+++ Pods touched ground and from them erupted the mightiest champions of Chaos, the renegade Space Marines of the lost Legions. These were no longer the fine human warriors of legend but twisted creatures, bodies warped by the energies of Chaos, minds twisted by their devotion to the dark powers.+++

+++ Mighty ships began the descent from orbit, hoping to overwhelm the defenders with sheer weight of numbers. Unlike the drop pods these presented fine targets for the weapons of the defenders. And thus did the Battle for Earth begin in earnest.+++

+++ More and more intricately wrought drop ships descended from orbit. They towered over the landing ground like nightmare skyscrapers. The dark runes on their sides glowed evilly in the gloom. Hundred-metre high doors opened in their kilometre-long sides. From their red depths Titans ten times the height of a man emerged. They were warped giants, the armour of their carapaces fused and moulded into new shapes by the power of Chaos. Within them were men melded to their machines. Some of the hideous Titans had strange and potent weapons, others were bizarre hybrids of the organic and the machine. Metal tentacles lashed, spiked tails whipped back and forth. Engines roared like angry beasts. Banners fluttering, the Titans of the Storm Lords and the Flaming Skulls Legions marched forth.+++

+++ Reinforced by this fresh wave of troops, the hordes of Horus swept on, driving through the exhausted and demoralised Imperial troops to the very walls of the Emperor's Palace.+++

+++ Brave men on the walls knew there was no way out. Here they must stand and fight and die. There would be no mercy from those below. This was a war where there could be no honourable peace. It was destroy or be destroyed.+++

+++ Every loyal warrior knew that he was already dead; that there was no way he could survive the coming of the Daemonic army.+++

+++ Chaos Titans blazed away at the walls, specifically constructed missiles ripping great chunks from the masonry. The Titans of the Fire Wasps answered their fire with Volcano cannons.+++

+++ The World Eaters built a pyramid of scorched skulls sixty-feet high in Temple Square.+++

+++ Despite taking tremendous casualties the great Warlord Titans broke through, and the forces of the Warmastcr flooded into the Palace grounds.+++

+++ Sanguinius was forced to retreat within the palace itself, personally holding the Ultimate Gate against the oncoming horde while the last of his wounded men were carried through. Just as the giant ceramite gate was about to close a Bloodthirster of Khorne leapt upon him. The Daemon's huge talons closed around his throat. Sanguinius took to the air. Angel and Daemon wrestled above the warring armies. Both sides halted for a moment to watch the titanic struggle. It was a conflict rarely seen: two beings of tremendous power wrestling in a battle which mirrored the bloody struggle taking place across the entire Imperium.+++

+++ Transmission Terminated+++

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BACK TO CODICIUM IMPERIALIS SECTION



Defenders of Ultramar

—— by Imperial scrivener Graham McNeill ——

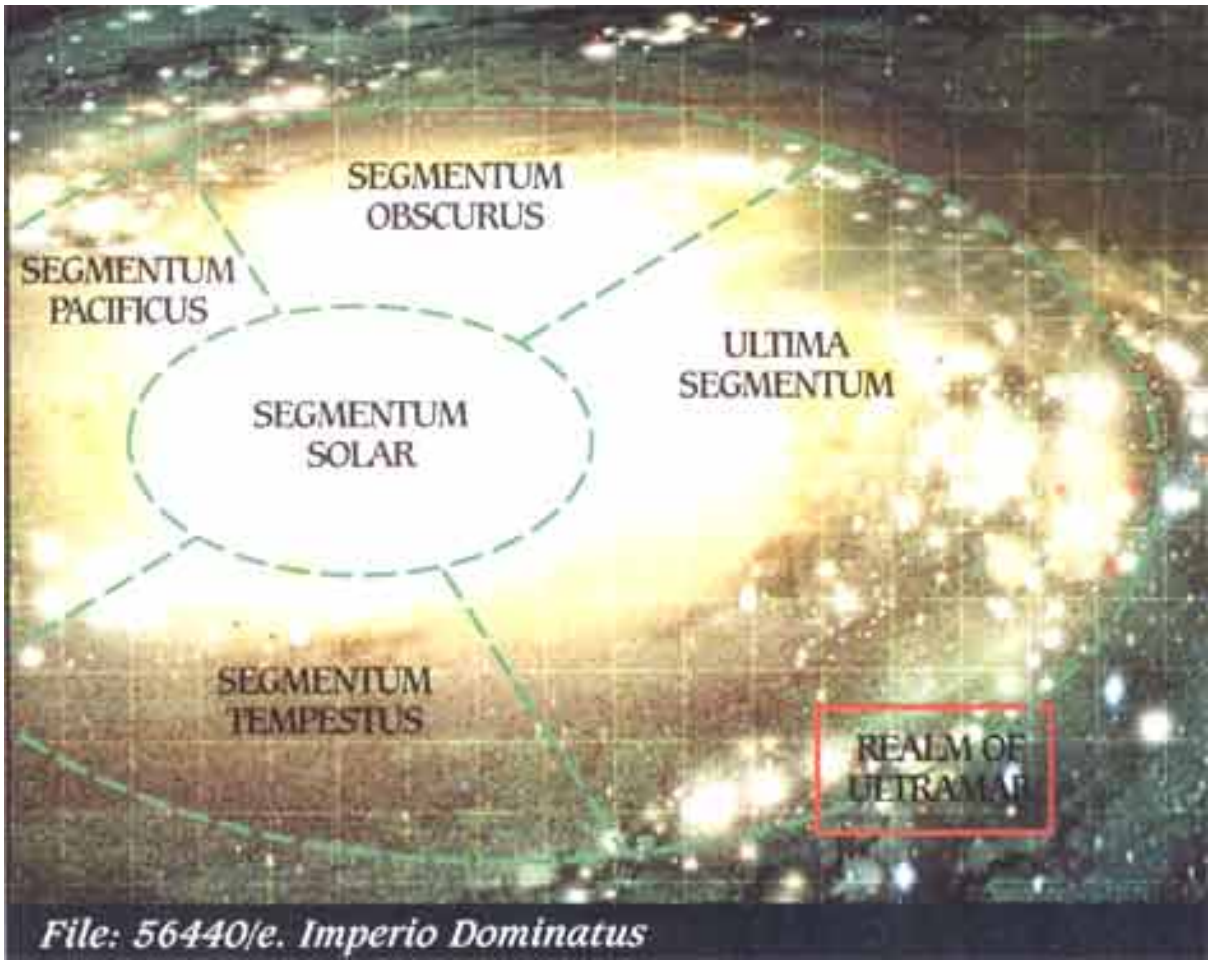
Honoured Lords, it is with the utmost vigour that I urge you to consider the contents of this document vital to the survival of our beloved Imperium. The words it contains impart information gleaned at terrible cost from the defeat of the Tyranid Hive Fleet Behemoth in the Ultima Segmentum. The stellar realm of Ultramar, controlled by the Ultramarines Chapter of Space Marines, bore the brunt of the Tyranid fleet and it is in no small measure thanks to the dedication, bravery and sacrifice of the Ultramarines that so much was learned and the invasion halted. A leading authority on the Tyranid race, the learned Inquisitor Kryptman saw at first hand the full horror of these aliens and he realised that the threat posed by these monstrous extragalactic creatures cannot and must not be underestimated. The knowledge he and others gained in the fight against Hive Fleet Behemoth prompts me to compile the surviving records from those dark times as a warning against future lapses in vigilance.

As a prelude to this report 1 have attached the following extract from the Explorator files authored by Explorator Magos Dana Aquila.

Scrivener McNeill. 001.M2

Prior to the Tyranid attack on Ultramar, the Adeptus Mechanicus filed this report on the home worlds of the Adeptus Astartes:

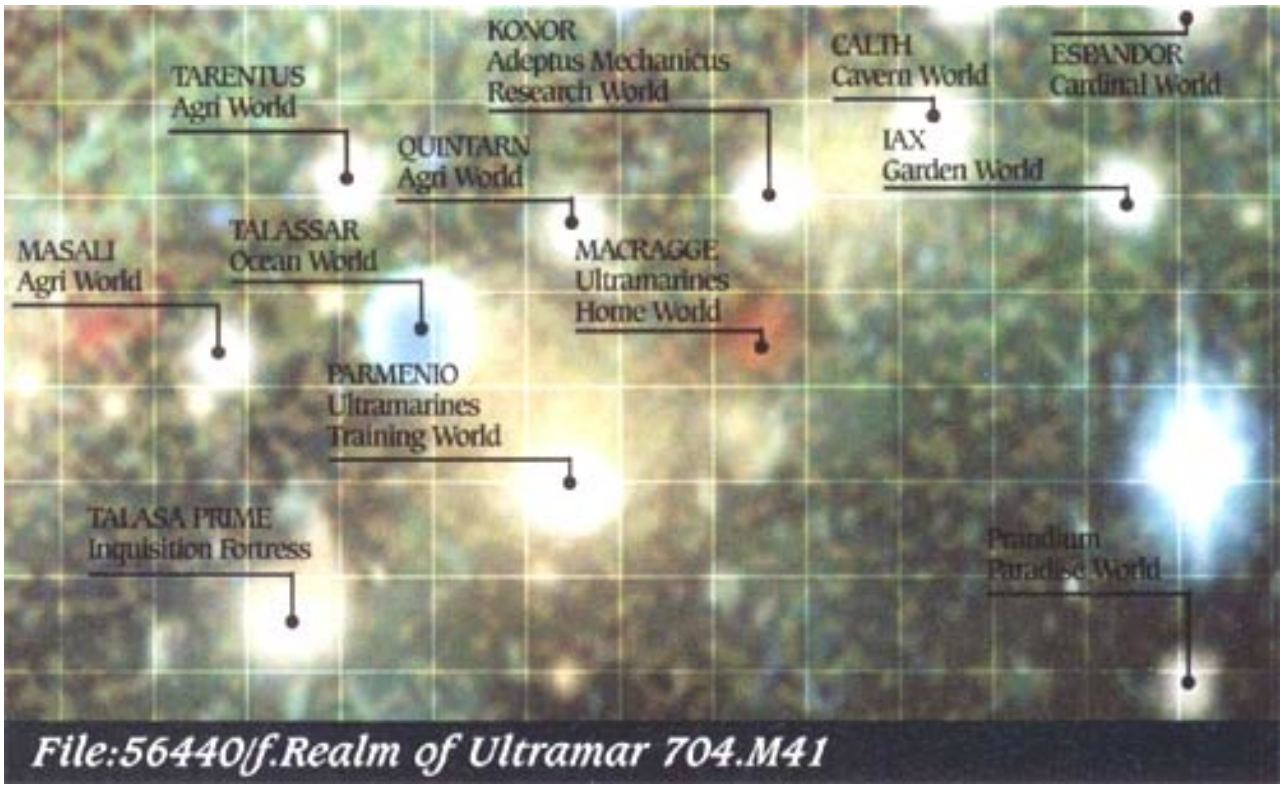
Recommendations on the model of Human Society, based upon cogent and pertinent observations of the stellar realm of Ultramar



Ref: 704/89: In my time researching the varied and multitudinous home worlds & bases of the Adeptus Astartes, it has been a constant struggle to obtain the cooperation of the Chapter Masters. Information to date has been scant and based largely on hearsay from other units fighting alongside them. It was therefore with extreme surprise that I was extended every courtesy by Marneus Calgar, Master of the Ultramarines Chapter when I submitted my request for information regarding the realm of Ultramar.

Situated deep in the galactic south-east in the Ultima Segmentum, Ultramar is unique amongst all the Chapter headquarters of Space Marines, in that while most Chapters operate from asteroid bases, lonely fortress monasteries and isolated worlds, the Ultramarines control no fewer than eight nearby systems from their home world of Macragge. Each of these worlds has its own government, armed forces and individual cultures, but all are utterly loyal to the Ultramarines Chapter. Initially I was highly suspicious of the manner in which the Chapter has extended its control over such an unusually high number of planets. Indeed when I questioned the people of these worlds in regards to this, I was met with stony silences if not downright hostility. Such 'empire building' would be frowned upon under conventional Imperial doctrine, but my investigations have convinced me that no such desire exists within the Ultramarines.

The worlds surrounding Macragge are largely industrial in nature, though they are not polluted, poison choked wastelands such as Necromunda and Armageddon. I firmly believe that this is largely due to the organisational skills and far-sightedness of the Chapter's legendary Primarch Roboute Guilliman. Under his guidance these worlds were revolutionised into prosperous, productive planets where honest toil and virtue were rewarded and the populace flourished like never before. I found the inhabitants of these worlds to be industrious, disciplined and intensely loyal Imperial citizens.



Unlike other planets of the Imperium, these worlds are not required to pay Imperial tithes. When looking to their defence each world can rely on the protection of the Ultramarines, but, as would be expected, each one raises its own troops. These worlds are not required to levy troops for the Imperial Guard, but such is the prosperity and highly organised nature of the Ultramarines realm that it maintains hundreds of regiments which can fight as and when required throughout the galaxy. As well as their own defence, the worlds of Ultramar provide recruits for the Ultramarines and it is a source of fierce pride when a particular family can point to an ancestor who became a Space Marine.

Some twelve millennia ago, in the glorious days of the Emperor's Great Crusade, the worlds surrounding Macragge provided the Chapter with hundreds of new recruits, raw materials, supplies and all manner of support. Following the break up of the old Space Marine Legions into the Chapters we recognise today, this tradition has continued throughout the millennia. Close ties have been maintained between Macragge and its surrounding planets, and it is not surprising that many of these worlds share a commonality in language, culture, architecture and governmental styles.

It should not be thought that these worlds are identical. Each has its own particular character and distinctiveness which is dealt with in a later treatise. I shall confine myself to only the most general traits of each planet for now.

Macragge is a rocky world, protected by numerous orbital defences and two vast polar defence grids. It is on this planet, in the harsh and unforgiving mountains that the Ultramarines have their fortress, housing the shrine of the Primarch himself. Here the legendary Primarch's body is held within a stasis field and is a place of great pilgrimage for all loyal citizens of the Imperium. I myself had occasion to visit this shrine and can honestly say that I was deeply moved by the experience. Truly was the Primarch a giant amongst men.

Talassar is a turbulent planet of tempests and violent seas, with but a single continent named Glaudor that saw the defeat of the base Orks in battle following the Great Betrayal. In contrast, the three worlds of Quintarn, Tarentus and Masali orbit a common centre of gravity and outside the huge, enclosed agri-cities are desolate and

arid. Wind traps collect water for these domed cities that protect verdant greenery and hundreds of square miles of agricultural land. Calth's populace live below the planet's surface, far from the deadly rays of its blue sun. Vast subterranean caverns, so fresh and spacious as to make a man forget that he is underground, honeycomb the planet's crust and though the planet, like all others in Ultramar, is self-sufficient, a great deal of food is shipped in from nearby Iax. The planet's shipyards are justly famous and construct a sizeable proportion of the ships in the Ultramarines fleet as well as those used by other arms of the Imperium.

Both Iax and Espandor are sparsely populated worlds towards the edge of Ultramar. Iax is a model of how an agri-world should be managed and is one of the most productive worlds in the Imperium. Other Imperial commanders have been settled when traders were should take note! Espandor is primarily blown off course by a warp storm during composed of forests and is rumoured to the Age of Strife.

The crowning glory of Ultramar is without doubt, Prandium. Its climate is temperate and the natural beauty of its geography mark it as one of the most exquisite planets I have ever had the good fortune to visit. My duties permitting I shall certainly return to the realm of the Ultramarines again.

Scribe's Note: *Prandium was destroyed in the First Tyrannic War, stripped bare by Hive Fleet Behemoth.*

Initial investigations into the emerging threat were undertaken by Inquisitor Kryptman.

Personal Log: Inquisitor Kryptman

The first recorded contact with these aliens was at the Tyran Explorator Base, in the farthest reaches of the southeastern arm of the galaxy. It is from this world that they finally acquired a name - Tyranids. Reports of devastated worlds and planets laid waste were logged and filed by the Explorator Base for many years until I began to see an underlying pattern emerging. I took ship to the Tyran outpost to further investigate these disturbing reports. During the journey I received a garbled report from Tyran, forwarded by Astropaths on Earth. A terrible vision of the sky turned black by monstrous swarms of hellish creatures. It was a dire warning of things to come.

When my vessel arrived in the Tyran system, the navigational auguries could not at first divine the location of the Imperial outpost. Where I had expected to find a world covered by oceans, I instead found an airless dead rock, stripped bare of all life. A weak transponder signal was the only sign that this world had once been Tyran. I led an exploration team to the surface and discovered no survivors, no bodies and no trace of the planet's attackers. Determined to uncover the truth of what had occurred on Tyran, I refused to give up and at last discovered a data codex, buried in a deep bore shaft some 3,000 metres below the planet's surface.

The things I saw on that codex chilled my blood like never before and my admiration for Magos Varnak, Tyran's commander, grew as I learned how he and his men had fought to the last against this terrifying foe before sealing the codex away so that others might learn from their deaths. Armed with this information I left dead Tyran and set out to warn the Imperium of this deadly new enemy only to find that the psychic wake caused by this alien fleet had disrupted the warp to such a degree that communication was impossible. I immediately set course for the Thandros telepathica booster. By the time I arrived at Thandros, the Tyranids had already attacked and once more there were no survivors. I made one discovery of note aboard the telepathica matrix. In the crew quarters I

chanced upon a translucent, filmy material, like shed skin, and a colourless ooze dripping from a bulkhead. Samples of these were taken and although it was clear they were of alien origin, nothing more could be discerned without proper laboratoria facilities. The adepts of the Machine God aboard my ship were able to salvage the telepathica matrix (obviously the Tyranids had no use for such a device) and my Astropath was finally able to pass word of the invaders and my discoveries to the Imperium. In return I received orders to travel to Macragge, planet of the Ultramarines in the realm of Ultramar.



Events had been set in motion even before my ship had arrived and a dozen vessels already hung in orbit around Macragge. Mile long Space Marine battle barges dwarfed strike cruisers arriving from the furthest reaches of Ultramar and every day more ships arrived from the warp. The static orbital defences were also impressive, ringing Macragge with a cordon of fire that, against a conventional opponent, would prove impossible to breach. It remained to be seen how they would fare against the Tyranids. To further augment the system defences, a battlefleet from the Segmentum Tempestus sector base at Bakka was dispatched. I prayed that it would arrive in time.

On Macragge I met with Marneus Calgar, Chapter Master of the Ultramarines and even after I had appraised him of the horrors approaching his realm, he was unperturbed. He merely stated that the men ot Ultramar would serve the Emperor until their last breath had been crushed from their bodies. I must confess that I found Calgar to be a man of great courage and could hope for no one better to lead the defence of Macragge.

Further information had come to light with a survivor's eye witness account of a Tyranid attack on the stellar liner *Galacris Luxor* and the discovery of a complete Tyranid organism aboard the derelict freighter *Hammer of Foes,* Adeptus Mechanicus Genetors at the Inquisition fortress of Talasa Prime had deduced that while the creature was definitely of Tyranid origin, it was not of the same force that had attacked Tyran. The implications of this were truly terrifying. It was now clear to us that there were in fact two Tyranid fleets, one leapfrogging the other in their consumption of worlds.

A month later, with no sign yet of the Segmenrum Tempestus battlefleet, the Tyranids attacked Macragge.

At the forefront of the initial space battles, the captain of the Vae Victus witnessed much that will be of interest to starship captains who may soon have to face these aliens.

Vox-Log Record of Captain Lazlo Tiberius, Ultramarines Strike Cruiser Vac Victus. 745.M41

<<295 18:45> Emperor's mercy, what are these things? We are but ants attacking a Grox against them! Every attack we make is swept aside. Gigantic craft, like disgusting sea dwelling monsters with curled shells and questing tentacles are surrounded by tiny, darting... shapeless things that I cannot find the words to describe. Each volley of torpedoes we fire is intercepted by swarms of these creatures and our weapon decks are befouled by them.>

<<296/5:30> Whole squadrons of fighters and bombers are destroyed in a heartbeat and while our lasers burn gaping tears in the chitinous hides of these beasts we cannot bring enough fire to bear on any one bio-ship to count. I saw the Imperator Rex pass too close to one of the hulking craft, becoming ensnared by some loathsome organ that dragged the ship into the embrace of thousands of tearing claws and scything blades that broke the mighty vessel in two. For every one of the smaller craft we destroy, a hundred times that number are vomited from the belly of the larger bio-ships. We must retreat back to Macragge, we cannot fight in this manner and survive. To die this way is no service to the Emperor and we may yet find a way to fight this foe more effectively another day.>

<<298/03:23> We are now committed on a perilous course of action. With no sign of the Tempestus battlefleet, Lord Calgar has ordered the fleet to disengage and move outsystem in a bid to draw the aliens onto the orbital and polar defences of Macragge. With the Tyranid fleet spread out around the planet he believes we may yet be able to cause enough damage to stop the aliens. May the Emperor prove him right, for we are lost if he is not.>

<<298/06:23> The hive fleet scatters before us! As though guided by the Emperor's own hand our divine weaponry cuts a swathe through the alien vessels. Spread out, they are much more vulnerable to our righteous fire and our manifest supremacy is now becoming clear.>

<<300/11:59> We have to give our fighters more time! Concentrate all firepower on the main hive ship! It is almost ready to go! See how it spills it's lifeblood into space. Kill it, kill it now! Reload damn you! Full spread of torpedoes. Fire! Fire! Fire!>

<<300/14:59> There! You see it perish? Our fighters deliver the killing blow and it dies. Such is the fate of all invaders! Wait... the other ships, they drift now as though they cannot function without the guidance of the larger ships. We must strike while we have the advantage. Launch all remaining fighters and bombers, prepare to attack! We shall reap a bloody harvest this day!>

<<300/17:11> Hundreds of the Tyranid ships are dying. Without the main hive ship to direct their attacks, they fight in an uncoordinated manner and are easy meat for my gunners. Many of the hive ships have pulled back behind a screen of the smaller ships and are disgorging what appears to be a hail of spore-like organisms above the polar regions of the planet. What exactly they are, our divination auguries cannot tell, but I fear they must be some new and terrible weapon. My prayers are with the defenders on the planet's surface.>

<<301/16:11> The Tyranids are withdrawing! Their battered ships fall back before us. The order has come to give pursuit and eradicate them. Though we are outnumbered we shall prevail and destroy the Tyranids. Through the flames of perdition and for the Emperor we shall follow the aliens to the edge of the galaxy if need be! The victory shall be ours.>

This fragment of a soldier's personal journal was discovered on his dismembered body within the southern polar defence fortress.

Journal of Captain Reno Sebastien, Ultramar Defence Auxillia

Day 26: I was looking along the barrel of my lasgun, trying to keep my breathing even. 1 knew I mustn't show any fear in front of the men. I couldn't see anything yet, but that didn't make me feel any better. Worse in fact. I knew the aliens were out there; we'd all watched as millions of spores dropped from space and turned day into night. The sky had burned with defence laser fire, but the massive guns couldn't hope to down all of them.

The sun was low and you had to squint against the glare of sunlight on snow to make sure you didn't go snow-blind. I checked left and right along our position. Thousands of fellow Defence Auxillia troops manned the firing steps of the trenches, our strength bolstered by the presence of veteran Space Marines from the Ultramarines 1st Company. I felt immensely proud to be fighting alongside them. Surely whatever was coming could not stand before such legendary warriors. How little I knew.

The ground shook as the Titans of the Legio Praetor shifted position, bracing their legs into a firing stance. The enormous machines must have seen something I couldn't. The air around them shimmered as their void shields powered up and their huge weapons, locked in place. I peered out onto the ice plains again and in the distance saw the Tyranid swarm for the first time. On the horizon 1 saw a shifting, blurred motion, a swarm of creatures too numerous to count speeding across the ice fields towards us. A low, buzzing, skittering noise came from the approaching horde, insistent and grating on the nerves. I grabbed a pair of magnoculars from Trooper Park and trained them on the horizon, zooming in on the mass of creatures.

I'm not ashamed to say that my knees sagged and my heart skipped a beat as I saw the horrors that scuttled, leapt and thundered their way towards us. Beasts that defied any classification of form swarmed forwards, stretching as far as the eye could see in all directions. Shadowy forms, lost in a haze of ice crystals came after the smaller creatures, massively built with scything legs and jaws as big as dropships. A suffocating fear rose in me, paralysing my limbs and turning my blood to ice. It seemed to me that there was no way we could fight these creatures. Nobody could stand against these numbers, I had to get away...

Then from amongst the lines of Defence Auxillia, a Space Marine Chaplain, as if sensing the beginnings of panic amongst us, began to sing the Battle Hymn of the Imperium in a loud, clear voice. Amplifiers in his suit of powered armour carried his voice across the trenches. Along the line, Space Marines and Defence Auxillia troopers began to join in and, like water poured on a fire, the mounting panic was quelled. A resolute determination filled me and I could feel it spread to all the men of Macragge who stood shoulder to shoulder in the trenches.

A deafening salvo of shells and rockets shrieked overhead and impacted square in the centre of the alien horde, throwing up great chunks of ice and broken alien bodies. The whole swarm was momentarily obscured as every Titan and artillery piece fired and engulfed the aliens in fire and smoke. A huge cheer went up from our line, but died just as quickly as the aliens came on undaunted and apparently undiminished.

Heavy weapon fire tore huge holes in the alien charge as the range closed still further and I shouldered my rifle, watching the range counter on my rifle's scope unwind impossibly quickly. The numbers flashed green and 1 pulled the trigger, a powerful blast of laser energy burning a hole in one of the smaller aliens. Their speed was unbelievable and I only managed to fire about three shots before they smashed into our line.

Then they were amongst the trenches. Sickle armed beasts with sinewy arms, slicing and eviscerating. Six limbed creatures with slashing sword-like claws and whips that coruscated with a crackling purple energy. Shark-faced living battering rams with giant razor claws and screaming roars. Blood splashed bright on the snow, armour cut through like paper and men running insane with fear. The sky darkened with drooling creatures borne aloft on leathery wings, vomiting corrosive gobs of acidic fire.

I fought with my bayonet, hacking and killing. I ducked as a snarling creature came at me, slashing with razor sharp claws likes scythes. I desperately parried and stumbled backwards, falling to the trench floor. The beast hissed, ready to pounce and disembowel me. Powerful muscles uncoiled as it launched itself at me. 1 screamed, thinking that this was my time to die when a swipe from a Space Marine's power sword chopped the creature in two. Its severed thorax slammed into my chest and still its fanged maw sought to bite me. I pushed the bloody mess away, repulsed beyond words. The Ultramarines Space Marine who had saved me dragged me to my feet, thrust me back towards the firing step and moved on, firing his bolter at the aliens. I was terrified, but damn it, I'm a soldier of the Emperor and began firing into the swarm once more. Soon I established a rhythm, firing until the rifle's energy pack was dry, slamming a fresh clip in and repeating the process. Wave after wave of the aliens broke themselves against our defences and how long we fought for, I honestly couldn't say. My vision blurred with fatigue and snow-blindness, but it didn't matter, there were too many to miss. I fired mechanically, any sense of my surroundings dulled by sheer terror.

Suddenly it was over. Hissing defiance, the aliens pulled back out of our weapons' range, leaving huge mounds of corpses piled high against the defence line. A cheer went up from the Auxillia troops, a cheer that came not from a sense of victory, but the simple elation of survival. A wailing siren from the base loudspeakers sounded the fall back signal and I cast my gaze around the trenches. I fell to my knees retching, overcome by the sheer scale of the slaughter Thousands were dead, ripped to shreds and huge gaps had been torn in our line. If the aliens attacked this position again, there would be no way of holding it. I gathered up my remaining energy packs and joined the surviving defence troopers and Space Marines streaming back to the secondary line of bunkers and trenches. As I ran, I vowed that I would make these abominations pay a fearsome toll in blood for every yard they dared to advance.

The Tyrarads use bio-constructs of comparable size to the God-Machines employed by our own holy Titan Legions. This extract demonstrates the lethality of these abominations in graphic detail.

Neuro-path engrams of Princeps Sidarius Calvin,
Legio Praetor Warlord Titan Semper Sanctus.

Northern Polar Defence Grid. 745.M41

03:34 hours: Channel 564/M3.
Moderati! I read a jam on the carapace rocket launchers! Fix it immediately! Salvo on grid reference 236 alpha, 303 omega. Maximum burst. All other weapons cycle auto loaders and continue to fire on sectors Tertion and Primus. Watch for overheating! *Deus lux!* Look at the size of that thing! It's bigger than an Imperator Titan! By the Emperor's holy rule, we cannot suffer such a thing to live. Moderati Araya, concentrate your mega-cannon fire on that beast to our forward quarter!

03:58 hours: Channel 564/M3.
Damn it, I said to watch for overheats Moderati Decius! Assign yourself one hour in the shriving chamber upon this battle's conclusion. Princeps Calvin to Engineer Calder give me striding speed, we take the fight to the alien scum! I see fluid leaking from its hide. Ready chain fist generators! And someone clear the smaller creatures from the legs of my titan! They slow us down...

04:01 hours: Channel 564/lvlъ.
Death to all enemies of the Emperor! Free up those turbo lasers Moderati Decius, burn through the tentacles! Get that chain fist free! Stepping back. No! We cannot move! Engineer Calder what the hell are you doing down there? Give me power to the legs! What do you mean we have power? Then why are we not moving? Imperator! The joints are clogged with the corpses of the smaller beasts... Emperor save us!

04:24 hours: Channel 525/M6.
Left arm gone. Moderati Araya dead and Moderati Decius mortally wounded. The beast is upon us and I commend my soul and those of my crew to our beloved Emperor! The beast has destroyed us! Like swarms of ants they climb the body of the God Machine and tear me down. I see them now at the armoured glass of my control centre, clawing their way in. They will tear me apart. They will not take the Semper Sanctus from me I swear! Activation of reactor overload. Princeps Sidarius Calvin. Authorisation code *[classified].* May the Emperor and the Machine God forgive me for what I do now. Finis Rerum!

Scribe's Note: *The Semper Sanctus was destroyed in a self-initiated reactor overload that destroyed the Titan and the Tyranid construct now classified as a Hierophant bio-Titan.*

Compiled from the surviving powered armour suit logs, the following text tells of the destruction of the Ultramarines 1st Company.

The Lament of the First

"And thus were the battle brothers of 1st Company tasked with the final defence against the Tyranids of Hive Fleet Behemoth. The ferocity of the Tyranids was unmatched save by the determination of the Company to defeat them. Even those brothers honoured wit Tactical Dreadnought armour could n: stand against the foe in close comba-Only the righteous fire from storm bolters and heavy flamers kept the foe at bay. Multi-limbed creatures with claws and swords of chitin moved like quicksilver and their blades ripped open armour and bodies with equal ease. At the southern polar defence fortress, the vital Eagle Bastion had fallen to the Tyranids and the honour of retaking it was accepted by the surviving detachments of the 1st Company based in this region. The

Eagle Bastion provided a solid base to anchor the defences of the fortress and without it there would be almost no chance of continued resistance above ground. Situated on a rocky bluff overlooking the entrance to the underground silos, the bastion had been considered impregnable, but a Tyranid organism was able to infiltrate through the oxy-recyc ducts and slaughtered the valiant defenders of Planetary Defence Auxillia tasked with its defence. The vile creature was eventually destroyed, but not before an uncannily well-coordinated attack carried the walls of the bastion and saw every one of the defenders killed.

Brother Captain Dardinus led his brothers in prayer in the hours before dawn and began the assault on the Eagle Bastion at first light. Unbeknownst to Captain Dardinus, the deviant aliens had laid a trap for him and, as the men of 1st Company stormed the bastion, they found themselves surrounded, every avenue of escape blocked by terrifying creatures bigger than a Dreadnought. Though they knew they were doomed, not a man amongst them was cowed and each vowed to sell his life as dearly as possible. Fighting back to back, the men of 1st Company battled for six hours until at last only Captain Dardinus remained. A beast from the darkest of nightmares faced the brave captain. Fully six metres tall, with four arms and a giant maw filled with serrated fangs, the Hive Tyrant seemed to regard Dardinus with interest as though deciding upon his worth as a foe.

Suddenly the creature's scything talons lashed out and there was a burst of electrical discharge as the captain's power sword parried the blow. The alien screeched and hissed, circling Captain Dardinus more warily now. The beast's claws again struck at the brave captain, but he ducked, rolling beneath its attack and slashed his sword across the Tyrant's flank. Acidic purple ichor sprayed from the wound and the vile creature shrieked in pain. Captain Dardinus scrambled to his feet and parried another strike of the Tyrant's claws. He bled from a score of cuts, but fought with the strength of the Primarch. The Tyrant attacked again and its barbed tail whipped forwards, punching through the captain's breastplate. As Dardinus reeled, the creature's chest spasmed and fleshy lengths of tough muscle fibre fired out to ensnare the captain. Serrated hooks tore into Dardinus' armour and dragged him into the Tyrant's embrace. The beast's talons plunged deep into the captain's body and tore through his flesh, ripping him in two at the midriff. Thus it was that the Eagle Bastion was lost.

At the top of the world, in the northern polar region, the 1st Company detachments were under the command of Brother Captain Adrasta. Despite the bravest resistance, the men of the company were forced underground. Unstoppable waves of the aliens poured over the defence silo, overrunning the surface outposts and bunkers and all subsequent contact with the men of the 1st Company was lost. By this time, the Tyranids were forced to pay a heavy price for every foot they advanced. Running battles were fought amongst the gigantic coolant stores and capacitors of the defence laser batteries. The darkness was lit by the flash of lasers, bolters and the white heat of flamers. Screams, weapons fire and alien howls were the only sounds and many heroes were made in these dark and desperate times. Ultimately, there could be only one outcome to the battle and as the surviving members of 1st Company were pushed back into the Penitorium, every man knew that this was the moment of his death. Chanting the Catechism of the Warrior, the Space Marines fought like heroes of legend and sold their lives dearly. When the brethren of 3rd Company retook the defence silo they discovered a mound of Tyranids, six deep, surrounding the Terminators who died to a man in the subterranean darkness of their home world. The men of 1st Company had broken the Tyranid attack, but at the cost of their own lives.

As the last warrior of 1st Company fell it is said that the flame that burns in the Chapel of Heroes in the Fortress of Hera guttered and died. And for a hundred nights, it could not be relit, a day of darkness and lament for each warrior of 1st Company".

While battle raged on Macragge, the war in space was still being fought. Marneus Calgar commanded the Ultramarines fleet and filed this report following the Battle of Circe.

Post Action Report: 5U/ST/Bakka/745.m41

My order to pursue the retreating Tyranid force was not given lightly. Though the fleet under my command was vastly outnumbered, I knew that were I to permit the alien menace to escape, we would only have to face it again. The fleet harried the Tyranids to the edge of Ultramar, giving them no succour or respite from our weapons. With no sign yet of the Segmentum Tempestus battlefleet, I knew that constant pressure was the only way we could prevent the Tyranids from regrouping and destroying us.

As we reached the outermost planet of Ultramar, my Astropaths warned me of a great turbulence in the warp. It was approaching at speed, but whether it was the Tempestus battlefleet or the second Tyranid fleet, they could not say. I swear the next few minutes that passed were the longest in my life. Then a storm of torpedoes and a veritable fusillade of laser fire heralded the arrival of the Tempestus battlefleet. Nearly two hundred vessels, led by the Emperor class battleship, the *Dominus Astra,* emerged from the warp, the anvil to the Ultramar fleet's hammer. Caught between the two fleets, the fate of the Tyranids was sealed, but the alien neither knows or understands the concept of defeat and continued to fight on. In the first moments of battle the *Pax Imperator* and *Clavis Regni* were overwhelmed by swarms of monstrous creatures that completely obscured the massive Imperial cruisers with their numbers.

Our experiences in fighting the Tyranids had taught us that the aliens needed the largest hive ships to function effectively and I ordered all ships to concentrate their firepower on a tentacled leviathan that lurked in the centre of the swarm. Our ships punched a hole in the Tyranid centre, scattering them in all directions. Screens of smaller ships blocked the way and though our losses were grievous our vessels were finally able to fight their way through to the hive ships and strike at the vile craft with every weapon that could be brought to bear. Caught in the crossfire of two fleets the Tyranids were finally overcome and after a brutal hour of constant bombardment, the remains of the hive fleet was destroyed and the battle won.

In triumphal procession, the two fleets began the journey back in-system. As we passed the gas giant Circe, the fabric of space was torn aside as the second Tyranid fleet emerged from the warp behind us. Realising that the Tempestus battlefleet could not outrun the Tyranids, Lord Admiral Rath decided to make his stand within the upper atmosphere of Circe. With the fate of the defenders on Macragge uppermost in my mind, I ordered the Ultramar fleet not to engage and to return to Macragge. The Tempestus fleet would stand or fall regardless of whether my few cruisers remained.

The previous Tyranid fleet had been weakened and trapped. This one was fresh and undamaged and as the Tempestus fleet turned at bay, the destruction wrought by the Tyranids was fearful. The Imperial craft could not breach the solid wall of creatures that protected the hive ships, the great bell tolled along the length of the *Dominus Astra* and it seemed as though all was lost'as the hive fleet closed for the kill. The enormous firepower of the Emperor class warship punched great holes in the Tyranid fleet but for every hit that was scored, another Imperial vessel was overwhelmed and destroyed by the hive ship's protectors and, watching on the hologlobe, 1 believed that our desperate gamble had failed.

The Tempestus fleet simply could not bring sufficient weight of fire to destroy enough of the hive ships to disrupt the Tyranids. Suddenly the *Dominus Astra's* engines flared as it powered deep into the heart of the Tyranids and a fleet-wide communique sounded within the Sacristy of every Imperial vessel:

"Attention all vessels, this is Lord Admiral Rath. It is clear to me that we cannot win this fight by utilising conventional methods of warfare. I order you all to disengage and withdraw. The *Dominus Astra* shall be the fiery sword of retribution that ends this war. I repeat, disengage and pull away. The Emperor's blessing be upon you always!"

Realising the Admiral's plan, the remaining captains pulled their vessels away from the battle. The *Dominus Astra* collided with the largest of the Tyranid craft and as the hive ship's tentacles ensnared the vessel, the Admiral triggered his ship's warp engines. Space was torn asunder as an uncontrolled warp vortex erupted and engulfed the hive fleet in its destructive embrace.

The Tyranids were sucked into oblivion by the vortex and when the coruscating warp field died down, not a single hive ship remained. The *Dominus Astra* was gone also. The great Bell of Souls on Terra shall chime a thousand times in recognition of the Admiral's sacrifice and his name shall be entered in the Chapel of Heroes as a Defender of Ultramar.

The Battle of Circe had been won, but it had claimed nearly the entire Tempestus battlefleet. A small force of cruisers remained to destroy any surviving bio-ships, while the rest of the fleet limped back to Macragge. Contact had been lost with the defenders in the northern polar regions and thus I ordered the 3rd and 7th Companies ahead to bolster the beleaguered defenders. Only time would tell whether or not they would arrive soon enough.

With the return of the Ultramarines, the remaining Tyranids were soon eradicated. Inquisitor Kryptman returned with them to begin the task of cataloguing the various Tyranid organisms.

Personal Log: Inquisitor Kryptman

Upon arrival on Macragge following the defeat of the hive fleet in space, my first impression was of a hitherto unseen scale of slaughter. So numerous were the Tyranid corpses that a man could walk from one end of the ice fields to the other without once setting foot on the planet's surface. By the time I arrived from Talasa Prime, Ordo Xenos battlefield cleansing units had the situation under control and were following my strict quarantine and species classification protocols. The defences of the polar regions were heavily damaged and bore all the hallmarks of a truly titanic struggle. Gazing upon the disgusting countenance of these aliens for the first time, I realised that not only must we resist them when they invade our space, we must seek them out and destroy them also.

Venturing within the hallways beneath the polar fortresses, I was repulsed to find the internal architecture altered in ways too numerous to count. Obscenely organic constructions filled the corridors and despite their destruction it was impossible not to feel that some presence of the aliens remained. Everywhere I looked, there were signs of fighting. Not an inch of ground had been yielded without fierce resistance. Fire blackened walls and the stench of cooked flesh permeated every surface and I doubt I shall ever truly be rid of that foul odour.

I began cataloguing the many and varied Tyranid creatures in an attempt to gain some kind of understanding into this abominable new race of aliens. The Techno Magi of Mars arrived with commendable speed and began the long task of collecting specimens from amongst the dead creatures. It will take many years of careful study before the true nature of the Tyranids becomes clear, but several things are immediately apparent.

Firstly, the presence of Genestealers in the alien horde seems to point to them being creatures of Tyranid origin. Early genetic scans appear to indicate this, but it will require a more detailed investigation to verify it. These creatures have long been thought of as indigenous to the moons of Ymgarl, and how they came to be there when they are possibly of Tyranid origin remains a mystery. In light of this new information, I recommend a xenocidal campaign against this species be mounted immediately by the Adeptus Astartes and that all Inquisitors increase their vigilance in regards to Genestealer infestations.

Secondly, having seen the destruction wrought by the Tyranids against the realm of Ultramar, I cannot stress enough the danger posed by these creatures. They are the ultimate race of predators, consuming with no thought for anything except the absorption of the next race. Knowing what I know now, I cannot help but feel that this may not even have been a true invasion. As incredible as it seems, this may have been a learning experience for the Tyranids. I have perused several post-action reports all claiming that the Tyranids would rapidly adapt to whatever the defenders could throw at them. If this is the case and the assault on Ultramar was but a probing thrust, then we must maintain a constant vigil on the galactic rim and strengthen our military presence tenfold if we are to resist a more determined Tyranid invasion.

Thus I submit my report and again urge you to act with all possible haste in this matter. I believe that should we underestimate this foe it will be the beginning of the end for humanity. The Tyranids cannot be bargained with, reasoned with or forced to surrender. They absolutely will not stop and the only way we can defeat them is to be ready, to use the time the Ultramarines have bought with their lives to better prepare ourselves for the next Tyranid invasion. It may not be soon, but it will come. And we must be ready for it.

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BACK TO CODICIUM IMPERIALIS SECTION



CHAOS

THE LONG WAR

After the Heresy, in the light of the Warmaster's treachery, vast structural changes were made to the fighting forces of the Imperium. Titan Legions and Imperial Guard regiments were forbidden their own transport vessels so that in the event of rebellion they could not leave their own star system without wholesale treachery on the part of the navy as well. In the so-called Second Founding, the mighty Space Marine Legions which had been tens of thousands strong in the Great Crusade were divided up into "Chapters", each no more than a thousand strong. Never again would one man wield as much power as Horus and the other Primarchs of the Space Marine Legions.

The events of the Horus Heresy have long since passed into myth within the Imperium. Ten thousand years of history have obscured those dark days when Horus almost enslaved mankind with the shackles of Chaos. Indeed, records of the full horror of the Heresy are only preserved now by the daemon-hunting Inquisitors of the Ordo Malleus, and perhaps within the memories of the Emperor himself. The involvement of Chaos in the Heresy has been carefully concealed by the High Lords of the Imperium, fearful that others might tread the same path of damnation as the renegade Warmaster.

But within the Eye of Terror time flows differently and the same traitors who howled their praises to the gods of darkness before the Imperial palace still live to this day. Their defeat gnaws at them like a cancer and their hatred of the Imperium which they helped to forge burns undimmed. These deadly warriors who were tall, powerful Space Marines, proud warriors clad in plasteel and ceramite armour, have become cynical and embittered reavers determined to destroy what they once protected.

Within the Eye, the Traitor Legions fight constant wars amongst themselves for gene-seed, slaves, resources or martial honour. New Chaos Space Marines are recruited from the most dangerous. heretics that are drawn into the Eye by the lure of Chaos, or else selected from the masses of slave-warriors who fight eternal battles for the amusement of the Dark Gods. The implantation of recruits is a brutal affair, quite unlike the carefully measured program of development used by Imperial Space Marines. Whether the candidate lives or dies is left to the will of the Chaos Gods. Initiation rites are similarly debased and savage, ensuring that only the toughest of the initiates ever survive.

Millennia of jealousies and infighting have broken down the Legions into companies and warbands of varying size, each led by their own Captain or Champion of Chaos who pursues his own destiny. The most fervent individual worshippers of the Dark Powers have banded together to form squads blessed by their patron gods: Plague Marines of Nurgle, Berzerkers of Khome, Slaaneshi Noise Marines and Tzeentchian Sorcerers. Others have given themselves over to possession by daemons, allowing the monstrous spawn of the warp to venture out into reality clad in the flesh of a powerful host.

In the ever-changing delirium of the daemon worlds most Chaos Space Marines have survived the worst of the warping influence of Chaos by keeping their sense of purpose. They have not forgotten, nor forgiven, the mortal

universe which exiled them and still exact a bloody vengeance when the tides of the warp carry them back there. They are carried forth by ancient warships that have survived from the time of the Heresy, but are now encrusted with millennia of baroque decoration and scarred by old battle wounds. The Legions also capture drifting space hulks and refit them to use as vast battle barges carrying thousands of troops.

The ships of the Traitor Legions are driven by the fickle tides of the warp and can appear anywhere in the galaxy at any time. The Chaos Space Marines descend upon an unsuspecting Imperial planet, plunder it and raze anything they cannot take with them before retreating into the Eye of Terror. Though local defence forces may struggle against the invaders they are doomed unless Space Marine reinforcements are on hand. Then the Chaos Space Marines have a joyous opportunity to visit woe and destruction on their weakling younger brothers, perhaps the true objective of these random raids.

Major invasions are instigated in one of two ways. Chaos Cultists may plunge a world into anarchy and revolt, generating a ripple of worship in the warp which attracts the attentions of the Chaos Gods. By casting auguries and making divinations Chaos Sorcerers can guide an invasion fleet to the Cultists' world. Once there the Chaos Space Marines will fight alongside the Cultists to capture the whole planet in the name of Chaos. Only then will the Cultists realise that they have summoned up entities who will enslave them as surely as the iron rule of the Imperium.

But even bloody conquests like these are little more than pinpricks against the galaxy-wide Imperium of Mankind, the blows which shake its very foundations are dreaded "Black Crusades".

THE BLACK CRUSADES

Perhaps once or twice in a millennia a truly great Champion of Chaos will arise in the Eye Terror. Through the power of his implacable will and the favour of the Dark Gods this Champion can weld together an unsteady alliance between the infernal regions of the Eye. How the Champion brings the crusade together depends his nature and his patron god. Some use manipulation, others extortion, others domination, others intimidation. Most simply use all of the considerable powers at their disposal.

Preparations for a Crusade can take years, or weeks depending on the whims of the gods. The forges of the hell worlds belch out armour and weapons for the chosen one's followers, daemon engines are aroused from their dark slumber with blood sacrifices, factions vie for command of the massed ranks of crusaders or are mercilessly crushed into obedience.

When the Black Crusade is launched the Eye Terror vomits forth the diabolic hordes of Chaos: armies of daemons, rank upon rank of huge, twisted monsters; numberless masses of Cultists; wild tribes of Beastmen; ancient and terrifying Chaos Titans. Spearheading it all are the Chaos Space Marine Legions, united in their lust for booty and their desire to bring destruction upon the hated Imperium.

The Imperium keeps strong forces stationed around the Eye to fend off these invasions. Entire Titan Legions, Space Marine Chapters and massed regiments of Imperial Guard defend the most vital systems in close proximity to the Eye. But even powerful fighting formations like these cannot guarantee victory over the infernal throng. All too often the black tide of Chaos expands and recedes leaving entire systems ravaged and burned. Whole planetary populations are irrevocably tainted by Chaos, cities and industries are crushed by the thunderous pounding of diabolic engines of destruction, uncounted citizens are dragged away to serve as slaves an playthings to the damned souls and their daemonic masters at the edge of reality.

Every city ruined, every planet burned brings the Imperium a little closer to dissolution. In an Imperium of a million worlds how much can a single world matter? Enough to have to defend each one against the infernal host, enough to bring the curse of Exterminatus upon those that bend the knee and bow down to daemon-kind. A Black Crusade may come crashing forth from the Eye only once in a thousand years, but the damage it inflicts can never be undone.

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CHAOS

HORUS HERESY

On the thirteenth of Secundus, 30,014, the bombardment began. From orbit the Warmaster's ships laid down an unrelenting barrage of missiles and deadly energy beams. The aim was to cripple the defences around the Emperor's Palace and make possible a massive invasion of Earth. The lunar bases had already fallen and the defending fleets had been scattered. On Mars, as across the entire vast Imperium, bitter civil war raged.

On countless worlds blood-mad warriors clashed. Some had pledged loyalty to the Emperor. Others had sworn fealty to Warmaster Horus, and, through him, to the dark powers of Chaos. The Emperor's realm was in turmoil and some of the greatest battles in human history were being fought. On the hive-world of Thranx over a million warriors died in a single day on the killing fields of Perdagor. On the blazing deserts of Tallarn, at the Ka'an Salient, fifty thousand tanks clashed in the greatest armoured action of all time. During the spacedrop on Vanaheim three hive-cities were depopulated by rebel forces as a warning against resistance and still the defenders fought to the last man.

Like a cancer the Heresy infected the entire structure of the Imperium. Everywhere brave men gave up their lives to try and excise that cancer.

It was on Earth, at the very heart of humanity's realm, that the fate of the galaxy was to be decided. In those last days, the sky was black with dust clouds and the earth was split by gigantic fissures. Tectonic plates shifted under the stress of the bombardment. Mountain chains shivered and seas evaporated and became salty deserts. Rains of blood and ash dripped from the dark sky. Everywhere oracles muttered evil portents and men went mad with fear.

Hideously twisted ships full of the lost and the damned hung in orbit over the ravaged world. Shielded from the devastation by the cunningly wrought defences of the Adeptus Mechanicus a pitiful few stood ready to repel the invaders.

The embattled remnants of the Emperor's army were desperately trying to hold out until reinforcements arrived. The Emperor himself oversaw the defence of his fortress-palace, personally commanding the Adeptus Custodes, his elite guard. He was accompanied by Sanguinius, white-pinioned Primarch of the Blood Angels and his Chapter of Space Marines. In the palace grounds stood the stalwart Adeptus Arbites.

The palace was not the only bastion of resistance. There were others; each an awesome fortified city filled with dauntless soldiers. Beneath their Fortress Monastery, grim-visaged Rogal Dorn led the stern Imperial Fists in final prayers. Within the armoured factory complexes of the Adeptus Mechanicus, tech-priests put aside their tools and girded on the fearsome weapons of their order. In the rubble of burned-out hab-areas Primarch Jhagatai Khan mustered the White Scars, the Chapter of Space Marines he had personally instructed in the art of lightning warfare. Three full Titan legions stood ready to defend their Emperor.

As the earth shuddered under the bombardment, tank divisions roared across the tortured landscape to take up their position against the coming invasion. Brave men checked their weapons and offered up last prayers. Defence lasers swivelled to face the turbulent threatening sky. Suddenly, the night was streaked by the plasma contrails of drop-pods. Within the Emperor's halls even the Space Marines shuddered knowing that they would soon confront their lost and damned brethren. The terrifying prospect of facing those corrupt Primarchs who had sold their souls to Chaos filled every man's mind with indescribable horror and dread.

The pods touched ground and from them erupted the mightiest champions of Chaos, the renegade Space Marines of the lost Chapters. These were no longer the fine human warriors of legend but twisted creatures, bodies warped by the energies of Chaos, minds twisted by their devotion to the dark powers. If what had happened to the Space Marines was bad then what had happened to their Primarchs was worse. They had been created higher in the Emperor's esteem and had fallen further. None of their former comrades would have recognised them - they had been transformed into creatures both daemonic and exultant.

Mighty Angron bellowed orders to his blood-drinking followers, the World Eaters. Brandishing his great runesword he led them against the defenders of Eternity Wall Space Port. Around his red-armoured followers bolter shots whined. Unflinchingly they advanced, determined to spill blood for the Blood God.

Mortarion's soft-spoken command the Death Guard emerrged silently from the festering cocoons of their drop-pods and advanced on their terror-stricken foes. The dread runes on Mortarion's scythe glittered eerily in the night as he gestured for them to advance.

Magnus the Red glared triumphantly about him with his one watchful eye before ordering the mage-warriors of the Thousand Sons to cast their spells of doom. A hail of deadly bolter shells cut down dozens of the Emperor's Children. Undeterred, the wounded howled with pleasure at the experience and chanted the praises of their Primarch Fulgrim. The Renegade Space Marines surged forward to carve a path through their foes.

Perhaps some defenders went mad with fear. Perhaps the corruption of Chaos ran deeper than anyone suspected. Perhaps some were foolish enough to think that they could negotiate with the ultimate enemy. Whatever the reason one last vile treachery was to take place. Many units of the Imperial army that had pledged loyalty to the Emperor turned blasphemer even as the Traitor Space Marines made their drop. It was almost as if it were a pre-arranged signal. In one of the basest acts of betrayal in humanity's history they turned their weapons on their brother warriors and cut them down like dogs. Thus did the Lions Gate Space Port fall to the rebels. As the heretics chanted and howled their mad prayers, the air shimmered and slavering daemons emerged from the warp to spread terror and dismay.

Then indeed did it seem to the defenders that they were living in the last days of mankind. Huge bat-winged Bloodthirsters swept triumphantly across the weeping skies. Clawed Keepers of Secrets danced lasciviously on piles of corpses. Great Unclean Ones chuckled as they lumbered through the ruined streets spreading trails of filth and slime and disease. Enigmatic Lords of Change perched atop the towers and statues and supervised the coming of Chaos to the heart of the world.

Mighty ships began the descent from orbit, hoping to overwhelm the defenders by sheer weight of numbers. Unlike the drop-pods these presented fine targets for the weapons of the defenders. And thus did the battle for Earth begin in earnest.

Defence lasers blasted many renegade ships from the sky, sending thousands of tons of fused metal death raining

down onto the ground below. One giant craft span out of control and crashed into a hab-unit, killing a hundred thousand people. Another was welded to the ground, disgorging its passengers into a lake of bubbling tar and plas-crete. The vessel of the Warped Dogs was vaporised and that Titan Legion's name passed into history.

As quickly as they disembarked the Traitors surged forth from the space ports to besiege the bastions of the defenders. Their first objective was to silence the defence lasers inflicting such casualties on their comrades. The rebels were met by a wave of Imperial defenders, desperate men who knew that they were giving their lives for their home and their Emperor.

In the tightly packed streets around the space ports the fighting was close and deadly. Bolters chattered and missile launchers delivered cargoes of death from building to nearby building. Traitor tanks rumbled through the avenues, turrets swivelling to bring weapons to bear on the hastily improvised barricades of their former comrades.

Soon the defenders of Eternity Wall Space Port had been swept aside by the merciless assault and the hordes of the Warmaster were in total possession of the spacefield. More and more intricately wrought drop-ships descended from orbit. They towered over the landing ground like nightmare skyscrapers. The dark runes on their sides glowed evilly in the gloom. Hundred-metre high doors opened in their kilometre-long sides. From their red depths Titans ten times the height of a man emerged. They were warped giants; the armour of their carapace fused and moulded into new shapes by the power of Chaos. Within them were men melded to their machines. Some of the hideous Titans had strange and potent weapons, others were a bizarre hybrid of the organic and the machine. Metal tentacles lashed, spiked tails whipped back and forth. Engines roared like the voices of angry beasts. Banners fluttering, the Titans of Storm Lords and the Flaming Skulls legions marched forth. At Lions Gate Space Port the traitors welcomed the towering black war engines of the Khornate host. Minotaurs and trolls and cultists seethed like angry ants around their bases.

Reinforced by this fresh wave of troops the hordes of Horus swept on, driving through the exhausted and demoralised Imperial troops to the very walls of the Emperor's palace. Khornate warriors mounted on bestial daemonic Juggers raced towards the marble and steel outer ring. Hordes of horn-headed Tzeentchian disc riders soared on the wind, bolts of mystic power erupting from their clenched fists to rake the defenders. Slaaneshi beast riders swept aside the Imperial Guard infantry and reached the Saturnine Gate.

Round the walls bitter fighting ensued as the Imperials sallied forth, trying to drive the attackers back before the main body of the assaulting troops arrived. Men died in their thousands. From pillbox emplacements in the palace walls Imperial gun crews rained death down on the relentless attackers. Again and again the streets outside the palace were swept clear of heretics. Again and again new foes stepped forward to take their place.

Now indeed it seemed the tide of battle had turned against the Emperor. The space ports were firmly in the grasp of the minions of the Warmaster. Hundreds of thousands of troops poured down from orbit. Goat-headed beastmen, gibbering mutants and hideous amorphous Chaos Spawn surged out of the dread ships. Under the banner of the great eye, the sign of Horus, the lackeys of the four Great Powers of Chaos marched united. Mounted on Rhinos, lurking within mighty Behemoths and clinging to the sides of gigantic war-engines they made their way en masse to the Emperor's palace.

Looking down on the seething sea of foulness the defenders' hearts went cold. Mingling with the daemons and the mad-eyed cultists, the trolls and the beastmen they could see heretical Space Marines and traitor Guardsmen. These were people they might have once fought alongside, who had once been as loyal to the Emperor as

themselves. They looked upon a dark mirror of their souls. Down there they could see martial honour become berserk madness, human cleverness become sly treachery, hope become foulness and love become abominable lust. The brave men on the walls knew that there was no way out. Here they must stand and fight and die. There would be no mercy from those below. This was a war where there could be no honourable peace. It was destroy or be destroyed.

For a moment all was silence, then Angron strode forth. In his brazen voice he demanded that the loyalists surrender. He told them that their cause was hopeless, that they faced a foe who could not be defeated. They were cut off, outnumbered, and defending a ruler too weak to be worthy of their loyalty. In that moment the men on the walls felt their resolve weaken. Looking at the transformed face of the Primarch who had been one of the Emperor's finest warriors, they saw an invincible, relentless foe backed by a numberless horde and all the daemonic might of Chaos.

There was a clamour on the walls as Sanguinius and the Blood Angels arrived. Standing on the wall, the angel-winged man glared on Angron with angry contempt. For long moments their gazes locked. Each Primarch seemed to be measuring the other, searching for chinks in the armour, for any sign of weakness and lack of resolve. Who knows what they saw there? Perhaps they communicated telepathically, brother Primarch to brother Primarch. The truth will never be known. Eventually Angron turned and walked back to his lines. He told his troops that there would be no surrender; they should kill everyone they found within the palace. No stone should be left upon stone.

With a roar the horde advanced towards the walls. Great Lords of Battle lurched forward on iron wheels, crushing anything in their way, unloading racks of missiles and turning the area on the top of the walls into blazing storms of death. Doom burners sent tongues of superheated metal licking out at the emplacements. Molten brass filtered through the windows and scalded those inside. Multi-tracked Cauldrons of Blood squirted jets of obscene daemonic ichor onto the defenders. Enormous fleshhounds of Khorne loped forward in their wake. Titans armed with specially constructed siege weapons lumbered into position. Battle cruisers dropped megatons of explosive death onto the defenders.

Every loyal warrior knew that he was already dead; that there was no way he could survive the coming of the daemonic army. The soldiers fought with the desperate ferocity of hopeless men, firing until their weapons were empty, snatching up the bolters of the fallen, and facing monsters with the butts of their guns when all ammunition was exhausted. Three times the horde managed to scale the walls, and three times it was driven off by the valiant efforts of Sanguinius and the Blood Angels. Wearily the Primarch marshalled the defenders, rallying the broken, speaking words of comfort to the mortally wounded, fighting with cold, implacable fury when he was called upon to do so. Slowly though, despite his efforts, the Chaos forces managed to erode the defence. They seemed numberless as the grains of sand on a sea shore and Horns spent their lives carelessly.

Outside the walls Imperial forces frantically raced from their bastions to try and relieve the palace. Titan legions boldly cut their way towards the centre of the rebel army. The Whitescars harried its flanks. No attempt to break the rebel line succeeded. Breaking through that blood-mad horde was a near impossible task. All four of the daemonic Primarchs inspired their followers to feats of fiendish bravery. For every Chaos warrior who died it seemed two more stood ready to take his place.

In orbit the Warmaster watched approvingly. If the palace fell and the Emperor died loyalist legions across the galaxy would lose heart and the war would be over. Without the psychic shield of the Emperor's power, humanity would swiftly fall prey to Chaos. Horus would stand triumphant amid the rubble of humanity's greatest empire. He would become a new and angry god. If he did not win soon reinforcements would filter in from the corners of

the Imperium, and his attack would falter. For the Warmaster this was the desperate ultimate gamble. Everything was staked on this attack. It had to succeed, and at that moment it looked as if it might.

Day by day the siege wore on, casualties rose from the thousands to tens of thousands to hundreds of thousands. Bodies had to be bulldozed from the accessways to the Saturnine Gate by war machines. Chaos Titans blazed at the walls, specially constructed missiles ripping great chunks from the masonry. The Titans of the Fire Wasps answered their fire with volcano cannons. The smell of burning flesh filled the air as the corpses of the dead were incinerated in funeral pyres a hundred foot high. Obscene ash parched the throats of the defenders. The World Eaters built a pyramid of scorched skulls sixty foot high in Temple Square. By night the chants of degenerate cultists echoed through the streets and daemons flitted among the ruins of Earth.

Slowly, foot by torturous foot, the defenders were forced back. The great walls of the palace were riddled with hundreds of kilometres of bulkheads and corridor. Within this maze bitter hand to hand fighting ensued till entire sections of passage were filled with bloated corpses. Feeling progress was too slow, Horus ordered the Titans of the Death's Head Legion to demolish entire sections of the wall. Despite taking tremendous casualties the great Warlord Titans broke through, and the forces of the Warmaster flooded into the palace grounds.

While all this was taking place Jhagatai Khan had implemented a change of plan. Rather than throwing away his forces against the near invincible bulk of the main Chaos army he launched a lightning raid against Lions Gate Space Port. This night attack was spearheaded by the shaven-headed warriors of the Whitescars, who led the remnants of the 1st Tank Division and elements of the surviving Guard armies against the surprised heretics. Khan threw a defensive perimeter around the space port and held it against all counter-attacks. The flow of men and materials towards the palace was halved at a stroke.

This success gave heart to the defenders. They swiftly attempted to seize Eternity Wall Space Port but here the forces of the Warmaster were better prepared. The attackers were ambushed and driven back by traitors. Horus knew it was imperative to keep his beachhead secure. The final push on the inner palace had begun.

The battle raged across the grounds of the Inner Gardens. What had once been a vast parkland was swiftly turned into a killing ground. Men used statues for cover and monuments for bunkers. Blood swirled in the waters of the ornamental lakes. Groves of ancient redwoods burned. The smell of the burning mingled with the acrid odours of weapons and engines and death. Red-eyed, snatching sleep when they could, both sides fought a total war. Trenches were hurriedly excavated in the meadows. Snipers killed men as they tried to sip brackish water from the ruined fountains.

Both sides fought with unimaginable naked ferocity. Both sides sensed the end was near.

Eventually Sanguinius was forced to retreat to within the palace itself, personally holding the Ultimate Gate against the oncoming horde while the last of his wounded men was carried through. Just as the giant ceramite gate was about to close a Bloodthirster of Khorne leapt upon him. The daemon's huge talons closed around his throat. Sanguinius took to the air. Angel and daemon wrestled over the waning armies. Both sides halted for a moment to watch the titanic struggle. It was a conflict such as has been rarely seen two beings of awesome power wrestled.

Sanguinius was weary and near the end of his strength and the daemon gouged great wounds in his flesh. The heretical throng roared its approval as the Primarch was cast to the ground, the impact splintering the granite. For a moment the Primarch lay still and a groan rose from the Blood Angels, the daemon stood over him and howled

in exultation. Then slowly and painfully the Blood Angel rose and seized the creature, raised it high and broke its back across his knee. Then with a halo of power playing round his head he tossed its broken carcass back amid its followers. They beat their chests and rent their hair and wailed in dismay as the Ultimate Gate shut.

The great Sky Fortress bore Rogal Dorn and the remnants of the Imperial Fists to the inner palace. The loyal old general was determined to stand and die with his Emperor in the final hour. The Sky Fortress raced away from the palace in a desperate attempt to reach Jhagatai Khan and return him to the palace. It was destroyed by a blaze of fire from the Death's Heads Titan Legions. Even in death its commander wrought havoc on the enemy, bringing the crippled vehicle down into the centre of the Chaos Horde. It seemed as if a new sun was born on Earth as the plasma reactor exploded, blasting out a crater three kilometres across. Those within the palace knew they were cut off; now they were truly alone. Only a miracle could save them.

Now the final siege began. Through great breaches in the outer walls more and more armaments and reinforcements were brought to bear. The Warmaster himself prepared to teleport down to the surface and supervise the destruction of his former lord. Then a daemon from the Warp whispered to him the words that he had dreaded.

A loyalist fleet under Leman Russ and Lion'el Johnson bearing a fresh army of Space Wolves and Dark Angels was only hours away. It would take days to break humanity's last citadel, even with Horus leading his troops. It seemed that time had run out for the Warmaster, that his gamble had failed.

Horus was first among the fallen, with the power of a god and the cunning of a daemon. He resolved to try one final desperate gambit. He could still kill the Emperor. He ordered all comm-net communications blocked so that the defenders would get no word from their rescuers and then he used his psychic powers to the full to prevent the Emperor becoming aware of this. Finally he dropped the shields of his command ship. It was an invitation and a personal challenge that he knew the Emperor could not resist. He was being offered a chance finally to smite the foe who had harried him for so long.

The Emperor rose to the challenge, and he and his surviving Primarchs teleported aboard the Warmaster's battle barge. Horus used his powers to separate the Emperor from his loyal followers. The loyalists were transported to different spots within his hideously altered ship. Sanguinius he had brought directly to his throne room. In his evil cunning the Warmaster offered the Blood Angel a chance to switch sides, reasoning that the winged Primarch's followers would be useful when the Space Wolves and the Dark Angels arrived.

Sanguinius refused. Horus grew wrathful and attacked him. At the peak of his powers the Blood Angel would have been no match for the Warmaster and now, sorely wounded and weary he had no chance at all. Horus strangled him with his bare hands before the throne the Powers of Chaos had gifted him with.

The Emperor found Horus shortly after this and what happened next is the subject of legend. The two mightiest beings in the history of mankind clashed. They met blade to blade, power to power, mind to mind and tested sinew and psychic power to the ultimate.

Behind Horus was the massed power of the Chaos Gods. The Emperor stood alone and still he triumphed, although he was terribly wounded in the process.

The psychic shock wave of the Warmaster's passing rippled outward through the warp. On Earth, daemons screamed and vanished, and the rebel Primarchs stood dumbfounded. It was their leader, not their enemy's, who

was dead and they knew it. With the one who had raised the banner of rebellion dead, there was nothing to hold the rebels together. They were demoralised and dismayed. When word of the oncoming Imperial fleet reached them they knew that they must flee.

Within the perimeter of Lions Gate Space Port, Jhagatai Khan and the handful of unwounded Whitescars watched in amazement as the horde halted in confusion then retreated. Angron, Fulgrim, Magnus the Red and Mortarion led their men to their ships and departed, leaving the deluded, traitorous followers of Chaos to their fate. As he stepped aboard his ship Angron turned and shook his fist at the glittering dome of the Imperial palace that had proved just out of his taloned reach. Then he shrugged; he and his fellow rebels had all eternity to seek revenge. The Battle for Earth was effectively over. The Horns Heresy was ended.

Rogal Dorn found the Emperor's broken body in the ruins of the Warmaster's throne room. Through mangled lips the Emperor whispered instructions for the creation of his golden throne. Dorn smiled, for while the Emperor still lived there was still hope. The old general returned to Earth. There was much to be done.

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BACK TO CODICIUM IMPERIALIS SECTION



CHAOS

ABADDON THE DESPOILER

Leader of the apocalyptic Black Crusades and destroyer of worlds, Abaddon the Despoiler has caused the death of untold billions throughout the Gothic Sector and beyond. Here is uncovered the dark history of this evil Lord of Chaos.

SCOURGE OF THE IMPERIUM

It is said that the name of the Despoiler is a curse that blights the lips of those who speak it, bringing ill fortune and misery upon the poor unfortunate who gave voice to that damned name. It is not for nothing that Abaddon's name carries such power, for he was once a favoured servant of the Emperor before being cast down into the depths of madness and hatred. Once, Abaddon carried the Emperor's light to the darkest corners of the galaxy, bringing fire and steel to those who would not accept the manifest destiny of Mankind to rule the stars. Many thousands of years ago, Abaddon was a captain in the Luna Wolves, one of the greatest Legions of the Emperor's armies, but who treacherously betrayed their master and plunged Mankind into one of the most destructive wars ever to tear at the galaxy. Now that once-proud champion has sunk into an inescapable morass of bitterness, hatred and obsession.

The Luna Wolves fell under the command of the Primarch Horus, first among the Emperor's sons, and Abaddon commanded the First Company of the legion. Abaddon was a mighty hero and a warrior almost without peer. He marched at the forefront of the Emperor's Great Crusade, liberating world after world from alien oppression or the corruption of Chaos, and records of his feats of bravery and heroism filled entire halls of the legion's Librarius. He revered Horus as a god, venerating him above all others, and Horus, in turn, treated Abaddon as a favoured son, bestowing upon him all manner of honours and plaudits. It was even rumoured by some, perhaps jealous of Horus' favour, that Abaddon was in fact his clone-son, the result of the earliest primogenitor experiments. The truth of these rumours was never proven and whether even Abaddon himself knows is a secret kept only by him.

THE HORUS HERESY

As the Great Crusade continued, it seemed as though nothing could halt the expansion of the Emperor's realm and after the Luna Wolves' successes in the Ullanor Campaign, the Emperor declared it to be the greatest victory yet achieved by any of his Primarchs. He bestowed the title Warmaster upon Horus and renamed the legion the Sons of Horus, in honour of its Primarch. He then bade him return to Terra to receive his battle honours. What happened next has been so clouded by myth and outright falsehood that the truth of the matter is unlikely ever to be known. For unknown reasons, the Warmaster Horus turned to Chaos and rebelled against the Emperor's rule while en route to Terra, beginning what historians have chosen to call the Horus Heresy. Whole swathes of the Imperial armed forces sided with Horus, from the Navy, divisions of the Collegia Titanica, factions of the Adeptus Mechanicus and entire regiments of the Imperial Guard. Even worse, a full nine Legions of Space Marines joined

the Heresy, pitting brother against brother in a galaxy-wide civil war.



Abaddon was instrumental in the rebellion, tearing down what he had helped to build in the Great Crusade, smashing down the statues of the Emperor and defiling his temples in the name of his new masters, the gods of Chaos. The name of Abaddon became a byword for betrayal, second only to that of his Primarch, as the Sons of Horus advanced relentlessly towards Terra, defeating every foe that stood before them.

The fall of Horus is one of the greatest legends of the Imperium of Mankind and its telling would take many volumes of greater size than this. Suffice to say that the rebellion faltered at the cusp of victory when the Emperor took the fight to Horus on his own battle barge and, in a battle of such titanic proportions that only the most gifted storytellers may attempt its retelling, bested his once-favourite son. Fighting on another part of the mighty vessel, it is said that Abaddon felt the psychic backlash of his master's death and that the trauma of this calamitous event pushed Abaddon deeper into the pits of grief and madness than any mortal being should ever sink. Enraged with a deathly fury, Abaddon hacked and slaughtered his way to the bridge of the Warmaster's flagship, cutting down those Imperial warriors who yet remained on the vessel. He reclaimed the body of the fallen Horus, tearing the Warmaster's lightning claw from his wrist and taking it for his own as a symbol of Horus' legacy. His howl of anguish echoed through the Immaterium, and the forces fighting below on Terra suddenly knew that their cause was lost.

As the Chaos forces withdrew from Terra and their fleets fled into the depths of space, Abaddon took command

of the Warmaster's battle barge and escaped to the Eye of Terror in the galactic northwest. The scale of Abaddon's fury knew no bounds and entire systems were ravaged in his bitter flight from Imperial forces. Before he could be stopped, Abaddon's ship vanished into the Eye of Terror and disappeared from Imperial space, and many hoped that this would be the last of him. But the powers of Chaos are mindful of those pawns that may yet serve them and Abaddon was to return, many years later, more powerful than ever, at the head of his first 'Black Crusade'.

THE DESPOILER

Abaddon returned at the head of a vast army, laying waste to entire regions of space around the Eye of Terror in a devastating crusade that almost managed to break through into Imperial space. The noble champion of Humanity that Abaddon had once been had vanished forever, swallowed by the dark powers of Chaos, and he destroyed without mercy, killing every living thing before him. Where Horus had failed, he vowed that he would one day succeed. He would see the galaxy burn. And but for the combined might of the Imperial Titan Legions and several Chapters of Space Marines, he would have succeeded. Abaddon was driven back to the Eye of Terror, bringing to an end the first of his Black Crusades, but it would not be long until he returned. Each time Abaddon brought death and destruction on a massive scale to the Imperium, he made unnumbered pacts with the diabolic entities of the warp in return for power beyond imagining. Led by a monstrous, golden messenger, Abaddon discovered the daemon weapon Drach'nyen beneath the Tower of Silence on Uralan and became nigh unstoppable.

The Chaos gods lavished unspeakable and inhuman strength upon their champion, investing him with powers beyond mortal ken, and he repaid them in blood. At El'Phanor, his forces assaulted the Citadel of the Kromarch; a fastness built with all the cunning its designers could muster. It was pierced with but a single portal, a mighty gate of adamantium, fully three metres thick, but Abaddon cared not. He boasted that he would feast on the Kromarch's kin and led the charge of the gate himself. The Citadel was a masterpiece of military engineering and barely one in ten of Abaddon's warriors survived to reach the gate. To either side, enemy weapons prevented their retreat, but Abaddon laughed, raising his sword wreathed in black flames high above his head and smote the gate a blow that smashed it to splinters and shook the very foundations of the citadel. As Abaddon had promised, he and his warriors feasted upon the Kromarch.

On the bloody fields of Mackan, Abaddon sought out the Blood Angels and repaid them for the part they played in the downfall of Horus. Leading a charge of berserk warriors towards the dug-in positions of the Sons of Sanguinius's heavy weapon squads, Abaddon and his warriors charged through a storm of gunfire that should surely have seen them all slain. But Abaddon clawed his way across the Blood Angels' barricades unharmed and he and his few surviving berserkers tore the beating hearts from their enemies' chests. When the inevitable counter-attack struck, the victorious Abaddon fought with such tenacity and ferocity that the Blood Angels were unable to reclaim the fallen bodies of their battle brothers. Abaddon had special reason to hate the Blood Angels - now they had one to hate him.

To date, Abaddon has led twelve Black Crusades into the Imperium, vast sector-wide campaigns and countless seemingly random raids, and though every one has thus far been defeated, the cost of holding them at bay has proved almost too much to bear. The one stable route through warp space that leads from the Eye of Terror is known as the Cadian Gate and the entire Cadian sector has become a military camp, its every resource dedicated to martial industry and holding the forces of Chaos at bay. Its manufactoria churn out millions of tons of ordnance every day, thousands of armoured fighting vehicles rumble from the assembly lines of its hangar forges and every man and woman is trained from birth as a soldier. The wars fought in this sector are without number, but perhaps the most destructive incursion which Abaddon has made into Imperial space occurred in the early years of the second century of the Forty-First Millennium, and has since been dubbed the Gothic War.

THE GOTHIC WAR

The seeds of this devastating war had been sown some years earlier, in a series of seemingly unconnected raids on Imperial outposts across the Segmentum Obscurus. Warp storms built across the sector with growing fury, and zealots preached that the Emperor was displeased with his subjects' wickedness and was sending these storms as a sign of his displeasure. Despite all attempts by planetary officials, fanatic cults formed, hordes of flagellating doomsayers engulfing the Gothic Sector in violent upheavals. Secret cults and covens used the cover of these upheavals to insinuate their depraved members into positions of power and authority. After several naval vessels were lost to explosions in dock, widespread reports of suspected sabotage did nothing to calm an already volatile situation. With sightings of Chaos vessels in the sector increasing all the time, it was soon clear to even the most blinkered official that the forces of Chaos were planning a major incursion into the Gothic Sector.

Abaddon's fleet struck as the building warp storms swirling around the Gothic Sector surged into terrible life, cutting off the Imperial defenders from any help. Dozens of Imperial outposts were attacked simultaneously throughout the Gothic Sector, naval vessels were ambushed and orbital docks were bombed by saboteurs. Though taken by surprise, Imperial forces were able to hold on and prevent themselves from being totally overwhelmed. Of the seventeen naval bases in the Gothic Sector, six were based on what were known as the Blackstone Fortresses, ancient star citadels of unknown origin. Who had created them or what their original purpose had been was a mystery, but they made perfect bases of operation for the Imperial Navy. After extensive refitting by the Adeptus Mechanicus with primary power and weapons systems centuries before, each was the equal of Naval Command at Port Maw. The Navy prided itself that none of the Blackstones had ever fallen in battle, but after the battle of Blackstone IV, this was all to change.

As the Chaos fleet moved in to attack, Blackstone IV's power grid suddenly and inexplicably shut down, rendering the guns useless and the personnel on board defenceless. The battle was short and bloody and, after a hurried astropathic plea for aid, there were no more communications with Blackstone IV. But there was worse to come. Abaddon had not been idle in his time within the Eye of Terror, using millions of slaves, sorcerers and polluted magicks to create a gargantuan vessel, simply dubbed the Planet Killer. The cardinal world of Savaven was the first to feel its wrath and was destroyed in a single night as the Planet Killer's unholy weapon split the planet's core apart. An impenetrable asteroid field is all that remains to even prove it existed at all and Imperial morale was hit catastrophically by this colossal act of destruction.

Sub-sector after sub-sector fell to the legions of Chaos, worlds surrendering wholesale rather than face the awesome power of the Planet Killer. Another Blackstone Fortress fell to Abaddon at Brinaga when it appeared that his minions had some way of activating the long-dormant weapon and power systems of the mighty fortress. With the power of two Blackstone Fortresses at his disposal, Abaddon attacked the defenders of Blackstone I at Fularis II, utilising the unknown power of the Blackstones to combine their energies in an unholy blast of warp-spawned power to annihilate the Imperial forces and capture the Fortress.

The war dragged on for many years, with Abaddon's fleets continuing to ravage the sector until the warp storms that had isolated the Gothic Sector for so long began, finally, to abate. At Tarantis, Abaddon demonstrated the fearsome power of the Blackstones once more. With the combined might of the three now at his disposal, he unleashed their energies into the core of the star at the heart of the Tarantis system before making a fighting withdrawal. The star seethed and boiled for many weeks, and those that could flee the system did so until, four weeks after the attack, Tarantis' star went nova, destroying everything for many thousands of billions of miles in all directions and rendering the system uninhabitable.

The climactic battle in the Gothic war was to take place at Shindlegeist, where Blackstone V orbited in the depths of space. Eldar forces that had chosen to ally with the Imperial forces, led by Lord Admiral Ravensburg, had discovered Abaddon's intent to attack Blackstone V and allowed the Imperial fleet to utilise their ancient warp portals in order that they might spring a trap on the Despoiler. As Abaddon began his attack, the allied forces fell upon him with all their might and there was little the traitorous captains could do except to die fighting. The battle was one of the most destructive and bloody of the war, lasting for fully three days. At the battle's climax, Abaddon ordered the three Blackstones under his command to drive for the system's star and inflict upon it the fate that had befallen Tarantis. But Captain Abridal aboard the Flame of Purity flew his ship into the path of the Blackstones and managed to disrupt their powerful beams. His ship was torn apart by the lethal energies, but his heroic sacrifice saved the star from destruction. The Blackstones had expended their power and Abaddon had run out of time.

Abaddon fled into the warp with two of the Blackstone Fortresses, the third hotly pursued by the vengeful Imperial fleet. The Imperial ships hammered it with their weapons, to little effect, until Strike Cruisers from the Angels of Redemption and assault boats from the Divine Right were able to close and board the Fortress. They found the interior of the Blackstone Fortress changed beyond all recognition, the modifications made by the Adeptus Mechanicus vanished and the walls pulsing with a dark, internal light. No sooner had they boarded than the fortress began to break up around them, slowly cracking apart into thousands of fragments. And with Abaddon's defeat at Shindlegeist, the Gothic War was over.

Throughout the Gothic Sector, the remaining Blackstone Fortresses destroyed themselves in a similar fashion, though whether the two still under Abaddon's control also broke apart is not known as there have been reported sightings of the Despoiler, both with and without them in the years since the Gothic War. And as for the Planet Killer, unverifiable reports claim that it was destroyed by Omega Squadron at Kharlos II, but when Adeptus Mechanicus salvage teams led by Inquisitor Horst journeyed to the site of the battle, they could find no trace of the vessel.

Abaddon has been a constant threat to the Imperium ever since the end of the Gothic War, but thus far, has yet to raise as vast a force as he did during those dark days. The High Lords of Terra live in fear of the day that Abaddon is able to unite the various armies of the Eye of Terror, but the very fractious nature of its inhabitants may be the High Lords' greatest ally in preventing such an occurrence. There are a multitude of ruthless warlords within its anarchic depths and it is hoped that many would be unwilling to unite under a single banner, lest their own monstrous ambition be outshone by Abaddon's dark glory.

However, many who are given to know such things speak of dark portents and dreadful omens that point to the rise of a great uniter within the depths of the Eye of Terror. The identity of this mysterious figure remains elusive but, knowing the force of Abaddon's leadership, it is difficult to see who else it could be. Currently there are the usual scattered reports of Chaos vessels probing Imperial picket lines, though perhaps on a more regular basis. A dire warning from the Eldar Farseer, Eldrad Ulthran, telling of Abaddon's return has caused alarm in some circles, but the words of such a manipulative xenos obviously cannot be trusted and his lies have been discounted.

'); x = 1; } // '); } //

BACK TO CODICIUM IMPERIALIS SECTION

CHAOS

TYPHUS,
THE TRAVELLER, HERALD OF NURGLE

"Look upon me and know that I can slay you at will, you have no defence save one: to look into the darkness at the back of your own mind. There you will find Father Nurgle waiting to offer you life in return for your submission. Deny him and you are mine."

When Mortarion, Primarch of the Death Guard, allied his legion with the forces of Warmaster Horus against the Emperor of Mankind, he did not know the price that would be paid for his treachery. One amongst the Death Guard knew full well though; his name was Typhon and he had been recruited like so many others into Mortarion's forces on the feral world of Barbarus where the Primarch had grown up. Barbarus was home not only to men but to inhuman overlords that preyed upon them.



In his early days Mortarion had overthrown these monstrosities, however there were many crossbreeds resulting from their cruel dominion. The bloodlines were not easy to follow and Mortarion had more pressing concerns. Typhon was of such a bloodline. He possessed formidable psychic powers that allowed him to navigate the mist-shrouded world of Barbarus freely. These were merely latent powers at this time and would only develop with time and training.

When the Death Guard began to recruit on Barbarus it was Typhon's



warrior skills that marked him out. In modern times the process is far more exacting -and should be - as much more is known about preserving the purity of the gene-seed, and a Space Marines chapter of a thousand men can be selective about its recruits. In the days of the Great Crusade the legions needed recruits with a good right arm and the courage to follow their Primarchs into battle. When it was realised that Typhon was also a Psyker he was welcomed even more as each legion was building up its strength in Librarians.

So it was that the Death Guard already harboured a tainted soul. Even as Mortarion led his legion on the Emperor's Great Crusade, Typhon communed with the Dark Powers. They already favoured him, and with their aid Typhon rose to the rank of Captain-Epistolary, commander of the battleship *Terminus Est* and a full company of the Death Guard. When the Death Guard joined Horus, it was Typhon who slew the Death Guard's Navigators claiming their loyalty was still to the Emperor. It was Typhon who promised Mortarion that his powers could lead the Death Guard through the Warp to Terra and it was Typhon who led them to damnation, becalmed in the Warp, adrift and helpless.

The journey to Terra was the first time that the price of turning on the Emperor was truly paid by one of the Traitor Legions. It was a nightmare that would mark them in the most horrific way. Time flows differently in the Warp and the ordeal that Typhon led them into could have lasted days or centuries. By the end none of the warriors aboard the Death Guard battle barge *Terminus Est* could reckon how long they had been becalmed along with the rest of their fleet. By the time the full horror emerged there were none of them able to resist it even if they had wanted to.

One by one the Death Guard were afflicted with a plague so virulent that their Multi-lung and Oolitic Kidney failed to protect them. They remained conscious but were paralysed and helpless to do more than endure the burning pain that filled their bodies. Only their unquenchable instinct for survival preserved them.

That instinct was pushed to its very limit before the background hum of the warp shield generators died to be replaced by a distant vibration that grew steadily more intense. Suddenly it turned into the buzz of a million wings as countless black, bulbous, Warp-spawned flies poured through every bulkhead. This was the Destroyer, foulest of Nurgle's plagues. They swarmed over the paralysed Death Guard, feeding off their sweat, infecting their wounds and infesting every orifice. Throughout the vessel each body twitched uncontrollably as the plague flies laid their eggs within them. Flesh and armour swelled as the corruption filled them, bloating and distending until it burst leaving entrails and pus-filled lesions hanging from their wracked bodies.

On the bridge the ship's master, Typhon, was the first to stir, through a miasma of death he rose to his feet. From deep within him came a rattling, phlegm-laced roar.

"More."

All over the vessel the plague flies left their hosts and flew or crawled to him. The tide flowed into him ceaselessly until it was all gone. Impossibly the giant figure still stood, no longer Typhon, now he was host to the Destroyer

Hive, the favoured son of Nurgle. Now he was Typhus.

Truly he had received his reward from his true master, Nurgle, Lord of Decay, and the god he had served even before the corruption of Mortarion. Whilst he remained subordinate to Mortarion, it was clear that Typhus considered that he need only call Nurgle 'Master'.

In the Eye of Terror Mortarion shaped his daemon world to resemble Barbarus. Typhus was sickened by the sentimentality. His loyalty was to Nurgle and Nurgle waxed strong when mortals feared death. Taking his ship and his followers Typhus returned again and again to the mortal realm and the legend of the traveller, the Herald of Nurgle was born. The rewards granted him by Nurgle are testament to a score of blighted worlds and countless damned souls.

'); x = 1; } // '); } //

BACK TO CODICIUM IMPERIALIS SECTION

CHAOS

CYPHER THE FALLEN ANGEL

"I know not if he represents the greatest threat or greatest hope for the Imperium. I only pray we stop him before we find out"

Inquisitor Bastalek Grim



Cypher is an enigmatic and sinister character. He appears as if from nowhere, bringing death and destruction with him, and then vanishes just as abruptly as he appeared. Strangely, it is rare that Cypher himself instigates the violent acts that invariably occur when he is present; it is rather that he appears to be the catalyst which fans any feelings of hatred or mistrust into a raging, uncontrollable fire.

Cypher rarely speaks, and when he does his tones are clipped and his words few. No one knows his real name, and no one in living memory has dared ask him what that name might be. However, the occasional glimpse of the dark power armour beneath the long robes that Cypher wears means there can be no doubt that he is one of the Fallen. In many ways he epitomises their fate, being cursed to wander through time and space, never to be able to return home.

The Fallen Dark Angels have their origin in the dying days of the Horus Heresy, when Lion El'Jonson, Primarch of the Dark Angels Legion of Space Marines, returned to his home world of Caliban. As the unsuspecting ships of Jonson's fleet moved into orbit, they were met by a devastating barrage of defense laser fire. Stunned by the ferocious attack, Jonson withdrew and attempted to find out what had happened on his home world.

From The Heresy of Cognitive Dissonance

by Cardinal Elyass Vallkante

Upon the dead world of Cthelmax, our Adeptus Mechanicus Explorator team researched the ruins beneath the fractured crust of this barren rock. Severa lprevious expeditions to this planet had already been lost, but an entire company of veteran soldiers and a squad of Space marines guarded this expedition. Upon our arrival at the site of the previous expedition, we were astounded to find a battle underway between a group of dark armour warriors and strange silver-skinned constructs of gleaming metal. They fought before a rippling gateway of jade-veined darkness as a being with a skin of shimmering gold killed the warriors with ease, each languorous blow from its hand cutting a warrior down.

But I saw that, alone amongst the dark warriors, a single figure darted through the combat, firing twin pistols and evading every blow. As the golden being turned to face him, he slashed its torso with a shining silver knife. No sooner had the blade struck than it was wrenched from his hand and swallowed whole within its golden flesh. The sounds of battle continued, but a dark veil dropped around the combatants and when next I looked into the tomb, there was no sign that anything had occurred. The chamber was empty.

A captured merchant ship soon provided the answer: when Lion El'Jonson had left Caliban to take part in the Great Crusade, Luther, his second in command and life-long battle brother, had been left in charge of the remainder of the Legion. Despite the importance of his position, it was not one which suited his ambitious personality, and soon his role as planetary governor of some half-forgotten backwater world seemed more and more like an insult to him. These seeds of jealousy grew until Luther had become a man obsessed, whose own neuroses had pushed him over the edge. He became easy prey for the Chaos Gods, who used their terrible powers to make Luther one of their followers and dangerous beyond imagining. Using his renowned skills at oratory, Luther convinced the Dark Angels under his command that they had been shamed, that the Emperor had turned his face from them, instilling his own Chaos-fueled feelings of jealousy and rage in the Dark Angels who had been left on Caliban during the Great Crusade. When the Primarch returned, these feelings erupted into open rebellion.

The fury of Jonson and the loyal Dark Angels at this terrible betrayal knew no bounds. Jonson himself immediately led an attack against Luther's headquarters. What followed was a fight of titanic proportions during which the two equally-matched adversaries struck blow upon blow against each other, tearing down the monastery around them until the whole massive edifice had been levelled by their battle. Meanwhile, the massed guns of the fleet pounded the planet, until the very surface of Caliban began to crack and heave under the strain of the bombardment.

As the planet itself began to break apart, the battle between Jonson and Luther reached its climax. Luther, aided by the powers of Chaos, unleashed a furious psychic attack that knocked Jonson to his knees and left him mortally wounded. But as the dying Primarch struggled to stand, his noble features wracked with pain, it was as if a curtain was lifted from Luther's eyes and he realised the full extent of what he had done. His was a

Explorator Majoris Doreth [suppressed].M41
Cthelmax - Primus Site

You may say he doesn't exist, but I know better. When I was crewing on an ore freighter back in '73, we were laid up in Dagohma making repairs. That was the time the mining Guilders sent in their hired guns to clear the colonists from the Shantos Hills. The colonists were all for packing and leaving until Cypher arrived, but his prowess and his words gave them courage. Before long the Guilder compund was under seige. He didn't stay til the end, but by then there was no stopping to colonists; they stormed the compound and hung the Guilders from their own strip-mining rigs. No one else could have done what he did, so what if he didn't tell anyone his name? When the Space Marine Angels of Death arrived a few weeks later he was all they were interested in, but no one told them anything even when they were declared rebels and the trials began. No one forgot what he had done for them and they died proud and free.

Arsann Crowe, Recidivist and Heretic

triple betrayal, of his friend, of the Dark Angels and of the Emperor. The truth shattered his sanity and he slumped down beside Jonson, no longer willing to fight.

Luther's psychic cry of pain and despair echoed through the warp and the Chaos Gods realised that, once again, they had been defeated. They lashed out in fury and frustration. A rent appeared in the very fabric of space and a warp storm of unprecedented ferocity engulfed Caliban. In an uncontrollable, swirling flood of psychic energy, the warp rushed into the material universe.

Those 'fallen' Dark Angels who had served Luther and his clandestine masters were sucked from the face of Caliban into the warp and scattered through space and time. Caliban, already weakened by the loyal Dark Angels' bombardment, was ripped apart and destroyed, the debris being sucked into the warp.

This story of treachery and betrayal is the Dark Angels' secret shame. None know of it other than the Dark Angels, their Successor Chapters and, maybe, the Emperor on his Golden Throne. Even within the Chapter itself very few brother-Marines know exactly what happened during those fateful days. It is only when Dark Angels are inducted into the Deathwing that they learn the story of Luther's betrayal. More terrible still, they learn that many of the Dark Angels who followed Luther are still alive. These damned warriors are known as the Fallen Angels.

Not all of the Fallen Angels have succumbed to the power of Chaos to the same degree. A large number of the Fallen have embraced the ways of the Dark Gods, becoming true Chaos Space Marines. However, many others realise that their actions during the fall of Caliban were wrong. Disgusted by the corrupting influence of the Chaos Gods, and unable to reconcile themselves with the Dark Angels, they live a solitary existence. Many become mercenaries or pirates, roaming the galaxy as masterless men. Others are willing to atone for their sins and in an attempt to do so have integrated themselves back into human societies.

But their subsequent actions are irrelevant in the eyes of the Dark Angels, who believe that the only way they can rid themselves totally of their shame, and restore their honour and trust within the Emperor's eyes, is if all the Fallen are made to repent or are slain. This is by no means an easy task. The Fallen are dispersed throughout space and time as either isolated individuals or in small bands, and the Dark Angels can go for years without hearing any rumours that might lead them to one or more of the Fallen. When they do, however, and their mission is a success, those Fallen that are captured are taken back to the Dark Angels Chapter Monastery - The Tower of Angels. Deep inside its dungeons Interrogator-Chaplains attempt to make the Fallen repent. Occasionally they do and for their pains die quickly. More often than not, though, the captured Fallen refuses and suffers a long, drawn-out and agonising death at the hands of those who would save his soul.

However, there are some who whisper

that Cypher may in fact represent the Fallen Angels' only chance of redemption, and that his seemingly random appearances hide a pattern which reveals that he is slowly moving across the galaxy towards Earth and the Emperor himself. They also point to the fact that Cypher carries a sword which he never draws or uses in combat, and that this could be the fabled Lion Sword, wielded by Lion El'Jonson himself, and thought to be lost forever following the Primarch's final confrontation with the arch-heretic Luther. Whatever the truth of this, it is certainly the case that his presence in one place seems to attract others of the Fallen, though none know how they are able to find him or why they gather. Probably because of this, the members of the Dark Angels Inner Circle hate and fear Cypher more than any other Fallen Angel, and would willingly perform almost any act - no matter how vile, in order to capture or kill him. That they have so far not managed to do so speaks volumes of Cypher's almost supernatural prowess and ability to escape capture.

Transmitted: Hunter Fleet Phaleg
Received: Tower of Angels
Destination: Grand Master Azrael
Intercept/Redirect: None, Inner Circle members restricted
Date: 3677999M41
Telepathic Duct: Epistolary Kheros
Ref: FLN/30724592/IP
Author: Interrogator-Chaplain Phaleg

The tarot has guided me truthfully as always. On Amistel I captured three of the disciples of a heretic calling himself the Voice of the Emperor. They proved quite informative. They received their orders on Lelithar where the cult of the voice is strongest. Their descriptions of the Cult Magus conforms with Fallen one-zero-zero. I urge you to bring the Tower of Angels and all the might of our Chapter to Agrapinna sector. One-zero-zero's machinations have destabilised the entire sector and provoked a substantial response from the Ecclesiarchy. Stealth will not serve, we will need to fight our way through to him. That he should be sighted so openly, so close to the remains of Caliban in times such as these demands urgency.

I believe the Gate is about to be stormed, our final reckoning with the Fallen is at hand.

Every segmentum, indeed almost every sector of the Imperium has a Cypher legend, some of them dating back thousands of years. The sheer number of tales carries a weight that defies disbelief and the numbers of bounties offered for his capture over the years would buy a sub-sector were anyone to collect them. It is clear that the popularity of Cypher legends is tied to a basic human attraction to non-conformity. Self-deluded radicals clearly believe that the institutions of the Imperium attempt to deter individuality and in a perverse reaction feel a subconscious approval of the maverick mystery man.

The neurosis is classically formed: Cypher is hooded, clearly implying that he is an outlaw who wishes to avoid recognition- needless to say this is a pointless gesture because everyone clearly does. Indeed, the man is only Cypher because the observer confers that identity upon him. No doubt anyone who ferments rebellion and defies capture becomes Cypher and perpetuates the myth.

Tales commonly emphasise Cypher's prodigious skill with pistols, normally he is portrayed firing both a plasma pistol and a bolt pistol with unerring accuracy. This technique is normally associated with hive gangers, particularly outlaws of the sort that attract a particular type of mystique and is clearly a product of uncontrolled wish fulfilment rather than accurate observation. Finally, and most perplexing, are the frequent references to the sword he carries. Note that here is not one credible example of the sword being drawn. Despite this, the rumour most commonly heard is that the sword is broken and is somehow connected to the early history of the Dark Angels chapter of Space marines. The link with the Dark Angels is a difficult one to prove as they are amongst the most secretive of the Adeptus Astartes. It is known that the Dark Angels and their successor Chapters sometimes

refer to themselves collectively as the Unforgiven and are frequently seen hunting down renegade and traitor Space Marines without official sanction. It is assumed by some, therefore, that Cypher is a former Dark Angel and that his sword may be one of their sacred relics. This is pure supposition and an insult to the reputation of the Emperor's most devout warriors.

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BACK TO CODICIUM IMPERIALIS SECTION



= INQUISITORIAL FACTIONS =

CORPUS AUXILLA

PURITAN FACTIONS

THORIANS

"The rewards more than outweigh the risks should we succeed. Imagine it! The Emperor reborn and walking amongst his people as a living god. Who can say such a thing is wrong?"

Inquisitor Crescere. From Inquisitorial Report TH/21/36: 'The Incunabla Incident'

The Thorian faction of the Inquisition takes its name from Saint Sebastian Thor, the hero who overthrew Goge Vandire, the tyrannical High Lord of Terra who plunged the Imperium into the Age of Apostasy in the 36th Millennium. The Thorians believe that Thor was divinely inspired and that he moved with the Emperor's light burning within him. To many inquisitors of the day, it was obvious that Thor was imbued with a measure of the Emperor's will and charisma. They believed that it was not the first time that the Emperor had acted in such a way, citing such figures as St. Capilene and the hero Josmane as previous vessels of the Emperor walking amongst his people.

The Thorians believe that the Emperor's near-death at the hands of Horus allowed him to break the final bonds between the crude matter of corporeality and ascend to assume his true nature as a deity. His spirit wanders the void, travelling as a whisper in the warp, flitting from place to place and perhaps even through time. Thorian dogma tells that the Emperor has manifested his spirit through his chosen vessels many times when his people needed him, but that these bodies were able to contain only the barest fraction of his power and soon withered and died. They await the day that He shall be reborn and lead his people onwards in continuation of the Great Crusade.

To this end, the Thorians closely study the interaction of consciousness, energy and the warp, believing that if they can manipulate these energies correctly they can channel the Emperor's spirit into a suitable vessel and effectively resurrect the Master of Mankind. There have been many attempts to create a body suitable for such an important ritual, including the disastrous events on Incunabla, but so far none have succeeded. Followers of the Thorian philosophies constantly scour the galaxy for beings they term Avatars', individuals of such power that they may prove able to contain the Emperor's soul once more - or be turned to evil by the Ruinous Powers.

Many Thorian inquisitors are found within the Ordo Malleus, where their greater understanding of the Immaterium grants them an insight into how the rebirth of the Emperor could be achieved. Others may be found among the Ordo Hereticus, though there are few within the Ordo Xenos, save those who believe manipulation of alien psychic-engineering, such as that of the Eldar, may provide valuable insights. Inquisitors of all orders foster

the growth of resurrectionist cults throughout the Imperium, as they provide useful foot-soldiers for an inquisitor when he must raise an army to achieve his ends.

Opponents of the Thorians claim that were the Emperor to be reborn it would cause a schism and civil war more deadly than that begun by Horus. Believers and unbelievers would fight to the death and the galaxy would be consumed in an apocalyptic holy war. They cite the Thorian's naivete, claiming that they cannot know what would come back, that the Emperor himself might be changed, altered by his long absence from the flesh. And, more importantly, what of the Astronomican? The Imperium would surely collapse without the Emperor's guiding light to steer ships through the Empyrean, The risks inherent in what the Thorians propose are too great for many to contemplate but, despite this, the Thorians are determined upon their course.

MONODOMINANTS

"You ask why we must cleanse the xenos. I will tell you. The filth of the alien and the witch must be exterminated to preserve the purity of the Human race, lest we degenerate into abomination."

Witch Hunter Tyrus at the Conclave of Vera

In the 33rd Millennium, Inquisitor Goldo penned his seminal text Monodomination - the Right of Man to rule the Galaxy in the Emperor's Holy Name'. This multi-volume epic drew upon the venerable inquisitor's vast experience of dealing with aliens and came to the conclusion that the only way that Mankind could rule would be if every alien race was exterminated, leaving humans as the sole inheritors of the galaxy. At the time it did not receive a great deal of support - its overly pessimistic view was seen as the last, bitter words of a devout, but ageing inquisitor. It was not until Inquisitor Jeriminus of Paelutia brought the work of Goldo to light, several centuries later, that the philosophy finally found a growing body of supporters among the new breed of young, hot-headed inquisitors.

The goal of the Monodominants is a simple one: the complete and total destruction of every alien, heretic, witch and non-believer in the galaxy. They have absolutely no tolerance for any form of aberrant behaviour and will resort to drastic military solutions in order to enforce their will. No other faction of inquisitors will resort to the use of Exterminatus so readily, destroying entire worlds in their quest for Human supremacy of the galaxy. As would be expected of such a militant group, the Monodominants are one of the few factions who are open with their beliefs, spreading xenophobia and intolerance before them, inciting whole populations to rise and purge themselves of their wickedness. Inquisitors who follow this path are ruthless and unforgiving and frequently leave untold devastation and slaughter in their wake.

Witch Hunter Tyrus is perhaps the best known among the Monodominants, having purged countless worlds in the name of the Emperor. By the time Tyrus had completed his investigations into the royal family of Epsilon Regalis, tens of thousands had been burned at the stake and many times that number imprisoned. Many within the Inquisition see the Monodominants as incredibly narrow-minded and frequently doing more harm than good, but it is a brave inquisitor who would openly voice such an opinion.

AMALATHIANS

"Who are you to second-guess the will of the Emperor? His plans are for Him and Him alone to know. It is enough for us to know that his grand designs for the galaxy unfold as he has foreseen, and the colossal arrogance displayed by those who claim to act in his name is both dangerous and tantamount to heresy."

Inquisitor Barzano, following the Armageddon Schism

The first days of the 41st Millennium were days of optimism and promise, a time of great spiritual and physical rebuilding. It was decreed that there would be a conclave held at Mount Amalath on the world of Gathalamor, where military, religious and political dignitaries would gather to once again swear their oaths of loyalty to the Emperor. It is said that eight hundred Chapter Masters of the Adeptus Astartes journeyed from the far corners of the galaxy to join in this renewal of faith. After swearing his oath of loyalty, Lord Solar Macharius took it upon himself to launch a crusade in the Emperor's name, leading his forces into the galactic west and beginning the campaign that saw over a thousand worlds claimed for the Master of Mankind.

Within the ranks of the Inquisition there was a growing feeling that things were once again proceeding to the Emperor's plans, and that the pervading sense of doom that had spread through the Imperium during the Plague of Unbelief and Reign of Blood was over. Many inquisitors were swayed by the numerous impassioned speakers on Gathalamor, and vowed that none should threaten the strength which the Imperium was slowly regaining. This body of inquisitors became known as Amalathians and decreed that they would forever strive to maintain the current order and destroy those who would seek to destabilise the Imperium. Less concerned with the traditional heresies of witchcraft and mutation, except where they were being manipulated by their enemies, the Amalathians sought to keep infighting and politicking within Imperial organisations to a minimum, holding to the Inquisition's original mantra of strength through unity.

Throughout the Imperium, the Amalathians seek to calm volatile situations and prevent rapid change, should change even be necessary at all. They claim events are unfolding as the Emperor has foreseen and to force change in his name is a supreme arrogance. Who can truly claim to know the will of the Emperor? It is their sacred duty to protect the Imperium from those who seek to plunge it into anarchy, and allow the Emperor's sacred plan to unfold at its ordained time. To achieve their goals, the Amalathians must often work closely with agents from other organisations, and its members have good relations with bodies such as the Adeptus Arbites, Order Famulous and the Space Marines. On Pylades III in the eastern fringes, Inquisitor Barzano worked with no less than three precincts of the Adeptus Arbites, two orders of the Adeptus Sororitas and a Battle Company of Imperial Fists in his investigations and eventual destruction of the Cult of the Devoured.

Many vocal proponents of change within the Imperium accuse the Amalathians of burying their heads in the sand, trusting events to unfold as fate dictates rather than taking a proactive stance in the defence of the Imperium. However, the Amalathians know that the Emperor is infallible and to second guess his divine plan for Humanity is to know the will of a god. And what mortal would dare claim such knowledge?

RADICAL FACTIONS

XANTHITES

"Eradicate Chaos? Hah! One might as well try to exterminate one's own shadow. Do not presume to enforce a simpleton's philosophy upon the Emperor's Inquisition. Bury your head if you must, but my eyes are open yet"

Excerpt from the sixth trial of Inquisitor Lichtenstein

The principles governing the Xanthite philosophy could be described as heretical in themselves, for they advocate the use of Chaos in furthering the goals of the Imperium. To know the enemy is valuable indeed, but the

Xanthites believe in taking this one step further. Inquisitors from this faction use the powers of the warp whenever they can, fervently believing that although Chaos can never truly be beaten, it can be harnessed.

Xanthism was introduced to the Inquisitorial ranks long before some of the more puritan factions had begun to coalesce, and has the support of some of the most senior and powerful members of the Inquisition. For this reason, it is highly unusual for the militant factions that oppose them to try the Xanthites for heresy, though many would dearly like to do so. The most notable exception is InquisitorMaster Zaranchek Xanthus himself, the founder of the faction, who fiercely protested his innocence to a jury of fellow inquisitors before he was eventually burnt at the stake. Interestingly, one of his most talented pupils, Inquisitor Lethrai, famously withstood a six-week series of gruelling trials by his Monodominant interrogators without showing a single sign of guilt.

Xanthites by no means advocate the furthering of Chaos and its dark works, but see it as a tool that is already in use by the Imperium, not yet realised to its full potential. Warp travel, astropaths, sanctioned psykers, Navigators, Space Marine Librarians, abhumans in the ranks of the Imperial forces; all these bear the mark of Chaos, but nevertheless further the goals of the God-Emperor, himself one of the most powerful psykers to ever have existed. The Xanthites cite these as examples that there is no question as to whether Chaos can serve Humanity, it is just a matter of to what degree. As a result, inquisitors of this faction often use daemon-weapons, Chaos-tainted artefacts, psyker-retainers, daemonhosts and forbidden grimoires in their quest to understand and exploit the boundless power of the warp. Many have achieved mastery over the psychic discipline they have trained in, and it is unusual to find a Xanthite with no psychic ability whatsoever.

One of the more notorious contemporary advocates of the Xanthian philosophy, Inquisitor Lichtenstein, has incurred the wrath of none other than Witch Hunter Tyrus in his obsessive search for a hidden library of arcane grimoires that can only be reached through the warp. The enmity between these two inquisitors exemplifies the relationship between the Xanthites and the Monodominants. However, an interesting exception exists to the Radical/puritan divide. The Horusians, a sub-sect of the Xanthites, wish to create a new leader for Humanity much like the puritan Thorians. Both factions strive for a powerful, god-like figurehead to lead the Imperium into a new age. But these extreme radicals view the might of Horus as a wasted opportunity; believing that should the limitless power of Chaos be harnessed and bound into a great leader of men, Humanity could once more become united and crush all before it. Needless to say, even open-minded members of the Inquisition view the Horusians as dangerous in the extreme.

RECONGREGATORS

"Look around you! We must tear down the rusty and ancient cage that we have built for ourselves and replace it with a shining tower that can once more touch the stars. Without evolution. we are shorn of our greatest strength."

Inquisitor Laschia at the Oulan Symposium

To the Recongregators, the Imperium is a waning, decaying thing, riddled with corruption, and many of its galaxyspanning organisations are rotten to the core. Inquisitors of this faction believe that for the Imperium to return to its former glory the shackles of the present must be broken apart. Once they lie in pieces, the Imperium can be forged anew, stronger and purer than ever before.

Bureaucracy, politicking and stagnation are the enemies these inquisitors aim to fight, pulling down established governments and replacing them with free-thinking radicals.

Although wary of causing too much unnecessary destruction, the Recongregators' methods have led them to sponsoring uprisings, stirring up civil unrest, sowing anarchy, causing riots and advocating political upheaval wherever they go. It is believed that Recongregator inquisitors had a hand in the Gobi Insurrections, the deposition of Arch-Cardinal Greig on Hisiros VI, the Sol Ridge Rebellions and even the assassination of Luthus Dareo, Tetrarch of Syllanis, whose stable and moderate rule had lasted for five generations. Although preferring to remain anonymous and manipulate events from the shadows, the Recongregators are not above extreme action and will involve themselves in covert operations should the necessity arise.

Recongregators are often found in the ranks of the Ordo Hereticus, though rather than seeking to unmask and destroy underground leaders, these inquisitors actively aid these individuals for their own ends. They work to depose corrupt or conservative figures and replace them with those dynamic and open-minded leaders capable of departing from the status quo. Obviously, this is in direct conflict with the Amalathian faction, who consider some Recongregators no better than the demagogues of the Alpha Legion. Unbeknownst to those incumbent upon their thrones, many a dynasty has been upheld by an Amalathian whilst a Recongregator works to tear it down.

ISTVAANIANS

"Would you have Mankind grow old and withered, running to fat on the fruits of remembered glory whilst its enemies tear at its frail extremities? I think not. With each trial, we become stronger. My brethren and I will provide."

Attributed to Inquisitor Vechorte

The Istvaanians see Humanity's evolution as having slowed to a crawl, degenerating and growing soft, and they fear that it will ultimately fall to its innumerable enemies. As a result, they spread strife, hatred and confrontation wherever they go. They believe the Imperium will become stronger through conflict, with only the toughest and most worthy surviving.

The Istvaanians take their name from the massacre which began the most terrible conflict to have engulfed Humanity, the Horus Heresy, initiated by the traitor Warmaster's virus bombing of Istvaan III. What most Imperial historians view as the worst disaster to ever befall the Imperium, the Istvaanians champion as the catalyst for many of its greatest accomplishments. Despite their extreme stance and drastic methods, history seems to vindicate their beliefs, as from the greatest periods of upheaval have stemmed the most profound developments within the Imperium. With an objectivity borne of hindsight, they claim that the Heresy weeded out the weak-willed and traitorous from the ranks of the Adeptus Astartes, and ultimately caused the Emperor's ascension, allowing the Master of Mankind to ascend to godhood. They point to the Age of Apostasy, when the Imperium was devoured by a fever of blasphemy, as the cause of the Ecclesiarchy's reformation and the coming of Sebastian Thor. Great advances and leaps of faith are undeniably possible when Humanity is tested to its limit, and it is for this reason that the Istvaanians actively cultivate war.

The modus operandi of the warmongering Istvaanians is sometimes so extreme that many of its most militant exponents have surpassed even the uncompromising Monodominants. For instance, the discovery of a hereditary blemish on the princess of Moia, a oncebeautiful planet that had previously enjoyed six centuries without conflict, was enough for Inquisitor Vechorte to incite a pogrom of world-wide witchhunts that eventually erupted into a vengeful crusade. In defence of the Istvaanians' methods, however, the Moian 3rd have since gone on to garner a fearsome reputation in the Imperial Guard.

Interestingly, several well-respected members of the Inquisition have recently come out in favour of the Kiniel Proposal, a motion proposed by the infamous Istvaanian Inquisitor Gastus Kiniel. The proposal seeks to enforce military service upon all members of Imperial society fit for conscription. Given the current abundance of threats to the Imperium's future, this may well be considered by the High Lords of Terra, and has already gained considerable support within the ranks of the Inquisition. It is a testament to the manipulative skills of Kiniel that he has secured the support of a great many Monodominant inquisitors with the fire and passion of his xenophobic sentiments. Needless to say, this militarisation of untold billions of Imperial citizens would be a great victory for the Istvaanians, and possibly even Humanity as a whole.

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BACK TO CODICIUM IMPERIALIS SECTION



CORPUS AUXILLA

SERVANTS OF THE GOD-INCARNATE

THE THORIAN INQUISITORS

In this article, Gav Thorpe leafs through the Corpus Auxilla - the Book of Servants - and takes a more detailed look at an Inquisition philosophy: the tenets of the reincarnationist Thorians.

Inquisitors of the Thorian philosophy believe that the Emperor walks among Humanity. He chooses his vessels to do his work, as he has done since time began. The rotting carcass maintained in the Golden Throne is not the Emperor, for he travels abroad, tending to his Divine Will, instilling his power into those that have been chosen. Taking their name from Saint Sebastian Thor, whom they believe to have been such a mortal vessel, the Thorians are convinced that the Emperor yet waits for a new body to be found or created which can contain his divinity for more than brief periods of time. In essence, the Thorians strive to find or create this vessel so that the Emperor may return to lead Mankind to its destiny and conquest of the galaxy. Although in their present form the Thorians have only been part of the Inquisition's politics for a few millennia, resurrectionist factions of one sort or another have been more or less present since its founding.

THE GOD-INCARNATE

At the centre of this belief is a body of lore known as the Principles of the God-Incarnate. Scraps of this, most Inquisitors are aware of, but only Inquisitors who have proved their loyalty to the Thorian belief have access to the gathered wisdom of millennia concerning the God-Incarnate. Over the years the principles have been amended and added to, and it is widely accepted by the Thorians that the most complete version is the Hesten Manuscript, compiled by Inquisitor Hesten between 450 and 465.M40.

The Principles of the God-Incarnate postulate that the Emperor truly is a god; his near-death at the hands of Horus allowed him to finally shatter the mortal bonds shackling his true potential, and he ascended to the power of a deity. Like the other gods he has an existence within the warp, in essence he is the god of Humanity, and the Thorians claim they have gathered much evidence to support this. The one limitation to any god is that to have power over the physical world, they must rely upon mortals to do their work. As first postulated by Inquisitor Damasko in 243.M32, most Inquisitors accept that to affect events in the material universe the Chaos gods, and by extension other deities, must have champions, possess worshippers, influence mortals or temporarily create physical manifestations in the form of daemons. The Emperor is in fact the greatest example of this - the galaxy spanning Imperium is merely the material instrument of the Emperor. Much of the Principles of the God-Incarnate points towards gods, and other warp entities, craving after the physical universe.

However, what if a god could become a physical incarnation? If, as the Thorians expound, a man can become a god (as they believe happened at the Emperor's Ascension), it stands to reason that a god can become a man. This is Inquisitor Raptenstein's First Principle of the God-Incarnate: a god can become a physical incarnation. The idea of the God-Incarnate is that there will be a certain individual (or individuals) who will allow this to happen - a god could invest its power into a special mortal body and literally become a living god. It was Inquisitor

Loweberg's interpretations of the Principles of the God-Incarnate that first referred to these physical vessels as avatars.

THE IMPLICATIONS OF THE GOD-INCARNATE

Without being restricted to the warp, and therefore restricted to the manipulation of crass, mortal pawns, what power would a god have? One can easily imagine that Humanity would be doomed if one of the avatars were to become an incarnation of a Chaos god. Horus himself almost achieved this, and was only defeated by an equally powerful being - the Emperor. Similarly, the idea of the God-Incarnate is not restricted to humans. Many Inquisitors, such as Czevak and Griindvald of the Ordo Xenos, believe that certain faint echoes and omens within the warp suggest that the Eldar are striving to create a new god to defeat Chaos; while a God-Incarnate of the Ork deities Gork or Mork would be terrible. However, possibly an even greater threat to the Imperium, and the reason why the God-Incarnate is such a secret that only the Inquisition know of it, is Raptenstein's proposal that it would be possible to reincarnate the Emperor as a living being.

As far as most of the Thorians' opponents are concerned, the 'Second Coming' of the Emperor would be a very bad thing. This is quite an understandable position really, and springs from uncertainty. As Inquisitor Caetris proclaimed in his Doctrines of Disbelief:

'If the Emperor were to become a God-Incarnate, would the Emperor be destroyed if things went wrong, if the avatar was unsuitable, or the rituals went awry? Even if the transfer of power succeeded, what would happen to the Astronomican? If the Emperor were in physical form, could he be killed again, and if so would he be destroyed forever, exposing Humanity to the many perils that the Emperor protects Mankind from? Most importantly, what would be Humanity's reaction to having their god walking among them once more? I can tell you now without a shadow of doubt, the Imperium would be torn apart by war, as believers and unbelievers clashed with each other!'

Caetris then went on at great length to expand upon these views, encouraging like-minded Inquisitors to stamp out resurrectionist tendencies, leading to the secret internecine war known in the Inquisition's annals as the Caetris Schism, which lasted for some thirty seven years. All in all, most Inquisitors side with Caetris' opinion, and would rather see the status quo sustained and any chance of the Emperor returning eliminated.

THE QUEST FOR THE GOD-INCARNATE

For those who know of (and believe in) such things, it is the task of the Inquisition to seek out possible avatars and kill them or, in the case of the Thorians, control and study them. Over several thousand years the Thorians, and certain other interested factions such as the Horusians, have gathered vast amounts of information which to them indicate possible avatars (see Signs and Portents below). Under the cover of rooting out heretics, witches and mutants, the Thorians are also searching for individuals who show signs of avatar-like properties so that they can observe, capture or, if they appear to be avatars of Chaos, destroy them.

SIGNS AND PORTENTS

The Principles of the God-Incarnate tell of the coming of the new god amidst great upheaval, strife and war. Ancient prophecies and divinations claim that the God-Incarnate's arrival will be proceeded by calamitous events. For the Thorians, many of these prophecies are currently being realised, the tumultuous circumstances of recent years indicate that the time of the God-Incarnate will soon be upon the galaxy. They point to Ghazghkull's massive Waaagh! at Armageddon, the encroaching hive fleets of the Tyranids, the gradual re-awakening of the

Necrontyr and other events as indications of growing turmoil and strife which herald the God-Incarnate.

Similarly, there are indicators that point towards who the avatars will be -shrouded in myths and legends as you'd expect. Much of this is obscure to the point of uselessness; 'He shall have a great doom upon his brow', 'He shall be a witch of great power', 'He shall be altered in the physical form', 'He shall be able to talk and walk with the animals' and other obtuse references. To this end, the Thorians round up all the psykers and mutants they can; to study them, to find out what might link them together and what features a possible avatar might display. Nobody knows all of the possible signs and in the centuries since the Thorians began to grow in power, there have been several false alarms, much to the chagrin of the Inquisitors who adhere to the philosophy. It is not uncommon for Thorians to be seen as scaremongers by other Inquisitors; often they are portrayed within other factions as seeing avatars wherever they look for them.



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BACK TO CODICIUM IMPERIALIS SECTION

ASSAULT ON HOLY TERRA

THE BATTLE FOR THE EMPEROR'S PALACE

Here, William King recounts the Battle for the Emperor's Palace - a cataclysmic event that almost brought an end to the Imperium and forever altered the First Founding legions...

On the thirteenth of Secundus, the bombardment began. From orbit, the Warmaster's ships laid down an unrelenting barrage of missiles and deadly energy beams. The aim was to cripple the defences around the Emperor's Palace and make possible a massive invasion of Earth. The lunar bases had already fallen, and the defending Battlefleet Solar had been scattered. On Mars, as across the entire vast Imperium, bitter civil war raged.



On countless worlds, blood-mad warriors clashed. Those who had pledged loyalty to the Emperor fought those who had sworn fealty to Warmaster Horus and, through him, to the dark powers of Chaos. The Emperor's realm was in turmoil and some of the greatest battles in human history were being fought. On the hive-world of Thranx over a million warriors died in a single day on the killing fields of Perdagor. On the blazing deserts of Tallarn, at the Ka'an Salient, fifty thousand tanks clashed in the greatest armoured action of all time. During the space drop on Vanaheim, three hive-cities were depopulated by rebel forces as a warning against resistance, yet still the defenders fought to the last man.

Like a cancer, the Heresy infected the entire structure of the Imperium. Everywhere brave men gave up their lives to try to excise that cancer.

It was on Earth, at the very heart of the Emperor's realm, that the fate of the galaxy was to be decided. In those last days, the sky was black with dust clouds and the earth split by gigantic fissures. Tectonic plates shifted under the stress of



the bombardment. Mountain chains shivered and seas evaporated and became barren deserts. Rains of blood and ash dripped from the dark sky. Astropathic choirs sang of evil portents and men went mad with fear. Hideously twisted ships full of the lost and the damned hung in orbit over the ravaged world. Shielded from the devastation by the cunningly wrought defences of the Adeptus Mechanicus, a pitiful few stood ready to repel the invaders.

The embattled remnants of the Emperor's army were desperately trying to hold out until reinforcements arrived. The Emperor himself oversaw the defence of his fortress-palace, personally commanding the Adeptus Custodes, his elite guard. He was accompanied by Sanguinius, white-pinioned Primarch of the Blood Angels and his legion of Space Marines. In the palace grounds stood the stalwart Adeptus Arbites. The palace was not the only bastion of resistance; there were others, each an awesome fortified city filled with dauntless soldiers. Beneath the ruins of the Imperial Basilica, grim visaged Rogal Dorn led the stern Imperial Fists in final prayers. Within the armoured factory complexes of the Adeptus Mechanicus, tech-priests put aside their tools and girded themselves with the fearsome weapons of their order. In the rubble of burned-out hab-areas, Primarch Jaghatai Khan mustered the White Scars, the Chapter of Space Marines which he had personally instructed in the art of lightning warfare. Three full Titan legions stood ready to defend their Emperor.

As the earth shuddered under the bombardment, tank divisions roared across the tortured landscape to take up their position against the coming invasion. Brave men checked their weapons and offered up last prayers. Defence lasers swivelled to face the turbulent threatening sky. Suddenly, the night was streaked by the plasma contrails of drop-pods. Within the Emperor's halls even the Space Marines shuddered, knowing that they would soon confront their lost and damned brethren. The terrifying prospect of facing these corrupt Primarchs who had sold their souls to Chaos filled every man's mind with indescribable horror and dread.

The pods touched ground and from them erupted the mightiest champions of Chaos, the renegade Space Marines of the lost legions. These were no longer the fine human warriors of legend but twisted creatures, bodies warped by the energies of Chaos, minds twisted by their devotion to the dark powers. If what had happened to the Space Marines was bad then what had happened to their Primarchs was worse. They had been created higher in the Emperor's esteem and had fallen further. None of their former comrades would have recognised them - they had been transformed into creatures both daemonic and exultant.

Mighty Angron bellowed orders to his blood-drinking followers, the World Eaters. Brandishing his great runeswordhe led them against the defenders of Eternity Wall Spaceport. Around his red-armoured followers bolter shots whined. Unflinchingly they advanced, determined to spill blood for the Blood God.



At Mortarion's rasping command, the Death Guard emerged silently from the festering cocoons of their



drop-pods and advanced on their terror-stricken foes. The dread runes on Mortarion's scythe glittered eerily in the night as he gestured for them to advance.

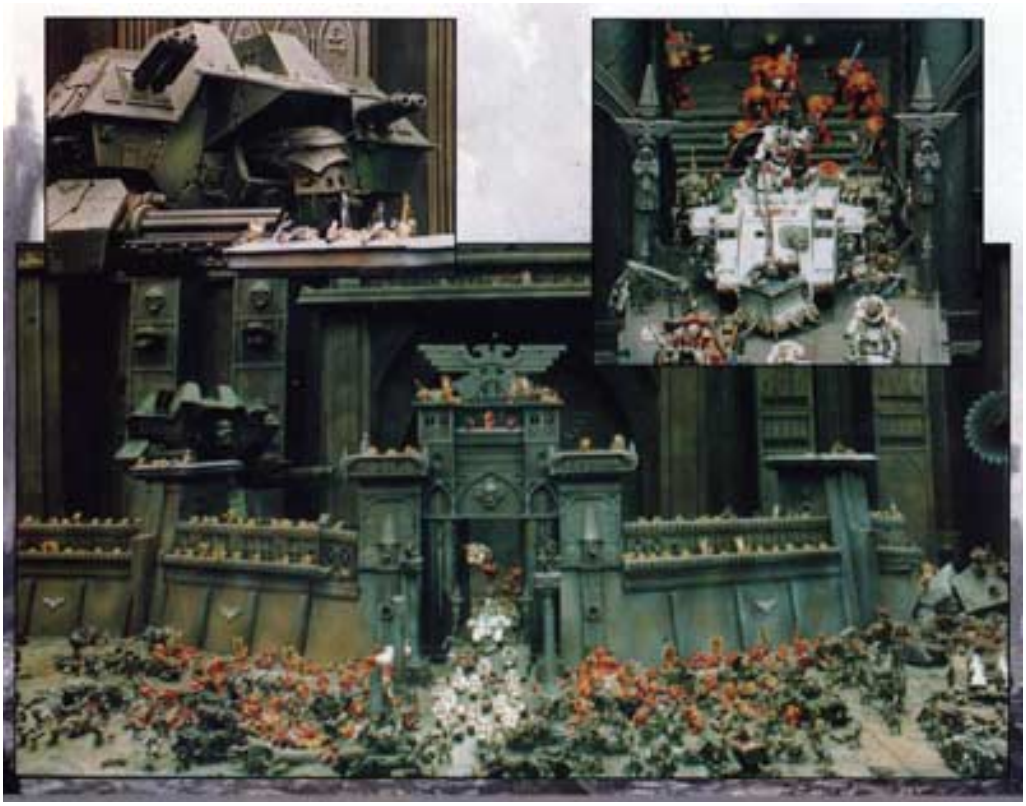
Magnus the Red glared triumphantly about him with his one watchful eye before ordering the mage-warriors of the Thousand Sons to cast their spells of doom.

A hail of deadly bolter shells cut down dozens of the Emperor's Children. Undeterred, the wounded howled with pleasure at the experience and chanted the praises of their Primarch, Fulgrim. The renegade Space Marines surged forward to carve a path through their foes.

Perhaps some defenders went mad with fear. Perhaps the corruption of Chaos ran deeper than anyone suspected. Perhaps some were foolish enough to think that they could negotiate with the

ultimate enemy. Whatever the reason, one last vile treachery was to take place. Many units of the Imperial army that had pledged loyalty to the Emperor turned blasphemer even as the Traitor Space Marines made their drop. It was almost as if it were a pre-arranged signal. In one of the basest acts of betrayal in Humanity's history, they turned their weapons on their brother warriors and cut them down like dogs. Thus did the Lions Gate Spaceport fall to the rebels. As the heretics chanted and howled their mad prayers, the air shimmered and slavering daemons emerged from the warp to spread terror and dismay.

Then indeed did it seem to the defenders that they were living in the last days of Mankind. Huge bat-winged Bloodthirsters swept triumphantly across the weeping skies. Clawed Keepers of Secrets danced lasciviously on piles of corpses. Great Unclean Ones chuckled as they lumbered through the ruined streets spreading trails of filth and slime and disease. Enigmatic Lords of Change perched atop the towers and statues and supervised the coming of Chaos to the heart of the world. Mighty ships began the descent from orbit, hoping to overwhelm the defenders by sheer weight of numbers. Unlike the drop-pods, these presented fine targets for the weapons of the defenders. And thus did the battle for Earth begin in earnest.



Defence lasers blasted many renegade ships from the sky, sending thousands of tons of fused metal death raining down onto the ground below. One giant raft span out of control and crashed into a hab-unit, killing a hundred thousand people. Another was welded to the ground, disgorging its passengers into a lake of bubbling tar and plas-crete. The vessel of the Legio Damnatus was vaporised and that Titan Legion's name passed into history. As quickly as they disembarked, the traitors surged forth from the spaceports to besiege the bastions of the defenders. Their first objective was to silence the defence lasers inflicting such casualties on their comrades. The rebels were met by a wave of Imperial defenders, desperate men who knew that they were giving their lives for their home world and their Emperor.

In the tightly packed streets around the spaceports, the fighting was close and deadly. Bolters chattered and missile launchers delivered cargoes of death from building to nearby building. Traitor tanks rumbled through the avenues, turrets swivelling to bring weapons to bear on the hastily improvised barricades of their former comrades.

Soon the defenders of Eternity Wall Spaceport had been swept aside by the merciless assault and the hordes of the Warmaster were in total possession of the space field. More and more intricately wrought drop-ships descended from orbit. They towered over the landing ground like nightmare skyscrapers, the dark runes on their sides glowing evilly in the gloom. Hundred-metre high doors opened in their kilometre-long sides. From their red depths, Titans emerged. They were warped giants; the armour of their carapace fused and moulded into new shapes by the power of Chaos. Within them were men melded to their machines. Some of the hideous Titans had strange and potent weapons, others were a bizarre hybrid of the organic and the machine. Metal tentacles lashed, spiked tails whipped back and forth. Engines roared like the voices of angry beasts. Banners fluttering, the Titans of the Storm Lords and the Flaming Skulls legions marched forth. At Lions Gate Spaceport, the traitors welcomed the towering black war engines of the Khornate host. Monsters, mutants and cultists seethed like angry ants around their bases.

Reinforced by this fresh wave of troops, the hordes swept on, driving through the exhausted and demoralised

Imperial troops to the very walls of the Emperor's palace. Khornate warriors howling their bestial war cries raced towards the marble and steel outer ring. Hordes of unstoppable Thousand Sons marched relentlessly forward, bolter fire raking the defenders. Slaaneshi Noise Marines swept aside the Imperial Guard infantry and reached the Saturnine Gate. Round the walls bitter fighting ensued as the Imperial soldiers sallied forth, trying to drive the attackers back before the main body of the assaulting troops arrived. Men died in their thousands. From pillbox emplacements in the palace walls Imperial gun crews rained death down on the relentless attackers. Again and again the streets outside the palace were swept clear of heretics. Again and again new foes stepped forward to take their place.

Now indeed it seemed that the tide of battle had turned against the Emperor. The spaceports were firmly in the grasp of the minions of the Warmaster. Hundreds of thousands of troops poured down from orbit. Gibbering mutants and hideous amorphous Chaos Spawn surged out of the dread ships. Under the banner of the great eye, the sign of Horus, the lackeys of the four great powers of Chaos marched united. Mounted in Rhinos, lurking within mighty behemoths and clinging to the sides of gigantic war-engines, they made their way en masse to the Emperor's palace.

Looking down on the seething sea of foulness, the defenders' hearts went cold. Mingling with the daemons and the mad-eyed cultists and the mutants, they could see heretical Space Marines and traitor Guardsmen. These were people they might have once fought alongside, who had once been as loyal to the Emperor as themselves. They looked upon a dark mirror of their souls. Down there they could see martial honour become berserk madness, human cleverness become sly treachery, hope become foulness and love become abominable lust. The brave men on the walls knew that there was no way out. Here they must stand and fight and die. There would be no mercy from those below.

This was a war where there could be no honourable peace. It was destroy or be destroyed. For a moment all was silence, then Angron strode forth. In his brazen voice he demanded that the loyalists surrender. He told them that their cause was hopeless, as they faced a foe which could not be defeated. They were cut off, outnumbered, and defending a ruler too weak to be worthy of their loyalty. In that moment the men on the walls felt their resolve weaken. Looking at the transformed face of the Primarch who had once been one of the Emperor's finest warriors, they saw an invincible, relentless foe backed by a numberless horde and all the daemonic might of Chaos.

There was a clamour on the walls as Sanguinius and the Blood Angels arrived. Standing on the wall, the angel-winged Primarch glared on Angron with angry contempt. For long moments their gazes locked, each Primarch seemed to be measuring the other, searching for chinks in the armour, for any sign of weakness and lack of resolve. Who knows what they saw there? Perhaps they communicated telepathically, brother Primarch to brother Primarch. The truth will never be known. Eventually Angron turned and walked back to his lines. He told his troops that there would be no surrender; they should kill everyone they found within the palace. No stone should be left upon stone.

With a roar the horde advanced towards the walls. Great Lords of Battle lurched forward on iron wheels, crushing anything in their way, unloading racks of missiles and turning the area on the top of the walls into blazing storms of death. Doom Burners sent tongues of superheated metal licking out at the emplacements. Molten brass filtered through the windows and scalded those inside. Multi-tracked Cauldrons of Blood squirted jets of obscene daemonic ichor onto the defenders. Enormous Flesh Hounds of Khorne loped forward in their wake. Titans armed with specially constructed siege weapons lumbered into position. Battle cruisers dropped megatons of explosive death onto the defenders.

Every loyal warrior knew that he was already dead, that there was no way he could survive the coming of the

daemonic army. The soldiers fought with the desperate ferocity of hopeless men, firing until their weapons were empty, snatching up the bolters of the fallen, and facing monsters with the butts of their guns when all ammunition was exhausted. Three times the horde managed to scale the walls, and three times it was driven off by the valiant efforts of Sanguinius and the Blood Angels. Wearily the Primarch marshalled the defenders, rallying the broken, speaking words of comfort to the mortally wounded, fighting with cold, implacable fury when he was called upon to do so. Slowly though, despite his efforts, the Chaos forces managed to erode the defence. They seemed numberless as the grains of sand on a sea shore and Horus spent their lives carelessly.

Outside the walls, Imperial forces frantically raced from their bastions to try to relieve the palace. Titan legions boldly cut their way towards the centre of the rebel army. The White Scars Space Marines harried its flanks. No attempt to break the rebel line succeeded. Breaking through that blood-mad horde was a near impossible task. All four of the daemonic Primarchs inspired their followers to feats of fiendish bravery. For every Chaos warrior who died it seemed that two more stood ready to take his place.

In orbit, the Warmaster watched approvingly. If the palace fell and the Emperor died, loyalist legions across the galaxy would lose heart and the war would be over. Without the psychic shield of the Emperor's power, Humanity would swiftly fall prey to Chaos. Horus would stand triumphant amid the rubble of Humanity's greatest empire. He would become a new and angry god. If he did not win soon, reinforcements would filter in from the corners of the Imperium, and his attack would falter. For the Warmaster this was the desperate, ultimate gamble. Everything was staked on this attack. It had to succeed, and at that moment it looked as if it might.

Day by day the siege wore on, casualties rose from the thousands to tens of thousands to hundreds of thousands. Bodies had to be bulldozed from the access ways to the Saturnine Gate by war machines. Chaos Titans blazed at the walls, specially constructed missiles ripping great chunks from the masonry. The Titans of the Fire Wasps answered their fire with volcano cannons. The smell of burning flesh filled the air as the corpses of the dead were incinerated in funeral pyres a hundred foot high. Obscene ash parched the throats of the defenders. The World Eaters built a pyramid of scorched skulls sixty foot high in Temple Square. By night the chants of degenerate cultists echoed through the streets and daemons flitted among the ruins of Earth.

Slowly, foot by torturous foot, the defenders were forced back. The great walls of the palace were riddled with hundreds of kilometres of bulkheads and corridor. Within this maze, bitter hand-to-hand fighting ensued until entire sections of passage were filled with bloated corpses. Feeling that progress was too slow, Horus ordered the Titans of the Death's Head Legion to demolish

entire sections of the wall. Despite taking tremendous casualties, the great Warlord Titans broke through, and the forces of the Warmaster flooded into the palace grounds.

While all this was taking place, Jaghatai Khan of the White Scars had implemented a change of plan. Rather than throwing away his forces against the near invincible bulk of the main Chaos army, he launched a lightning raid against Lions Gate Spaceport. This night attack was spearheaded by the savage warriors of the White Scars, who led the remnants of the 1st Tank Division and elements of the surviving Guard armies against the surprised heretics. Khan threw a defensive perimeter around the spaceport and held it against all counter-attacks. The flow of men and materials towards the palace was halved at a stroke.

This success gave heart to the defenders. They swiftly attempted to seize Eternity Wall Spaceport, but here the forces of the Warmaster were better prepared. The attackers were ambushed and driven back by traitors. Horus knew it was imperative to keep his beachhead secure. The final push on the inner palace had begun.



The battle raged across the grounds of the Inner Gardens. What had once been a vast parkland was swiftly turned into a killing ground. Men used statues for cover and monuments for bunkers. Blood swirled in the waters of the ornamental lakes. Groves of ancient redwoods burned. The smell of the burning mingled with the acrid odours of weapons and engines and death. Red-eyed, snatching sleep when they could, both sides fought a total war. Trenches were hurriedly excavated in the meadows. Snipers killed men as they tried to sip brackish water from the ruined fountains.

Both sides fought with unimaginable naked ferocity. Both sides sensed that the end was near.

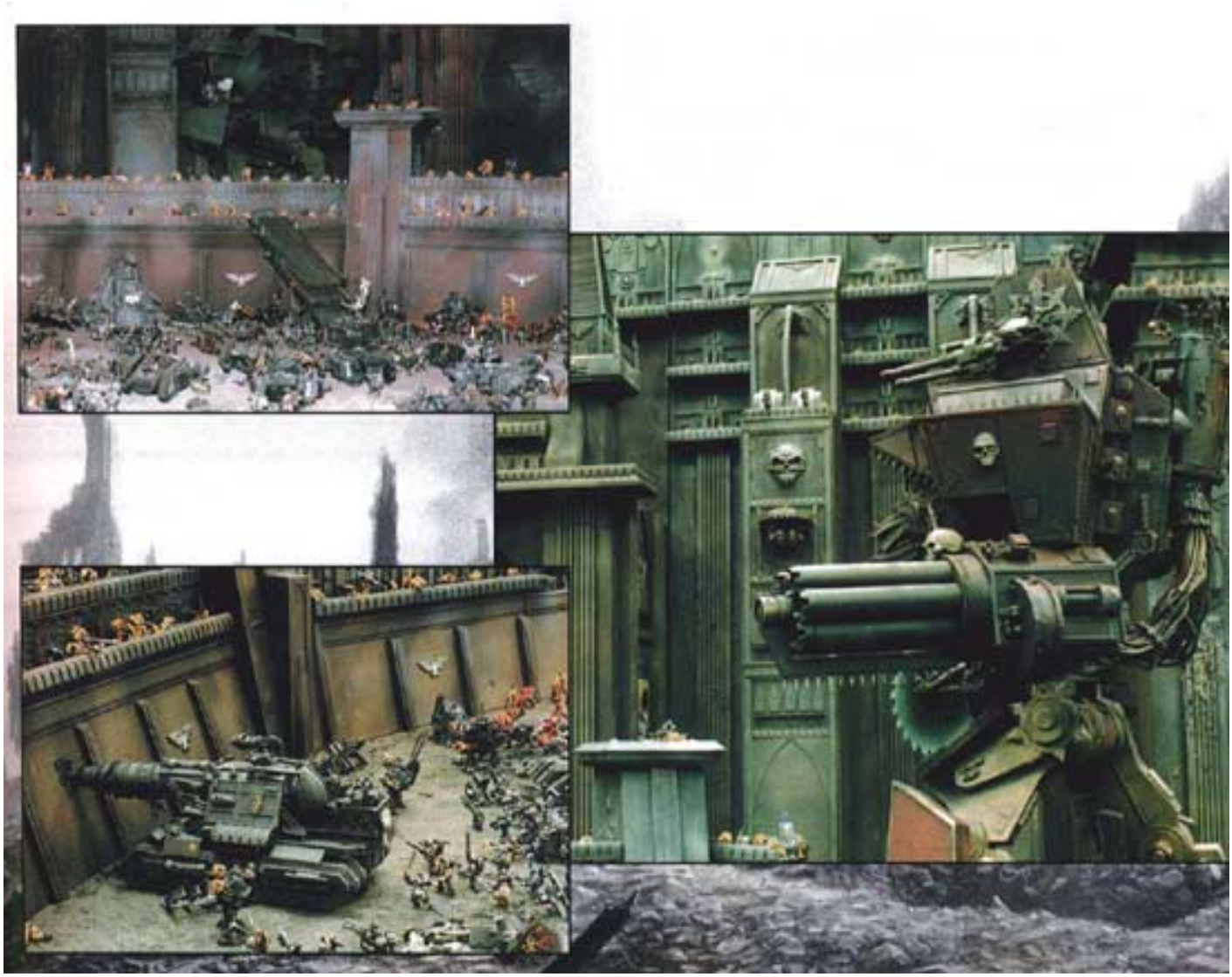
Eventually Sanguinius was forced to retreat to within the palace itself, personally holding the Ultimate Gate against the oncoming horde while the last of his wounded men was carried through. Just as the giant ceramite gate was about to close, a Bloodthirster of Khorne leapt upon him and the daemon's huge talons closed around Sanguinius' throat. The Primarch took to the air, angel and daemon wrestling over the warring armies. Both sides halted for a moment to watch the titanic struggle. It was a conflict such as has been rarefy seen; two beings of awesome power wrestling above them.

Sanguinius was weary and near the end of his strength, and the daemon gouged great wounds in his flesh. The heretical throng roared its approval as the Primarch was cast to the ground, the

impact splintering the granite. For a moment the Primarch lay still and a groan rose from the Blood Angels as the daemon stood over him and howled in exultation. Then slowly and painfully the Blood Angels' Primarch rose and seized the creature, raised it high and broke its back across his knee. Then, with a halo of power playing round his head, he tossed its broken carcass back amid its followers. They beat their chests and rent their hair and wailed in dismay as the Ultimate Gate shut.

Above, the great Sky Fortress bore Rogal Dorn and the remnants of the Imperial Fists to the inner palace. The loyal Primarch was determined to stand and die with his Emperor in the final hour. The Sky Fortress then raced away

from the palace in a desperate attempt to reach Jaghatai Khan and return him to the palace. It was destroyed by a blaze of fire from the Death's Head Titan Legion. Even in death its commander wrought havoc on the enemy, bringing the crippled vehicle down into the centre of the Chaos horde. It seemed as if a new sun was born on Earth as the plasma reactor exploded, blasting out a crater three kilometres across. Those within the palace knew they were cut off; now they were truly alone. Only a miracle could save them.



Now the final siege began. Through great breaches in the outer walls more and more armaments and reinforcements were brought to bear. The Warmaster himself prepared to teleport down to the surface and supervise the destruction of his former lord. Then a daemon from the Warp whispered to him the words that he had dreaded. A loyalist fleet under Leman Russ and Lion El'Johnson bearing a fresh army of Space Wolves and Dark Angels was only hours away. It would take days to break Humanity's last citadel, even with Horus leading his troops. It seemed that time had run out for the Warmaster, that his gamble had failed.

Horus was first among the fallen, with the power of a god and the cunning of a daemon. He resolved to try one final desperate gambit. He could still kill the Emperor. He ordered all comm-net communications blocked so that the defenders would get no word from their rescuers and then he used his psychic powers to the full to prevent the Emperor becoming aware of this. Finally he dropped the shields of his command ship. It was an invitation and a personal challenge that he knew the Emperor could not resist. He was being offered a chance finally to smite the foe who had harried him for so long.

The Emperor rose to the challenge, and he and his surviving Primarchs teleported aboard the Warmaster's battle barge. Horus used his powers to separate the Emperor from his loyal followers. The loyalists were transported to different spots within his hideously altered ship. Sanguinius fought his way directly to Horus' throne room. In his evil cunning the Warmaster offered the Blood Angel a chance to switch sides, reasoning that the winged Primarch's followers would be useful when the Space Wolves and the Dark Angels arrived.

Sanguinius refused. Horus grew wrathful and attacked him. At the peak of his powers the Blood Angel would have been no match for the Warmaster and now, sorely wounded and weary, he had no chance at all. Horus strangled him with his bare hands before the throne which the powers of Chaos had gifted him with.

The Emperor found Horus shortly after this and what happened next is the subject of legend. The two mightiest beings in the history of Mankind clashed. They met blade to blade, power to power, mind to mind and tested sinew and psychic ability to the ultimate. Behind Horus was the massed power of the Chaos gods. The Emperor stood alone and still he triumphed, though he was terribly wounded in the process.

The psychic shock wave of the Warmaster's passing rippled outward through the warp. On Earth, daemons screamed and vanished, and the rebel Primarchs stood dumbfounded. It was their leader, not their enemy's, who was dead and they knew it. With the one who had raised the banner of rebellion dead, there was nothing to hold the rebels together. They were demoralised and dismayed. When word of the oncoming Imperial fleet reached them they knew that they must flee.

Within the perimeter of Lions Gate Spaceport, Jaghatai Khan and the handful of unwounded White Scars watched in amazement as the horde halted in confusion then retreated. Angron, Fulgrim, Magnus the Red and Mortarion led their men to their ships and departed, leaving the deluded, traitorous followers of Chaos to their fate. As he stepped aboard his ship, Angron turned and shook his fist at the glittering dome of the Imperial palace that had proved just out of his taloned reach.

Then he shrugged; he and his fellow rebels had all eternity to seek revenge. The Battle for Earth was effectively over. The Horus Heresy was ended. Rogal Dorn found the Emperor's broken body in the ruins of the Warmaster's throne room. Through mangled lips, the Emperor whispered instructions for the creation of his golden throne. Dorn smiled, for while the Emperor still lived there was still hope.

The veteran Primarch returned to Earth. There was much to be done.

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This incredibly detailed sourcebook is the most comprehensive account to date of the colours and insignia of the Codex chapters, including unit markings, chapter organisation, vehicle markings and special troop types. Taking the Ultramarines chapter as its prime example, Insignium Astartes closely examines the elite super-warriors known as Space Marines and explains the significance, history and complexities of their incredible heraldic costumes - making this book a must for anyone with an interest in humanity's greatest champions.



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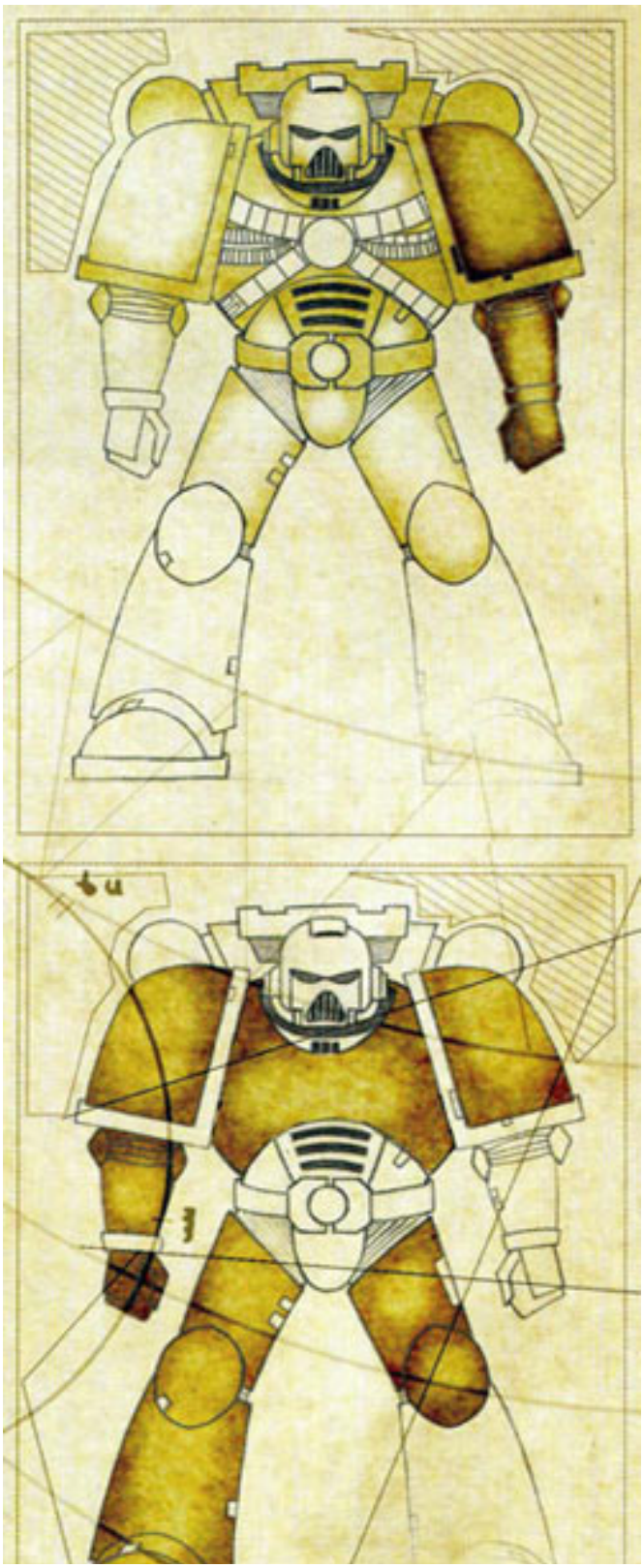
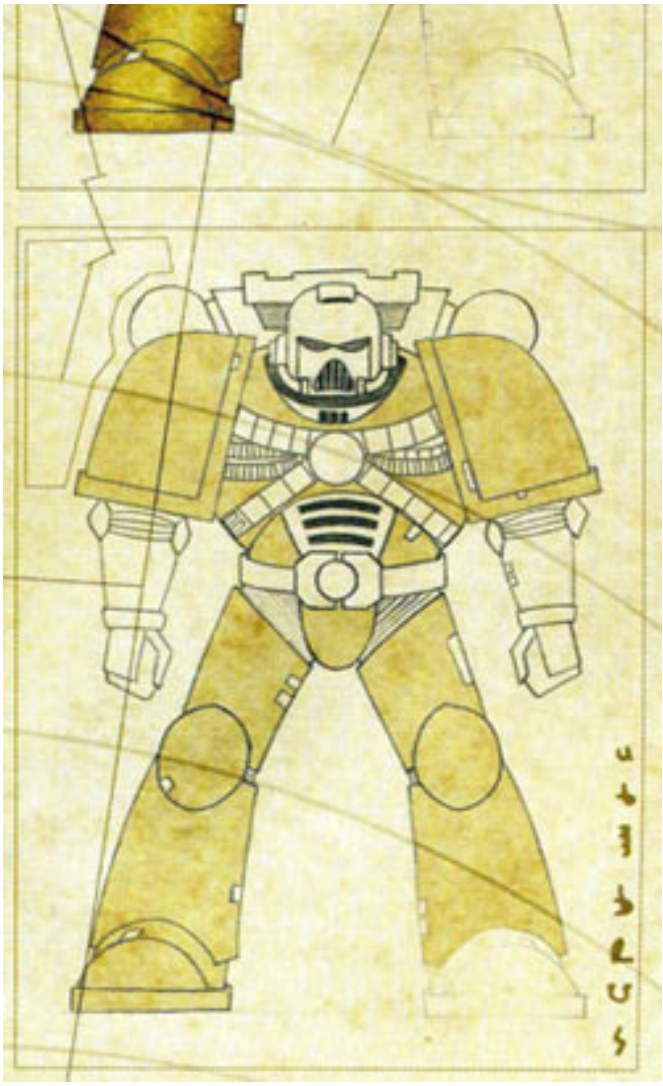
BACK TO INSIGNIUM ASTARTES SECTION

INTRODUCTION

Since the very first version of the Warhammer 40,000 tabletop battlegame was published in 1987 it has been the elite super-warriors known as the Space Marines who have most captured the imagination of those who play the game or read about the fictional world described therein. There is something both admirable and threatening about these macabre 'altered' human warriors, and their heroically tragic role in the fictional history of the Warhammer 40,000 universe, coupled with their incredible heraldic costumes has ensured their popularity. Today this is as high as ever as more people are introduced to the Warhammer 40,000 game and Games Workshop develops new opportunities to showcase the Space Marines' unique appeal.





Warhammer 40,000 is set in a grim far future. It is a time of unrelenting war as humanity strives to survive in the face of myriad threats, warmongering aliens, bloodthirsty daemons and misguided heretics threaten it at every turn. The Imperium of Mankind is humanity's last hope and the martial forces of the Emperor of Earth its only defence. Foremost amongst those defenders are the Space Marines the Adeptus Astartes, the Emperor's finest warriors.

Created in legend over ten thousand years ago, the Space Marines have been at the forefront of the endless struggle to survive. A single Space Marine is a formidable foe. He has been surgically and psychologically adapted to be the perfect human warrior and endowed with the best weapons and armour the Imperium can manufacture. He fights with a thousand or so brother Marines who comprise a regiment or Chapter as they are known. This relatively tiny military unit packs a mighty punch and throughout the galaxy the Space Marines are justly feared. There are estimated to be a thousand Chapters of Space Marines currently active across the vast tracts of the Imperium, however only the High Lords of Terra know for sure the exact number and status of these warriors. Space Marines are warrior monks utterly devoted and single minded in their duty, armed with the most powerful weapon of all: an unshakeable faith in the righteousness of their mission, and in the Emperor.

Insignium Astartes focuses on the uniforms and heraldry of these incredible future warriors. As we shall see each of the Chapters has a unique heraldic pattern of armour and markings. Each Chapter follows

ancient traditions and rules that govern these patterns and colour schemes, and this book will hopefully provide an insight into some of these traditions. This will be particularly useful to miniature modellers and tabletop gamers as they seek to recreate Space Marines for their model collections, displays and miniature armies but will also interest all those who have ever been fasonated with humanity's greatest champions.



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SPбуе MARINES

'They shall be pure of heart and strong of body, untainted by doubt and unsullied by self aggrandisement. They will be bright stars in the firmament of battle, Angels of Death whose shining wings bring swift annihilation to the enemies of man. So it shall be for a thousand times a thousand years, unto the very end of eternity and the extinction of mortal flesh.'

Roboute Guilliman, Codex Astartes

Created first on earth in the thirtieth millennium and intended to spearhead the forces of humanity in the great reconquest of the galaxy known as the Firs,t Crusade, the Space Marines have become the Imperium's finest warriors and its most identifiable defenders.

Pictured here is a standard trooper. Though he would be considered a mighty warrior for any other army, among the Space Marines he is merely one of a thousand Battle-Brothers that make up a Space Marine Chapter. Each Marine represents the culmination of thousands of man-hours of training, development and equipment. Recruited from the most promising youths of martial societies all around the Imperium, a Marine is biologically engineered to make him stronger, faster and tougher than any normal human ever could be, able to endure the harshest conditions without concern.

Gene-seed

Part of this engineering takes the form of the implantation of new organs, and the Codex Astartes lists no less than nineteen different organs that are implanted as part of a Space Marine's development. These include such obvious enhancements as a secondary heart and a multi-lung as well as obscure, but no less important, additions such as the Ossmodula which strengthens and enlarges a marine's skeletal structure (even to the extent of fusing solid the ribcage). These implants are cultured from genetic material known as gene-seed, the genetic inheritance of a Chapter that is shared by each one of its marines, both past and present. In this way, every marine has an inextricable link to his Battle-Brothers and the Chapter's history.

Recruitment

Each Chapter has its own methods of recruiting young warriors to fill its ranks. Many are based on a single home world and recruit solely from that populace, setting trials and tests for prospective candidates to weed out all but the strongest and the most faithful. These worlds are often

technologically backward with strong militaristic societies, where male children who show potential are pushed harder and harder in order that they may one day have a chance to join the ranks of the star warriors.

It is always a great honour for a family to have a son chosen by the Space Marines, even for societies with little conception of the greater galaxy beyond their world. The Space wolves are an example of this. The Wolf Priests of the Space Wolves scour the warring, Dark Age tribes of their home world of Fenris for their strongest and bravest youths, while Ultramarines traditionally draw their candidates from the elite training barracks of a whole group of planetary systems known collectively as Ultramar, the realm of the Ultramarines.

Other Chapters have no one single home world and travel the galaxy in gigantic fleets of battleships, recruiting either from a regular series of worlds or from the war zones to which they are assigned. The Black Templars are one such example of a fleet-based chapter.

Once recruited, these youths become neophytes and begin their regimen of training and biological enhancement. Successful completion of this course is by no means assured, nor even is survival. Astartes training pulls no punches, and the surgical procedures have degenerated into arcane rituals. Those few who ultimately go on to prove themselves worthy will become initiates of the Chapter and become available for limited active duty, most often as a member of a scouting company, but this varies from Chapter to Chapter.

Arms & Armour Boltgun

The boltgun or bolter is the codex issue armament for Space Marines. It is a short, compact weapon that fires a missile or bolt substantially larger than a bullet. The bolt contains an armour piercing tip, an explosive and a mass reactive detonator, causing the bolt to detonate after it has pierced armour, blowing the target apart from the inside. Its destructive power and limited effective range suits the Space Marines' typical shock or close support role on the battlefield.

Boltguns are made in limited quantities and to the highest standards using the most costly materials. Even bolts are expensive to make and cannot be easily fabricated outside of specialised workshops.

Boltguns require constant attention and regular expert maintenance if they are to work properly. Each marine is scrupulous in his attention to his weapons as not only do they allow him to carry out his duty on the battlefield but they are also a symbol of his position as a chosen of the Emperor. Marines do not so much as service their arms as they do venerate them. Master-crafted bolters are treasured artefacts and some have been maintained by Space Marine Chapters for hundreds or thousands of years.

The boltgun's smaller cousin, the bolt pistol, functions in a similar manner and is used as a sidearm by officers and assault squads where the reduced range is more than compensated for by its manoeuvrability in close-quartet combat.

Conversely, the heavy bolter and the storm bolter are heavier versions of the same principle. The heavy bolter is used as an anti-infantry support weapon by Tactical and Devastator squads, while the Storm Bolter is the standard sidearm of Terminator squads.

Power armour

This enclosing suit of armour is worn almost exclusively by the Space Marines. It is made from thick ceramite plates and would be heavy and cumbersome but for electrically motivated fibre bundles implanted in the armour that replicate the movements of the wearer and supplement his considerable strength still further. The last implant of each marine is known as the Black Carapace which is a layer inserted beneath the skin itself fitted with neural sensors and transfusion points. These artificial plug-in points mesh with features integral to the powered armour allowing it to function; without the carapace the armour would be worse than useless. Power armour is therefore the most distinctive feature of a marine and is therefore the true mark of the Adeptus Astartes.

There are other older types of power armour in service which are very different in their design. Some Space Marine Chapters use only a single type of armour while others (especially those who have existed since the dawn of the Imperium) have a large store of previous designs and make use of them.

Many of the older variants have special associations for particular Chapters and may be worn by ceremonial guards or by elite units. Other Space Marine Chapters are less formal in their use of armour, mixing various types into their fighting units with little or no regard for conformity. The degree of uniformity within a Space Marine Chapter varies a great deal and is often determined by historical precedent or tradition, but even where the same armour is issued, the heavy degree of personalisation and ornamentation instinctive to all marines means that no two sets will be identical.

Terminator armour

Developed from sealed environment suits used inside the high-pressure castings of plasma reactor shields and the holds of bulk chemical carriers, Terminator armour was designed to give the maximum protection possible in the most lethal of combat environments. The armour is massively bulky and contains a full exo-skeleton arrangement of fibre bundles and adamantium rods to support the heavy gauge plasteel and ceramite plates that form the outer carapace. They are extremely valuable and often very old, kept in a highly secure Chapter armoury and maintained and repaired religiously. Only the most experienced veterans of the Chapter (often the First Company) will ever have the chance to wear it and only then in situations where its deployment is justified, typically in deadly short-range firefights in cramped hive cities, the breach of a siege or against lethal aliens in labyrinthine space hulks.



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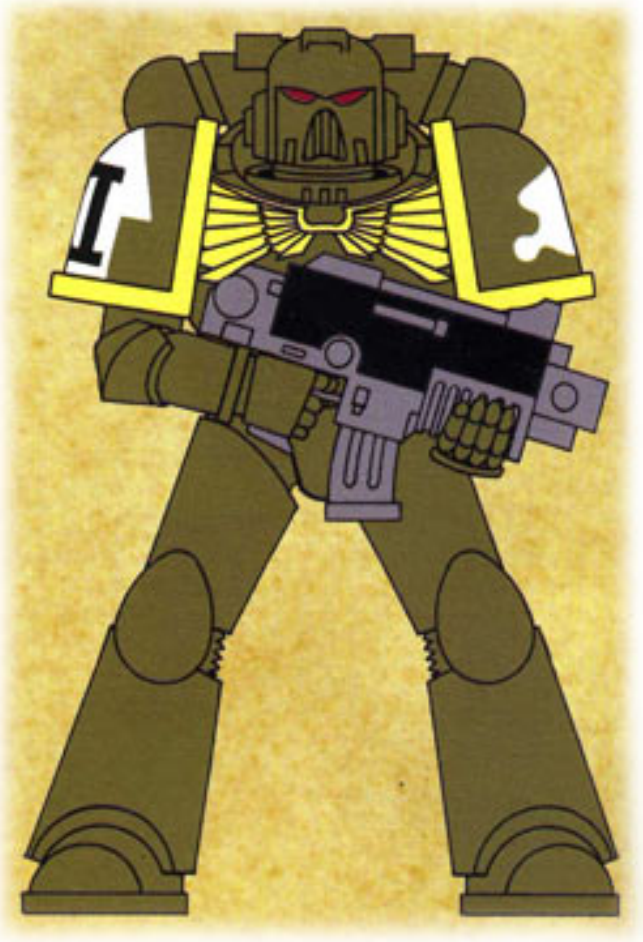
SPACE MARINE CHAPTERS

In the wake of the Horus Heresy the newly formed ruling council of the Imperium, the High Lords of Terra, set about rebuilding and repairing the damage wrought during this terrible civil war. In most need of reorganising and restructuring were the devastated Space Marine Legions as these great armies had borne the brunt of the treachery done by the Warmaster Horus and his traitors. The High Lords tasked the Ultramarines Primarch Roboute Guilliman with the job of reordering the Imperial military forces. His first duty was to revise the organisation of the Space Marines and to codify their institutions, doctrines and armorials. His conclusions became the almost mythic book known as the Codex Astartes, a work so important its contents still form the basis of Space Marine organisation and tactics ten thousand years after it was originally compiled.

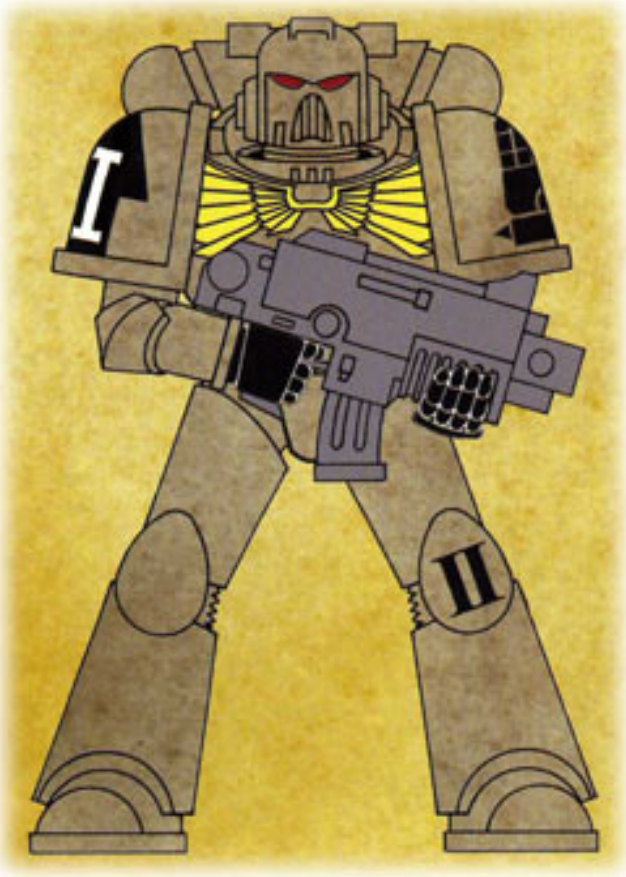


Dark Eagles Chapter

The original twenty Space Marine Legions were vast armies numbering thousands of warriors amongst their ranks. During the Horus Heresy this was both a great blessing and a great curse when half of their commanders were corrupted by Horus and threw themselves and their warriors behind his unholy insurrection. The ensuing civil war that erupted between these titanic forces nearly destroyed the Imperium. After the traitors of Horus and been defeated and banished the High Lords of Terra decreed that never again should so many Space Marines fall under the sway of one man, however noble his intent. Thus it was that Roboute embarked on the creation of the Space Marine Chapter. The exact means and timescale of his efforts are lost to memory or record, the result however was that each of the Legions was split into a number of Chapters of roughly a thousand fighting Marines. There is some debate among scholars as to whether the older Legions were already subdivided into Chapters but there is no

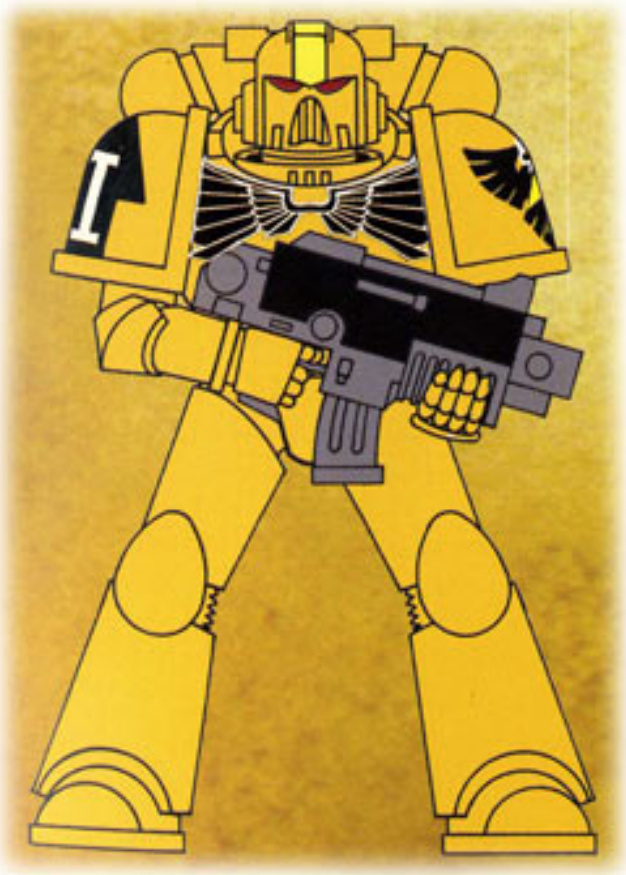
record of this prior to their reorganisation.

As the old Legions were divided into new Chapters they each adopted new names, badges and colours with only one of the new Chapters retaining the old Legion name and iconography. This was known as the Second Founding of Space Marines. It is not known exactly how many Chapters were created at this time as the Imperial records are incomplete or vague. Most of the new Chapters were derived from the Ultramarines Legion, presumably because it was the largest of the loyal Legions. The Apocrypha of Skaros records that twenty three Chapters were created from the Ultramarines Legion but does not name them. There have been further foundings since then so that by the 41st Millennium there are reputed to be a thousand or more Chapters of Space Marines.



Dark Hands Chapter

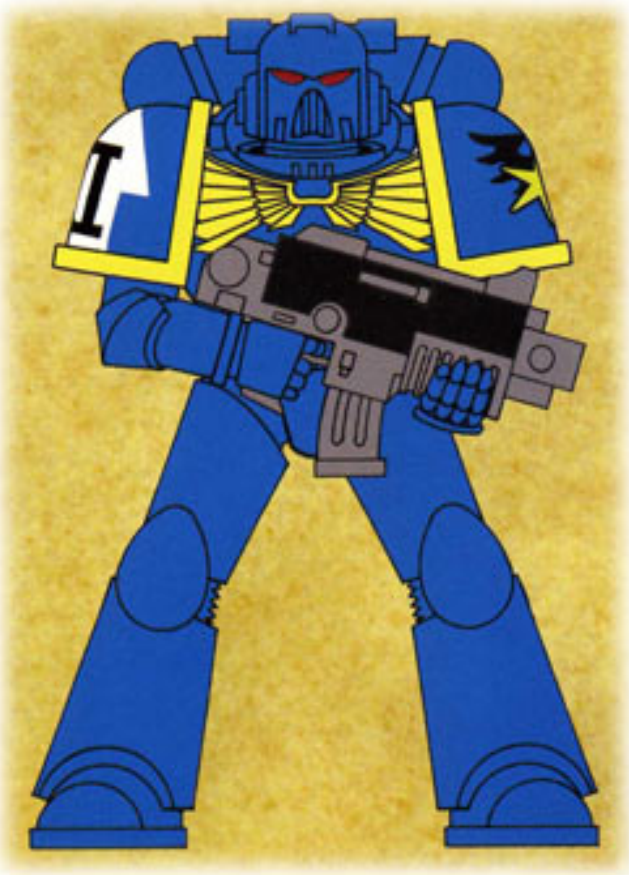
The vast majority of the newly created Chapters took up the Codex Astartes and its doctrines as their guiding law. These Chapters were and are still known as the Codex Chapters. They pride themselves on following the ancient text and applying its principles of warcraft and devotion to the Emperor. In the 41st Millennium there are relatively few of the original Codex Chapters surviving as they have been either destroyed in battle or disbanded. Through the ages other Chapters have developed organisations and heraldries that are so variant with the Codex that they can no longer be considered as such. In truth most Chapters retain the basic organisation and markings or something close to the original though only a few can claim to be Codex Chapters.



Doom Warriors Chapter

Every Space Marine Chapter has a unique basic heraldry consisting of a specific colour or colour scheme and an icon or badge. The Chapter badge is always prominently displayed on the Marines' armour, banners and war machines. The heraldries of the Space Marine Chapters are bold and striking, more akin to a medieval knight's costume than to a uniformed soldier. This is quite deliberate as the Space Marines have little need or desire to disguise their presence on the field of battle. In fact they wish their foes to know that it is Space Marines they face and to be suitably cowed. In addition they are

justly proud of their Chapter's heritage and of the honours it has won in battle.



Heralds of Ultramar

The Codex Astartes

Roboute Guilliman's greatest work describes and prescribes how the entire Imperial military should be organised and how it should fight. Within its hallowed pages are long treatises on all manner of tactics and strategies for virtually all of the soldiers, warriors and war machines known to the Imperium. Of special interest is the volume devoted to the Space Marines. This volume sets out how a Chapter should be structured, recruit, train, fight and dress. In fact every aspect of being a Space Marine is covered in some detail.

The original Codex was compiled approximately ten thousand years ago in the aftermath of the Horus Heresy. It is not known what form the original took: it may have been a manuscript or it may have been a compilation of holo-files or even some combination. Of course manuscript copies were made and distributed. The oldest surviving copy of the Codex is reputed to be the Apocrypha of Skaros. The Liber Arcanum of Grand Marshall Tolof and the Holo-Record 442/33508; Gant Manuscript v2 of the Ceris Archive have some claim to this honour as well. Over the millennia the copies have been copied and recopied many times in order to preserve them. Inevitably, mistakes occur and so it is unlikely that any two copies of the Codex will be identical. Furthermore, the work is constantly being reanalysed and reinterpreted. The original prose style of Roboute is at best archaic and in some cases almost unintelligible. This has led to many varied interpretations over the centuries and to many situations where two entirely different doctrines have been legitimately claimed as 'official Codex' at the same time.



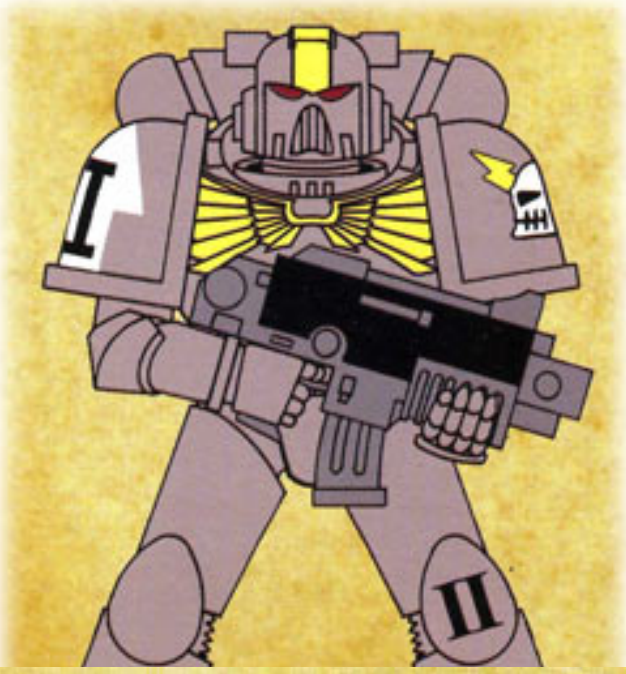
Primogenitor Chapters

The Primogenitors are the Chapters created from the old Ultramarines Legion during the Second Founding. There are conflicting records as to exactly how many

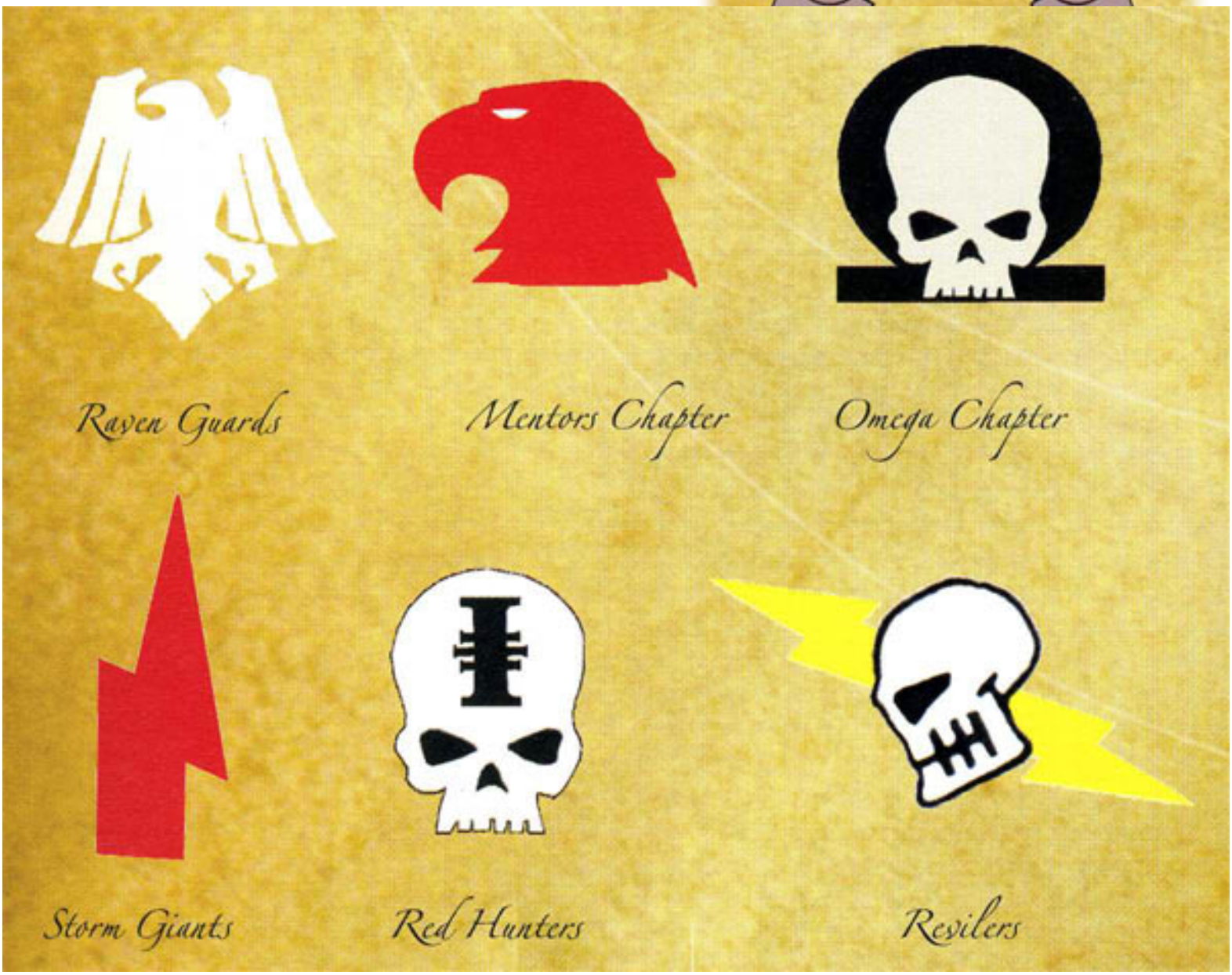
Primogenitor or 'First Born' Chapters were created at this time. However all of these Chapters venerate Roboute Guilliman, the Primarch of the Ultramarines, and their own founding father and patron. All of them are also strict adherents of the Codex Astartes.

Known Primogenitor Chapters are: Eagle Warriors, Silver Eagles, Doom Eagles, Novamarines, Patriarchs of Ulixis, White Consuls, Black Consuls, Libators, Inceptors, Praetors of Orpheus, Genesis Chapter and the Aurora Chapter. It is believed that there were a further eleven or more Primogenitors but the names of these have been lost in the passing of time and no other 41st Millennium Chapters claim the honour.

Red Hunters Chapter



CHAPTER ICONS



Storm Giants Red Hunters Reivers



Brazen Claw Chapter



Dark Hands



Imperial Fists



Doom Warriors



Storm Lords



Nosamarines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CHAPTER ORGANISATION

The Codex Astartes has a large section devoted to the organisation of a Space Marine Chapter. It states that a Chapter should consist of ten fighting companies each numbering a hundred Space Marines. Each Company consists of ten squads of ten warriors of which one is a Sergeant. In addition to the squads each Company has its own Captain, Chaplain, Apothecary and Standard Bearer.

Every Company is also expected to maintain and crew a number of vehicles, in particular ubiquitous Rhino and Razorback armoured transports, for the officers and squads. Most Companies will also have some Dreadnoughts attached to bolster the fighting capability of the unit.

In theory, the actual number of combatants in a Company can exceed the notional one hundred Space Marines noted by the Codex. However in practice the Companies are rarely at full strength as constant battle takes its toll and replacements are not always available to fill the ranks.

The Codex stipulates that a Chapter should reserve one of its Companies for its most experienced warriors and that they should be exclusively trained in the use of Terminator armour. Although the Codex is not clear about which Company this should be, the Eirst Company is invariably chosen for this honour. The Company can be deployed as Veteran Squads or as Terminator Squads. This is the Chapter's most awesome combat element and it is rare for the entire Company to be fielded en masse. Most often the elite units of Veteran and Terminator Squads are attached to the other Companies or formed into smaller task forces for special operations.

Of the remaining Companies the Codex states that eight shall be divided into the 'Companies of Battle' and the 'Companies of Reserve'. Again the ancient tome is not clear about how many of each type of Company there should be or rather the various copies of the Codex do not agree on this point. In some versions the Companies are referred to as 'Companies of the First Line' and 'Companies of the Second Line' and in others as the 'Companies of the Van' and 'Companies of the Rear'. Traditionally, however, the Codex Chapters organise the eight main units into four Battle Companies and four Reserve Companies.

Battle Companies comprise a mix of squad designations, usually six Tactical Squads, two Assault Squads and two Devastator Squads. This can vary however and some Chapters may organise include more or less Assault and Devastator Squads but never more than the number of Tactical Squads in the Company. The Battle Companies form the main battle lines and generally bear the brunt of the fighting. A single Battle Company acts as the core of a battlefield formation that may include attached elements from the Veteran, Scout and Reserve Companies as well as, armoured units from the Chapter's Armoury. The Battle Company Captains are incredibly adept at incorporating these ancillary troops into their formations and maximising their effectiveness. This flexibility and adaptability gives the Space Marines a great advantage and means that they are able to meet almost any threat and react quickly and efficiently.

The Reserve Companies are comprised entirely of squads of the same designation. Two of the Reserve Companies are Tactical Companies each often Tactical Squads. These are intended to act as a general reserve for the Chapter and may be used to reinforce the main line, launch diversionary attacks or counter enemy manoeuvres. In addition, one of the Companies is also trained to fight as Bike Squadrons and the other is trained to fight from Land Speeders. This increases the flexibility of the reserve and provides the Chapter with mass light vehicle formations if required. Elements of the Tactical Reserve may be seconded to the main Battle Companies to act as reinforcements.

One of the Reserve Companies is an Assault Company comprising of ten Assault Squads. This is the Chapter's most mobile unit and is deployed in situations where a lot of hand-to-hand combat is anticipated or where speed of deployment is advantageous. The entire Company may be equipped with jump packs.

The last Reserve Company is the Devastator Company. This unit comprises ten Devastator Squads. The Devastator Company is used to anchor defence points and to provide long range fire support. It is also useful in countering enemy armoured vehicles formations.

The Reserve Companies also provide the Battle Companies with a source of ready replacements for casualties. This enables the Chapter to keep its main line at full fighting strength as fully trained and experienced Space Marines are readily available to the main line Squads.

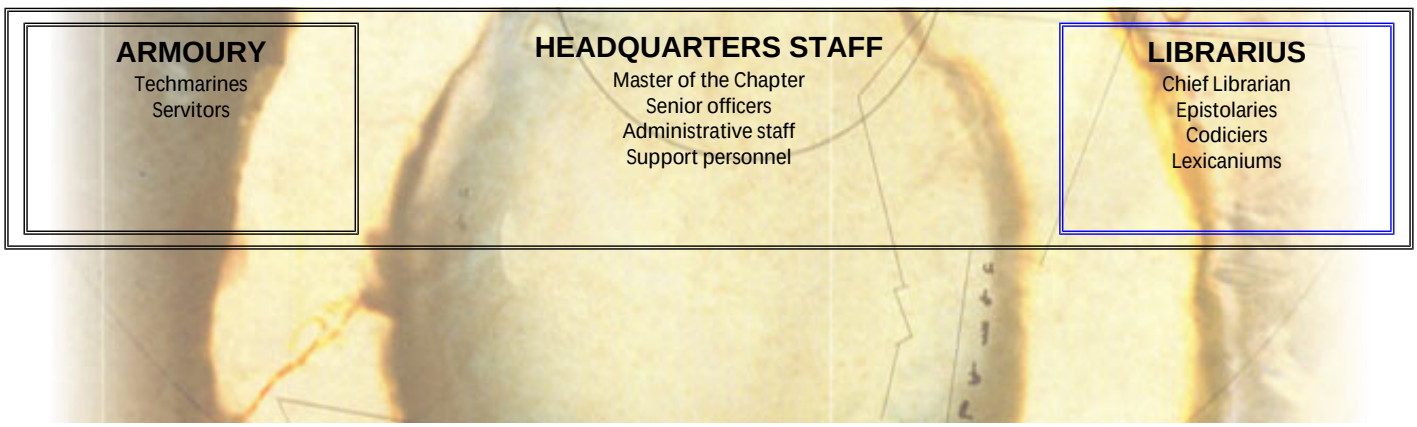
The last or tenth Company is referred to in the Codex as the Scout Company. In some Chapters this Company acts as a training battalion since their Scouts are generally younger, less experienced warriors who are in the process of becoming fully fledged Space Marines. However, in other Chapters the Scout Company includes troops who are every bit as experienced as their more armoured brethren in the main Companies. Not withstanding this all of the Tenth Company's squads are armed and armoured as Scouts. There is no formal size for a Scout Company as the rate of recruitment to a Chapter is not fixed. Scouts are relatively lightly armed and armoured and have a variety of combat roles. They provide the main line Companies with recon capability and can infiltrate the enemy lines, sabotaging supply lines and disrupting communications.

A Space Marine Chapter also includes the Headquarters. This section of the Chapter contains all of the higher command officers and specialist support staff. These may be assigned to fight with a Company in battle. The Headquarters includes the important Armoury and Librarius divisions.

The Headquarters officers include the Chapter Master and a number of other Marines of various ranks and responsibilities. Not all of these are combatants and also included will be aged or infirm officers whose roles are to oversee recruiting, training and general administration. Some of the specific officer ranks described by the Codex include the Chapter's Ancient (or Standard Bearer), the Master's Secretarius, the Lord of the Household, the Chapter's Armourer, the Commander of the Fleet, Victuallers, the Commander of the Arsenal, the Commander of Recruits and the Commander of the Watch. Some of these are honorific titles bestowed on the most experienced of the Company Captains. It is perfectly possible therefore that the Captain of a Battle Company may also have the rank of Commander of the Watch for example. In addition to these officers the Headquarters includes a host of non-Marine human serfs who perform as non-combatant administrators and workers.

The Armoury comprises all of the Chapter's Techmarines and Servitors. The Techmarines are responsible for maintaining all of the Chapter's wargear and war machines. This includes the Chapter's armoured vehicles, transports and the various ships of the Fleet. They oversee the work of the Artificers, yet more non-combatant human serfs of the Chapter. The Artificers fabricate, maintain and repair weapons, armour and banners for the Chapter. They are particularly adept at modifying wargear to incorporate badges, icons and other honours.

The Librarius is the home of the psychic Librarians. The Chief Librarian reports directly to the Master of the Chapter and is considered to be one of the highest ranking Marines in the Chapter. The Librarians have many duties within the organisation. Apart from their vital battlefield role they are also responsible for communications and have a large staff of non-combatant Astropaths (inter-stellar communications) and other low level psychic helpers.



VETERANS

1ST (VETERAN) COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:
10 Terminator
or
10 Veteran

Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Land Raiders

I 1

BATTLE COMPANIES

2ND COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:
6 Tactical
2 Assault
2 Devastator

Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Land Speeders
Bikes

II 2

3RD COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:
6 Tactical
2 Assault
2 Devastator

Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Land Speeders
Bikes

III 3

4TH COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:
6 Tactical
2 Assault
2 Devastator

Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Land Speeders
Bikes

IV 4

5TH COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:
6 Tactical
2 Assault
2 Devastator

Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Land Speeders
Bikes

V 5

RESERVE COMPANIES

6TH COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:
10 Tactical

Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Bikes

VI 6

7TH COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:
10 Tactical

Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Land Speeders

VII 7

8TH COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:
10 Tactical

Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Land Speeders
Bikes

VIII 8

9TH COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:
10 Tactical

Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos

IX 9

SCOUTS

10TH (SCOUT) COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary

Squads:
Scouts

Support:
Bikes

X 10

Note: The coloured borders around the various company boxes denote the company colours which are repeated on the Space Marines' armour and banners. In addition to the vehicles and war machines listed, the Chapter has access to a vast range of other military hardware. This includes entire companies of Land Raiders, Predators and the like as well as special artillery and weaponry. Individual armoured vehicles and support gear are applied to the companies, in appropriate livery of the various captains.

NEXT

'); x = 1; } // '); } //

BACK TO INSIGNIUM ASTARTES SECTION

COMPANY BANNERS & SHOULDER PADS

CODEX CHAPTER SQUAD BADGES

The following pages show the tactical shoulder pad markings for each of the squads within a typical M41 (41st Millennium) Codex Chapter. These markings are displayed on the right shoulder pad of the Marines' armour. In this example the rims of the shoulder pads display the Company colour. The white tactical symbols indicate the designation of the Squad and the numerals simply refer to the Squad number within the Company.

The Codex provides for a number of variations on this basic system and also suggests that each Chapter periodically revise its tactical markings in order to confound the enemy. This has led to many differences between the many Codex Chapters. It also explains why it is that some Chapters have varied their appearance over the course of millennia. In fact some Scholars within the Adeptus Administratum use the changes in the Ultramarines iconography as a means of dating ancient files and monuments. The Ultramarines are particularly useful for this because they are the most documented Chapter in the history of the Imperium. Even so their records are not complete or are vague and this leads to much speculation within scholarly circles about the exact dates for events in the distant past.

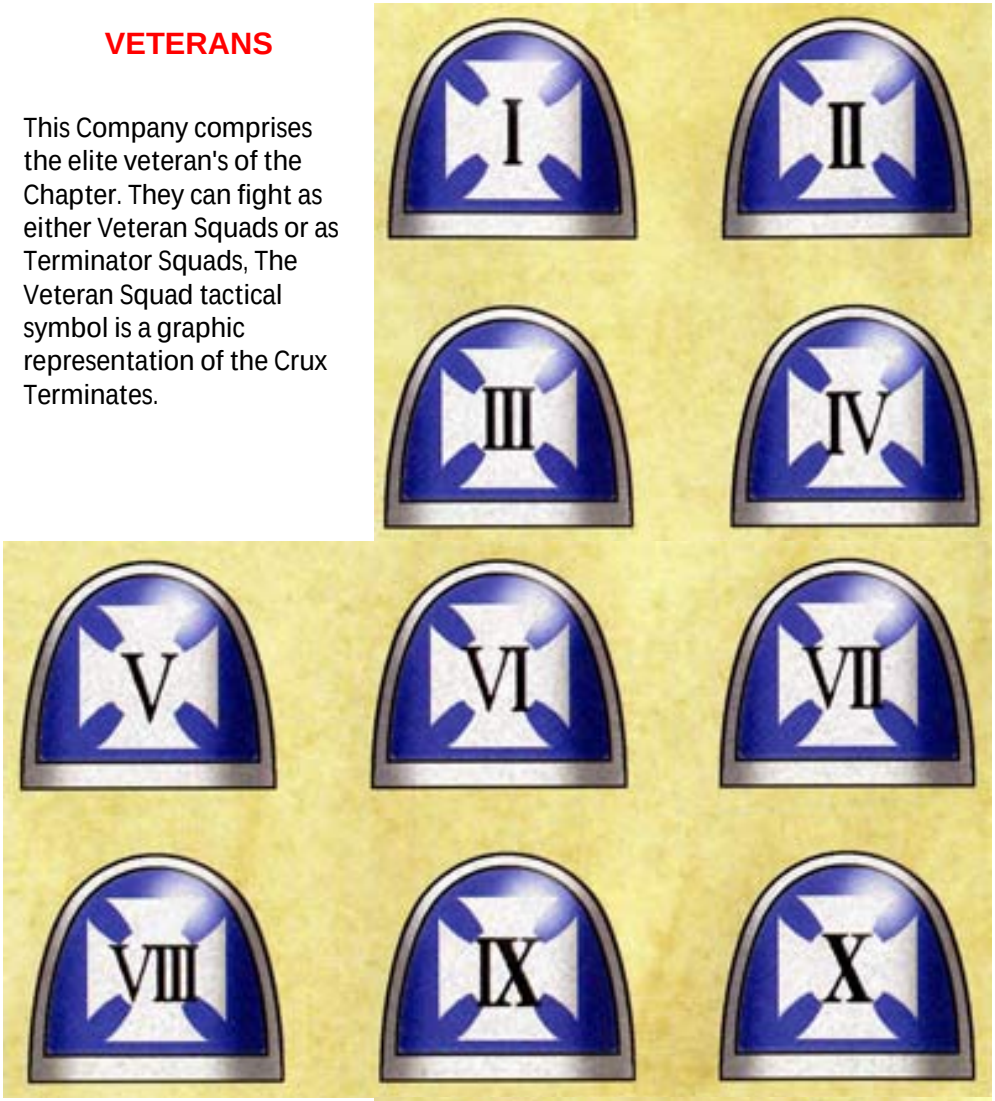
ULTRAMARINES COMPANY BANNERS

A Chapter's Company standards are possibly the most revered of all of their artefacts. On this and the following pages are displayed the Company banners of the Ultramarines Chapter (M41).

1ST COMPANY

VETERANS

This Company comprises the elite veteran's of the Chapter. They can fight as either Veteran Squads or as Terminator Squads, The Veteran Squad tactical symbol is a graphic representation of the Crux Terminates.

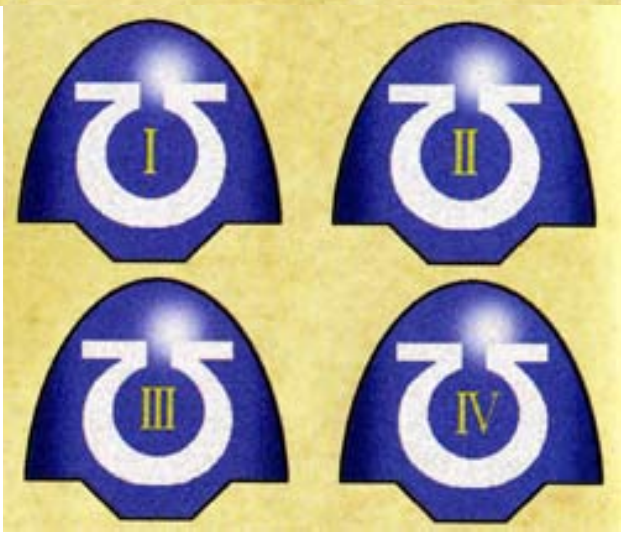


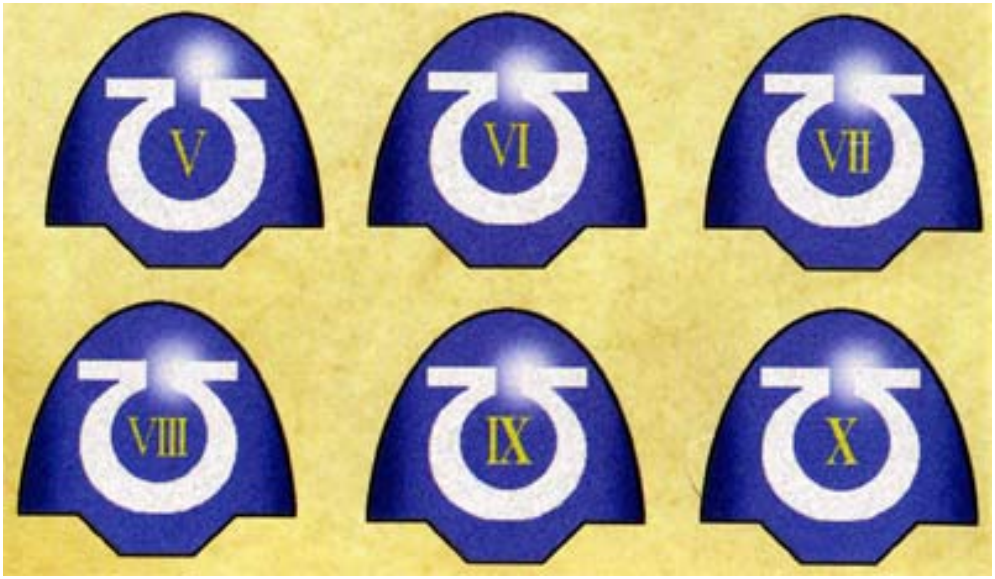


The banner of the 1st Company combines a Crux Terminatus design with an Imperial eagle and Ultramarines Chapter symbol.

TERMINATORS

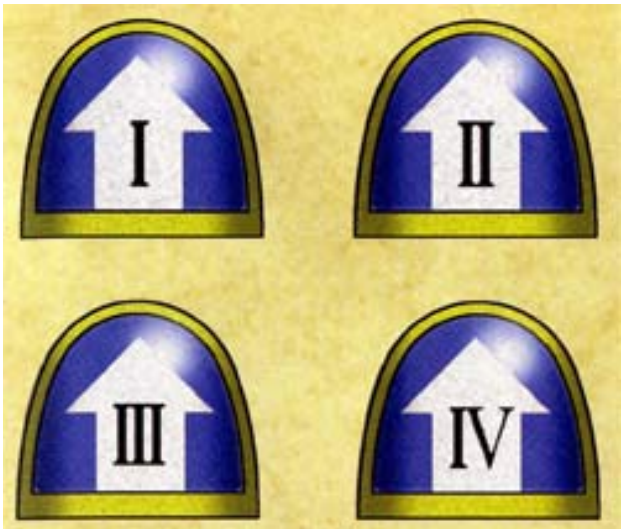
The left shoulder pad of Terminator armour carries the large stone tactical badge known as the Crux Terminarus. The Chapter symbol is therefore displayed on the right pad. A number differentiates each of the squads.

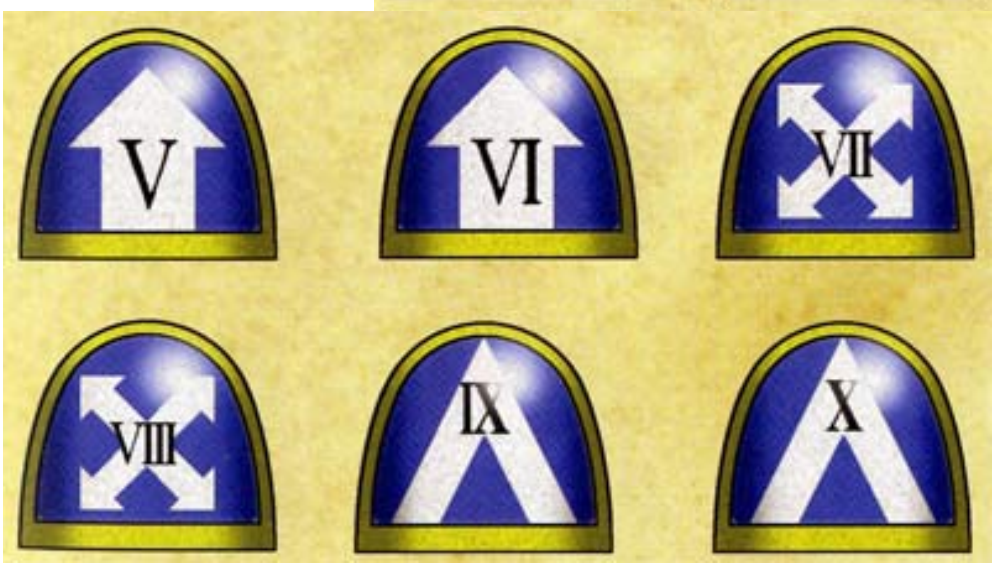




2ND BATTLE COMPANY

This shows the classic division of the Battle Company into six Tactical, two Assault and two Devastator Squads. Traditionally the Tactical Squads are numbered one to six, the Assault Squads as seven and eight and the Devastators as nine and ten.





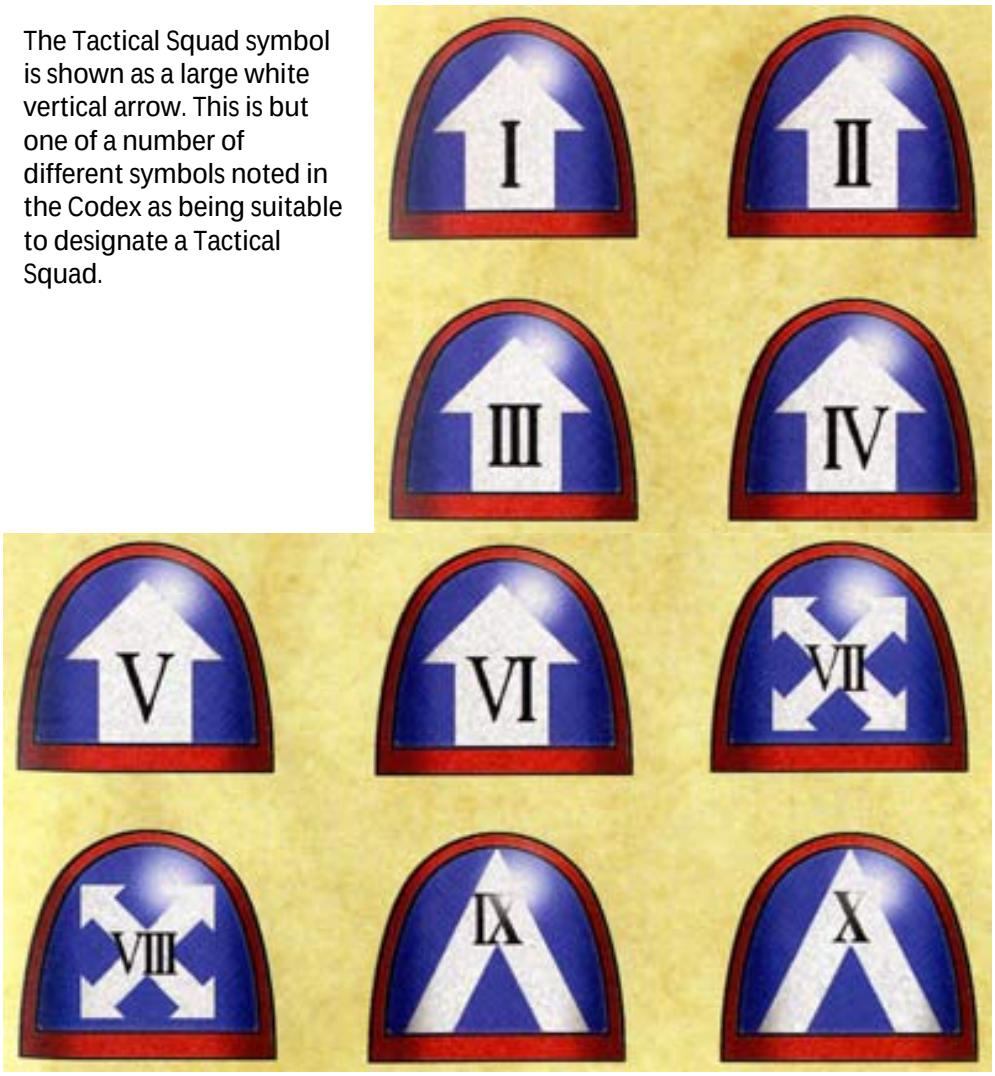


This banner is very typical of a Space Marine Company banner. Its design includes the Chapter symbol and a number of very common imperial motifs including the double-headed eagle, laurel wreath, skull and name scroll. These elements occur time and again on Space

Marine banners.

3RD BATTLE COMPANY

The Tactical Squad symbol is shown as a large white vertical arrow. This is but one of a number of different symbols noted in the Codex as being suitable to designate a Tactical Squad.

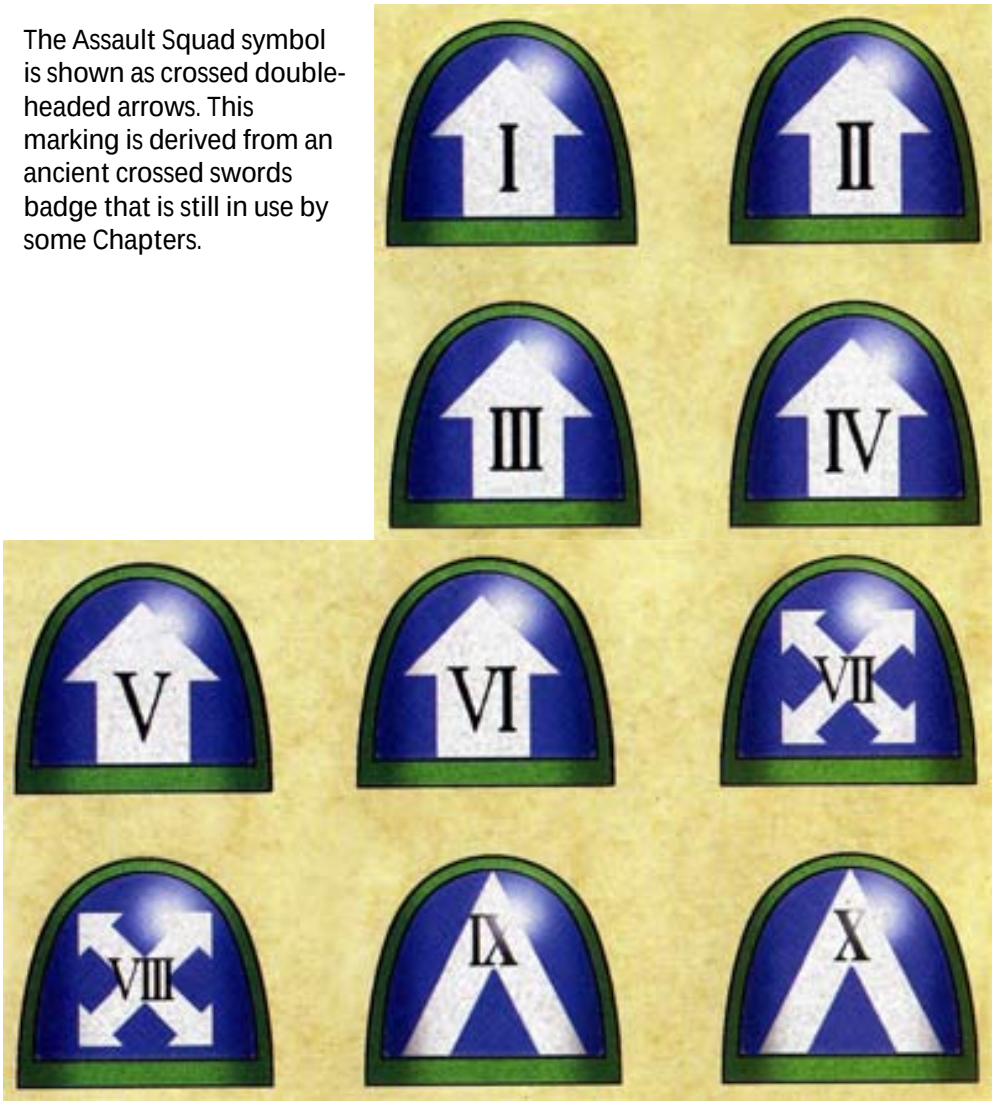




This banner is the newest in the Chapter having been relatively recently awarded to the Company for heroic actions during the First Tyrannic War. The banner incorporates a Tyranid Warrior trophy head to mark the famous victory.

4TH BATTLE COMPANY

The Assault Squad symbol is shown as crossed double-headed arrows. This marking is derived from an ancient crossed swords badge that is still in use by some Chapters.

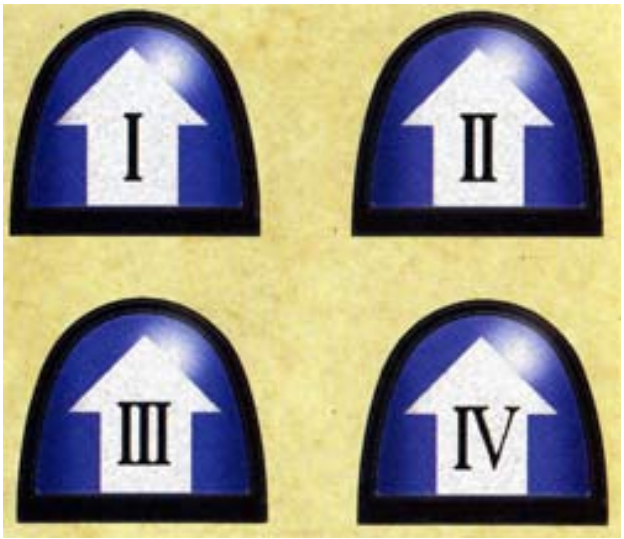


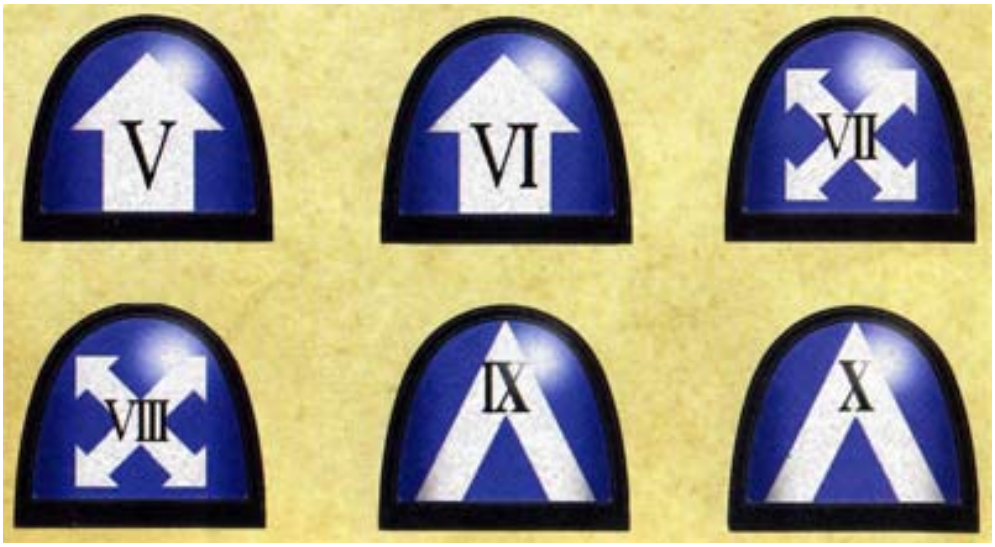


This banner displays the heraldic iron gauntlet badge of Captain Idaeus the current commander of the 4th Company. It is a great honour for the Chapter Master to sanction the use of personal motifs and this shows Idaeus to be a mighty hero of the Ultramarines.

5TH BATTLE COMPANY

Devastator Squads are designated by the inverted V sign. Again this is but one of a number of different markings described in the Codex Astartes.



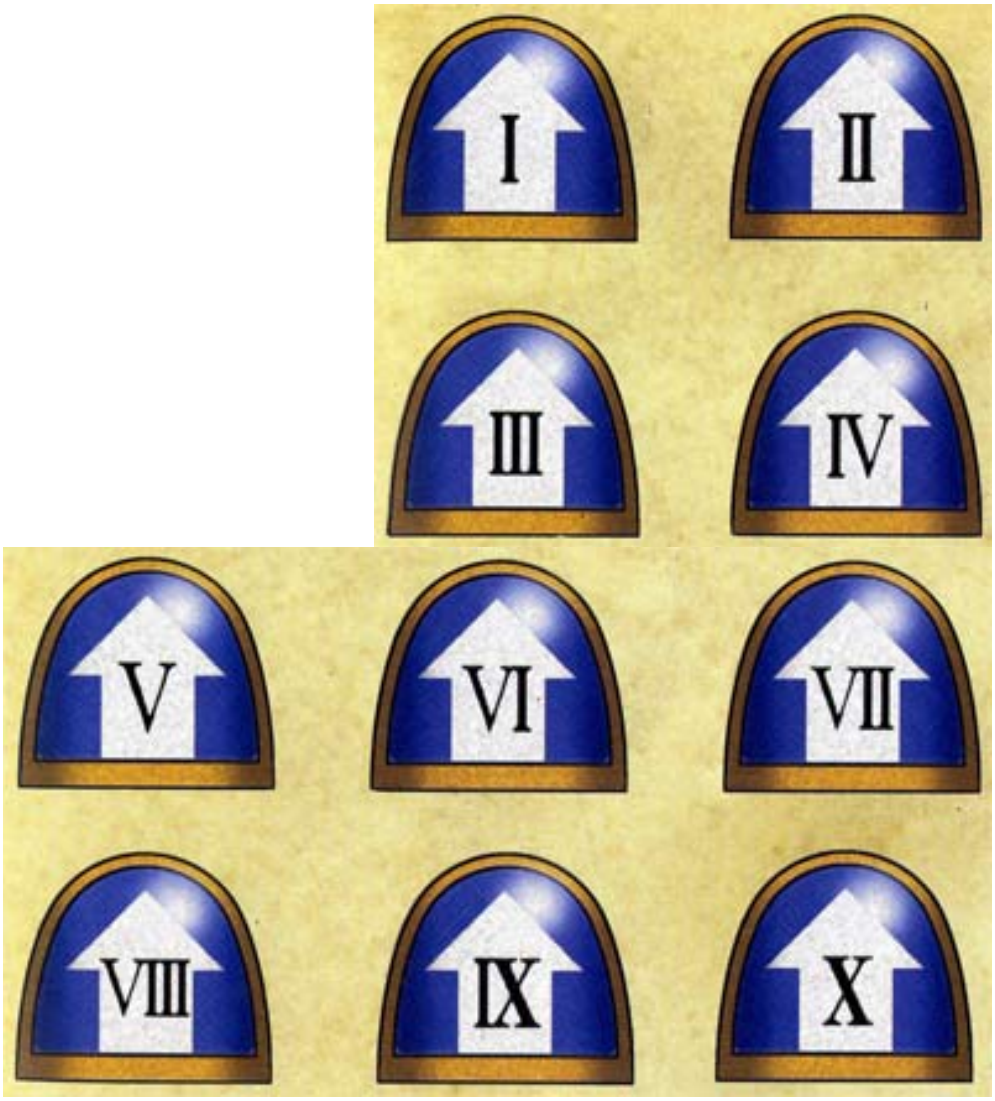




The Captain of the 5th Company of the Ultramarines bears the rank of Master of the Marches and this banner displays his badges of office, an Imperial eagle grasping a laurel wreath with skull pendant. The Master of the Marches is one of the many honorific titles for officers within the Chapter's Headquarters staff.

6TH RESERVE COMPANY

The 6th Company may be deployed as Tactical Squads or as Bike Squadrons or some combination of the two. Individual Squads may be attached to the Battle Companies to bolster their fighting strength.

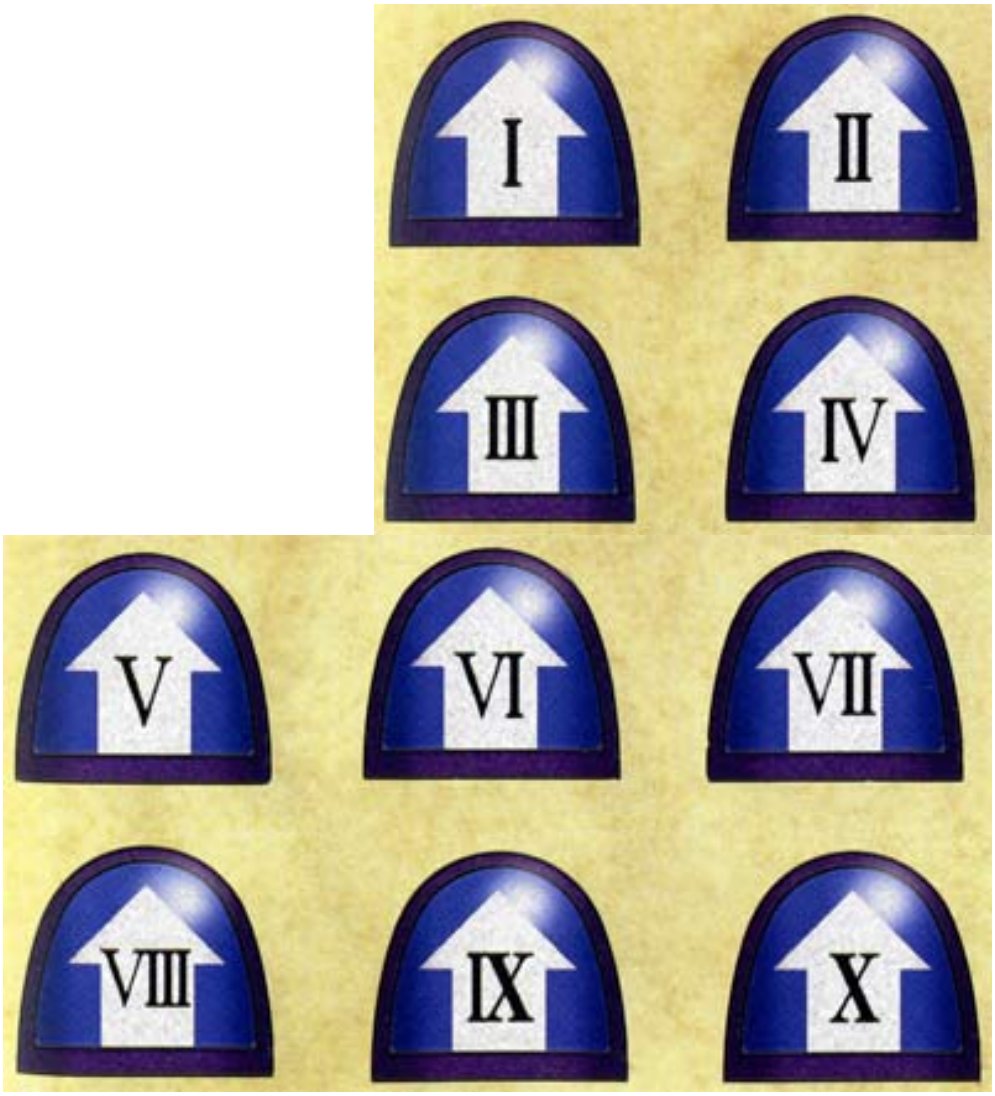




This banner commemorates the role of the Company in the Gerio Sector. The 6th Company has a prominent role in the patrol sweeps of Ultramar and neighbouring sectors. The Company fought for a year and a day to foil the ork incursion into the forge worlds of Cassillus and Protean and has constantly impressed Lord Macragge with its resilience and fortitude.

7TH RESERVE COMPANY

The 7th Company may he deployed as Tactical Squads or as Land Speeder Squadrons or some combination oi she two, These Squads and Squadrons might be required to fight with other companies.

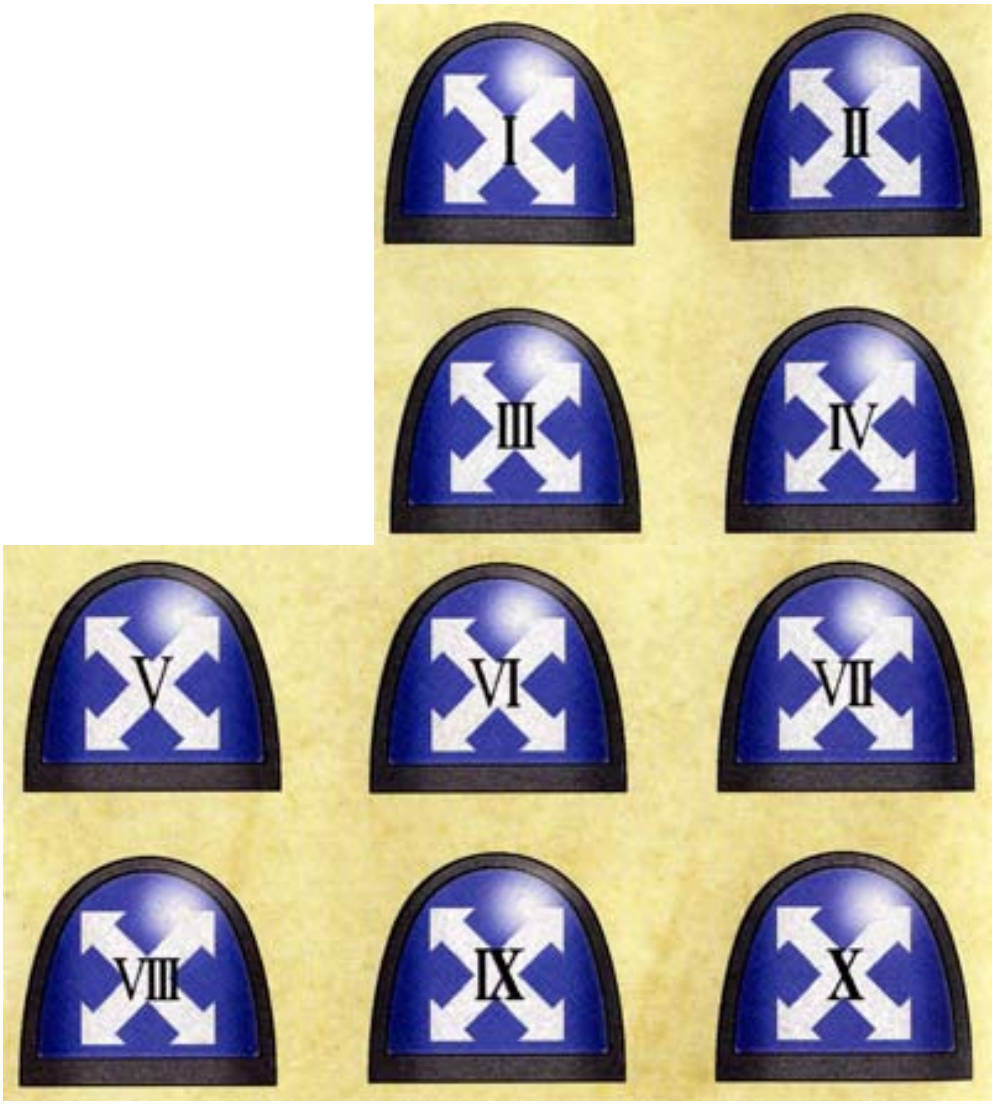




The 7th Company of the Ultramarines are known within as the 'Defenders of Caeserean'. The Company successfully defended the Imperial Capital of Caeserean IV against the heretic army of Korus the Defiler. Legend has it that the Ultramarines were outnumbered by a thousand to one and yet refused to give up one building to the Chaos horde.

8TH RESERVE COMPANY

This is a powerful close combat formation as it comprises ten Assault Squads of trained hand-to-hand fighters. These warriors can also fight as Bike or Land Speeder Squadrons.

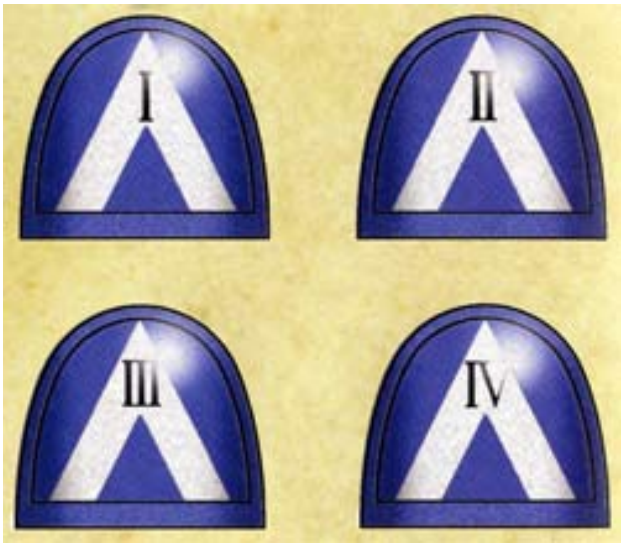


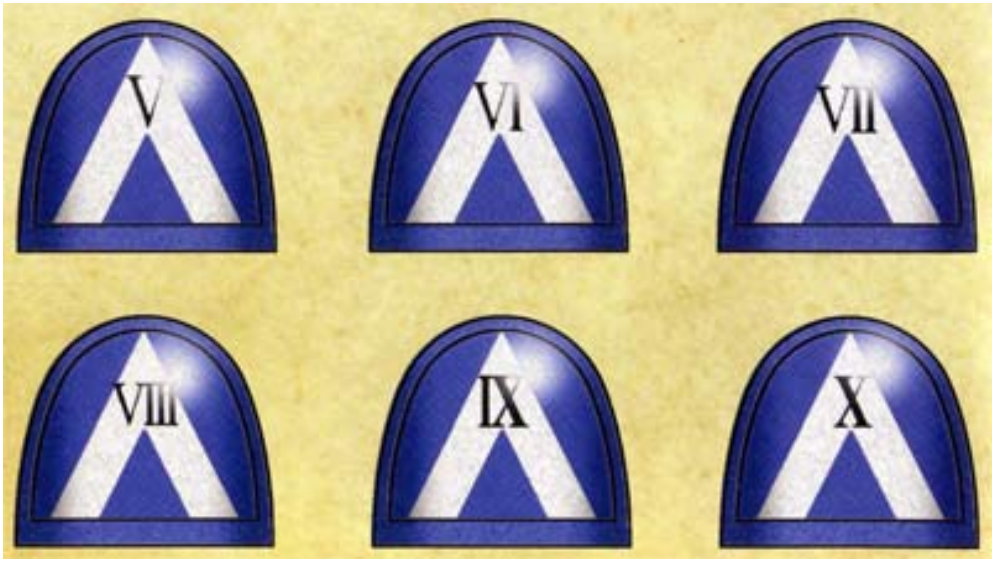


This is a newly fabricated banner to mark the reformation of the 8th Company. The Company had suffered hellish losses during the Alutian Wars such that mass recruitment was required to bring the Company back to fighting strength. The replacement squads completed their training on Cava II in record time.

9TH RESERVE COMPANY

This Company contains the largest concentration of heavy weapons in the Chapter. The ten Devastator Squads are most often deployed to secure and reinforce battlefield objectives.





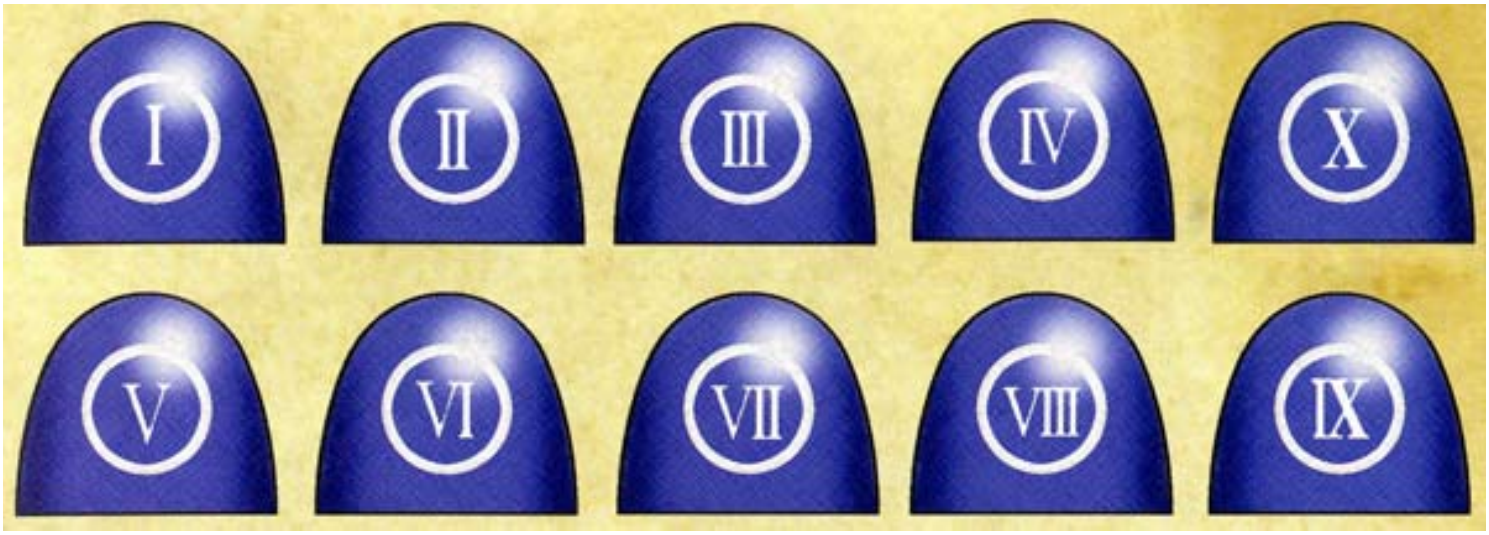


The banner celebrates the 9th Company's status as the Devastator Reserve and carries a traditional Ultramar design of explosion and lightning bolts.

10TH COMPANY

SCOUTS

Space Marine Scouts can be deployed as Scout Squads or as Scout Bike Squadrons. There is no fixed number of Squads in the Scout Company.



CHAPTER BANNERS

The Chapter Banner is the most sacred artefact belonging to the Chapter. The banner itself is likely to be very old and is only ever carried into battle by the appropriately named Chapter's Ancient. The banner is as individual as the Chapter itself and there are few rules to govern its design. The Codex limits comment on the Chapter Banner to simply saying that the standard should carry the colours and icon of the Chapter and should display such honours as the Chapter Master deems worthy.



It is quite likely that a Chapter will in fact own a number of Chapter Banners although one, and only one, will be in use at any given time. This battle standard will have been consecrated by the Chapter's senior Chaplain and dedicated to the heroes of the Chapter past, present and future. In battle the banner will inspire the Marines to superhuman feats of martial prowess and woe betide the enemy that threatens this holiest of relics.

Eventually however a banner will age or be damaged beyond repair and it will then be retired to grace the great hall of the Chapter's Fortress-Monastery. Furthermore new Chapter banners may be fabricated to mark great victories or to honour mighty heroes who have fallen in battle. For a Chapter with a long history like the Ultramarines there will be dozens of these venerable and

venerated flags each one carefully preserved and honoured by the Space Marines.



Some examples of Ultramarines Chapter Banners. These are just a few of the many hundreds of honoured banners hanging in the Great Hall of Ultramar on Macragge.



This particular Ultramarines standard is a good example of a Space Marine Chapter Banner. Its lavish design celebrates the Ultramarines legendary campaign and victory over the Tyranids of Hive Fleet Behemoth in the Tirst Tyrannic War.

NEXT

'); x = 1; } // '); } //

BACK TO INSIGNIUM ASTARTES SECTION

TACTICAL SQUAD

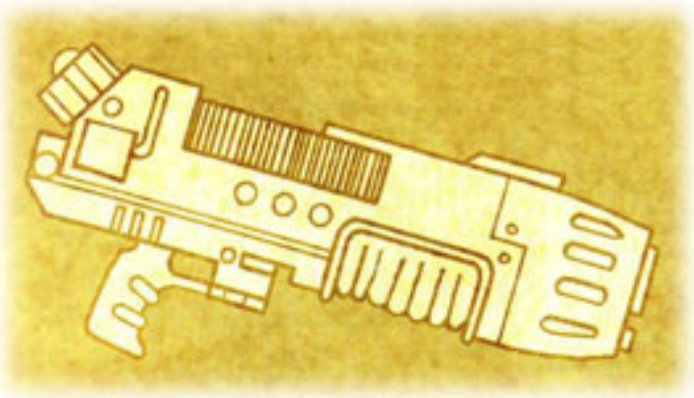
Tactical Squads are the most common type of squad and form the mainstay of a Space Marine Chapter. This spread illustrates the 3rd Tactical Squad of the Ultramarines 2nd Company. The Company colour is yellow and is used for the shoulder pad edging. The Squad number in black overwrites the white tactical symbol on the right shoulder pad. All of the Marines are shown wearing identical armour for the sake of clarity; in reality the squad could be wearing a mix of different helmet and armour designs.

A Sergeant, a Marine who has undergone additional special training in leadership and tactics, leads the squad. He has the option to use a variety of weapons in battle, most Sergeants opting for a bolt pistol and chainsword. The Sergeant may have fought enough battles to qualify as a Veteran. Such Veterans are often promoted to special command duties or transferred to the First Company. The Sergeant's badge of rank is a red skull displayed on the left shoulder pad and a red helmet. Veteran Sergeants have a red helmet with a white stripe running front to back along the centre of the helm.

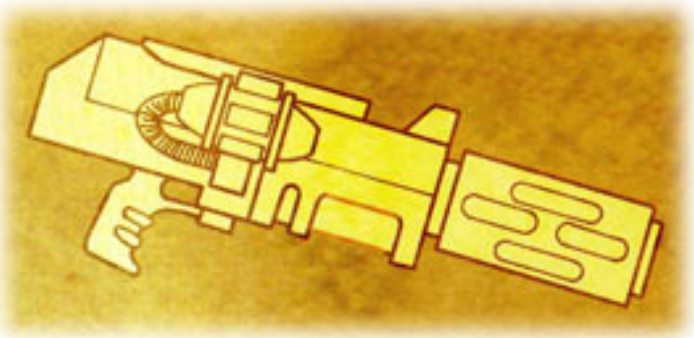
In addition to the Sergeant, the Squad comprises of up to nine other Battle-Brothers. These are armed with the Space Marines traditional weapon: the bolt gun. Space Marines have access to all manner of weaponry but it is with the bolt gun that they feel most comfortable and with which they have had the most training. Bolters are icons to the Marines and feature prominently in the monumental and armorial art of the Chapter. Each

SPECIAL WEAPONS

The Flamer is useful for clearing obstacles of enemy troops and can be deadly in confined areas. The Plasma gun is a medium range armour-cracking weapon useful against foes with a preponderance of body armour. The Meltagun is particularly effective against armoured vehicles although it has a very short range.



Special Weaopn: Plasma gun



Special Weaopn: Meltagun

weapon is well cared for. It is blessed and prayed for before combat and cleaned and serviced afterwards.

Two of the Battle-Brothers may be chosen to carry other weapons into combat. One Marine may be designated as Heavy Weapon Trooper and will carry one of the three types of heavy weapons available to the Squad. These are the Heavy Bolter, Lascannon and the Missile Launcher. These options dramatically improve the tactical flexibility of the Squad and improve its chances of success in a wide variety of situations. This is equally true of the Special Weapon Trooper who may be chosen to carry one of the following weapons: Flamer, Meltagun or Plasma gun.

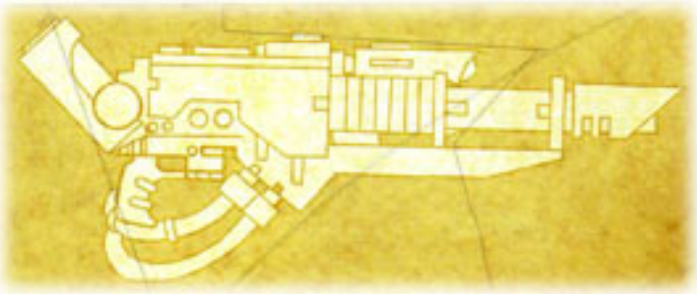
The whole Squad will also usually carry grenades of which the most common issue are Frag grenades (wide area, fragmentation blast) or Krak grenades (tightly focused, armour piercing blast).

Other grenade types are occasionally used on special missions but are generally restricted to officers and squad leaders.

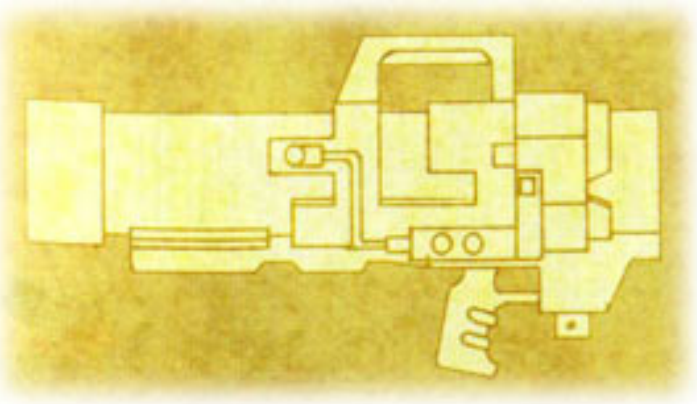
Some of the Battle-Brothers may have fought enough battles to earn Veteran status. These Marines may continue to serve with the Tactical Squad for a short time but eventually they will be promoted to special duties (see Command Squad) or advanced to the First Veteran Company. In this way the ranks of the elite company are replenished, veterans wear white helmets.

HEAVY WEAPONS

The three Heavy Weapons options are available to a Tactical Squad. The Heavy Bolter is an antipersonnel weapon with limited use against armoured troops or vehicles. The Lascannon is an awesome antitank gun. The Missile Launcher offers a multi-role use, able to load and fire varios different types of missile. Frag missiles provide effective anti-infantry support, whereas Krak missiles add a vital tank-busting capability to the Squad.



Heavy Weaopn: Lascannon

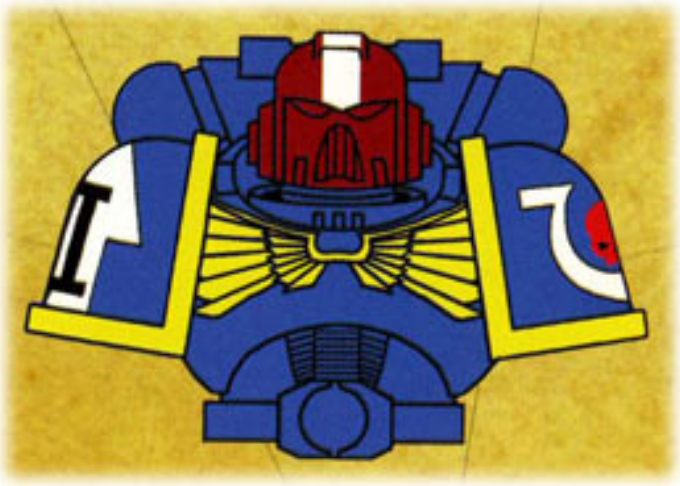


Heavy Weaopn: Missile Launcher

Space Marines are versatile fighters and the Tactical Squad exploits this, able to fulfil a wide variety of roles. The Tactical Squad has proven to be extremely effective in whatever combat situation it has encountered.



All ranks | Battle-brother | Sergeant



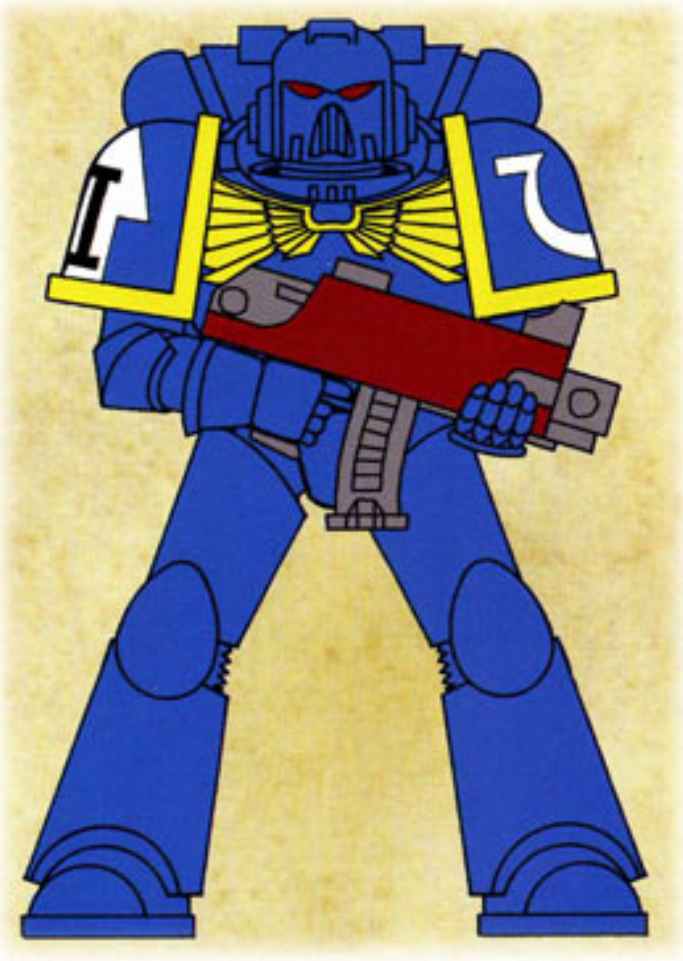
Veteran Sergeant variant: note white stripe



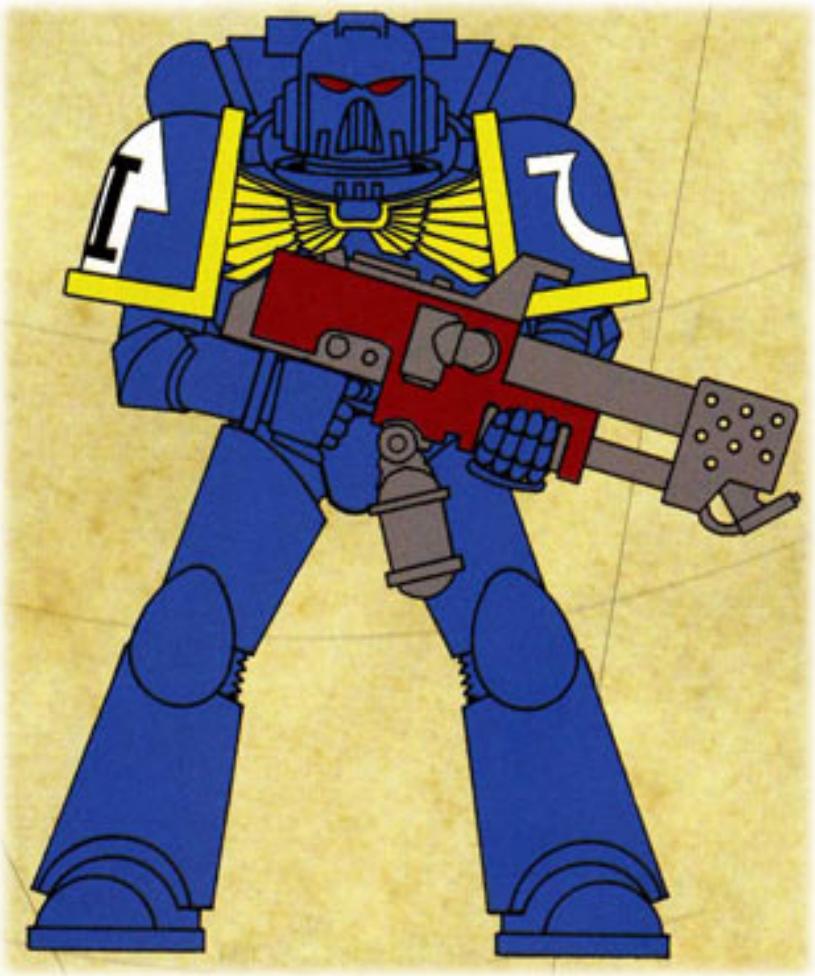
Veteran variant: note white helmet

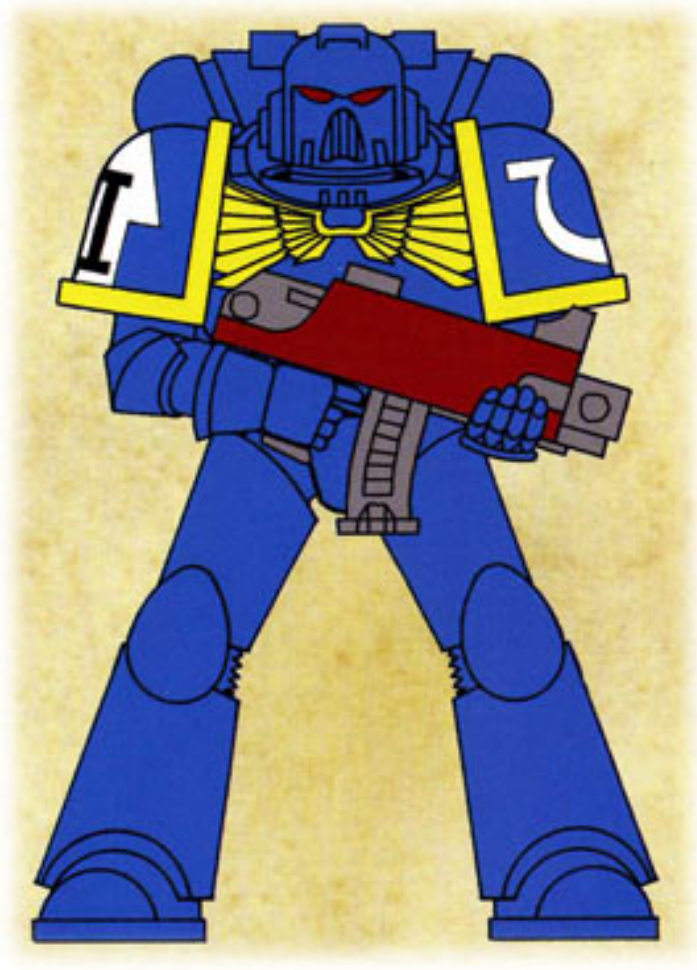
The Sergeant may choose to display his back banner. This acts as a rallying point for the Squad and also helps other officers and Squad leaders to identify the Squad in Battle. The Banner displays the Chapter icon, the Sergeant's red skull rank badge and is trimmed in the company colour.

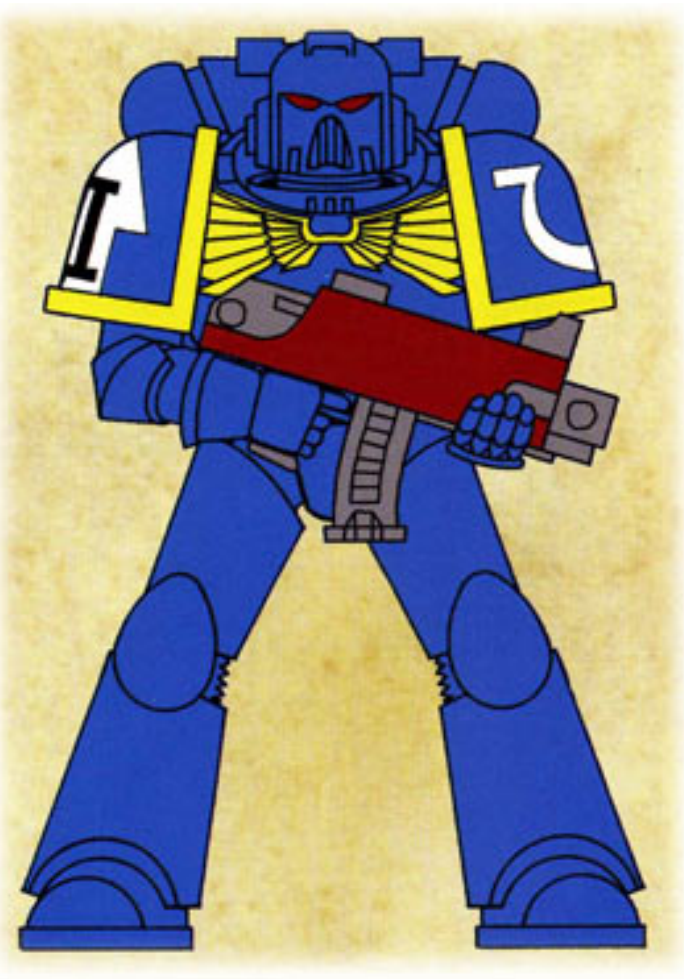


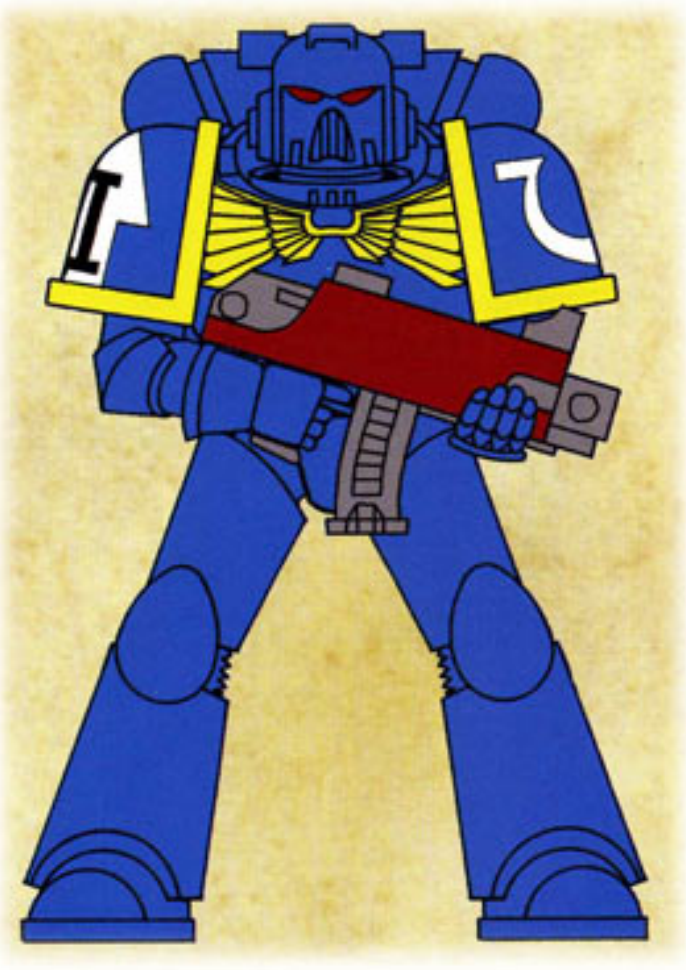


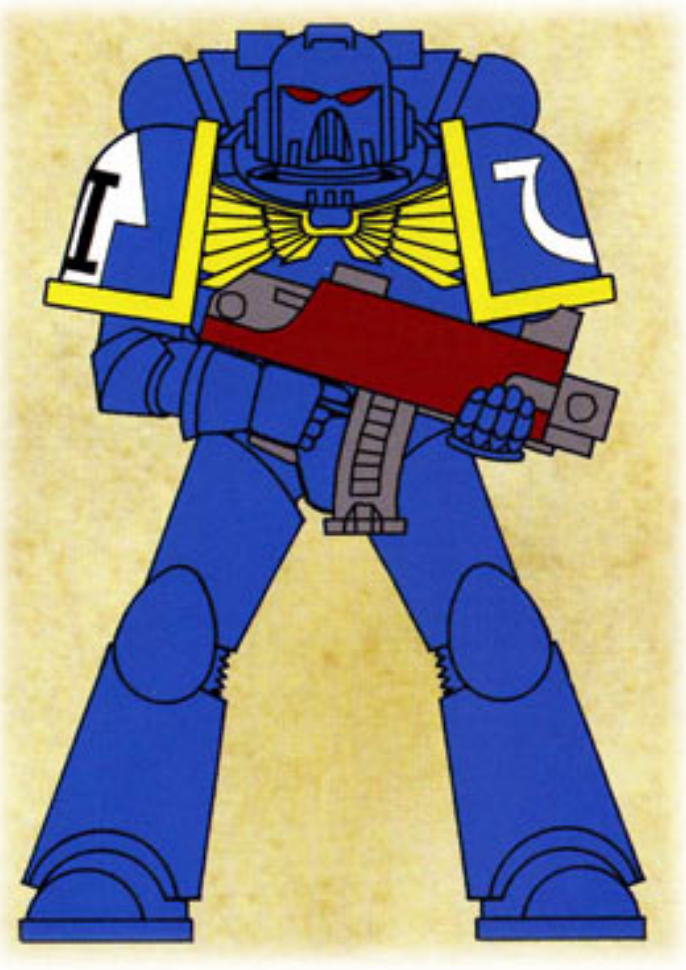
Squad Sergeant

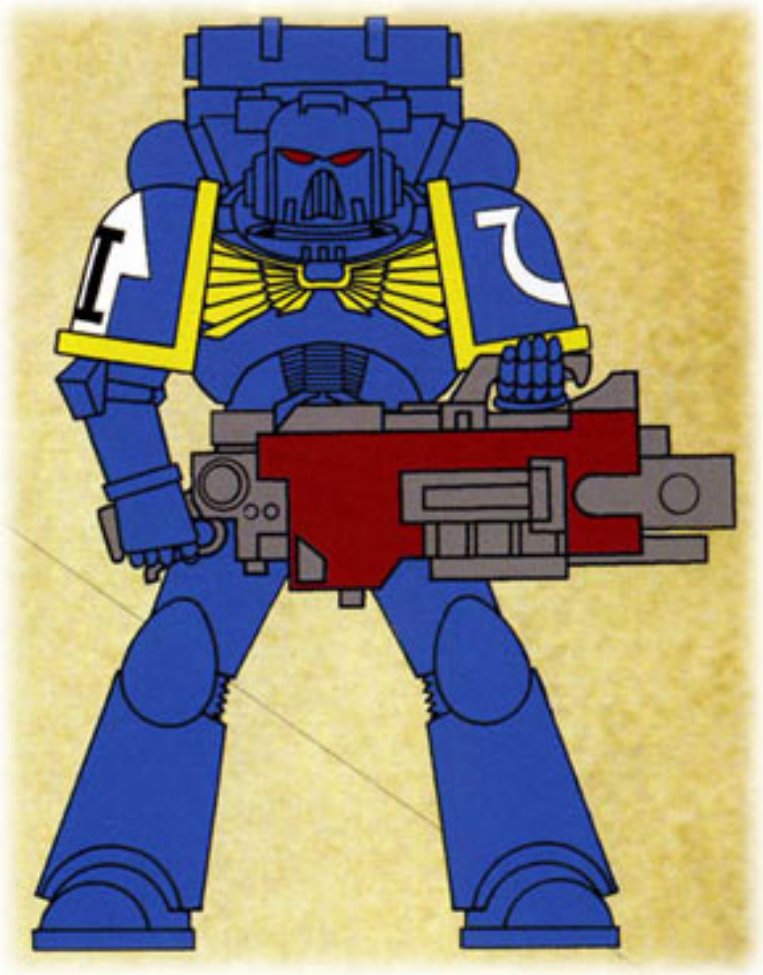


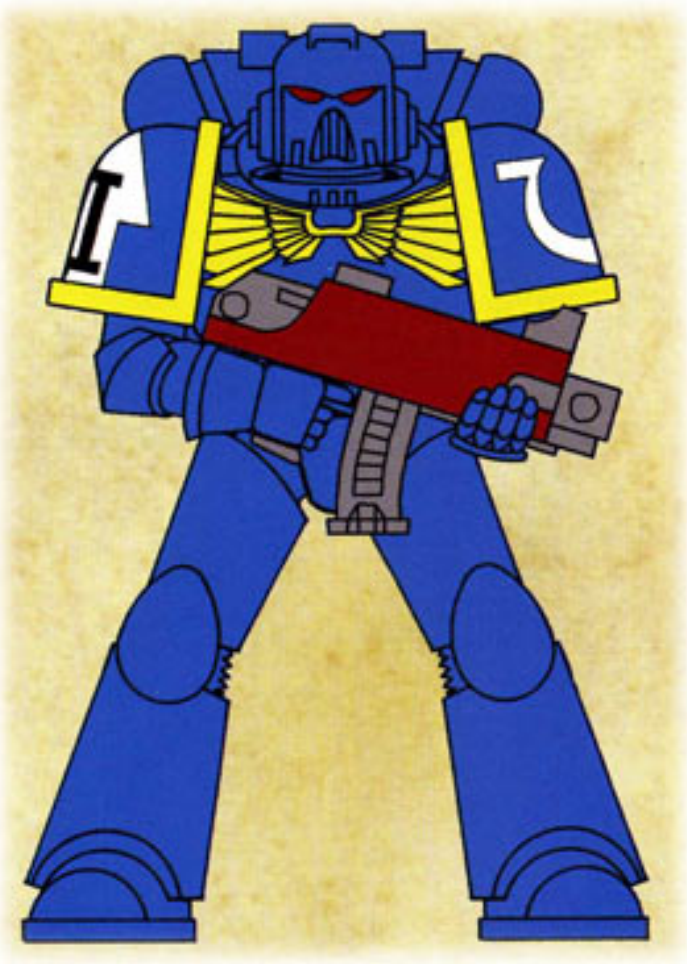


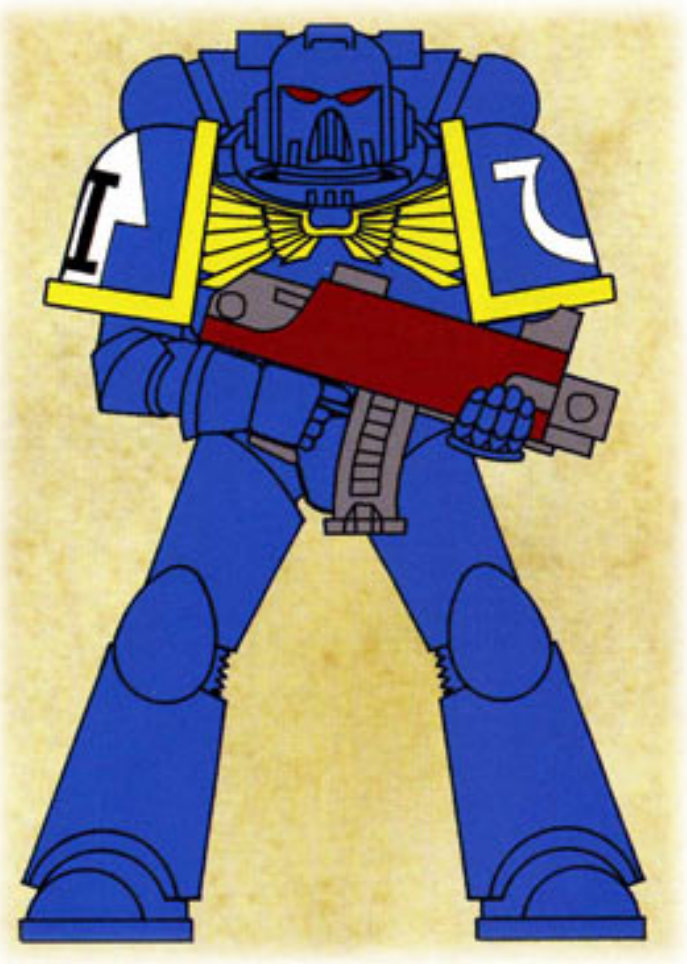












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ASSAULT SQUAD

Assault Squads are the Space Marines' hand-to-hand combat specialist units. Marines are powerful fighters able to best almost any opponent in the bloody close-quarters fighting that is such a prominent feature of warfare in the 41st Millennium. The squad illustrated is the 7th Assault Squad of the Ultramarines 2nd Company. The shoulder pad trims are in the company colour of yellow. Each of the Marines wears the crossed arrows Assault badge on their right shoulder pad. This is overwritten with the squad number in black.

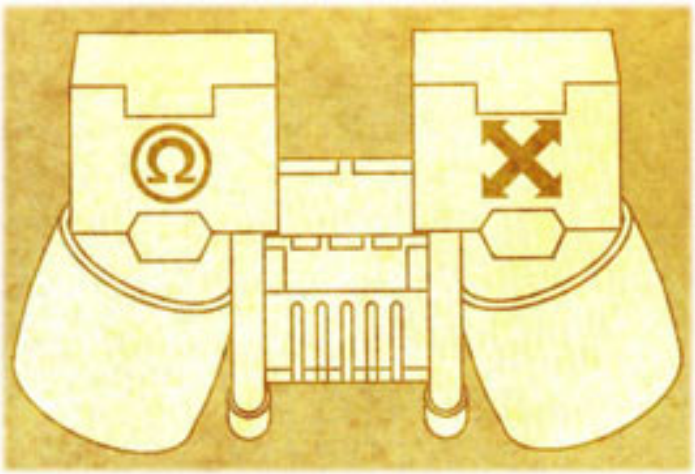
Each Assault Squad consists of up to ten battle-brothers of whom one will be the unit leader or Sergeant. All of the Marines in the Squad excel at lose quarters fighting having received additional specialist training and having had plenty of experience.

The Sergeant is a Marine who has undergone additional special training in leadership and tactics. He may have fought enough battles to qualify as a Veteran. Such warriors are often promoted to special command duties or transferred to the 1st Company. Veteran Sergeants are highly valued by the Company Captain as they improve the capabilities of the Squads under his command. The Sergeant's badge of rank is a red skull displayed on the left shoulder pad and he is further distinguished by his red helmet. Veteran Sergeants wear a red helmet with a white stripe.

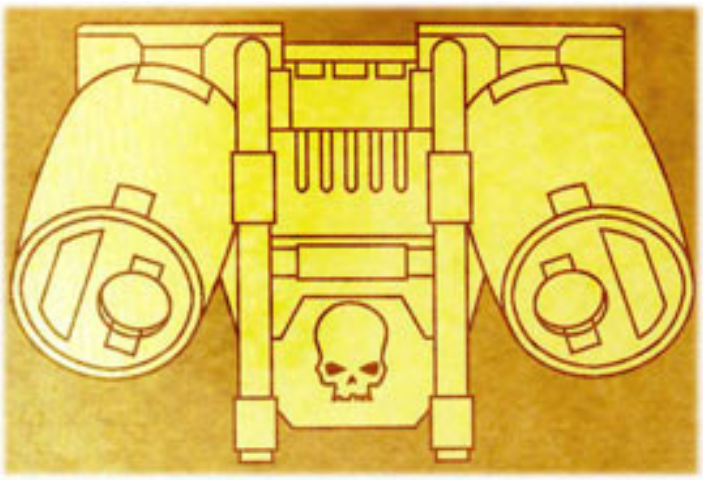
All of the Squad fight with a weapon in each hand, usually this is a pistol and sword combination but is not uncommon for them to use mauls, axes, power fists and other more exotic close combat weapons. Individual Chapters favour particular weapons for their Assault Squads but the majority stick to the classic pairing of bolt pistol and chainsword. The whole Squad will also carry Frag grenades (wide area, fragmentation blast) and/or Krak grenades

SPACE MARINE JUMP PACK

The Space Marine jump pack is essentially a pair of powerful jet turbines with gyroscopic stabilisers and flight control devices. This gives the wearer a limited flight capability. This does not allow for any complex aerial manoeuvres but does enable the Marine to make penetrating leaps into enemy lines or be deployed from low-flying Thunderhawk gunships. This particular jump pack design is one that has served the needs of the Assault Squads for many centuries.



(tightly focused, armour piercing blast). Other grenade types are occasionally used on special missions but are generally restricted to officers and squad leaders.



Some of the Marines may have fought enough battles to earn Veteran status. They may continue to serve with the Assault Squad for a short time but eventually they will be promoted to special duties (see Command Squad) or advanced to the 1st Veteran Company. In this way the ranks of the elite company are replenished. In the Ultramarines Chapter Veterans are distinguished by their white helmets.

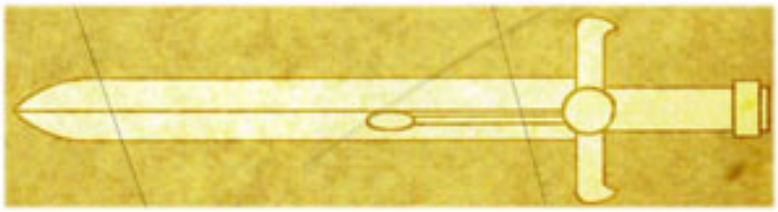
The Assault Squad's role in battle is to strike hard and fast at vulnerable points in the enemy's formation and overwhelm their opponents in the ensuing melee. Jump packs give the Squad incredible speed and manoeuvrability and the Assault Marines are experts in using them. However the Assault Squads can also fight as bike or land speeder squadrons or indeed be deployed from just abdfit any of the Marines' transport vehicles. This all-round proficiency gives a commanding officer great flexibility in deciding how, when and where to use the awesome fighting power of his Assault Squads.

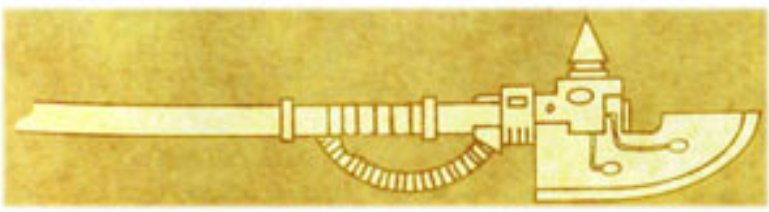


All ranks | Battle-brother | Sergeant

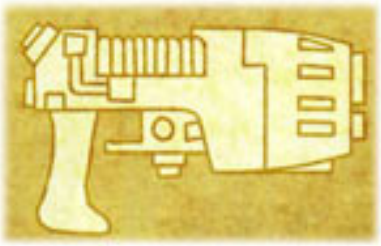
The badge of rank for an Ultramarines Sergeant is a red skull. This is displayed on his left shoulder pad in combination with the Chapter symbol. In addition the Sergeant wears a red helmet. Veteran Sergeant wear a red helmet with a white stripe. These markings are not used by all of the Codex Chapters. Some Chapters use the red skull badge but may display it on the Marine's helmet or kneepad. Other commonly used Sergeant's badges include laurel wreaths stripes and name scrolls.

ASSAULT WEAPONS

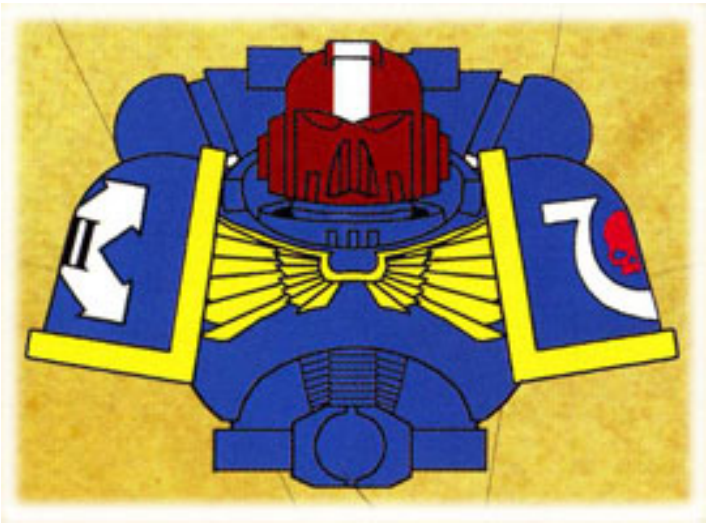




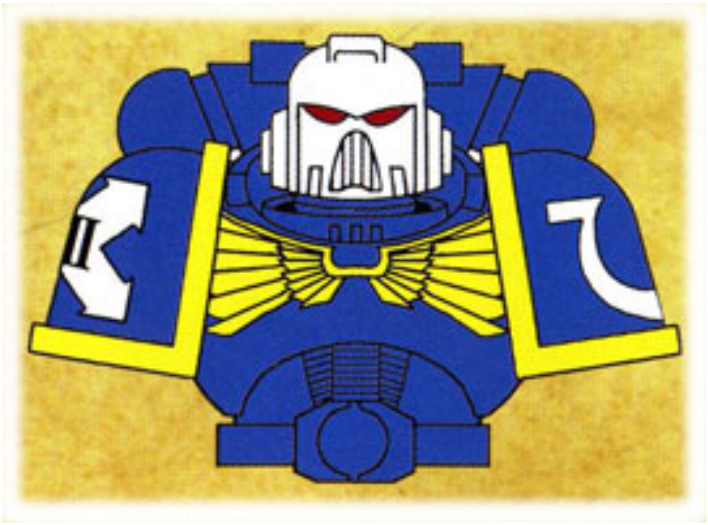




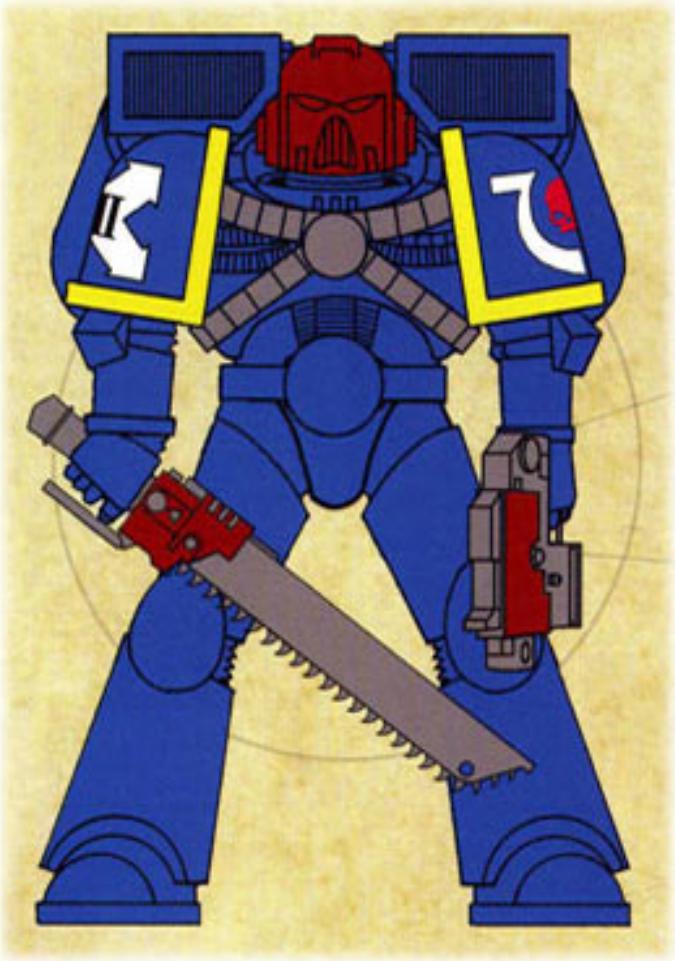


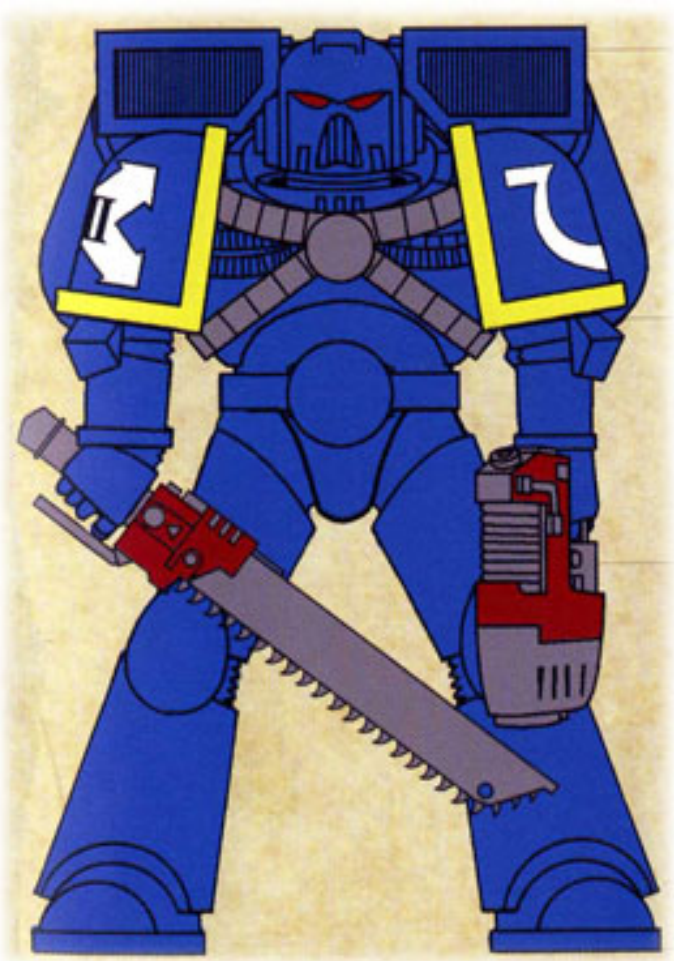


Veteran Sergeant variant: note white stripe

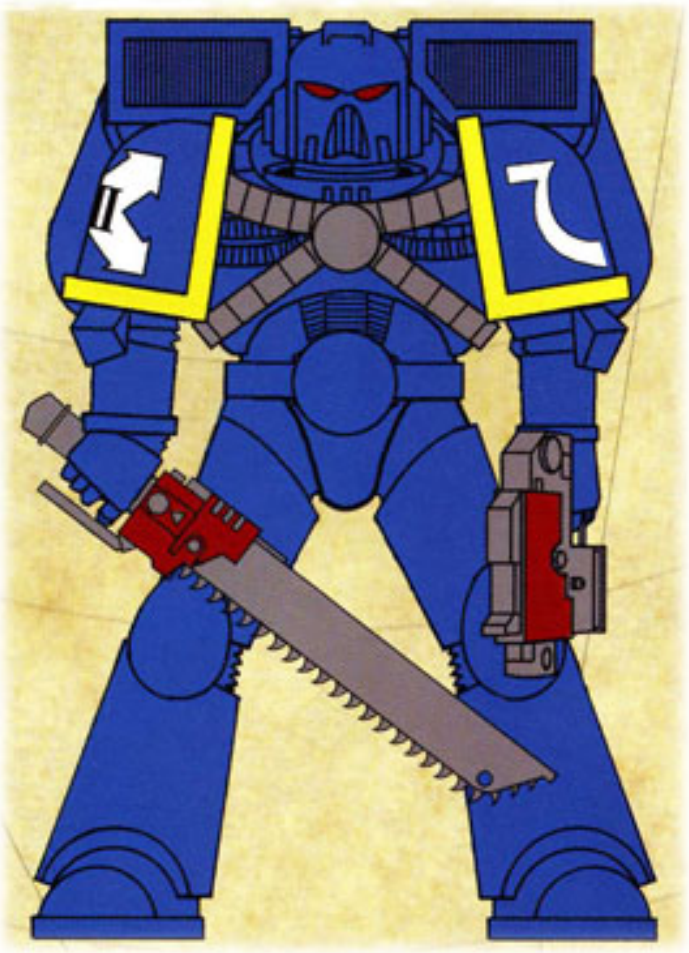


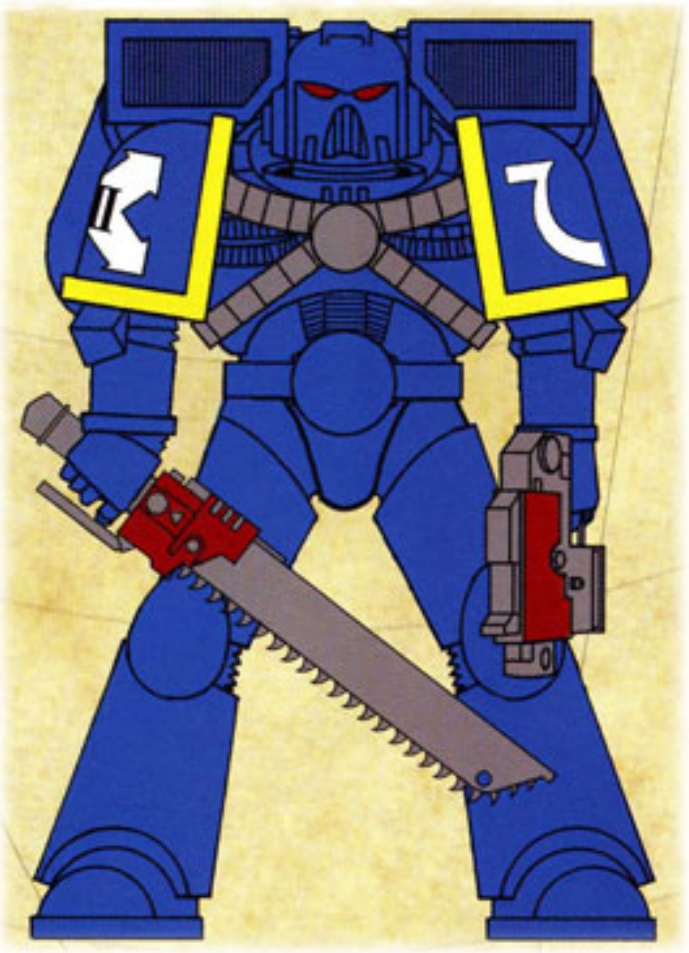
Veteran variant: note white helmet

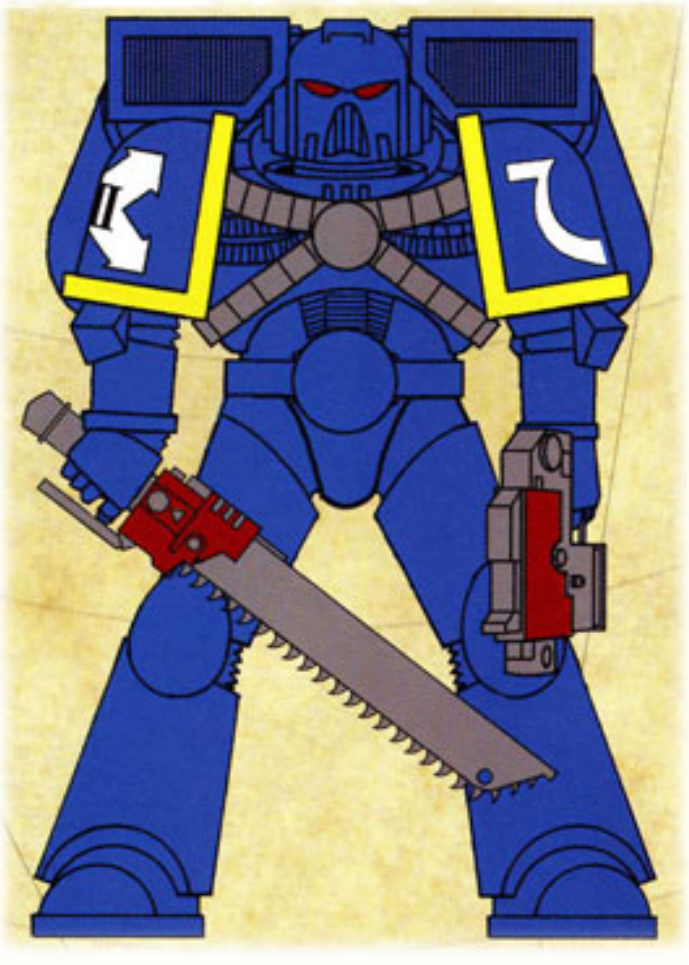


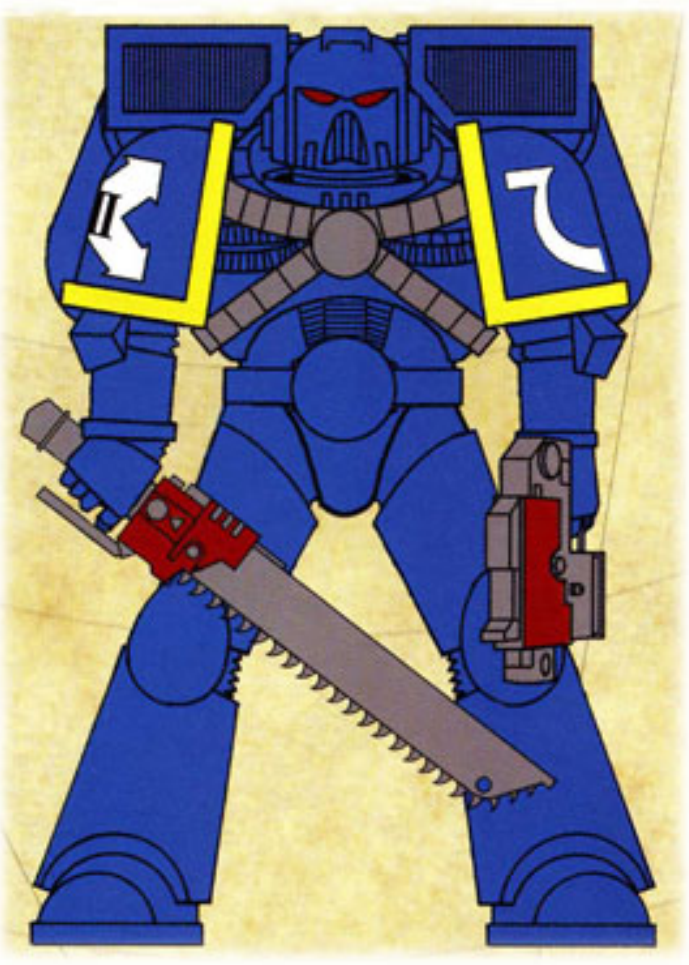


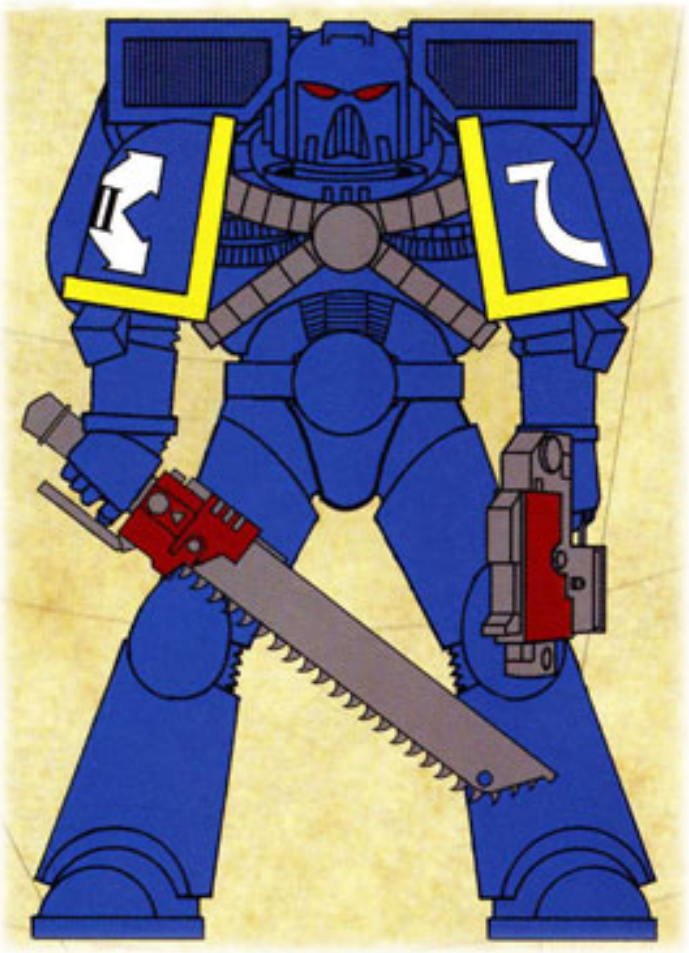
Squad Sergeant

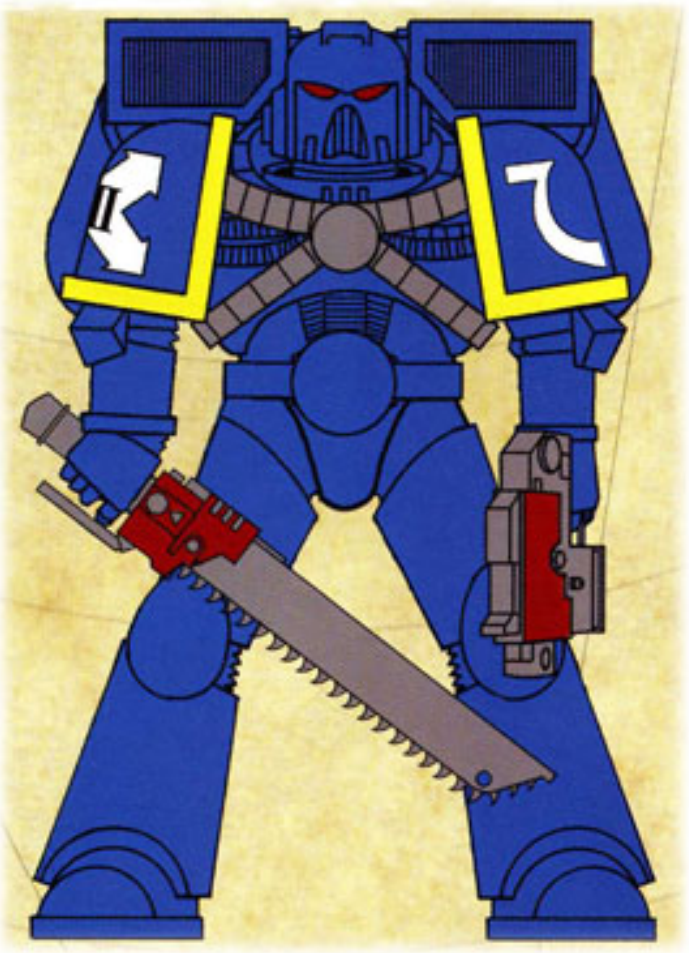


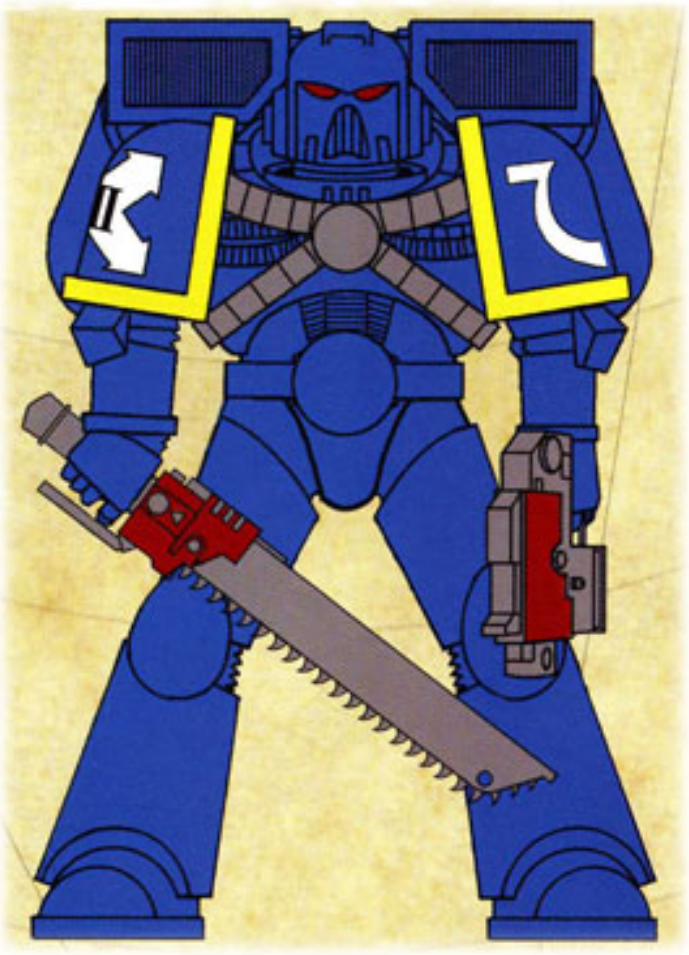


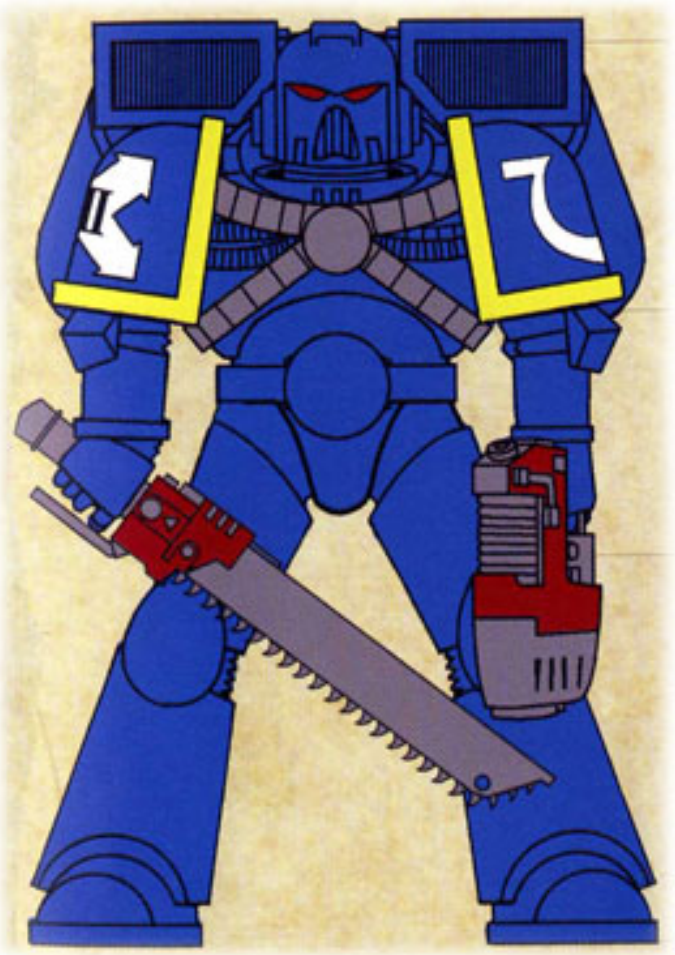












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BACK TO INSIGNIUM ASTARTES SECTION

DEVASTATOR SQUAD

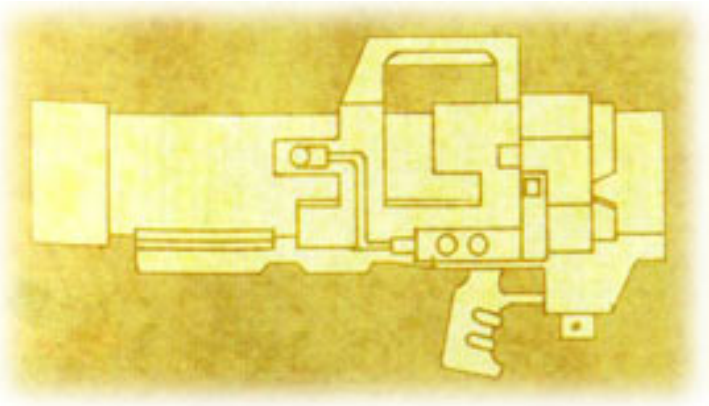
This spread illustrates a typical Devastator unit, the 9th Squad of the Ultramarines 2nd Company. The Chapter icon is displayed on the left shoulder pad and the tactical designation markings are displayed on the left shoulder pad. The tactical markings consist of an inverted white 'V' and a black squad number, in this case IX. The shoulder pad rims are in yellow (for the 2nd Company). The chest eagle is metallic gold or brass.

The Devastator squad consists of a Sergeant and up to nine Battle-Brothers of who four are designated as Heavy Weapons troopers. The Sergeant will be a Marine who has received extra training to equip him for his leadership role. Devastator Sergeants are also experts with all types of Marine Heavy Weapons although they fight with the standard Sergeant's weapons of pistol and close-combat weapon. This expertise means that the Sergeant can get the fullest tactical advantage from the weaponry he has at his command. Space Marines rely on the tactical acumen of individual Sergeants to avoid the need for complex command structures and communication networks.

The Battle-Brothers of a Devastator Squad fall into two groups. The first of these are the Heavy Weapons troopers. There may be as many as four Heavy Weapons troopers in the Squad. These Marines are armed with Heavy Bolters, Missile Launchers, Lascannons, Multi-Meltas or Plasma Cannons. These awesome weapons provide the squad with a host of alternative deployments and tactical uses. Inevitably the Devastator Squads are

HEAVY WEAPONS

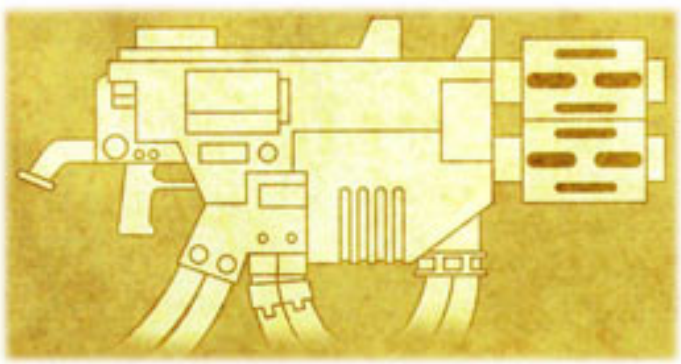
Devastator Squads have access to more types of Heavy Weapons than the other Squad types. In addition to the familiar Heavy Bolters, Lascannons and Missile Launchers they can also field the more exotic Multi-Meltas and Plasma Cannons. The latter fires a ball of superheated plasma that explodes on impact making it exceptionally powerful against multiple targets. The Multi-Melta is a short range anti-tank weapon, its thermal blast able to melt through even the toughest armour.



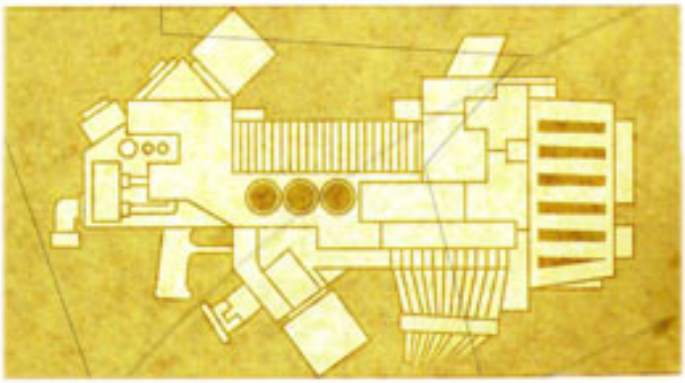
MISSILES

The Missile Launcher can fire two different types of missile. Frag missiles give effective fire against enemy infantry whilst Krak missiles are more useful against armoured targets. The missiles are relatively small and Marine can easily caryy sufficient of both types to take full advantage of this dual tactical use in a battle.

most commonly used to counter enemy armour or to penetrate defence points. They can also be used to provide fire support for infantry advances and to pin the enemy with suppressing fire.



Heavy Weapon: Multi-Melta



Heavy Weapon: Plasma Cannon

The remaining Battle-Brothers are armed with Bolt guns. Their role is to protect the Heavy Weapons troopers, add supporting fire when engaging the enemy at close range and to act as battlefield replacements for the Heavy Weapons troopers if they are casualties. All of the Marines in the Squad are fully trained with all of the weapon types and it only takes moments for them to swap weapons, backpacks and other equipment if necessary. The Bolt gun armed marines also carry additional ammunition and battery packs for the Squad's Heavy Weapons.

Devastator Squads are often provided with armoured transports; usually Rhinos but sometimes Razorbacks. This enables the Squad to be quickly advanced on the battlefield or rapidly redeployed to a new sector of fighting. Razorbacks offer additional heavy weapon support to the Squad.

Some of the Battle-Brothers may have fought enough battles to earn Veteran status. These Marines may continue to serve with the Squad for a short time but eventually they will be given special duties (see Command Squad) or promoted to the 1st Company. In this way the, ranks of the elite company are replenished. Veteran Battle-Brothers have white helmets, Veteran Sergeants wear a while striped red helmet.



All ranks Battle-brothers Sergeant



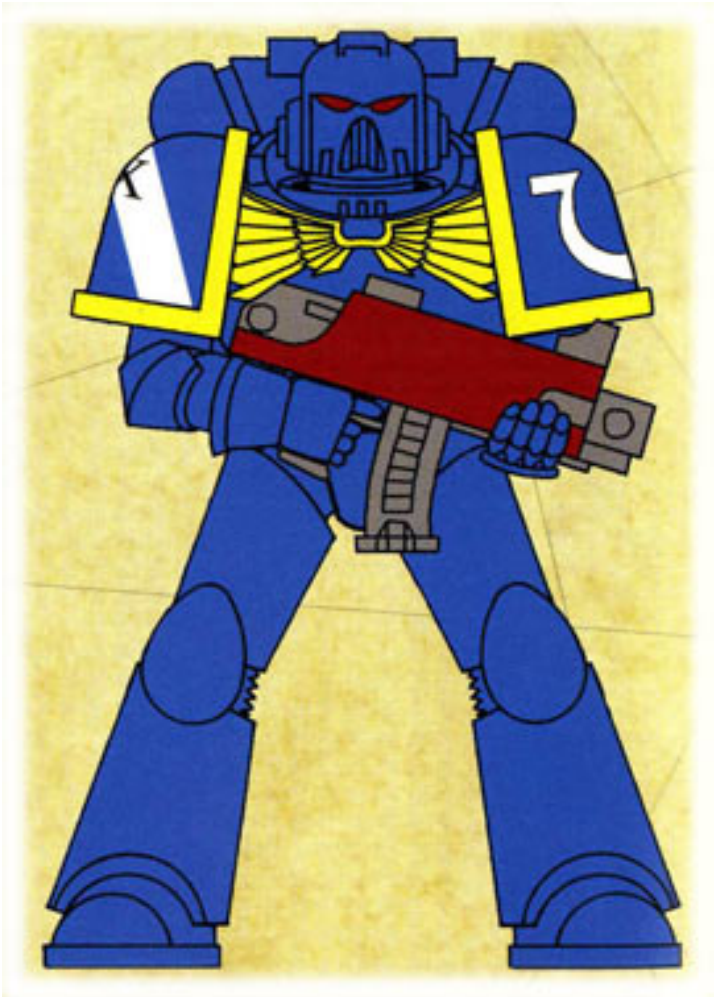
Veteran Sergeant variant: note white stripe



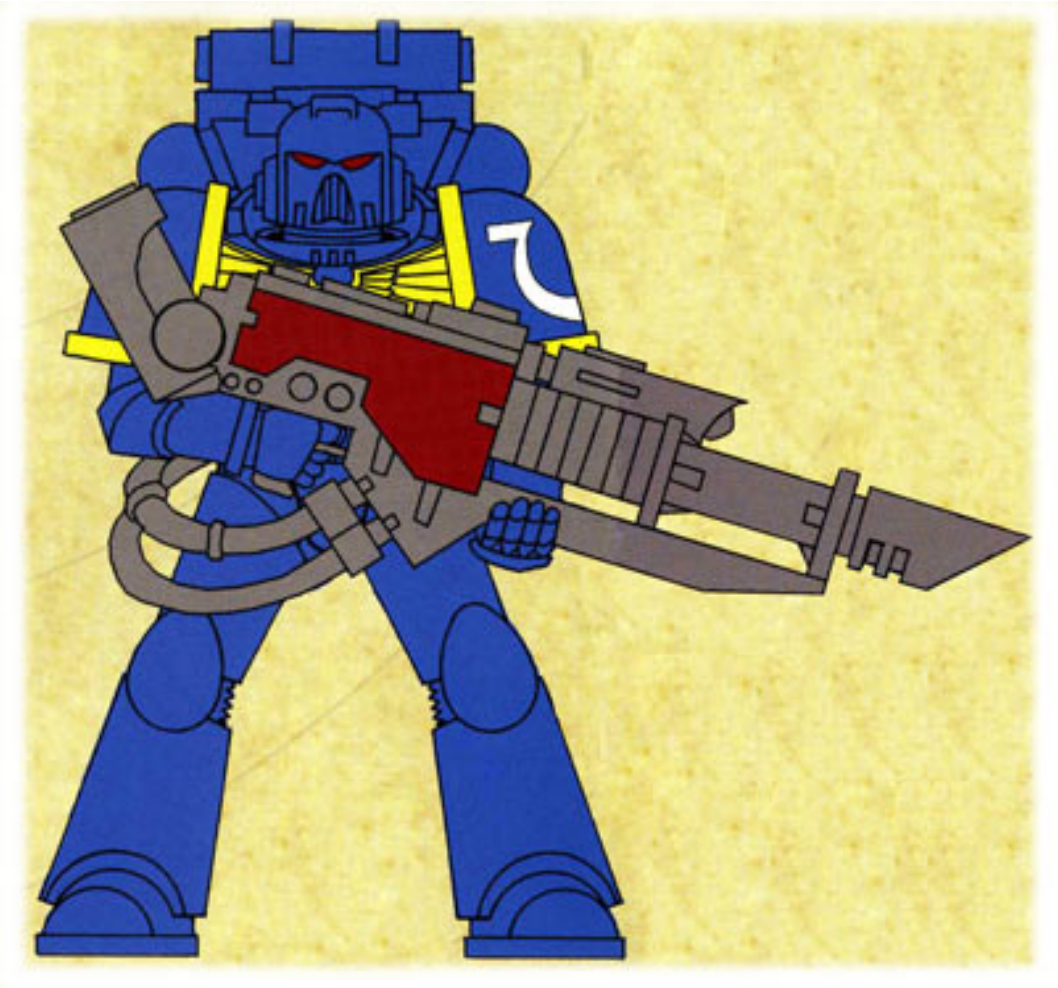
Veteran variant: note white helmet

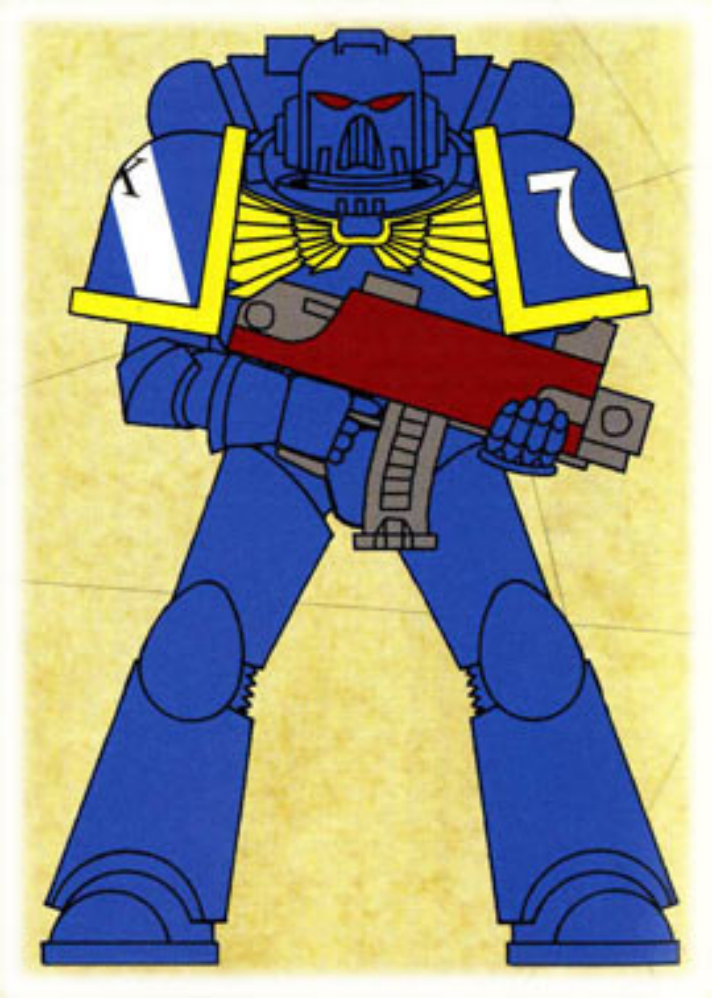
The Sergeant's banner displays the Chapter icon, the Sergeant's rank badge and is trimmed in the company colour. Sergeant banners may also display personal and squad honours. Name scrolls may appear frequently on Veteran Sergeant's banner for example.

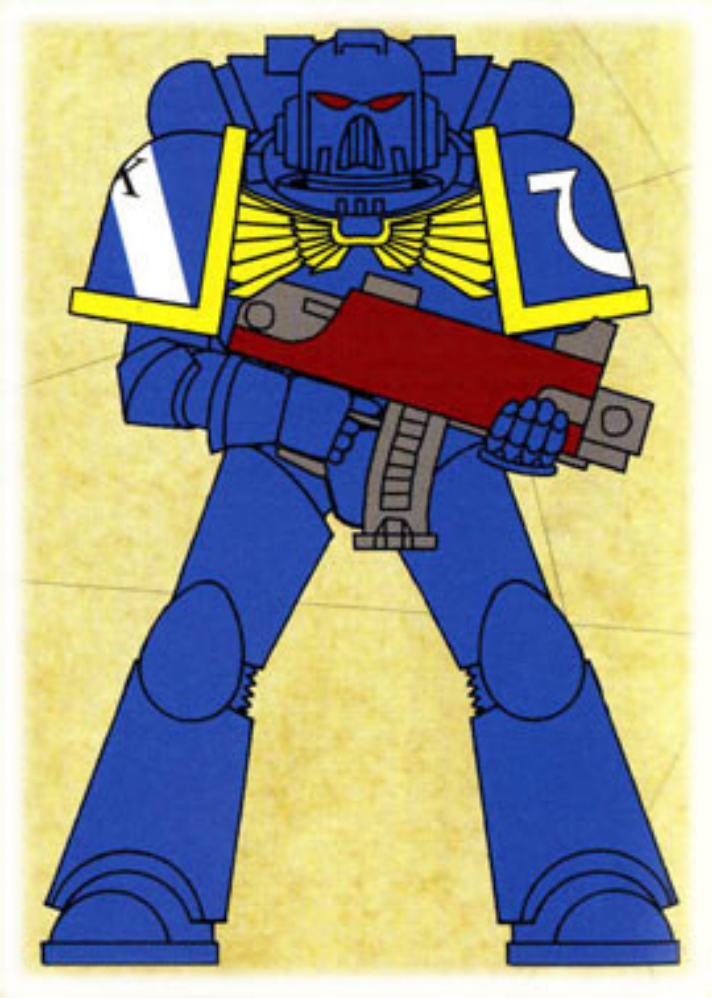


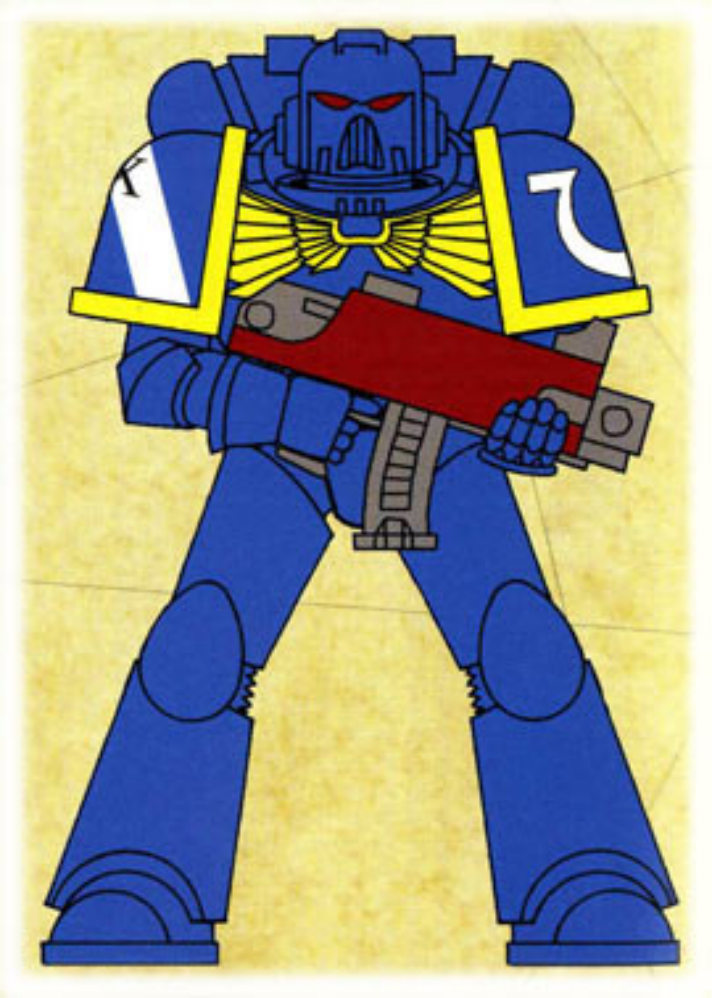


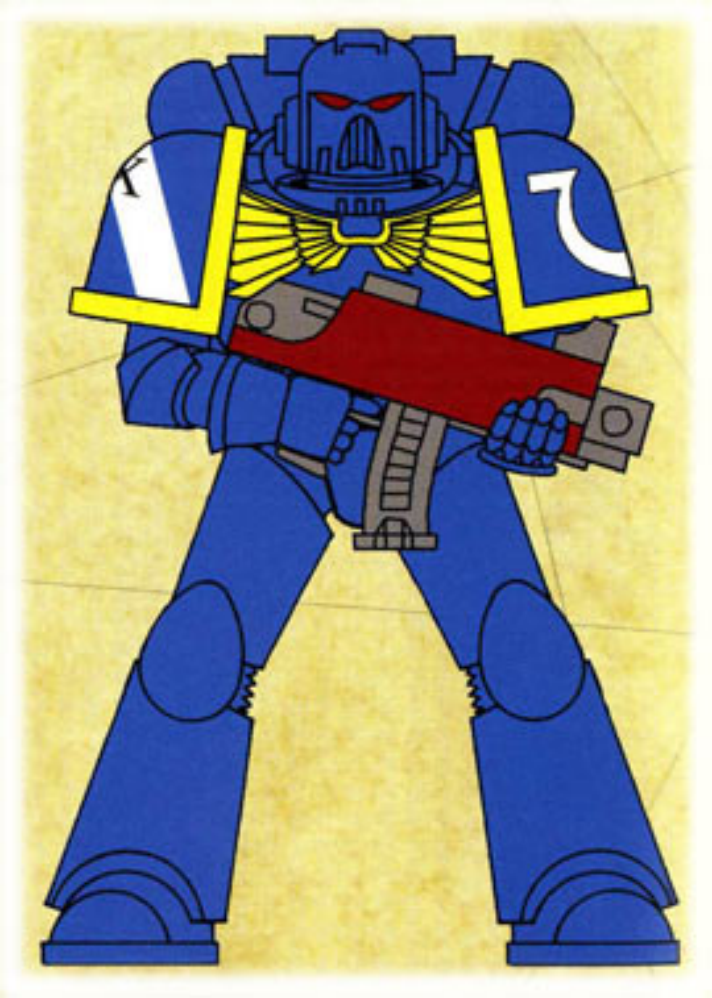
Squad Sergeant

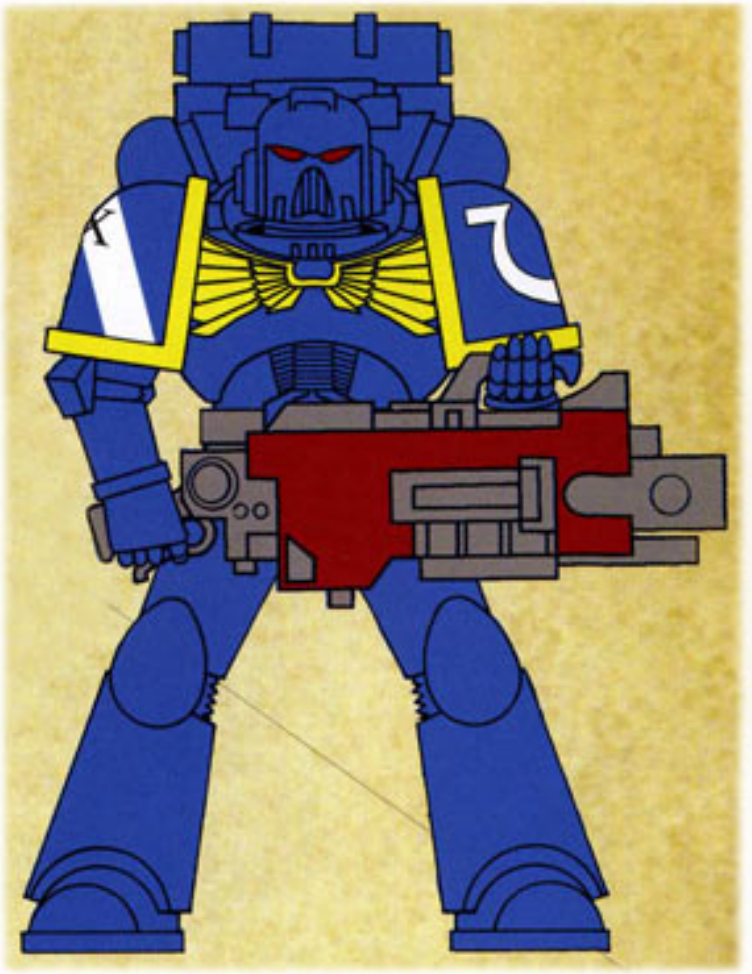


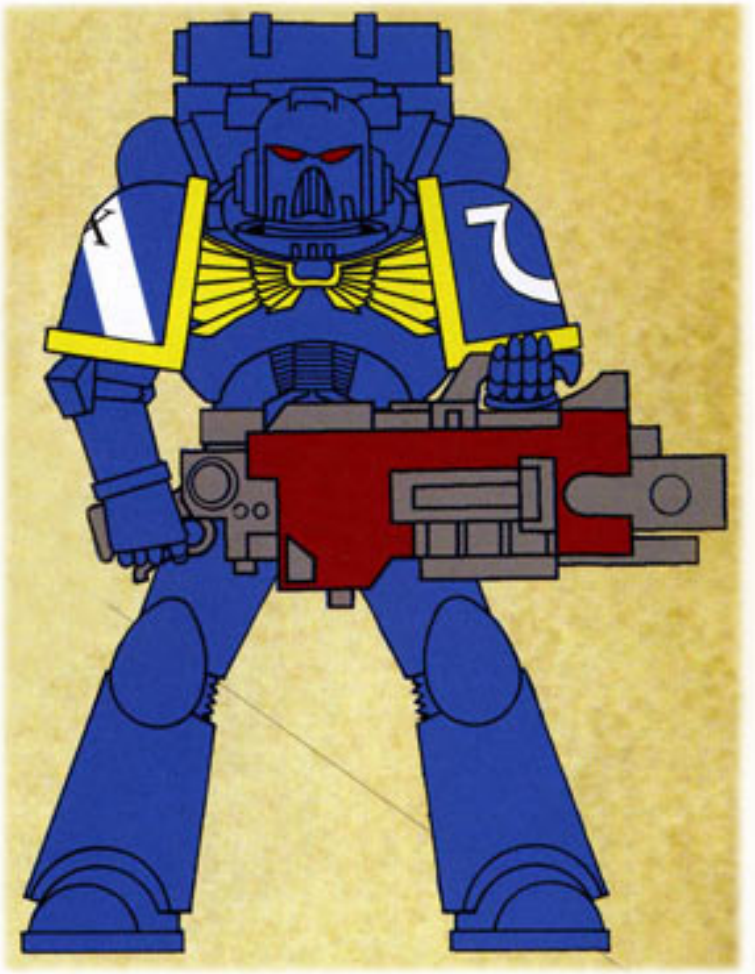


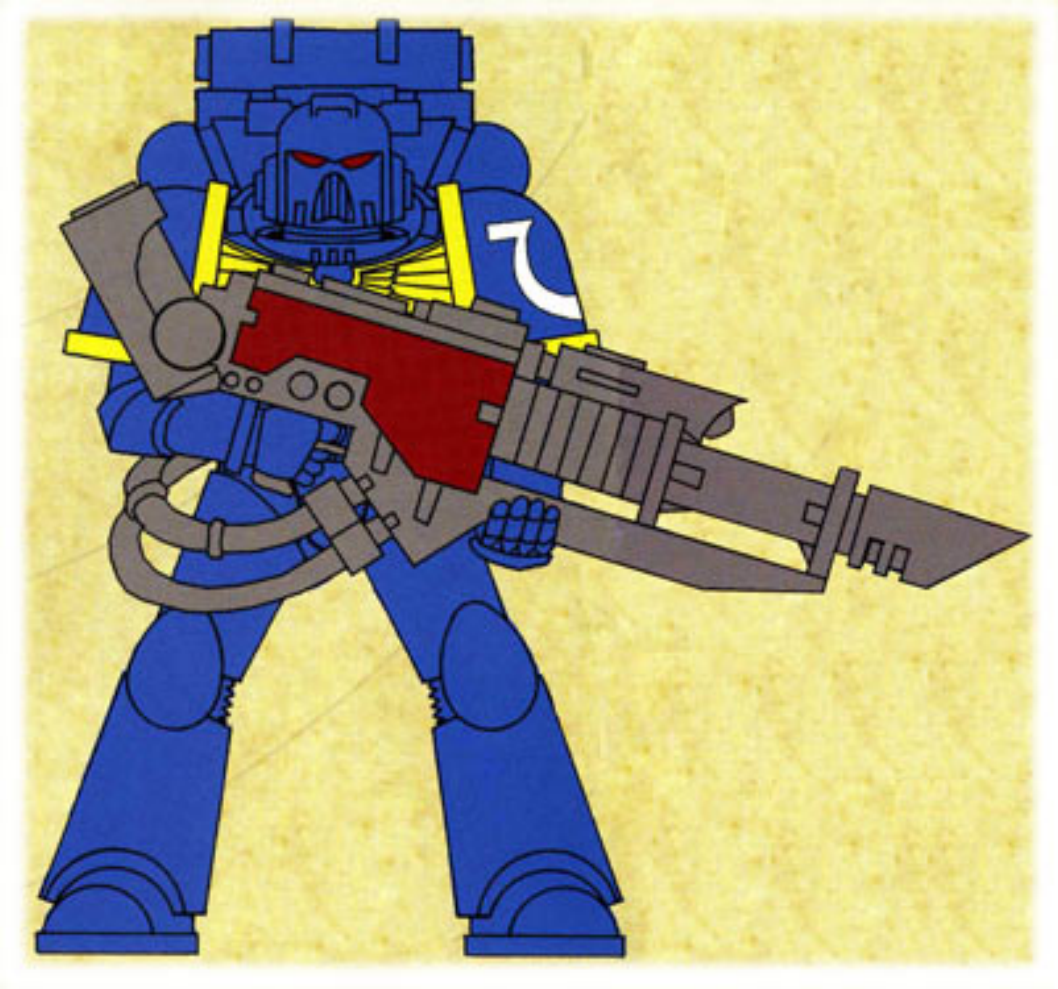












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BACK TO INSIGNIUM ASTARTES SECTION

COMMAND SQUAD

The Codex Astartes states that the Chapter Master should make proper provision for the protection of important heroes on the battlefield, recognising as it does the importance of the Chapter's Officers, Standard Bearers, Apothecaries and other specialists. Most Codex Chapters therefore organise Command Squads to act in the role of bodyguard to these warriors.

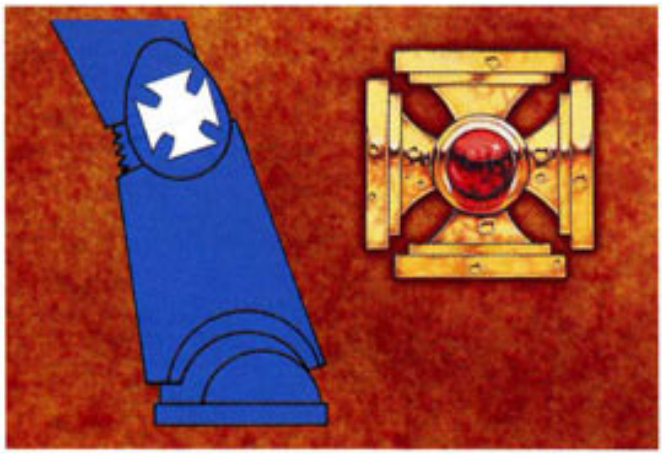
The Command Squads are not a codified part of the Company organisation rather they are approved yet ad hoc units. As such they can vary in size and composition but they rarely comprise more than ten Marines and normally consist of between five and ten warriors. In the Battle and Reserve Companies these Marines are veterans drawn from the ranks of the Company's Tactical, Assault and Devastator Squads who have not yet been promoted to the 1st Company. The number of marines in a Command Squad will vary according to the availability of such veterans and to the tactical situation the Chapter encounters.

The Command Squad is more flexible than most of the other squad types in that up to two of the Marines may be designated as Special Weapons Troopers or as Heavy Weapon Troopers. This is in part due to the availability of specifically trained Marines and in part due to differing tactical needs.

The mix of supreme individual warriors and highly experienced veteran Space Marine Battle-Brothers makes Command Squads a particularly powerful fighting force and many a battle has been won by their timely intervention or clever depoyment.

TERMINATOR HONOURS

1st Company Veterans have been trained in the use of Terminator armour are entitled to wear the crux terminatus honour badge. Of course this great stone badge is fixed to the left shoulder armour of the actual Terminator suit. If the Marine is not fighting in a Terminator suit he will carry and display a small metal version of the crux. This may be worn as a badge or a hanger. Supplementing this badge will various painted or stencilled crux on the Marine's armour. Collectively these markings are known as Terminator honours.



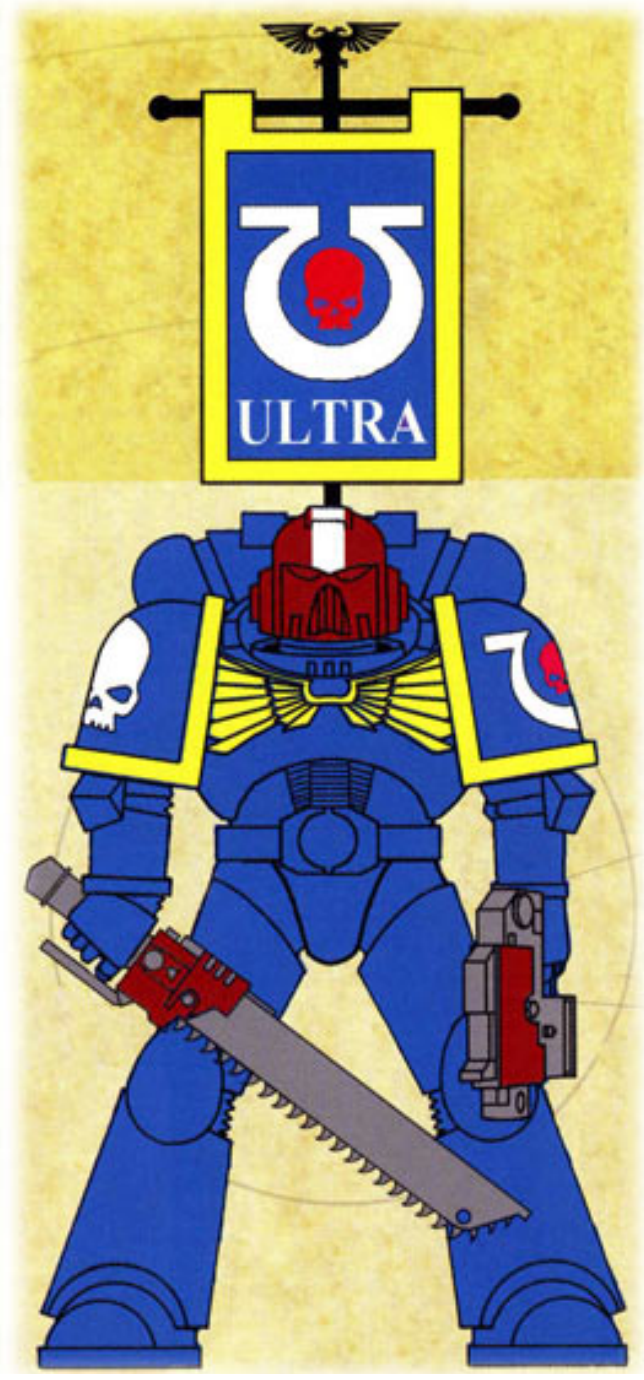
COMPANY STANDARD BEARER

The Company Standard Bearer is a hand picked veteran with many years of combat experience. He will have been chosen for this honourable duty because of his bravery and steadfastness in battle. He is a very capable warrior who can be discounted when assessing the fighting strength of the Company. Note that the Standard Bearer has his own shoulder pad markings as befits his officer status within the Chapter.



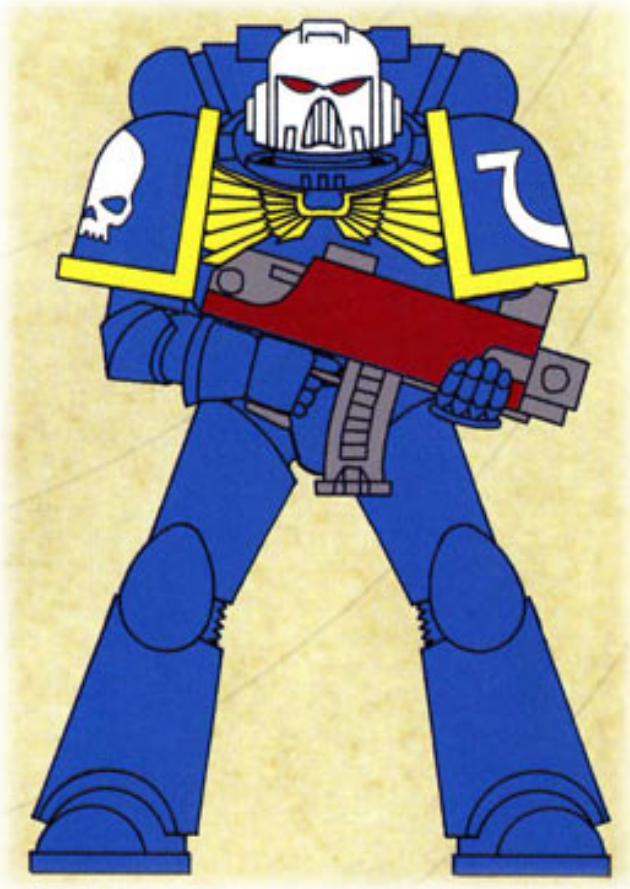
Veteran | Standard Bearer | All ranks | Sergeant

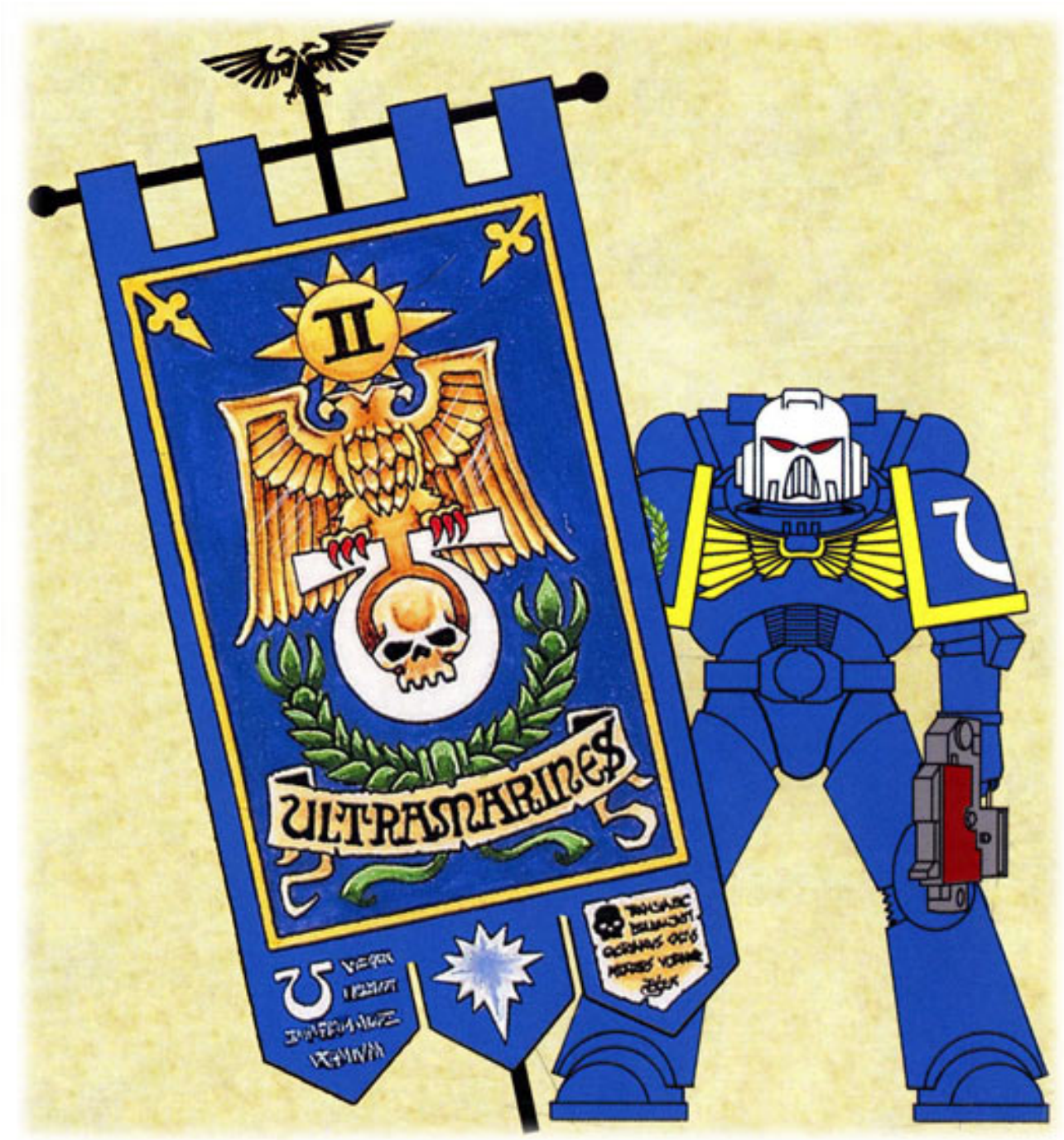
The Sergeant may display his back banner. The Banner displays the Chapter icon, the Sergeant's red skull rank badge and is trimmed in the company colour. The Standard Bearer's rank badge is the Imperial Laurel honour, usually combined with a skull.



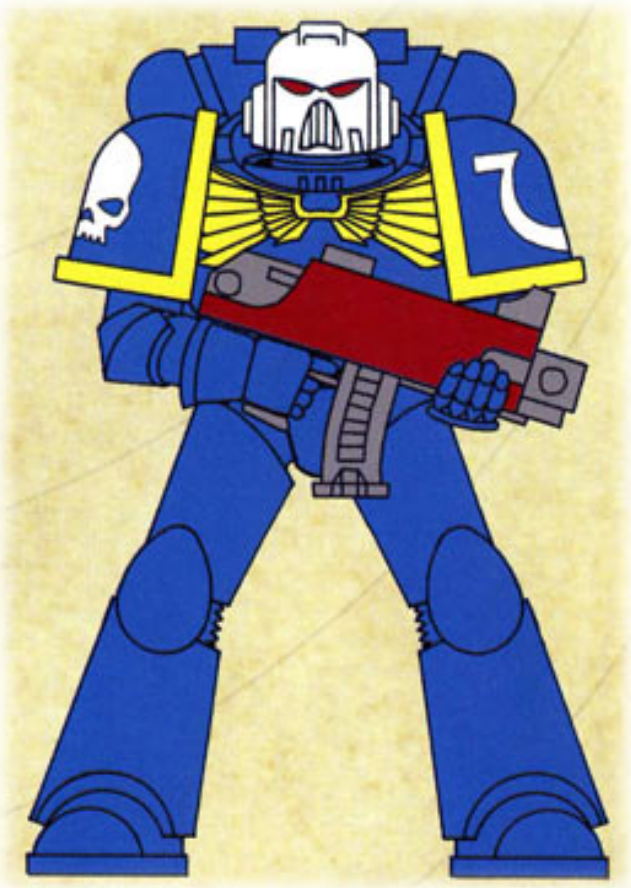


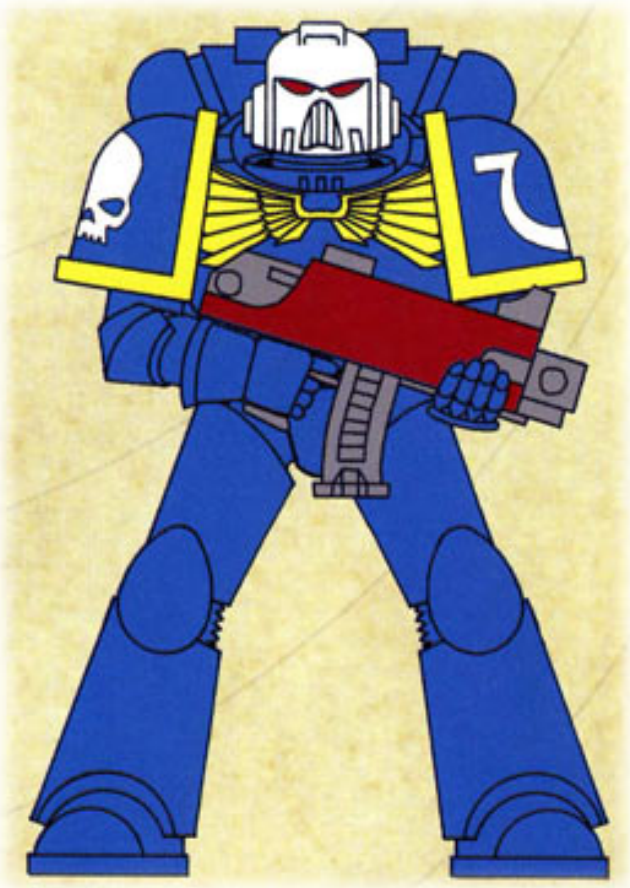
Squad Sergeant

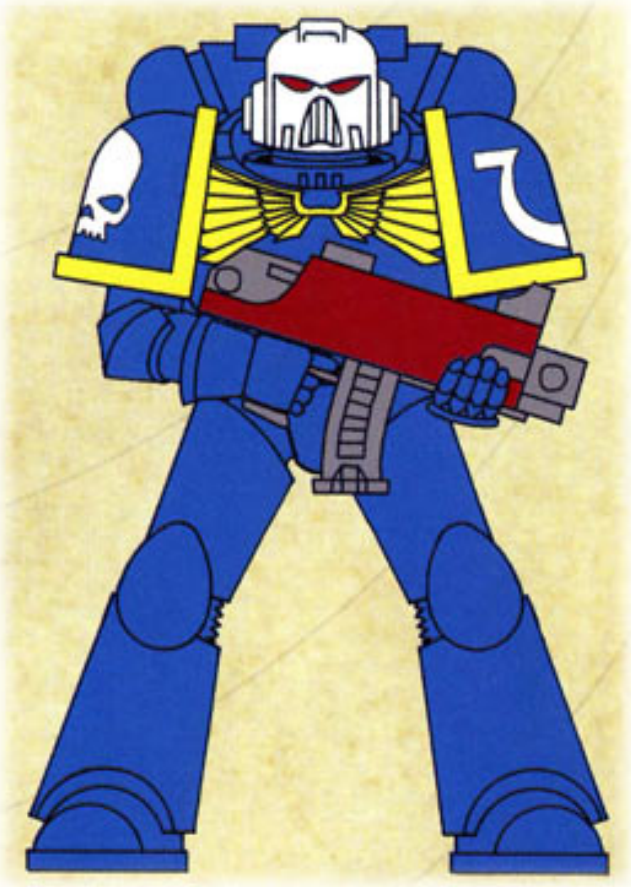


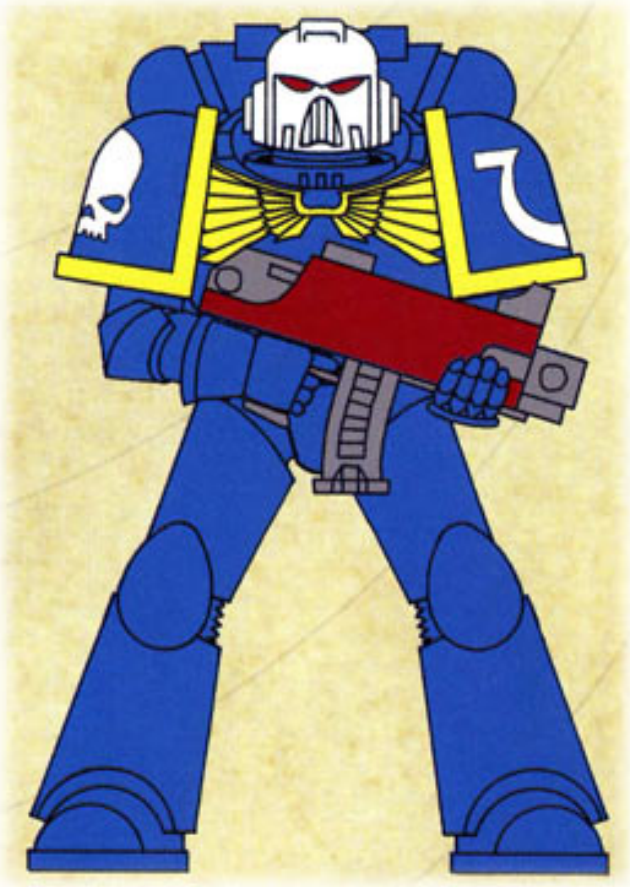


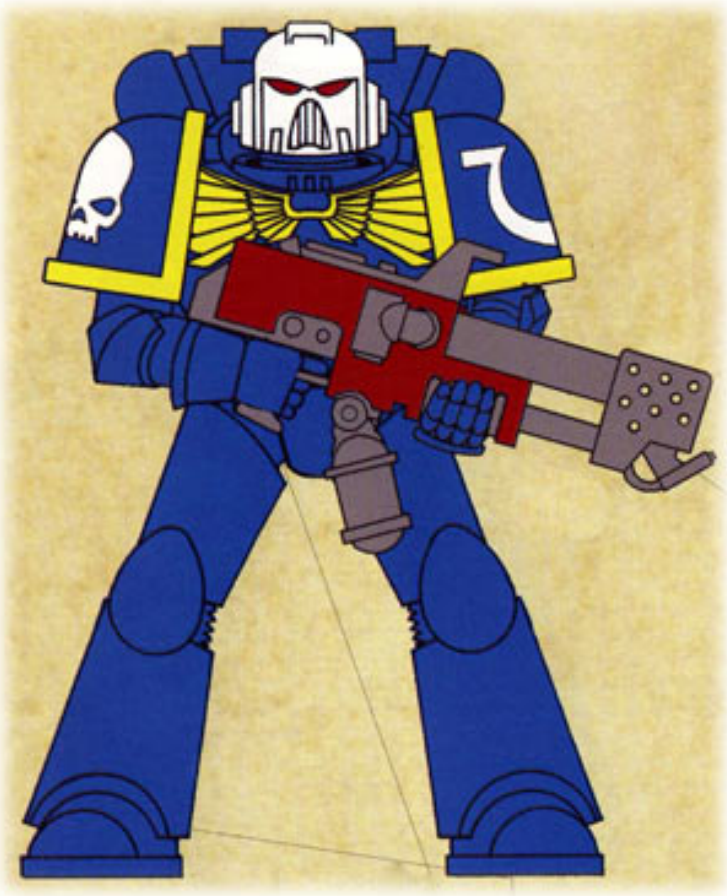
Squad Standard Bearer

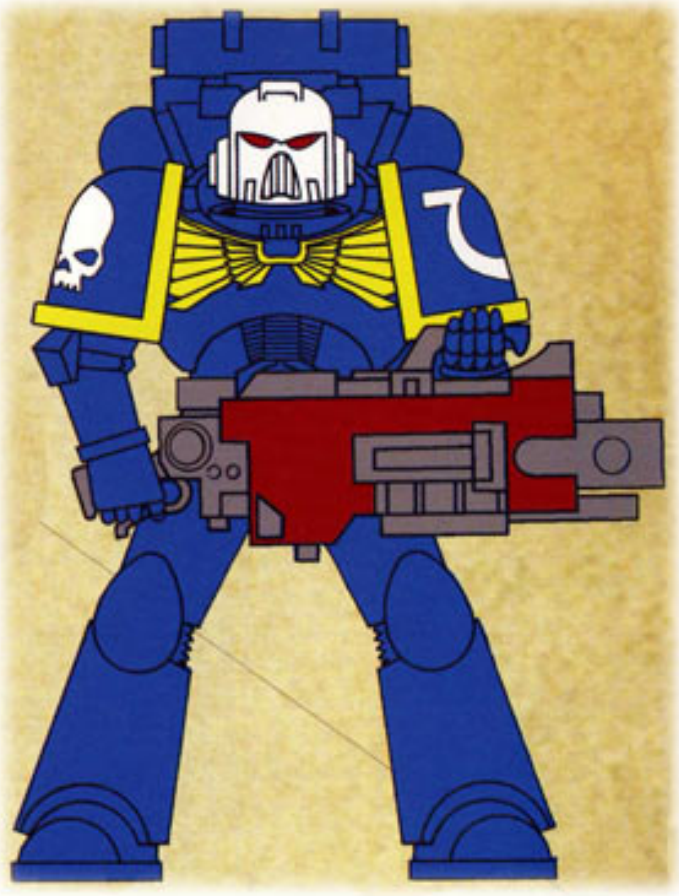


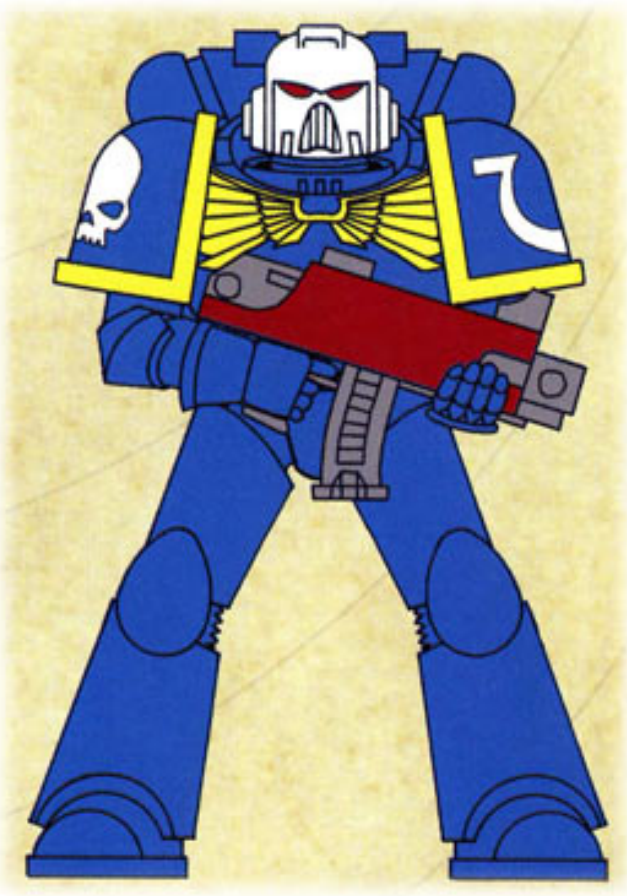














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BACK TO INSIGNIUM ASTARTES SECTION

VETERAN SQUAD

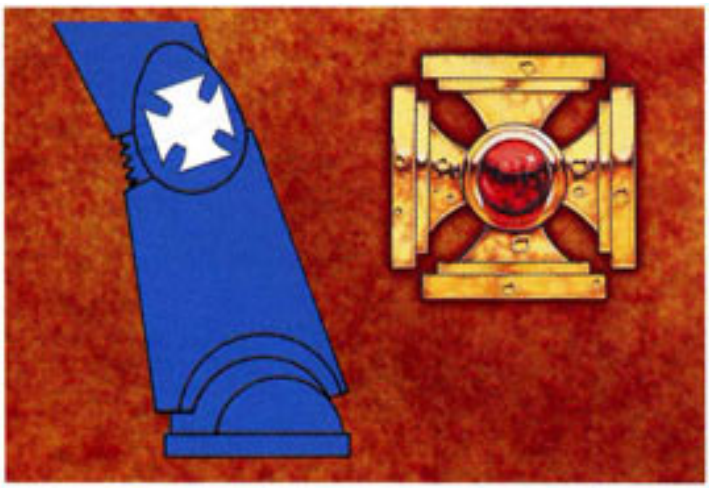
Veteran Squads are exclusively a part of the First Company of the Chapter. This spread illustrates Squad no 6 of the Ultramarines First Company. The shoulder pad rims are white: the Company colour. All of the Marines wear the white helmet of an Ultramarines veteran while the Sergeant has the broad white stripe marking on his red helmet to denote his veteran status. The Veteran Squad white tactical symbol is based on the crux terminatus. There are many variations of this symbol and the Codex not only approves the use of these variants but also encourages the Master of the Chapter to regularly change the symbol to confound the Chapter's foes.

All of the Battle-Brothers and the squad leader Sergeant are Veterans, vastly experienced Space Marine warriors who have undoubtedly seen many combats and, of course, survived. All of these Marines would have been recruited from within the ranks of the Chapter's Battle and Reserve Companies. The Sergeant will have received special leadership training to fully equip him for his additional command responsibilities although any of the Battle-Brothers is capable of leading the Squad should the Sergeant be taken out of action.

All of the Marines are illustrated wearing the exact same armour. This is simply a convention used for the purposes of clarity. Of all Marines, Veterans are most likely to have a mix of armour styles and configurations within their ranks. Space Marine power armour is individually produced, with each suit adapted to its wearer. Each Marine treasures his suit and repairs and maintains it religiously. Furthermore, in their careers Veterans are likely to have acquired an extensive personal catalogue of honours and blessings. These will be displayed on the Marine's armour enhancing its customised look.

TERMINATOR HONOURS

1st Company Veterans have been trained in the use of Terminator armour are entitled to wear the crux terminatus honour badge. Of course this great stone badge is fixed to the left shoulder armour of the actual Terminator suit. If the Marine is not fighting in a Terminator suit he will carry and display a small metal version of the crux. Supplementing this badge will various painted or stencilled crux on the Marine's armour. Collectively these markings are known as Terminator honours.



As in the Tactical Squad two of the Battle-Brothers may be chosen to carry other weapons into combat. One Marine may be designated as Heavy Weapon Trooper and will carry one of the three types of heavy weapons available to the Squad: the Heavy Bolter, the Lascannon or the Missile Launcher. These options dramatically improve the tactical flexibility of the Squad and improve its chances of success in a wide variety of situations. This is equally true of the Special Weapon Trooper who may be chosen to carry one of the following weapons: Flamer, Meltagun or Plasma gun.

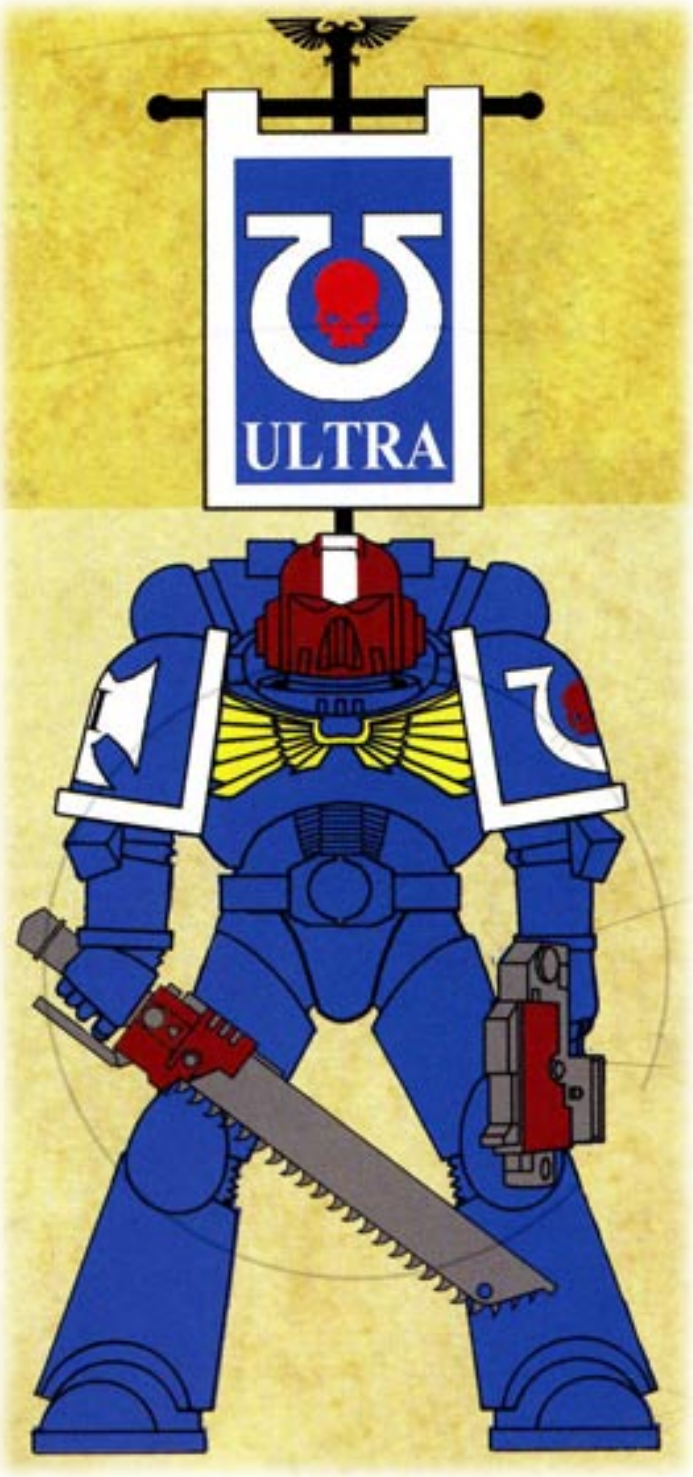
The whole Squad will also usually carry grenades of which by far the most common types are Frag grenades (wide area, fragmentation blast) or Krak grenades (tightly focused, armour piercing blast). Other grenade types are occasionally used on special missions but are generally restricted to officers and squad leaders.

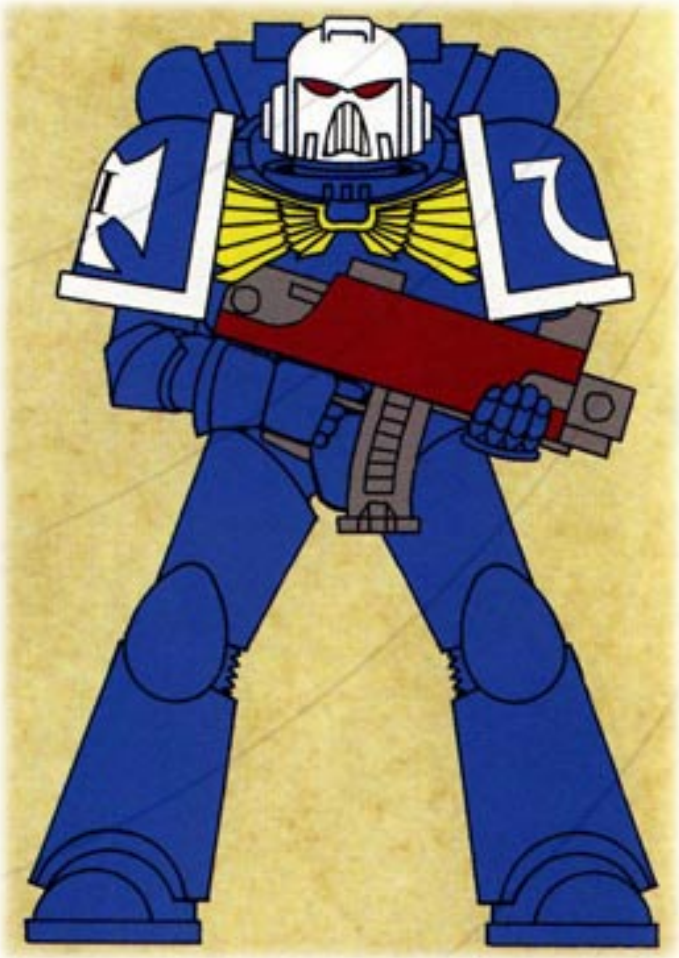
Veteran Squads are often provided with armoured transports; usually Rhinos (armoured personnel carriers) but sometimes Razorbacks (Rhino carriers with a cupola mounted heavy weapon). This enables the Squad to advance quicklv on the battlefield or rapidly redeploy to a new sector of fighting.

Veterans are exceptional warriors, even by Space Marine standards. They excel at all forms of combat and are supplied with the best equipment. They are normally at the forefront of the fighting, leading by example, inspiring the troops around them with their determination, fortitude and skill in battle.

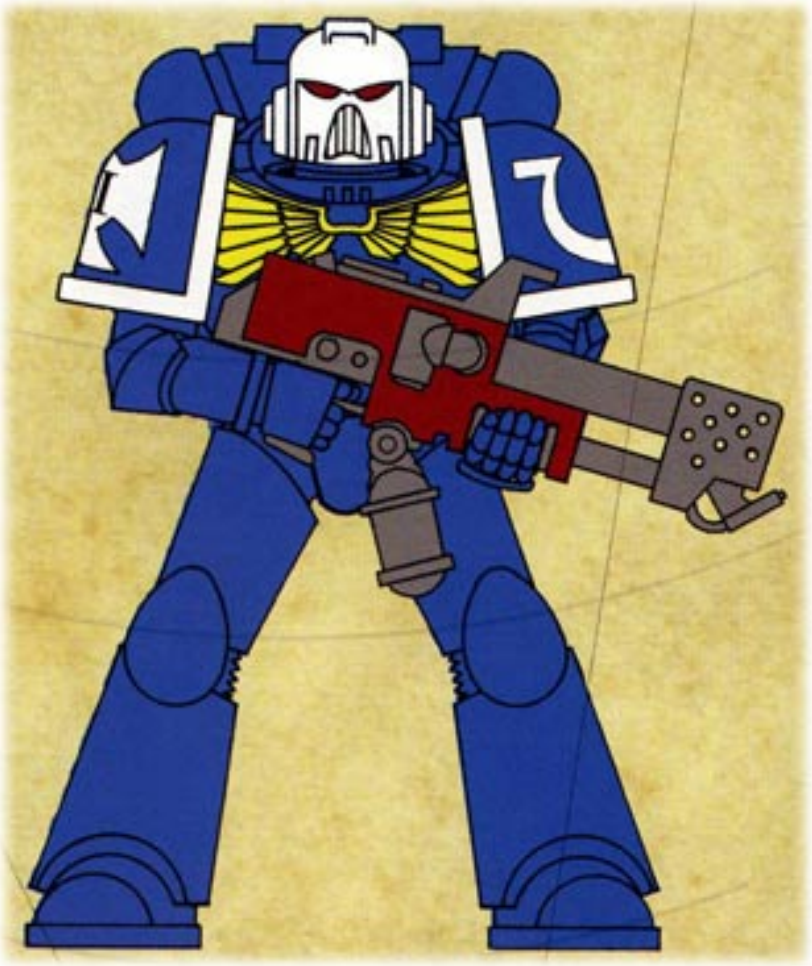


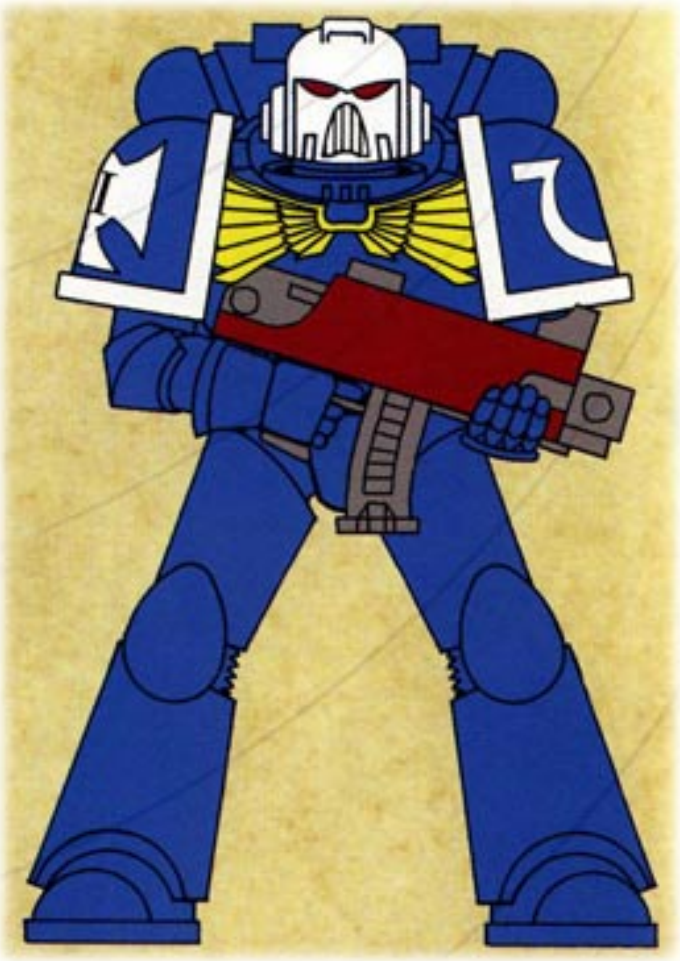
All ranks | Battle-brother | Sergeant

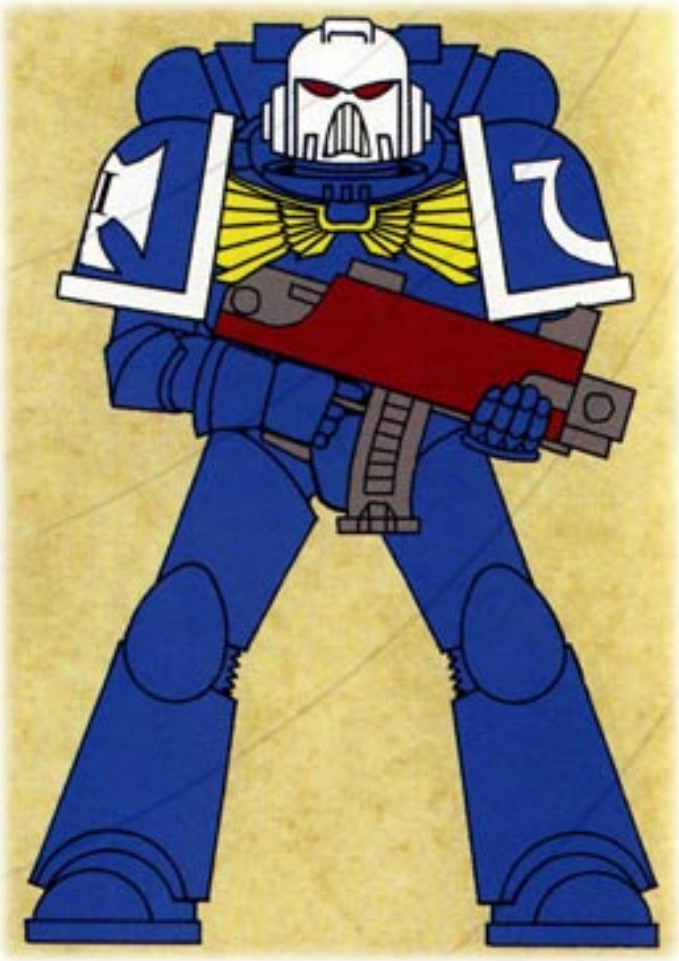


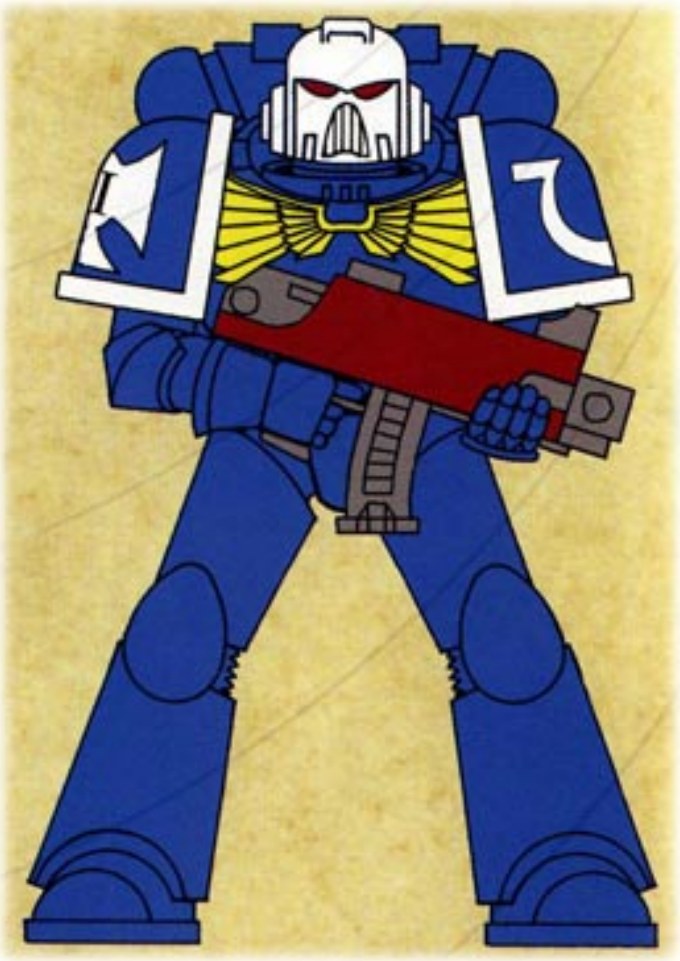


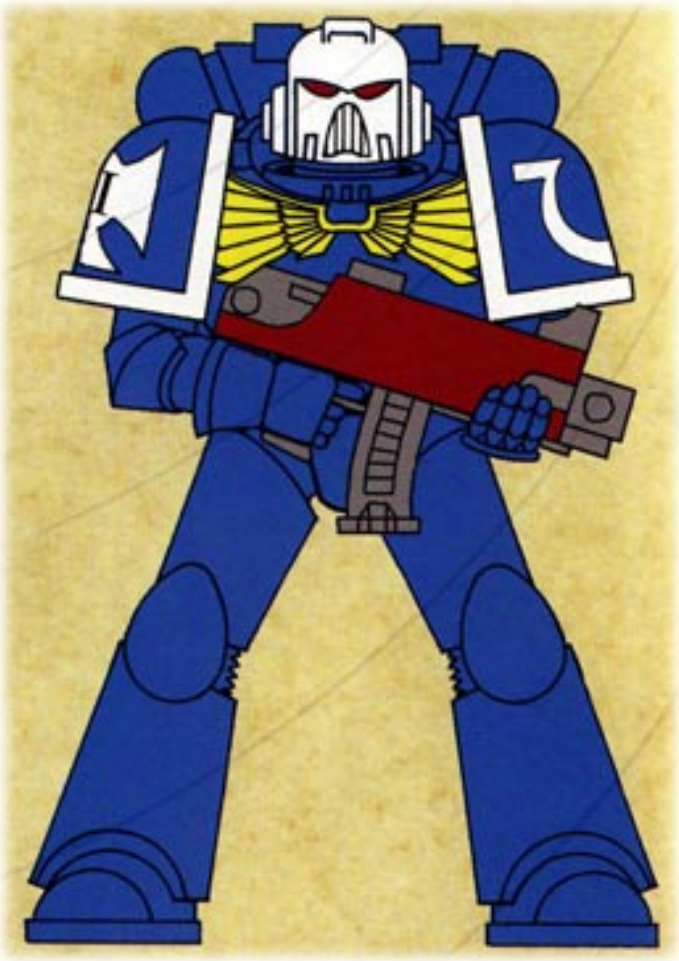
Squad Sergeant

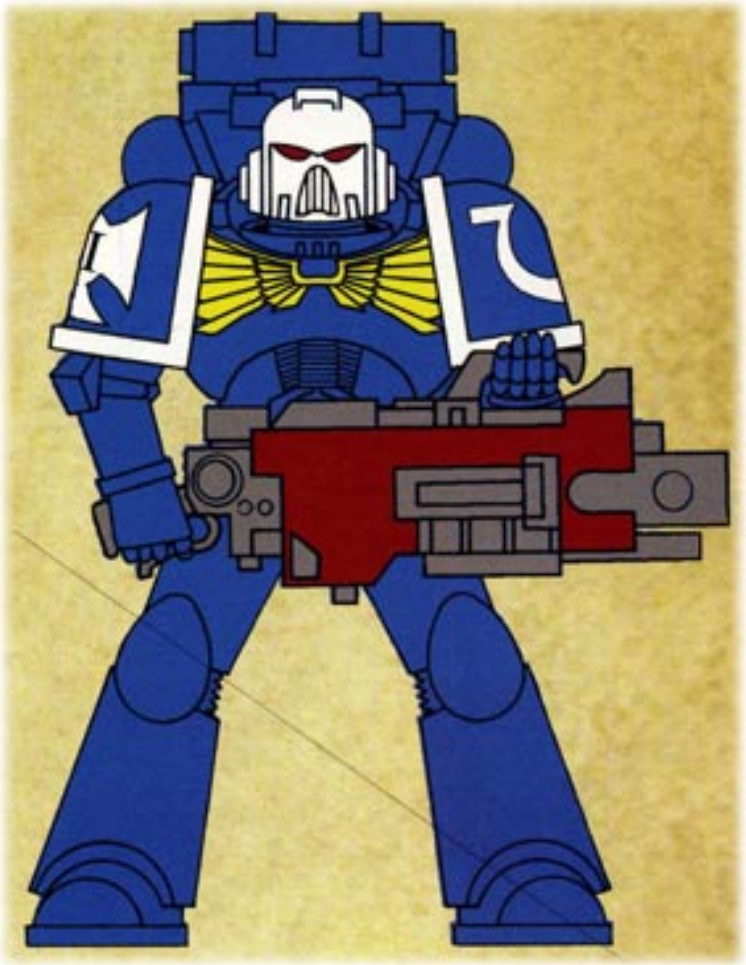


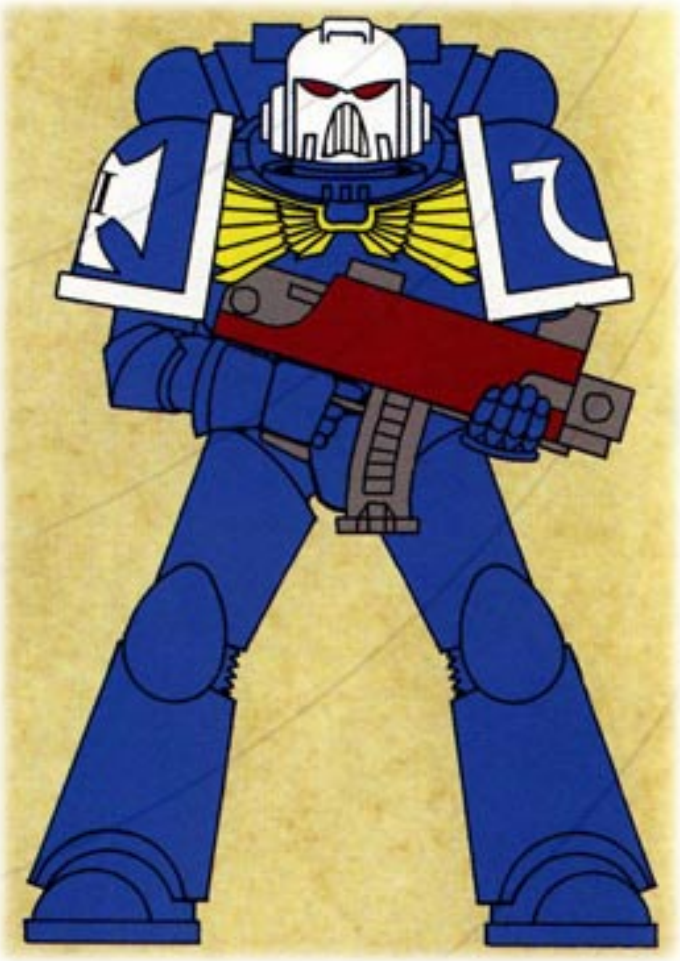


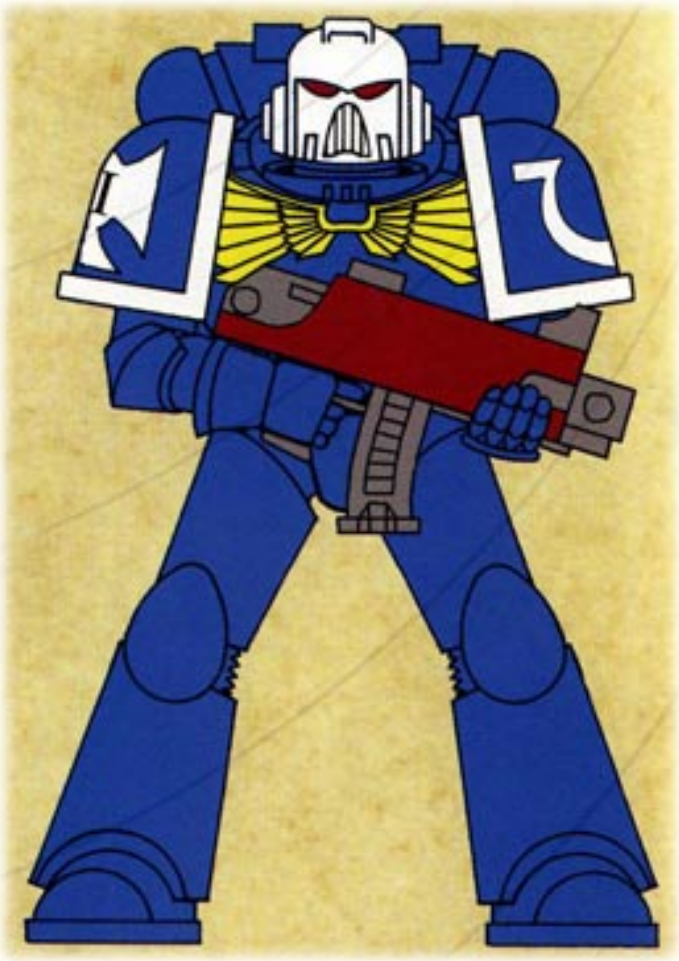












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BACK TO INSIGNIUM ASTARTES SECTION

TERMINATOR SQUAD

The 1st Company of a Space Marine Chapter is the elite company of Veterans. These vastly experienced warriors have access to the very best of the Chapter's weaponry and equipment and are the first to be supplied with any new or modified wargear. They are also the only Space Marine troops to wear Terminator Armour. These powerful armoured suits are a physical embodiment of the Chapter's fighting spirit and history. The brother Marines regard every one of these suits as a holy artefact.

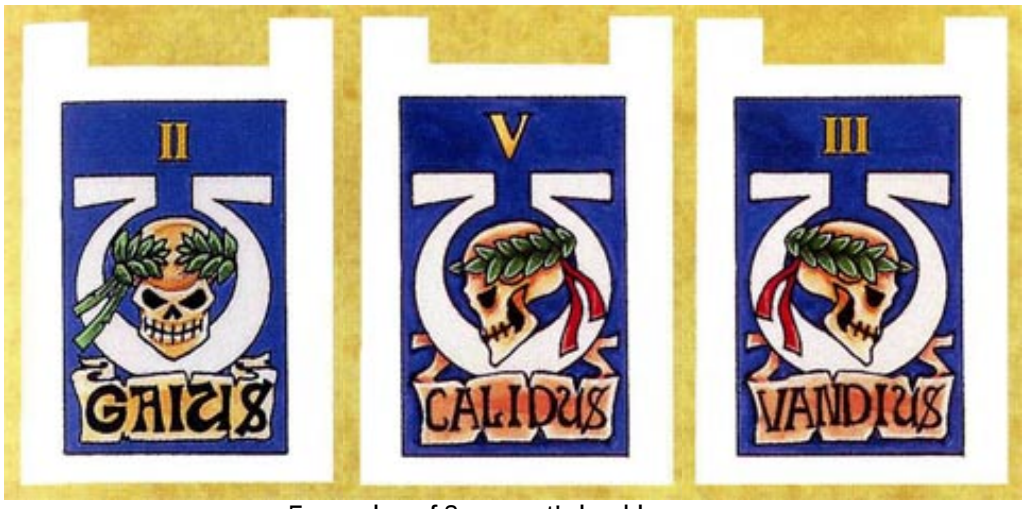
Terminator Squads consists of a Sergeant and up to nine Brother-Marines. The Sergeant is normally equipped with a Power Sword and Storm Bolter, the Brother-Marines with Power Fists and Storm Bolters. The Squad also has access to Chainfists, Assault Cannons, Heavy Flamers and Cyclone Missile Launchers. Alternatively Terminator Squads may be equipped for close assault with Thunder Hammers, Storm Shields and Lightning Claws replacing their Storm Bolters and Power Fists.

The Terminator Squads are identified in a couple of different ways. Each Squad within the 1st Company is numbered as in the other Companies. This number is usually displayed on the right shoulder pad combined with the Chapter icon but can be shown on the knee pads or helmets. Additionally each of the Terminator Squads is known by its Sergeant's name and this is displayed on the Sergeant's back banner. So Sergeant Gaius leads Termiantor Squad Gaius. This practice can extend to other Companies and Squads but is usually associated with Marines of Veteran or other honoured status.

The left shoulder pad of the Terminator suit carries the large solid stone icon known as the Crux Terminatus. This doubles as a tactical symbol and as a revered honour badge. Each Crux is reputed to have bound within its core a tiny fragment of the battle armour worn by the Emperor during his epic duel with Horus the Arch-Traitor ten rhousand years ago. The design of this ancient badge can vary considerably, even within a single unit or Chapter. Sergeants' and officers' Crux tend to be more elaborate and finely detailed than those worn by normal Battle-Brothers.

Terminator suits are revered artifacts of the Chapter and, as such are likely to be festooned with all manner of battle honour or other mark of distinction. The suit as much as the Marine inside carries these honours, it being quite common for old suits to be recycled for use by newly appointed Veterans. In this case the new wearer of the armour regards it as very auspicious if the suit has already proved its worth in battle.

Typical honour badges seen on Terminator armour include skull badges, name scrolls, Imperial Laurels, Iron Halos, Purity Seals and miniature versions of the Crux. These badges may appear on just about any part of the suit. In addition to this individual sections of armour may be decorated with bold patterns, Chapter icons or even fully painted scenes of some ancient heroic action or legendary character from the Chapter's dim and distant past.

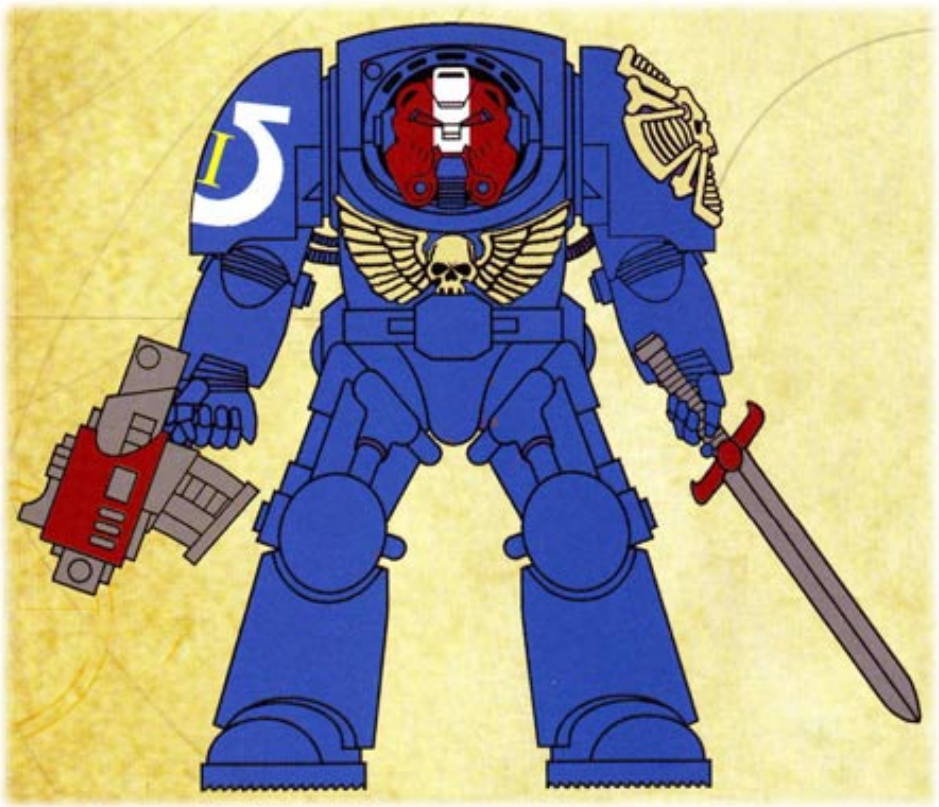


Examples of Sergeant's backbanners



Examples of Crux Terminatus

Terminators of Squad Callidus (Ultramarines 5th Terminator Squad) equipped for close assault.





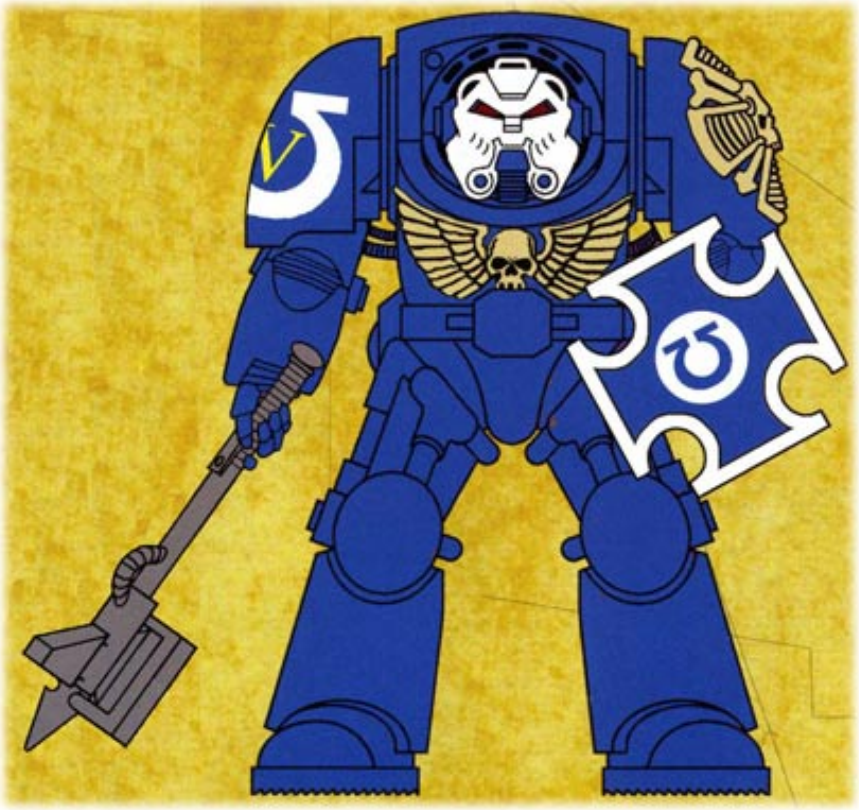




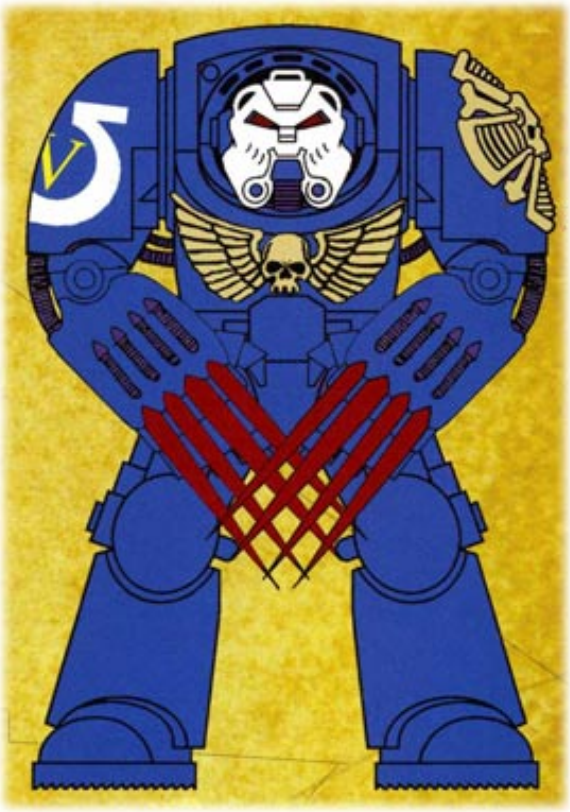












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BACK TO INSIGNIUM ASTARTES SECTION

SCOUT SQUAD

The 10th Company of a Codex Chapter consists entirely of Scout Squads. This spread illustrates the 2nd Scout Squad of the Ultramarines 10th Company. (Each Squad consists of a Scout Sergeant and up to nine Space Marine Scouts.

There is no theoretical limit on how many Scout Squads there may be in the Company. However in practice there are rarely more than ten. The Squad number in white is shown on the right shoulder pad. Scouts do not show any Company badge, colour or number. The roth Company does not have a battle standard or a Company Banner.



CAMOUFLAGE

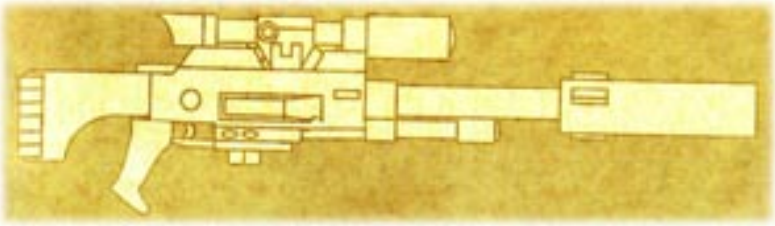
In addition to the uniform shown here Scouts also employ a huge variety of camouflage schemes. These may be applied to the armoured sections and fatigues of the Scout outfit as well as on capes worn over the armour if the mission demands. Furthermore the Scouts are experts at covert warfare and will take account of the local conditions when kitting up for a mission.

Scouts are basically Space Marines wearing a lighter version of the Space Marine armour. The armour is not as strong a defence as the standard power armour but it is far less restrictive to movement and almost completely silent in operation. This makes it an ideal uniform for troops whose primary goal on the battlefield is to avoid detection. Scouts are employed in all kinds of reconnaissance, infiltration and other subterfuge. They are rightly valued for their ability to strike deep into enemy lines without being seen and for the resultant confusion and terror this can cause.

Scouts are physically the same as other Space Marines but in many Chapters the 1oth Company has a

vital role as a training battalion and new recruits are inducted into the Scouts before graduating to the Battle and Reserve Companies. In other Chapters the individual Companies have a responsibility for this training and the 1oth Company includes many Marines with decades of experience.

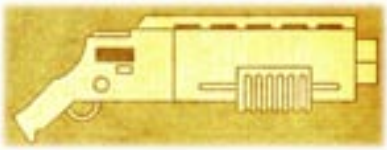
A Scout Squad comprises a Scout Sergeant and up to nine other ranks or Battle-Brothers. These warriors are armed with a variety of different weapons. Bolt guns, sniper rifles, combat shotguns are all commonly employed but the most favoured armament is a bolt pistol and knife combination. Sergeants invariably carry a chains word, almost as much a badge of rank as a weapon.



Sniper rifle

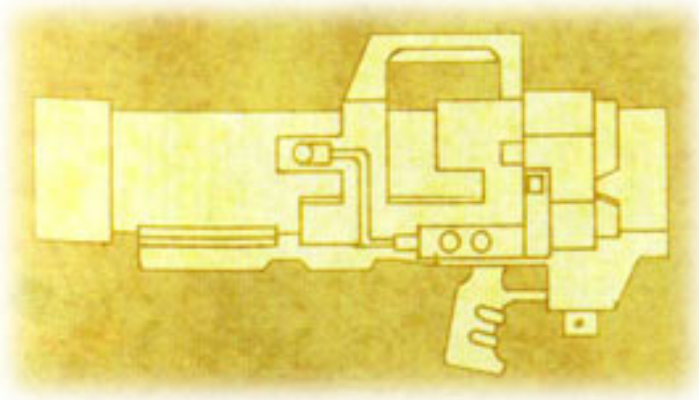


Bolt gun



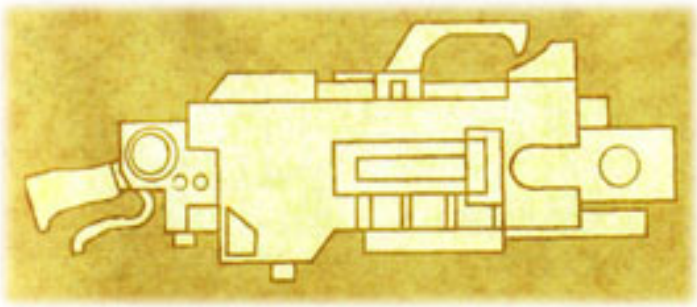
Shotgun

Scout Squads also have access to a number of different heavy weapons and one of the Scouts within the Squad may be armed with a Heavy Bolter, Autocannon or Missile Launcher. These are normally only used if the mission requires it. In most circumstances and missions the Scouts prefer to sacrifice firepower for stealth and speed.



Heavy weapon: Missile Launcher

The whole Squad will also usually carry grenades of which by far the most common types are Frag grenades (wide area, fragmentation blast) or Krak greenades (tightly focused, armour piercing blast). Other grenade types are occasionally used on special missions but are generally restricted to officers and squad leaders.



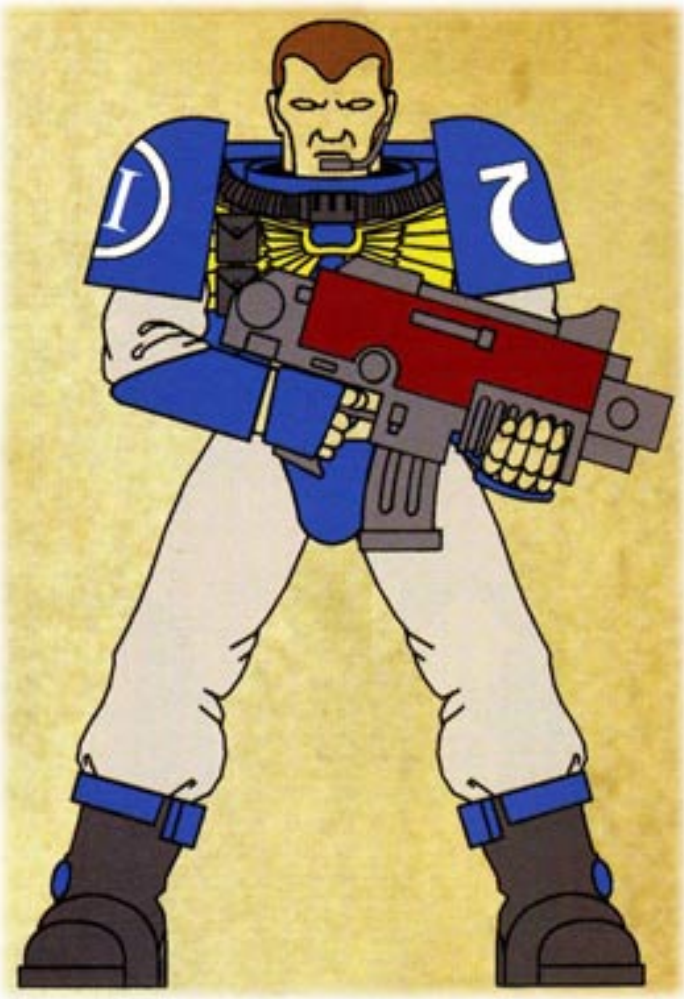
Heavy weapon: Heavy bolter

Scout Squads are also trained to fight as Bike Squadrons. This provides a highly mobile support for Scouts operating behind enemy lines.



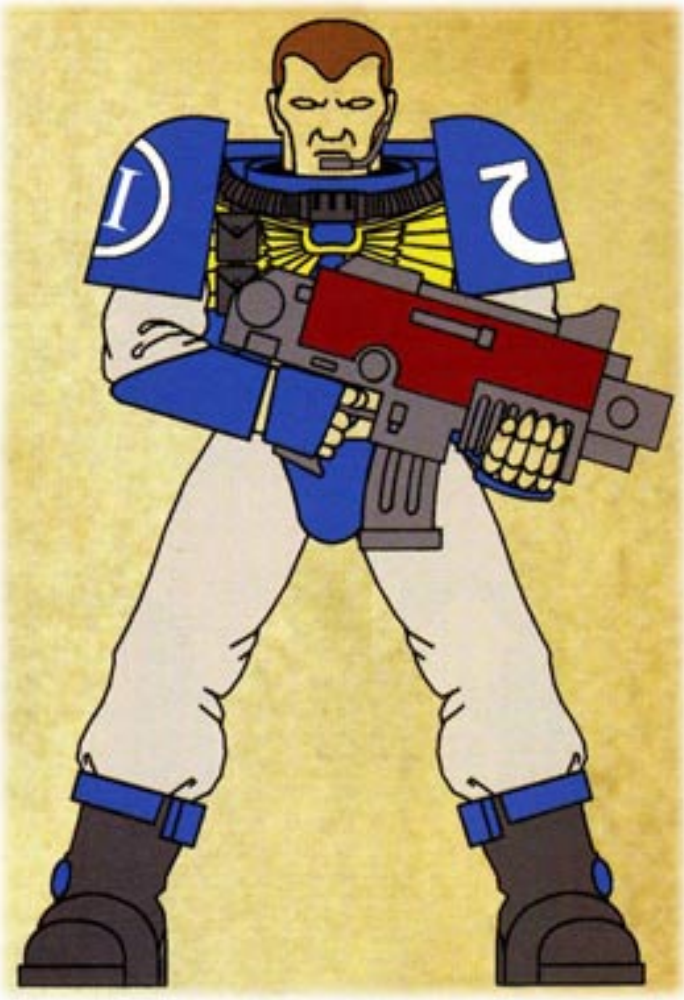
All ranks | Battle-brothers | Sergeant



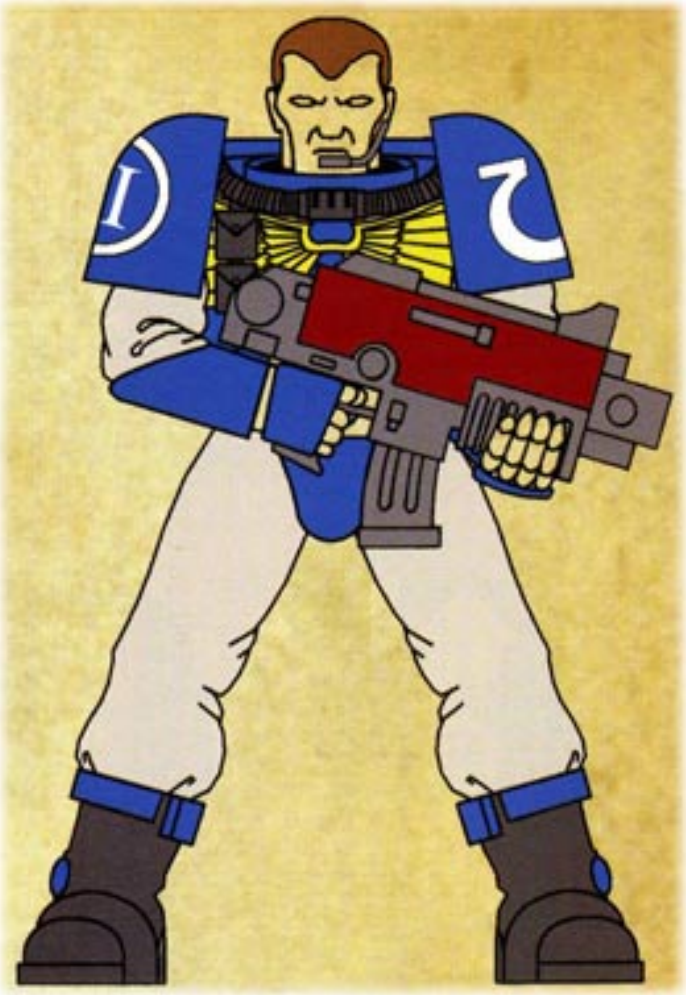


Scout Sergeant

















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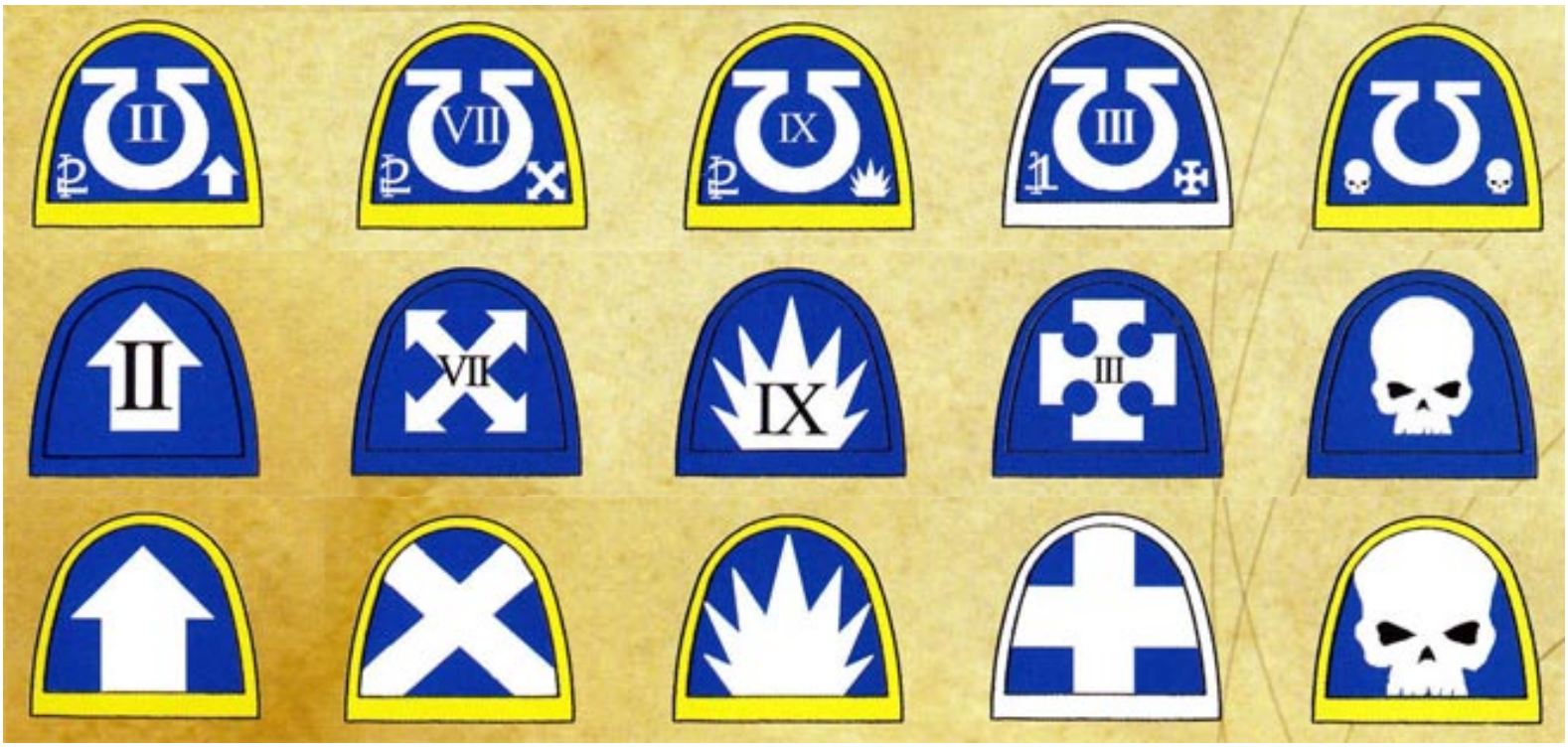
BACK TO INSIGNIUM ASTARTES SECTION

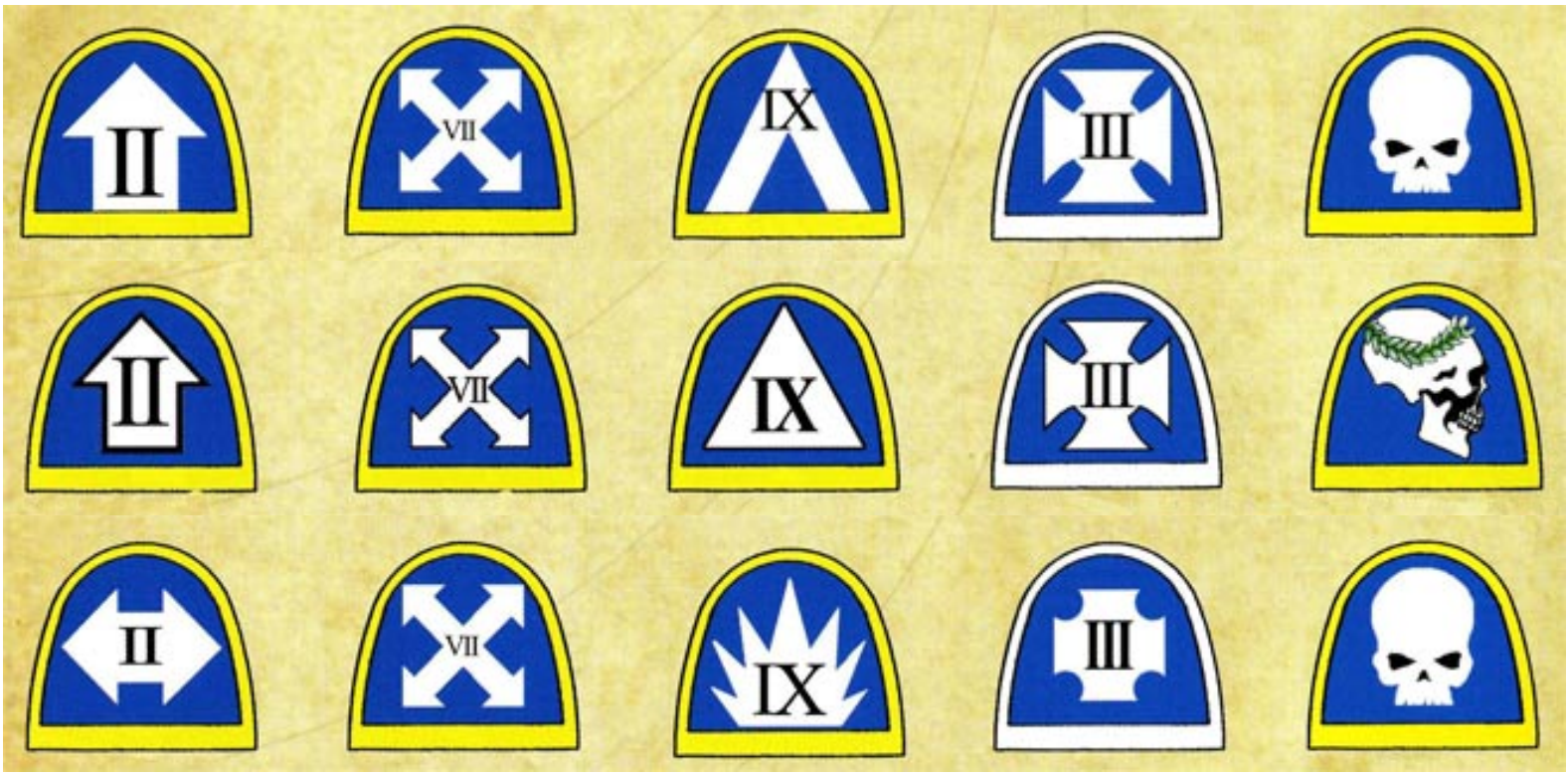
BADGE VARIANTS

This selection illustrates some of the hundreds of variant systems for squad markings recommended for use by Space Marine Chapters in the Codex Astartes. These include markings for use on older designs of power armour. At the time the Codex was compiled by Roboute Guilliman many Space MArines would still have been equipped with armour that predated the Horus Heresy. Many of these suits lacked reinforcing rims on the shoulder pads or space to display a Chapter icon on the Marine's left pad.





In all cases the examples shown illustrate the markings for the 2nd Tactical Squad, 7th Asssault Squad, 9th Devastator Squad and a Command Squad of the 2nd Company and for the 3rd Veterans Squad of the 1st Company of the Ultramarines. The 2nd Company colour is yellow and the 1st Company colour is white. Command Squads are temporary units formed on an ad hoc basis and are not therefore numbered.





Space Marines hold their Chapter's history and traditions in very high regard. This tends to make them very conservative and unwont to change. This is particularly true of the way they approach their badges and markings. However the Codex instructs the Chapter Master to frequently review such matters and to periodically revise the system employed. This means that most, if not all, of the variant systems shown here will have been employed at some point in the long history of the Ultramarines Chapter.





Although these images show designs for the Ultramarines Chapter these selfsame systems are, or have been, used by all of the Codex Chapters. It is relatively easy to extrapolate the details of the markings for unitsa in the other Companies and those for other Codex Chapters. Furthermore these markings are the basis on which nearly all

Space Marine Chapters have devised their own badging and identification systems.





ULTRAMARINES CHAPTER VARIANTS AND OTHER CHAPTERS



i ii iii iv v



vi vii viii ix x



xi xii xiii xiv xv

The basic Chapter icon can be displayed in a number of different ways. Here are some examples of some of the different designs used by the Ultramarines. Some of these are archaic forms that date back to the time of the Horus Heresy when the Ultramarines were a Legion numbering thousands of warriors. It may be that these variants had a specific use at that time to differentiate the component sections of the older larger organisation. When the Space Marine Legions were split into Chapters of a thousand warriors there was no need for variant icons. However the variant icons retain use and value as honour marks within the Chapter. Shoulder pads i to iii are all very common forms that frequently appear as variation within the Ultramarines to this day. The variants i, iv, v, vi and viii appear within individual squads and may be a form of minor honour badge. Variant iii is the classic squad sergeant's rank badge for the Ultramarines. Variant ix is the original form of the Chapter icon only appearing when Marines on performing ceremonial duties. Variant xiv is a solid silver variant restricted to officers. The other variants all appear as honorific badges on the shoulder pads of decorated veterans and other Marines of high status within the Chapter.



xvi xvii xviii xix xx



xxi xxii xxiii xxiv xxv



xxvi xxvii xxviii xxix xxx

Space Marine Chapter badges or icons of very mixed origin. Many are iterations of common Imperial icons, such as the eagle, eagle wings, skulls and armoured fists. At a Chapter's Founding the newly assigned Chapter Master must name his regiment and choose its heraldry. There are strict rules to govern this process. The Codex Astartes provides the Chapter Master with a roll of approved nameing elements and also forbids the use of certain names. New leaders are careful to try to avoid duplicating the name, icon and livery of an existing Chapter. However this is more difficult than may be imagined. There are approximately a thousand Chapters spread across the galaxy and only the priests of the Adeptus Terra on Earth have anything approaching a complete catalogue of these units and their heraldry. Many new Chapter Masters therefore create new heraldries to avoid any possible duplication. Over the millenia this has led to a vast proliferation of icons and liveries.

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CAPTAINS & COMMANDERS

An officer with the rank of Captain commands every Space Marine Company. The Captain will be a stalwart veteran of thousands of battles. Over the decades and in some case centuries of war the Captain will have accrued a vast store of knowledge and experience of fighting, tactics and leadership. Space Marine Captains are first and foremost warriors expected to lead from the front and they are powerful enough for their personal combat prowess to be able to affect the outcome of a battle involving thousands of combatants. They lead by example and command their troops with absolute authority. Space Marine troops venerate their leaders and consider promotion to Captain as the pinnacle of achievement and service.

Captains are proud and terrible warriors but eventually their combat skills fade, either through age or injury. These Captains continue to serve the Chapter as members of the Headquarters officer cadre. Here they use their incredible experience and knowledge to manage recruitment, training and administration. They also serve as Chiefs of Staff to the Chapter Master offering insight on matters of strategy, tactics and the general business of war. The Chapter Master himself will have once been a Company Captain and in theory he still holds the rank. There are many other titular ranks within the Chapter. These include Commander of the Watch, Commander of the Arsenal, the Master's Secretarius, Lord of the Household, Commander of the Fleet, Chief of Ordinance and Commander of the Watch. A Captain may be honoured with such a title in addition to his commissioned rank. Many of these honorific titles carry with them important duties and responsibilities.

Captains wear power armour or Terminator armour decorated in the Chapter livery. Their badge of rank is the Company heraldry. In its most basic form this is

ULTRAMARINES
CAPTAINS' BANNERS

These illustrate the basic designs for the banners of the Ultramarines Captains. They demonstrate how the traditional Company heraldries are combined with the Chapter icon and an Imperial Eagle motif. Other Chapters will have similar basic designs for their Captains' banners. Over many years of service a Captain will earn many honours and distinctions. Some of these honours will be displayed on his banner and may eventually completely replace the basic design shown here.



1st Company



2nd Company



3rd Company



4th Company



5th Company



6th Company



7th Company

simply the Company colour displayed on their right shoulder pad. This pattern also forms the basis of the Captain's banner and may even appear on the hull of any personal vehicles. Captains wear the Chapter icon on their left shoulder pad. Space Marines are proud of their achievements and Captains no less so. Over the many years of battle the Captain will have won innumerable honours and distinctions. Furthermore their wargear will have damaged and repaired or replaced a hundred times or more. Each honour adds a new element to the Captain's livery. Each repair provides the Chapter's Artificers with an opportunity to embellish his armour or weapons with decoration and devotions. In this way the basic rank markings are superceeded by a mass of details and decoration. Space Marine Captains therefore have a unique heraldry and very individual appearance.



8th Company



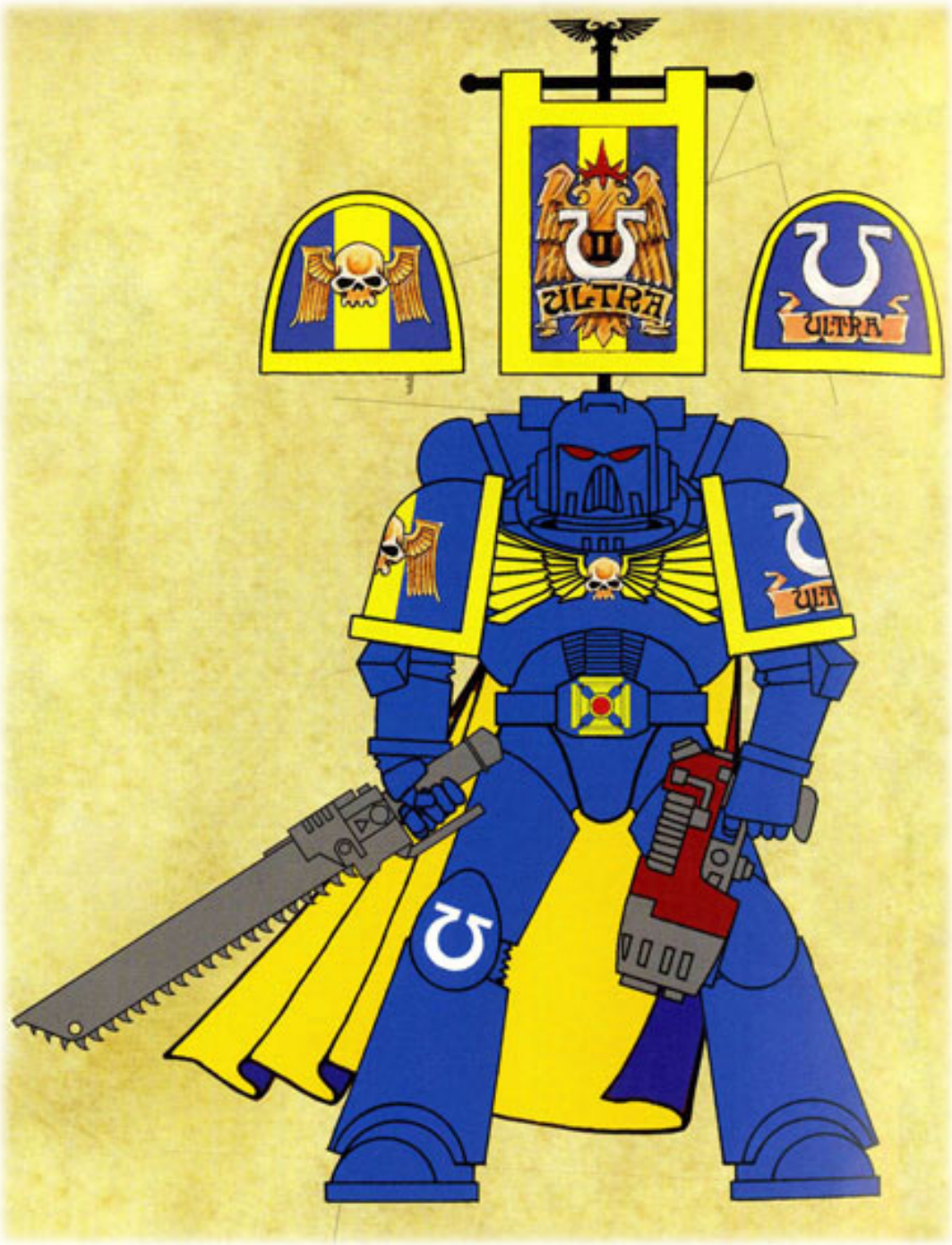
9th Company



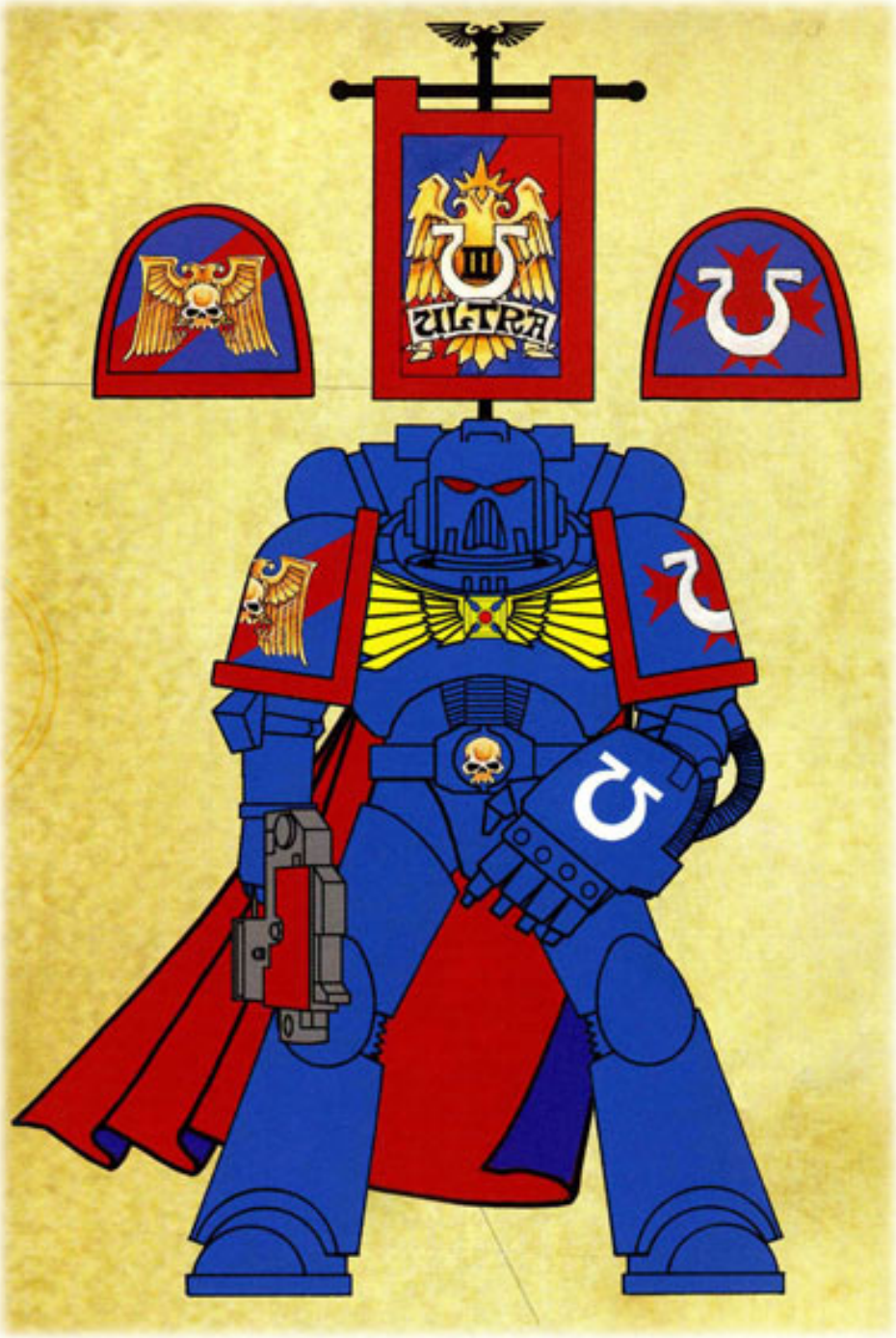
10th Company

TYPICAL ULTRAMARINES NAMES

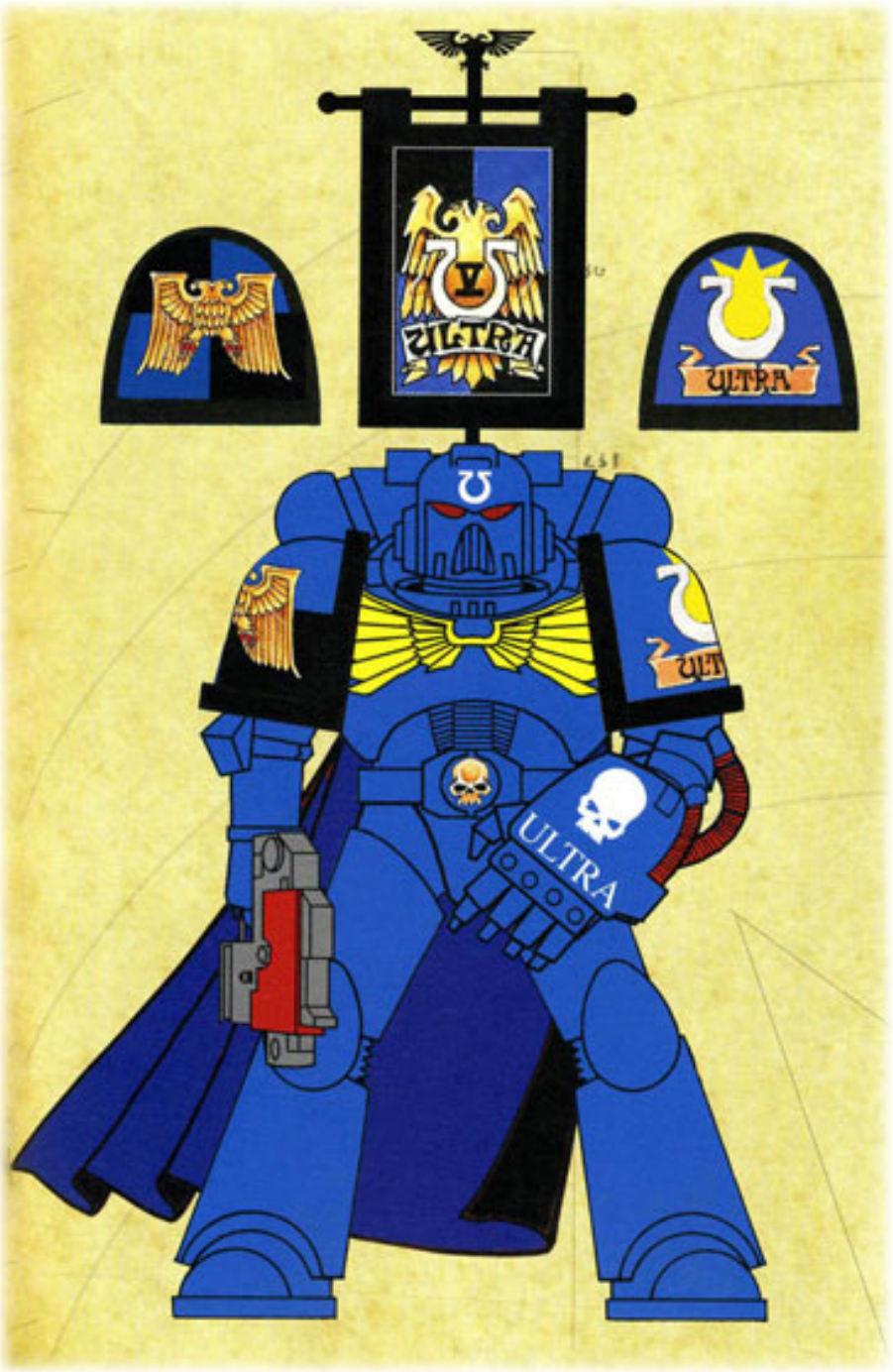
Titus	Trajan	Romulus	Ardias
Agrippa	Orion	Calidus	Epathus
Vespasian	Valius	Tribinus	Ixion
Fabius	Atavian	Invictus	Numitor
Icarus	Gaius	Venatus	Sinon
Lucius	Tiberius	Signatus	Antilochus
Strabo	Galatian	Idaeus	Octavius
Coriolanus	Abraxus	Maximus	Severian
Scipio	Laertes	Corpus	Caeser
Tacitus	Crassus	Sicarius	Tigurius
Omegus	Andronicus	Agemman	Helveticus
Vandius	Fennias	Helixus	Marneus
Cassius	Typhon	Cornelus	Altarion
Octavian	Elanius	Epheus	Maneus
Tirus	Bellanus	Primus	Flavian
Helicanus	Solinus	Cossos	Varius
Telion	Varus	Chronus	Lamentius
Preator	Hyrcleon	Probis	Tercon
Phraetus	Eleus	Daceus	



Captain of Ultramarines 2nd Company



Captain of Ultramarines 3rd Company



Captain of Ultramarines 5th Company



These shoulder pads show the basic Company heraldries. These had their origin in the days when Space Marines were organised into Legions, formations many times larger than the current Chapter. It may have been that these patterns were originally used to differentiate between the sub-units of those vast regiments. These heraldries now form the basic liveries for the Company Captains and are displayed on the Captain's right shoulder pad and back banner. Veteran Captains are unlikely to display such markings as their personal

honours and merit awards will supplant the basic design.



There are almost no limits to the ways in which an experienced Captain may have his armour and weapons customised to record his achievements and honours. Many of these decorations will be the honour badges shown here or variants of these icons.



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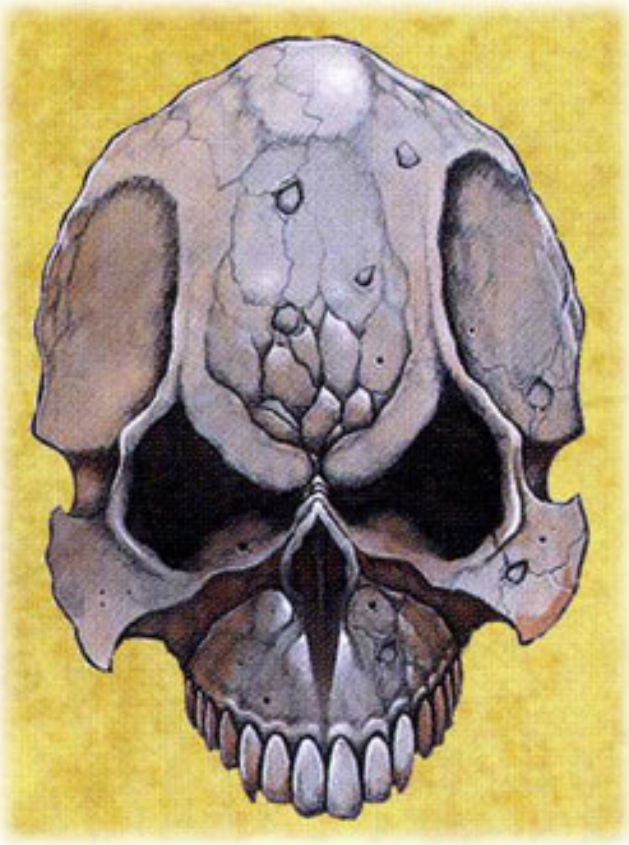
BACK TO INSIGNIUM ASTARTES SECTION

CHAPLAINS

Spaces Marines are not simply mighty warriors they are also devout followers of the Emperor. They regard their mission to defend humanity against the myriad foes that threaten it as a holy one and they have absolute faith in the the Emperor. The first Space Marine Chapters were founded centuries before the development of the Imperial Cult and the dominion of the Adeptus Ministorum. This has led to each Chapter evolving its own unique religious practices and priests. These are the Chaplains who administer the rites of their Chapter and perform the ancient ceremonies of worship and devotion.



Chaplains have a vital role in the initiation of new recruits to the Chapter and in the constant affirmation of faith within the ranks of the Marines. Chaplains are amongst the most powerful of all the Space Marines. They accompany their brother Marines into war, chanting liturgies of battle, urging their fellows onwards with righteous zeal. They are invariably found in the thickest of the battle, exhorting their comrades to even greater acts of bravery.



Chaplain of the 3rd Company Ultramarines



Every Company has its own Chaplain. He acts as a leader in both devotions and battle. The Chaplain is more than capable of commanding the Marines in combat and is second only to the Company Captain in rank.



Chaplain of the 2nd Company Ultramarines

Chaplains wear black armour with Chapter icon and heraldry displayed on the left shoulder pad. Their badge of office is a white skull that generally appears on the right shoulder pad. Beyond this there is almost nothing else about their appearance that is standard. Each and every Chaplain is by definition a hero of the Chapter and will have fought in thousands of actions. Although they eschew personal honours their ancient suits of power armour are a realisation of the faith and victories of the Chapter, each one a revered artefact in its own right. Over the centuries the Chapter's artificers have constantly embellished these suits to glorify the Emperor and show the devotion of the Chaplain and his brethren.



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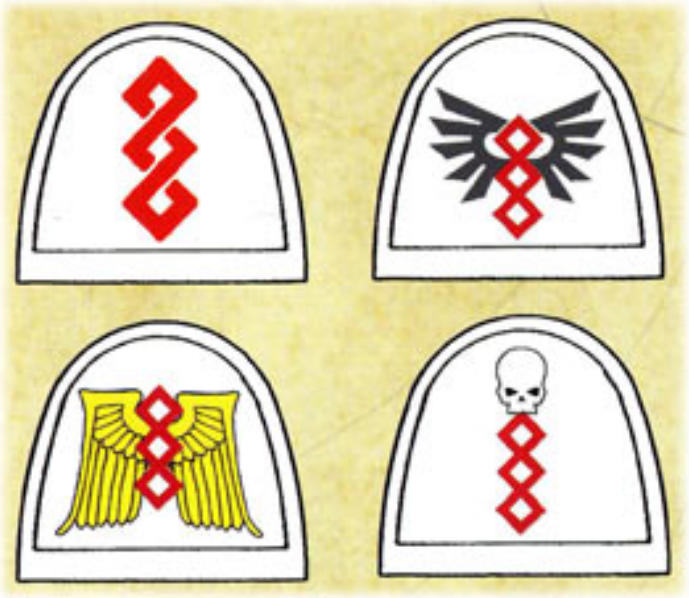
BACK TO INSIGNIUM ASTARTES SECTION

APOTHECARIES

The Apothecarion is the Chapter's medical and bio-engineering department. It is staffed by the Chapter's medics or Apothecaries. These are Marines who are trained to undertake the routine medical and surgical duties needed to keep the warriors in peak fighting condition. They are also the keepers of the Chapter's biological legacy, the banks of stored gene-seed. The source of this gene-seed is the Space Marines themselves. Each one carries replicating organ implants called the progenoids. These amazing organs absorb genetic information from the Marine's body. If a Marine dies the progenoids can be removed and the Apothecaries are able to use the information stored within to create new implants. These new implants are essential to the creation of new Marines.

The life of the Chapter is wholly dependent on the skills of the Apothecaries to collect the progenoids and bio-engineer new recruits.

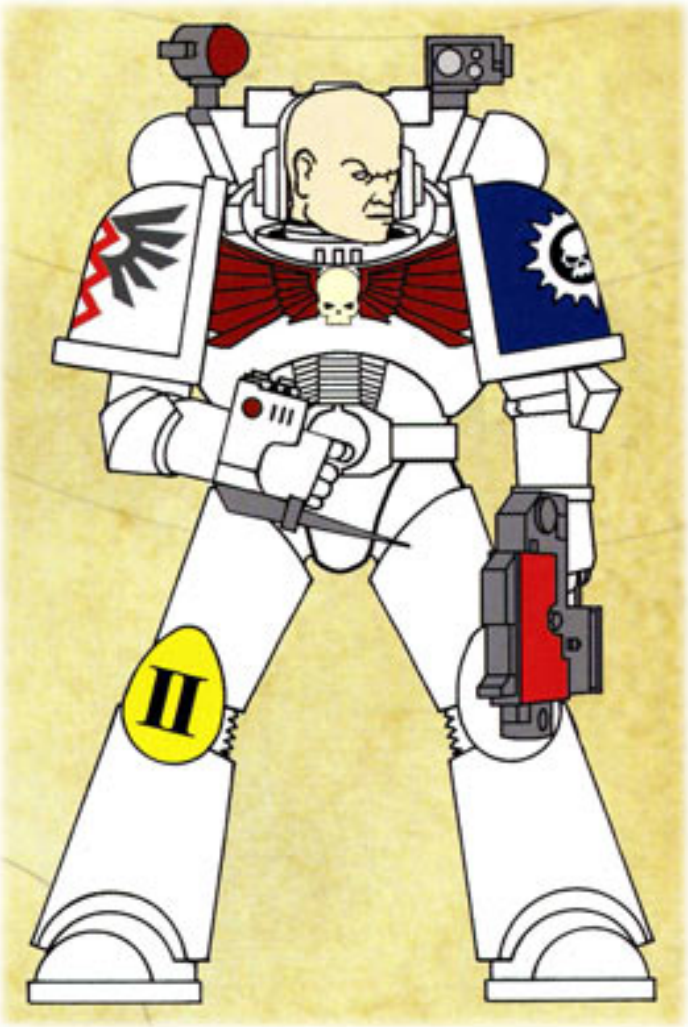
Space Marines rarely go into battle without an Apothecary since if a Marine dies and his body is lost or destroyed then his valuable gene-seed is lost to the Chapter as well. If a brother Marine falls in battle the Apothecary can administer immediate aid, binding wounds or performing emergency surgery so that the Marine can fight on. Failing that the Apothecary can at least ensure that the Marine's death is not totally in vain by collecting his gene-seed and returning it to the bio-vaults, ultimately to be recycled in the form of a new warrior.



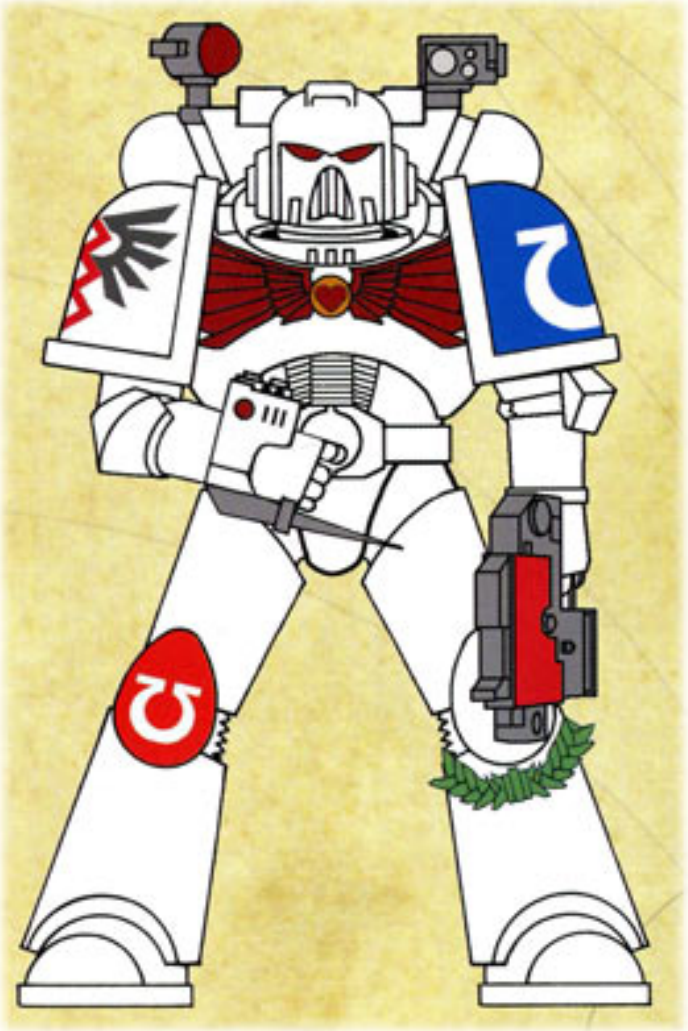
The standard uniform for an Apothecary is a white suit of power armour. Chapter heraldry is displayed on the Apothecary's left shoulder pad. The right shoulder pad displays the Prime Helix icon of the Apothecaion. Company badge are worn on the knee pads or leg armour. A number of variants of the Helix are shown here, any of which may be worn by an Apothecary. In some Chapters the Apothecary's white uniform is combined with the Chapter's standard heraldry but usually the helmet, back pack (or medi-pack) and shoulder pads will be white.

Each Company has an Apothecary. Additional Apothecaries staff the Apothecarion although these rarely take to the field of battle. Their duties are concerned with the maintenance of the bio-vaults,

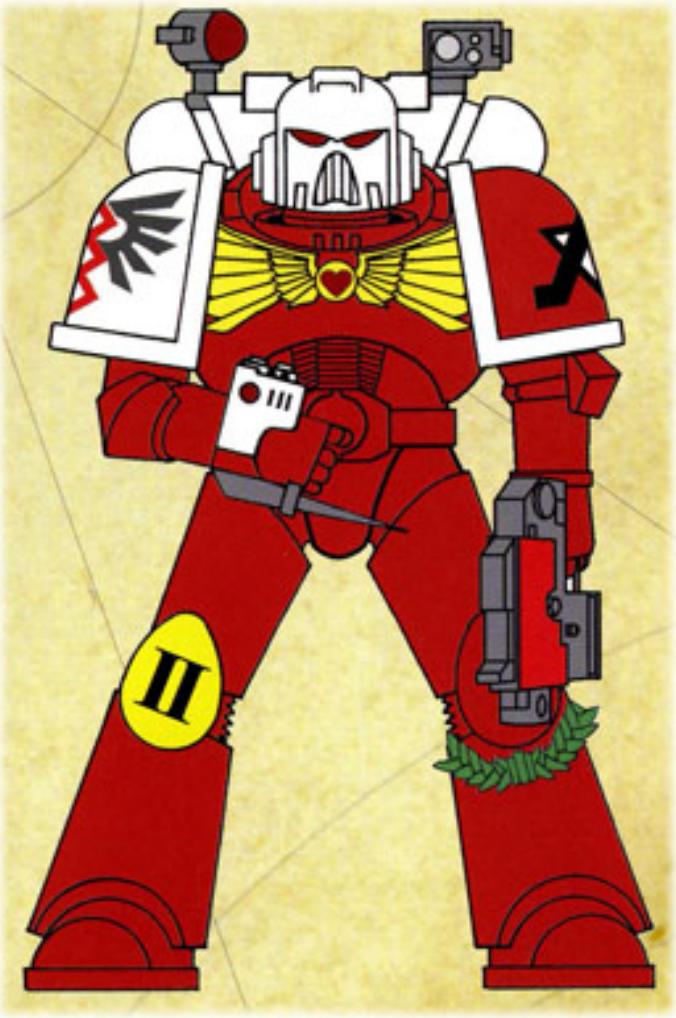
training and research.



Apothecary of 2nd Company Novamarines



Apothecary of 3rd Company Ultramarines



Apothecary of 2nd Company Genesis Chapter

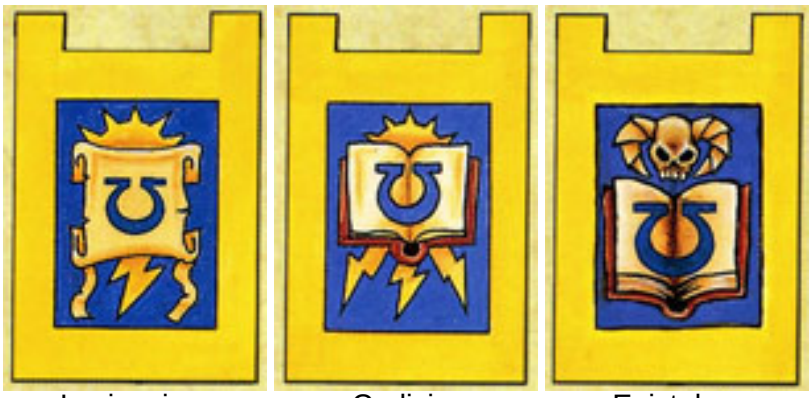
NEXT

'); x = 1; } // '); } //

BACK TO INSIGNIUM ASTARTES SECTION

LIBRARIANS

The Librarians are organised separately from the Companies of the Chapter. They form the Librarius part of the Chapter Headquarters. Within its cloisters the Librarians perform their sacred and arcane duties. These are the Chapter's psykers and have many responsibilities including intersetellar communication, auguries, testing new recruits for psychic abilities and protecting the Chapter from psychic assault. They are also trained to use their awesome powers on the battlefield, attacking foes with blasts of pure thought as well as sensing enemy movements and predicting the ebb and flow of the battle. The Librarians are the ultimate warrior mystics endowed with powers and abilities that set them apart from their brothers.



Lexicanium | Codicier | Epistolary

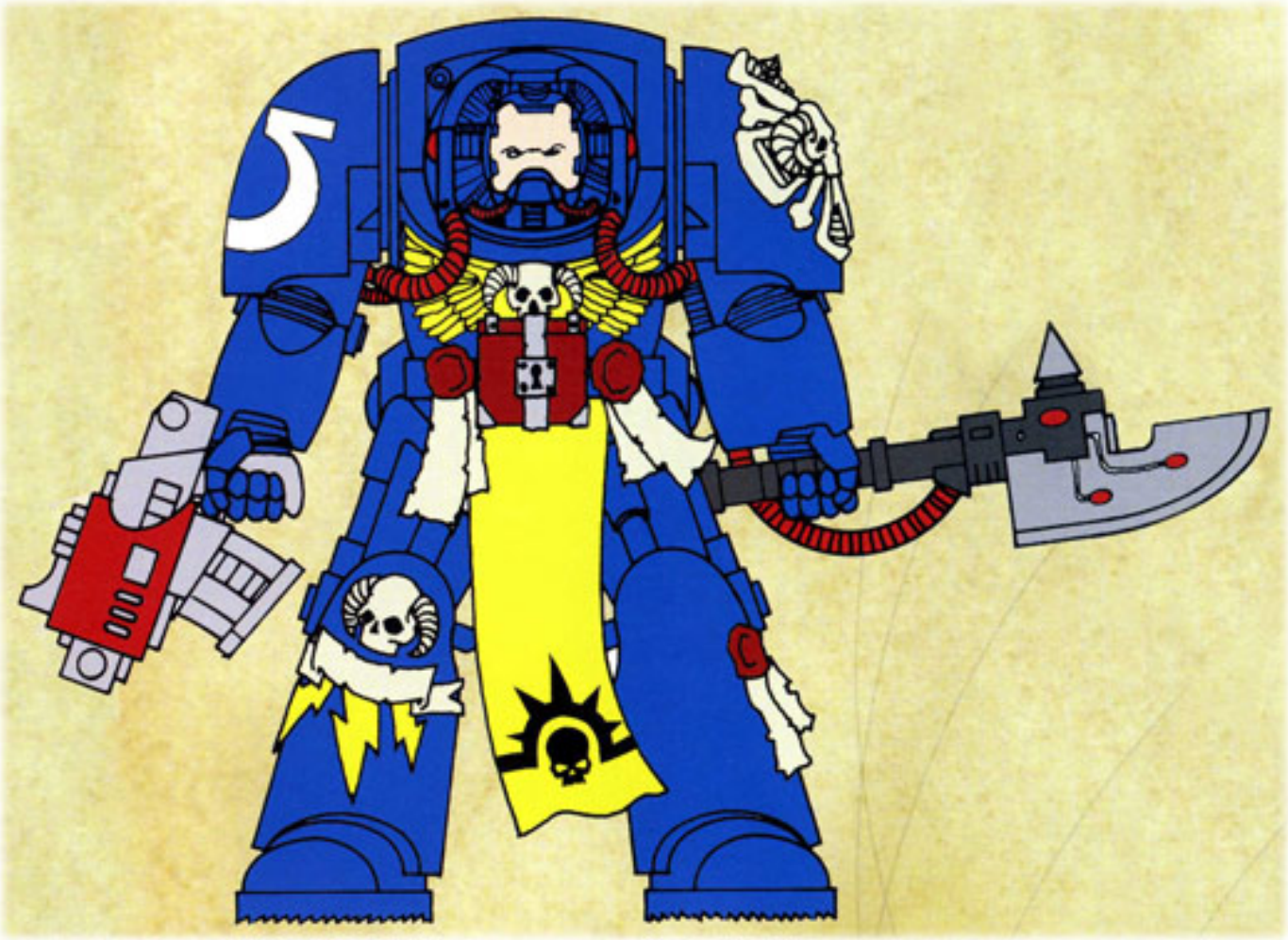


Lexicanium | Codicier | Epistolary

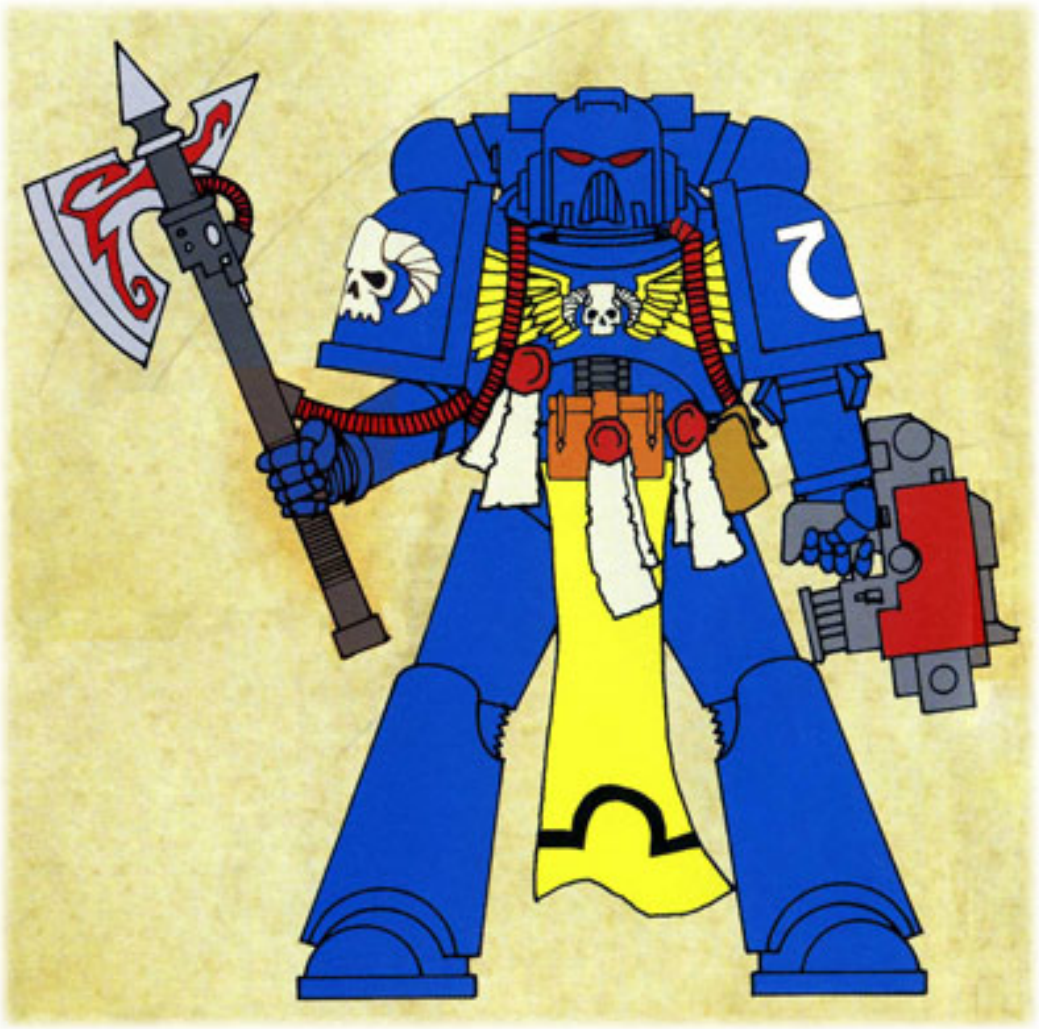
Arcane symbols are used for the Librarian rank badges and decorate their back banners. These are references to the ancient rituals that bind the psyker to the Emperor and to his Chapter. The scrolls and books are symbols of the protective wards and mental disciplines that give the Marine the fortitude to face the perils of the Warp and remain unscathed by the horrors within. These banners show the Ultramarines variants of the traditional designs. Other Chapters simply substitute their own Chapter icon in place of that of the Ultramarines. The tabards carry additional rank markings.

The Codex has strict guidelines for the uniforms, behaviour and tactics of the Librarians. Librarians of all Codex Chapters wear blue armour with golden yellow tabards or robes. They are ranked by talent and experience, graduating from Lexicanium (novitiate rank) through Codicier to Epistolary. At the head of the Librarius sits the Chief Librarian who answers directly to the Chapter Master and is one of the leading officers of the Chapter. The Chief Librarian bears the rank and badges of Senior Epistolary.

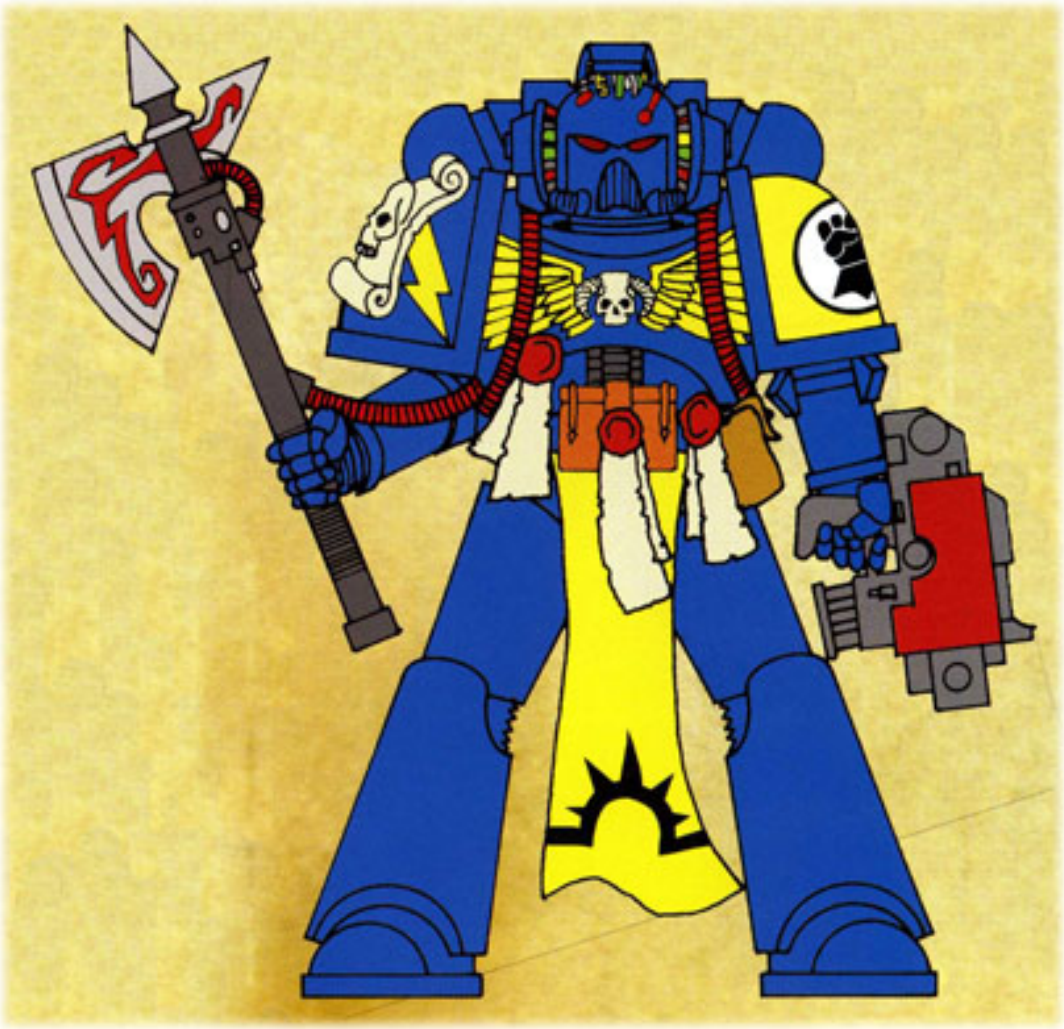
Librarians perform an heroic role on the field of battle and have many honours bestowed on them by the Chief Librarian and their Marine brothers. Their armour, weaponry and banners are frequently embellished by the Chapter's artificers to proudly display these honours and means that no two Librarians are likely to look the same.



Ultramarines Epistolary in Terminator armour



Ultramarines Lexicanium



Imperial Fists Codicier

NEXT

'); x = 1; } // '); } //

BACK TO INSIGNIUM ASTARTES SECTION

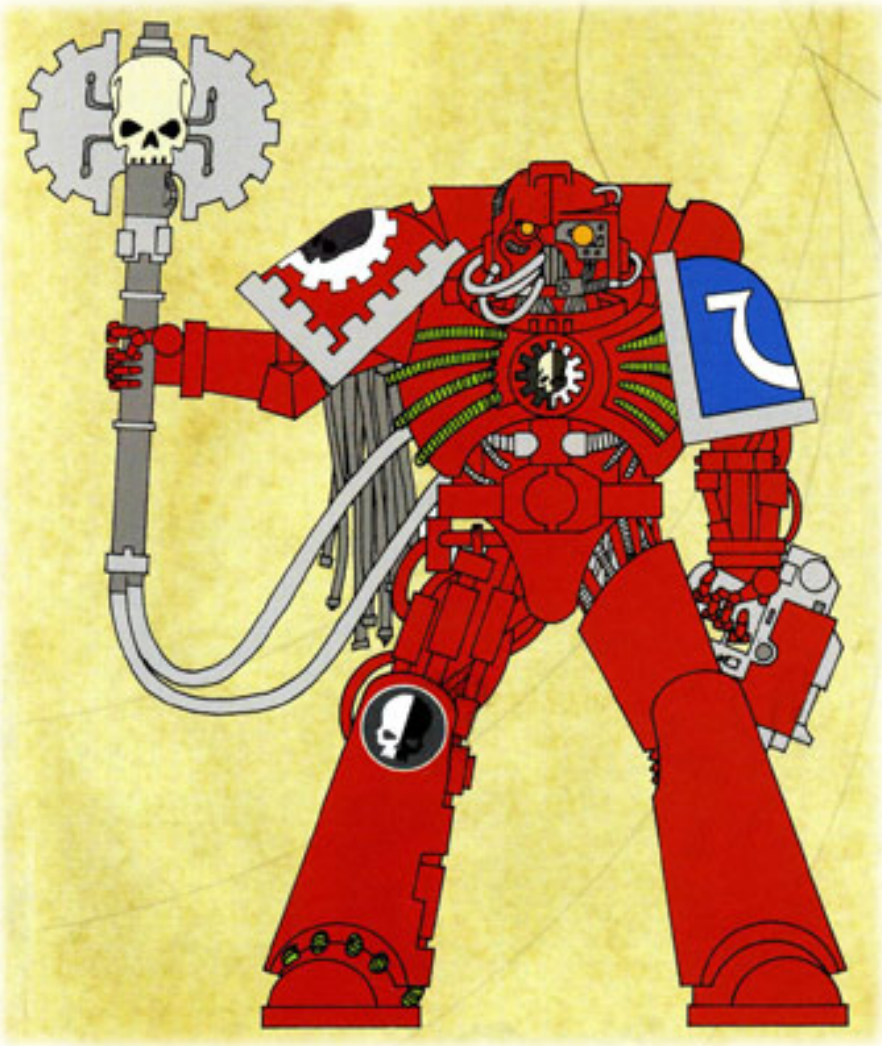
TECHMARINES



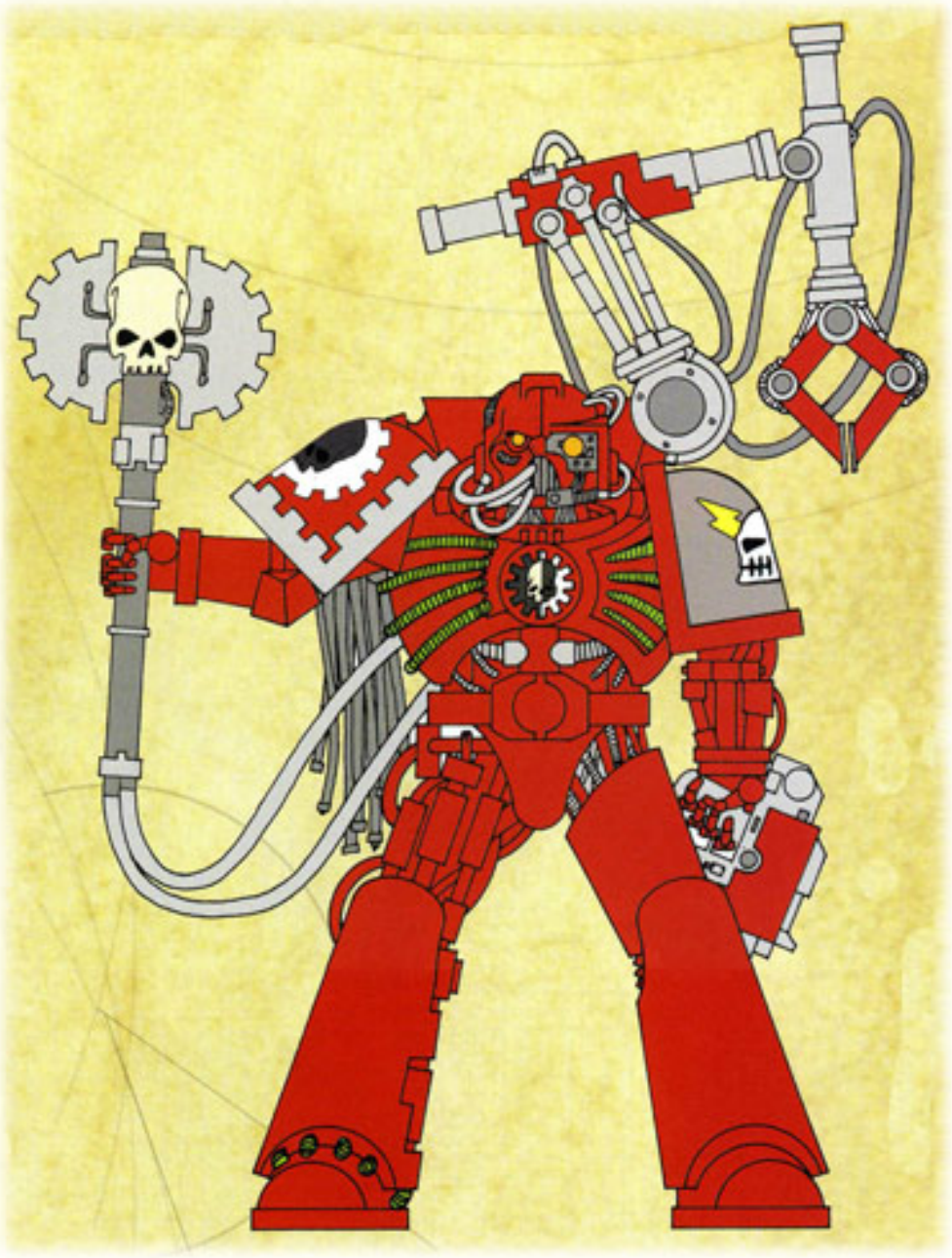
Every Chapter sends a number of its young warriors to Mars where they are trained by the Tech-Priests of the Adeptus Mechanicus. These Marines are inducted into the rites and disciplines of the Machine Mysteries, the secret workings of the Tech-Priests. Once the Marines have completed their training they are no longer simply Space Marines but have also become Tech-Priests and devotees of the Cult of the Machine God. They are skilled in the arcane sciences and dark secrets of technology.

Techmarines do not join the individual Companies but form a separate organisation within the Chapter. This is the Armoury and within its mysterious halls and workshops they constantly work on building and maintaining the Marines' wargear and machines. To their fellow Marines they are mysterious and unsettling figures possessed of disturbing and obscure knowledge and skills.

On the battlefield individual Techmarines are assigned to separate detachments and are tasked with numerous duties. They are capable of effecting battlefield repairs of broken or damaged wargear and are also able to offer observations of the enemy's technology to the commander. They also analyse and record the performance of wargear in battle in order to assess potential improvements that can be made for future conflicts. Lastly they are doughty warriors whose combat effectiveness has proved its worth many times over.

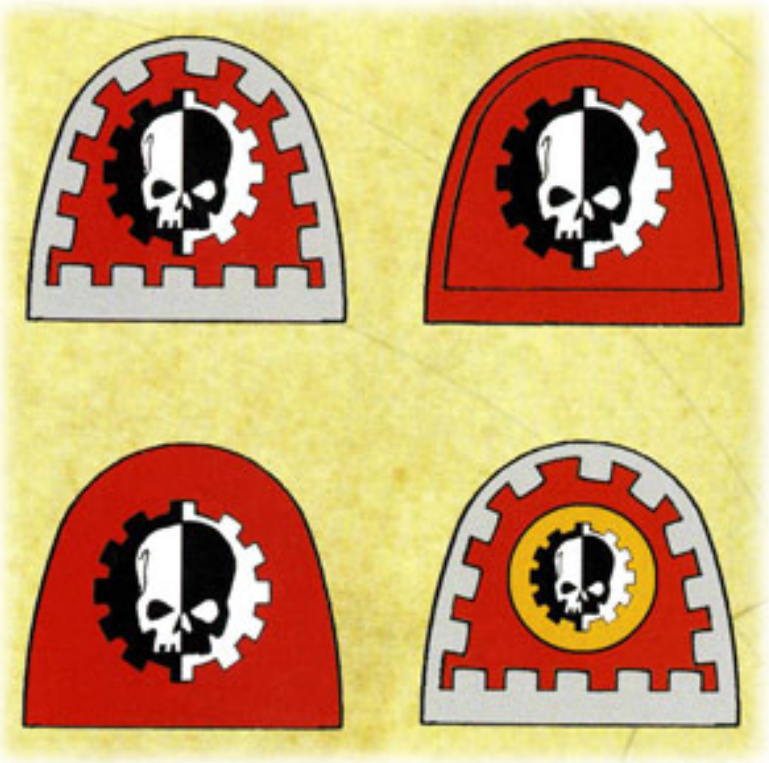


Revilers Techmarine



Ultramarines Techmarine

The Techmarine's uniform and insignia is unusual since it bears only modest reference to the Chapter. All Techmarines, irrespective of Chapter, wear red power armour. Chapter affiliation is displayed on a suitably decorated shoulder pad and the suit will display the Machina Opus badges of a Tech-Priest but otherwise their armour is free of unit, tactical or organisational



markings. If there are ranks within the Armoury only the Techmarines are aware of them, and they are habitually secretive of such matters.

NEXT

'); x = 1; } // '); } //

BACK TO INSIGNIUM ASTARTES SECTION

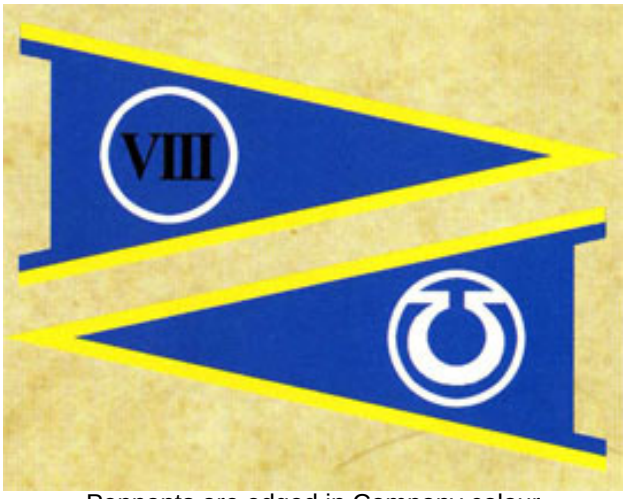
BIKE

All of a Chapter's Assault Marines, Scouts and the entire 6th Reserve Company are trained to fight as Bike Squadrons. These units are supplied with the ubiquitous Space Marine Bike. This robust machine is powerful enough to carry a fully armoured Space Marine rider and sports twin-linked bolt guns. The Bike Squadrons can be reinforced with Attack Bikes, modified Bikes with a two-man crew and a pintel mounted heavy weapon (a heavy bolter or multi-melta).

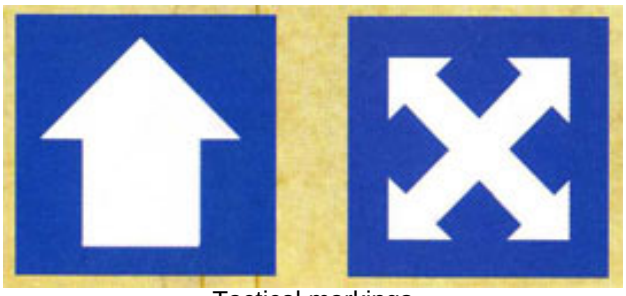


The Marine riders retain their normal Squad markings even whilst deployed as Bike Squadrons. The Bikes will display Chapter, Squad and tactical markings and may fly pennants or flags showing additional Squad and Chapter badges. Sergeants do not display their back banners when leading Bike Squadrons.

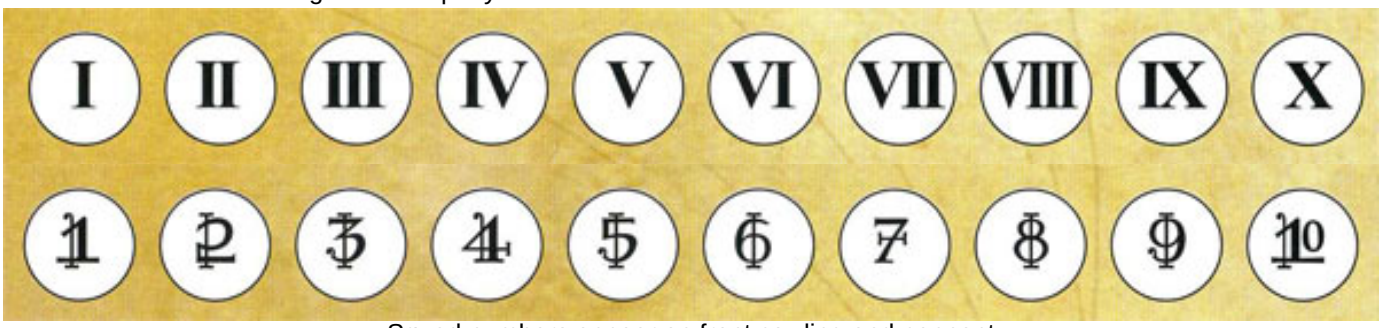
Bike Squadrons are often used for reconnaisance missions into enemy territory. When deployed as part of a larger battleforce, their speed and hitting power gives the Commander extra attack options. Attack bikes can be used to reinforce Bike Squadrons or fielded as Squadrons of their own. Attack Bike Squadrons can be deadly as their mobility enables them to hunt down enemy tanks and destroy them before the enemy can return fire.



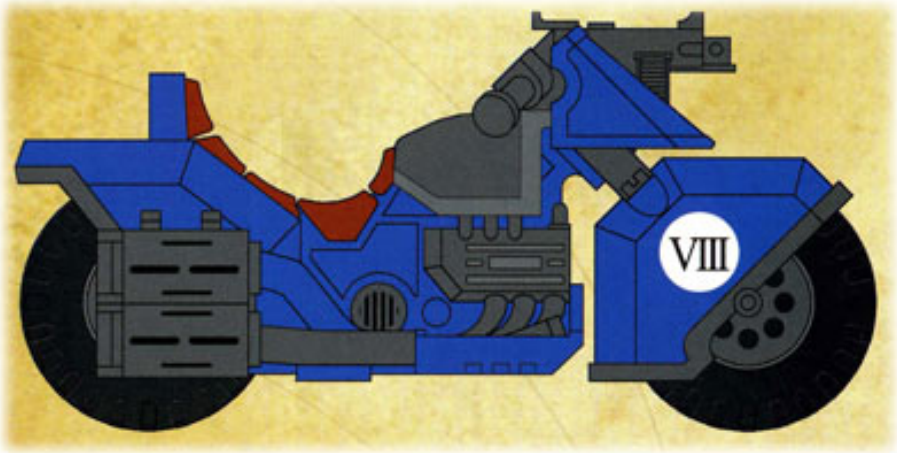
Pennants are edged in Company colour

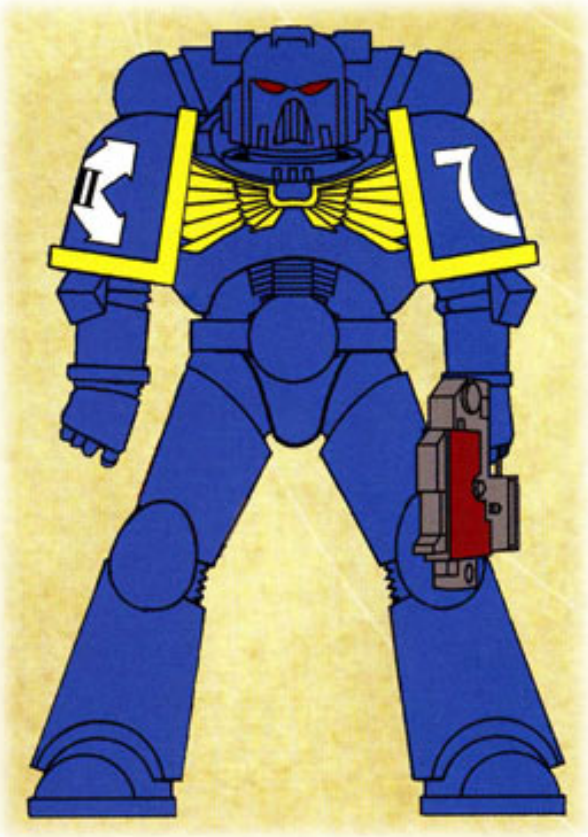


Tactical markings

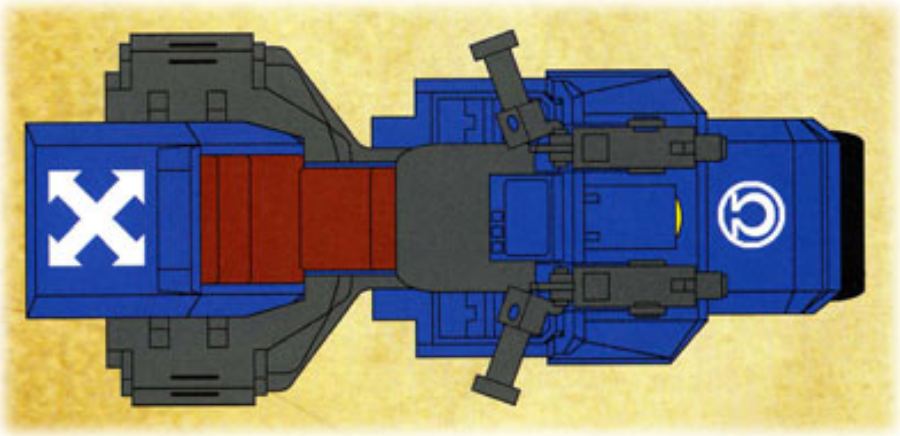


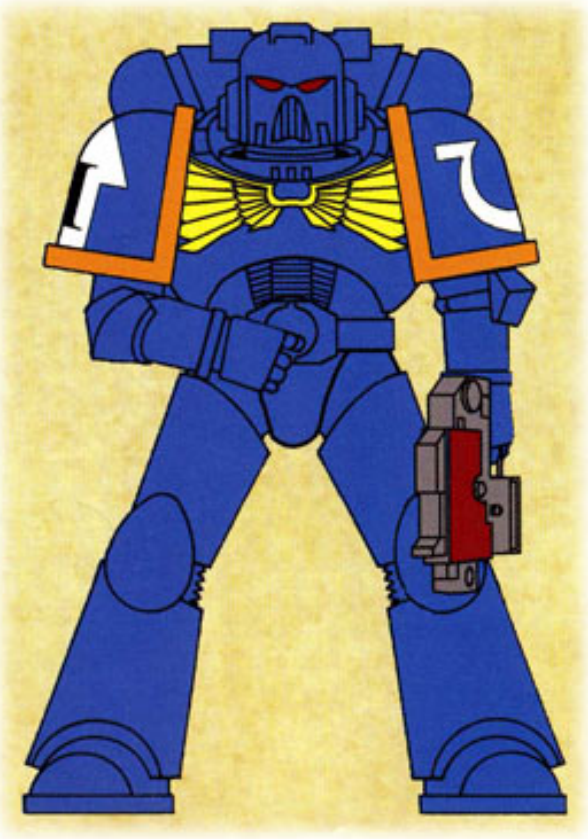
Squad numbers appear on front cowling and pennant





Assault Marine of the 2nd Company





Tactical Marine of the 6th Company





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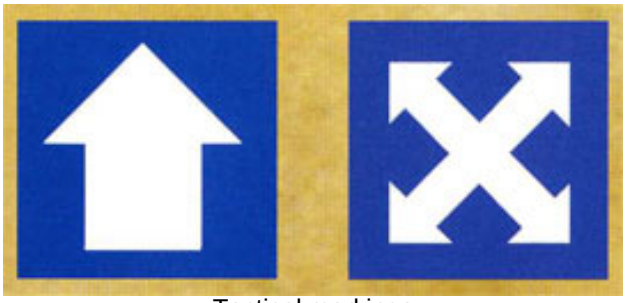
LAND SPEEDER

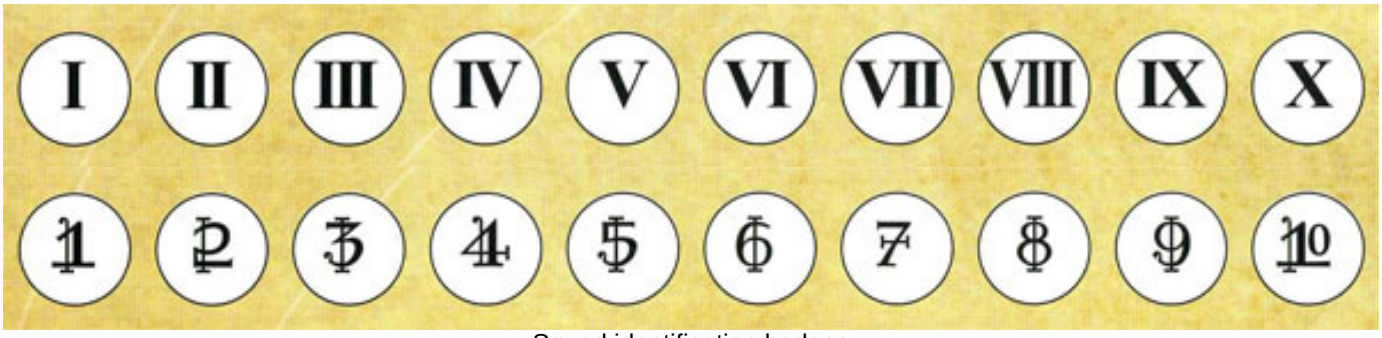
A Land Speeder is a light armoured vehicle powered with anti-gravitic motors that enable it to fly at low altitudes. It has a crew of two, a pilot and a gunner. The gunner fires a pintel mounted heavy weapon, usually a heavy bolter. A Chapter's Assault Marines and the entire 7th Reserve Company are trained to fight as Land Speeder Squadrons. This includes crewing the more heavily armed variants such as the Land Speeder Tornado and Typhoon.

The Marine crews for these war machines retain their normal squad markings. Sergeants do not display back banners whilst crewing Land Speeders. The Land Speeder will display Chapter, Squad and tactical markings.

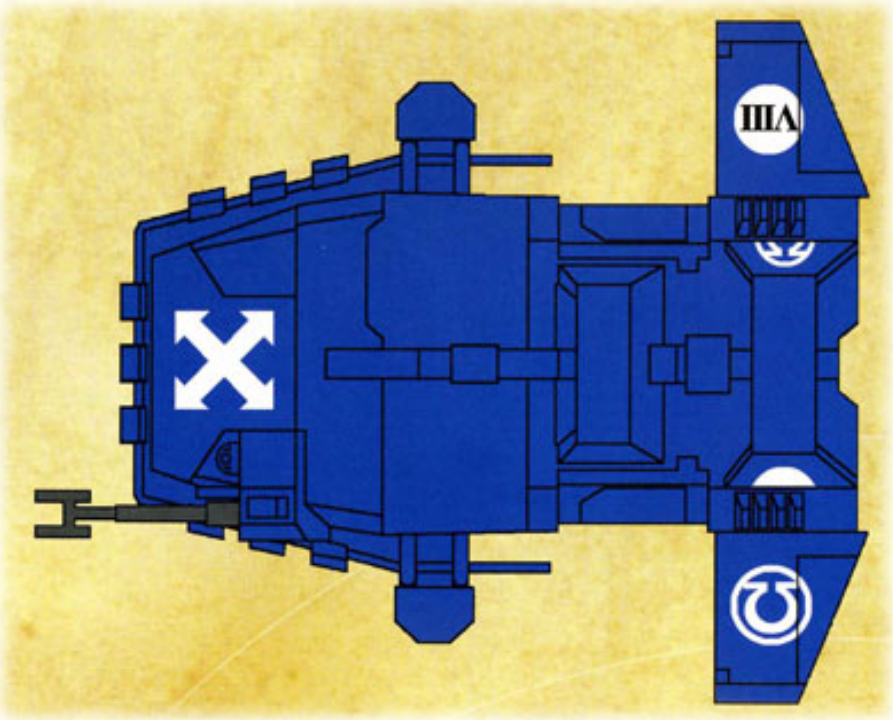


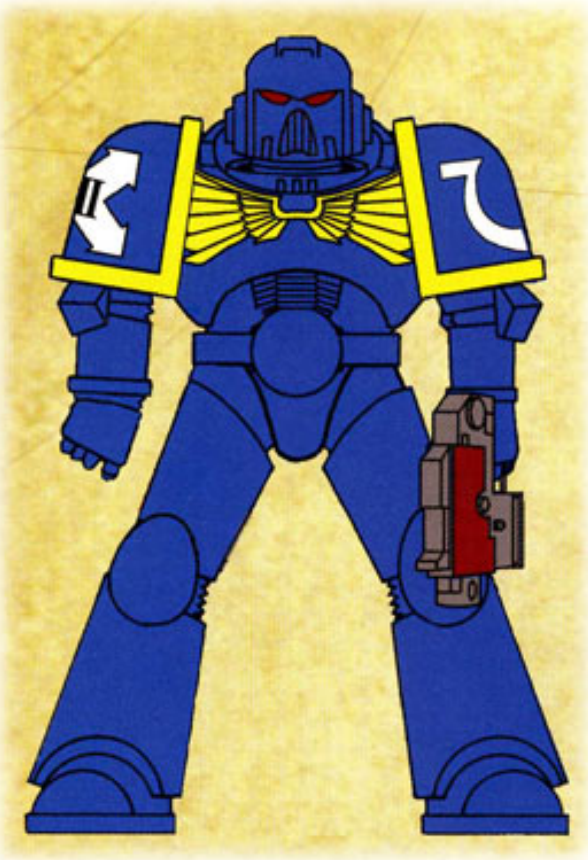
Tactical markings

Land Speeders are renowned for their speed and mobility on the battlefield. They have many uses to the Space Marine Commander. A Land Speeder can quickly outflank enemy positions and use heavy bolter fire to destroy enemy infantry. When armed with the multi-melta the Land Speeder becomes a tank hunter. The up-armed variants offer even more options and firepower.

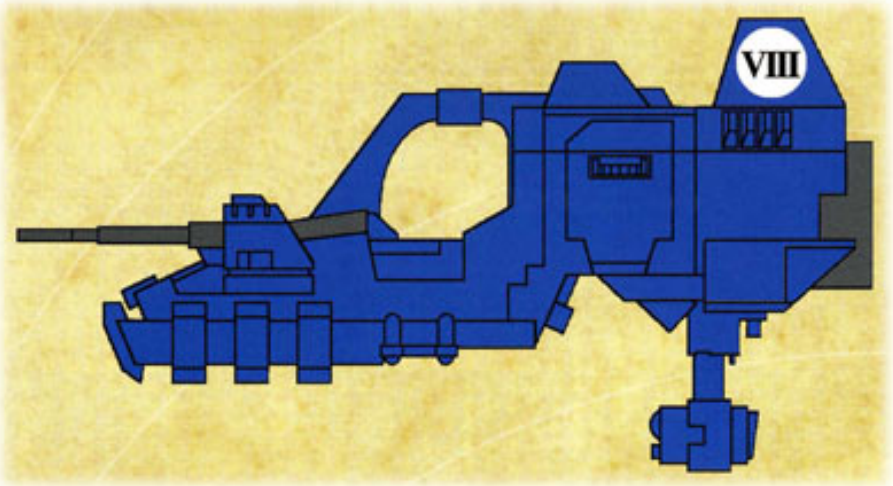


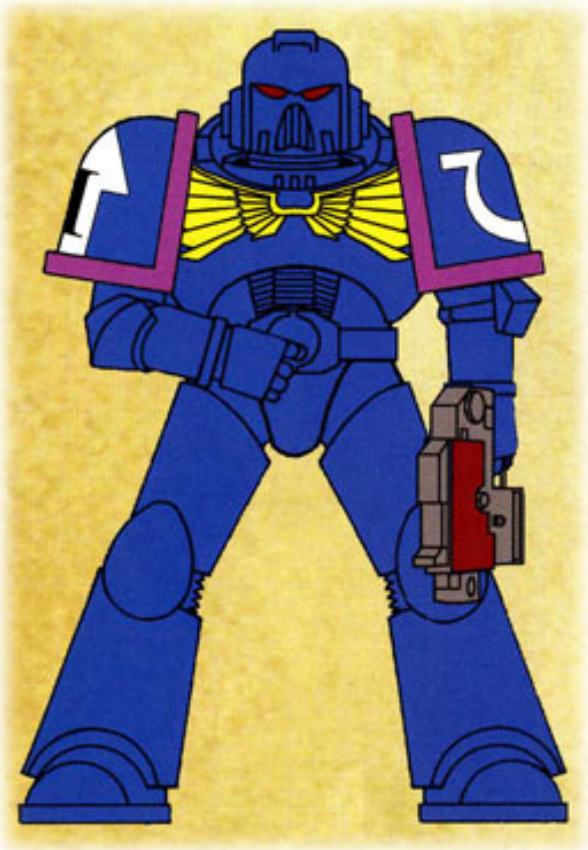
Squad identification badges



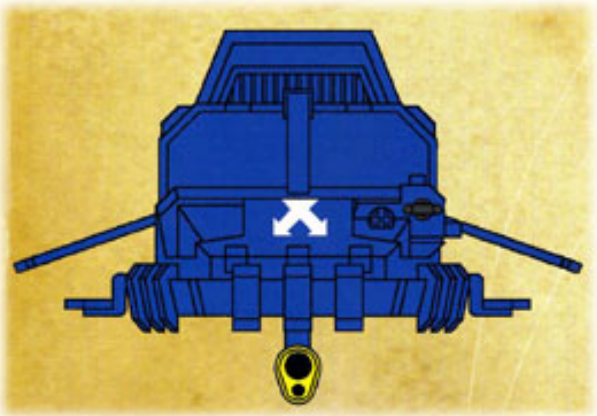


Assault Marine of the 2nd Company





Tactical Marine of the 7th Company



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'); x = 1; } // '); } //

BACK TO INSIGNIUM ASTARTES SECTION

DREADNOUGHT

Every Company within the Chapter, with the exception of the Scout Company, has a small number of Dreadnoughts. Not only are these venerable and mighty warriors an important part of the Company's fighting strength, they are also a living embodiment of its history and traditions. Every Dreadnought is assigned an identification number although this is quite superfluous as each one is a famous hero of the Chapter and even raw recruits know the names and histories of all of the Chapter's Dreadnoughts.



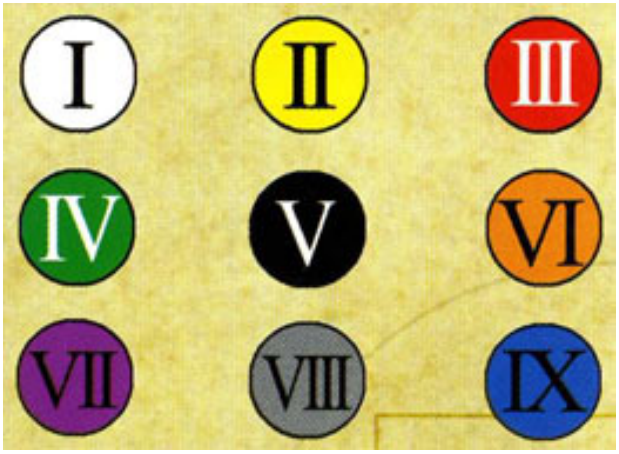
1st Dreadnought of the 3rd Company



2nd Dreadnought of the 1st Company

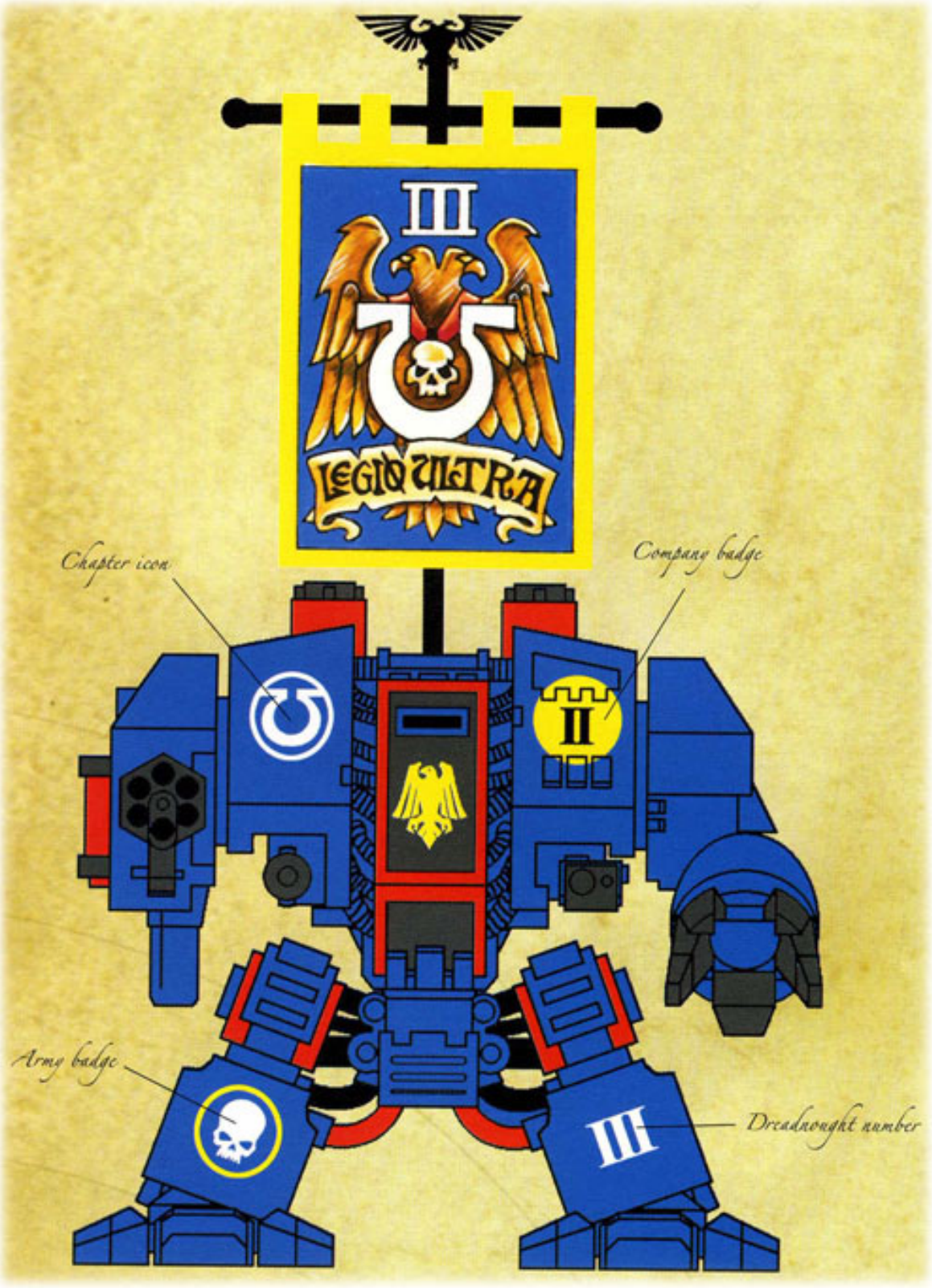


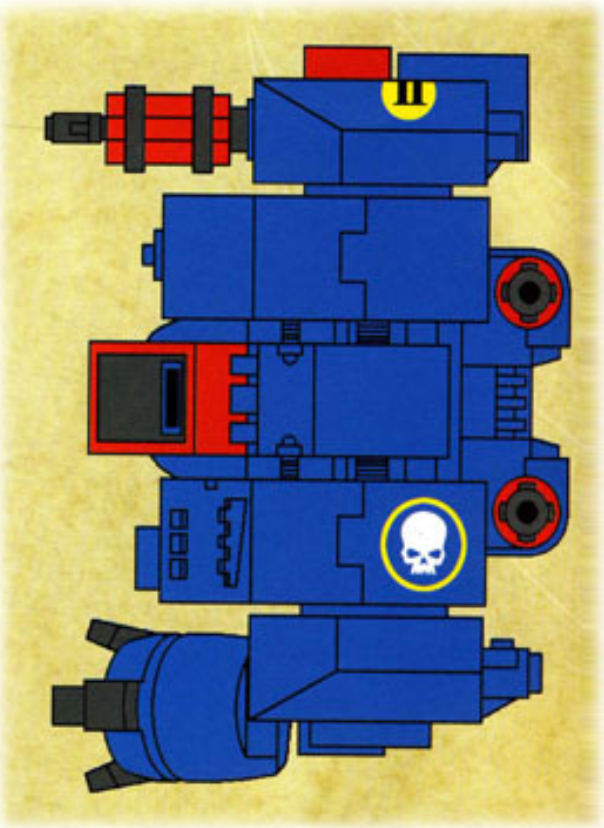
3rd Dreadnought of the 2nd Company

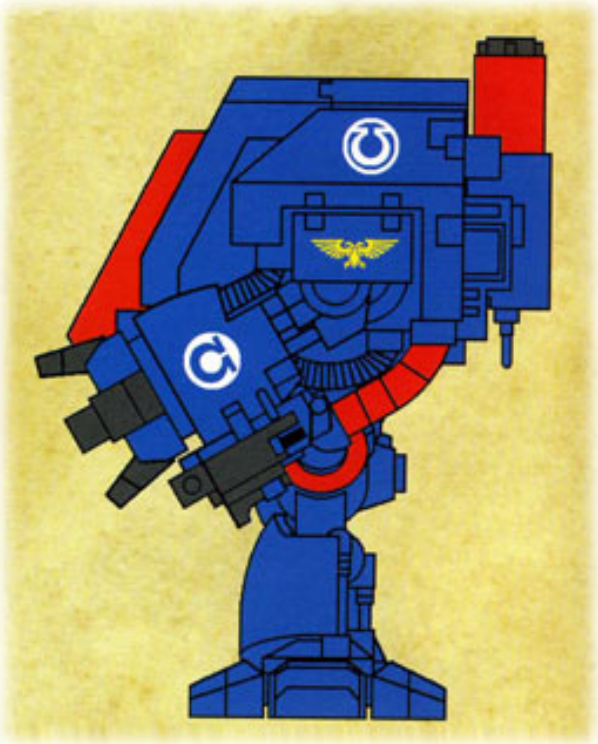


Each Dreadnought displays the badge of his Company and bears a banner bordered in the Company colour. The Company badge simply displays the Company number and colour code. The banner also shows the Dreadnought's identification number and usually bears a motto or name scroll.




III
LEGIO ULTRA
Chapter icon
Company badge
II
Army badge
III
Dreadnought number





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'); x = 1; } // '); } //

BACK TO INSIGNIUM ASTARTES SECTION

RHINO & RAZORBACK

All of the Companies, with the exception of the Scout Company, maintain a pool of transport vehicles. The most common of these are the Rhino and its up-gunned variant the Razorback. A Rhino can transport a full squad of ten Marines and all of their equipment. Razorbacks sacrifice some transport capability in exchange for a heavy weapon armed turret.

The vehicles carry the same heraldry and organisational markings as the squads that ride in them. Chapter icons, Company badges, tactical and squad identification are all displayed on the hull of the armoured vehicle. In addition the Rhino or Razorback may display honour badges and Chapter mottos. Rhinos and Razorbacks are also assigned to the Chapter's officers and specialists in which case they display pertinent rank and honours.

Rhinos and Razorbacks may also display recognition flags showing Chapter, Company and squad information. These flags may also display the usual honours and name scrolls common to the Chapter.

The Codex Astartes has many pages devoted to regulations for the markings and heraldry of a Chapter's war machines and armoured vehicles. Chapter Masters are provided with strict rules to apply. However the Codex also warns against complacency and the danger that enemy intelligence can pose. Because of this the Codex offers many variants and alternative markings - including a number of camoflague patterns suitable for operations in jungles, deserts, snow and other alien environments.



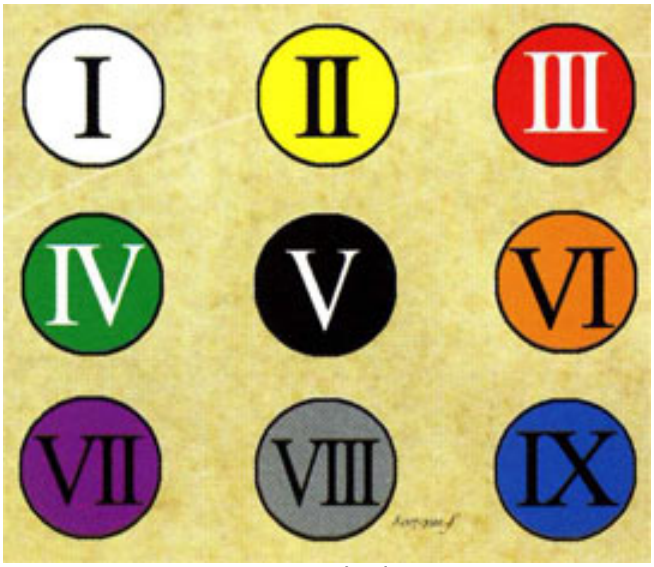
Squad number badges


Veteran


Devastators

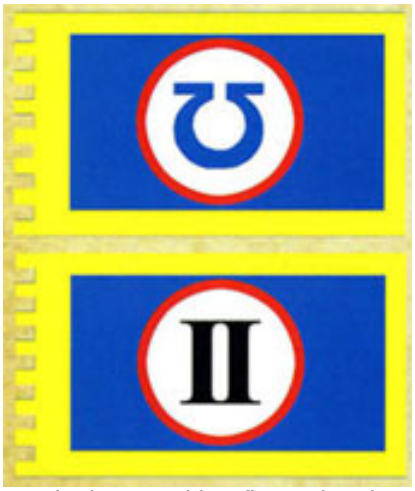

Command


Tactical

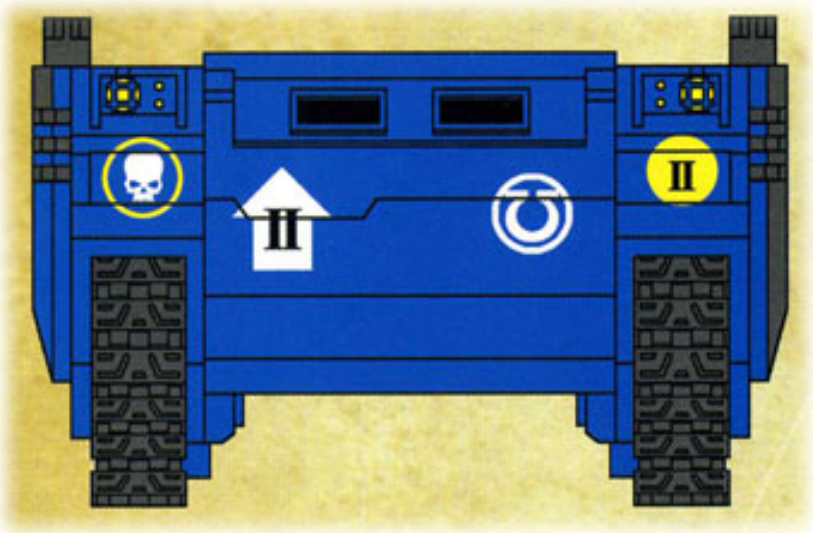


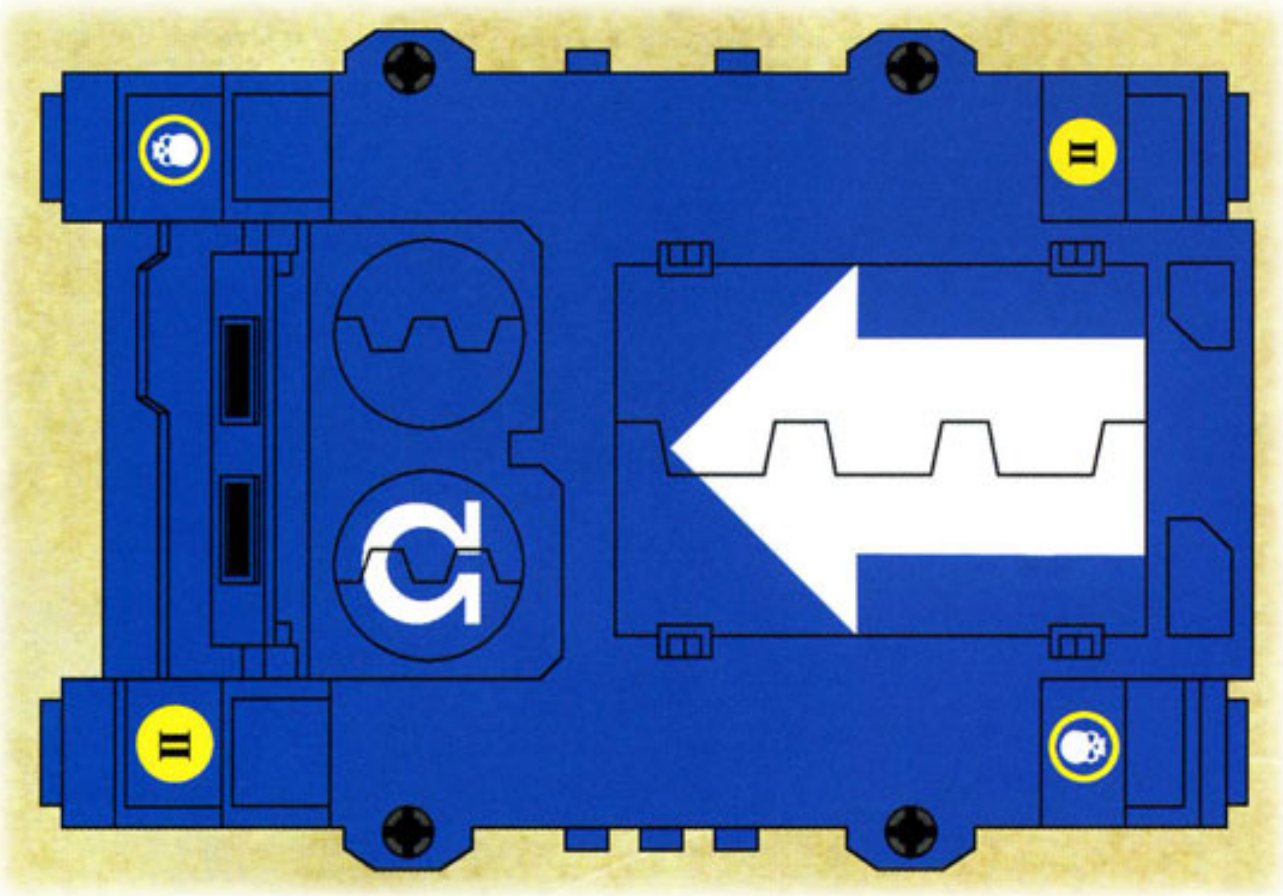
Company badges

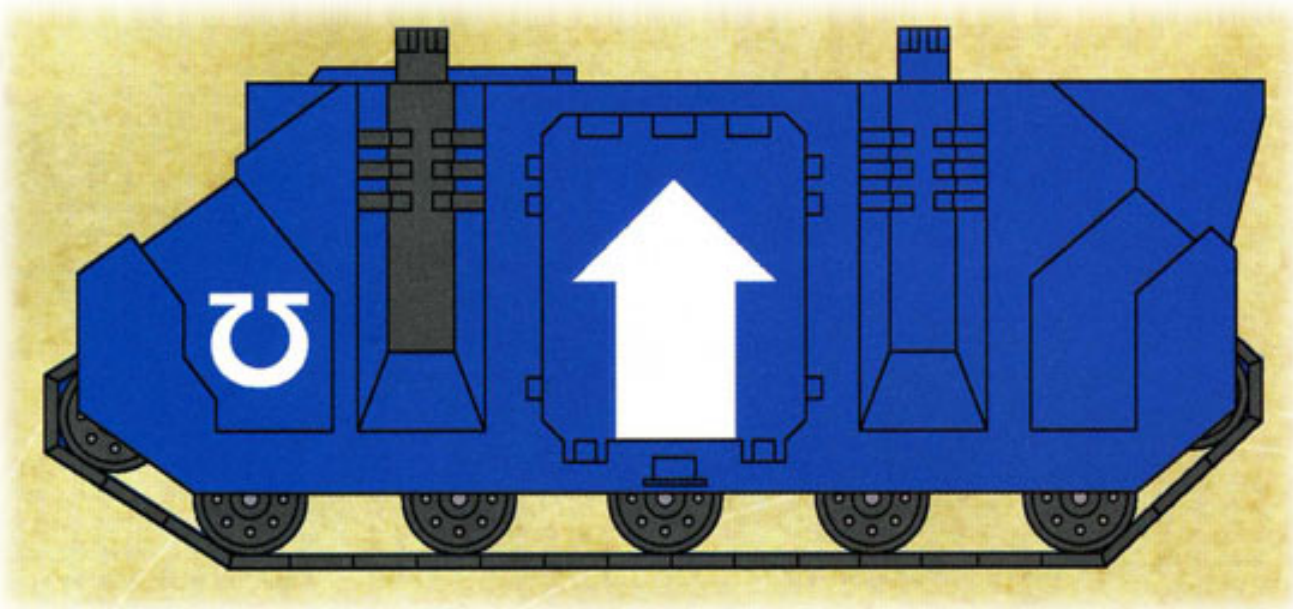
This shows the typical badges used on Space Marine transport vehicles. The exact placement and application of these varies according to the Codex Astartes. Chapter Masters are encouraged to periodically review their markings so as to prevent any enemy becoming too familiar with the system employed.



Typical recognition flags showing Chapter, Company and squad information







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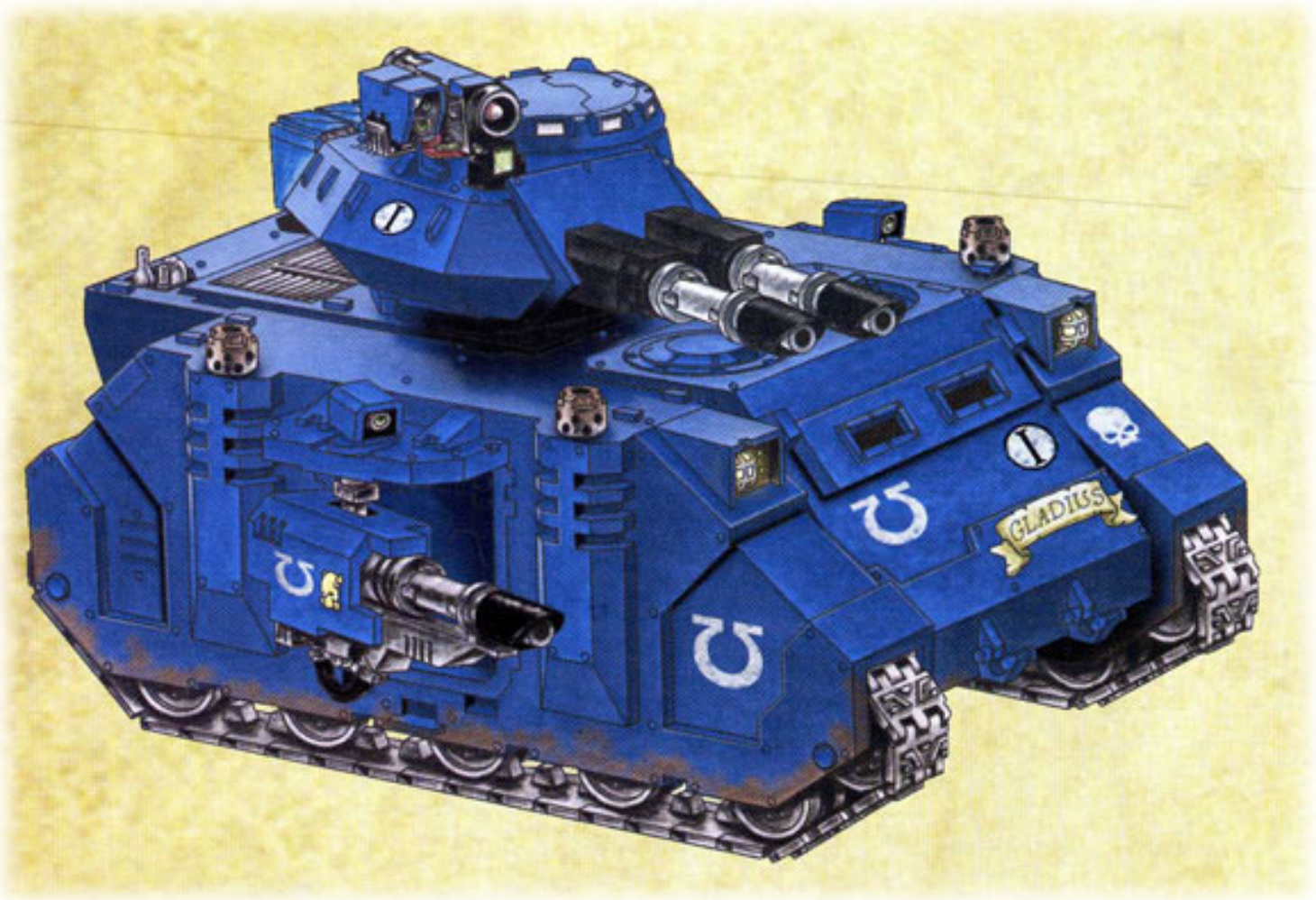
'); x = 1; } // '); } //

BACK TO INSIGNIUM ASTARTES SECTION

LAND RAIDER & PREDATOR



Predator Battle Tank 'Gladius'. This vehicle was commissioned following the loss of the Ultramarines' entire 1st Company at the Battle of Macragge. Its custodians are stalwart veterans promoted from the elite of the Chapter's vehicle crews, and 'Gladius' has earned the honour of being permanently attached to the rebuilt 1st Company.

In addition to the various squads of Space Marines each Chapter also has at its disposal a wide range of armoured fighting machines. These machines are the responsibility of the Master of the Forge, the Chapter's most senior Techmarine. Bikes, Land Speeders and troop transports are available to Marine commanders at Company and Squad level. Heavier tanks and more specialised war machines are held in a central pool and can be fielded as individual attachments to a Company or detachment or as separately commanded Squadrons and Brigades.

A typical Chapter may own several hundred main battle tanks such as the Predator and Land Raider. More usually a Chapter will number twenty to thirty Predators and as many Land Raiders amongst its available war machines.

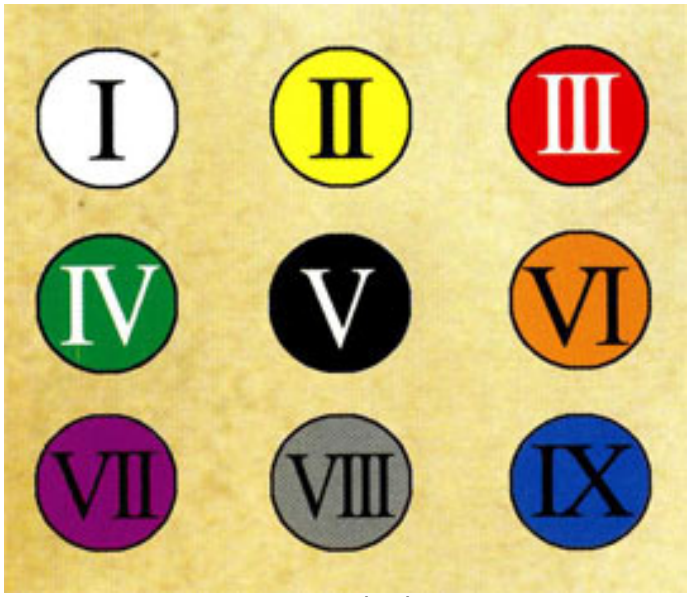
The Predator is a relatively light tank used primarily as a mobile firebase to support infantry actions. Up-gunned versions of the tank, like the Predator Annihilator and Destructor, are also available to the Chapter and these provide the Marine commanders with even more firepower and more tactical options.

LAND RAIDER

Land Raiders are all-purpose heavy war machines. They have capacity to transport a full squad of ten Marines and their gear and carry a range of powerful heavy weapons. The most common variant of the Land Raider has twin-linked Lascannons mounted in its side sponsons and turret mounted twin-linked heavy bolters. Land Raiders are available to the 1st Company as a transport because the vehicle is large enough to carry bulky Terminators into battle.

Space Marine war machines are generally painted in the livery of the Chapter and carry the usual Chapter icon and unit markings. A small roundel shows the Company number and colour if the vehicle is attached to a particular Company.

Separate tanks Squadrons or Brigades may be distinguished by numbers or names painted onto the hulls and turrets of the tanks. Vehicles acting as transports will show tactical and Squad markings.



Company badges


Veteran

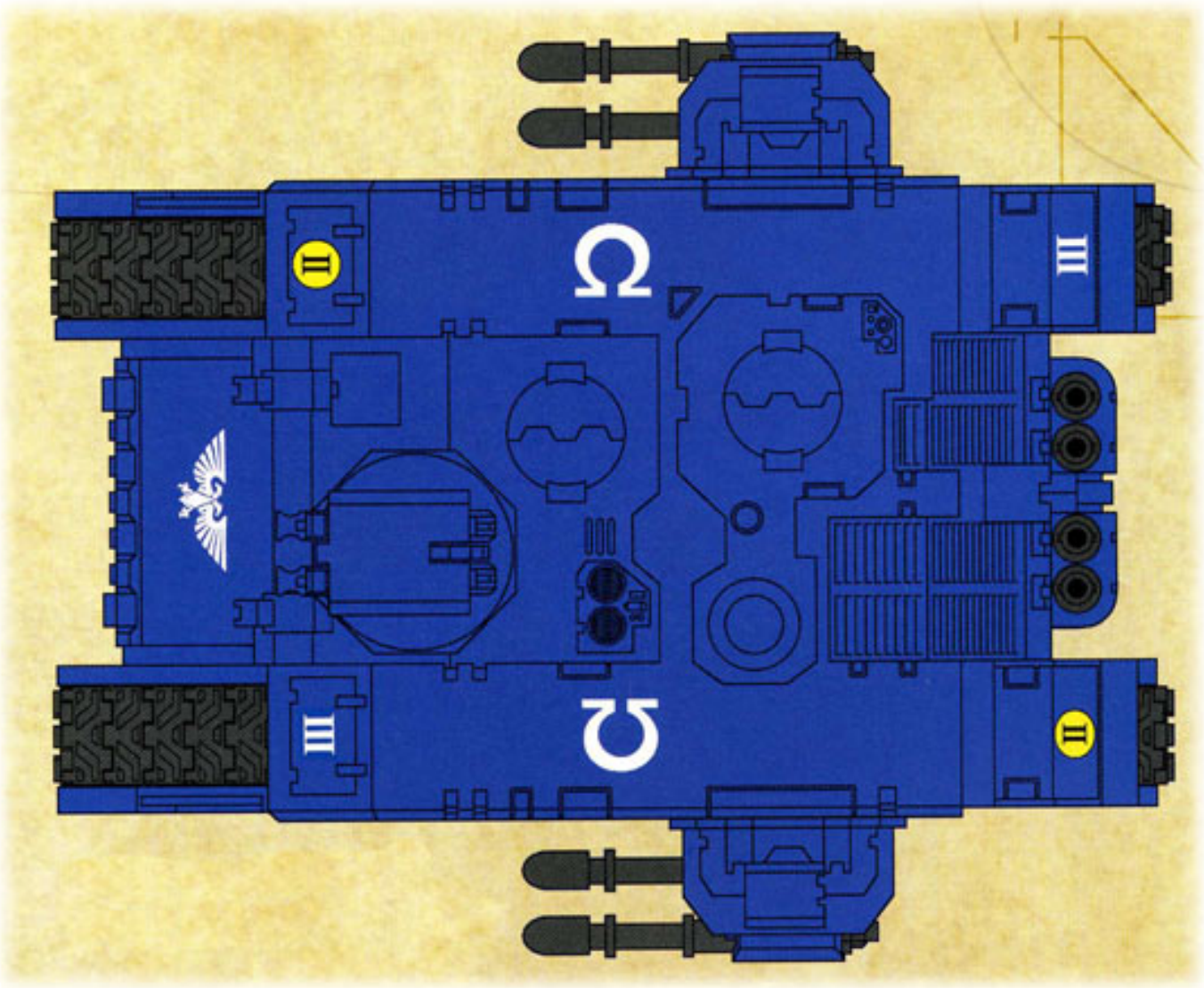

Devastators


Command

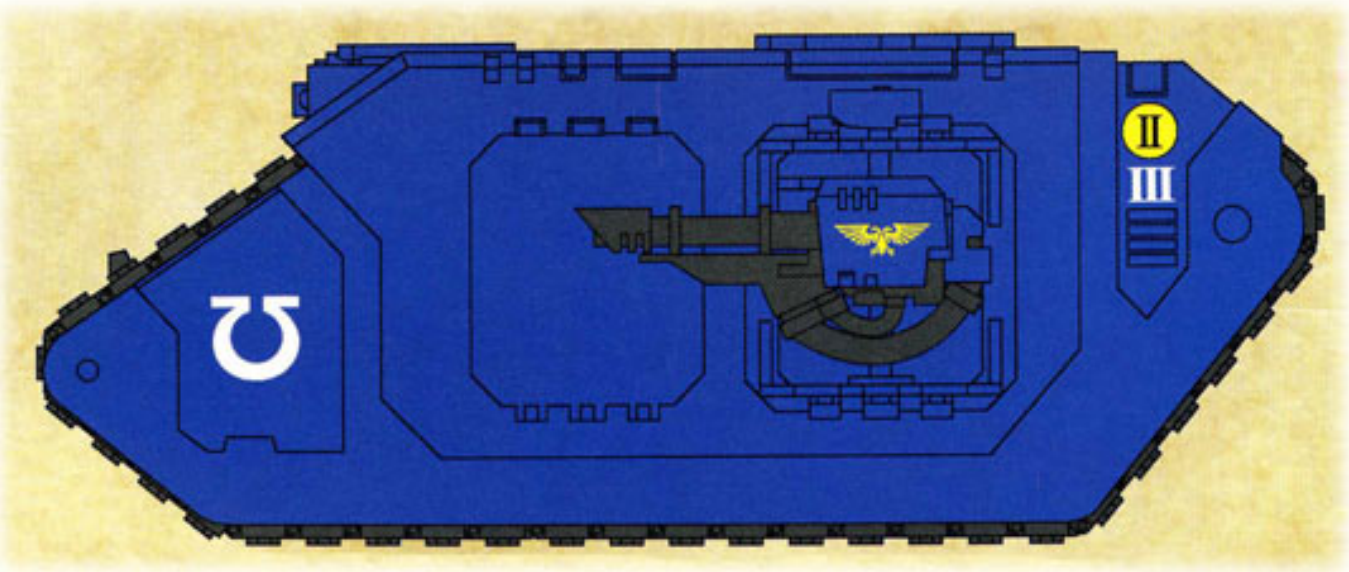

Tactical



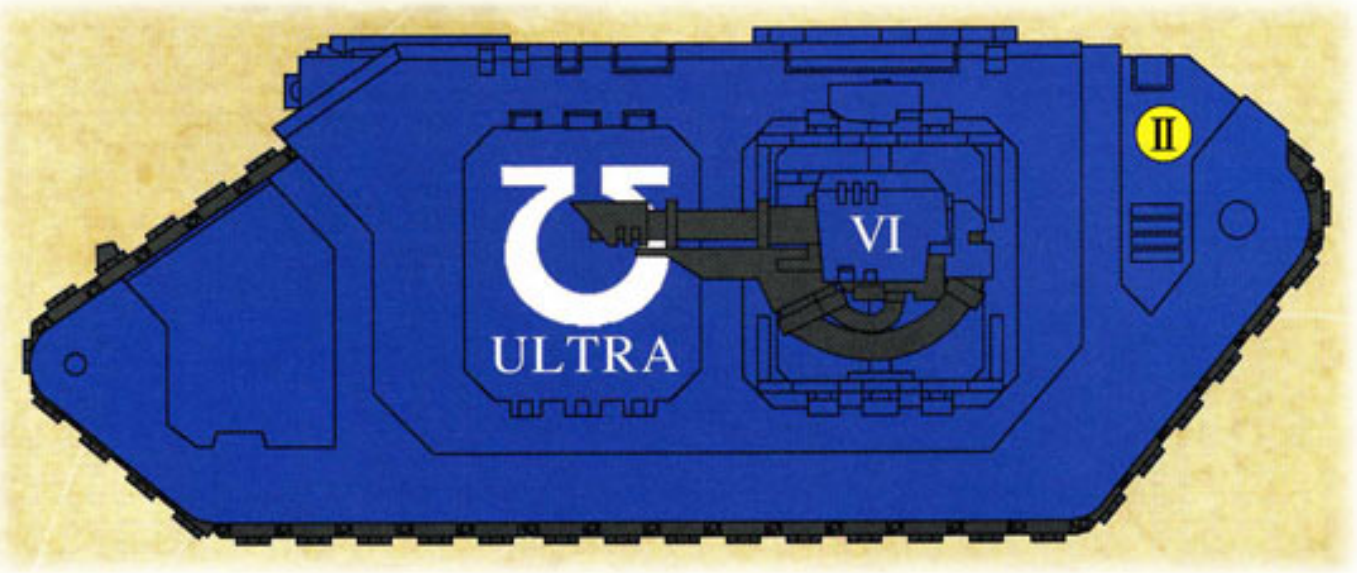
Squad number badges



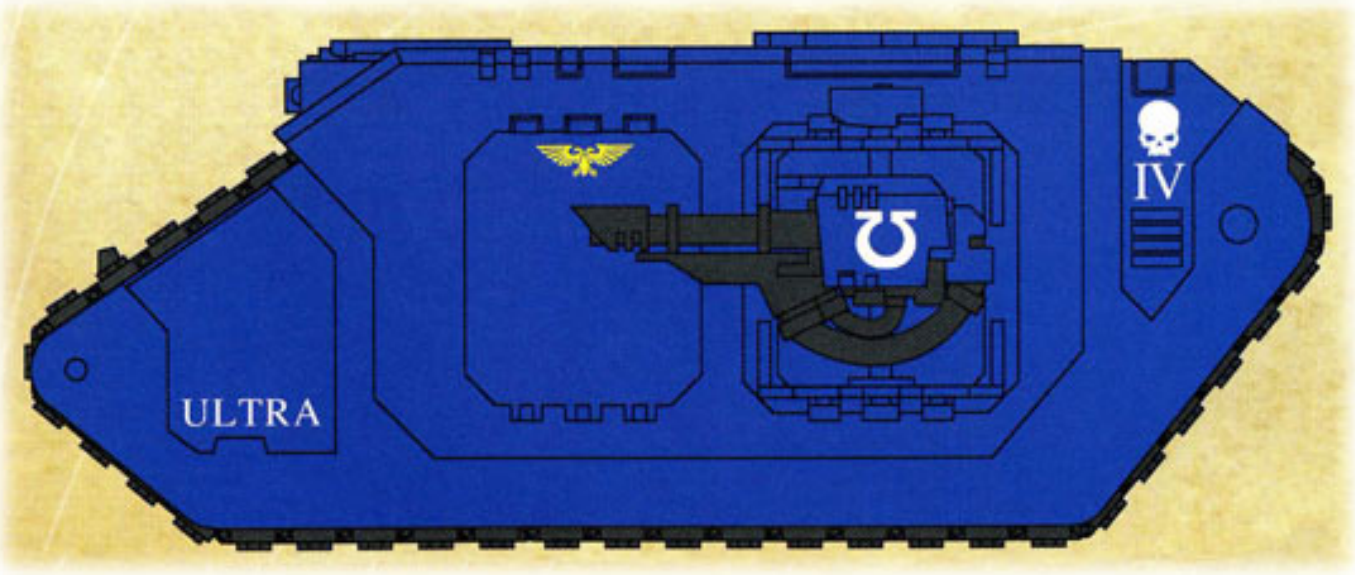
Land Raider number 3 of the Ultramarines 2nd Company (top view)



Land Raider number 3 of the Ultramarines 2nd Company (side view)



Land Raider number 6 of the Ultramarines 2nd Company (side view)



Land Raider number 4 of the Ultramarines 3rd Company
(Company badge not displayed on hull sides)





NEXT

'); x = 1; } // '); } //

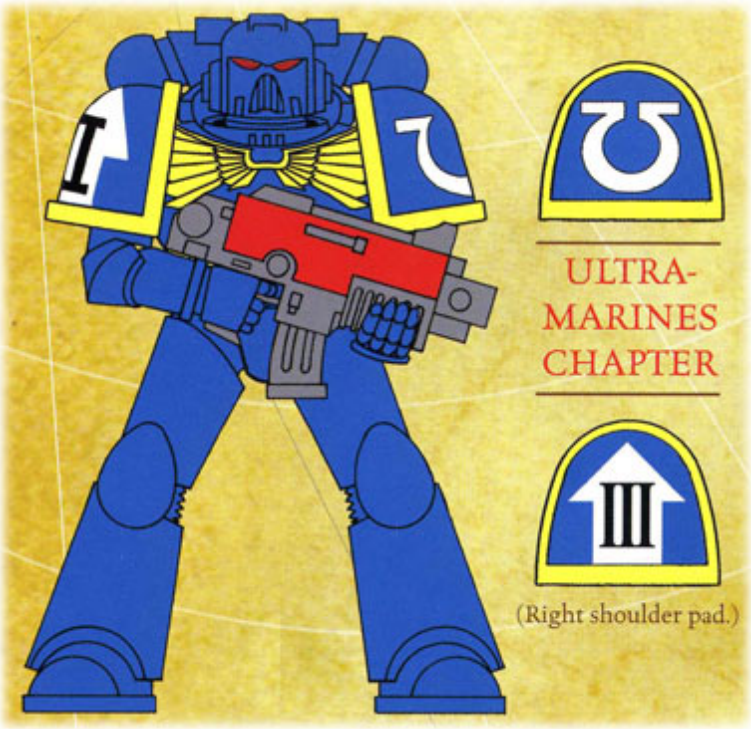
BACK TO INSIGNIUM ASTARTES SECTION

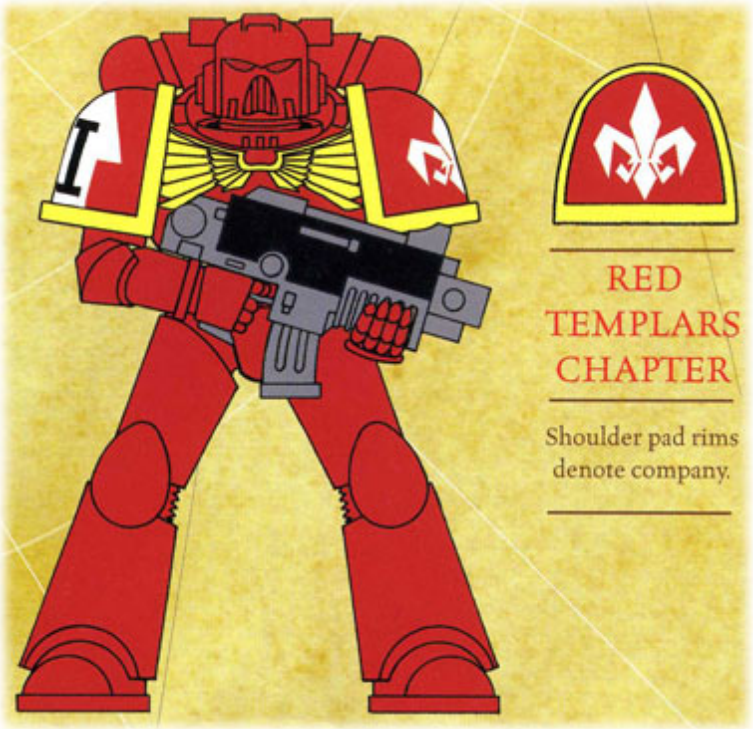
CODEX CHAPTERS

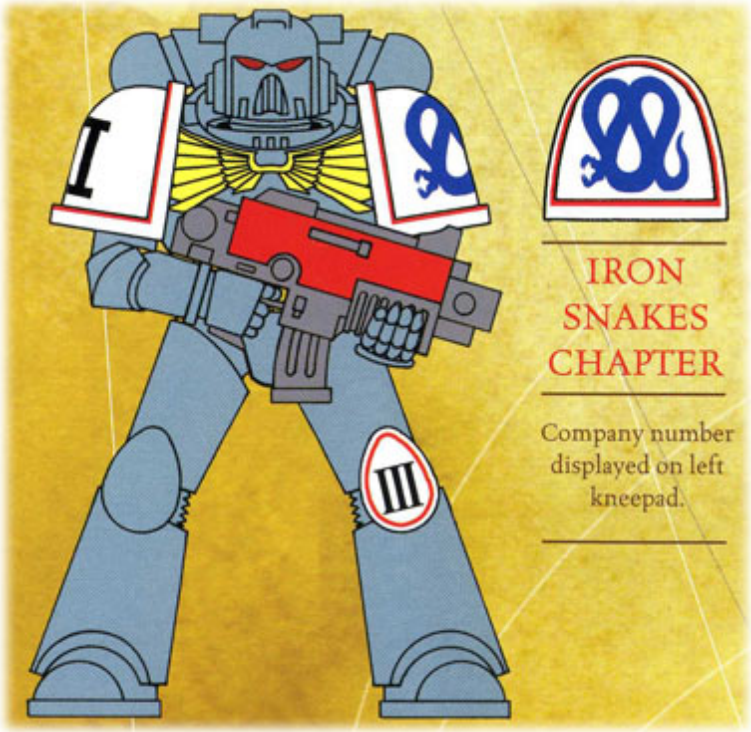
This section shows a selection of Space Marine Chapters that are, or have been at some stage during their existence, described as Codex Chapters. Some of these Chapters are venerable orders having a history that dates back to the dawn of the Imperium, others are more recent additions to the ranks of the Adeptus Astartes. This selection is by no means a complete record of all the Codex Chapters. Even though there are relatively few Codex Chapters amongst the thousand or so Chapters currently active across the Imperium some Imperial scholars reckon there to be well over a hundred of them and there may be as many as two to three hundred in truth.

The term 'Codex Chapter' is not an official Imperial name for these regiments but over the millennia it has become a common way of describing a Chapter that follows the teachings and traditions of Robute Guillimaris Codex Astartes. Some of these Chapters have always followed the rules laid down in the great book, the Ultramarines Chapter being the most obvious example. Other Chapters may have followed the prescriptions of the Codex for a period and then devolved to some system of their own devising. In some cases Chapters have taken to the Codex later in life having previously followed some other system of organisation and heraldry. This is particularly common if a Chapter has been all but annihilated and has had to have been subsequently rebuilt.

Each of the examples illustrated shows a brother-marine of the 3rd Squad (Tactical), 2nd Company. This makes it simple to compare the different Chapters and to work out details of other Squads and Companies by simply cross-referencing with the Ultramarines information presented elsewhere in this book. Where appropriate the individual diagrams have notes highlighting significant variations from the Ultramarines heraldry.

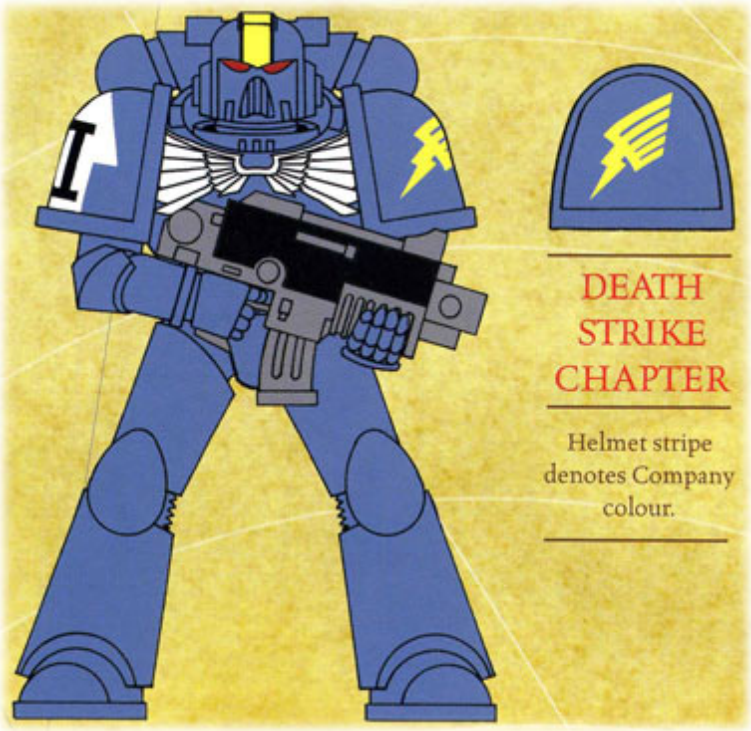






IRON SNAKES CHAPTER

Company number displayed on left kneepad.



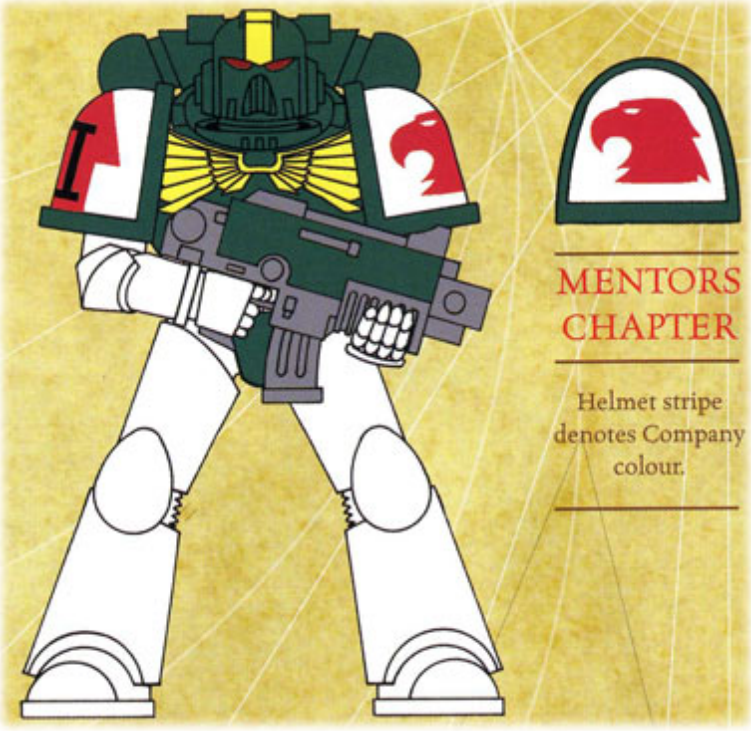
DEATH STRIKE CHAPTER

Helmet stripe denotes Company colour.



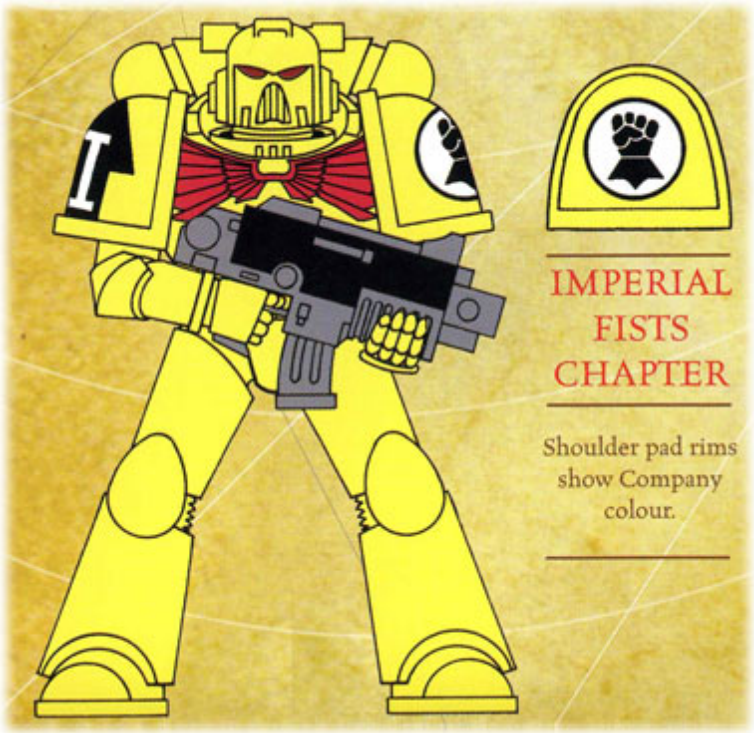
STORM LORDS CHAPTER

Helmet displays Company colour.



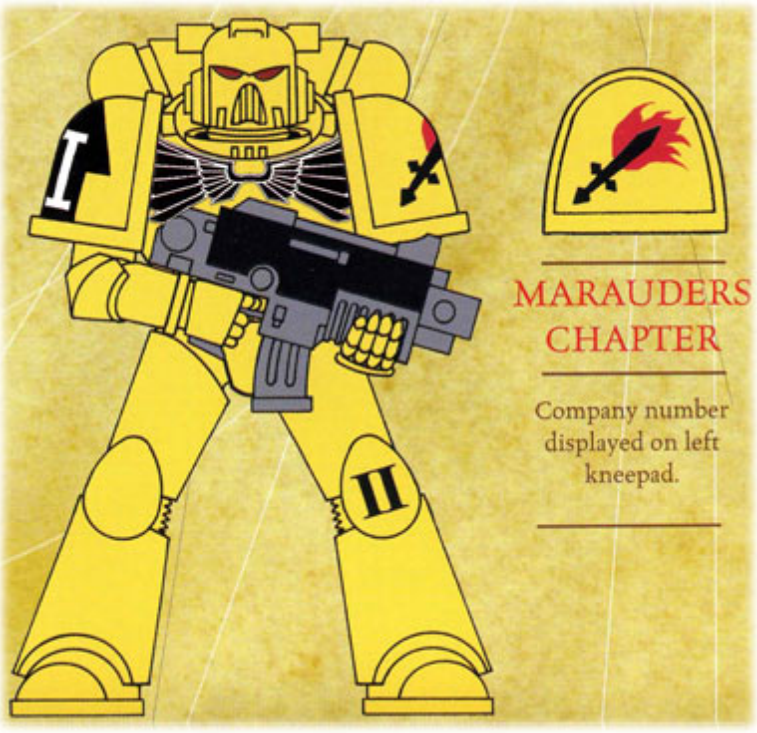
MENTORS CHAPTER

Helmet stripe denotes Company colour.



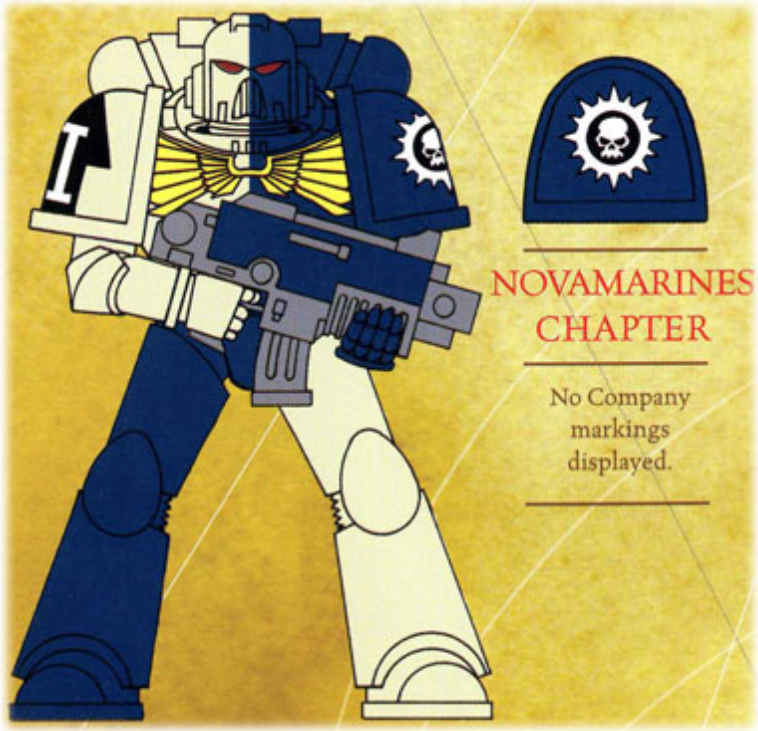
IMPERIAL FISTS CHAPTER

Shoulder pad rims show Company colour.



MARAUDERS CHAPTER

Company number displayed on left kneepad.



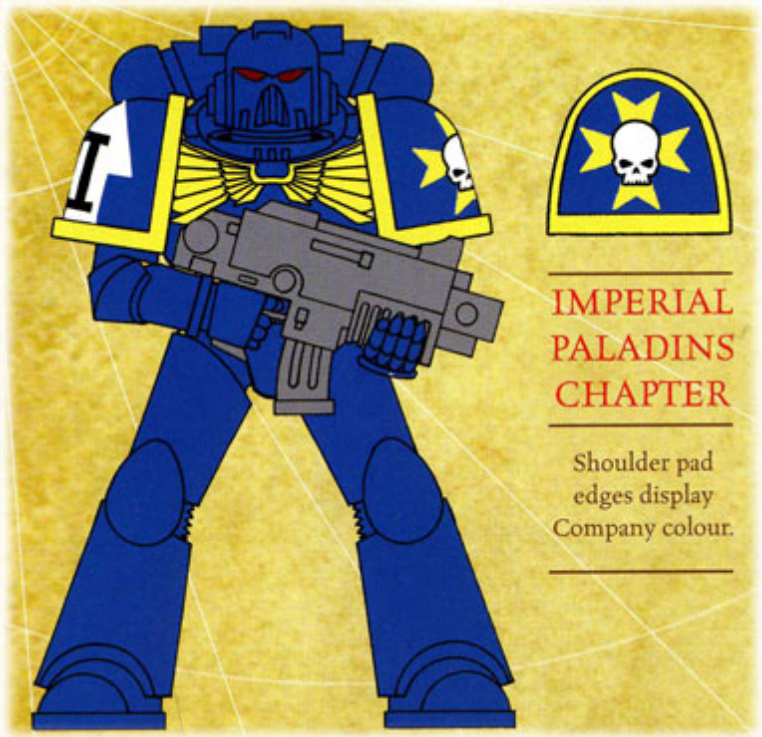
NOVAMARINES CHAPTER

No Company markings displayed.



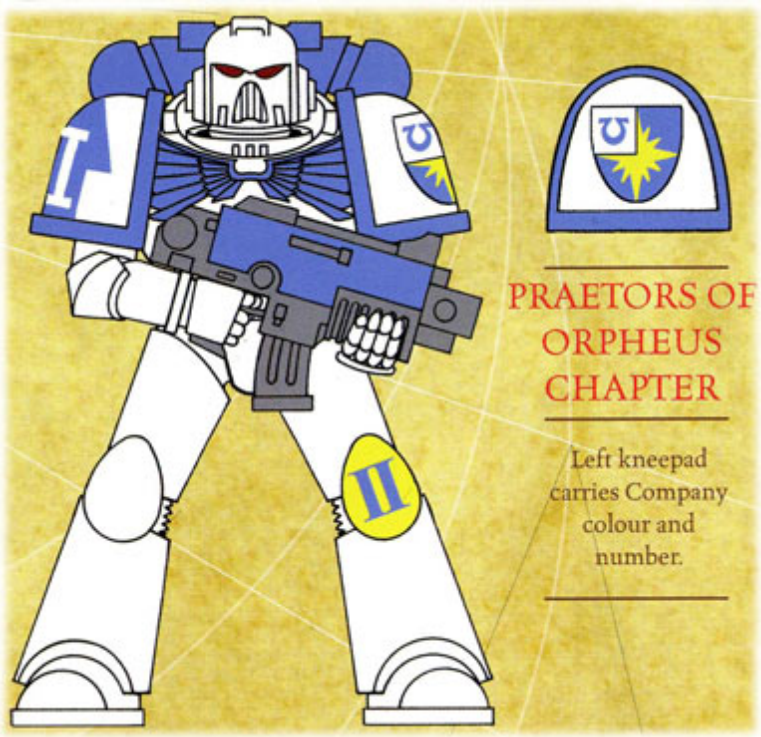
RAPTORS CHAPTER

No Company markings displayed.



IMPERIAL PALADINS CHAPTER

Shoulder pad edges display Company colour.



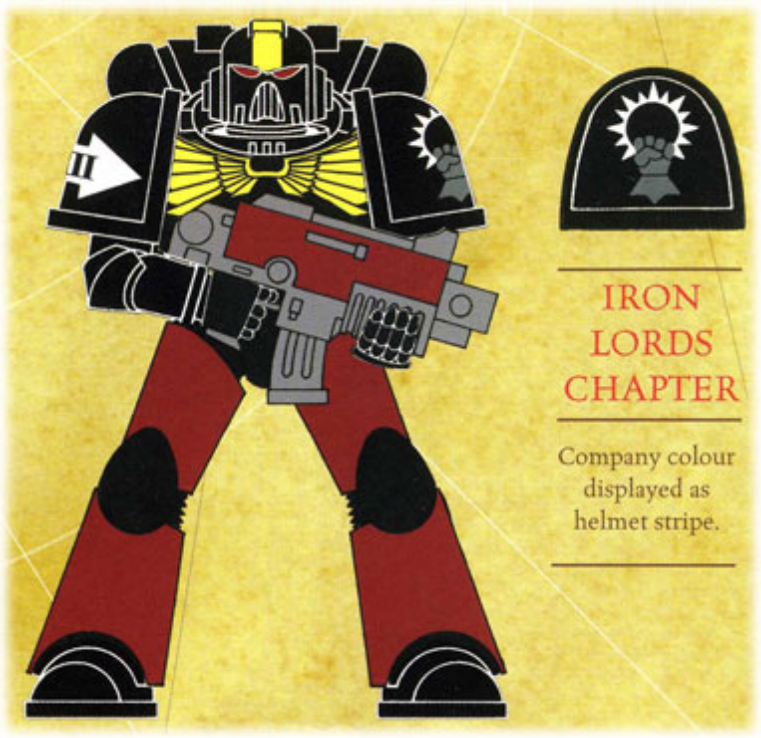
PRAETORS OF ORPHEUS CHAPTER

Left kneepad carries Company colour and number.



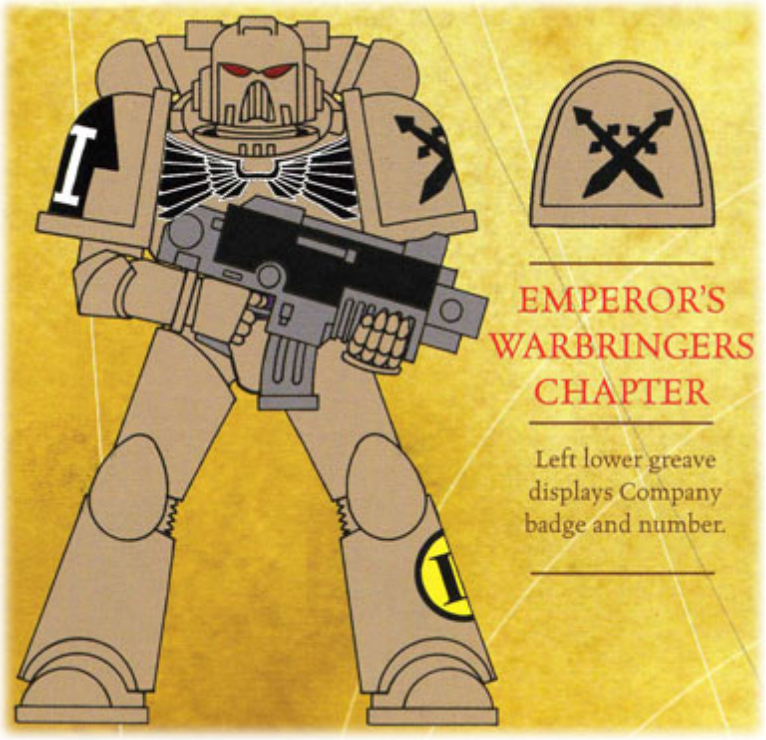
BLACK WINGS CHAPTER

Shoulder pad edges display Company colour.



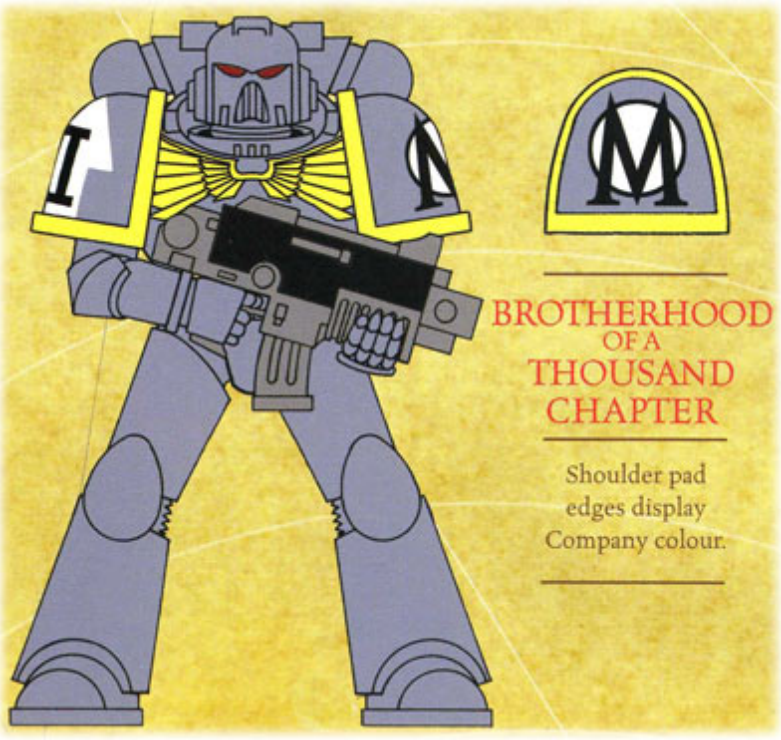
IRON LORDS CHAPTER

Company colour displayed as helmet stripe.



EMPEROR'S WARBRINGERS CHAPTER

Left lower greave displays Company badge and number.



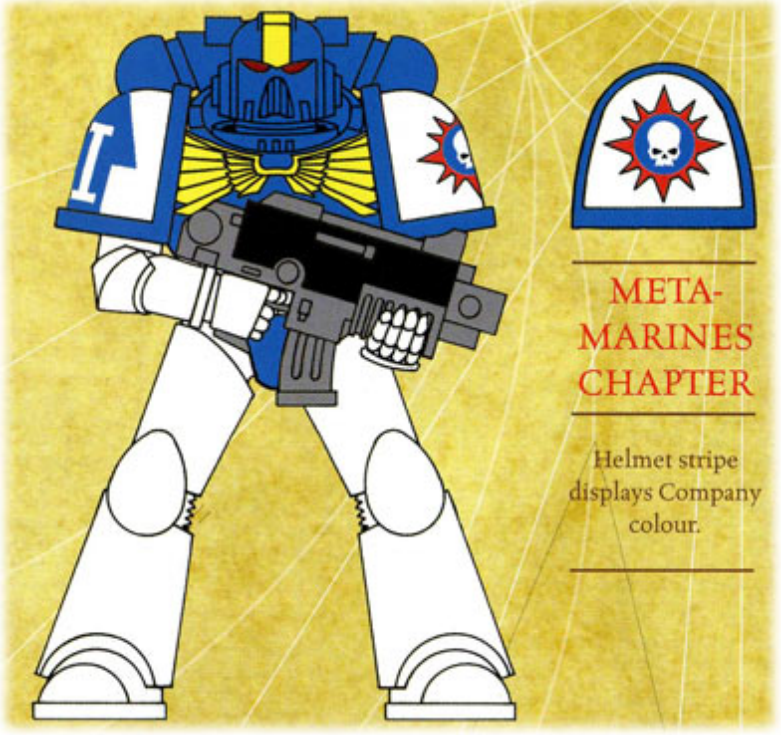
BROTHERHOOD OF A THOUSAND CHAPTER

Shoulder pad edges display Company colour.



HAWK LORDS CHAPTER

Shoulder pad edges display Company colour.



META-MARINES CHAPTER

Helmet stripe displays Company colour.



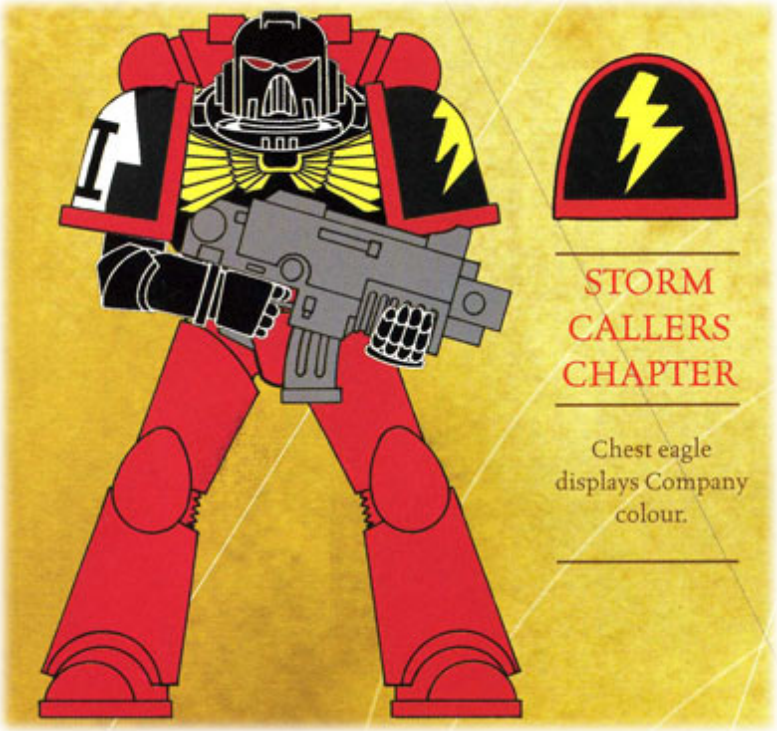
WARRIOR ADEPTS CHAPTER

Shoulder pad displays Company colour.



WARMONGERS CHAPTER

Shoulder pad edges display Company colour.



STORM CALLERS CHAPTER

Chest eagle displays Company colour.



KNIGHTS OF GRYPHONNE CHAPTER

No Company markings displayed.



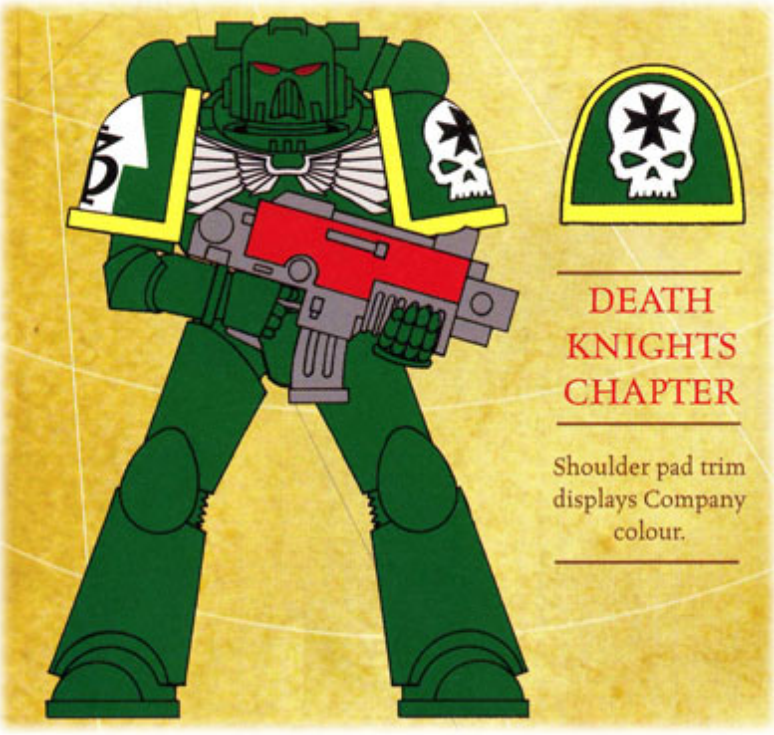
DOOM WARRIORS CHAPTER

Helmet stripe displays Company colour.



IMPERIAL TALONS CHAPTER

Shoulder pad trim displays Company colour.



DEATH KNIGHTS CHAPTER

Shoulder pad trim displays Company colour.



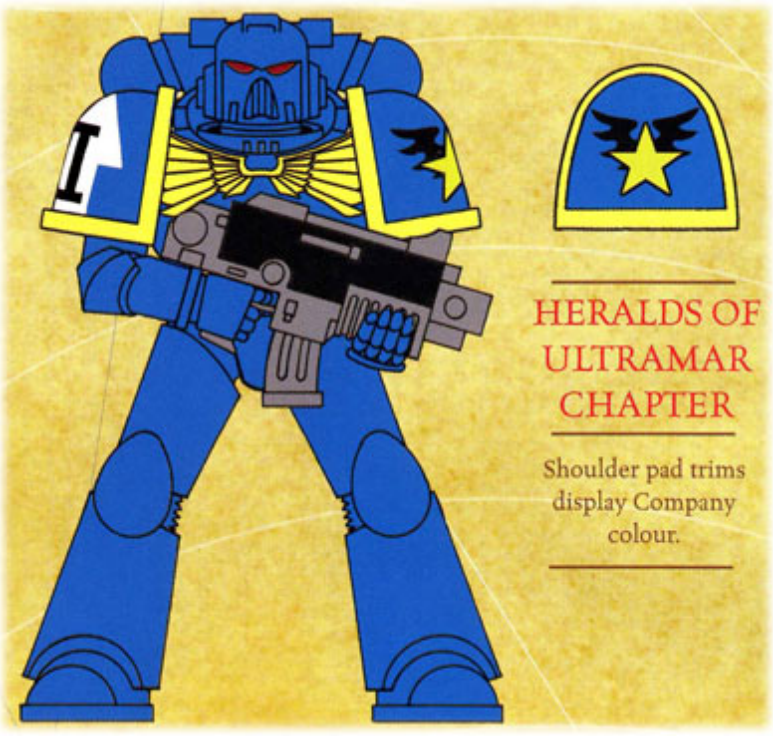
DARK HANDS CHAPTER

Company number displayed on left kneepad.



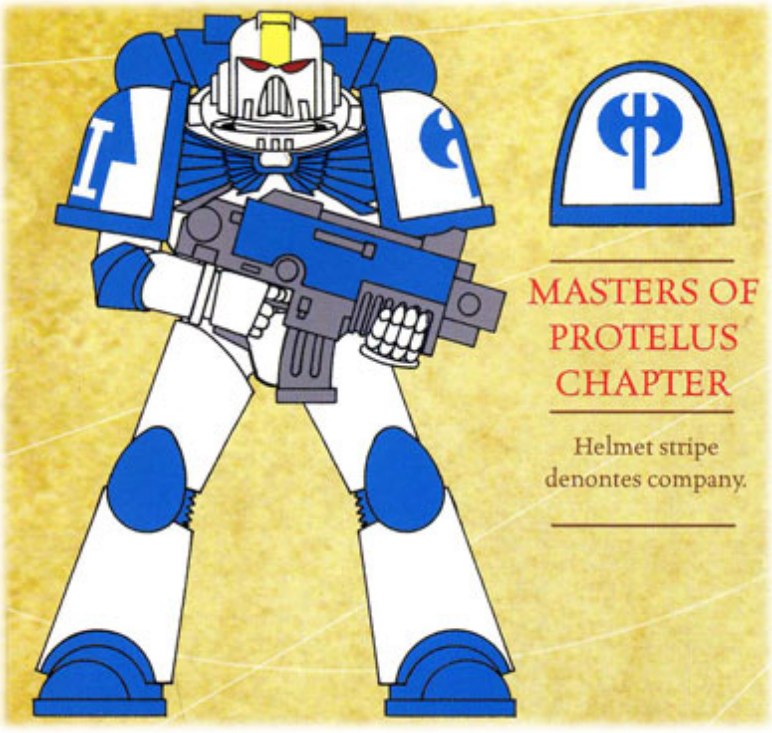
WAR BEARERS CHAPTER

Helmet stripe displays Company colour.



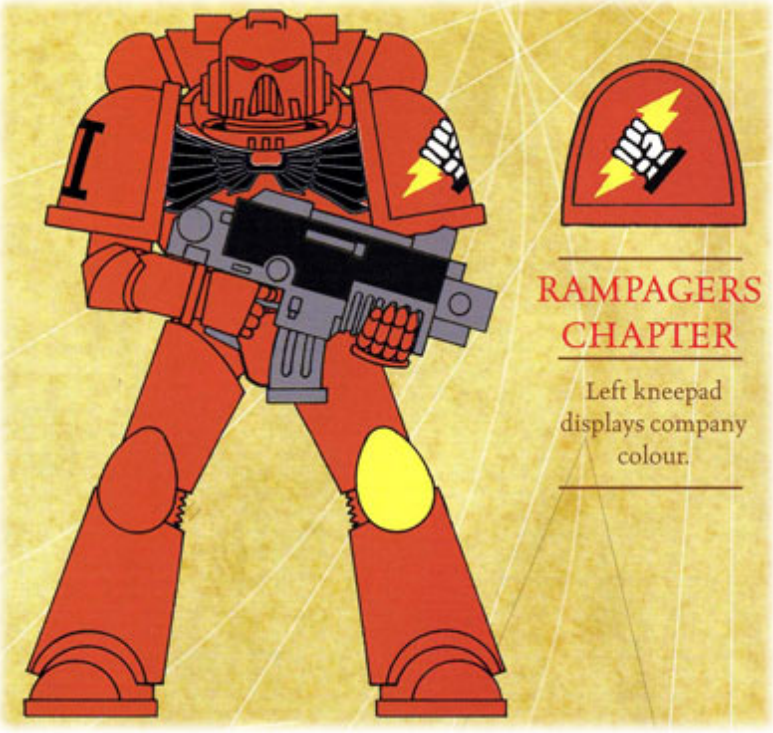
HERALDS OF ULTRAMAR CHAPTER

Shoulder pad trims display Company colour.



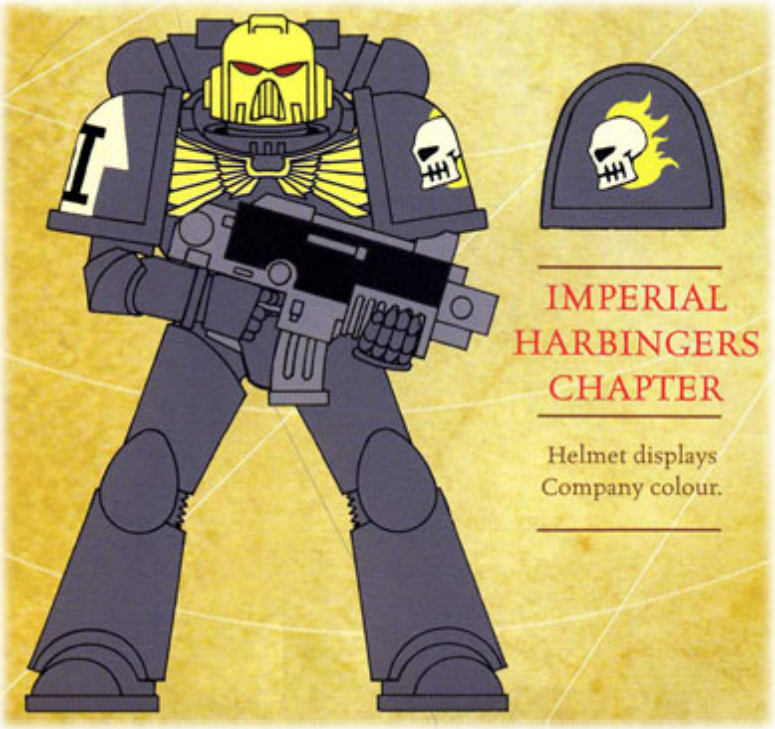
MASTERS OF PROTELUS CHAPTER

Helmet stripe denontes company.



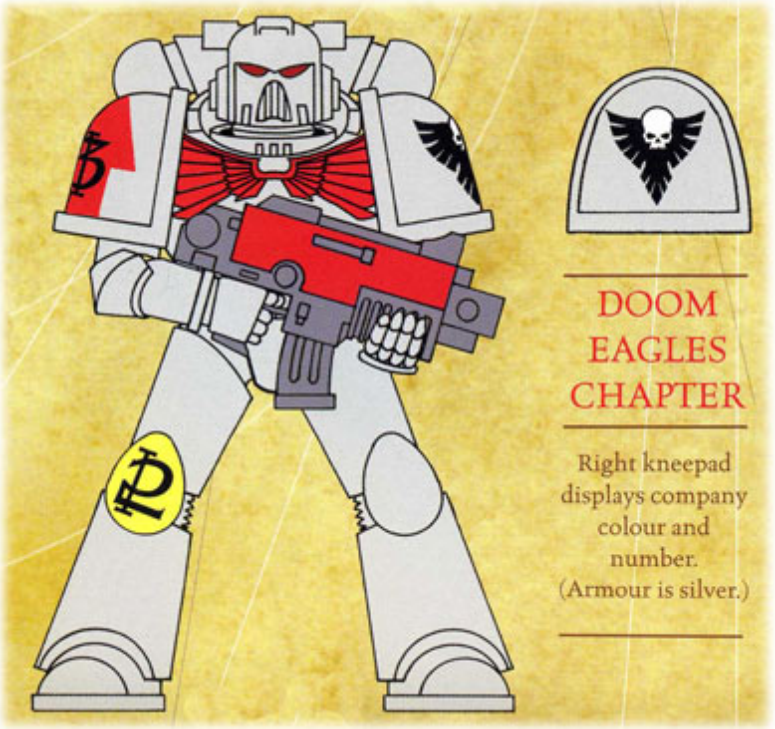
RAMPAGERS CHAPTER

Left kneepad displays company colour.



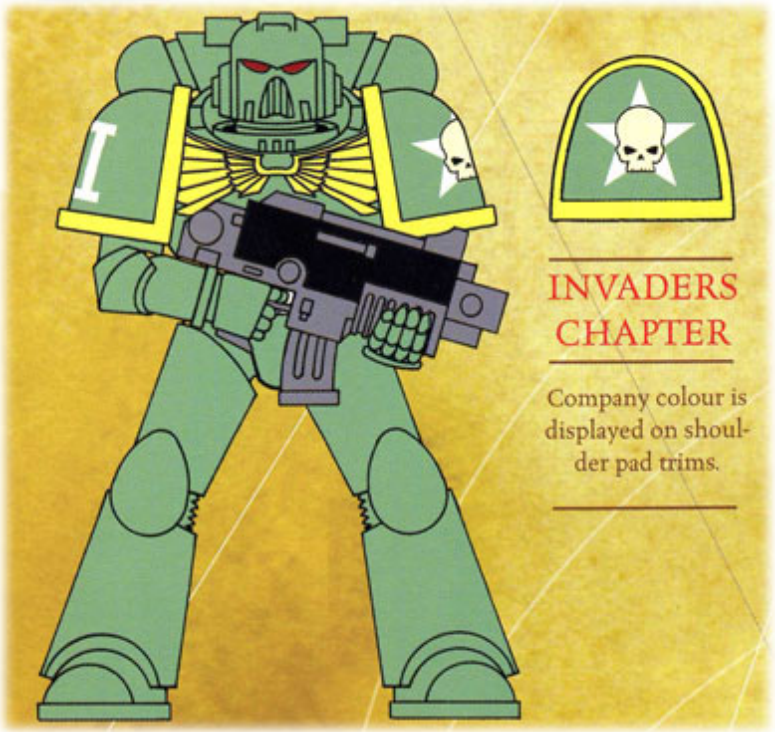
IMPERIAL HARBINGERS CHAPTER

Helmet displays Company colour.



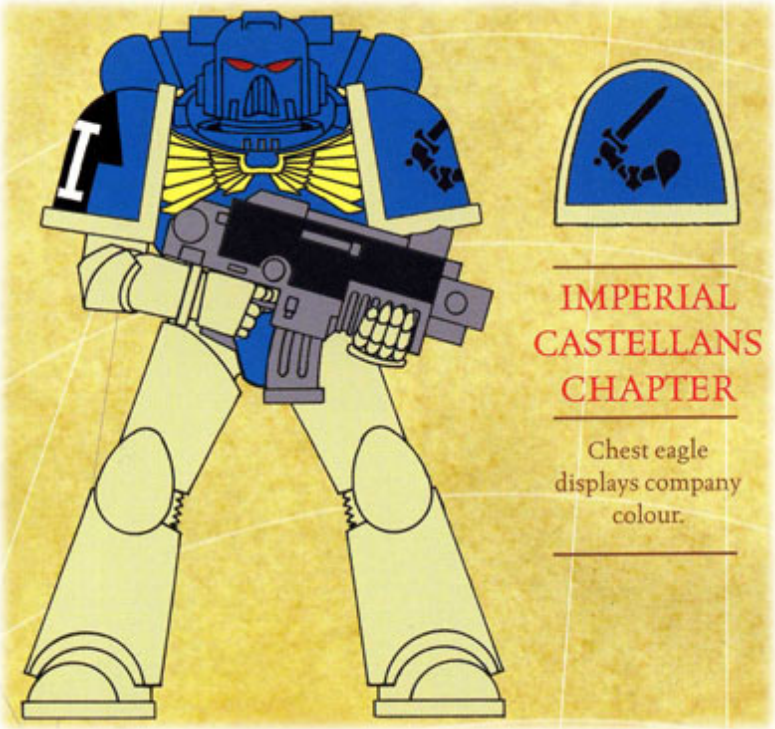
DOOM EAGLES CHAPTER

Right kneepad displays company colour and number. (Armour is silver.)



INVADERS CHAPTER

Company colour is displayed on shoulder pad trims.



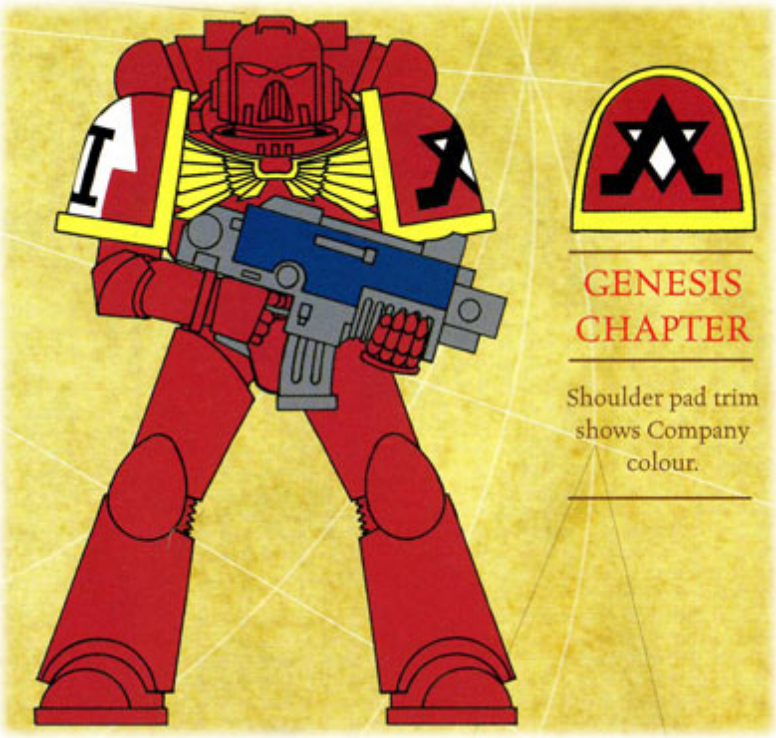
IMPERIAL CASTELLANS CHAPTER

Chest eagle displays company colour.



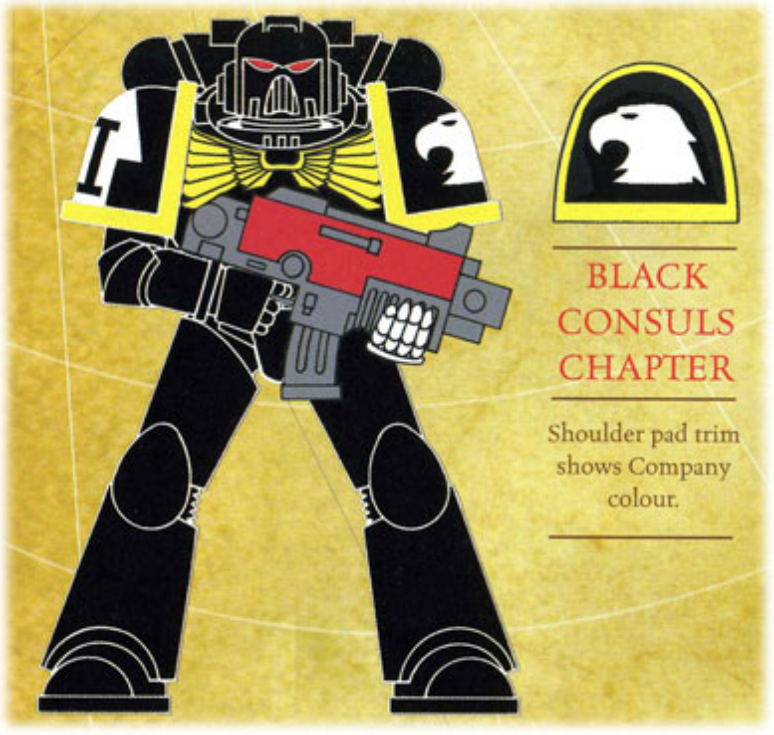
AURORA CHAPTER

Shoulder pad trim shows Company colour.



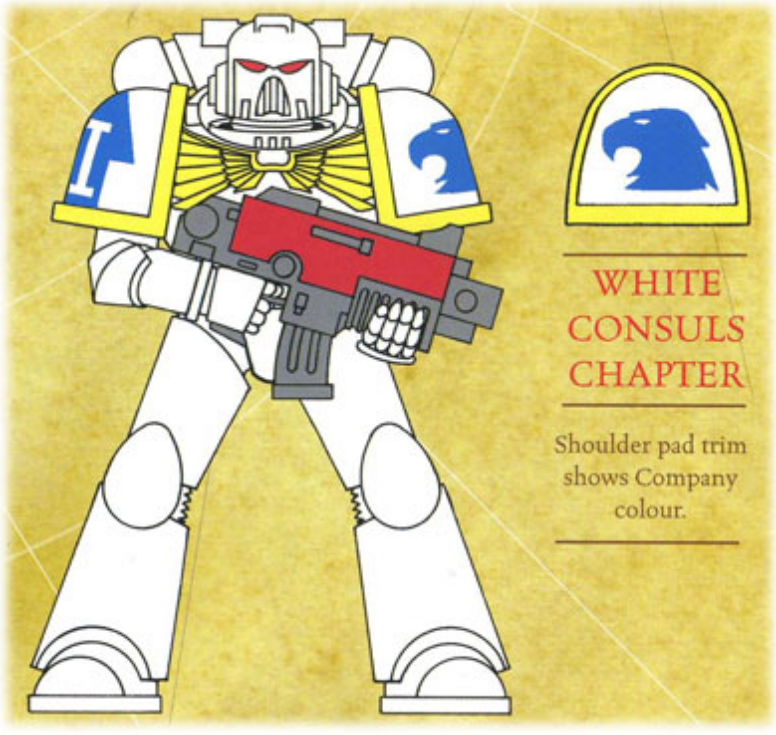
GENESIS CHAPTER

Shoulder pad trim shows Company colour.



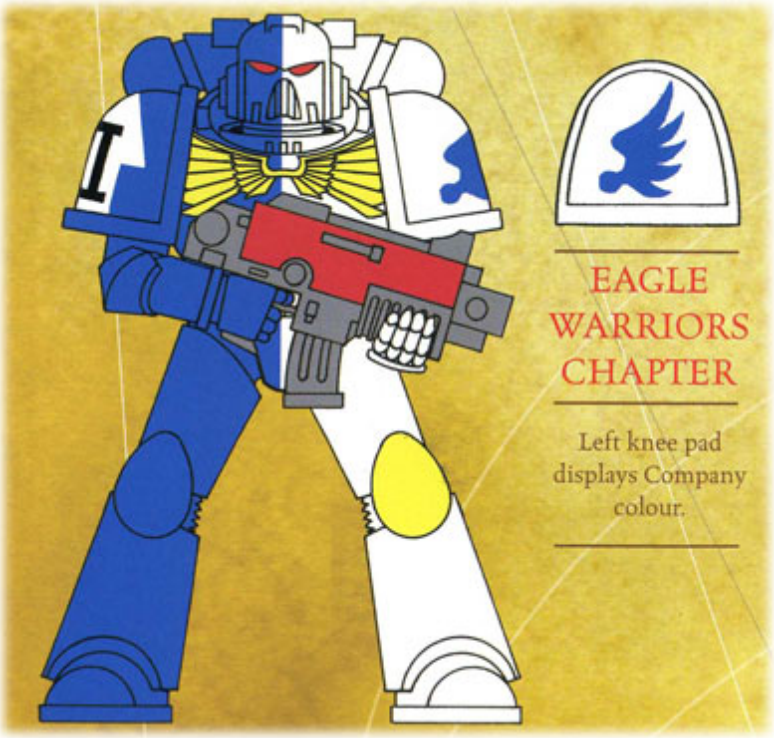
BLACK CONSULS CHAPTER

Shoulder pad trim shows Company colour.



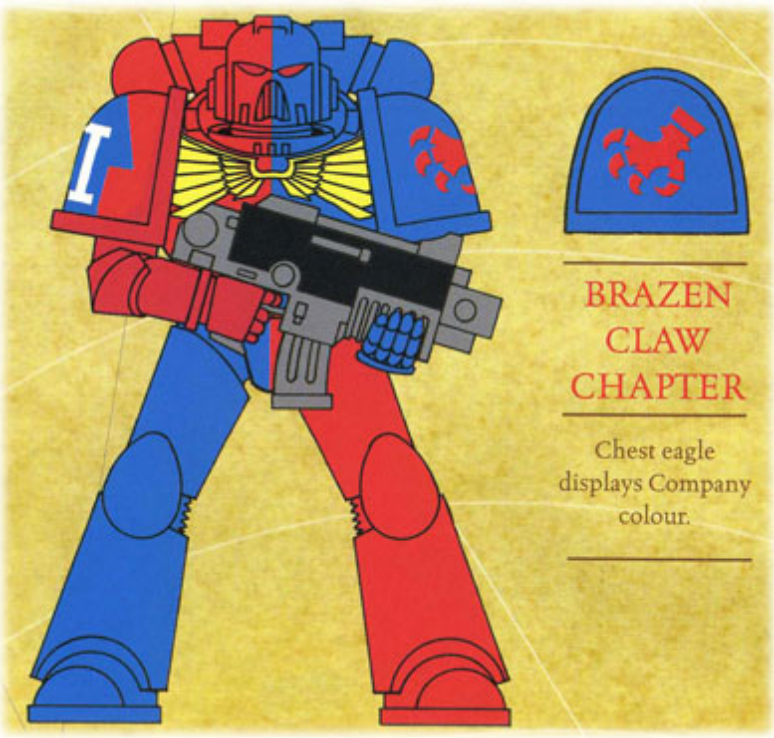
WHITE CONSULS CHAPTER

Shoulder pad trim shows Company colour.



EAGLE WARRIORS CHAPTER

Left knee pad displays Company colour.



BRAZEN CLAW CHAPTER

Chest eagle displays Company colour.



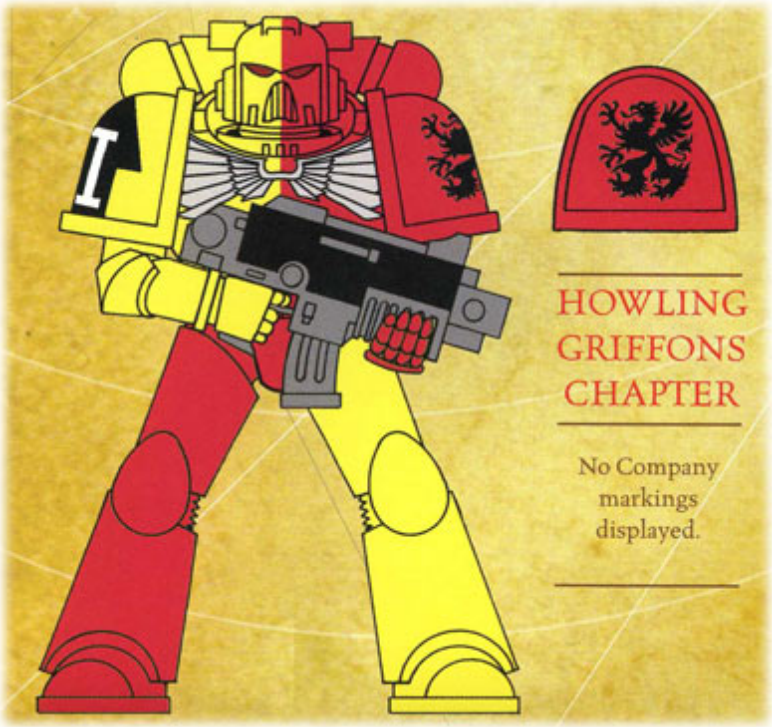
CRIMSON FISTS CHAPTER

No Company markings displayed.



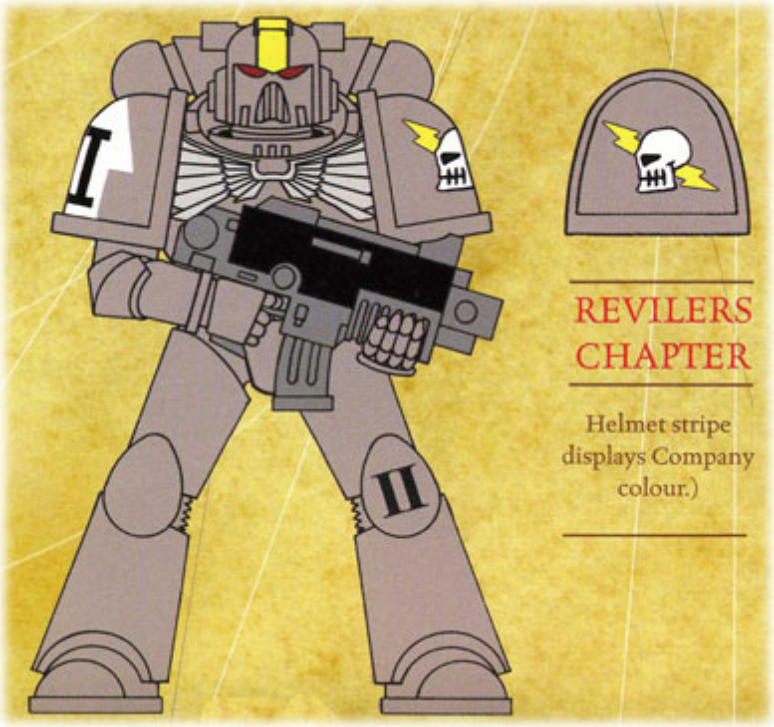
RAVEN GUARD CHAPTER

Left kneepad displays Company number.



HOWLING GRIFFONS CHAPTER

No Company markings displayed.



REVILERS CHAPTER

Helmet stripe displays Company colour.)



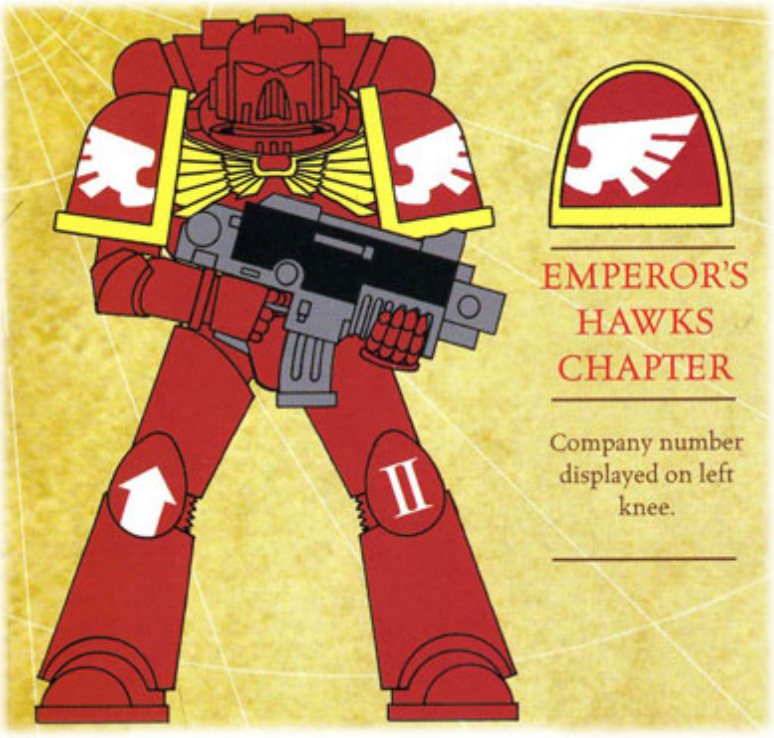
RED HUNTERS CHAPTER

Shoulder pad trim shows Company colour.



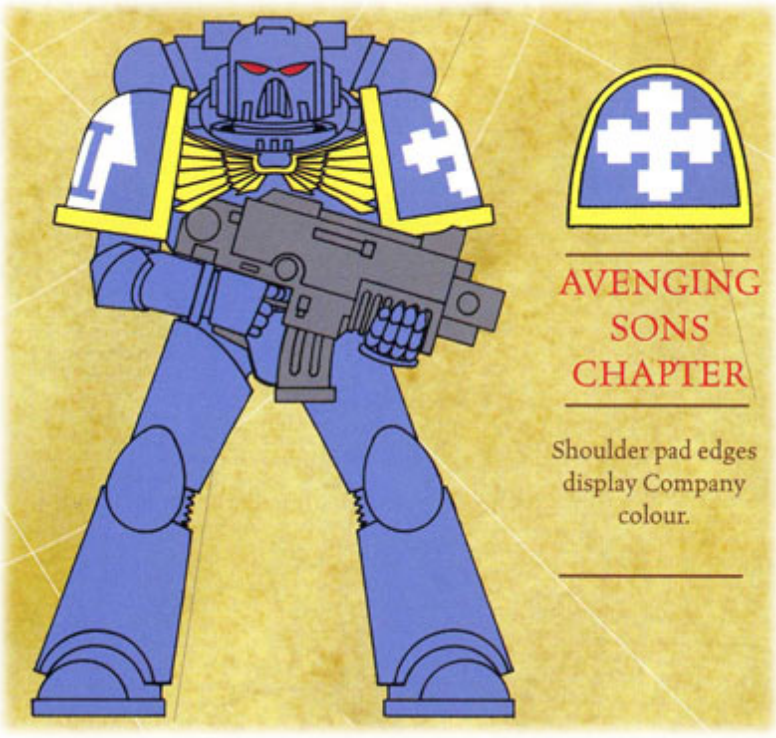
DARK EAGLES CHAPTER

Shoulder pad trim shows Company colour.



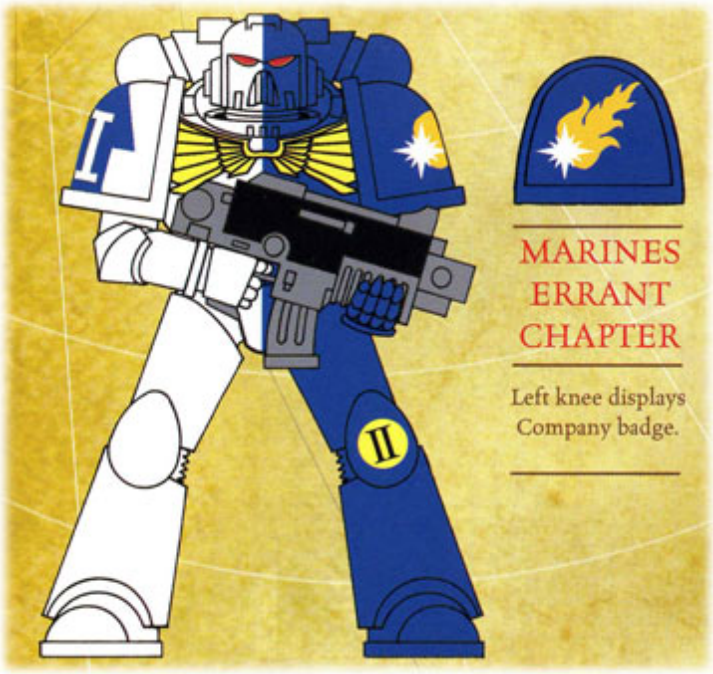
EMPEROR'S HAWKS CHAPTER

Company number displayed on left knee.



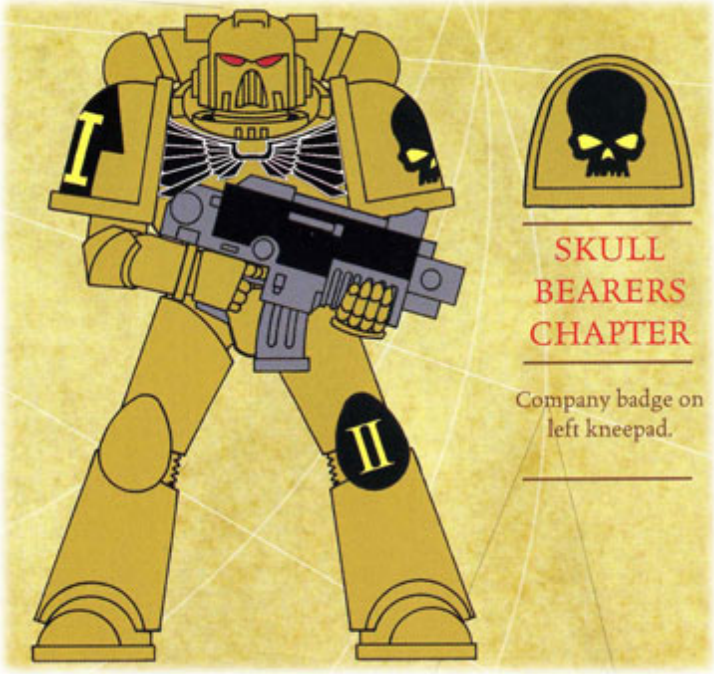
AVENGING SONS CHAPTER

Shoulder pad edges display Company colour.



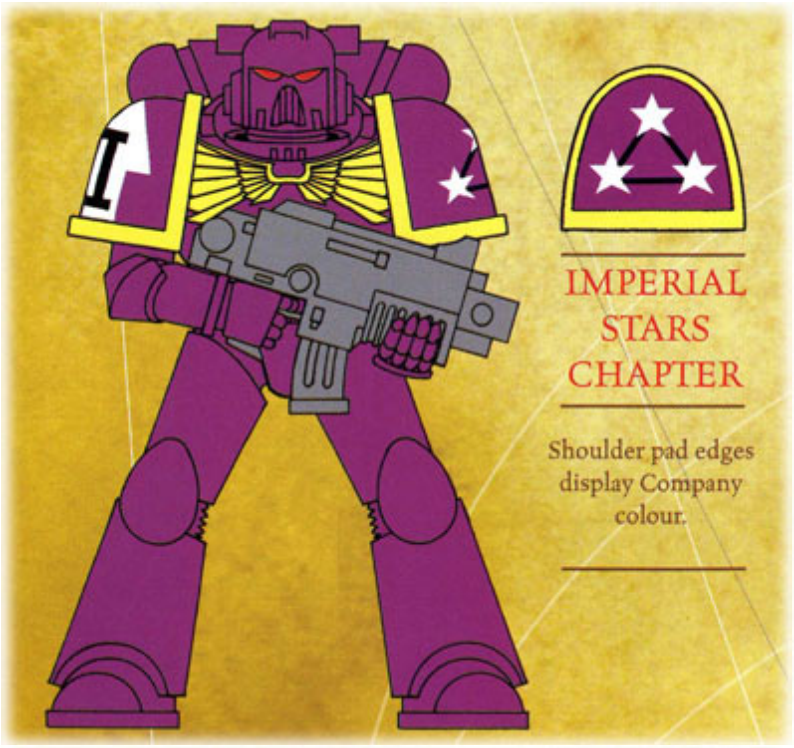
MARINES ERRANT CHAPTER

Left knee displays Company badge.



SKULL BEARERS CHAPTER

Company badge on left kneepad.



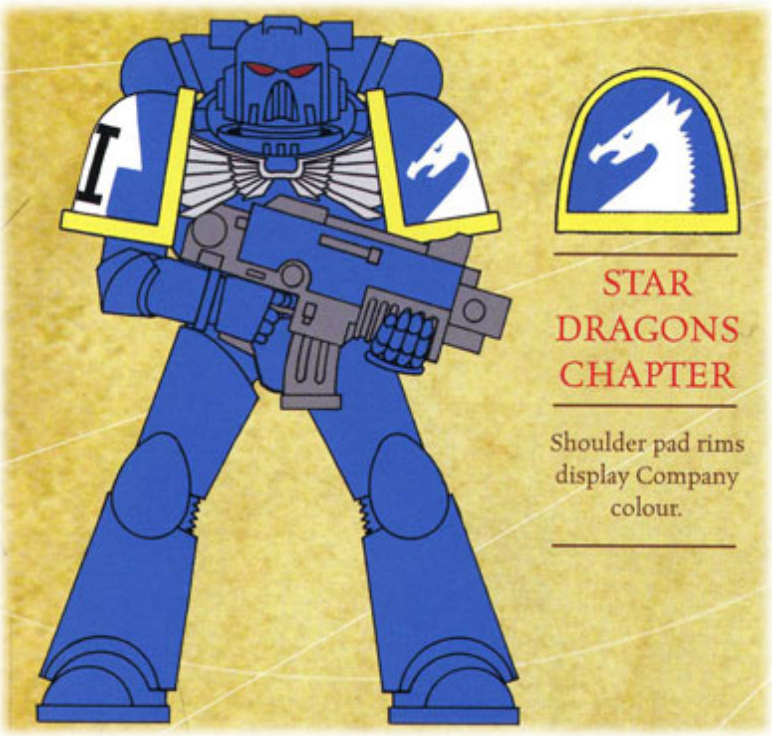
IMPERIAL STARS CHAPTER

Shoulder pad edges display Company colour.



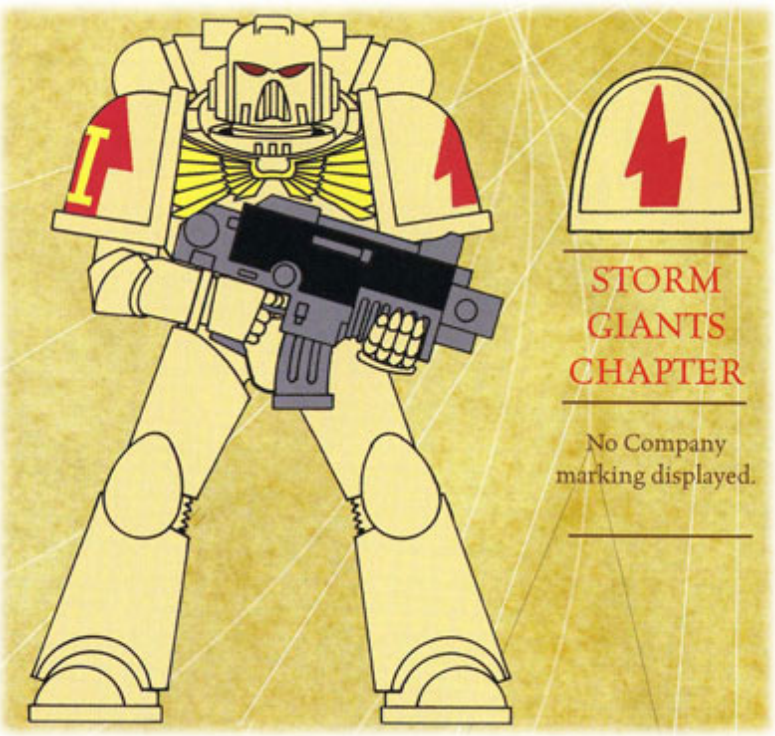
STORM WARRIORS CHAPTER

Shoulder pad trim displays Company colour.



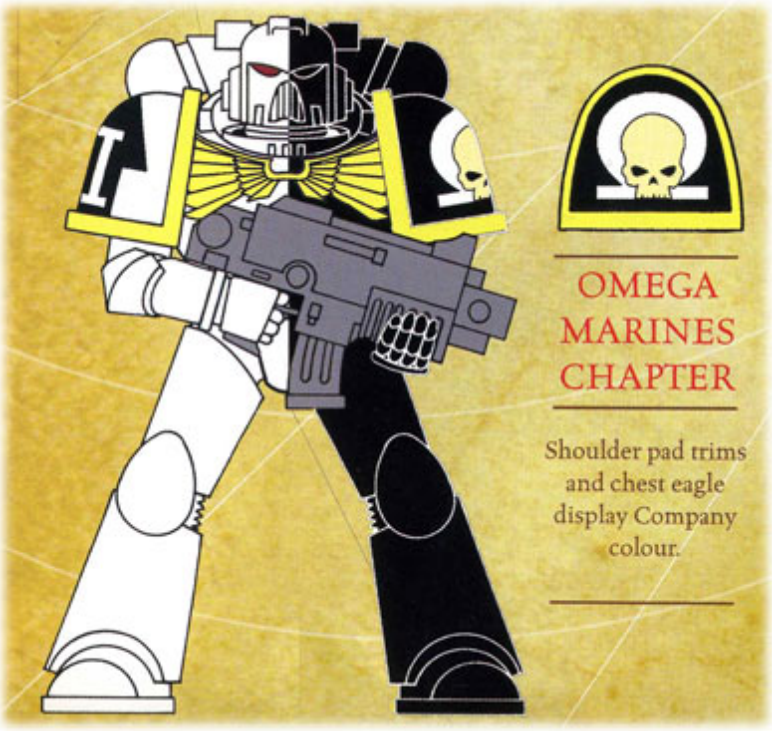
STAR DRAGONS CHAPTER

Shoulder pad rims display Company colour.



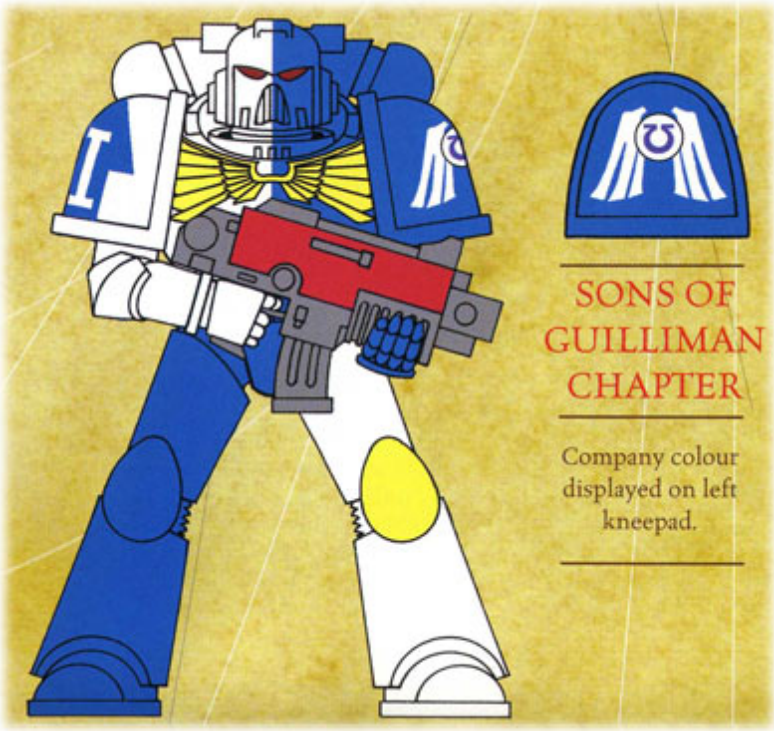
STORM GIANTS CHAPTER

No Company marking displayed.



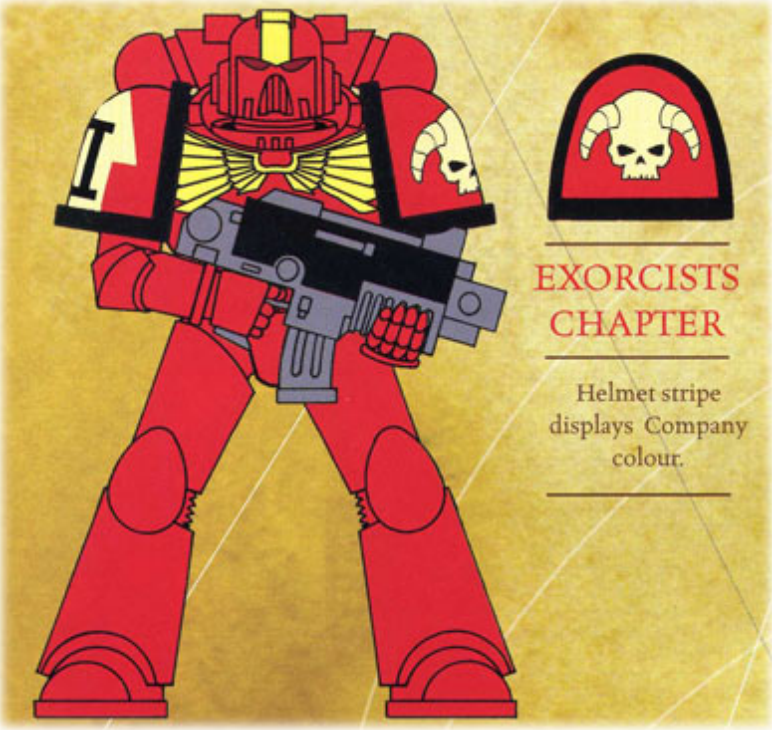
OMEGA MARINES CHAPTER

Shoulder pad trims and chest eagle display Company colour.



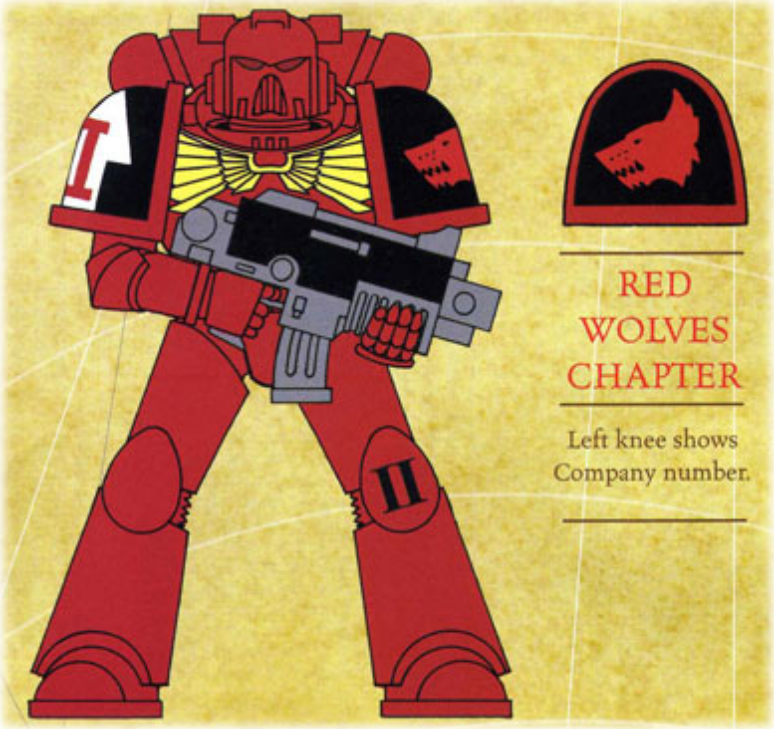
SONS OF GUILLIMAN CHAPTER

Company colour displayed on left kneepad.



EXORCISTS CHAPTER

Helmet stripe displays Company colour.



RED WOLVES CHAPTER

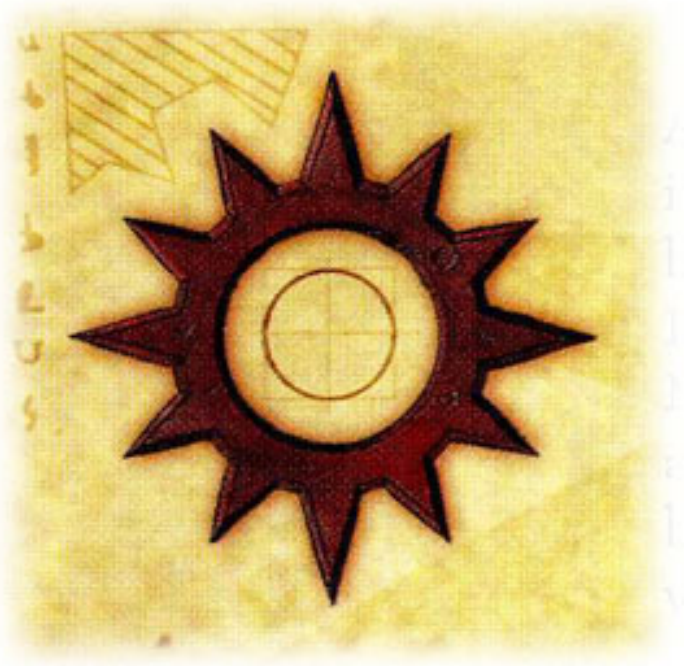
Left knee shows Company number.

NEXT

'); x = 1; } // '); } //

BACK TO INSIGNIUM ASTARTES SECTION

HONOUR BADGES

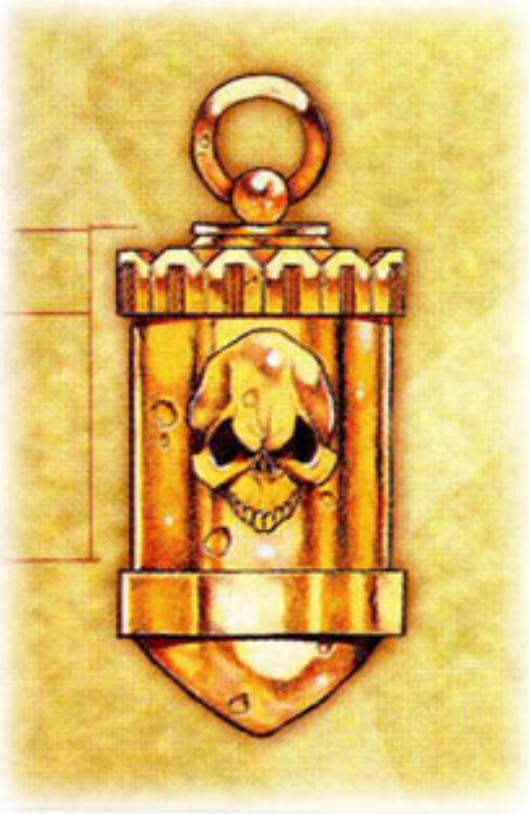


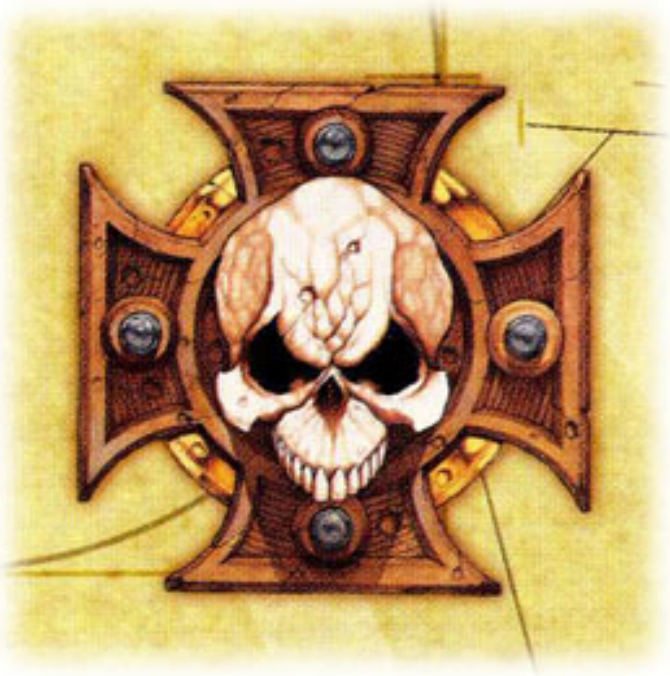
THE IRON HALO

A Marine who demonstrates exceptional initiative will be awarded the Iron Halo. This badge has its origins in the earliest days of the Imperium. It is either painted or etched onto a Marine's armour and coloured red. It also appears as an element of many Chapter and Company banner designs, presumably recording occasions when the Company or Chapter has demonstrated initiative beyond expectation.

THE MARKSMAN'S HONOUR

This device is the Marksman's Honour. Acts of remarkably accurate shooting or consistent performance with targeting are marked with this award. The Codex insists that those warriors who prove their accuracy in combat should be singled out so that their skill may be instantly commanded when necessary. The badges themselves are believed to have been constructed by encasing in gold bolter shell cases fired in battle from the bolt gun of Roboute Guilliman himself.





THE IRON SKULL

The Iron Skull is a traditional badge of ancient origin. Classical convention is to represent the Iron Skull as a red device. The Codex insignia for a sergeant, it is displayed on the shoulder armour and/or helmet of a Space Marine of this rank. It is awarded for leadership.

THE IMPERIALIS

The winged skull badge that is the Imperialis has its origin in the great Heresy of Horus. It was adopted as the campaign badge of the loyal Chapters during the Imperium-wide conflict that was the heresy. Since then it has become the honour of righteous victory. Most often the chest armour of the recipient is carved into the great winged skull and it can also appear on banners and finials of the Chapter's various banners.



MACHINA OPUS

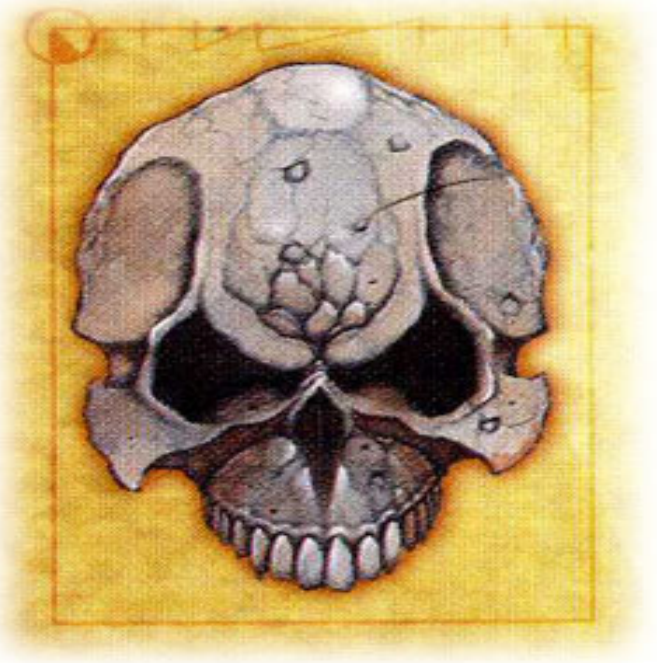
This is the mark of a Tech-Priest Adept. It is awarded to each Techmarine as he completes his mysterious



training with the Adeptus Mechanicus on Mars. Bearers of the Machina Opus are accorded great respect by the Tech-Priets and are allowed free passage through the Ring of Iron and into/the great workshops of the Martian Hive. Only the Chapter's Techmarines and their equipment are permitted to display this icon.

THE CRUX TERMINATUS

Only the honoured veterans of a Space Marine Chapter fight in suits of Terminator armour and wear this badge. The symbol has various forms and designs and within each badge is bound a tiny fragment of the suit of armour worn by the Emperor during his climatic battle with the arch-traitor Horus over 10,000 years ago. Smaller representations of the crux are frequently worn by the veterans when they fight in power armour.





IMPERIAL LAUREL

A Marine who bears this honour has literally won his laurels. Acts of valour leading to great victory are deeds rewarded with the Laurel Wreath. The wreath is often worn as a crown or sculpted onto the Marine's helmet. The Wreathed Skull is a common form of the honour. The Codex demands that Company Standards be born into battle by proven warriors and the bearers of these all wear the Laurel Wreath. The Laurel Wreath also appears frequently on Chapter and Company banners.

PURITY SEAL

The Purity Seal records not so much an honour as a blessing. Before a campaign the Chaplains of the Chapter pass through the ranks chanting litanies and invocations. Certain honoured individuals are marked by the Chaplains for special blessings recorded On the parchment streamers and affixed to their armour with the great wax seal. Often the very receiving of such a blessing may itself be marked by the adopting of a solid electrum casting of the seal, permanently attached to a Marine's armour or wargear.





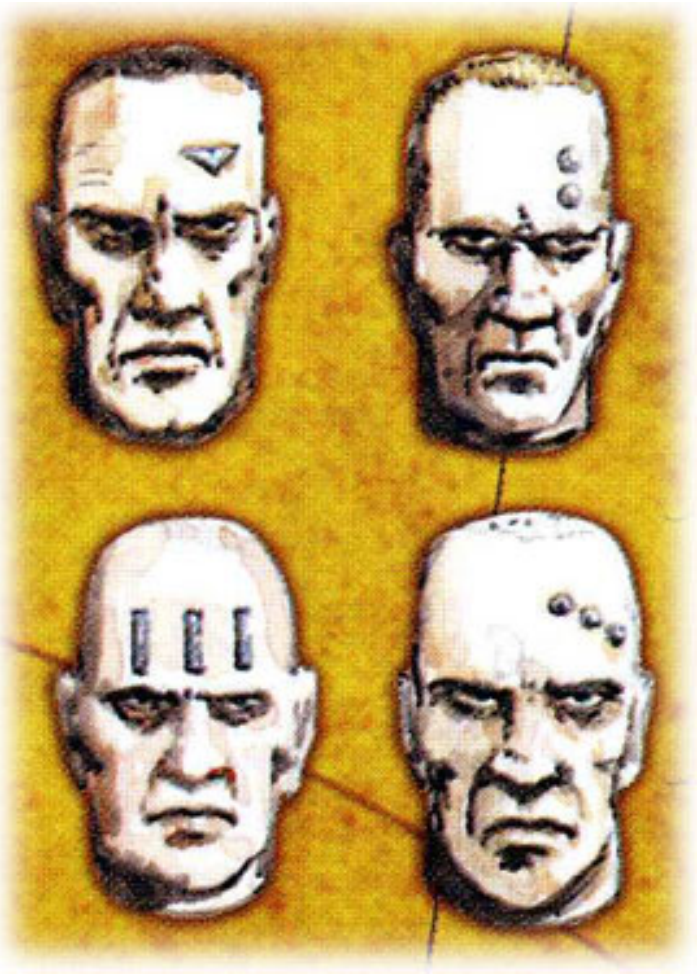
SKULL AND MOTTO

In addition to the specific badge of the Iron Skull there are many other icons and emblems which incorporate the skull. As honours these often have a multitude of uses and meanings. Often combined with simple mottoes the skull honour can be seen on shoulder pads, helmets, kneepads and even on bolter cases and vehicles. The human skull is an image that has close associations with the Emperor of Humanity himself and is of special importance to the Chapter's Chaplains.

THE PRIME HELIX

The Prime Helix is the emblem of the Apothecaries. The bright red design represents both the gene-seed itself and to some extent the sacrifice every Marine is prepared to make to ensure the Chapter's future. It forms the basis of the Apothecaries' shoulder pad markings and banners.



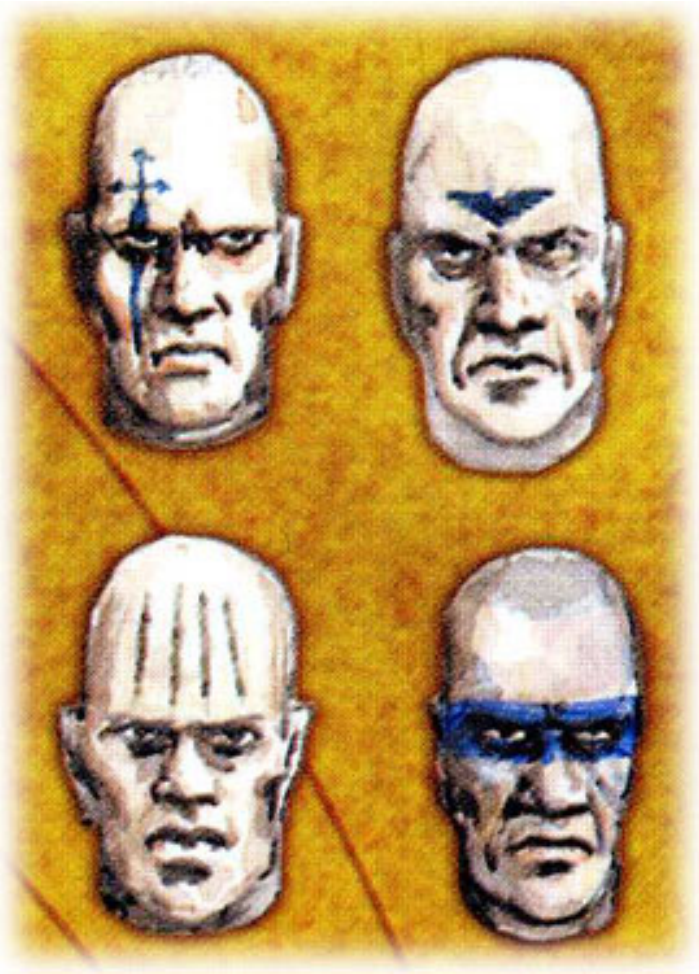


SERVICE STUDS

These are small metal rivets that are attached directly to the Marines' cranium to record years of service. A single stud records 10, 50 or 100 years of service depending on its design and the Chapter traditions. The awarding of service studs is described in the Codex but is not set out as an official requirment or regulation of the Chapter. In recent centuries the awarding of service studs has been on the decline and fewer Chapters continue the practice.

TATTOOS

These are not official Chapter honours but traditional markings derived from the Chapter's ancient practices. Some tattoos may even be vestiges of pre Space marine tribal markings or gang affiliations. Space Marines are recruited from hundreds of different human cultures so it is no surprise to see this reflected in some Marines retaining the tattoos, scarification or warpaint of their homeworld.



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ARMY BADGES & FIELD SIGNS

Space Marines do not always fight alone and often find themselves going into battle alongside other Imperial forces. The mass ranks of the Imperial Guard form the major portion of any allied contingent and include huge tank divisions as well as enormous numbers of foot troops. Other Imperial organisations can and do supply warriors and war machines to the war effort. These include the mighty titan war machines of the Adeptus Mechanicus, the warrior nuns of the Adepta Sororitas and a host of other units and individuals.

When an army of the Imperium goes to war it is standard practice for the Imperial Commander or general to choose a symbol to act as a campaign badge in accordance with the regulations set down in the Codex. This "field sign" is known as the Army Badge and serves to identify all the troops and equipment that are operating under his command and helps them recognise friendly units on the battlefield. The Army Badge is painted onto Space Marine armour and Imperial Guard tank alike. Cloth patches may be sewn onto Imperial Guard fatigues. Huge versions of the badge will be stencilled onto the gigantic armour plates of Titans. Each time the badge is applied the recipient receives a blessing from the Company Chaplain if a Space Marine or from an attached member of the Imperial Ecclesiarchy if serving in one of the other Imperial forces.

The design of an Army Badge is deliberately quite straightforward. Usually it consists of a simple geometric shape overlaid with a motif or it might be a simple stencilled icon. The Army Badge must be instantly recognisable if it is to function as a battlefield identification. Space Marines generally apply the Army Badge to their right leg greave.

The Army Badge is only used for the duration of a single campaign. Once this is over the various forces that comprise the Imperial Army are dispersed and the Army Badge is either removed or replaced. If a squad, regiment or indeed an individual warrior has performed exceptionally in the campaign, the Army Badge may be incorporated onto their armour, uniform or heraldry as a permanent honour. This is particularly true of banners and standards and many of the lavish designs seen on Chapter, Company and personality banners are, in part, derived from the Army Badges of previous campaigns.





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