

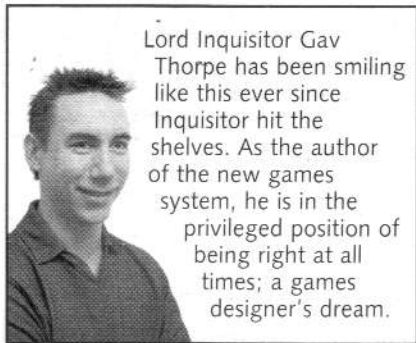
INQUISITOR

ANNUAL 2002



The
EXTERMINATUS
Files

**GAMES
WORKSHOP**



Lord Inquisitor Gav Thorpe has been smiling like this ever since Inquisitor hit the shelves. As the author of the new games system, he is in the privileged position of being right at all times; a games designer's dream.

EXTERMINATUS

Expanded Rules for Inquisitor

Exterminatus is our regular Inquisitor column, featuring new rules, wargear, special abilities, etc. This month Gav presents some random character generation rules, power fields, a new optional rule and his own warband leader – Inquisitor Kessel.

CREATING RANDOM CHARACTERS

There are a number of ways to create your character for games of Inquisitor.

Some players like to generate their characters from scratch preferring the challenge of gaming with a character or warrior band that chance and fate have deemed for them. They'll go on to model up the resulting attributes and equipment for use on the tabletop. Random characters are also useful for GMs wishing to knock up a quick non-player character for a scenario.

Some players will prefer to lavish time and effort on painting and converting their model and once this masterpiece is complete set about creating a suitable background based on the look of the model.

Others will fall somewhere between these two camps – generating the attributes randomly but using the equipment as dictated by the model.

So, to help this process along, here is a random procedure for generating characters. Of course, you may want to modify your character a bit after you have finished, just to tidy it up a bit or iron out any inconsistencies. For example, it is possible (though not likely) that your marksman character ends up with no ranged weapons at all. Now, this isn't very appropriate for a marksman, so you may want to jiggle with his or her equipment to better suit their character.

Remember also that your characters need to be modelled appropriately, so bear this in mind when choosing weapons and such. That said, randomly generating a character is a great way to inspire yourself to make a new model which you may not necessarily have considered before.

SEQUENCE

There is a set sequence to follow for randomly generating characters:

1. Decide character type.
2. Generate profile.
3. Generate abilities.
4. Generate equipment.
5. Name them!

1. DECIDE CHARACTER TYPE

There are a few broad categories or types of character. This character type will determine the sort of profile and skills they have.

Fighter: A fighter is big on WS, tough and strong but with not that many smarts or psychic potential!

Marksman: This character is good at shooting, as you might expect.

Scout: Scouts can shoot and fight in hand-to-hand combat with reasonable skill, relying more on stealth, speed and dexterity than brute force.

Sage: Great intellect and knowledge are the prime strengths of a sage, though they tend to be physically weaker than other characters.

Psyker: Psykers are generally less physically adept and brawny but compensate with their psychic powers.

2. GENERATE PROFILE

Opposite are random profile generators for each type of character.

3. GENERATE ABILITIES

Each character gets D6+1 rolls on the appropriate Abilities table. Re-roll multiples of the same skill (profile increases are cumulative).

Note: All psykers start with D3+1 psychic abilities.

4. GENERATE EQUIPMENT

Each character gets D3+3 rolls on their equipment table. Then roll on the appropriate table.

WEAPONS

Determine a weapon's availability on the Weapons table, and then choose a weapon of the appropriate type from those available.

5. NAME THEM!



2. RANDOM PROFILE GENERATOR

	WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
Fighter	60+2D10	40+2D10	55+2D10	55+2D6	35+2D10	30+3D10	30+3D10	65+2D6	50+2D6
Marksman	40+2D10	60+2D10	45+2D6	45+2D6	45+2D10	30+3D10	30+3D10	67+2D6	45+2D6
Scout	50+2D10	50+2D10	50+2D6	50+2D6	50+2D10	40+3D10	40+3D10	75+2D6	50+2D6
Sage	30+2D6	30+2D6	30+2D10	35+2D6	30+2D10	60+3D10	70+3D10	40+2D6	40+3D10
Psyker	40+2D10	40+2D10	40+2D10	50+2D6	45+2D10	60+3D10	40+3D10	55+2D6	55+2D6

3. ABILITIES GENERATOR

Fighter	Marksman	Scout	Sage	Psyker	Ability
01-07	01-03	01-05	-	-	+10 WS
08-10	04-10	06-10	01-03	-	+10 BS
11-15	11-13	11-13	-	-	+5 S
16-20	14-17	14-17	-	-	+5 T
21-24	18-21	18-22	04-08	-	+10 I
-	-	23	09-11	01-14	+10 Wp
-	-	24-25	12-21	-	+10 Sg
25-28	22-27	26-29	22-24	15-19	+10 Nv
29-31	28-29	30	25-26	20-23	+10 Ld
32-33	30-32	31-34	-	-	Acrobatic
34-37	33	35-37	27-29	24-25	Ambidextrous
38-40	34-35	38	30-31	-	Blademaster
41-43	-	39-41	-	-	Catfall
-	36-42	42	32-33	-	Deadeye shot
44-46	43-44	43-45	-	-	Deflect Shot
-	45-46	46-48	34-36	26-29	Dodge
-	47-51	49	37	-	Fast Draw
47-51	-	50-51	38-40	-	Feint
52-56	-	52	-	-	First Strike
57-59	52-53	53	-	30-34	Force of Will
60-64	54	-	-	-	Furious Assault
-	55-59	54-55	-	-	Gunfighter
65-67	60	56	-	35	Heroic
-	61-66	57-58	-	-	Hipshooting
68-71	67	-	41-50	36-39	Leader
72-74	68-71	59-64	51-54	40-42	Lightning Reflexes
-	72	65-67	55-60	43-44	Medic
75-80	73-74	68-71	61-62	45-47	Nerves of Steel
-	75-79	72-73	63-64	-	Quickload
-	80-85	-	-	-	Rock Steady Aim
81-84	86	74-75	65	48-49	True Grit
85-88	87-89	76-78	66-69	50-59	Exotic ability (see table on next page)
-	-	79-80	70-74	60-77*	Psychic power (see right)
-	90-92	81-86	75-79	78-81	Roll again on Fighter table
89-92	-	87-91	80-85	82-85 table	Roll again on Marksman table
93-96	93-95	-	86-90	86-90	Roll again on Scout table
-	96	92-95	-	91-00	Roll again on Sage table
97-00	97-00	96-00	91-00	-	Roll again on Psyker table

PSYCHIC DISCIPLINE TABLE

A psyker has abilities from D3 different disciplines

D100 Discipline

01-16	Misc
17-35	Biomancy
36-50	Telepathy
51-70	Telekinesis
71-90	Pyromancy
91-00	Daemonology

MISCELLANEOUS ABILITIES

D100 Ability

01-40	Detection
41-00	Gaze of Death

BIOMANCY ABILITIES

D100 Ability

01-18	Blood Boil
19-35	Choke
36-55	Enfeeble
56-70	Hammerhand
71-80	Regenerate
81-90	Storm of Lightning
91-00	Warp Strength

TELEPATHY ABILITIES

D100 Ability

01-10	Demoralise
11-25	Distraction
26-30	Embolden
31-38	Enforce Will
39-44	Mesmerism
45-50	Mind Scan
51-60	Psychic Shriek
61-69	Psi-track
70-72	Puppet Master
73-90	Telepathy
91-00	Terrify

TELEKINESIS ABILITIES

D100 Ability

01-20	Machine Empathy
21-35	Psychic Impel
36-50	Psychic Shield
51-60	Psychic Ward
61-00	Telekinesis

PYROMANCY ABILITIES

D100 Ability

01-35	Blinding Flash
36-50	Burning Fist
51-80	Fireball
81-00	Firestorm

DAEMONOLOGY POWERS

D100 Ability

01-34	Banishment
35-49	Instability
50-84	Sanctuary
85-94	Teleportation
95-00	Vortex of Chaos

EXOTIC ABILITIES TABLE

D100	Ability
00-05	Daemonic
06-11	Possession
12-18	Familiar
19-35	Fearsome
36-42	Frenzy
43-50	Regeneration
51-67	Spit Acid
68-75	Terrifying
76-82	Vampirism
83-90	Word of the Emperor
91-100	Wyrd (generate power)

4. EQUIPMENT GENERATOR

Fighter	Marksman	Scout	Sage	Psyker	Equipment table
01-30	01-05	01-15	01-05	01-10	Close combat weapon
31-50	06-20	16-30	06-25	11-20	Pistol
51-55	21-45	31-45	26-35	21-25	Basic weapon
-	46-55	-	-	-	Heavy weapon
56-65	56-60	46-55	36-40	26-30	Grenade
-	61-70	56-60	41-50	31-35	Special ammunition
66-80	71-80	61-70	51-60	36-45	Armour
81-90	81-85	71-80	61-75	46-55	Bionics and implants
91-95	-	-	-	56-60	Combat stims
-	86-90	81-90	76-80	61-65	Gunsights and auspexes
-	-	91-95	81-90	66-80	Cyber creatures
96-100	91-100	96-100	91-100	81-100	Miscellaneous

WEAPONS TABLE

D6	Weapon availability
1-3	Common
4-5	Rare
6*	Exotic

* Roll another D6. If you roll another 6, they have a Legendary weapon.
For grenades, the character has D3 of a Common type, or one of a less available type.

ARMOUR GENERATOR

D100	Armour type
01-10	Padded clothing (2 points)
11-25	Flak
26-30	Carapace
31-38	Powered
39-44	Shield (roll on shield generator)
45-50	Ceramite powered
51-63	2 points ablative
64-73	2 points ablative plus roll again
74-82	Refractor field
83-90	Conversion field
91-100	Power field (see opposite)

Powered armour covers all locations except Head. For other armour types, roll D6 random locations, re-roll duplicate results and Head results.

To see if the character has a helmet, roll a D6. On a 1, 2 or 3 they have no helmet, on a 4 or 5 they have an open helm, on a 6 they have a closed helm. An open helm has a 25% chance of containing D3 randomly generated autosenses (see Gunsights & Auspex opposite). A closed helm has a 40% chance of incorporating D3 autosenses.

COMBAT STIMMS

D6	Dispenser type
1-3	Inhaler (D10 doses)
4-5	Injector (2D10 doses)
6	Gland

Roll D6 to determine type. Re-roll if not allowed with dispenser type generated.

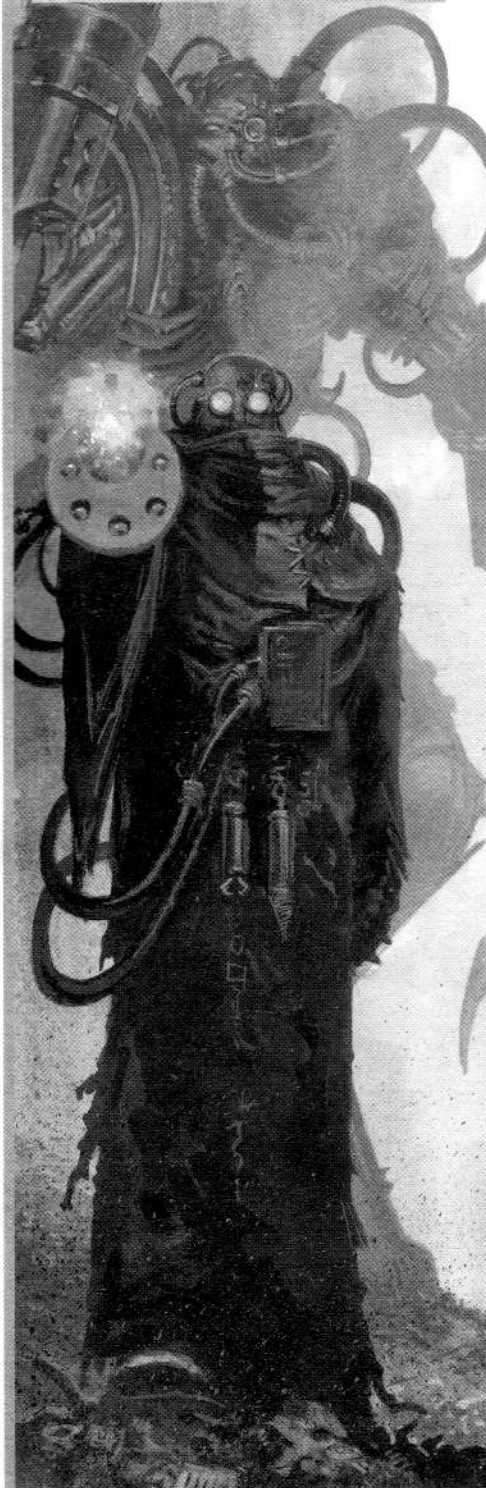
D6	Stimm type
1	'Slaught
2	Psychon
3	Reflex
4	Barrage
5	Spook
6	Spur

SHIELD GENERATOR

D10	Shield type
1-3	Light shield (2 points of armour)
4-5	Reinforced shield (3 points of armour)
6-7	Buckler
8	Suppression shield
9	Mirror shield
10	Storm shield

MISCELLANEOUS

D100	Equipment
01-14	Medi-pak
15-20	Web solvent
21-30	Psychic hood (non-psykers re-roll)
31-45	De-tox (2D10 doses)
46-74	Filtration plugs
75-82	Gas mask
83-89	Re-breather
90-00	Synskin

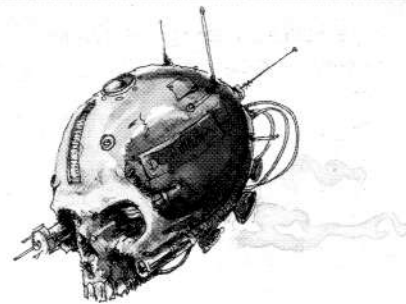


GUNSIGHTS & AUSPEX

D10	Gunsight/Auspex type
1-2	Range-finder
3-4	Infrascopes
5-6	Laser sight
7	Motion predictor
8	Bio-scanner
9	Motion tracker
10	Psi-tracker

CYBER CREATURES

D10	Cyber/psyber creature
1-2	Gun-skull
3-4	Med-skull
5-6	Combat-skull
7-8	Hunter-skull
9	Cyber-mastiff
10	Psyber-eagle (non-psykers re-roll)



BIONICS TABLE

D6	Bionic type
1-3	Bionic Limb
4-5	Bionic sense
6	Other implant

BIONIC SENSES

D6	Sense
1-2	Hearing
3	Right eye
4	Left eye
5	Both eyes
6	Both eyes and ears

IMPLANTS

D6	Implant type
1	Implant weapon (D6: 1-3 = left hand, 4,5 = right hand, 6 = shoulder/chest implant)
2	Bionic organ (D6: 1,2 = lungs, 3,4 = heart, 5,6 = brain)
3	Bionic head (+D6-1 armour)
4	MIU
5	Psi-booster (re-roll if not a psyker or Wyrd)
6	Mechadendrites

BIONIC LIMBS

D6	Limb
1	Left arm
2	Right arm
3	Both arms
4	Left leg
5	Right leg
6	Both legs

BIONIC QUALITY

D6	Quality
1-2	Crude
3-4	Average
5-6	Advanced

NEW WARGEAR & ADDITIONAL RULES

The following is an extra item of wargear to equip your characters with or for use in scenarios.

POWER FIELD

Power fields are the standard energy defence used by the Imperium. They work by throwing up a force wall to deflect incoming energy and projectiles. They provide good protection but are generally heavy devices which require substantial amounts of power. As well as personal protection, they are used for defending vital equipment such as power generators, access portals, vehicles and the like.

Power fields provide a force field defence. Unlike other force fields, they have a variable setting and a limited duration of use. A power field normally provides D10 armour, and each contains sufficient energy for 20 turns use. However, this may be increased to 2D10 armour, which will drain two turns of power every turn, or 3D10, which will drain four turns of energy every turn. A power field generator has a weight of 50.

The following are some extra, optional rules GMs might like to introduce to their games and campaigns.

ENCUMBRANCE

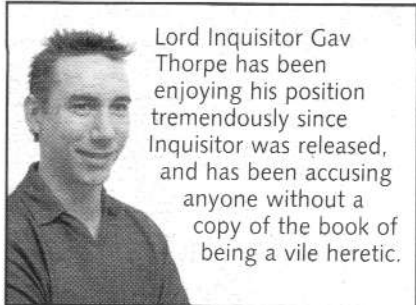
These rules allow GMs to take into account the difficulties of moving swiftly whilst laden down with heavy armour, weapons and equipment. If you find that your characters are taking everything bar the kitchen sink into battle, you may want to introduce the rules to your campaign to encourage more lightly-equipped characters.

A character can carry a certain amount of equipment before their performance is impaired. The amount a character can carry (their Encumbrance value) is equal to their Strength+50, after all modifications for bionics, power armour, combat stims, etc. Add up the weight of all weapons and equipment carried (treat all equipment without a specified weight as 5). In addition, each point of armour (except powered armour) weighs 5 points. This is the total weight of their

equipment. Compare this to their Encumbrance value. For every 25 points, or part, that their equipment is more than their Encumbrance value they are at -1 Speed (minimum 1). No model may carry more than twice their Encumbrance value.

NEW CHARACTER

On the next page are the rules for Inquisitor Kessel, the leader of my own warrior band. He is a quite simple conversion, using Cherubael's head on Eisenhorn's body, Covenant's sword and a repositioning of Eisenhorn's runestaff. As you might expect, he is fairly radical, having been the victim of a daemonic possession which left him physically altered. He is now a dedicated member of the Chaoticians, an old precursor to the Xanthite movement, whose studies into daemonology and the warp have earned him many enemies but much rare knowledge. He is currently one of a number of Inquisitors drawn to the world of Karis Cephalon following widespread rumours of a device called the Angel located on that world.



Lord Inquisitor Gav Thorpe has been enjoying his position tremendously since Inquisitor was released, and has been accusing anyone without a copy of the book of being a vile heretic.

EXTERMINATUS

Expanded Rules for Inquisitor

Exterminatus is our regular Inquisitor column, featuring new rules, wargear, special abilities, etc. This month Gav presents new rules for mutations and a deadly new close combat weapon – the Decapitator.

MUTATIONS

Mutations are a special type of Exotic ability, and should be treated in the same way when creating mutant characters. Remember that some of the Exotic abilities in Inquisitor may be the result of physical mutations, such as regeneration, spit acid and vampirism. Any character with three or more mutations is always fearsome as well.

If you are using the Random Character Generator from last issue, a character has a 5% chance of having D6 mutations, rolled randomly on the table shown here. Re-roll mutations which are obviously contradictory (such as iron hard skin or scales and rotting flesh, for example).

MUTATIONS TABLE

D100	Mutation
01-09	Atrophied (random limb)
10-20	Bony crest
21-30	Club hand
31-36	Cyclopean
37-45	Fangs
46-50	Iron hard skin
51-60	Rotting flesh
61-70	Scales
71-77	Talons
78-82	+D6x10 S
83-87	+D6x10 T
88-92	-4D10 S
93-96	-4D10 I
97-00	-4D10 Sg

ATROPHIED

One or more of the mutant's limbs is withered and feeble, with little or no muscle power. A single atrophied leg reduces all of the character's movement rates, except crawling, by 1 yard and means the character cannot sprint. If both legs are atrophied the character is affected as for one leg. In addition they count moving faster than a walk as a risky action and if they fumble their action roll, will fall over and spend the rest of the turn prone.

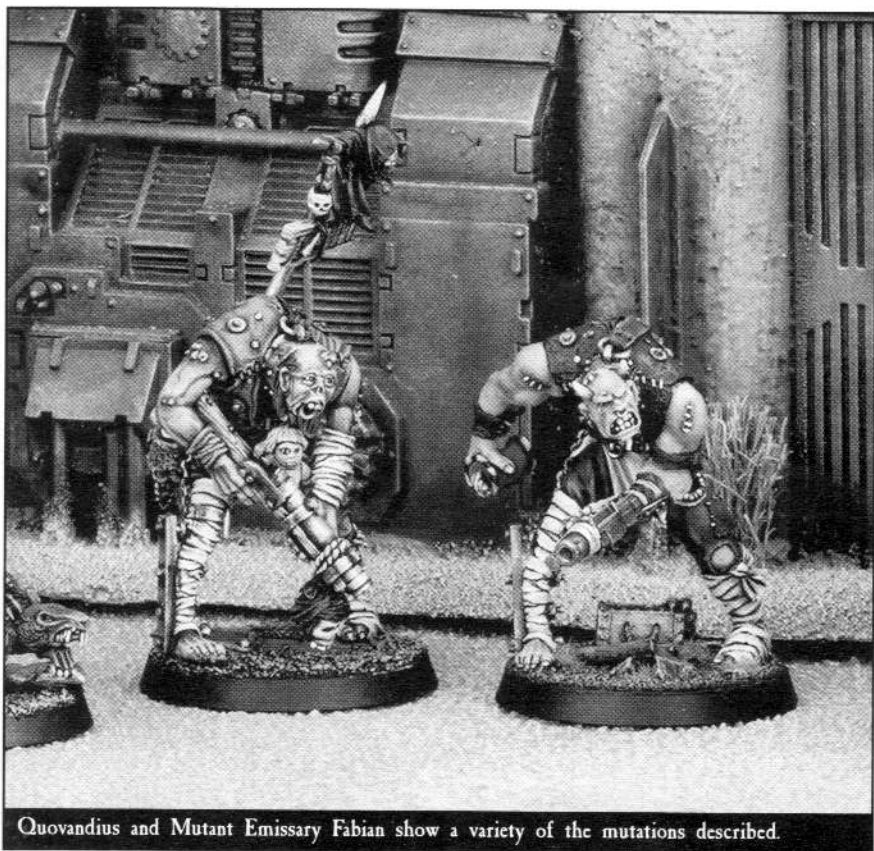
An atrophied arm is at half Strength. This means their overall Strength is reduced by a quarter (or halved if both arms are atrophied). The Strength of their normal arm is equal to two thirds of their modified Strength value. For example, if a character had Strength 65, this would normally be 33 in each arm (actually 32.5 but we round up). A character with an atrophied arm would reduce their overall Strength by 17 to 48. The atrophied arm would count as Strength 16 and the other arm Strength 32, for the purposes of Strength tests.

BONY CREST

The mutant's skull has abnormal growths across it, thick protrusions of bone that jut through the skin like a crest or horns. This bone gives the mutant additional protection to its brain. The mutant may re-roll the Toughness test to see if it is stunned when hit in the head.

CLUB HAND

The mutant's fingers and hand have fused together into a single knobby lump, giving it a powerful punch but rendering it unable to use the hand for anything else. The mutant may not hold anything in the club hand, but it may be used in close combat. The club counts as an unarmed attack that does an additional D6 damage.



Quovandius and Mutant Emissary Fabian show a variety of the mutations described.

CYCLOPEAN

The mutant only has a single eye, destroying their depth perception. The mutant doubles any penalties to hit due to range modifiers (bonuses for range modifiers are unaffected).

FANGS

Abnormally long and sharp teeth line the mutant's mouth, giving it a fearsome bite. Once per turn the mutant may make a free bite attack against a single close combat opponent within arm's reach. This does not take up any of the mutant's actions, and counts as an attack with an improvised weapon.

IRON HARD SKIN

The mutant is covered in thick, leathery skin like an elephant or rhino, which is insensitive and therefore reduces the pain felt from injury. Any time the character must add damage to their injury total, deduct 1 from the amount added. This has no effect on location damage.

ROTTING FLESH

This horrid mutation means that the mutant's skin is constantly dying and

sloughing off, exposing fat and muscle. This disfigurement gives off a disgusting stench and leaves them susceptible to injury as even glancing hits can rip off hunks of flesh. The character reduces their base injury value by 1 and they can be smelt by other characters on a successful Awareness test up to ten yards away and will be smelt automatically within five yards.

SCALES

In places, the mutant's skin has formed into hard, bony scales which act as a form of natural armour. Add 1 to the character's base injury value.

TALONS

The mutant's fingers are little more than sharp bone, which makes for a great natural weapon but hinders their manual dexterity. A character may have one or both hands as taloned. A taloned hand cannot be used to carry anything, but the character counts as being armed with a short sword (which cannot be dropped, etc).



NEW WARGEAR & RULES CORRECTION

The following is a new item of wargear to equip your characters with, and is used by Simeon 38X as detailed elsewhere in this issue.

DECAPITATORS

Decapitators are a vicious close combat weapon often fitted to combat cyborgs such as Pit Fighters, Arco-flagellants and Adeptus Mechanicus Praetorians. Consisting of four shear-like cutting blades, a decapitator can snip off whole limbs or, as the name suggests, lop of an enemy's head with one blow!

A decapitator has the following profile:

Reach	Damage	Penalty Parry
2	2D6	-25%

A character armed with a decapitator can attempt to make a special 'shear' attack. The attack is at -25% to hit, in addition to other modifiers. A shear attack does not do normal damage, instead the location hit automatically suffers D6 levels of injury. Increase the victim's injury total by the minimum amount

needed to inflict this amount of damage. For example, if a character with a Base Injury Value of 6 is hit in the arm, and the D6 roll comes up a 3, the injury is Severe and their injury total increased by 18.

RULES CORRECTION!

It appears the forces of Chaos breached manuscript security before Inquisitor was printed, leading to a somewhat bizarre physical alteration of our forces. Please note that the hit location table (and the one on the character sheet) is incorrect and should be amended to the following:

HIT LOCATION TABLE	
D100	Location
01-15	Right leg
16-30	Left leg
31-35	Groin
36-50	Right arm
51-65	Left arm
66-80	Abdomen
81-95	Chest
96-00	Head



Even though he is still bursting with new ideas for Inquisitor, Gav, in his role a Warhammer Loremaster, has just finished putting the final touches to the Tomb Kings Army Book. So it's about time he got back to Inquisitor!

EXTERMINATUS

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CAMPAIGNS

Many players have asked me to expand upon the short campaign rules given in Inquisitor, so I will oblige them here.

TIME FRAME

The rules in this and next issue work off an established time frame for your campaign. Depending on how long you want your campaign to last (in game terms, not real time) you should measure the time between scenarios in either days (for a 'quick burn' campaign) or in weeks (for something a bit more long-lasting and investigative).

This is where a campaign diary becomes really handy, so that you can keep notes on what the characters get up to between scenarios. Often it won't be necessary to keep track of every day or week, simply make a note of any time that has passed, any effect this has on injuries, training and so on, and any other notable activity.

PERMANENT INJURY EFFECTS

The following rules are in addition to the injury rules on page 176 of Inquisitor.

There is only so much injury a body can sustain, and repeated injury to a location will inevitably begin to take its toll on the character's health.

At the end of every game there is a chance that locations injured during that scenario have been permanently affected. This chance depends on how injured the location is. Roll on the Permanent Injuries table.

If a location suffers permanent injury, then it loses its lowest Injury level –

PERMANENT INJURIES	
Injury level	% chance of permanent damage
Light	None
Heavy	20%
Serious	40%
Acute	60%
Crippled	80%

cross out the box on the character sheet. For example, the first time a location suffers permanent injury, it will lose its Light damage box. This means that the first level of injury suffered will always be Heavy from then on.

GETTING TREATMENT

As with normal injuries, a visit to a specialist physician, surgeon, psych-healer or other medical person may offer a chance of reversing or reducing the effects of a permanent injury effect. Each visit can only heal a maximum of one permanent damage level, and cannot be undertaken while there are any short-term injuries on the location. As with other damage, if a location is replaced with bionics, any permanent damage will be removed.

CHARACTERISTIC REDUCTIONS

Unless otherwise stated, all characteristics which are reduced during a scenario will recover at the rate of 10 points per day. The effects of a characteristic being reduced to zero or below varies according to the characteristic. Note that although a

characteristic may be at zero or below, many characteristic tests are still passed on a roll of 01-05.

WS and BS: The character will only ever hit or parry with the minimum 5% chance that everyone has, regardless of any other modifiers.

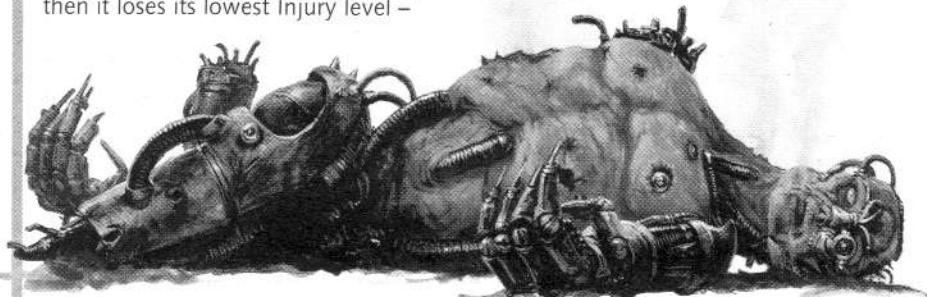
S and T: A character with these characteristics at zero or below falls into a coma and may do nothing while the coma lasts. Each day he is in a coma there is a 5% chance that he will die. If he does not pass away, he will recover 10 points to each reduced characteristic as mentioned earlier. When the characteristic goes above zero, there is a chance every day that the character will wake up. Take a normal characteristic test against the reduced characteristic, if this is passed then he wakes up. If both S and T are reduced, the character must pass a test against both in order to wake from the coma.

If S or T is ever reduced to a negative amount equal to the character's starting characteristic, he will die. For example, if a Toughness 67 character is reduced to Toughness -67, he will die.

I: A character with an Initiative value of zero or below counts as having Speed 1. In addition, outside of actual games he may not do anything related to the campaign as he is too exhausted and must spend all their time resting. This means that he can't go investigating, look for ammo and guns, even visit a medic or do similar activities. A character with zero or less Initiative may not spend any experience points he has earned (see below).

Wp: The character has no mind of their own and is completely open to suggestion. In order to perform any actions in a game, another character must tell him what to do (which will cost the guiding character one action to do so).

Sg: The character becomes a clinically insane, a drooling imbecile! While his



Sg remains at zero or below, he may do nothing at all outside of a game – he has to be kept restrained for his own protection. In addition, roll a D10 on the Madness table opposite to see what particular affliction the character is suffering from. When his Sg passes above zero again, there is a 25% chance that the character's madness is permanent.

Nv: The character becomes a total coward. All enemy characters he faces count as if they are terrifying to the character.

Ld: The character loses all sense of personality, discipline and personal hygiene. He will quite frequently forget what he is doing, wander off on his own and is otherwise easy to disorientate. The character acts as normal, with one exception. After he has performed each action, roll a D6. On a roll of 2 or more, everything is fine and he carries on as normal. On a roll of a 1, however, he forgets what he was up to and performs no more actions for the rest of the turn. Note that he does not count as stunned, he merely performs no more actions.

For example, if such an afflicted character had three successful actions and was aiming, firing and then aiming again, he must roll after each action. If you rolled a 1 after his first action then he would aim, but then forgets to shoot. If you rolled it after his second action he would aim and shoot but then forgets to aim again. There is no point rolling after the character's last action.

Well, that's it for now. Next month I'll be looking at experience and training.

MADNESS TABLE

D10 Effect

- 1 **Phobia.** The character is mortally afraid of the thing that drove him insane. The character who reduced the character's Sg to zero or below counts as having the Terrifying exotic ability against the afflicted character.
- 2 **Frenzied.** The character becomes a blood-crazed psychopath and follows the rules for the Frenzy exotic ability.
- 3 **Paranoia.** The character believes that everyone is out to get him, even his comrades. Roll a D6 at the start of every turn. On a 1, his paranoia overcomes him and he must use his available actions to either shoot or charge the nearest friendly character. On a roll of a 2, he may act normally unless in cover, in which case he spends the turn hiding as well as he can. On a roll of 3 or more, his paranoia has no effect.
- 4 **Invincibility complex.** The character believes himself to be impervious to all harm. The character is never pinned, and may not evade as a move, nor protect himself with skills such as deflect shot or dodge.
- 5 **Fearful.** The character jumps at his own shadow, and is easily startled. All enemy characters counts as having the Fearsome exotic ability to this character. In addition, he will only pass Pinning tests on a roll of 01-05, regardless of his Nv characteristic and any modifiers.
- 6 **Panic Attacks.** The character is prone to bouts of panic, during which he suffers loss of breath, disorientation and nausea. The character must take a Pinning test at the start of every turn.
- 7 **Catatonia.** The character occasionally lapses into a catatonic state, during which his eyes go blank and he does not respond at all to what's going on around him. At the start of every turn, there is a 10% chance that the character is stunned for the remainder of the turn. He does not fall prone if he goes catatonic.
- 8 **Hallucinations.** The character occasionally loses his grasp on reality. Every turn in a game, there is a 10% chance he will act as if affected by a Hallucinogen grenade.
- 9 **Wild Hallucinations.** The character is tormented by waking nightmares and visions. Every turn in a game, there is a 50% chance that he will act as if affected by a Hallucinogen grenade.
- 10 **Total Headcase.** Roll on this table at the start of every turn to see what madness he suffers from for the duration of that turn.

NEW WARGEAR

The following is a new item of wargear to equip your characters with, and is used by Techpriest Tezla, detailed elsewhere in this issue.

TEMPORAL PHASE DISTORT GENERATOR

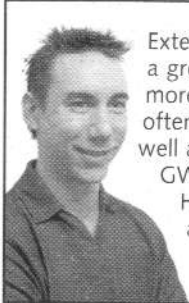
This item is unique to Techpriest Tezla. Based upon technology which Tezla uncovered in ancient Necrontyr ruins, the Temporal Phase Distort Generator acts as an anti-stasis field, turning the user partially insubstantial. When working efficiently, this can make Tezla impervious to harm. However, in order to work it has been cybernetically integrated into his own

body and malfunctions often occur, causing him grievous wounds and intense agony.

Every time Tezla is hit while the distort generator is operational, there is a chance that it simply passes through him. This chance is equal to 100% minus the amount of damage done. For example, if Tezla took 7 points of damage then there is a 93% chance that the hit has no effect on him whatsoever. However, if he does take damage this means that the generator has shorted itself out, and he takes double the normal amount of damage from bionic feedback. This is increased to triple damage if hit in the abdomen

or left arm, where the primary field controls are located.

It takes one action to activate or deactivate the field. While it is active, Tezla cannot interact with his environment outside the field. This means that he may shoot normally (as the bullets will leave the field) but cannot attack in close combat, operate machinery, etc. He may pass through solid objects whilst moving, though there is a 5% chance that the field shorts out as he attempts this, causing 2D6 damage to D6 locations and leaving him stunned for D3 turns at the point he tried to enter the terrain.



Exterminatus Magazine is a great place to find more rules. These are often written by Gav as well as other well-known GW staffers like Andy Hall, Graham McNeill and Phil Kelly.

EXTERMINATUS

Expanded Rules for Inquisitor

Exterminatus is our regular Inquisitor column, featuring new rules, wargear, special abilities, etc. This month Gav presents expanded rules for experience and training, as well as a new skill.

CAMPAIGNS

Following last issue's expansion on the rules for injuries, in this article we'll look at experience and training.

TIMEFRAME

In my mind I think of Inquisitor campaigns in two different ways. There are those I call 'short burn' campaigns which represent a lot of activity within a short space of game time. These

types of campaigns only have a couple of days (if that!) between scenarios, and might cover maybe a month at most of 'game time' (ie, time passed in the Warhammer 40,000 universe as opposed to here). In short burn campaigns, experience isn't likely to be much of a factor. After all, learning a new psychic power or skill is a time-consuming matter and not likely to be

undertaken in the midst of urgent fighting. Characters will gain experience between short burn campaigns, but generally not during them. Short burn campaigns are measured in days.

The other type of campaign is the 'long term' one. These campaigns spread over weeks, months and years. They represent much longer investigations, possibly taking in many different locations and with more 'between scenario' activity. In these campaigns, characters are much more likely to pick up new skills and abilities between scenarios. Long term campaigns are measured in weeks, or perhaps even months.

A lot of campaigns are a mix of the two, with long term gaming finishing with fast activity as it comes to a conclusion. For the purposes of campaigns I've split learning new skills, psychic powers, gaining profiles increases and so on into two categories – experience and training.

EXPERIENCE

Experience is just a posh way of saying 'practice makes perfect'. The more a character performs certain activities, the better he will get at them. Also, experience covers characters gaining near-instantaneous knowledge through their encounters and adventures.

If you are using experience in your campaigns, both the player and the GM should keep track of experience gained. After the scenario is over, you then work out whether the character's abilities have improved due to the experience they have gained over the course of the fight.

The way these improvements are recorded is through increases to the character's profile. Certain actions allow the player to make one or more Experience tests after the game is over. Each action is linked to a particular characteristic, against which the Experience test is taken.



To take an Experience test, roll D100 and compare it to the relevant characteristic. If the score is over the characteristic's value, then the character has improved and they add +5% to the value of the characteristic. If the score is equal to or under the characteristic, then there is no improvement for this scenario. This means that it gets increasingly more difficult to improve your characters, which is how it should be – becoming good at something is not too difficult, but becoming a master at it takes a long time.

Below is a list of common activities that allow the character to take an Experience test. Of course, GMs will need to interpret if other actions allow the characters to gain more tests for the same characteristic. A character can only make one Experience test per characteristic per scenario.

EXPERIENCE TESTS	
Action	Experience test
Surviving without going out of action	I
Firing a ranged weapon	BS
Making a close combat attack	WS
Using a psychic power	Wp
Passing a Pinning test	Nv
Achieving a scenario objective	Ld

100+ CHARACTERISTICS
Human characters cannot have a characteristic above 100. However, not all characters are human... if the characteristic being tested against is 100 or more and can be increased further (for example, a super-human Space Marine) then use the following procedure. Roll a D100 as normal. If the score is 96-00, then you may add another D100 to the total. If the second score is also a 96-00 you may add a third D100, and so on until you roll less than 96-00. Compare the total of the rolls to the characteristic to see if the Experience test is passed.

SPECIFIED EXPERIENCE
As well as general experience as detailed above, as part of the scenario the GM may specify certain bonuses or Experience tests for particular activities. If the character achieves the particular objective or attempts the specified action, then they will either get some kind of automatic increase or benefit, or be allowed a test of some kind to see if they learn from it. For example, in the battle report 'The Dweller Beneath' (page 63) Graham agreed that

Phil's Inquisitor Lichtenstein learnt the Machine Banishment psychic power through his conversing with the daemon Pharaa'gueotla (and probably a crash course in pronouncing daemon names as well!).

TRAINING
While experience reflects the natural improvements that a character may feel by continued conflict, training represents the characters going out specifically to learn a new skill or better themselves in some way.

Training takes weeks, even months, and occurs between scenarios. A character can train in a number of different areas. These are: improving characteristics; learning new skills; learning new psychic powers; rehabilitating from injury. Most characters can train in more than one thing at a time, be it several related skills, a particular skill and a characteristic increase, and so on. The maximum number of different areas a character can be training in at any one time is equal to half their Speed. For example, a Speed 4 character can train in two areas without losing any benefits, and so might choose to try to learn the Quick Draw skill and improve their BS.

Each campaign week spent training, the character takes a Wp test to see if they apply themselves adequately to their studies. If they pass they earn one Training Point which they can allocate to any skill or area they are currently training in. If the warrior band's leader spends the first day of a week lambasting and cajoling his warriors, they may use his Ld skill instead of their Wp if you desire.

At the end of any week, the player can trade in a character's Training Points in

a particular area to see if they have improved, learnt the skill or whatever. All training points in a given area have to be spent at the same time and only one test is taken (for example, you can't spend four Training Points on four separate tests at 1 point each). The chance of learning a given skill, psychic power, etc is based on a characteristic test, modified by the number of Training Points spent. If the characteristic test is passed then the characteristic improves by 5%; or the skill/psychic power is learnt; or the character rehabilitates his injury (see below for more details of this). All training tests of this kind pass automatically on an unmodified roll of 01-05, and fail automatically on a roll of 96-00.

TRAINING TESTS		
Training test modifiers		Modifier
1	Training Point spent	-50%
2	Training Points spent	-40%
3	Training Points spent	-30%
4	Training Points spent	-20%
5	Training Points spent	-10%
6	Training Points spent	-5%
7	Training Points spent	+5%
8	Training Points spent	+10%
9	Training Points spent	+20%
10	Training Points spent	+30%
11	Training Points spent	+40%
12+	Training Points spent	+50%
	Another character in the warband has this skill/psychic power.	+20%

FAILURE
If the training test is failed, this could signify a number of things. Look up the amount the test was failed by on the chart below:

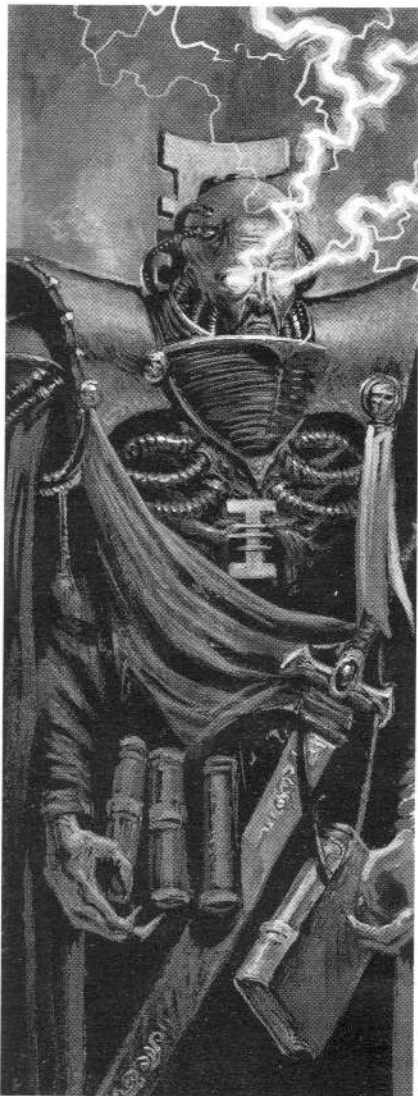
FAILURE	
Fails by	Effect
51% or more	The character cannot learn any more, regardless of how hard he tries. He may not train in this area again.
41-50%	The character must train much harder but may start again if he likes.
31-40%	The character may continue to train, and gets back D3 of the Training Points he spent.
21-30%	The character may continue to train, and gets back D6 of the Training Points he spent.
11-20%	The character may continue to train, and gets back all but D6 of the Training Points he spent.
01-10%	The character may continue to train, and gets back all but D3 of the Training Points he spent.

NEW CAMPAIGN SKILLS

Quick Learner: This character is very quick on the uptake, soaking up new knowledge and skills with a passion. At the end of every full four weeks of training, the character gains an extra D3 Training Points in all areas being trained for.

Mentor: The character is very good at helping get the best out of others. Each week the character is not training, he allows one other character in the warrior band to earn an extra training point for that week.

Tutor: The character is very good at passing on what he knows to others. When not training himself, the character may tutor one other character in a skill or psychic power which he possesses. The characters combine their Training Points, so in effect the pupil gains one extra training point a week.



PSYCHIC POWERS

Characters can learn psychic powers within a discipline they already know as they would a skill. If they wish to learn a new discipline, they must first learn the general principles of the discipline as if it were an individual psychic power itself (ie, they must first learn Pyromancy in general before they can train in specific Pyromancy powers).

REHABILITATION

A character can train to rehabilitate a location suffering from a permanent injury effect (see last issue). If the training is successful, then the character regains the highest injury level he had previously lost. For example, if he had a permanent injury to his left leg which had removed the light and heavy injury results, a successful rehabilitation test means that he would recover the heavy injury box on his leg.

NEW SKILLS

Characteristic	Used for training in
WS	Blademaster*; Feint; First Strike
BS	Deadeye shot; Gunfighter; Hipshooting
S	Furious assault
T	True grit; Rehabilitation**
I	Acrobatic; Ambidextrous; Catfall; Deflect shot*; Dodge; Quickload
Wp	Heroic; any psychic power
Sg	Medic***; Mentor*, Tutor*, new psychic discipline
Nv	Fast Draw; Lightning Reflexes; Nerves of Steel; Rock Steady Aim
Ld	Force of Will; Leader

*These skills can only be learnt from a tutor (see the box on new skills).

**These skills require specific facilities to train.

*** Both of the above!

As a final note to GMs, remember that Inquisitor is about playing scenarios, and training can give continuity to a

campaign but should never become more dominant than getting out your miniatures and playing!

NEW SKILL

The following is a new skill your characters might possess, and is used by Lucretia Bravus detailed elsewhere in this issue.

SUBDUE

This character is adept at stunning his foes and taking them in alive. This is obviously a very useful skill for a member of an Inquisitor warrior band, for knowledge is power and a captured foe is far more valuable than a dead one.

Subdue is a special action that can be used by the character when in close combat (not at arm's length, even if armed with a reach 4 or greater weapon). The character attacks as

normal. If he hits his foe, the blow automatically lands on the head location (no need to roll). Regardless of the weapon used, the attack only does D6 damage. As he has been hit in the head, the enemy character will have to pass a Toughness test or be stunned. If a character with this skill manages to subdue an enemy who is already stunned, the target is knocked unconscious. However, the subdued character counts as having the True Grit skill, and so may attempt to recover consciousness (it's a good idea to have someone keep an eye on subdued enemies to avoid nasty surprises!).

CHARACTER CAMPAIGN RECORD

Name: _____

Character History

Experience Points
Training Points
Kills

Permanent Injuries	
Location	Effect
Right Arm	
Left Arm	
Chest	
Abdomen	
Right Leg	
Groin	
Left Leg	

Campaign Notes

An evocative setting can really give your Inquisitor campaign an exciting edge. In this article, Gav Thorpe describes how he went about the creation of Karis Cephalon, the setting for the Studio Inquisitor campaign.

CREATING WORLDS

INQUISITOR CAMPAIGN SETTINGS

One of the things that really helps make a campaign work is having a well thought out, consistent setting which grows and changes over the course of the campaign, providing a 'real' environment in which the players' battles are set. Having done a bit of this myself, this is the first in a series of articles in which I'll be explaining how to go about doing just that – creating and running a world. To illustrate what I'm talking about, I will be developing the Imperial world of Karis Cephalon, the setting for our first Studio Inquisitor campaign.

GETTING STARTED

So, what are those basic details you'll need to know? Broadly speaking, you need to think of two things – politics and technology. In the Imperium, the two tend to be related to each other, and generally worlds are categorised by these two factors (see the box opposite for some examples of different Imperial worlds). Of course, Inquisitor being the

game it is, you may even want to set your campaign on a non-Imperial world; don't forget locations such as mining colonies on asteroids, orbital space stations, aboard starships and the like.

Many of the categories listed can be mixed and matched to create more complex environments, which come under the general heading of 'civilised world'. This is what I did for Karis Cephalon – I decided to go for a mix of agriculture, mining and commerce. I didn't want a cardinal world as such, but to create some intrigue and interest I gave the world a heavy Ecclesiarchy tradition, so that while it is actually ruled by an Imperial commander, the Cardinal of Karis Cephalon has a great deal of influence.

Technologically, I went for a fairly standard mix of high-tech and low-tech equipment. I wanted to create the impression that while the citizens of Karis Cephalon had access to certain wonderful advances of science, it was by no means complete. I picture a

world where steam-driven monorails criss-cross the continents on great steel constructions, but smaller combustion engines are not used. Instead, local transport is in the form of horse drawn carts and the like. It is this contradiction of different technologies which is one of the strongest themes of the Warhammer 40,000 universe, and I wanted a world which captured that theme in some very real ways.

PUT IT SOMEWHERE!

Have a look at a map of the Imperium and decide where you want your world to be. A world's location within the Imperium has an effect on many things, including how isolated it is from Terra, how much the Imperial organisations interfere with its running, how important it is considered and so on. A world in the Segmentum Solar, close to Earth, is likely to be old, established and an important part of the Imperium. Whereas a planet on the Eastern Fringe, at the edge of the Astronomicon and far from Terra, will be more of a frontier world, isolated from authority and left to its own devices for much of the time. Its locale will have other influences, such as the proximity of threats such as the Eye of Terror, the Tyranid hive fleets and Ork domains. Also, the position of your world will have some significance when determining its history (which I'll write about in a bit) and its part in major events that have affected the Imperium. This is where a bit of research will come in really handy.

Karis Cephalon is quite close to the centre of the Imperium, on the border between the Segmentum Solar and Segmentum Tempestus. Its location suggests that it's quite an old world, with regular contact with the Imperium, and reasonably close (in galactic terms!) to the spiritually important worlds of Terra, Ophelia and Gathalamor, establishing a reason for the Ecclesiarchy's greater influence in the world's politics. This also places Karis Cephalon quite close to the newly arrived Tyranid hive fleet Leviathan, and the growing Ork Waaagh! centred on Armageddon.



On the barren world of Zaron, two warbands struggle for supremacy.

IMPERIAL WORLD TYPES

AGRI-WORLDS

Agri-worlds are huge farms, geared towards exporting foodstuffs to hive worlds, forge worlds and other non-self sufficient places. They have a low population density and technology can range from self-managed farming with automated harvesters down to horse and plough level. Agri-worlds don't have a lot of military resource and are often vulnerable to attack. There are few large conurbations, and most of the populace lives in scattered rural communities. Slave labour is often employed in lower tech environments.

DEAD WORLDS

These worlds have minimal, even non-existent, life traces. This results from ecological catastrophe, devastating internecine war, Imperial or alien intervention or no attributable cause. Occasionally a dead world may harbour ancient technology, alien ruins and other sites of interest to the Inquisition, and some may have research stations, exploratory camps or fledgling colonies.

FORGE WORLDS

Forge worlds are the sovereign domains of the Adeptus Mechanicus. They are planet-wide factories and may also serve as a base of operations for one of the Titan Legions. Forge worlds are essential for the supply of arms and armour to the Imperium's combat forces. They are also vast repositories of knowledge, with extensive libraries and archives which would contain much of interest to an Inquisitor. The Adeptus Mechanicus guards this knowledge jealously, though, and outside interference and visitors are not encouraged.



MEDIEVAL WORLDS

These have a technical base just prior to or just after black powder state. Establishment of wide surface cultural and political organisations, for example trade guilds, fiefdoms and such like. Some useful recruiting for Imperial Guard and Adeptus Astartes. As with feral worlds, these planets are vulnerable to attack as they have little central organisation and very crude battlegear.

CARDINAL WORLDS

Cardinal worlds are ruled over by the Ecclesiarchy and act as centres of spiritual and physical power of the Ministorum of Terra. The Ministorum has a great deal of temporal power and resources, and cardinal worlds tend to be well-defended, with a fairly high degree of technology and standard of living. Usually they are governed by a council of Cardinals (hence the name) or perhaps a lone Cardinal acts in the role of Imperial commander.

RESEARCH STATIONS

This category contains a wide variety of locations, including orbital stations, asteroidal emplacements and other major facilities on dead worlds, death worlds or on other planets. Research stations are responsible for a wide variety of research, from animal breeding and domestication to weapons testing and gene engineering. They are also listening and watch posts for planetary and system defence of important worlds.



GARDEN WORLDS

Garden worlds are paradises, with rolling plains, deep forests, impressive mountain ranges and sweeping coastlines. These are havens for Imperial nobles and those with the resources and power as retreats, where they can go hunting, fishing, camping and other such wilderness delights. As you can imagine, these worlds are hotbeds of intrigue and heresy as decadent nobles, rogue traders, Imperial commanders and their like mix together, plotting and scheming as their kind are wont to do...

MINING WORLDS

As agri-worlds are to foodstuffs, mining worlds are to minerals. These are ore-rich planets which export unprocessed minerals and metals for manufacture on forge worlds and hive worlds. They are usually very rough and ready places, full of hardened miners and their equally hardened families. Digging under mountains often turns up strange artefacts, ancient fossilised remains and other material that would grab an Inquisitor's interest.

DEATH WORLDS

These are planets which are too dangerous to support widespread human settlement. They vary a great deal in type. Typical worlds may be world-wide jungles which harbour man-eating plants and carnivorous animals, or barren rockscapes strewn with volcanoes and wracked by nuclear storms. These worlds are near-impossible to colonise but must be properly explored, which necessitates the provision of outposts and other facilities. Some harbour rich mineral, vegetable, animal or gaseous resources.

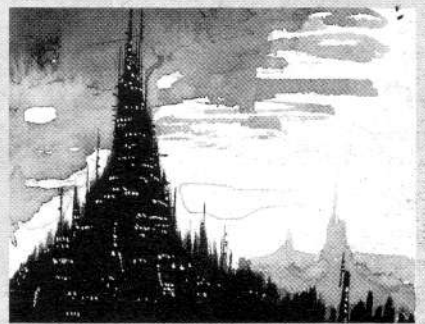


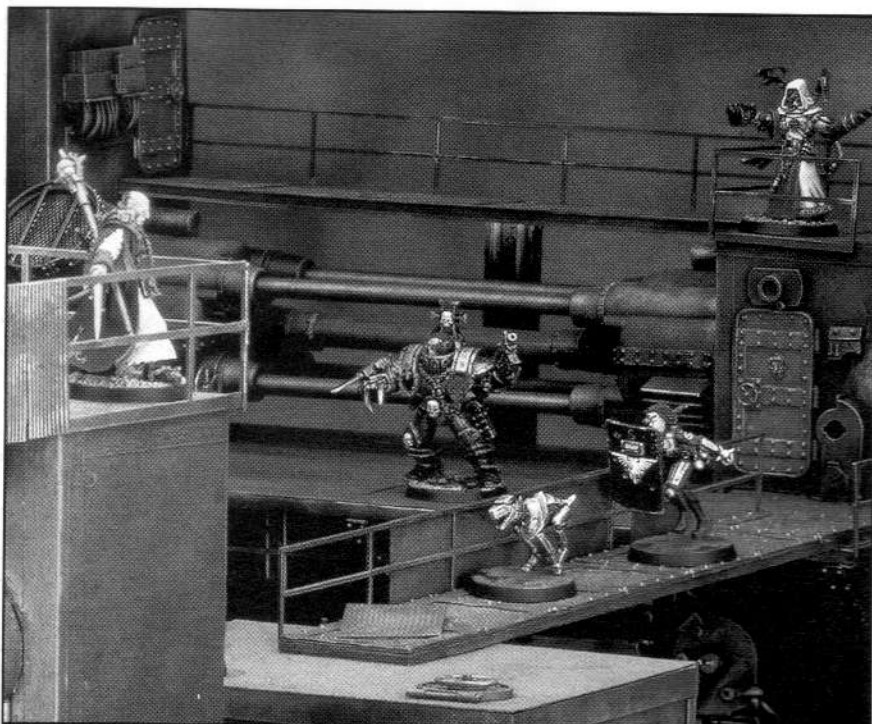
FERAL WORLDS

Feral worlds have a technological state which is considerably pre-black powder, even pre-Bronze or Stone age in the most backward cases. Sometimes they are a good source of Imperial Guard and Adeptus Astartes recruits. The Imperial commander is often distant, in orbit usually, with infrequent surface forays to establish purges of psychic talent and mutation. Warrior cults and widespread religious heresy in general are common amongst feral worlders, and Imperial commanders of such planets are frequently under suspicion of 'going native'.

HIVE WORLDS

The bulk of a hive world's surface is generally inhospitable, even deadly, to human life after centuries of pollution. Massive urban conglomerations called Hives, many miles in height, are the principle population centres. Factory, mining and atmosphere processing are the main industries. There is a high import/export ratio, particularly of foodstuffs and fresh water incoming, with machinery and war material outgoing.





Two warbands fight it out amongst the atmospheric processors of Magnos II.

POLITICAL ORGANISATION

How is your world ruled? Does it have a sole Imperial commander (this is usually the case) or some kind of committee? Does the title pass by hereditary right or is there some form of election system? What other

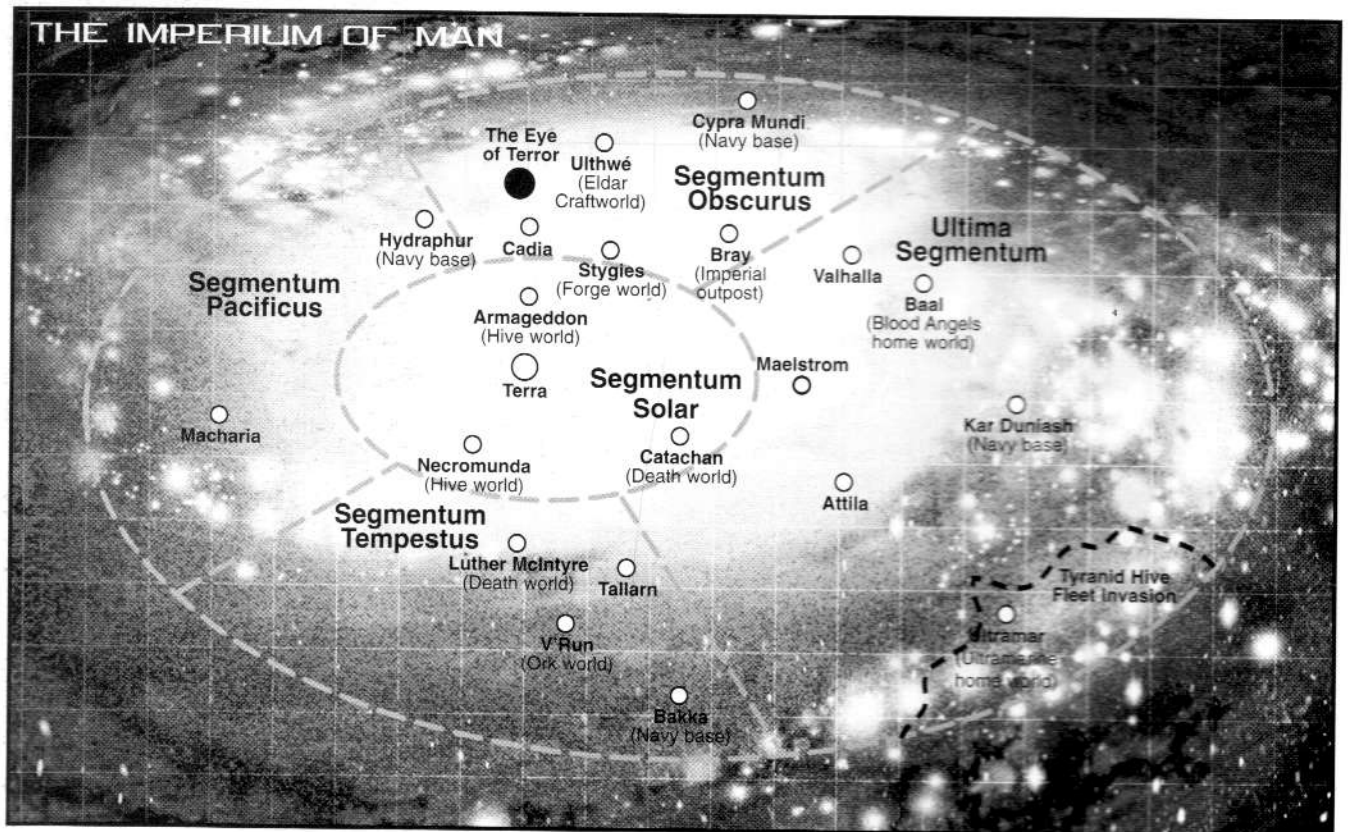
organisations have some power on the world? Examples include: trade guilds, workers unions, planetary aristocracy, slavers, manufacturing cartels, religious cults and of course Imperial organisations such as the Adeptus Mechanicus, Arbites, Sisterhood and the Adeptus Astartes.

There are not only legitimate power blocs to consider. Are there rebels on the world, who wish for a change in rulership? There may be pro- and anti-Imperial factions vying for dominance, terrorist groups who are pro-alien, or anti-mutant. There may be subversive religious sects. These underground factions can be used to aid or oppose the Inquisitors, depending on circumstances.

It is the interplay of these organisations – their politicking, backstabbing powerplay – that can generate many campaign and scenario plots as the Inquisitors try to unravel dastardly schemes and bring troublemakers to account.

What are the resources of these organisations? Do they have their own security forces, do they hire mercenaries (perhaps from off-world), is there a militia or standing army of some kind?

As I mentioned earlier, I wanted the Ecclesiarchy to play a strong part in the running of Karis Cephalon, as well as the standard planetary government. I opted to have the planetary commander as a democratically elected official, voted for by the ruling elite of the world. This electorate is formed from the farm and mine owners as those with economic influence gain political influence on Karis Cephalon. For some extra colour I also gave Karis Cephalon a slave underclass



RESEARCH

It's worth spending some time reading existing material, such as Warhammer 40,000, Codexes, White Dwarf and Black Library publications. For a start, there's probably plenty of things that will inspire you for ideas, while it will also highlight areas you might want to think about when creating your world. Plus, of course, it's fun reading all that background information...

of mutants. Mutant labour is an important commodity, and would be a defining part of life on Karis Cephalon. Obviously a large mutant population would be frowned upon by certain members of the Inquisition, while the elite are built upon the use of slaves and would be very keen to protect their interests against interference. The slaves themselves are another dimension. With any forced labour, insurrection is a very real threat, and I created a mutant underground movement which engages in terrorist activities to repeal the slave laws (without much success to date, I might add!).

ECONOMY

How does the world and the population sustain themselves? Is there a free economy or a socialist distribution of wealth and resources? How does money reflect political power? Is there a feudal system of taxation, or a more centralised economy? Does the world trade with other planets, or is it self-sustaining. The interaction with other worlds can be used to kick off a campaign and draw the Inquisition's attention. For example, what if a mining world suddenly stops fulfilling its contracts to an important military factory? The Inquisitors must find out what has stopped the mines producing, or perhaps someone on the inside is feeding information to human or alien pirates so that they can ambush the convoys en route.

This can also happen internally on a world. Picture a hive world where something has happened to the water processing plants. Water is in short supply, the populace is on the verge of dehydration and rebellion, those with the correct contacts start running black market supplies, and all the while no one knows why the water has stopped flowing.

As I mentioned, Karis Cephalon has a mix of agricultural and industrial

economy, and is generally self-sustaining. Individual wealth is based upon slave labour for the majority, and I figured that most of the people on Karis Cephalon were either members of or worked for one of a few merchant families that hold most of the planet's wealth. Only those of the Ecclesiarchy clergy would be outside this framework, although the Ministorum would also have its own mines and farms for generating wealth.

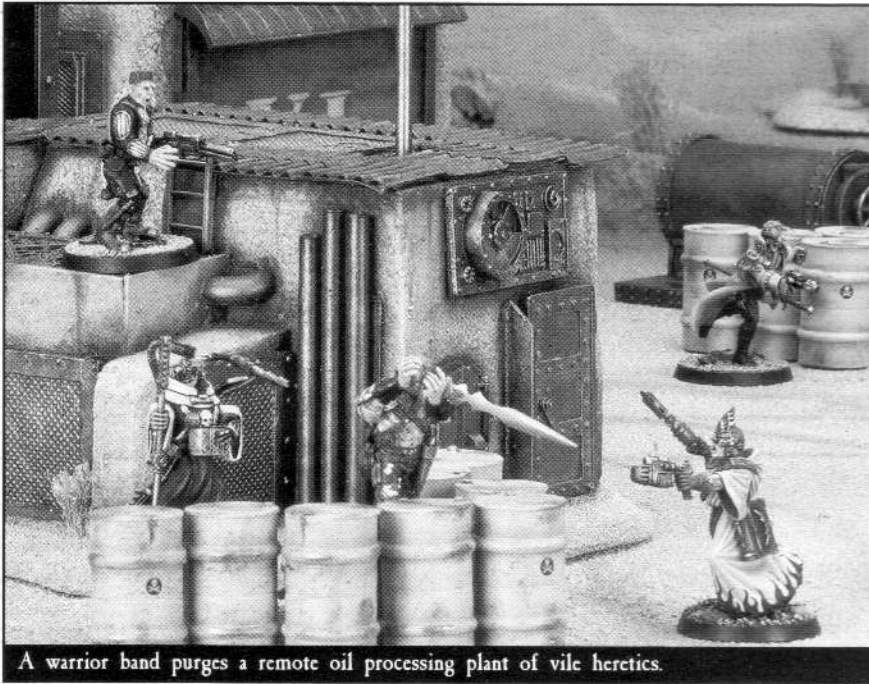
HISTORY

Nothing adds depth and gravitas to a setting like a bit of history. If you can make the players feel like this world has had an existence of its own before they arrived, that it's not just been constructed for them, then it becomes more real as an environment.

The detail of your history can vary. You can keep events that happened a long time ago reasonably vague, even mythical in some cases. Establishing a history isn't as difficult as it sounds, all you really need are a few key events that help to define the way the world is nowadays, or that introduce elements that may be picked up on in storylines during the campaign.

A good start is a timeline – a record of events that have occurred prior to the characters arriving. This is for your own reference more than the players, and is something which you can expand upon at a later time. The first thing to establish is how long the world has been settled. Does it pre-date the Imperium, was it settled during the Great Crusade, or has it been discovered (or rediscovered) in the last 10,000 years? This has an effect on the sort of world it will be, what customs and traditions may exist, and the kind of relationship it has with the rest of the Imperium. Generally, the older a world, the more set in its ways it will be. It may have religions that precede the Emperor and have been modified by the Ecclesiarchy, brutally stamped out, or perhaps still exist in heretical cults that are hunted down by the authorities. Over a long history, a world is likely to have been through all sorts of events, such as rebellions, alien invasion, Chaos incursions, schisms of faith, etc. Have a look at the background in Warhammer 40,000 publications and decide what was happening on your world during important ages such as the Horus Heresy, the Age of Apostasy, Macharius' Crusades and similarly important times of upheaval and





A warrior band purges a remote oil processing plant of vile heretics.

change. Was the world affected at all, involved heavily in these events or isolated from the turmoil engulfing the rest of the galaxy?

As well as the world's involvement in wider events, it's a good idea to come up with one or two pivotal moments in its own history. These should be something that have changed the course of the world's development, politics or economy in some way, such as a civil war, a natural catastrophe, or perhaps outside intervention such as an

invasion. A dramatic event like that can be used to explain why things are the way they are in the 'present' day.

For Karis Cephalon, its location would suggest that it was probably around at the time of the Horus Heresy, and definitely would have been involved in the centuries-long religious schism known as the Age of Apostasy. For some local flavour, I concocted a revolution a few thousand years ago, during which an old monarchy was overthrown by popular revolt,

establishing the new 'aristocracy' of plantation owners, mining families and slave traders. Perhaps there are still royalist factions on Karis Cephalon (though after several thousand years it's unlikely). It also serves to give Karis Cephalon a bit of a reputation for uprisings, and adds tension (and inspiration) to the current situation involving the mutant slave populace.

PLOT HOOKS

As well as older history, if you can come up with a few recent events, that have occurred just before the players arrive, or just after they've got there, this will add a sense of urgency and a feeling of the passage of time. Some of these should be connected to the campaign you have planned – cult activity, suspicious goings on, portents of doom – as well as unrelated occurrences which will serve to both mislead the Inquisitors and also reinforce the idea that the world doesn't solely revolve around the actions of the players.

Current affairs are a great source of plot hooks – ideas for adventures or campaigns that the players might follow up. You don't have to have plot hooks worked out in much detail, just enough that you have an idea where they will lead, and enough to excite the interest of the players without giving too much away.

Plot hooks can be characters as well as events, such as the arrival of a certain



Inquisitor or other important dignitary. Your plot hooks can be tied in with ancient history as well, with all manner of prophecies, mystic cycles and recurring events to foreshadow troubles yet to happen.

For Karis Cephalon, I set up a plague sweeping the mutant populace, leading to an upsurge in pro-mutant violence and activity. I also decided that the portents of the warp have led many to believe that Karis Cephalon is located at the centre of an astrological convergence. This will last for several years and narrow the gap between real space and warp space, allowing daemons and other entities to break through more easily. Such an event occurs very rarely and not only has it started to attract attention within the Inquisition, Adeptus Astra Telepathica and Scholastica Psykana, but also undoubtedly alien races will be drawn towards the world. If that wasn't enough, rumours are circulating that in the labyrinth of catacombs beneath the capital is an ancient weapon from the Dark Age of Technology, known only as the Angel. All three of these plot hooks can be expanded upon depending what grabs the players' attention, and maybe they are all linked in some way...

TELLING THE PLAYERS

Now that you've thought about all this, you need to find a mechanism to inform the players of some basic details. Depending on the character they are playing, this could take the form of an official briefing, gathered rumours, research in ancient tomes and the like. Present them with a document which contains information pertinent to their character, and unveil more as the campaign progresses. In fact, the quest for information may actually form a scenario to play – how about a heist on a library or archive to dig out some secrets, or perhaps the kidnapping of a local historian or archaeologist who has been digging around in places he really shouldn't be!

Opposite is an Inquisitorial report on Karis Cephalon which I would hand out to players before the campaign starts.

Well, that's just a few pointers to going about creating a world for your Inquisitor setting. In future issues I'll be looking at developing actual locations within your setting, and also scripting a campaign for your players.

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REF: Inq/01159704311/BR
AUTHOR: Inquisitor Raxus
SUBJECT: Karis Cephalon; an overview
THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: "Knowledge is power, guard it well."
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>>ATTACHED SYSTEM DATA DOWNLOAD<<
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```
Name: Cephalon
Sector: Coptis
Location: Segmentum Tempestus
Attitude: VH40/HS110
Distance from Terra: 5,300 light years
Primary type: 3M
Orbital bodies: 5; d-class; d-class; Cv-class; M-class; D-class
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Planet: Karis Cephalon
Mean Orbital Distance: 145,900,000 km
Mass: 1.02
Orbit: 1.24
Rotation: 1.45
Equa. Diam.: 10,900 km
Gravity: 1.12
Satellites: None
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>>PLANETARY DATA DOWNLOAD COMPLETE<<
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Founding: Karis Cephalon was originally settled during the Golden Age, and was rediscovered during the Great Crusade circa 350.M30.

Notable Historic Events: Until the late 33rd Millennium, Karis Cephalon was ruled by a Monarchy. A popular revolt, led by trade and farming leaders and aided by much of the planetary army, overthrew the ruling elite and established a semi-democratic process. The new regime was officially recognised by the Adeptus Terra in 881.M33.

Notable Features: Karis Cephalon possesses a large mutant population which forms a slave labour force for the planetary economy. Local laws segregate such slaves, and they have no legal rights. There have been several abortive slave revolts in the planet's history but none have seriously threatened the power of the ruling classes.

Karis Cephalon is the centre of the Lucid tendency, a highly puritan faction within the Ecclesiarchy. The Cardinal of Karis Cephalon has great influence at the Synod Ministra on Ophelia, and also much local authority on Karis Cephalon itself.

Past Inquisitorial Involvement: See separate sub-files on [a76h] Slave-trading; [um872] licensed mutants; [y76bg] Ministorum power blocs

Recent Investigations: None within last thirty years.

Unsubstantiated Data: The Capital of Karis Cephalon is built around the Amethyst Palace, which itself is centred on a pre-Imperial construct known locally as the Needle of Sennamis, possibly of non-human origin. Some Inquisitors have speculated that the Needle acts as a psychic conductor, and that it has a warp resonance. However, this has never been detected or measured by conventional means.

The Amethyst Palace has extensive catacombs which are believed to house numerous Dark Age technologies, including a weapon known as the Angel [ref: Codices of Alurha, vol. 5, 'The Angel of Destruction was brought forth and the light of death razed the sinful city to ruins.']

The family of the current Imperial commander has been investigated several times over the last three centuries for connections with diabolic cults, irregular practices and possession of unholy artefacts and materials. No conclusive proof was discovered in all cases.

Gav Thorpe continues his look at creating your own campaign settings. This time Gav discusses adding specific locations to your planet by looking at the key sites he created for the world of Karis Cephalon.

Following on from my previous article discussing some ideas concerning worlds to set your Inquisitor campaigns on, I'll be looking at adding specific locations to your setting. These add detail to your world and will also be some of the places where your Inquisitor scenarios are actually played out. As before, I'll be citing examples from Karis Cephalon, the world where our own Inquisitor campaign is currently based.

HOW MANY?

The number of locations you detail will depend on a number of things. Firstly, how long you intend your campaign to last. If the characters are only going to be around for a short while, it probably isn't worth going into too much effort concerning places they won't be visiting. On the other hand, if you want the characters to be spending a lot of time on your world, it is worth coming up with more locations, some of which you may not intend to use yet, but will add depth to the background and possibly act as hooks for further scenarios later in the campaign.

You also need to consider how much moving around the characters are going

CREATING WORLDS

INQUISITOR CAMPAIGN SETTINGS

to do, as well as how many different warrior bands are involved in the campaign. If you have quite a few players, you will probably need more locations for them to meet in. If you have too many fights in a single place it'll start getting a reputation as Inquisition Grand Central!

As a rule of thumb I'd say you need three different locations to start with, and should probably introduce at least the same number again during the campaign if possible. This should give you some choice and variety to start with, without being too much work up front, and should allow the characters to 'explore' their environment as they become more familiar with the world and the campaign. Remember that you don't necessarily have to play a game in all of these locations, some of them might be mentioned as extra background, possibly for later inclusion.

WHAT ARE THEY FOR?

Although you may have created an overview of the whole planet, you'll need to have some actual places for your warrior bands to fight. These locations will be tied in quite strongly to the plot of the campaign and the

individual scenarios themselves. It is important that they have as much character as the rest of the campaign and reflect the atmosphere you want to evoke. For example, a gunfight in a random city street may be fun but doesn't really add much to the storyline you're trying to build. A shoot-out across tumbledown and overgrown ruins in the gardens of the usurped Governor's mansion might do the trick!

Tying locations to the campaign plot works both ways. You might have a particular scenario in mind which requires a specific location – if two Inquisitor warrior bands are fighting over possession of a certain book, for example, where is it being held? However, locations can also be the spur for a scenario idea. Not all scenarios have to be linked directly to the campaign, and some may even be red herrings or dead ends plot-wise. As an example, you might have thought up this wonderful setting, let's say a grandiose cemetery where the planet's powerful elite have been buried for millennia. You can picture it in your mind – the massive mausoleums and grand tombs, some the size of small palaces. But what has all this to do with your campaign plot of saving the world from a pre-Heresy death cult? Well, obviously there are myths and rumours that one of the caskets in the cemetery contains ancient documents dating back to pre-Imperial times, when the cult was founded. This, of course, can be utter nonsense if you don't want the Inquisitors to have that sort of information, but it doesn't stop them fighting for possession of the mausoleum in question...

THE QUESTION OF TERRAIN

One of the main constraints to the number and variety of locations in which you can play scenarios is the terrain you have to fight over. However, there are a couple of simple tricks you can use to make a little scenery go a long way. For a start, if your basic terrain set isn't too specific, different set-ups can be different places. Draw two or three maps using the terrain in



GAMING LOCATIONS

your collection and see how laying out the pieces in different places can shape the location. The amount by which you bunch up or spread out the terrain can be the difference between the narrow winding alleys of an Imperial city and an open plaza in front of an Ecclesiarchy cathedral. Use the same set-ups two or three times so that the players get used to certain areas having a defined layout. That way, when you change the setting, all you need to do is change the layout to show it's a different area of the city/catacombs/Imperial Guard base, or whatever your terrain collection may represent.

Special features are another simple way to add some variation. As with a pre-set layout, a certain room, building, monument or other feature can be associated with particular places, and can also be tied in to the scenario being played. This might be a statue under which is supposedly a secret entrance to an underground bunker, it might be a hollow altar table which hides secret texts of a forbidden cult, or it could be dozens of other things. Building one terrain feature for a scenario is a lot less daunting than trying to fill the whole gaming table.

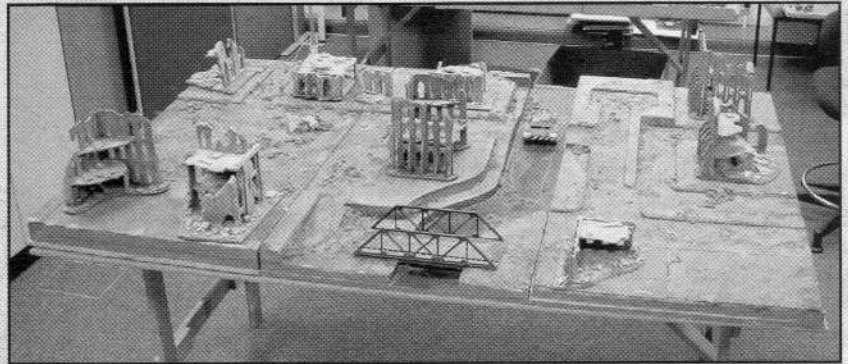
The point is, you don't necessarily have to make terrain for a whole table to invent a new location, it may be possible to do, with a combination of set-ups and unique features.

That said, if you have the time and resources, introducing a new terrain set-up part way through the campaign can really give the players a sense that they are somewhere new. You may already have an apocalyptic final battle between the Inquisitors in mind, and a specially built terrain set would be a stunning end to the campaign. Of course, you don't have to use the scenery just the once, but its first use would really add a dramatic twist and lend importance to the scenario. After all, your players are going to know that you went to some effort and will be expecting a really entertaining battle (just don't spend so much time on the terrain that you don't have time to write a suitably exciting scenario to go with it!).

Now we're quite fortunate here at the Studio to have a number of gaming tables and terrain collections. Looking at these, I devised a number of locations in which scenarios may take place, and these are shown.

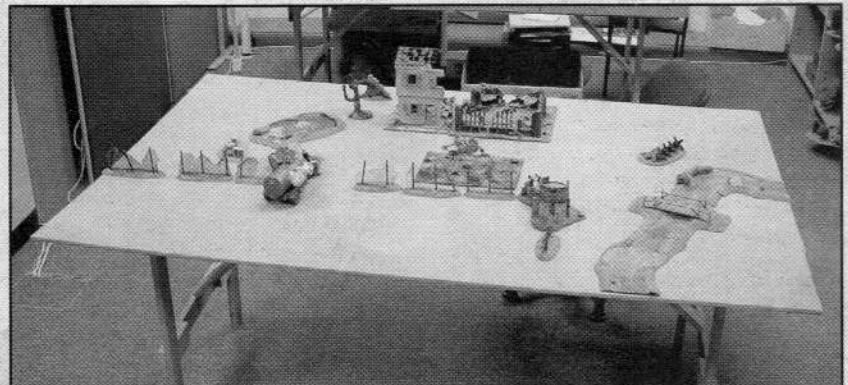
THE SEWERS

Although built for Warhammer 40,000 cityfights, we have also used these boards to represent the sewers beneath the capital (the canal in particular helped this). The sewers are a great environment for many miscellaneous encounters and make a nice, subterranean change from fighting in buildings or streets. On occasion we have used Warhammer and Necromunda giant rat miniatures to represent swarms of rats which attack models stunned or taken out of action. The sewers are also home to the mutant terrorists and other nefarious criminals and scum.



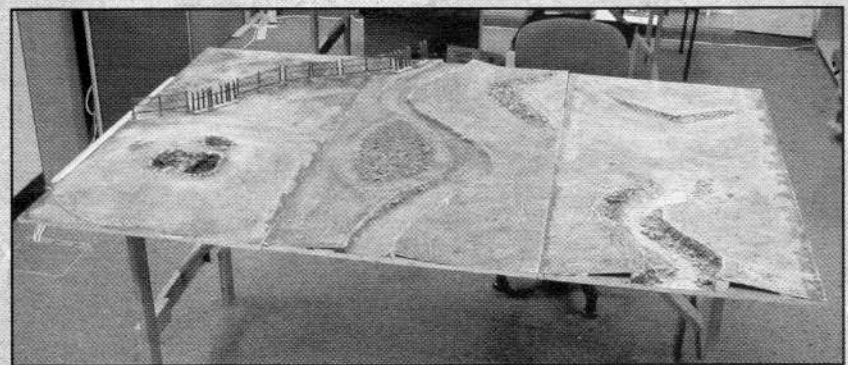
SLAVE PLANTATION

Your traditional green Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000 board can still be put to good use for Inquisitor. In this case, the addition of a few pieces of appropriate architecture and abandoned machinery allows us to recreate a derelict farm. Perhaps it has been overrun by a slave revolt, and some of the mutant rebels are still hiding out. This seemingly deserted outpost could be the lair of a rival Inquisitor, anti-slavery forces or even a highly militant anti-mutant group.



MOON BASE PRIMIS

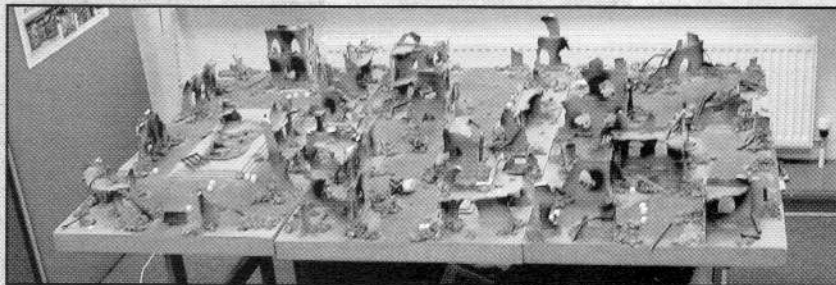
This was a board I used for a scenario set outside a shuttle base on Karis Cephalon's moon. The scenario revolved around one warrior band trying to sneak into the compound and steal a shuttle to get to the capital to link up with their allies. The Governor's security forces had been put on alert and, led by a sympathetic Inquisitor, were patrolling the perimeter. It's a very open board, so to help out the infiltrators I imposed serious modifiers to awareness rolls, based upon the assumption that the base was currently on the moon's dark side.





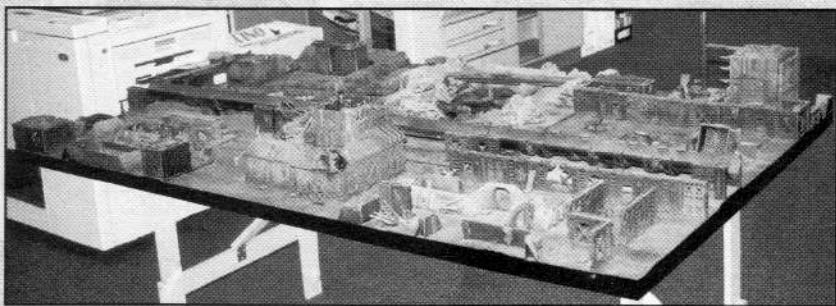
AMETHYST PALACE WEST WING

The centre of Karis Cephalon's capital is the Amethyst Palace, which I imagine to be a sprawling, Gormenghast-like building, more like a small town than a single building. Part of the history I have developed was the revolution several thousand years ago, and during the rebellion I envisioned that a large part of the Amethyst Palace, namely the west wing, was reduced to burnt-out rubble. It is a warren of hidden corridors and buried treasures, and home to all manner of scavengers, fortune hunters and other ne'er-do-wells. Since the Amethyst palace itself predates the Imperium, it is quite likely that pre-Imperial artefacts may be found somewhere within the west wing ruins. The collapse of part of the floor has also created some entrances to the fabled catacombs beneath the city. Based on another of our cityfight boards, the west wing looks more like it could be the remnants of vast sprawling rooms and galleries, rather than just individual buildings.



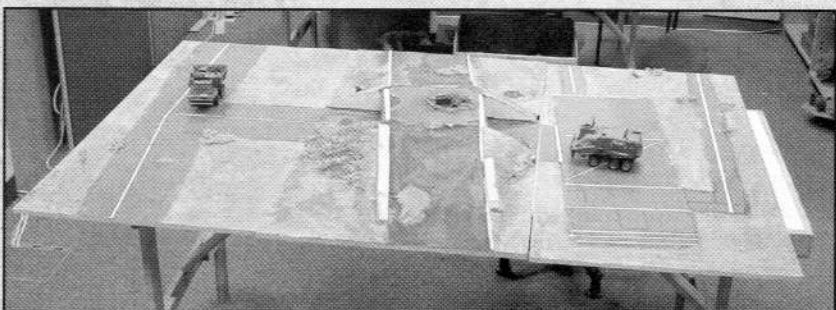
CATACOMBS

As well as the sewers, the capital, Cephalon, is riddled with ancient catacombs from when the planet was originally settled. Here are clues to the settling of Karis Cephalon, perhaps the location of the mysterious Dark Age of Technology weapon called the Angel. Many of you may remember this as our Space Hulk board for the Armageddon campaign. Well, it's been pressed into service again as our Inquisitor catacombs. The blend of open areas and narrow conduits, plus the small doorways which serve as access hatches at this scale, gives it a much denser, more constructed look than the sewers, and the pipeline running its length adds an interesting tactical option for games played across it. This is actually one of my favourite boards to play across.



THE AMBUSH SITE

This was a fun location as well, which inspired a simple ambush scenario – with a twist. Set out in wastelands surrounding one of the mines, an Inquisitor was on his way to find out why communication had been lost, suspecting mutant terrorist activity. A band of opportunist outlaws ambushed the vehicles en route, not knowing that they contained such a powerful individual. The scenario involved them breaking off the attack and getting back to their own transport before the vengeful Inquisitor, who was convinced of more sinister motives behind the attack, caught up with them! In this game I didn't actually have the vehicles moving, they merely provided cover to fight around, but some of the games run have included moving vehicles and I hope to publish some rules for dealing with these in the future.



TEMPLES

Religious sects, occult goings on and spiritual deviancy are all central themes for Inquisitor. Temples and shrines are perfect locations for all sorts of cult activity. Modelling a 54mm cathedral might be beyond most of us, but a secret tabernacle hidden away in another building, or perhaps the crypt of an Ecclesiarchy chapel, is a more manageable project.

CATACOMBS AND SEWERS

As I mentioned earlier, all sorts of underground adventures can be had. No self-respecting settlement is without a network of tunnels and caves beneath it – a lair to fugitives, mutants, bloodthirsty cults and the resting place of ancient archeotech, any of which can be used for the basis of a scenario.

INDUSTRIAL COMPLEXES

This includes mines, atmosphere processors, munitions factories, depots and similar constructions. This can also include more extravagant locations;

perhaps a gas harvester on one of the system's gas giant planets, or maybe a corpse recycling plant on a hive world cut off from the rest of the Imperium for years and desperately short of food (yeugh!).

SPACE PORTS

To get anywhere off a planet you need a spaceship of some sort, from visiting an orbital station to following the trail of a hated foe halfway across the galaxy. Not all Inquisitors have their own starships and will need to stow away, steal or otherwise commandeer one. Inquisitors who do have their own transport may have to protect it from attack, or perhaps make a daring escape when things go wrong...

ARMOURIES AND MILITARY FACILITIES

Anywhere where there are lots of weapons for the unfaithful to use against Imperial servants, the Inquisition is going to take a keen interest. Imagine a fight in the ammo warehouses, where all combat has to be hand-to-hand, because a single stray shot could engulf the whole place in a massive explosion. Or an investigation into a senior military

commander, whose troops are utterly loyal to him and must be avoided or otherwise dealt with.

ARCHIVES AND LIBRARIES

There is an ancient Imperial proverb, "Knowledge is power, guard it well." Some libraries in the Imperium date back to as far as the Dark Age of Technology, and many are the secrets they contain if only you know where to look. The Adeptus Mechanicus frequently search such facilities for fabled Standard Template Construct data, either with permission or more illicitly.

STARSHIPS

The warships and merchant vessels of the Imperium can be huge vessels, space-borne cities with all of the in-fighting, cult activity and heresy you would find in any other settlement. So much so, in fact, that pretty much any of the other locations mentioned here could be found aboard a starship, as well as more specific places like the plasma reactor chambers, gun decks, command bridges and shuttle bays.

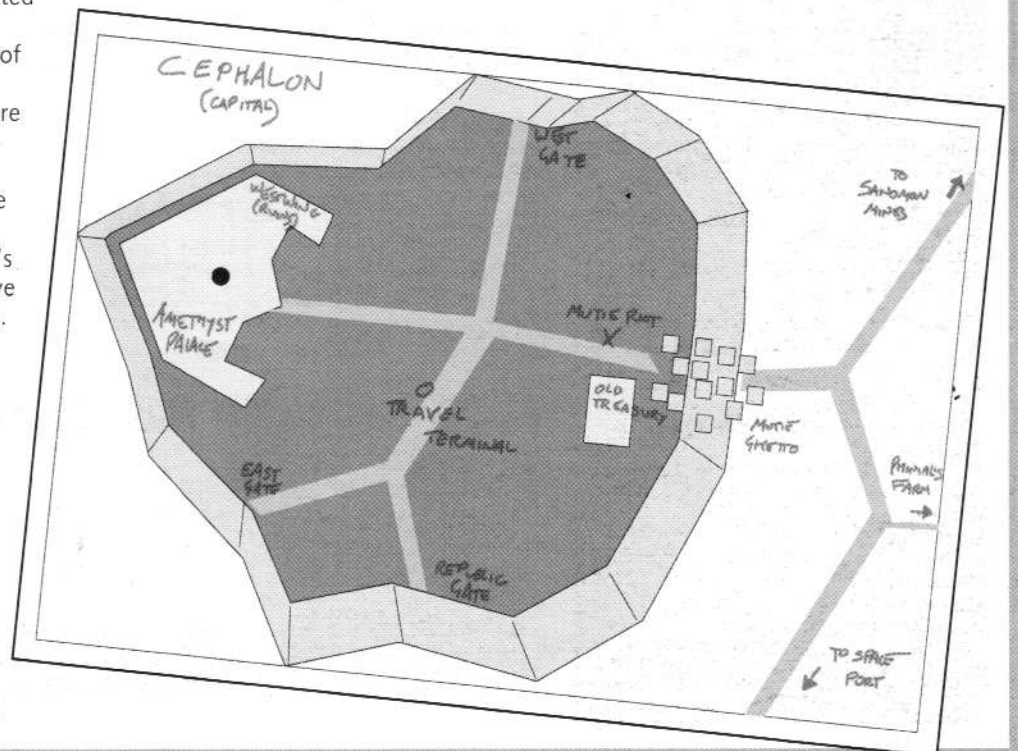
MAPS AND DIAGRAMS

There's nothing like a map to give the impression that a place is real. Maps can vary from a few hasty scribbles, to elegant 3-D computer generated works of art (if you have the resources and skills for that sort of thing!). There are two sorts of maps you can do. Firstly, there are maps in the traditional sense, which show a city, area of wilderness, or perhaps the whole planet. These can be used to provide an overview of the area's topography and show the relative positioning of different locations.

Secondly, there are more detailed schematics of actual locations, such as a small scale street map and internal layouts of buildings. These have a couple of uses. Firstly, if they are based on your terrain collection, you have a record of the set-up for the location if you play more than one scenario there. Secondly, you can use them as part of the scenario briefing for the players.

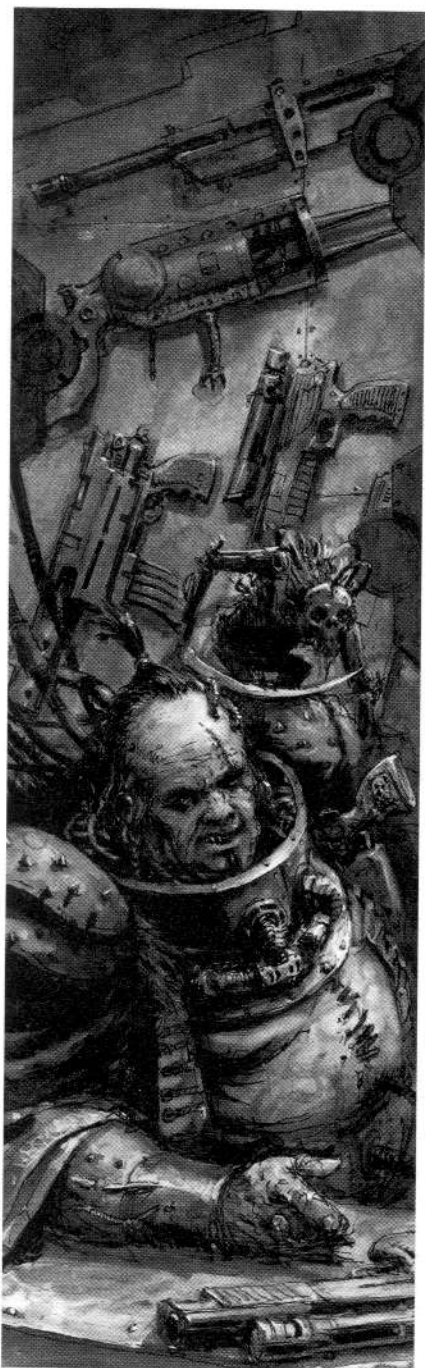
Presenting the players with a map each and asking what their plan is going to be, where they're going to enter and so on, gives them time to prepare

before the encounter, and actually scouting out the area or finding the map could be the objective of an earlier scenario...



Gav Thorpe continues his look at creating your own campaign settings. This chapter Gav looks at how to go about creating characters for your world by looking at the key personalities that populate the world of Karis Cephalon.

In the last two articles I looked at creating a planet and then adding some scenario locations to it. This month I'll be getting even more detailed, looking at people for your characters to visit, perhaps for aid or equipment, or just for information.



CREATING WORLDS

INQUISITOR CAMPAIGN SETTINGS

WHO ARE THEY?

Planets have populations (well, normally), and by interacting with people on a world, your players will become more involved with your setting than if they simply use it as a battlefield. For the most part, the players will be dealing with characters belonging to other players (most likely shooting at them!) but the odd between-scenario encounter or visit helps provide some context and continuity to your games. These people are called non-player characters (NPCs), because they are characters controlled by you, the GM, rather than a player.

As you might expect, there's no limit to the number and variety of these NPCs, but you should really limit yourself to a few who are likely to crop up again and again, like the supporting actors in a film. The idea of the setting and NPCs is to add a backdrop to your scenarios, and you have to be careful that they don't start to dominate the proceedings, which may happen if you have too many NPCs popping up between every scenario.

Opposite I've detailed a few of the more important NPCs that can crop up on Karis Cephalon, but these are just a small selection of those you might want to include in your own campaigns.

WHERE DO YOU FIND THEM?

This is as much a question of, "how do I tie them in with my players' warrior bands?" There are two basic ways to look at using NPCs between scenarios. Firstly, the characters seek them out. Secondly, they seek out the characters.

In the first instance, the results of a scenario may mean that the characters have to go and see someone. Now, this may be as simple as trying to find more ammo and getting patched up by the local sawbones, or it might be important to the ongoing plot. As far as plot-driven encounters go, the relevance of the NPC depends on who they are and your storyline. Do they have important information? Do they possess a vital artifact or piece of

equipment? Also, is the NPC an enemy, co-operative, open to bribery, etc? It's important that you spend time thinking about the NPCs in this way as much as you would an ordinary character. If you're looking for a 'cardboard cut-out' NPC to fill a role, they're probably not worth including at all – a simple line in the next briefing to cover the meeting will be enough.

FOR A FEW CREDITS MORE...

For buying guns and other equipment, your characters will need a contact. This may be officially, such as local military forces or an Arbiters Courthouse. It may be a slightly more dubious connection, through the black market, rebels or perhaps a Rogue Trader. When attempting to get ammo and equipment, availability is important. As I mention in the 'Wargear in Campaigns' section of Inquisitor (p.176), access to different equipment varies from place to place. It is this variation you need to sort out for your campaign, and will add a particular flavour to your setting.

The most straightforward way of adjusting the availability of equipment is to increase or decrease the percentage chances of particular types of wargear. It may be as simple as saying that the chances of finding Rare equipment at Finnegan's Wares is increased to 60%. On the other hand, wouldn't it be far more characterful to say that there is a 60% chance of finding Rare equipment at Finnegan's Wares, but there is a 10% chance at the start of the next scenario that the wargear is faulty and must be discarded.

You can get more specific than this, isolating particular weapon and equipment types for special treatment. It may be that instead of all Rare weapons being more available at Finnegan's Wares, he specialises in shotguns, so all Rare shotgun ammunition comes in batches of 2D6 rounds, rather than D6 rounds as is normally the case. He doesn't care

much for las weapons though, and any las weapon reload counts as Rare for the purposes of availability.

For bionics, you should have a Techpriest or surgeon NPC with both the equipment and the spare parts. Depending on where the campaign is set, there may be a chance of the implantation going wrong, or a cap on the level of technology available (ie, only crude bionic arms are available, and no advanced bionics of any sort). The same can be said of medical treatment. In last issue's Exterminatus column I detailed some permanent injury rules which you can use to

characterise your medical NPCs, giving them either a better or worse treatment rate or chance than normal.

'THIS ISN'T MY PROBLEM!'

So far I've talked about NPCs off the battlefield, but now and then you might want to drag them into the firing line. The important thing is that you'll need a miniature for them. Scenarios involving NPCs can revolve around rescuing them, protecting them, kidnapping them, assassinating them and doing all sorts of other unpleasantness. Or perhaps, the NPC is just in the wrong place at the wrong time. Maybe they're caught in

the crossfire by a surprise ambush attempt on one of the characters, or they could unwittingly be carrying a vital clue, and they must run the gauntlet to get to safety.

The inclusion of an NPC or two in a scenario can add a flavourful twist to an otherwise pretty straightforward fight. Also, as GM, it's the opportunity to flex your playing muscles and push some miniatures around, which can never be a bad thing!

Anyway, that's me done for now, but remember to check out www.exterminatus.com for more stuff on campaigns and Karis Cephalon.

USEFUL PEOPLE TO KNOW ON KARIS CEPHALON

CHIRURGEON MONQUE

Once physician to the Imperial Governor, Monque mysteriously went into hiding several years ago. The reasons for this remain unclear, and many rumours abound concerning his hurried departure. These theories range from him escaping the Governor's wrath after an unsuccessful operation, to fleeing for his life after trying to blackmail the Governor with information that reveals he is a mutant.

Monque now runs a surgery somewhere in the old royal quarter, and is believed to provide medical assistance to the mutie terrorists known to be operating in the area. He is highly skilled, but has little equipment and so his results can be erratic at times.

Chirurgon Monque has the ability to fit bionic parts supplied to him, but any characters requiring such an operation will need to provide the necessary components as Monque cannot get them himself. Monque also manufactures his own pharmaceuticals, and for the right price can provide medi-paks, all types of combat stims in injector or inhaler form, de-tox doses and his own pain suppressor known as Ease. Ease can be used just like a combat stim and each dose reduces the character's injury total by D6.

CARDINAL KODAZCKA

A major official amongst the Lucid Tendency faction of the Ecclesiarchy, Kodazcka is pretty much joint ruler of Karis Cephalon, although technically he has only spiritual authority over the

populace. The Lucids are a minimalist, puritanical sect, opposed to indulgence of any kind. Karis Cephalon is one of the heartlands of the Lucids, with a stranglehold over religious belief in the surrounding systems that has lasted for hundreds of years. It is a brave Inquisitor who crosses Kodazcka on his home ground without good reason.

The Cardinal Palaces of Kodazcka are part of the much larger Amethyst Palace, protected by his own elite guard. Recently, the purely ornamental arms of this guard have been supplemented by more practical weapons – a sure sign of the growing tension across the capital and beyond. Should he be called upon to provide forces, he will delegate authority of his personal guard, and may even supply one of the four arco-flagellants kept within the palace dungeons. It is rumoured, that he can also call upon a squad of Battle Sisters supposedly hidden somewhere within the Amethyst Palace's meandering corridors and rooms.

LATHESIA, MUTIE FREEDOM FIGHTER

Lathesia is a fiery teenager, who recently took control of the mutant resistance fighters, who until then had been operating in scattered bands. She is wanted by the Imperial authorities for a long list of charges, but has yet to be captured. Her latest hideout, in the old royal quarters, was raided recently and several of her underlings were killed and others captured. Their interrogations describe Lathesia as a pretty young woman, whose only visible mutations are a slight scabbing of the skin around her joints and jet

black eyes. Some claim she is a prophetess and that her strange eyes allow her to see into the souls of others, but many discount this as wild speculation and legend-building.

Lathesia is a potent enemy and a valued ally, depending on whether she sees you as friend or foe. She has connections throughout the mutant community, and has stockpiled many firearms over recent months. She is a little flighty, however, and likely to charge off on some noble crusade without thinking through the consequences properly. Some believe she craves martyrdom.

'RED' IVAN, ARMS MERCHANT

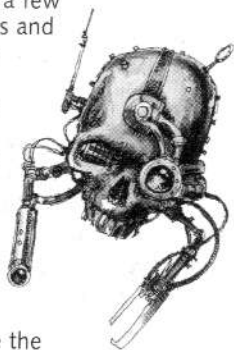
Ivan Constantine, or 'Red' as he is commonly known due to his many burn scars from a explosion several years ago, is one of the few merchants licensed to sell weaponry on Karis Cephalon. He has access to a wide variety of equipment, and is not above risking his license on occasion to provide arms with no questions asked, or to seek out more exotic wargear.

Ivan can be found in Cephalon, the planet's capital, where he has a large warehouse protected by a veritable army of guards. His irregular shipments from offworld arrive at the local spaceport, and would make a perfect target for a heist if planned properly. On the other hand, Ivan bears a grudge like no other, and if you cross him he will do everything in his considerable power to ensure that one morning you don't wake up, whether you're a scabrous mutie rebel or an Inquisitor.

Inquisitor author Gav Thorpe concludes his look at creating your own campaign settings, looking at the overview and structure of campaigns...

In this final part of the series, I will round off by talking about one of the most vital parts of any campaign settings – the campaign plots.

I've touched on a few ideas about plots and coming up with scenarios and campaigns both in Inquisitor itself and in the earlier articles of this series. This month I'll be finishing off by examining how to combine the various elements of characters, NPCs and locations into a workable campaign plot. To do this, I like to use the idea of the TV season and the plot tree.



TV INSPIRATION

Graham, Phil and Rowland, who run our Studio campaigns, came up with an interesting way of plotting a campaign or series of campaigns. They took their model from TV series such as Babylon 5 or Buffy the Vampire Slayer. Each episode is a stand-alone story in its own right, but contains threads which tie into a greater plot. In Inquisitor terms these are divided into seasons (campaigns) and episodes (scenarios). As there is continuity from season to season, you also create continuity from campaign to campaign. This also means that you can bring in extra players for the one-off scenarios if you like, without them having to participate in the entire campaign.

WHERE TO BEGIN?

Oddly enough, the best place to start plotting a campaign is at the end. It is much better to know where you want to end up, and then work your way there, then it is to have a starting point which could lead anywhere. This also helps to ensure that your campaign has a suitably satisfying and climactic ending, rather than dribbling away into obscurity. Once you have the ending, you can work your way backwards from there, working out each stage in turn so that you'll know what is required to move the campaign along.

CREATING WORLDS

INQUISITOR CAMPAIGN SETTINGS

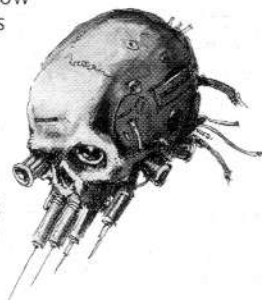
As this is Inquisitor, your ending will probably revolve around some kind of showdown between the various interested Warrior bands, and possibly involving some NPCs. You need to decide where this will be set and who will be involved. Most importantly, decide in advance what will be the different results depending on who wins. If you think about this beforehand, you can tell the player the 'results' of the campaign and the aftermath of the final battle as soon as possible, rather than having them hanging around to see what happens. Also, when it comes to actually playing the final scenario, make sure that the players, through their briefings, are fully aware that this is it, the 'end-of-season' finale!

MAKING A PLOT TREE

So, what you have to do is:

1. Decide on where the campaign will end up
2. Work out the various stages which the players will have to go through in order for this to happen.
3. Work out the details of the scenarios to allow the players to get through the build-up stages.

Now this is where your plot tree comes in handy. Those of you who have played tree campaigns in Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000 will sort of know what I mean here. A plot tree is simply a kind of flow chart which shows how the various scenarios will affect the overall outcome of the campaign. Each scenario is listed in order, and from each of these you determine the relevant results. For example, if a certain player wins the first scenario, this will determine what is done in the second scenario. A sample plot tree is probably the easiest way to show this.



Let's take a very simple plot. Two warrior bands are fighting over possession of a book of ancient secrets. Working backwards from here, we can

see that to get to this point, they will need to find where the book is. Let's say that an old preacher on the world knows the location of the book. Okay, so we have a scenario revolving around the preacher. Whoever gets the preacher gets the inside track to finding the book.

Our plot tree looks like this:

CAPTURE THE PREACHER
Warrior bands enter from opposite ends, must escape with Preacher or drive off the enemy.



FINAL SCENARIO
Side who found Preacher start with book and must escape.

Now this would make for a very short campaign, so let us say that the preacher has gone into hiding and must be found. We now need a scenario to find him. Both Warrior bands might be searching the same area for him, leading to a fight. Our plot tree now has a bit more shape:

FIND THE CATACOMBS
Search each building for catacomb entrance. Group that finds it second does not arrive until turn 3 in next scenario.

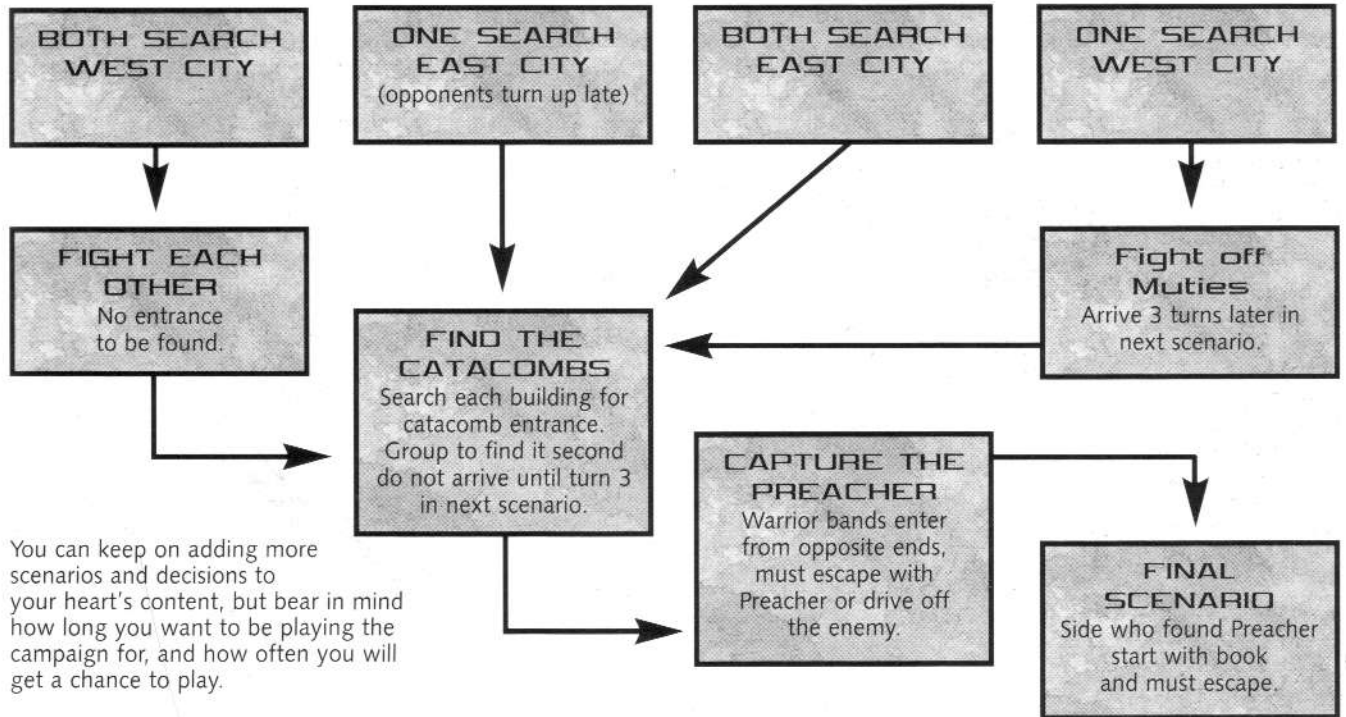


CAPTURE THE PREACHER
Warrior bands enter from opposite ends, must escape with Preacher or drive off the enemy.



FINAL SCENARIO
Side who found Preacher start with book and must escape.

To add a bit more interaction you can introduce decisions within the plot tree which will lead it down one path or the other. In our campaign, we might ask the players to make a choice of two areas they want to search for the preacher. If they both search the same area, you get a fight between them. If they search a different area you should put them up against an NPC force. Our campaign is looking more complex and interesting now.



You can keep on adding more scenarios and decisions to your heart's content, but bear in mind how long you want to be playing the campaign for, and how often you will get a chance to play.



Magos Delphan Gruss has no qualms about shooting his enemies in the back!

ONLY A FRAMEWORK

Your plot tree only provides the bare bones of the campaign, you'll need to flesh it out, both at the start and during the course of the campaign. For a start, what written material, in the form of briefings and updates, will you need to provide the players with? How are you going to present them with any decisions that need to be made and what information do you give them regarding which might be a better course of action? You should also think about how much time will pass between scenarios, for the purposes of injury recovery, training, etc.

The other good thing about a plot tree is that rather than stifling spontaneity, it allows you to fit good ideas within a wider framework. You might decide to drop some clues in regarding possible future scenarios, which you may or may not add in later. In the example above, the players may not even know they are looking for the book at the start of the campaign, but will find out over the course of the first couple of scenarios...

Graham McNeill looks at the journey of a man tortured by a Daemon as a child, who would grow to become Witch Hunter Tyrus, a man who's word alone can smite the daemonic.

WITCH HUNTER

THE TRIALS OF WITCH HUNTER TYRUS

The young Tyrus was to be orphaned at an early age. He was a mere six summers old when the daemons came to his home world of Loressa, an isolated agri-world in the Segmentum Obscurus. Acting insidiously through an adolescent girl, whose miraculous powers of healing had cured many people from Tyrus' village, the Daemon Prince Kholoth the Excoriator spread a plague of mutation across Loressa. This weakened the fabric of reality enough for him to force his way from the Immaterium into the girl's unprotected mind. In its new guise, the daemon destroyed Tyrus' village and began the slaughter of its inhabitants in an orgy of mutilation. Tyrus was dragged from his home into the village's main square, where the inhabitants' corpses lay

in a heaped pile. Over the next few hours, Kholoth tortured Tyrus, taking an eye and slicing off an ear, that he might still hear his own screams and witness the destruction of his flesh. As the leering young girl explained precisely what horrors she would next visit upon his body, Tyrus despaired and prepared for death. Only the timely intervention of Witch Hunter Covonis, who had tracked the daemon to Loressa via the Emperor's Tarot, saved Tyrus' life.

The Tarot has guided the servants of the Emperor for ten millennia and, though the significance of its readings are often obscure to the point of meaningless, its holy instruction is said to be imbued with the Emperor's own will. Such indeed seems to have been the case as Covonis, clad in a massive suit of elaborately tooled armour, intricately carved with decorative scrollwork and fluting, materialised with four, grey armoured angels of destruction in the village square.

The daemon girl paused in her gruesome handiwork, and turned to face the Witch Hunter, a hiss of recognition escaping her possessed lips. Through a red haze, Tyrus saw the mighty figure of Covonis and his armoured brethren do battle with the daemon girl. Three of the angels were cut down with bolts of blue fire, before Covonis swung his blessed sword in a glittering arc and beheaded the shrieking daemon.

Whirlwinds of daemonic energy howled around

the combatants as the creature was banished back to the hell from whence it came, and Tyrus watched as one of the angels burned the corpse in the cleansing fire of its weapon.

Tyrus, almost blinded by pain and blood loss, staggered to the edge of the blaze, his skin blistering in the infernal heat, and spat his hatred into the flames. He cursed the daemon's name and, as an armoured gauntlet settled on his shoulder, he looked up into the stern features of Covonis and knew that there was only one path open to him now. Tyrus became Covonis' apprentice and journeyed back to the orbiting starship from which Covonis and the Grey Knights (as Tyrus would later know them) had teleported. He assimilated the wonders of technology and the ways of the Witch Hunter with a zeal only the truly dedicated can muster. He was gifted with cybernetic replacements for his missing eye and ear, and Covonis instructed him in the path of the Witch Hunter, the tools and methods at their disposal and, lastly, the heresy of the daemonic. Never before had Covonis known an acolyte to master the Rites of Detestation so quickly, or one whose pious devotion matched his own.

As the years of intense training passed, Tyrus grew to manhood with his hatred of daemons and those who would consort with such creatures growing stronger with each passing day. He mastered weapons, martial skills and the rites by which the daemon could be vanquished. Such was his strength of devotion to the Immortal God-Emperor that his word alone could stay the hand of a daemonic creature and cause it to reel in pain at his fiery zeal and devotion. Many base and repulsive creatures of the warp were destroyed by Tyrus and his master, until a fateful battle in the royal audience chamber of Epsilon Regalis. The Emperor's Tarot had led Covonis and Tyrus to the palaces of Regalis' great and mighty in search of deviancy. The monarchy of Epsilon Regalis protested their innocence, but Covonis was adamant; they would face Trial by Holy Seal.





Tyrus will never cease in his pursuit of the unholy, the unclean and the unworthy.

Into the palms of each member of the royal family, Covonis placed a featureless wax tablet and heated an Inquisitorial seal. When the seal glowed with heat, Covonis explained, he would press it into the wax upon each of their palms. Those whose flesh was burned would know the full wrath of the Inquisition, while those whose skin remained unblemished would have their innocence displayed for all to see. As Covonis pressed the seal into the first outstretched hand, the human features of the King's daughter split apart into the leering face of a daemon. Worse, it was a daemon Covonis knew; Kholoth the Excoriator. In an instant the daemon was free and dealt a mortal blow to the venerable Witch Hunter. As he fell, the last vestiges of humanity were cast from the faces of the captives and the daemons were free. Tyrus quickly swept up Covonis' power knife and set about himself with terrible fury and righteous anger, his heart burning with vengeance. The lesser thrall daemons in Kholoth's service were no match for Tyrus, and at last he and Kholoth stood face to face, the sole figures left standing in the gore-spattered audience chamber.

The two enemies fought a duel that had been five decades in the making, and almost killed the Witch Hunter's apprentice. Bellowing words of holy purity that the daemon is forbidden to withstand, Tyrus fought with the strength of the Emperor. The bitter foes traded blows, each grievous enough to

fell a lesser being. Sheer force of will kept Tyrus standing and, as he grappled with the daemon, sermons of piety and devotion spilling from his lips, he punched Covonis' weapon through the daemon's chest, dragging out its still-beating heart, and crushed it in his gauntleted fist. The daemon grinned as it died, spouting blasphemous oaths that promised the Witch Hunter that they would meet again and that it had already watched him die a thousand times. Suspecting the corruption of the royal family extended to the planet's population, Tyrus launched a bloody purge of the surrounding cities that saw tens of thousands burned at the stake to ensure the purity of Epsilon Regalis.

Tyrus took his master's suit of armour as his own and repaired the damage which the daemon had wrought on its holy fabric. Covonis' masters elevated Tyrus to the status of Witch Hunter and granted him the full remit of an Imperial Inquisitor. If his experiences with Covonis had taught him anything, it was that there was only room for one species in the galaxy and that was Humanity. His purges of aliens, heretics and warlocks have become legendary amongst even the most puritanical Inquisitors. A fierce Monodominant, Tyrus' quest to exterminate heresy, witchcraft and alien influence has carried him from one side of the galaxy to the other, his rousing orations fanning the flames of zeal and faith on every planet he purges. After the Gland War on Dantis III against the Tyranids,

Tyrus recruited Sergeant Stone, an Imperial Guard veteran who was one of only three survivors of a bionically altered company of the Lostok 23rd. Stone's aggressiveness and devotion to duty made him an ideal member of Tyrus' retinue.

During the Treachery of Hanuchek, Tyrus joined forces with Devotee Malicant, a disciple of the Redemptionist faith spawned on Necromunda, who led his fanatical army on a holy crusade. The battle to destroy Hanuchek all but annihilated Malicant's followers and, at its conclusion, the Redemptionist gladly accompanied Tyrus in his purges. In pursuit of the (in his eyes) heretic Inquisitor Lichtenstein, Tyrus journeyed to the world of Karis Cephalon, where he retrained the Security Enforcer Barbaretta. Her help in investigating the mutant uprisings, which Tyrus believed might have been sponsored by Emissary Fabian, was invaluable, and she has proven to be a worthy addition to the Witch Hunter's retinue.

Tyrus continues to pursue the unholy, purge the unclean and smite the unworthy. It is his holy task to bring the fire of the Emperor to those who need it most and destroy those who would see its light dimmed. Tyrus' reliance on methods first used thousands of years ago is reassuring to many people, who see the guilt or innocence of his subjects determined by the will of the Emperor Himself.

Gav Thorpe leafs through the *Corpus Auxilia* – the Book of Servants – and takes a more detailed look at an Inquisition philosophy: the tenets of the reincarnationist Thorians.

SERVANTS OF THE GOD-INCARNATE

CORPUS AUXILIA – THE THORIAN INQUISITORS

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 Gründvald 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

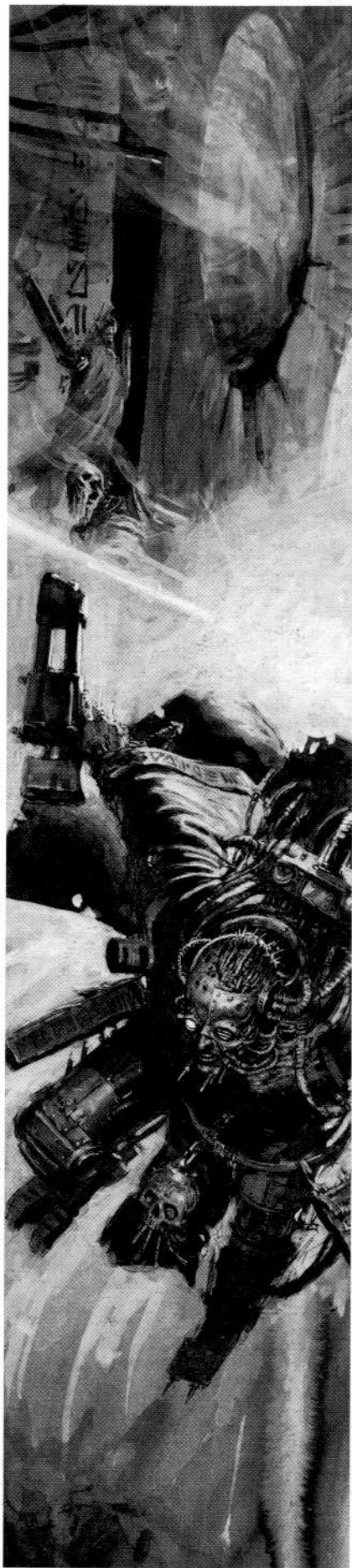
For those who know of (and believe in) such things, it is the task of the Inquisition to seek out possible avatars and kill them or, in the case of the Thorians, control and study them. Over several thousand years the Thorians, and certain other interested factions such as the Horusians, have gathered

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 preceded 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.



The members of Deathwatch kill-teams are drawn from many different Space Marine Chapters. Here Graham McNeill looks into the history of one of its most feared leaders, Battle Brother Artemis.

DEFENDER OF THE IMPERIUM

THE ORIGINS OF BATTLE BROTHER ARTEMIS

Protecting the Imperium from the corruption of alien races, the Deathwatch forms the Chamber Militant of the Ordo Xenos. Its members are drawn from many different Chapters of Space Marines, all of whom have sworn sacred oaths to maintain specially trained alien fighters and stand ready to deploy them at a moment's notice. These warriors are banded together to form Ordo Xenos kill-teams and come under the command of an Inquisitor, though in some cases a Space

Marine Captain may assume command if circumstances dictate.

Battle Brother Artemis is a veteran of a hundred campaigns and his bravery is beyond question. He was recruited into the ranks of the Adeptus Astartes almost a century ago 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 rules the tribes and preaches a culture of death worship, their philosophy being that an enemy's strength can be harvested by the eating of his flesh. Death in battle is the goal of every warrior, as he believes that he will be taken to the Hall of Victors to sit at the feast table of the Ultimate Warrior, a divine being who embodies the pinnacle of fighting prowess.

Warriors picked from the strongest tribes are recruited by the Chaplains of the Mortifactors, who were once warrior monks amongst the tribesmen. Even as a youth, Artemis was one of the greatest warriors of his tribe and he paved the floor of his fathers' lodge with the skeletons of the many enemies he killed. His courage and ferocity in battle was unmatched and it was inevitable that many would seek his death to harvest his bravery. Artemis slew all who came for him until at last he was ambushed and set upon by fifty warriors from an enemy tribe. The young Artemis killed them all, but took a score of wounds, each one grievous enough to kill a man outright. It was here, atop a pile of corpses, that the Chaplains of the Mortifactors found the body of Artemis who, despite his wounds, still lived. This was taken as a great omen for his future and the Chapter's Apothecaries returned to their fortress monastery with the wounded youth to begin the process that would transform him into a Space Marine.

As a full battle brother, Artemis quickly distinguished himself, showing a talent and zeal for the destruction of aliens which earned him a place within the specially trained alien fighters who stand ready to deploy at the behest of the Deathwatch. It was thirteen years before that call came and, when it did, he had perfected the art of killing aliens.



Artemis ritually repainted his armour in the colours of the Deathwatch, leaving only a single shoulder plate with the Chapter symbol of the Mortifactors. In the service of Inquisitor Severnius, Artemis first saw action against a Genestealer cult on the Missionary world of St Capilene, where the prompt action of the kill-team undoubtedly saved the world from falling under cult domination. Inquisitor Severnius personally praised Artemis' bravery and appointed him second in command of the kill-team.

For two decades Artemis fought alongside Inquisitor Severnius, rooting out alien corruption and destroying alien influenced cults wherever they were discovered. On Varrnix Prime, Artemis recovered crystalline weaponry now associated with the race of aliens known as the Psy-Gore of Persus. The nocturnal warriors of the Hrud were thwarted in their scheme to capture an Adeptus Mechanicus base and countless nests of Orks were exterminated by the kill-team.

On the agri world of Tarrenhorst, Artemis and Severnius discovered an infestation of warp creatures that had psychically enslaved the entire population. The discovery came not a moment too soon as the creatures attempted to dominate the psyche of the kill-team and bend them to their will. Severnius detected the attempt and was able to shield the minds of his team, but not before three Space Marines succumbed to the warp entities' powers and turned their bolt guns on the kill-team. Bolter rounds filled the air and a further two Space Marines were cut down by the gunfire. Ignoring the hail of shells, Artemis hacked down one of his erstwhile allies with a single blow from his power sword and the kill-team formed a defensive circle as the planet's inhabitants and their alien-dominated comrades fell upon them. Artemis, Severnius and the two remaining Space Marines of the kill-team fought their way clear of the trap and were able to barricade themselves within a small temple dedicated to the Emperor in the town's main square. Severnius was drawn and pale, the effort of maintaining the psychic shield draining his reserves of strength rapidly while the three Space Marines desperately held off the enslaved inhabitants and their possessed brothers.

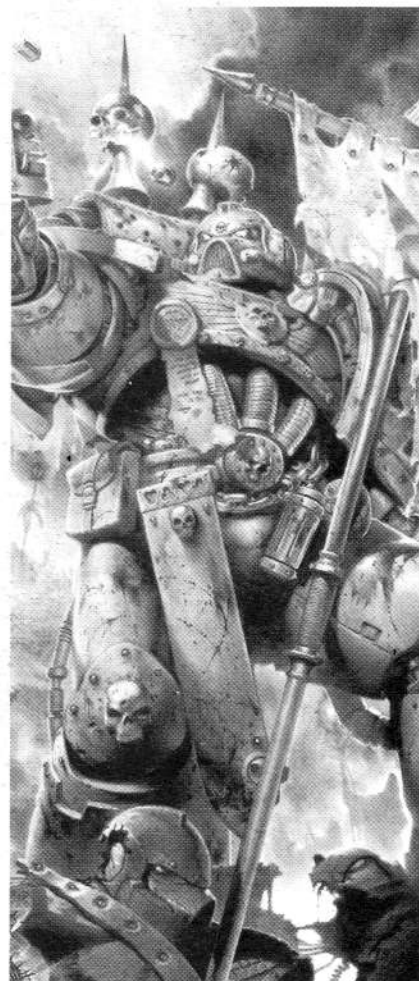
For six days the kill-team defended themselves against their frenzied attackers until they were finally able to



Brother Artemis, ready to protect the Imperium from any threat.

contact their orbiting ship to despatch a Thunderhawk gunship to rescue them from the surface. Before the gunship could land, the weakened Severnius was killed by one of the enslaved Space Marines and command of the kill-team passed to Artemis. Together with the Inquisitor's body, Artemis and his battle brothers fought their way aboard the gunship and departed the doomed world. Once on their ship, Artemis ordered the planet bombarded with cyclonic torpedoes from orbit, knowing it was the only way to be sure that the Enslavers were destroyed. Artemis and the surviving members of the kill-team returned to the Inquisition fortress of Talasa Prime in the Ultima Segmentum whereupon he was assigned command of the kill-team and given fresh warriors to reinforce his squad.

Artemis continues to serve in the Deathwatch, following the stench of the xenomorph wherever he discovers it. His investigations lead him to the darkest recesses of the galaxy and his talent for unveiling the hidden corruption of alien influence borders on the uncanny. Artemis has dedicated his life to the protection of the Imperium from the threat of alien domination, and there are many worlds in the galaxy which owe their continued existence to his efforts.



Here we look at the records surrounding the exploits of the infamous Rogue Trader Duke von Castellan and his recruitment by Inquisitor Covenant.

Written by Graham McNeill.

DUKE VON CASTELLAN

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF A ROGUE TRADER

From an early age, it was clear that the young scion of the von Castellan mercantile family on Xarsis Plethis was going to be a troublesome son. Dubbed precocious by some of his tutors, and a spoilt brat by others, the young Cleander von Castellan was an intelligent but wayward child. Wilful and impulsive, the heir to the von Castellan trade licence was reckless and had an unhealthy fondness for wagers on games of chance. As he grew to manhood, his father would often have

to settle his son's gambling debts and he was a constant source of embarrassment to his family's good name.

In desperation, his father enrolled his wayward son in the Imperial Naval Academy at Bakka, where he learned to pilot a starship and fought in several battles. But the regimented lifestyle of the Imperial Navy was not for Cleander and, after only two years, he was dishonourably discharged, following an incident involving an admiral's daughter and a crashed fighter. Cleander von Castellan returned to Xarsis Plethis, and once again took up his old ways, gambling and cavorting with his disreputable drinking companions.

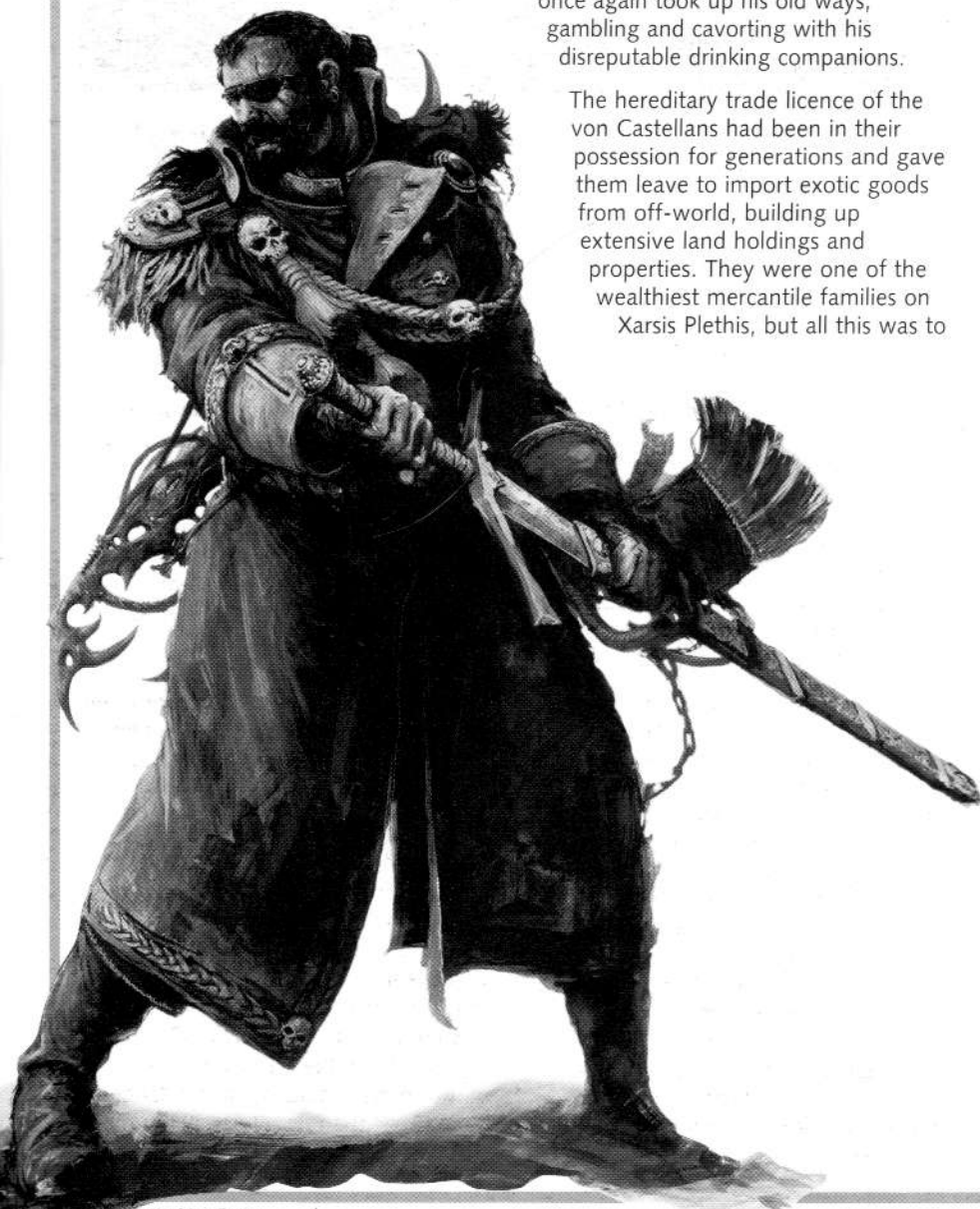
The hereditary trade licence of the von Castellans had been in their possession for generations and gave them leave to import exotic goods from off-world, building up extensive land holdings and properties. They were one of the wealthiest mercantile families on Xarsis Plethis, but all this was to

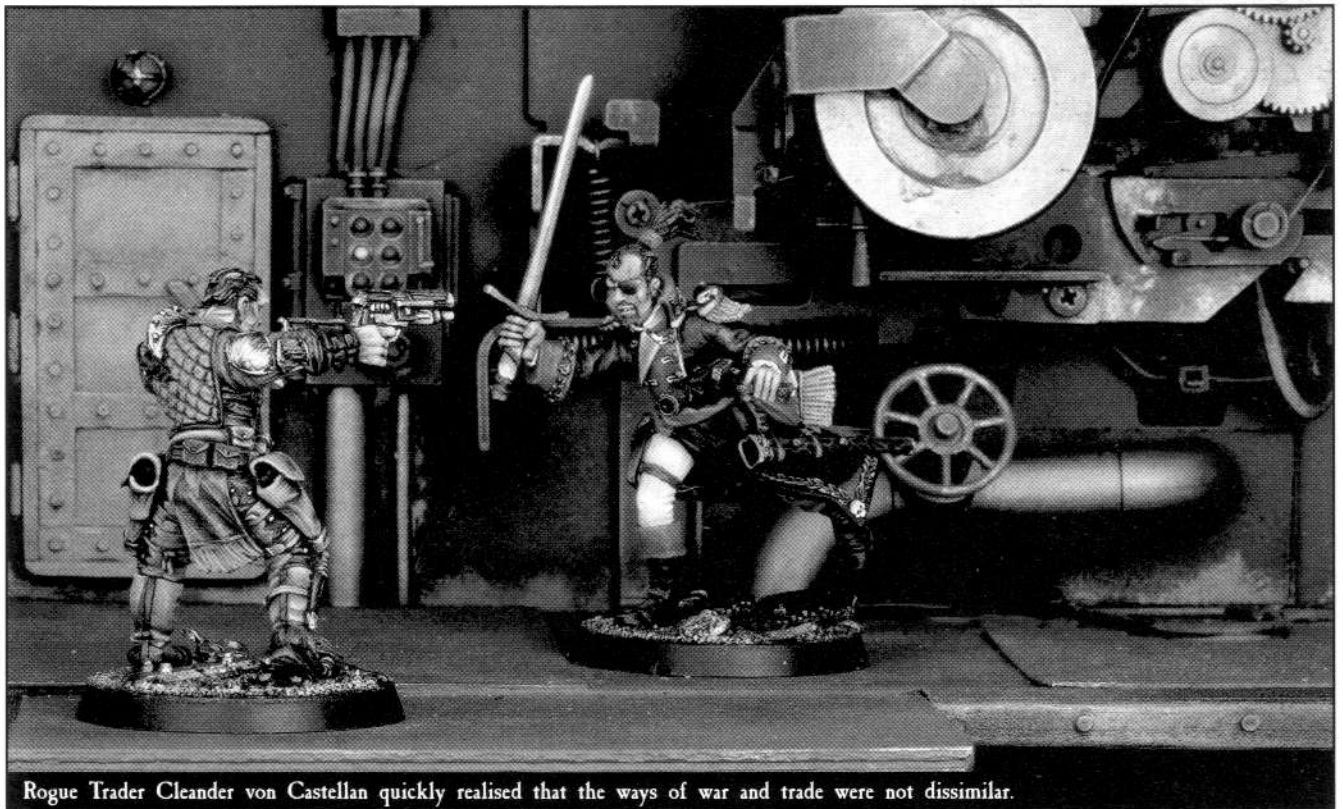
change when Cleander's father and older brother were killed in a bizarre hunting accident. While shooting in the mountains, their cyber-mastiffs mysteriously malfunctioned and tore the von Castellan patriarch and his heir to shreds. Thus Cleander became Duke of the von Castellan commercial empire and immediately set about squandering the family fortune in ill-advised business ventures and the capital city's gambling dens. Within the space of a year, Cleander was forced to sell more and more of his family's estates and properties to settle his debts. Yet the young von Castellan continued in his ruinous ways.

His debts grew to astronomical proportions and, even worse, were owed to corrupt members of the local planetary law enforcement agencies. Soon his notes of credit were worthless and he at last realised the scale of his problems. The sale of virtually everything he owned in the world was just enough to pay what he owed and, with heavy heart, he made his way to settle the debt.

The course of Cleander von Castellan's life would have taken a very different turn had his route not taken him past the capital's shipyards. With a credit slate and the von Castellan trade licence in his pocket, he realised he had found a way to rebuild the family fortune and continue living in the manner to which he had become accustomed. Within the space of an hour, he had purchased a starship and begun his life as a Rogue Trader. If he gave any thought to the angry debtors he left behind, he did not show it.

Cleander von Castellan swiftly learned the ways of the Rogue Trader, becoming a shrewd merchant and skilled warrior. He was quick to realise that the ways of trade and war were not dissimilar and, as he travelled further, his talents in both grew. He was not above exploiting or double-crossing a business contact if the opportunity arose and as his wealth increased so too did his infamy. On Gororan III, a man matching von Castellan's description





Rogue Trader Cleander von Castellan quickly realised that the ways of war and trade were not dissimilar.

was said to have robbed the Gororan Trading Guild of nearly every credit slate it was charged with keeping. The Guilders of Drachus, a hive world in the Segmentum Tempestus, soon had cause to curse the name of von Castellan when it was discovered he was selling them foodstuffs they had previously shipped in, and that had since been stolen. As von Castellan's notoriety grew he was forced to journey further afield and his travels took him towards the southern rim.

He was the first human to discover the world of Cytheria, and the aliens that dwelled there. Their world was rich in mineral resources and Cleander was quick to realise the potential for profit. He set up exclusive trading rights with the Cytherians and began ruthlessly exploiting the naive aliens. Money flowed into von Castellan's coffers as he pushed still further into the galactic south. He was to discover three more non-Imperial worlds and establish exclusive business contracts with all of them, even going as far as to set himself up as a deity on one world, before journeying back to Xarsis Plethis. He knew that his debts were waiting for him and there were those who would wish him dead, but von Castellan was unconcerned. By now, he had accumulated more wealth than that of all the mercantile families on Xarsis Plethis combined, and if the

Duke's experiences as a Rogue Trader had taught him anything it was that if a man had money, confidence and a flair for the dramatic, he could get away with anything.

In the most decadent shuttle imaginable, its outer shell completely encased in gold and precious metals, he gatecrashed the Viscount de Martenique's Ball, a lavish occasion attended every year by the wealthiest mercantile families on Xarsis Plethis, and casually repaid all that he owed with interest. He bought back, at hugely inflated prices, all the lands and properties belonging to his family that he had been forced to sell and settled back into the life of leisure he had enjoyed before his adventures.

But life on his home planet was stale and dull to Cleander now. His spirit craved the thrill of exploration, the challenge of meeting new, exciting alien races and exploiting them. His tales of exotic adventure beyond the stars made him a popular figure amongst the wealthy elite of Xarsis Plethis, but it was unfortunate for von Castellan that his tales fell upon the ears of Inquisitor Covenant. The Inquisitor knew he could use the flamboyant Rogue Trader and confronted him, informing the Duke in no uncertain terms that he now worked for him. Failing to disclose the existence of alien worlds was a crime and, combined with his other illegal activities,

von Castellan knew he had finally been caught out. The Inquisitor promised he would cause the records of von Castellan's criminal past to disappear if he signed agreements pledging himself and his ship to Covenant.

The Duke knew better than to refuse an Imperial Inquisitor and, though he protested vociferously, signed the agreements. On several occasions, von Castellan has answered Covenant's call and his expertise in manipulating people has been invaluable in aiding the Inquisitor. He enthusiastically infiltrated the hedonistic priesthood of the Decagogue of Panetha Varn, discovering the Slaaneshi cult at its heart. His extremely thorough investigations proved pivotal in the traitor's unmasking. At other times, the Duke's skill at arms has been required, such as during the early fighting in the Donorian Sector against the K'Nib, where he lost his left eye.

Despite the time von Castellan has spent in the service of Covenant, he has little sense of honour or duty and only continues to serve him for fear that the Inquisitor will renege on their deal. Cleander von Castellan remains a powerful, if reluctant, ally of Covenant and his skill in the art of war and almost preternatural sense for danger have saved the Inquisitor's life on more than one occasion.

Graham McNeill has ventured deep into the Library Sanctus to uncover the facts of how the renegade Inquisitor Quixos fought and captured the Daemon Prince Cherubael and then bound him to his service.

Daemons are creatures of the Immaterium and the natural laws of real space prevent such beasts from manifesting themselves in the material plane without exceptional effort. The barriers between warp space and real space must first be weakened by ritual and sacrifice, and the correct words of power must be spoken by those who would summon such things. A much easier way for a daemon to force its way into real space is possession, whereby the daemon uses the unprotected mind of a vulnerable psyker to forge a bridge between it and the material universe.

The Emperor's holy Inquisition has long known the depredations of the Daemon Prince Cherubael. The beast's name sullies the blasted pages of the Liber Malum, that accursed volume which records the fate of those who tread the path of damnation. Kept chained within the deepest dungeon of the Library Sanctus on Terra, to even mention its name is to invite insanity. Quill-servitors painstakingly record the horrors of the daemonic, to better aid

DAEMON PRINCE

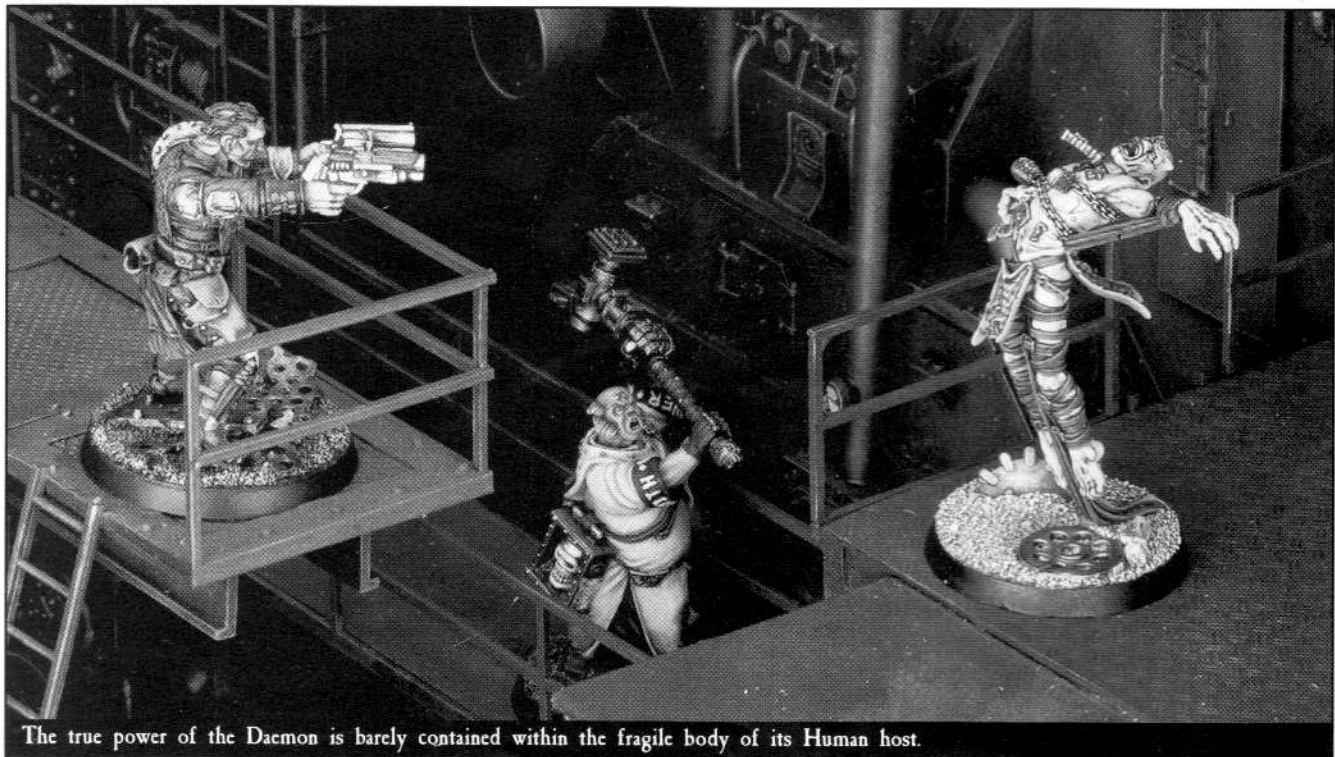
A DAEMON BOUND TO SERVE MAN

those who would stand against them. The archive-dungeon groans and contorts with the horror of its contents and entire tomes within its rune-encrusted walls are devoted to the evil that is the Daemon Prince Cherubael.

He is known as the Death of Worlds by the pitiful survivors of the Fenestra system, whom the daemon enslaved for millennia, and as the Scourge by the people of the Kitarax Nebula. Cherubael has, in a variety of guises, slaughtered his way across the galaxy for thousands, if not millions, of years leaving untold suffering and cries of lamentation in his wake. He extinguished the civilisation of the Ronja in a single night and set the entire Gethme sector ablaze for a thousand years. Masquerading as a prophesied leader, Cherubael incited the entire population of Medredax to commit ritual suicide, feeding on the world's psychic death-scream as a sweetmeat. His desolations are legion, and scarce has a creature so base and vile been unleashed upon the galaxy.

The Daemon Prince was finally to meet an adversary worthy of his attentions on the world of Clanar II, where he had enslaved the feral population of that world to perform untold blood sacrifices in his name. Entire generations were fed to the Daemon Prince before Inquisitor Quixos freed the Clanars from the daemon's hellish bondage. Leading a small band of warriors, Quixos fought the Daemon Prince's host body, delivering a mortal blow with his own daemonblade, which contained the bound essence of Kharnagar the Deathly, a Daemon Prince whom Quixos had defeated some decades earlier. As his host body died, Cherubael's spirit form leapt into the nearest available host body, one of Clanar II's mightiest warriors, lest he be banished back to the freezing void of the Immaterium. But Quixos had anticipated this and had previously adorned his warriors' bodies with hidden pentagrammic wards and powerful sigils of binding.

The daemon's fury at being so imprisoned almost tore the warrior's



The true power of the Daemon is barely contained within the fragile body of its Human host.

body apart as spasms of power warped through his flesh, searing out his eyes and imparting a measure of the daemon's form to his new prison of flesh. Vestigial horns burst through his forehead and soulless white light burned where his eyes had once been. Gales of raw power whipped around the body, tossing it high into the air as phantom winds spun and twisted the warrior's body in its grip. Cherubael's exertions were in vain; Quixos' knowledge of the abominations of Chaos was deep and the Daemon Prince could not escape. Quixos chained the thrashing creature down and hammered blessed spikes of gold through the meat of the Daemonhost's body, intoning the six hundred and sixty six verses of the Canticule of Binding. He then fastened scrolls, inscribed with unspeakable oaths in his own blood, to Cherubael with fine silver chains. Finally, after this gruelling battle of wills, the Inquisitor had bent the Daemon Prince to his bidding.

Thus was the Daemon Prince Cherubael bound to the service of Inquisitor Quixos and his millennia-spanning bloodbath brought to an end. Quixos was no ordinary Inquisitor, though. Many years before encountering Cherubael, as he banished a Daemon on the world of Lackan XV, fragments from his foe's bestial claws became lodged in his heart, every attempt to remove them ending in failure. The vanquished Daemon's legacy would be with Quixos until he died. Though its influence gradually corrupted the Inquisitor's body, it granted him a tangible link to the warp and a measure of insight into the workings of Chaos. He resolved to further investigate the potential uses of Chaos, earning a reputation as a maverick amongst his fellow Inquisitors.

Now, with the Daemon Prince Cherubael in his service, his powers grew daily as his body twisted and his mind descended into madness. For another hundred years, Quixos and Cherubael were to destroy many deadly threats to the Imperium, the Daemonhost's warp-borne strength and psychic powers proving invaluable to the Inquisitor. In the decades that followed, Quixos was forced to perform blasphemous rites to transfer the Daemon Prince's essence into fresh hosts as its Chaotic essence eventually destroyed each body. Even the awesome power of a Daemon Prince could not hold the dissolution of its host body at bay indefinitely. The flesh



of each victim would become corrupt and unable to contain the beast, and another unwilling victim would be forced to become host to the monster. With each new incarnation of the Daemon Prince, another piece of Quixos' humanity was forfeit. He was to delve yet further into the mysteries of Chaos and, as his knowledge and powers grew, so too did the corruption of his body and soul.

There are those who whisper that the bindings which Quixos had intoned over the imprisoned body of Cherubael were doomed to fail from the outset, and it was the Daemon Prince's insidious corruption seeping invisibly from his bandaged form that drove Quixos over the edge of sanity. It is likely that no one will ever know for sure, as Quixos was declared Heretic and Extremis Diabolus in 342.M41 by

Inquisitor Eisenhorn. Three years later, Quixos was dead, executed by Eisenhorn, and the daemonic form of Cherubael had passed into the service of his killer. The circumstances surrounding this are shrouded in mystery and certainly Eisenhorn has never spoken of what took place between him and Quixos.

The Daemon Prince has since fought alongside the Inquisitor for many years and, among Eisenhorn's opponents within the Inquisition, it is suspected that his close ties with the Daemonhost has been the cause for the increase in his psychic powers in recent decades. Whether this is true or not is unknown, although there are many who believe that Eisenhorn is becoming as much of a danger to the stability of the Imperium as the renegade Quixos was.

Only time will tell.

There are untold hundreds of thousands of cults, sects and secretive religions across the Imperium. Cults are perfect for including in your Inquisitor scenarios and campaigns, and here Gav Thorpe discusses a few that your characters may come across in their adventures.

CHOSEN OF THE GODS

CULTS OF THE IMPERIUM

EMPEROR'S BLADES

One of the oldest Death Cults in the Imperium, the Emperor's Blades, are only found on the world of Acanon, not far from the Terran system. The legends of the cult claim that it was founded when the Emperor still walked as a man. He fought a great battle against the forces of Chaos on Acanon, and millions died in the conflict. It is supposedly after this battle that the

Emperor said, "The blood of martyrs is the seed of humanity's future," more commonly misquoted as the "seed of the Imperium". The Emperor's Blades are the archetypal death cult, revering the use of the blade. They are a hereditary cult, in that no one can be inducted; only those born to cult members can join in their worship. The cultists themselves use only a sign language to communicate, having neither speech nor written word. Their ceremonies of devotion are thus eerily silent, the stillness broken only by the scrape of blade on whetstone and the drip of blood into the offering cups. The assassins of Inquisitor Eisenhorn, Severina and Sevora Devout, were raised by the Emperor's Blades and exemplify the sect's values.

HAEMOVORES

To become spiritually strong, one must be physically strong. To be physically strong, one must be at the top of the food chain: the ultimate predator. The Haemovores seek to improve themselves, to gain their rightful positions of power, by consuming those they perceive as powerful. They are cannibals, glorifying in their internecine gluttony, preaching that their unwholesome acts condense humanity's magnificence into a few individuals. Many Haemovores have sharpened teeth or metal jaws, most carry marrow-spoons and brain forks, whilst the highest-ranking may even have limb-grinders and flesh-strippers fitted directly to their digestive system. Occasionally, a Haemovore may be fitted with additional tanks of bile and stomach acid so that he may consume all the faster (pre-digestion by others is not allowed).

THE FACELESS

Be unremarkable. Be average. Don't stand out in a crowd.

The Faceless originally sprang from paranoid fears that swept through the galaxy

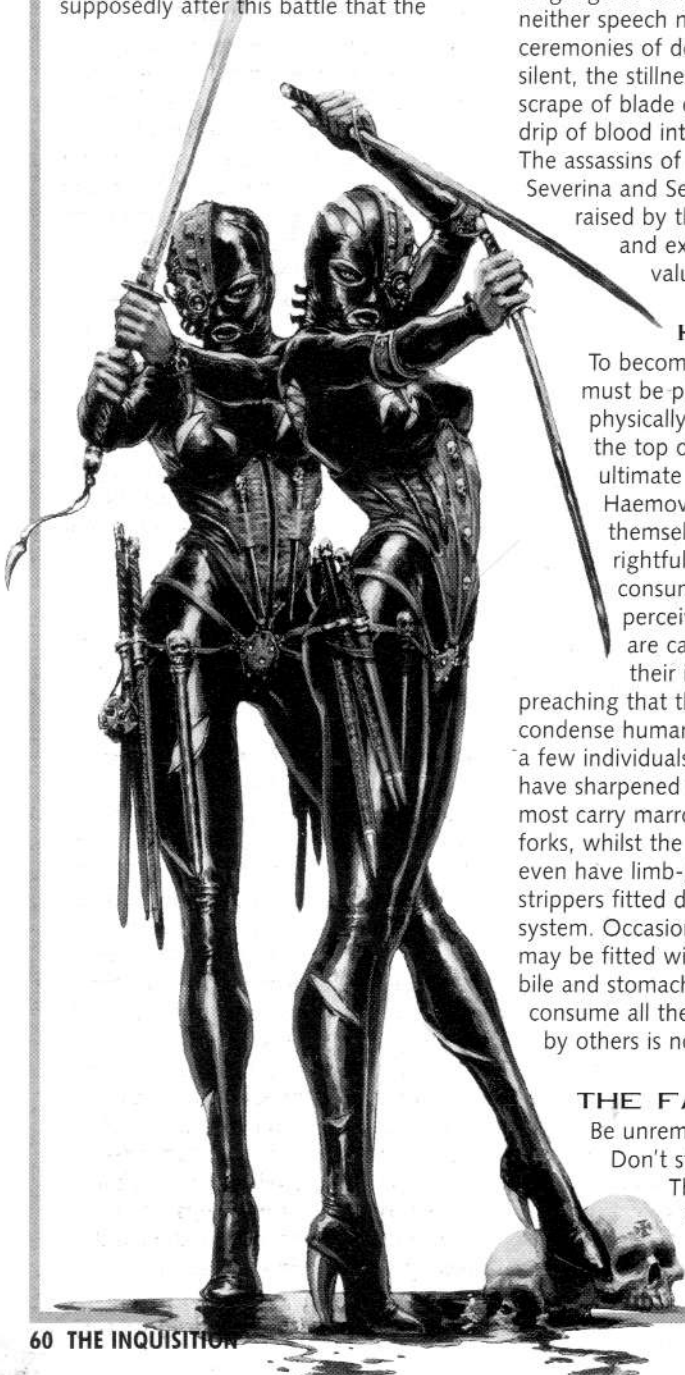
during the Age of Apostasy and Vandire's Frateris Templars purging whole worlds for perceived heresies. Their philosophy of normalcy has unfortunately become perverted over time to the point that they now aspire to become everyone and no one. Ritual brainwashing combines with surgical techniques to remove any evidence of individuality or personality. Physical characteristics are interchangeable, and it is not uncommon for members of the Faceless to have their own skins, eyes, and other features removed, to be constantly replaced by those of their victims. Thus the cultist's face often appears stitched on, stretched or floppy.

GOURDIANS

The Emperor sat at the table and at His right hand was the plate with the bread upon it and at the left hand was the gourd brimming with His wine. Upon the eve of battle against the serpent Horus, thus did He sit in quiet contemplation of his fate to come. The Gouradians believe that they own the vessel from which the Emperor drank the night before he faced the traitor Horus and ascended to godhood, his last drink as a mortal. Not content with this, the Gouradians now seek out other relics, first of the Emperor, then of the Primarchs, then Saints, searching further and further abroad for any and all holy artefacts they can find. Their home world is Terra, but their reach stretches far across the Imperium. A network of traders who believe in the Gouradian faith scour the worlds of the Imperium for anything to add to the immense collection in the Gouradian chapel. The chapel now houses over half a million relics, many of dubious provenance, yet still the Gouradian quest goes on.

THE CREEPING SHADOW

Fear is the key. Terror brings understanding. The Creeping Shadow believe that Mankind should be scared, terrified of what waits for it in the galaxy and beyond. They decry the ignorance perpetuated by the





Severina and Sevora ambush the unsuspecting Malicant.

Inquisition and other Imperial authorities, seeing a lack of knowledge as a weakness, forewarned is fore-armed, after all. The Creeping Shadow works by spreading discord and panic, believing that any kind of terror is beneficial, that Mankind should be paranoid, afraid and phobic. Sabotage, mass poisonings, terrorism, kidnapping, nailing dead cats to the front of shrines, mass hysteria and warmongering are all the tools of the Creeping Shadow. The darkness holds the horror, and there are great gulfs of darkness between the stars.

RESURRECTIONISTS

The Emperor shall come again. Once more His mortal shell shall be invigorated by His Divine Will. His great spirit can be brought back from heaven and He shall throw away the shackles of the Golden Throne and step forth once more to finish the Great Crusade to make the galaxy Humanity's forever. The resurrectionists are one of the oldest and most heretical cults, springing from a common foundation with the Holy Inquisition itself. They believe that certain rites and rituals can return the Emperor's soul to His body, imbuing it with true life again. Such an occurrence, should it ever happen, would be Mankind's downfall, as a schism of believers and disbelievers would tear the Imperium apart. The Resurrectionists have powerful allies in the Ecclesiarchy, the Adeptus Terra and even amongst the Inquisition itself.

REDEMPTIONISTS

To live is to sin, and to be a sinner is to be cleansed. Only the fiery wrath of the Emperor, as pronounced and

executed by his mortal followers, can save Humanity from destroying itself in a morass of carnal wantonness and tolerant servitude to those who have been corrupted. The Redemptionists will bring fire and they will bring death, and those who oppose them are sinners themselves for they shield the dark and unholy from the righteous works of the Redemptionists. Repent and join, or be cursed and die.

THE DEVOURED

From the blackness of our souls comes the Great Devourer. It is here to purge our sins. Pure in its unending appetite, the Great Devourer shall consume us all and we will be reborn into the future in glorious new bodies. Welcome the Great Devourer, feel your soul cleansed as its mighty shadow passes over us. The chosen of the Great Devourer walk amongst us unseen, worship them as you would worship the Great Devourer itself.

DISCIPLES OF MANDRAGORA

Stagnate and die, revolt and survive. Mandragora, the Ever-Shifting God, shall come from the heavens and nothing will remain the same. All will be changed, adapted and fashioned in his image, to overcome the tribulations of the future. The alignments of the mundane world must be prepared to allow his traverse from the Realm of Many Faces, the foes of change must be removed to pave the way for the Great Upheaval. Wield his magicks with pride, glorify in the transformation of your physical shell, and bring down his servants so that you might be a host to an aspect of Mandragora.

THE HIDDEN HAND

Upon the pyres of the dead and dying, we shall light a fire to the heavens that the gods themselves might see us once more. Thus spake the founder of the hidden hand, the Plague Lord. Mankind is a disease, spreading across the galaxy like a stain. The gods have turned from the filth of their presence. It must be cleansed so that the gods will pour their bounties upon Humanity once more, and pestilence and plague shall be the tools for a thief to catch a thief, a plague to kill a plague. Poison the wells, defile the air, pass contagion by touch to all those who pass by. When the corpses outnumber the living, light the fires of purification and pass their souls unto the netherworld to take your pleas and prayers to the gods.

MARTYRS OF THOR

The Martyrs of Thor were a small sect located on the world of San Sebastian in the earliest years of the 38th Millennium. All of them believed themselves to be descended from the mighty Saint Sebastian Thor himself, despite the fact he was known to be chaste for his entire life. The Martyrs of Thor were a suicide cult, who believed that only through the ultimate sacrifice could Humanity be accepted by the Emperor. They believed this so strongly that even unbelieving Imperial citizens would be borne up to Him in the great conflagration they would create. Unfortunately, the cult was a victim of its own success, its founders having killed themselves with a series of suicide bomb attacks only a few years after they had formed. With no one left to carry forward their teachings, the sect simply became another notation in the history books of San Sebastian.

THE DWELLER BENEATH

An Inquisitor battle report by Graham McNeill,
Phil Kelly and Rowland Cox.

Welcome to this month's battle report, an eldritch tale of Daemons and those who would risk their very souls to communicate with such abominations in order to discover the diabolical secrets they possess. As befits such a new and different game as Inquisitor, we modified the usual format of a battle report in order to try something a little different. For starters, we didn't use a 'ready-made' scenario from a rulebook, rather, the Gamesmaster (Graham) spent the day before the game furiously tapping away at his

keyboard, coming up with all manner of dark nastiness for the players to experience.

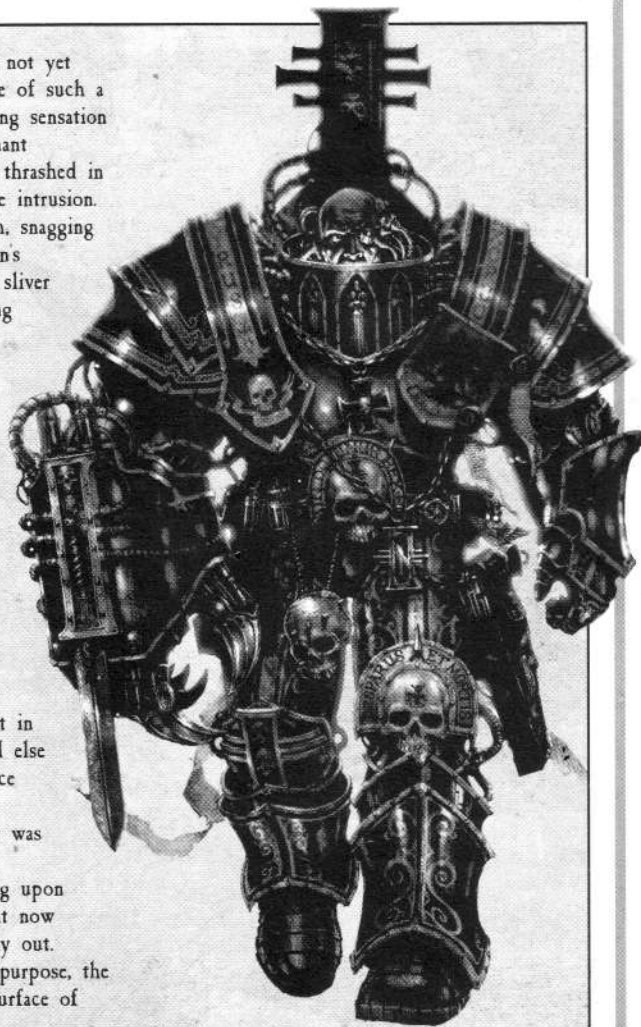
For this scenario, Rowland Cox, would use the amazing characters painted by the 'Eavy Metal team for his warriors, while White Dwarf geezer, Phil Kelly, would create his own characters and warband. One of the major differences between Inquisitor and our other games is that there are no 'official' points values or army lists as such; characters can be as rock-hard as you want them to be (but where's the challenge in playing when nothing

can touch you?). Another thing we soon realised we'd like to avoid was the alternating turn-by-turn sequence of a normal battle report since each character's actions take place at different speeds within a single turn. Due to the action-based turn system and narrative driven sequence of play, we decided that it would be more exciting to tell the events of the game in the form of a story. So prepare yourself for a tale of dark deeds, heroic valour and burning on the world of Karis Cephalon.

The darkness beneath the world was absolute. Light had never existed here, nor ever would. The quiescent blackness was omnipresent, yet filled with a brooding, daemonic malevolence of aeons past. Chains of finest silver and oaths of unspeakable power bound the sleeping Daemon Prince Pharaa'gueotla to the bedrock of the planet and engulfed it, with utter desolation and emptiness. It alone understood the true meaning of torment. For fifteen thousand years it had lain here, imprisoned within the fabric of this insignificant ball of rock and cast adrift in the cosmos. This creature that had once walked between the stars, that had seen galaxies born and die, that had decided the fate of billions on a whim, now lay dormant and forgotten. Gods had once trembled at its word and whole star systems had died for its amusement, yet now it lay powerless and barren, stripped of its power by a mortal! Its memory of times past was hazy and inconsistent, yet it remembered the one who had bested it with painful clarity, a bright-haloed warrior of awesome power, and it seethed with unnatural fury. Its every thought was enslaved by dreams of vengeance and hatred.

Then, so subtly that at first the presence went unnoticed, an insistent clawing scraped at the Daemon's sepulchral prison, an insect-like barb of another's desire. The Daemon's fluid thoughts slithered around

the questing will, sluggish and not yet fully registering the significance of such a presence. Once again the gnawing sensation burrowed deep within its dormant consciousness and the Daemon thrashed in instinctive, impotent rage at the intrusion. The barb was persistent though, snagging the tiniest scrap of the Daemon's essence and pulling, shearing a sliver of thought from the slumbering creature. Onwards and ever upwards the fragment of its mind flowed, following the call of the presence which had summoned it. Its consciousness suddenly blazed with hints of futures to come and futures that might never be, the myriad complexities of alternate histories that were yet to be written. But within this spreading web of possible outcomes, one unfolding vision was inviolate, one truth was set in stone. Only Chaos endured, all else was dust in the wind. Vengeance and freedom would be Pharaa'gueotla's, a freedom that was purchased with the blood of innocence. Everything now hung upon one slender thread, the life that now summoned it and offered a way out. Faster now, and with renewed purpose, the Daemon hurtled towards the surface of the planet...



The Warband of Inquisitor Lichtenstein



Magos
Dimitri

Servitor-Warrior
Gryx

Inquisitor
Lichtenstein

Daemonhost
Ghaustos

UNLEASH HELL!



Phil Kelly

Phil: What's that? A week to convert and paint an Inquisitor and his warband, with a free run of the entire range, all the paints and tools I could ask for and some of the finest models

we've ever produced? Oh, go on then. If you insist! Naturally I felt obliged to do the best job I could, and set about dreaming up a warband. Although Rowland's taste in characters tends to the extreme in one direction (Rowland, a devout supporter of the 'Good Guys', can often be seen running around the Studio shouting "Burn them!"), mine tends toward the left field. OK, the slightly strange. Alright then I'll admit it. My warband is comprised of total oddballs, fascinated by the machinations of Chaos, and none more so than Inquisitor Lichtenstein.

Lichtenstein is a senior member of the Inquisition. He belongs to the Istvaanian faction and believes, with utter conviction, that the way to defeat a galaxy-spanning force such as Chaos is to turn it upon itself. As a result, I had no qualms about kitting him out with a Daemon Sword. As Lichtenstein is a very accomplished duellist, it seemed natural that he should have a sword of some kind, and choosing a power sword is a little too obvious. The

weapon he carries, Sch'lacta, has a Bloodletter bound within it and unfortunately its will is only slightly less than Lichtenstein's, so if he fails a Psychic Power test by any real margin it will possess him and probably attack his comrades. This could be tricky, but it's offset by the unholy power of the sword. Not only does it do a nasty amount of damage (3D6+Lichtenstein's damage bonus of 2) due to its Gnawing power, it can also set its victims on fire! I was confident that he could hold off the awesome power of Tyrus in a duel, should it come to that.

Lichtenstein's psychic powers should prove very interesting as well. Although neither Psychic Impel or Telekinesis are particularly offensive powers, they are both very versatile. I was hoping that I could telekinetically clout an enemy with some nearby scenery, or Psychic Impel them off a high gantry. Both of these uses are very cinematic. Inquisitor encourages creativity and so should the Gamesmaster running it.

Magos Dimitri fits nicely with this scenario. With his knowledge of the Machine Spirit, he would be invaluable in the haunted mine workings. His tendril-like mehadendrites, coupled with his extensive training in the Adeptus Mechanicus, give him a +40% modifier to any rolls he makes when using machinery! Even though he has very average stats, he has some of the most advanced equipment to be found

in either warband. A fitting lieutenant in these circumstances, he would stick near Lichtenstein.

The Daemonhost was a wild card and, despite having played these little blighters before, I still haven't much of an idea how to get the best out of them. The new power Graham and I invented, Bloodfreeze, was a variation of Blood Boil, and had the potential to cause real havoc. It inflicts a wound level on the victim's chest (the head and chest are very important in Inquisitor; any hits there and you'll be debilitated at the very least) and, of course, it ignores armour. Useful against any gold armoured behemoths that may come charging toward him.

Finally, Gryx the servitor-warrior was pretty straightforward. My plan for him was distinctly brutal: get into combat as soon as possible. Rowland would be expecting him to go for the power armoured Tyrus (possibly due to the giant can-opener on his left arm) so I intended to do exactly the opposite; he would take on Barbaretta and Stone. The special rules we devised for his power claw meant that he could feasibly snip a foe in two before they knew what hit them. (We decided that if he rolled two or more 10s on his damage roll he'd tear off that location completely; very unlikely, but very powerful)

(For a more detailed low-down on Phil's Inquisitor warband, turn to page 40, "Diary of an Inquisitor")

The Warband of Witch Hunter Tyrus



Enforcer Barbaretta
and cyber-mastiff

Witch
Hunter
Tyrus

Sergeant
Stone

Devotee
Malicant

BURN THEM ALL!



Rowland Cox

Rowland: After my involvement in helping run the Design Studio Inquisitor campaign, I was delighted to hear that I would be playing in the Inquisitor battle

report. It would mean that I would get to play Inquisitor instead of gamesmastering one of our Studio campaign games. Not that running games isn't fun, exciting and rewarding, it's just a totally different perspective on actually playing Inquisitor. Now I'd have to decide exactly what type of Inquisitor I wanted to play...

Well, as far as I'm concerned, there's nothing quite like burning people in the name of the Emperor. I love the smell of burnt sinner in the morning! For all the lure of Chaotic weirdness, the promise of blasphemous technology, and all the fun of Intergalactic plots, nothing quite beats tying a heretic to a stick and absolving him of his sins. Or failing that, shooting him with an Inferno bolt. BURN THEM, BURN THEM ALL! Ahem...

So, when the discussion started about which Inquisitor characters should be

used, there was only one clear choice. Witch Hunter Tyrus. Let Phil use his witchcraft and unholy ways, let him summon Daemons and bind them unto mortal hosts, I will have the Emperor as my guide. With His divine guidance I shall bring fiery justice to those who transgress in His name! With a steely will, a pure heart and great big suit of power armour, I shall bring Phil's Inquisitor to justice. That's the great thing about Inquisitor; not only do you get to tailor your Inquisitor's character to your personal liking, you also get to equip him in a characterful, yet totally deadly way! Many weapons in the armoury have special rules about how they affect their victims in addition to whatever normal damage they cause. For example, Witch Hunter Tyrus is armed with, amongst other things, a bolt pistol loaded with Inferno shells. These little beauties, which cause their target to burst into flames, inflict additional damage every turn in the same way as a flamer if not put out! Very characterful for a Witch Hunter, and very, very nasty.

With the leader of my warband chosen, I now had to select his followers. Being a fiery Monodominant (Inquisitors who hunt those who have consorted with Chaos or aliens, brooking no argument and giving no quarter whatsoever), Tyrus would naturally select the faithful and

devout Redemptionist Malicant. With his two-handed chainsword, the Eviscerator, he would make a fearsome close combat opponent, and I am relishing the chance to hurl him at the enemy at the first opportunity, canticles of pain and purity falling from his foam-flecked lips.

Tyrus has many connections within the varied organisations of the Imperium and this is reflected by the other characters associated with him. Security Enforcer Barbaretta, whose shock maul has 'subdued' many a suspect, would be very useful. Equipped with exceptional protective armour, a combat shotgun with target-seeking Executioner rounds and a vicious cyber-mastiff, Barbaretta is an excellent all-rounder.

Finally, I felt I needed a real combat veteran, and nobody fitted the bill more perfectly than Sergeant Stone. This grizzled warrior is a perfect companion for Tyrus. As an Inquisitor who will stop at nothing to destroy psykers and Daemons, innocent blood may be spilled and the Witch Hunter needs those who will obey his commands without question. With my band of loyal and devout warriors chosen, it was inevitable that spiritual and physical combat would commence.

Let none stand against the will of the Emperor!

THE GAMESMASTER



Graham McNeill

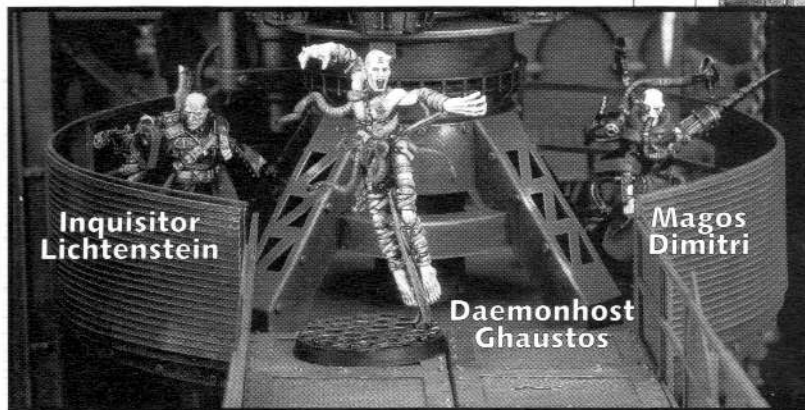
Graham: Having been part of the team that ran the Inquisitor campaign here in the Design Studio, I was hoping that in some small way I would be involved in the

first Inquisitor battle report for White Dwarf. The chance to play with fantastic miniatures over some stunning terrain was a mouth-watering prospect, and when I heard that not only was I going to be involved with the battle but would be Gamesmastering it, I was over the moon. It was only after the new year, when I came back to work after the festivities of Hogmanay (Guess where Graham hails from! — Paul Sawyer), that I realised the scope of work which lay ahead of me.

We had already decided that Rowland would be using the characters from the Inquisitor rulebook, while Phil would build his own unique Inquisitor warband and create a history for it. Phil and I got together to roll up his characters, and from the background he gave me I quickly began to form

ideas for a potential scenario. When I tied that background to the bombastic, heretic burning nature of Rowland's warband, the specifics of the scenario quickly became clear. Witch Hunter Tyrus was renowned for the use of various painful ordeals to divine the guilt or innocence of those he investigates, and I felt it would be interesting to have had the paths of the two Inquisitors cross many years earlier. I decided that two decades ago, Tyrus had believed that Inquisitor Lichtenstein was delving too deeply into the terrible mysteries of Chaos and had subjected him to those same ordeals. But he had been unable to prove the charges laid against Lichtenstein who promptly vanished soon after the trial. It was later discovered that he had managed to fool the tests which Tyrus had set him. Tyrus vowed to hunt him down and bring him once again to trial, and during the past twenty years has been attentive to any clue that would lead to Lichtenstein's capture.

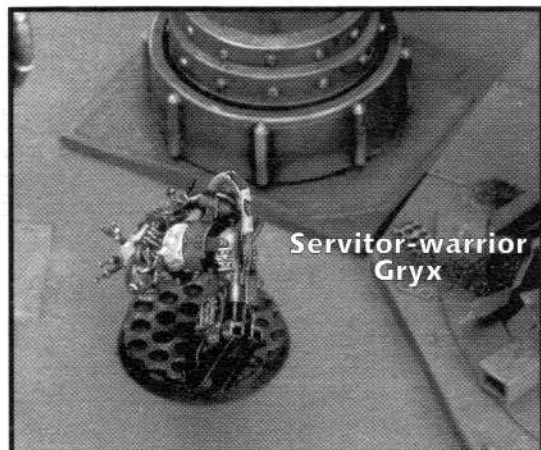
Details like this add an extra layer to any scenario, creating rivalries that can extend from game to game and can further develop the narrative element of a campaign. Of course you don't need to artificially create rivalries like this, over the course of your games your players will naturally develop these rivalries as they win or lose games and defeat or overcome their enemies. Remember, Inquisitor is all about the narrative. Whatever adds depth to your games or enhances the story can only be for the good. Inspiration for scenarios, sub-plots, etc can come from both the characters and their backgrounds, but also any themed terrain pieces. Here at the Studio we're lucky enough to have some stunning scratch built scenery that represents huge mines, thundering machines, gantries and walkways, and once I'd put together an interesting battlefield, the final details of the scenario revealed themselves.



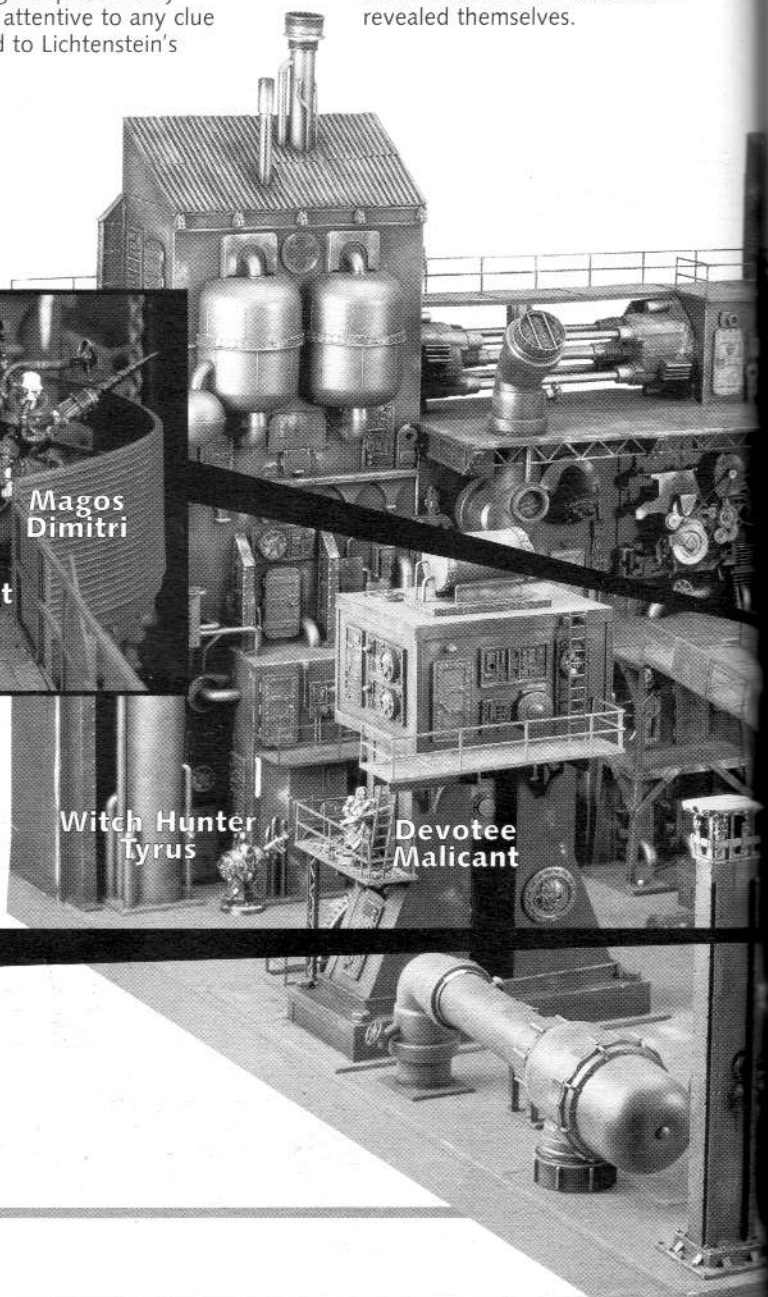
Inquisitor Lichtenstein

Magos Dimitri

Daemonhost Ghaustos



Servitor-warrior Gryx



Witch Hunter Tyrus

Devotee Malicant

SCENARIO: THE DWELLER BENEATH

Following clues contained in the scrolls of the heretic monk Corteswain, Inquisitor Lichtenstein and Adeptus Mechanicus Magos Dimitri have come to the world of Karis Cephalon in their search for the lost Librarium Hereticus, a thrice damned collection of forbidden tomes and blasphemous techno-arcana. Corteswain hinted at the existence of a Daemon Prince named Pharaa'gueotla whose essence was bound within a strata of rock and buried deep beneath the surface of a planet he described as 'Cursed to be the world where The Things Which Must Not Be Named will visit a thousand times a thousand woes'. Inquisitor Lichtenstein believes Karis Cephalon to be that world. Pharaa'gueotla was said to know secrets that could point to the location of this abominable librarium and when

the mine workings at Taberna Ostium were abandoned by the workers, who claimed that the site was haunted, Lichtenstein instinctively knew that they had inadvertently discovered the slumbering Daemon Prince.

Lichtenstein and Dimitri set off for the abandoned mine with Gryx, a cybernetically altered servitor-warrior created by Dimitri, and Ghaustos, a Daemonhost of Lichtenstein's which would be used to communicate with Pharaa'gueotla and sift the lies from the truth in the Daemon Prince's words.

The Emperor's Tarot has brought the warband of Witch Hunter Tyrus to Karis Cephalon. The cards have been guiding his righteous hunt of all things unclean for many decades now and point to a meeting with an old adversary. The same rumours that led Lichtenstein to Taberna Ostium have reached the ears of Tyrus and, together with his warrior band consisting of Sergeant Stone, Devotee Malicant, Enforcer Barbaretta and her cyber-mastiff, he has set off in pursuit of his prey. Arriving to find the deserted forge-mine still rumbling to the sound of automated machinery, Tyrus split his warband into two groups and began the search for Lichtenstein. He wanted him alive, but dead was almost as good.

SETTING

The scenario takes place in the deserted forge-mine complex of Taberna Ostium and its layout is

shown in the accompanying photo, as is the starting position of the characters. To represent the unique geography of the complex I decided upon the following rules:

- None of the doors are locked, but all can be sealed in one action with simple code key-pads. It requires one action and a successful Sagacity test to open a sealed door.

- A character falling or pushed into the rotating fan blades takes D6 hits to random locations and suffers D6+2 points of damage to each location hit. Armour and force fields will reduce damage from this as normal. After suffering damage, the character is knocked D6 yards in a random direction and falls prone.

- Sample Armour values:

Barrels are Armour 5

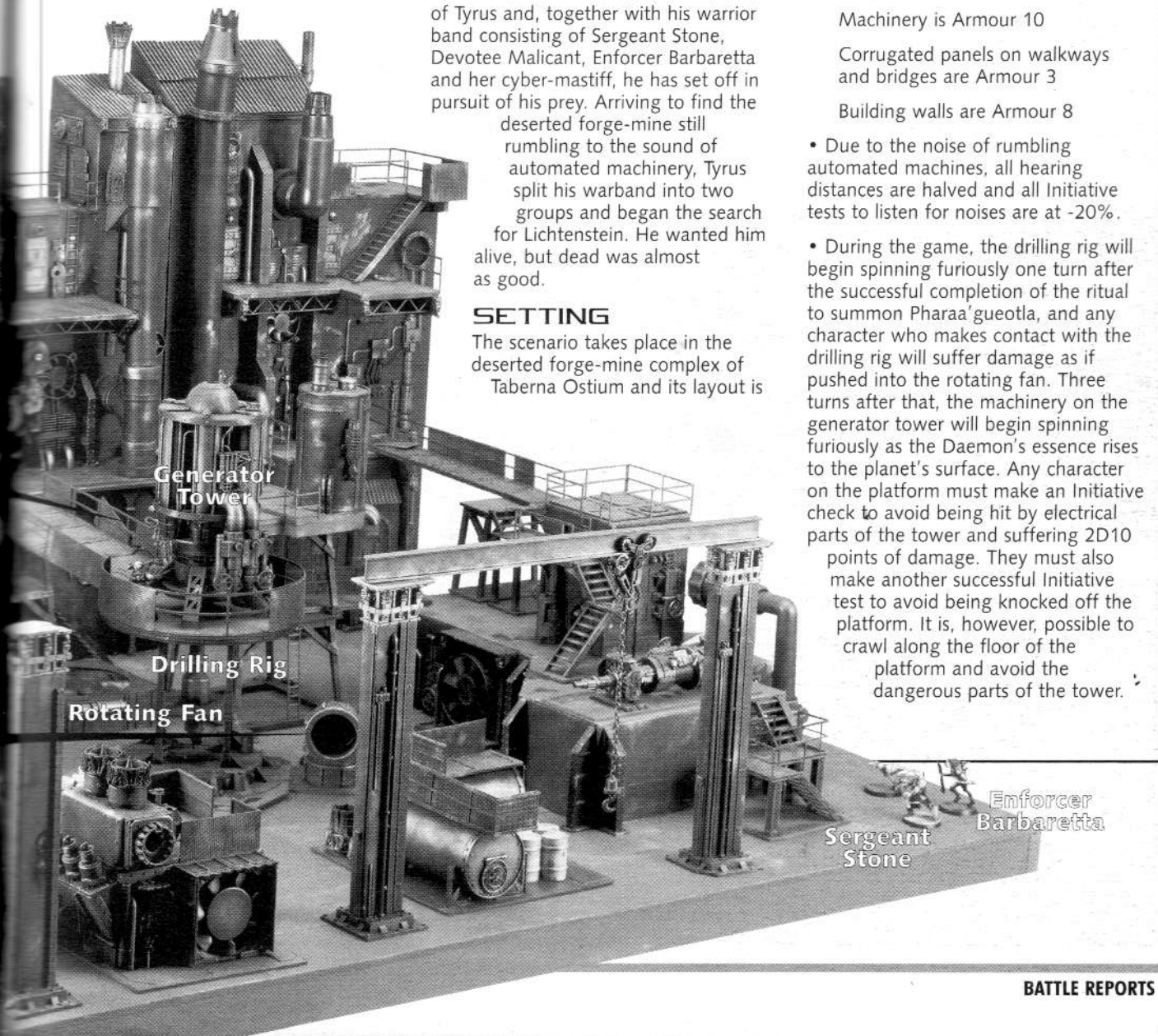
Machinery is Armour 10

Corrugated panels on walkways and bridges are Armour 3

Building walls are Armour 8

- Due to the noise of rumbling automated machines, all hearing distances are halved and all Initiative tests to listen for noises are at -20%.

- During the game, the drilling rig will begin spinning furiously one turn after the successful completion of the ritual to summon Pharaa'gueotla, and any character who makes contact with the drilling rig will suffer damage as if pushed into the rotating fan. Three turns after that, the machinery on the generator tower will begin spinning furiously as the Daemon's essence rises to the planet's surface. Any character on the platform must make an Initiative check to avoid being hit by electrical parts of the tower and suffering 2D10 points of damage. They must also make another successful Initiative test to avoid being knocked off the platform. It is, however, possible to crawl along the floor of the platform and avoid the dangerous parts of the tower.



The Summoning

Graham: I decided that since they'd already been conducting the summoning ritual before the game began, Lichtenstein and Dimitri would only require a further ten actions worth of chanting to complete the ritual. After that, who knows exactly what would happen?

High on the generator platform of the drilling rig, Inquisitor Lichtenstein and Magos Dimitri continued the ceremony to summon the essence of the Daemon Prince they sought to question, their chanting rising above the dull throb of machinery that permeated the entire complex. The words and syllables were never meant to issue from a human throat and seemed to linger in the air for longer than they had any right to. Lichtenstein could feel the sleeping Daemon Prince stirring, the invocations dragging a fragment of its bound essence to the surface. His own Daemonic creation, Ghaustos, stood nearby, moving slowly onto the walkway that crossed from the

platform, glistening tentacles that had erupted from his flesh waving like undersea fronds. Pulsing white wych fires burned in the creature's eyes as it scanned the mine for Lichtenstein's enemies. As Dimitri continued the chant, the Inquisitor leaned over the railings of the platform and saw Gryx, the one armed cyber-warrior standing immobile at the foot of the tower.

He formed the word, 'Patrol,' in his head and directed the thought at Gryx. The scored bronze helm nodded and the shambling figure slowly began a circuit of the lower mine, the massively bladed power claw hanging inert at its side. Though Gryx appeared sluggish and docile now, with calming devotional hymns and images projected on the inner face of his pacifier helmet, Lichtenstein still felt a shudder at the thought of the horrifying, psychotic monster that would be unleashed were he to utter the warrior's trigger word.

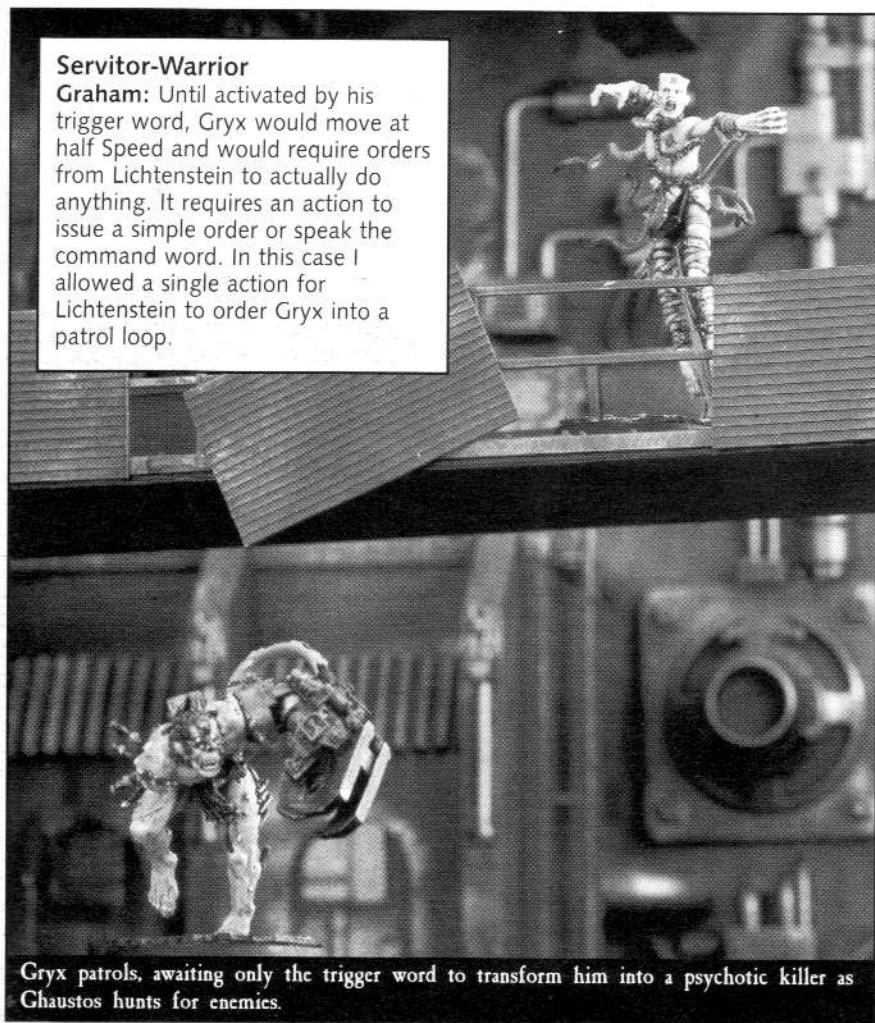
The air stank of diesel and machine oils as Witch Hunter Tyrus strode through the half-light of the mine complex.

Fitful sparks reflected from the smooth surface of his power armour and threw his grim face into stark relief. He knew Lichtenstein was within the mine workings, involved in some heretical works no doubt. He had escaped Tyrus' judgement once before. He would not do so again. The grinding rumble of machinery came from ahead. He gestured towards a tall structure and indicated to Malicant that he should climb the stairs that ascended to a platform high above. The red robed Redemptionist nodded curtly, and even though his face was obscured by a golden mask, Tyrus could sense the man's thirst for battle. Malicant vanished from sight as Tyrus crept further forward. He needed to gain high ground as well and passed into the vast iron building beside him, seeking a way to approach the centre of the mine unseen.

Enforcer Barbaretta crept silently forward, her shock maul held before her like a talisman. Her cybernetic eye whirred slightly as it adjusted to the smoky half-light of the mine and the rank, mineral tainted air caught in the back of her throat. Silently, she ghosted up a flight of stairs that led to the roof of a building where a massive generator would offer her some cover to survey the mine before her. She cursed inwardly as Stone, the veteran Guardsman, stomped up the iron staircase behind her. She shot him an angry look, but the man ignored her. Stone was as clumsy as a blind Grox, but his warrior instincts and skill with the long bladed halberd he always carried was formidable. Barbaretta doubted that he was wholly sane, but reasoned that his combat prowess more than made up for any mental instability. The scarred veteran raised his halberd and pointed ahead, saying, "Someone's there. On the tower." Barbaretta couldn't see anything just yet, but didn't doubt Stone's word. If the sergeant said there was someone there, then she believed him.

Servitor-Warrior

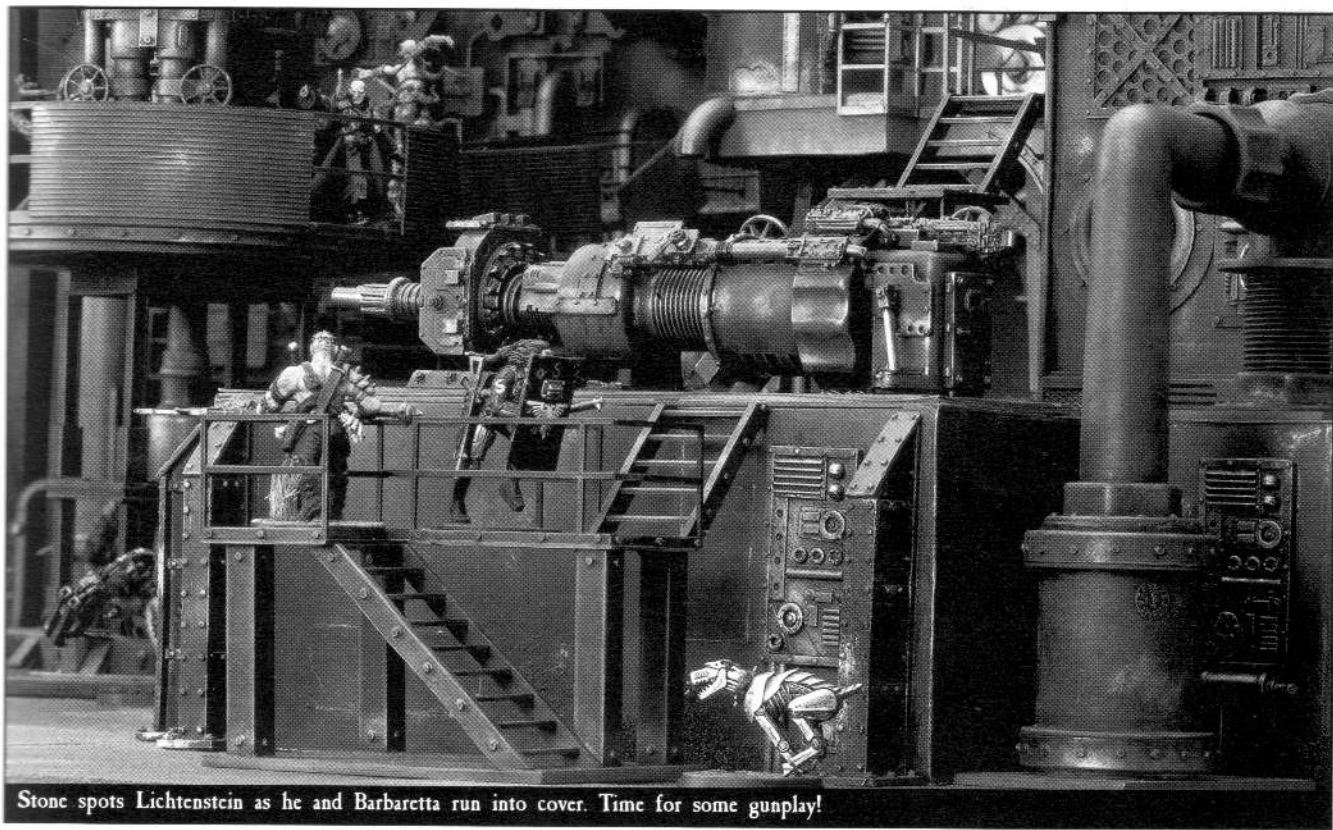
Graham: Until activated by his trigger word, Gryx would move at half Speed and would require orders from Lichtenstein to actually do anything. It requires an action to issue a simple order or speak the command word. In this case I allowed a single action for Lichtenstein to order Gryx into a patrol loop.



Gryx patrols, awaiting only the trigger word to transform him into a psychotic killer as Ghaustos hunts for enemies.

Awareness

Graham: Characters can only react to things that they are aware of, ie can hear or see. In this case, Stone could draw a line of sight to Lichtenstein, but due to how little of the Inquisitor was actually showing, the distance and clouds of steam in the forge-mine, I made him take an Initiative test in order to become aware of Lichtenstein, which he promptly passed.



Stone spots Lichtenstein as he and Barbarett run into cover. Time for some gunplay!

Lichtenstein and Dimitri continued to chant, their robes rippling in a phantom wind as the Daemon's essence grew closer to waking. Below him, he could hear Gryx's plodding footsteps as he continued to patrol the mine. They were close to completing the ritual and Lichtenstein could sense the Daemon's liquid consciousness begin uncoiling from the prison of rock far below them. Dimitri chanted in counterpoint to Lichtenstein, his rasping metallic voice issuing from voxcasters implanted in his throat. The pitch, tone and resonance of the chant were displayed on a graphic waveform display of his enhanced auto senses, that only Dimitri could see. The cadence of the chant was most interesting and his memory engrams recorded it for later study.

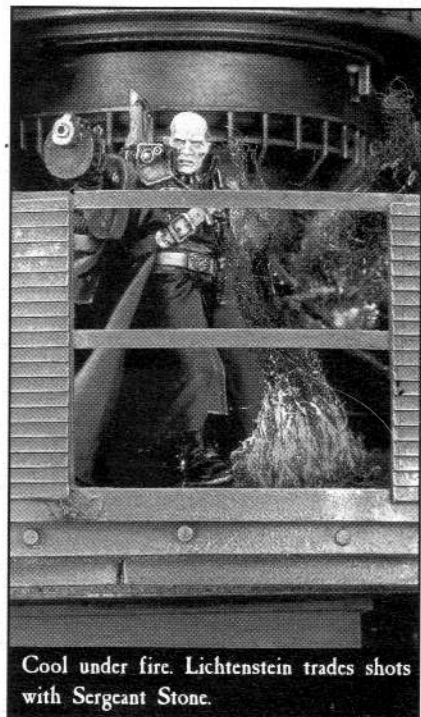
Devotee Malicant moved onto the platform of the building he had climbed and looked out over the expanse of the mine complex. A central structure dominated the mine, consisting of a gigantic drilling rig attached to a generator tower. In the distance he could see the Enforcer and Guardsman making their way towards the centre of the complex, the Guardsman pointing his pistol towards the tower. But much closer, on the generator tower itself, he saw a robed figure and grinned ferally as he recognised the form of one of the heretics Tyrus had told him about; the Magos. Malicant's laspistol was already

in his hand and, pausing only to take brief aim, he loosed two shots at the Magos.

Dimitri flinched as the metal of the tower exploded in a shower of sparks and molten metal as a flurry of laser bolts impacted around him. He spun and saw a maniacally grinning figure with a smoking pistol on the platform of a nearby building. On the other side of the tower Lichtenstein grunted in pain as a las bolt punched through the metal sheeting of the parapet and scored across his thigh. He drew his stubber in one motion and turned in the direction the shot had come from. A silver skulled man in combat fatigues pounded up a stairwell, his eyes fixed on Lichtenstein. At his heels ran the gleaming shape of a cyber-mastiff, which meant there was an Enforcer somewhere nearby, but where? He felt a sudden pulse of psychic energy from Ghaustos as two white bolts of psychic chill flew from the Daemonhost's outstretched hands and Lichtenstein cursed as they flew wide of the silver skulled man. Then he realised that the Daemonhost hadn't been trying to hit the man at all. Perhaps his creation could see the Enforcer that he himself could not. He saw a piece of generator equipment enveloped in a storm of ice crystals as the psychic bolts struck and reasoned that the Enforcer was sheltering behind it.

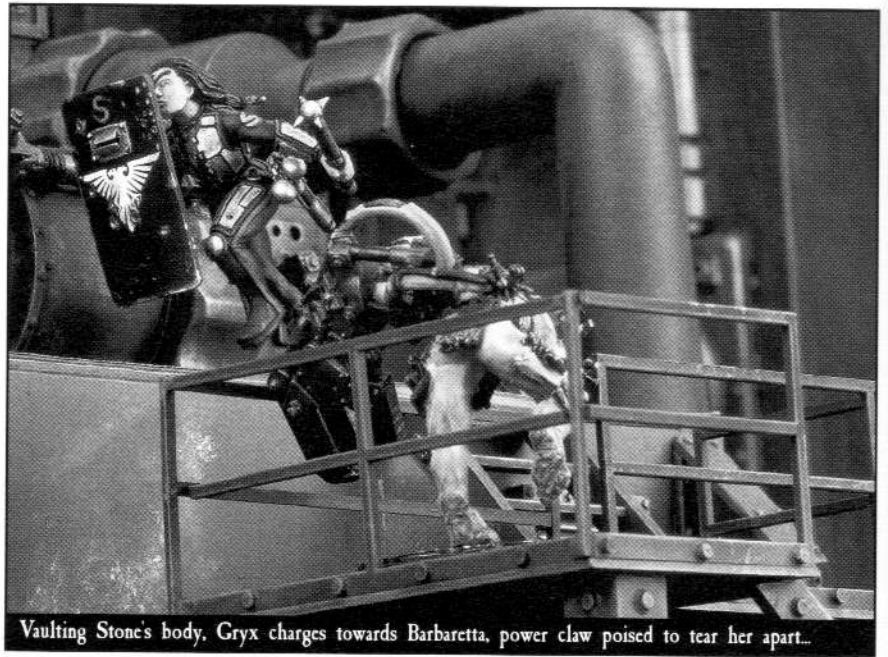
Pinning

Graham: Being shot at is an unnerving experience to say the least! Characters who are shot at have to pass a Nerve test or go diving for the nearest cover. Dimitri, however, has the skill Nerves of Steel and therefore never needs to take Pinning tests.



Cool under fire. Lichtenstein trades shots with Sergeant Stone.

Flicking the shot selector to Man Stopper shells, Inquisitor Lichtenstein leaned over the parapet of the platform and squeezed off two unerringly accurate rounds at the fool who had dared to shoot at one of the Emperor's chosen. The first shell took the man high in the chest, the second in the thigh. The heavy grain slugs blasted fist sized holes in his body, punching through his flesh and bone and exiting explosively from his back. Stone tumbled backwards, pain like nothing he had ever experienced, even in the hell of the Gland War, engulfing him. The iron of the stairs rushed up to meet him as he fell and he heard his jaw break as he clattered downwards on his front, limbs cold and inert. Pain swallowed him and darkness followed as he slipped into unconsciousness.



Vaulting Stone's body, Gryx charges towards Barbaretta, power claw poised to tear her apart...

System Shock

Graham: Sometimes a character may be so badly hurt by a single hit that the pain and shock may take them out of action. This is represented by a System Shock roll. The shot to Stone's leg caused enough damage that he had to roll under his Toughness to stay in the game and, unfortunately for Rowland, he failed the test and fell unconscious.

Barbaretta saw Stone fall and knew he was as good as gone now. Her armour was rimed with a coating of frost and her skin was blistered from the icy bolts which the Daemon creature had hurled at her. She racked the slide on her combat shotgun, aiming upwards and resting the barrel on the machine in front of her. The air was still hazy from where the ice had flashed to steam on the hot generator and she couldn't draw a bead on the creature. She risked a quick glance around the machine, wondering where in the Emperor's name Tyrus was. Ghaustos drew dark warp energy into the frail human prison of his host body's flesh, ready to unleash fresh icy misery on the leather clad woman below, but the buzzing, gnawing sensation of another Daemonic creature, greedy for power kept intruding on his concentration and he roared in frustration as he felt the psychic energy bleed away from him unused.

Magos Dimitri watched as the red robed figure sprinted along the platform of the adjacent tower, the bionics of his eyes calculating range and

trajectories. Whispering the Catechism of Accuracy, his mind impulse unit fired his shoulder-mounted bolt pistol, the distinctive crack of the shell's tiny rocket motor telling him the round was pure. Malicant saw the flash of his prey's weapon and screaming, "For the Emperor! On wings of fire I fly!", he vaulted the tower's railing and launched himself through the air towards the generator tower. Dimitri's bolter shell flew wide of its mark, detonating harmlessly behind the fanatic and he stepped back as the screaming Redemptionist flew through the air towards him. For a moment it looked as though he might make the insane leap, but the distance was just too great. Malicant slammed into the parapet of the generator tower, the las pistol falling from his hand as he desperately grabbed for the railing, dangling helplessly above the mine floor.

The summoning ritual was almost complete, but Lichtenstein knew that it could still fail were he not to finish soon. He'd heard gunfire from the other side of the tower, but was

confident in Dimitri's ability to handle himself and concentrated on the situation before him. The man he'd shot was down, blood pouring from the ragged crater in his chest, but the Enforcer had to be lurking nearby. He tracked his stubber left and right, but could not see her. A sudden shift of motion behind the ice-blasted generator and he knew where she was. A pulse of thought sent the trigger word, 'Angellus' to Gryx and the location of his victim. Lichtenstein raised the stubber to where he had seen the movement, but it was gone now, vanished from sight behind the generator.

Gryx howled in fury and pain as his pacifier helm smoothly rose from his face and its calming effect was withdrawn. Simultaneously the stimm dispensers grafted into the fleshy stump of his right shoulder activated and shot a cocktail of combat enhancing drugs into his bloodstream. Adrenal pumps flooded his system with stimulants, his limbs and muscles swelling as chemical strength thundered through his veins and psychotic inhibitors disengaged

The Gamesmaster is God

Graham: When Malicant made his daring leap, I gave him a bonus of D6 yards to how far he could jump since he was leaping from a higher level. This still wasn't enough though and he fell to the ground in a mangled heap, unconscious. I decided that this wasn't a particularly heroic way to go and the game would be pretty much over, so I decreed that, instead of falling, Malicant had just managed to grab the railing and hang on for dear life. Not out of the game, but with Dimitri above him with a chain axe, not a healthy place to be. Decisions like this may blatantly contradict the letter of the rules, but GM's should feel free to make calls like this if it develops the narrative and keeps things exciting for the players.

from his cerebral cortex. The location of the Enforcer burned in his crude cybernetic brain, his every thought enslaved to the imperative to kill. He sprinted across the floor towards the Enforcer, almost faster than the eye could follow, leaping each flight of stairs and Stone's body in a single powered leap. As he emerged onto the rooftop he saw his target before him and roared, an inchoate bellow of pure aggression.

Barbarett spun in time to see Gryx's power claw descending. But the berserk warrior slipped on a patch of ice-slick concrete and his killing blow missed her, tearing a great chunk of iron from the generator. The Enforcer ducked back and smashed her shock maul into the crackling power claw. Her weapon bounced from the metal of Gryx's arm in a shower of violet sparks. The electrical discharge of the shock maul whiplashed up the cybernetic arm and Gryx staggered back, smoke roiling from the blistering skin at the junction of flesh and metal. Before her cybermastiff could attack and she could step in to smash her weapon across Gryx's face, the air before them exploded in retina searing brightness as the Daemonhost released a blinding flash of psychic energy between her and her opponent. She was quick enough to avoid being blinded by the psychic attack, but her mastiff's auto senses were overloaded by the blast of incandescent light and it faltered in its attack as the machinery of its brain reset itself.

Shock Weapons

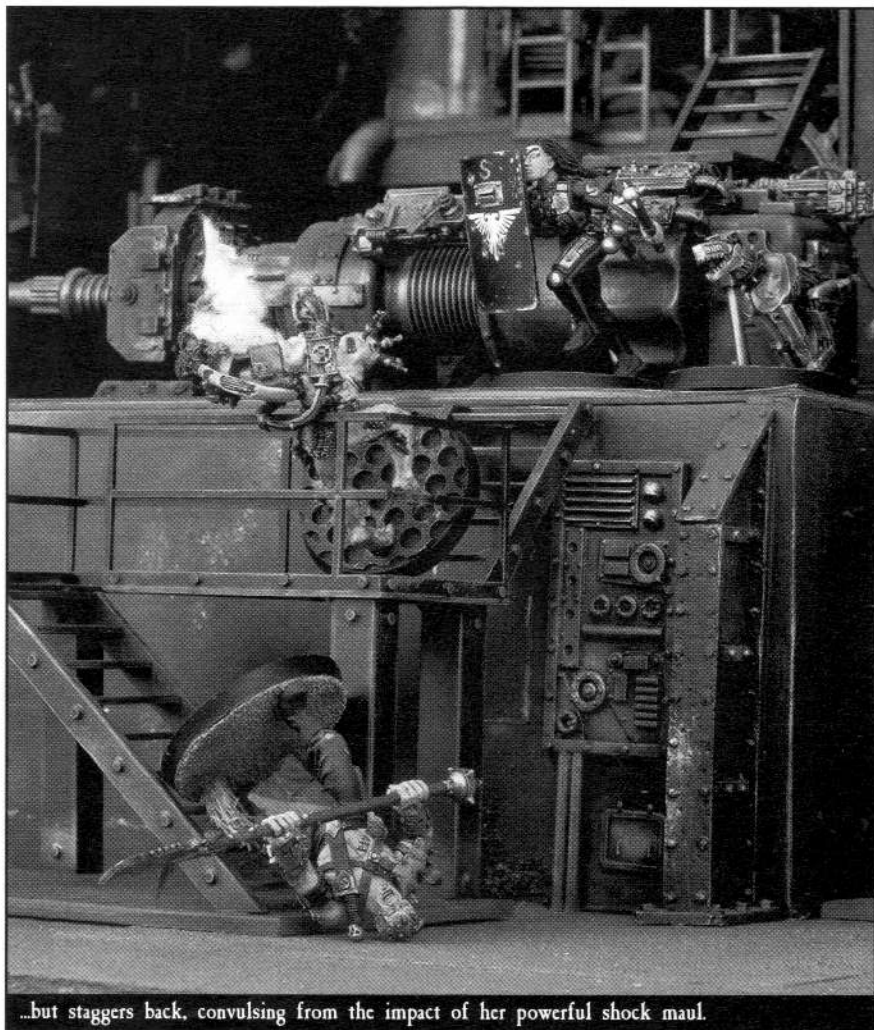
Graham: These weapons deliver a powerful electric shock upon impact and can disrupt the victim's nervous system. When Barbaretta hit Gryx, he failed his Toughness test and was stunned for a turn.

Had he been capable of feeling the emotive response of flesh, Dimitri would have laughed at the Redemptionist's failed leap. He had calculated that the distance was too great the instant he had jumped. Dimitri prepared to continue chanting and finish the ritual when he noticed a pair of white knuckled hands gripping the edge of the railings of the generator tower. Grimly, he thumbed the activation stud on his chain axe and stepped forwards. Malicant knew he was in serious trouble, the ground was a long way down, he had not the

strength to pull himself up and he could hear the familiar buzzing of a chain weapon powering up. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a door open on the factory wall and groaned inwardly as Witch Hunter Tyrus emerged on the level below the main walkway to the tower. He could see his master's fury as he realised the mistake and, as Tyrus vanished back through the door, Malicant prayed that the Emperor would guide his steps this time.

Tyrus' Mistake

Graham: Since Tyrus had been making his way forward through the mineworkings at the back of the battlefield, I decided that, in dark and unfamiliar surroundings he would have to pass an Initiative test in order to pick the correct door to emerge from. In this case, he failed and I randomly determined which door he would enter from. After realising his mistake and getting his bearings, I then allowed Tyrus to automatically find the correct door next time.



...but staggers back, convulsing from the impact of her powerful shock maul.

Lichtenstein watched disbelief as Gryx staggered away from the Enforcer. He gathered his will and released a burst of raw psychic power at the black clad figure as she raised her shock maul for another strike. The full force of Lichtenstein's will hit Barbaretta square in the chest and she was hurled through the air, falling towards the ground and smashing her head into the concrete floor as she landed. Satisfied that Gryx was no longer in any danger, Inquisitor Lichtenstein turned his attention back to the chant and intoned the final words of the incantation, smiling as he sensed a shred of the Daemon's consciousness being drawn up the mine shaft towards him. So preoccupied was he with his success, he didn't notice the iron door at the end of the walkway opening...

Magos Dimitri swept his chain axe down towards the Redemptionist's fingers, but the zealous fool obviously perceived falling to the ground a preferable fate, and let go of the railings as Dimitri's blade sheared through the metal in a screaming halo of sparks. Malicant howled in frustration as he fell towards the ground, landing with bone crunching impact on a tower of barrels, scattering them and rolling into a stunned heap.

Psychic Impel (Knockback)

Graham: This innocuous ability probably saved Gryx's life. With it Lichtenstein was able to cause 2D10 yards of Knockback on Barbaretta. Normally if characters are hit by an attack which does damage equal to their Knockback value then they can be sent sprawling by the force of the impact. With this psychic ability, there is no need to equal the Knockback value, it happens automatically.

Recovered from the impact of the Enforcer's shock maul, Gryx vented his retribution on the metallic form of her cyber-mastiff. Though it's auto senses were still recovering from the blinding flash caused by Ghaustos, it was still fast, dodging nimbly around the berserker. But it could only evade for so long and when Gryx's massive power claw finally caught the beast, it was chopped in two, the shorn halves twitching in their convulsive death throes. Gryx turned his head in the direction the woman had fallen and pounded down the stairs, his altered brain filled with images of her death.

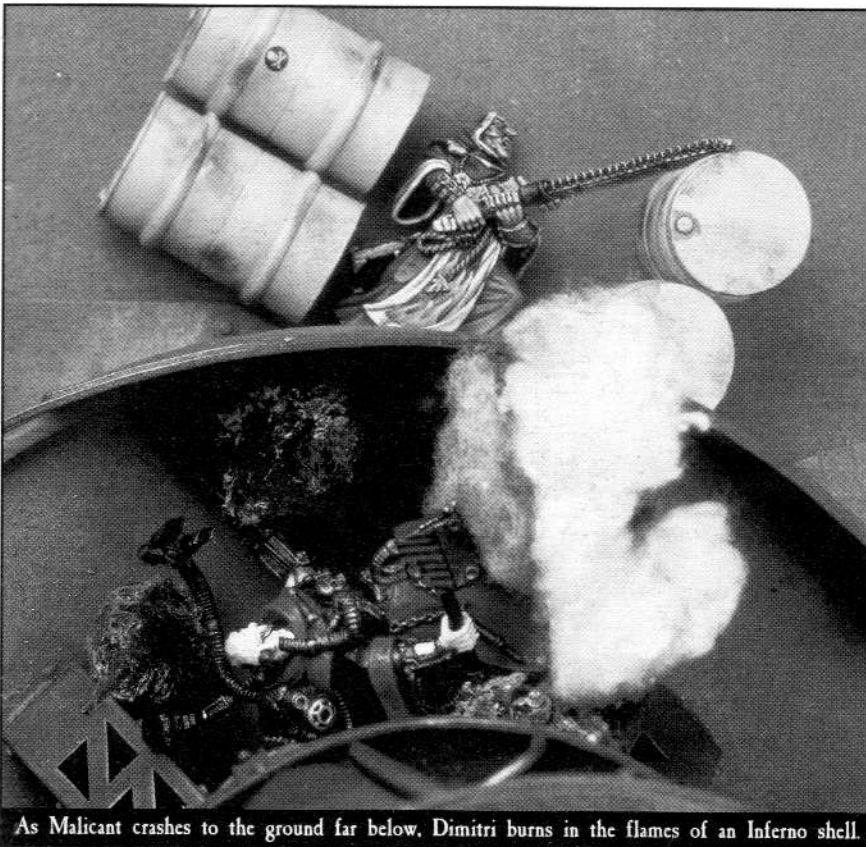
Up on the generator tower and with all the threats he could discern taken care of, Inquisitor Lichtenstein's smile

faltered as he heard the grinding mechanics of the drilling rig below him spooling up. Perhaps it had been activated by one of his enemy's warband or perhaps the flaring power of the rising Daemon's consciousness was responsible, who could tell? He could feel his anticipation build as he waited for its arrival, preparing to recite the Canticle of Binding and thus didn't see the massive, power armoured figure of Witch Hunter Tyrus as he stepped through the door onto the tower walkway.

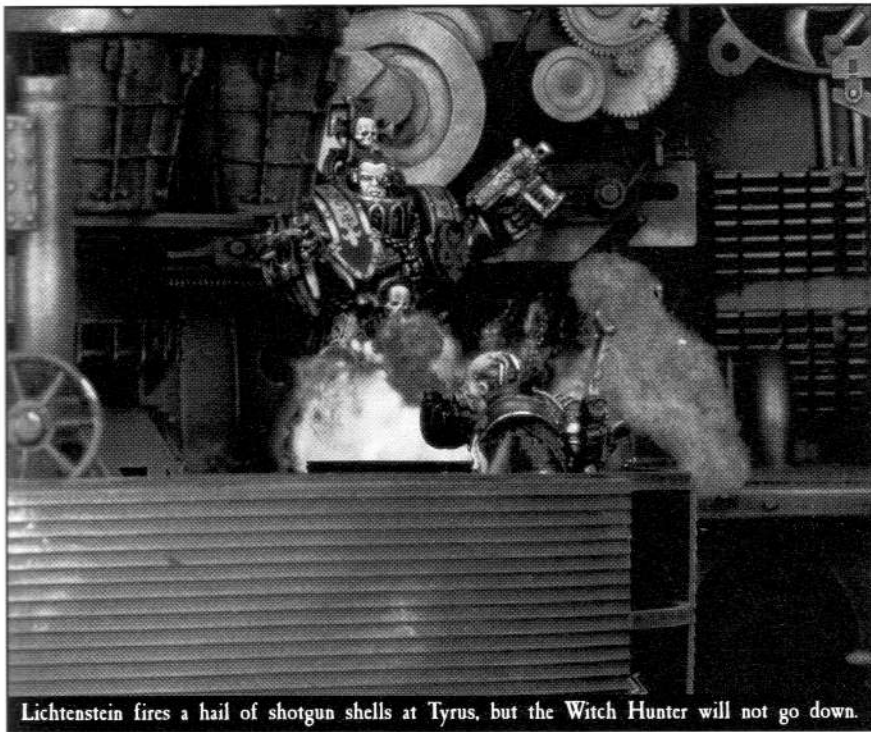
Tyrus felt his pulse quicken as he saw Lichtenstein across the tower from him. He couldn't get a clear shot, as his prey's pet Daemon creature blocked his view. The abomination had seen him and spread its arms, the light in its eyes burning brightly with cold fire. Briefly he considered firing upon the creature, but dismissed the notion as he caught sight of the heretic Magos Dimitri. His bolt pistol was loaded with Inferno shells and he snarled, "Burn in hell, traitor," as he pulled the trigger. Both shots flew straight and true, striking the Magos in the abdomen and head. The bolts were slowed by Dimitri's refractor field, but it could not prevent them from causing horrendous damage. The Inferno shells ignited upon detonation and, as the Magos fell to the floor, his robes burst into flames, thick black smoke boiling around his burning body. Dimitri screamed, his weak organic matter blistering and blackening, but sheer force of will kept him from losing consciousness. Tyrus smiled grimly at the heretic's agonies, but the smile froze on his face as a searing chill suddenly seized his heart and he collapsed to his knees as he felt the icy chill of death creep over him. He realised that Lichtenstein's Daemonhost was using its fell powers on him, but he would resist. His faith in the Emperor was his shield!

Burn them All!

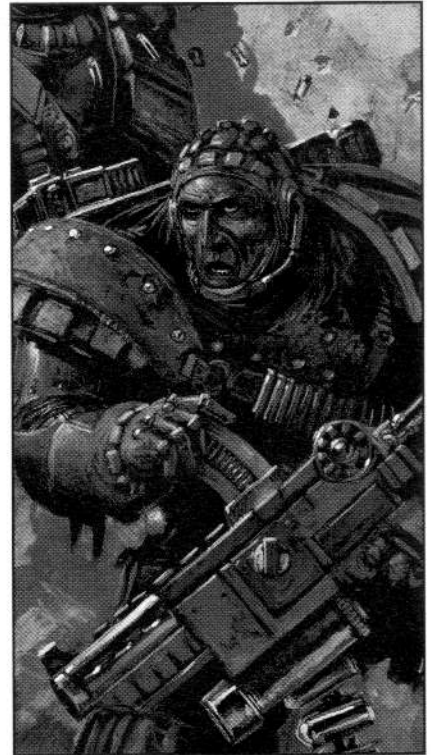
Graham: Tyrus' Inferno shells are particularly dangerous munitions, able to set their target on fire with the same effect as a flamer. These are doubly dangerous in that they continue to burn every turn unless the character is able to extinguish the fire or it goes out itself in the Recovery phase. Dimitri was unable to put out the fire but luckily, before it could do any more damage, the chemical fire spent itself and went out.



As Malicant crashes to the ground far below, Dimitri burns in the flames of an Inferno shell.



Lichtenstein fires a hail of shotgun shells at Tyrus, but the Witch Hunter will not go down.



Inquisitor Lichtenstein couldn't believe his eyes. Tyrus! It had been two decades, but here he was, larger than life. He could hear Dimitri's voxcaster screeching even over the thunderous noise of the drilling rig as the flames consumed him and the Magos desperately attempted to put them out. Lichtenstein snarled as he drew his pump action combat shotgun from its shoulder scabbard. He moved to a better firing position, flicking the shot selector to semi automatic and fired shell after shell at his nemesis. Tyrus rocked backwards under the shells' impacts, but his power armour withstood the majority of Lichtenstein's fire. A single shell somehow penetrated the joints in his leg plates and blood streamed down the intricate, fluted scrollwork of his armour. Tyrus fought through the sudden pain and pulled himself upright. His anger lent him strength and he charged along the walkway towards the Daemon beast, his power weapons crackling with lethal energies. He swung at the creature, but, with an unnatural speed, it dodged aside and Tyrus' blade sailed past it's head. The hell beast darted away from Tyrus, circling the Witch Hunter and the two old adversaries were finally face to face.

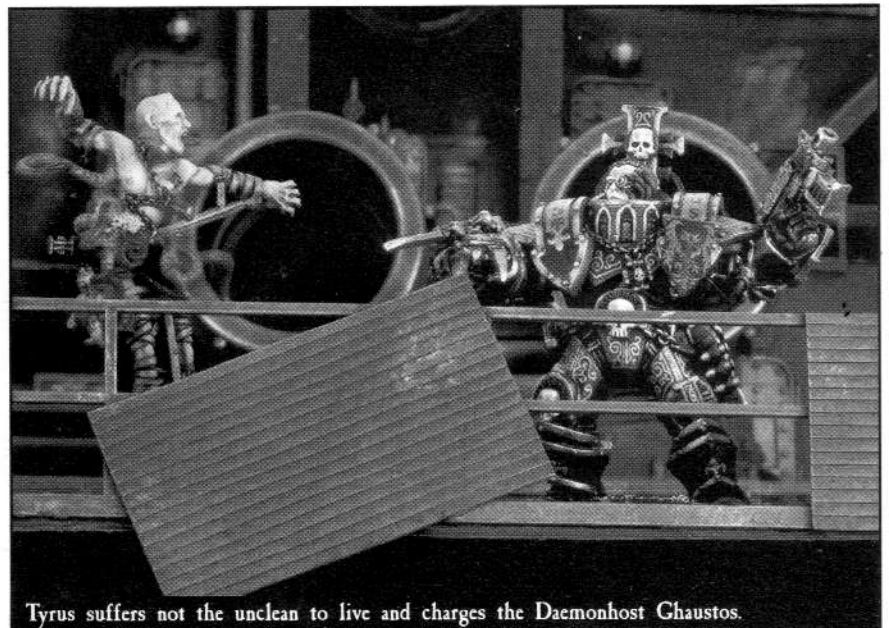
Devotee Malicant pushed himself to his feet, pain screaming along his spine. But he welcomed it. Froth gathered in the corner of his mouth at the thought of his foe escaping him. He glanced up at the tower, seeing a column of greasy

black smoke and catching the divine scent of scorched human flesh. The rig before him was spinning furiously and hot steam and toxic gasses were pouring from the mine shaft. Desperately he looked around for a way to reach the pulsing generator platform and, as he saw the scattered barrels lying around, a means of scaling the tower came to him.

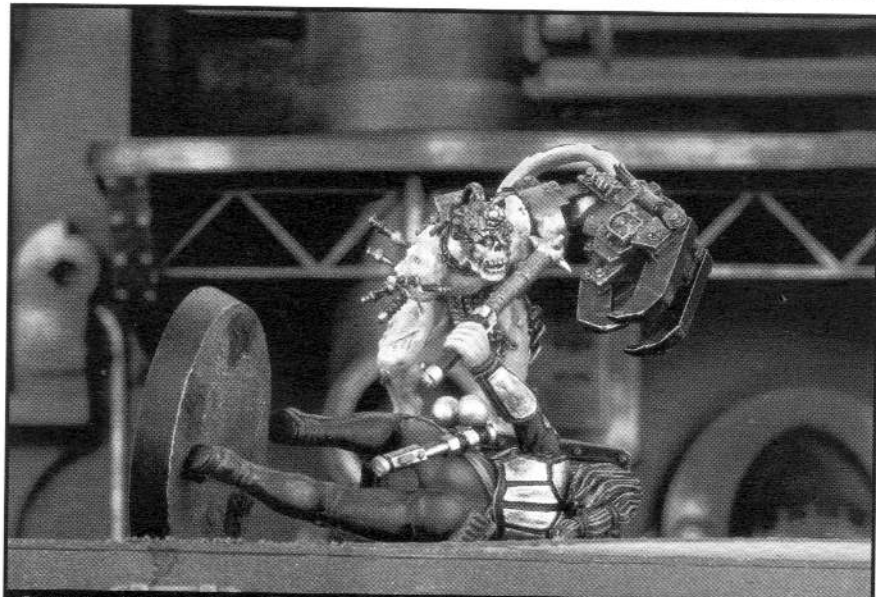
Barbaretta rolled aside, blood pouring from her split skull as the cyber-warrior slashed at her head with his energised claw. It struck again and she kept rolling. She had to get clear, but the damned thing was so fast!

Semi-Auto

Graham: Some weapons are capable of pumping out a rapid salvo of shots and lay down a hail of fire. Lichtenstein's pump action combat shotgun is one such weapon and he managed to fire a total of six shots in a single turn! Normally this mode of fire suffers from reduced accuracy, but thanks to Lichtenstein's skill of Rock Steady Aim he was able to shoot just fine.



Tyrus suffers not the unclean to live and charges the Daemonhost Ghaustos.

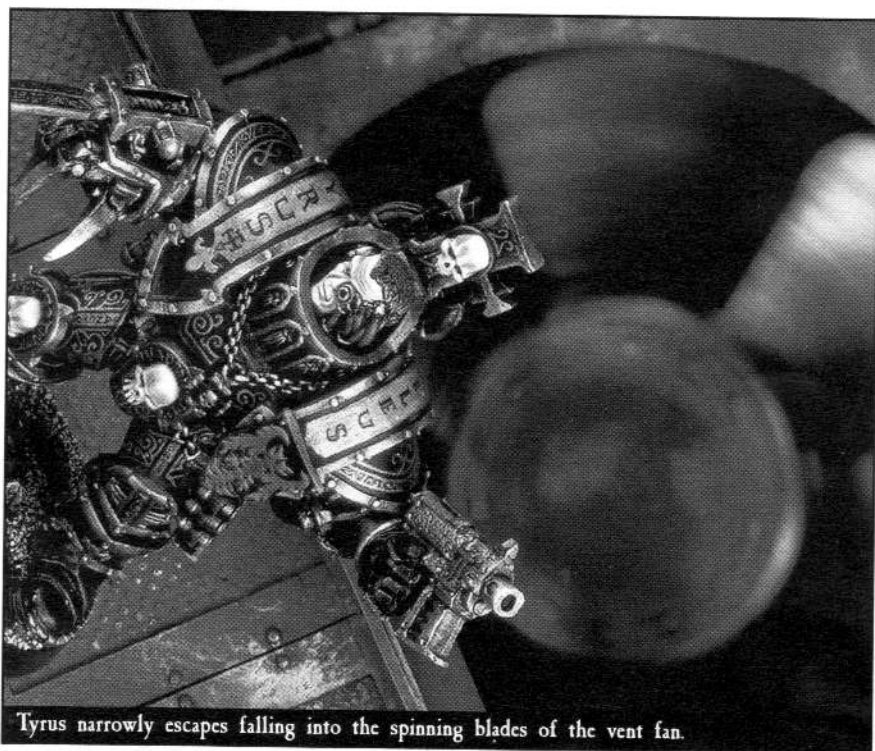


Stunned and dazed, Barbariccia is powerless to block Gryx's lethal power claw.

Gryx struck again and again, his power claw a blur of slashing bronze metal. He gouged chunks of concrete from the floor as he attacked. He batted aside a feeble attempt to deflect his blow and the claw sliced deep into Barbariccia's arm, tearing upwards and ripping the meat from her bones all the way to the elbow. She shrieked in agony, dropping her weapon from nerveless fingers as Gryx hacked into her arm again, the claw virtually tearing the limb from her shoulder. Pain blinded her and she screamed one last time before Gryx slashed his power claw across her

unprotected face. She felt bone shatter under the impact and mercifully blacked out.

The Daemon's essence must be close to breaching the surface, realised Lichtenstein. The tower was shaking violently and the drilling rig was vibrating from side to side as it spun faster than it was ever designed to. Blue lightning arcs flared from the generator and he could hear a rising hum of charging power. Once again he lashed out with raw psychic energy, and though Tyrus was a more fearsome target than the Enforcer, he could not



Tyrus narrowly escapes falling into the spinning blades of the vent fan.

Psychic Overloads

Graham: When Ghaustos tried again to freeze Tyrus' heart he failed his Willpower test by a margin of 28%, resulting in a psychic overload. For every full 10% a psyker fails his Willpower test by, he suffers a 2D10 loss of Willpower, making it more hazardous to use any psychic powers in future. Luckily, Ghaustos only rolled 7 for his loss, indicating that the overload was relatively minor.

resist the sheer strength of Lichtenstein's will. The massive Witch Hunter was hurled backwards against the railing of the walkway, the metal buckling and screeching as the full weight of the power armoured Inquisitor fell against it. For the briefest second it seemed as though Tyrus would fall into the giant blades of a vent fan, but miraculously the railing held. Before he could right himself, Lichtenstein attacked again with another psychic blow, smashing Tyrus backwards into the factory wall. Dazed but unharmed, Tyrus again picked himself up determined that his foe would not defeat him like this. Once more Ghaustos drew on the power of the warp to freeze the Witch Hunter's heart, but the Daemonhost's control slipped for a second and his body was wracked by spasms as raw power seared through his cold flesh.

Malicant began stacking the barrels he had fallen into, building a stepped tower with which he could leap to the platform. The scent of cooked flesh was a delicious tang in his nose and his eyes burned with zealous fire. Satisfied he had built his tower high enough and filled with righteous strength, he didn't even notice the ricochet of a bolter shell beside him as the blackened form of Magos Dimitri leaned between the railings and fired on him. Reaching the tower was all that mattered to Malicant now.

In a burst of lightning pyrotechnics, the generator tower was wrenched free from its moorings by the powerful motion of the drilling rig, spinning it violently around the swaying tower. So intent was he on Tyrus that Inquisitor Lichtenstein failed to see the protruding machinery of the tower as it spun around and smashed into his back. He was knocked sprawling and barely managed to hold onto the parapet, rolling to the metal decking of the

platform. Still gripping his shotgun, he crawled beneath the madly spinning generator mechanism, wincing as a deafening howling issued from just below the surface of the mine head. His mind felt heavy with psychic presence and he knew he had to take care of Tyrus quickly lest the Daemon manifest before he was ready to bind it. As he approached the walkway he levelled his shotgun at the Witch Hunter, squeezing off two well placed shots. Tyrus staggered, both shots penetrating his armour, and even his prodigious strength could barely hold him up.

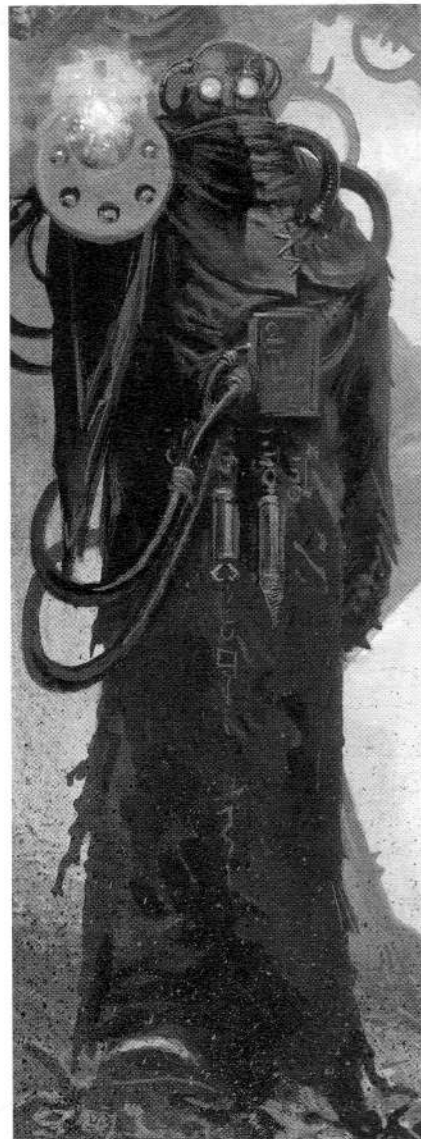
Malicant swiftly scaled his tower of barrels and leapt for the shaking platform, his fingers closing over the buckled railings. He laughed maniacally, hauling himself up and froze as he heard the ominous click of a bolt pistol being cocked. Scorched and wounded nigh unto death, Magos Dimitri's infrascopes clearly indicated the glowing outline of Malicant's head and shoulders through the metal of the parapet. A psychic impulse fired the bolt pistol and he had the briefest glimpse of the shell tearing through the side of Malicant's head before the howling Redemptionist fell from the tower and vanished into the roiling cloud of scalding steam and toxic fumes. Dimitri rolled onto his back, cursing his flesh for its weakness and let his blessed mechanical implants infuse his organic components with the soothing balm of pain suppressants.

Ghaustos moved closer to the Witch Hunter and again drove a spike of psychic chill into his heart. Tyrus' eyes bulged and his mouth opened wide in a silent scream as the muscles of his heart slowed, gradually hardening into icy flesh. Pain overwhelmed him and he toppled backwards, collapsing into unconscious. The Daemonhost moved in to finish the Witch Hunter, but Lichtenstein crawled from the platform onto the walkway and said, "No. Do not kill him. He may be my enemy, but he is an Inquisitor, one of the Emperor's chosen and we will be long gone before he recovers."

Ghaustos relented and turned away from the stricken Inquisitor as Lichtenstein sheathed his shotgun. He backed away from the tower as it finally erupted in a blue-white geyser of power and psychic energy. Dimly perceived shapes writhed within the coruscating light, gibbering mouths and jelly-like eyes scudding through the Daemon's awful geometries, forms within forms and designs within designs.

Lichtenstein smiled in triumph as Ghaustos moved alongside him, his white eyes dead and lifeless. Magos Dimitri hauled his burned body from the tower and he could see Gryx, blood drenching his power claw emerge from behind the generator building.

He began the first verse of the Cantic of Binding. There would be much to learn from this Daemon.



Witch Hunter Tyrus opened his eyes with a hoarse cry on his frozen, blistered lips. Pain from a score of wounds and a stabbing, glacial ache in his chest told of the ferocity of the battle with Lichtenstein. He groaned as he flexed his limbs and, with a supreme effort of will, pulled himself upright, using the factory walls for support. He glanced over the edge of the walkway. The forge-mine was oddly silent, the floor wreathed in ghostly steam and he wondered what had become of his warrior band. The generator tower sagged visibly, stinking oils leaking from its ruptured sides and blue sparks occasionally flaring from severed energy coils.

He vaguely remembered a twisting whirlwind of energy flaring from the tower just before he had fallen unconscious. He did not understand

exactly what it had been, but knew that if Lichtenstein was involved, it would involve heretical and blasphemous magicks. A limping figure emerged from the smoke on the mine floor, red robed and groaning in pain. Tyrus recognised Malicant and grimaced in disgust at the ruin of his face where Magos Dimitri's bolt had blasted a bloody hole through his skull. Fortunately for Malicant, the bolt had passed straight through his cheek before detonating. He could see no trace of Barbaretta or Stone and his fury at Lichtenstein grew as he was forced to presume that they had been killed. He wearily worked his way down towards Malicant, each breath a cold spike in his chest as his damaged heart muscles laboured to pump again after the Daemonbeast's psychic attack. That was one damned creature he

would take great pleasure in banishing back to the warp!

He walked over to the shattered drill bit that lay, buckled and twisted at the top of the mine-shaft. The top of the shaft was glistening and molten looking, rippling like a mirage as though whatever creature Lichtenstein had summoned had weakened matter's grip on reality. There was something distinctly different about the forge-mine and it was a second or two before Tyrus could put his finger on it. The complex felt empty, abandoned and it was more than just the absence of people. Tyrus felt a sinking feeling in his gut as he realised he was too late. Whatever had lain unknown beneath this forge-mine was now gone and apprehension creased his pale features as he wondered if Lichtenstein even knew...

BURNT AND BLEEDING



Rowland Cox

Rowland: What a fantastic game! I'm just itching to find out exactly what happens now; does Tyrus recover from his wounds in time to pursue his foe? Does Inquisitor Lichtenstein stay on Karis Cephalon and find the

Librarium Hereticus? What new recruits will Tyrus bring in to help, bearing in mind that most of his current warband are in a very bad way. This kind of desire for the next game is what Inquisitor excels at. Whilst the result of the game is important,

what happens after is equally so. Struggling against your foes, adding or creating history for your warband, and most importantly carrying the story forward is what the game is all about.

It doesn't matter that your warband lost and was clawed to pieces; or that the only thing Malicant achieved was to make Phil laugh. During the game I renamed the religious fanatic 'Comedy' Malicant: Is it a bird? Is it plane? No! It's Comedy Malicant leaping onto a big bunch of barrels from a great height and landing on his backside! Some of you may be asking why I risked Malicant in such a way. The answer is simple, it was in his character to take such dangerous risks. Malicant is spurred on by the wish to bring vengeance and fiery judgement to those who stand in the way of the Emperor and Witch Hunter Tyrus. Flinging himself across such a wide gap would hold no fear for him, his faith in the Emperor would carry him across. It is important to remember to play in character with the members of your warband, and sometimes that means doing risky things. In the end, the improvisation made by Graham as GM allowing Malicant to grasp the balcony made for a more exciting game.

Overzealous incompetence aside, the rest of my characters performed well.

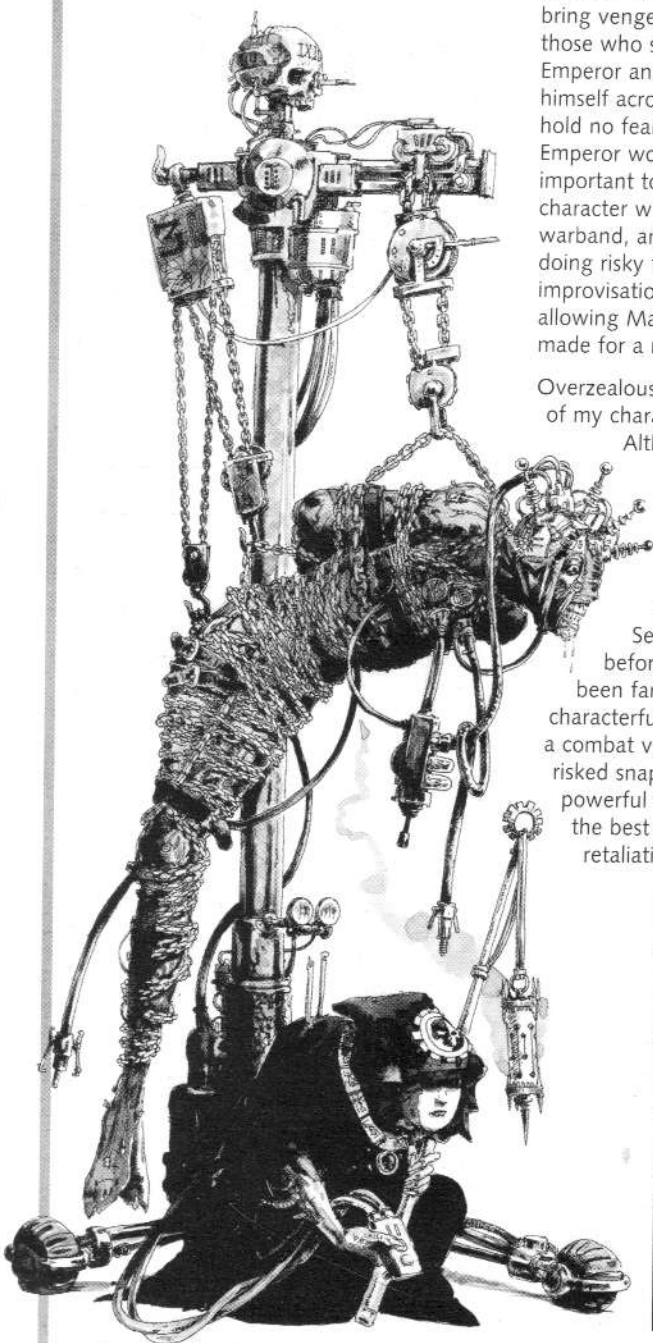
Although Sergeant Stone was very unlucky to be put out of the game so early on, that only proved one point: just because you can see an opponent, doesn't mean you should shoot him. Moving Sergeant Stone into terrain before he opened fire would have been far wiser, and also more characterful. After all, Sergeant Stone is a combat veteran, and would not have risked snapping off a few shots at a powerful opponent without being in the best possible place to survive any retaliation. Security Enforcer

Barbareta did me proud! Engaging Inquisitor Lichtenstein in a firefight, and then taking on the servitor-warrior in close combat! It was a battle I thought I could win after Phil failed to hit and I stunned Gryx with the shock maul.

Unfortunately, being Psychic Impelled by Lichtenstein, then falling onto her head (the only location which wasn't armoured!) did Barbareta no favours, and it was only a matter of time before Gryx dispatched her.

Witch Hunter Tyrus, however, led by example. Storming onto the walkway with his bolt pistol blazing, the Inquisitor brought the flaming justice he had promised, engulfing Magos Dimitri with fire from his Inferno shells. It was only the concerted efforts of three of Phil's characters that brought the mighty Tyrus down. The Witch Hunter's power armour absorbed enough punishment from bullets and shotgun shells to shred anyone. It was only after the insidious psychic assault from both Inquisitor Lichtenstein and his vile Daemonhost that Tyrus was brought to his knees. A truly heroic confrontation and a fitting end to the game.

What really impressed me about Graham's scenario was how well it incorporated an existing Inquisitor (Tyrus) and added an excellent background story about how he had crossed paths with Lichtenstein before. This in turn gave Phil's warband an immediate sense of history and the game added gravitas. So all round, a great game against an even better opponent - Phil, who had a fantastic sense of fun and played in a very characterful way. Hats off to Graham for writing such an enjoyable scenario. All I hope for now is the chance to cross paths with Inquisitor Lichtenstein again and bring the full weight of the Emperor's justice to bear. Failing that, another opportunity to get Malicant shot in the head!



The game is enjoyed by players and Gamesmaster alike.

DO NOT MEDDLE IN THE AFFAIRS OF WIZARDS



Phil Kelly

Phil: That was an absolute blast! I haven't had that much fun playing a game for as long as I can remember! Although the tone of Inquisitor is very dark and gothic, and

Graham really kept an atmosphere of urgency throughout the game, Rowland and I were in stitches on many occasions. You might think this is a bad thing in a game based around intrigue, strife and violence, but let's face it; the reason we play games is because they're fun.

Possibly the best aspect of the game was using such detailed and lush scenery; well done to Mark Jones and Dave Andrews for doing such a fantastic job! Using such a small number of miniatures in a new rules framework takes some getting used to, but this is offset by the sheer level of detail you can achieve in your storytelling. Unlike Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000, where your model might get shot, in Inquisitor your model will get shot in the foot, or hip, and react accordingly.

Another aspect of this game that I think Graham must have planned beforehand is the aftermath. Lichtenstein is no doubt going to benefit from his questioning of

Pharaa'gueotla, and I have an idea of just how this can be reflected in the character. The list of psychic powers in the Telekinesis section includes a simple but highly effective skill, Machine Empathy. Given his close ties with a member of the Adeptus Mechanicus and his extensive questioning of a Daemon bound within an industrial complex, it would seem possible that he could learn this power for the next time he crosses paths with his detractors. Also, his Sagacity rating may improve slightly. Small changes like this can really give the feel that your Inquisitor is growing and changing, be it new equipment discovered in the game, an improved Weapon Skill from having held off a more skilled opponent, or the debilitating effects of combat drugs or a nagging injury (more on campaign rules in a future issue – Fat Bloke).

On that note, I suspect that Magos Dimitri may suffer some lasting damage from his torso and face being hit by Tyrus' Inferno shells! A modifier such as crude bionics or a decreased Toughness helps portray this in a later game. Considering he was one point of damage away from being knocked out of it completely, and the fact that he was on fire, he got off lightly. I may have to modify his paint job so that he looks a bit more scorched! Besides, being hit in the face by Gryx's power claw probably didn't do Barbaretta too many favours

either, and Sergeant Stone will certainly think twice about firing upon an Inquisitor!

Tyrus will no doubt be furious; even more dedicated to the downfall of Lichtenstein and his consorts than ever. I can imagine him having the rules for Frenzy introduced next time he sets eyes on his adversary!

Well, overall, my warband performed admirably. Lichtenstein dispatched Stone with total ice-cold concentration before returning to his chanting. The psychopathic Gryx tore the cyber-doggie in two within seconds in a situation that could have gone disastrously wrong if Ghaustos and Lichtenstein hadn't intervened with their psychic powers. Badly burnt Dimitri put pay to Malicant by firing a bolt straight through sheet metal into his head, and eventually the Daemonhost, combined with Lichtenstein's uncanny accuracy, managed to take down the awesome threat of Tyrus.

Unfortunately, Lichtenstein is now unlikely to get any peace: Tyrus has all the evidence he needs to execute the rogue Inquisitor, and will stop at nothing to eradicate him from his beloved Imperium. Although it must be said that he may have to spend some time recruiting and, frankly, I'm looking forward to it.

GAMESMASTER'S CONCLUSION



Graham McNeill

Graham: Well, that was a game and a half and no mistake. Drama, excitement and some real laughs. Pretty much everything went smoothly, with all concerned really getting into the

spirit of telling an exciting story and having fun (which is, after all, what this hobby is about). The role of the Gamesmaster is a demanding one and, ultimately, the success or failure of the game can rest on your shoulders. There are no hard and fast rules to being a good Gamesmaster, you'll only learn if you get in the ring and get playing. Experience is the best teacher and once you have a game or two under your belt, you'll soon know exactly what needs to be done to ensure an enjoyable game.

To run a game of Inquisitor, you'll need to put in a bit of work beforehand, but you'll find that adequate preparations

will really make all the difference during a game. After all, who wants to play a game and every ten minutes interrupt proceedings whilst the Gamesmaster tries to decide what happens if your character wants to do something obvious that he hasn't thought of? Such situations will inevitably arise, but if you put in a little effort, you should be able to keep such occurrences to a minimum. Aim to keep the game and the narrative moving. If something does crop up that is completely unexpected, don't be afraid to wing it. Take a moment to think about what is happening and then come up with a ruling to deal with it. But whatever you decide upon, make sure that your players know that your word is final and, so long as you are consistent and don't favour one player over another, this shouldn't be a problem. Just remember that if you make a ruling over a particular matter, you should aim to be consistent throughout your games.

During the game (and once it's over) you should make notes of situations that

arose and how you dealt with them. It's also a good idea if you're playing a series of linked games in a campaign to make notes on what interesting events happened during the scenario, who killed who, who managed to do what, and so on. It doesn't have to be as detailed or as involved as this battle report, but so long as you capture the most exciting parts of the game you won't go far wrong.

So now I'm off to write up the next scenario for these characters. Lichtenstein may have won this round and managed to interrogate the Daemon Prince, but what did it tell him and could Ghaustos penetrate its veil of lies? When Tyrus recovers from the blood freezing effects of Ghaustos' psychic power and gathers the shattered remnants of his warband, he will no doubt be even hungrier for revenge. It seems as though the world of Karis Cephalon will be the site of many more furious battles before the two warbands have finished with one another.

THE PARaelix CONFIGURATION

An Inquisitor battle report by Graham McNeill,
Gav Thorpe and Phil Kelly.

Welcome to this month's battle report, the continuing exploits of Inquisitor Lichtenstein and his obsessive hunt for the Librarium Hereticus. Following on from *The Dweller Beneath*, Lichtenstein was able to question the Daemon Prince Pharaa'gueotla for information regarding the whereabouts of this collection of blasphemous knowledge, declared Index Expurgatorious by the Adeptus Mechanicus. Using his bound daemonhost to sift the lies from the

Daemon Prince's words, Lichtenstein set out to fulfil his quest, a search that has consumed him for more than twenty years, made him many enemies and cost him much of his sanity.

Inquisitor Kessel's band of heroes, commanded by none other than Inquisitor's creator, Gav Thorpe, would oppose Lichtenstein. If anyone could give Phil a run for his money it would be Gav. Kessel, like Lichtenstein, is also a radical, though he knows full well the dangers of trusting the words of a

beast from the depths of hell. He has foreseen the danger in what Lichtenstein is attempting and will stop at nothing to prevent him from achieving his goals. For games of Inquisitor, we've taken the narrative approach, telling the game as a story rather than the usual turn-by-turn sequence of Warhammer 40,000 battle reports. So buckle up, and get ready to descend into the madness of a Chaos infested temple buried deep beneath the surface of Karis Cephalon.

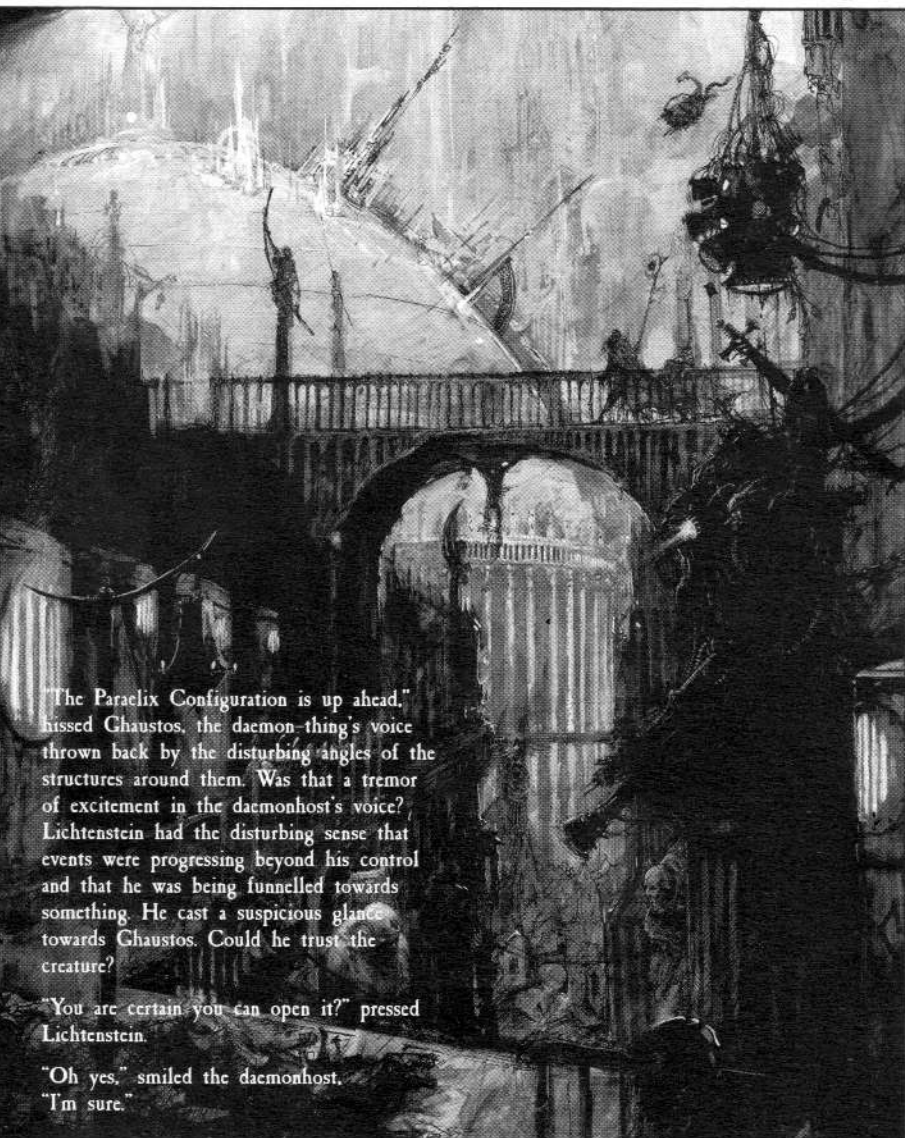
The passageway echoed with weirdly distorted sounds and, even through his fevered anticipation, Inquisitor Lichtenstein felt uneasy. This was the place, there could be no doubt about it; the reek of power was unmistakable. He could feel the miasma of Chaos radiating from the Paraelix Configuration even from here. They were close now, the gateway to the Librarium Hereticus was near and it took an effort of will not to break into a run towards the temple at the heart of this darkened place. He must be vigilant; others must surely have been drawn here as well. Over a thousand feet below ground, Lichtenstein's warrior band advanced cautiously through the dimly lit passageways of the Paraelix complex. Who had constructed this place, and why here? These were questions he felt sure he would know the answers to soon enough. Gryx shambled along behind him, while Dimitri took a different route, ready to cover their advance with bolt pistol fire. Lichtenstein was concerned that the Magos would not be up to the task, having only recently recovered from the injuries he'd suffered in the confrontation with Tyrus's warband. The Magos had also replaced a portion of his damaged skull with a cybernetic implant, speeding his journey to almost complete mechanisation. Chaustos stood next to the Inquisitor, the icy chill of his proximity penetrating Lichtenstein's heavy robes.

The Daemon Prince Pharaa'gueotla had spoken of this place as a portal through the warp, though it had only volunteered this information after Lichtenstein had won the battle of wills with the aid of his daemonhost.

"The Paraelix Configuration is up ahead," hissed Chaustos, the daemon-thing's voice thrown back by the disturbing angles of the structures around them. Was that a tremor of excitement in the daemonhost's voice? Lichtenstein had the disturbing sense that events were progressing beyond his control and that he was being funnelled towards something. He cast a suspicious glance towards Chaustos. Could he trust the creature?

"You are certain you can open it?" pressed Lichtenstein.

"Oh yes," smiled the daemonhost. "I'm sure."



LIGHT FROM A DARK FLAME



Gav Thorpe

Gav: So, once more Inquisitor Kessel has to save the world as we know it from complete annihilation at the hands of a misguided fool. While Lichtenstein may have some worthwhile ideas about the use of the

powers of Chaos, he certainly doesn't know when he's gone too far.

Kessel and Lichtenstein and their warrior bands are superficially similar, but actually there are a couple of profound differences. For a start, Lichtenstein is

monomaniacal in his quest for the Librarium Hereticus, whereas Kessel is older and wiser and dedicates himself to many duties. Secondly, Lichtenstein has not really suffered the consequences of misjudging the power of Chaos first-hand, whereas Kessel's experiences and his own physical transformation leave him in no doubt as to the corrupting influence he daily fights against.

For me, these subtle distinctions are what Inquisitor is all about. It's obvious to see why a loud monodominant like Tyrus would have a fight with Lichtenstein or Kessel, but to come up with a scenario which pits them against each other

requires more thought. Speaking of which, Graham's done a great job for this scenario, which I think will give us a well-paced, action-filled game.

My plan is simple: Wait for Lichtenstein to prove his folly by opening the portal, then chase him off and close it. While Loa Gorg and Kessel lie in wait for this to happen, Mechsimum and Logan will attempt to hold off the rest of Lichtenstein's band and give my Inquisitor and Daemonhost the time they need to finish the mission.

Again, the much maligned and suspected Kessel will save a soul from damnation.

Kessel comes from the branch of the Inquisition known as Radicals. Having been the victim of a daemonic possession which left him physically altered, he is now a dedicated member of the Chaoticians, precursors to the Xanthite movement, whose studies into daemonology and the warp have earned him many enemies, but much rare knowledge. He is one of a number of Inquisitors drawn to the world of Karis Cephalon following widespread rumours of a device called the Angel.

It was the daemon Loa Gorg who temporarily possessed Kessel, as the Inquisitor was attempting to create the daemonhost. Though the ritual was completed, a part of Loa Gorg's essence remained within Kessel. This symbiotic relationship forced Loa Gorg to cooperate with Kessel, as the Inquisitor's death would result in the release of this soul-fragment and the destruction of the daemon. This state of affairs lasted for

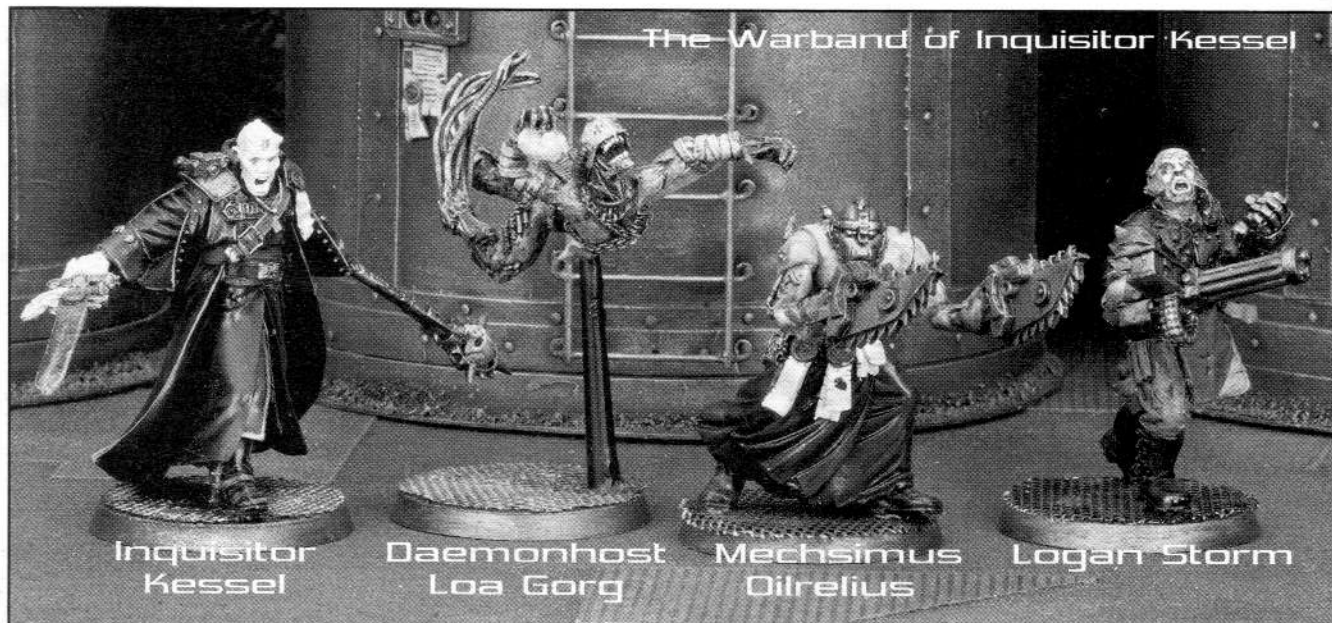
three decades, the daemonic presence corrupting Kessel more and more, and would eventually have led to his death. Kessel searched long and hard for a remedy and finally managed to transfer the presence to a daemonsword, which he now wields.

Kessel has purged the unclean and continued his research into Chaos for nearly two centuries, the daemon-taint that once threatened his life now extending it as long as he continues to possess the sword. Currently his most useful servants are the chrono-gladiator Mechsimum Oilrelius and the ex-Skitarii Logan Storm.

Oilrelius was dying, his body-clock almost expired, when he met Kessel. He saved the Inquisitor from the blades of a Siddith Assassin, and in return Kessel had his in-built chronometer halted in its countdown. Oilrelius is fanatically loyal to Kessel, knowing that should he cross the Inquisitor, he would not hesitate in

restarting the death-timer, giving the chrono-gladiator only days to live.

Logan Storm once fought for the Adeptus Mechanicus in the Skitarii. From the Forge World of Transix Seven, Storm was part of a force seconded by Kessel in his battles against members of the Xenarite sect, who were attempting to secretly rebuild the remains of a recovered Eldar Wraithlord. Storm himself turned on his heretical Techpriest masters and was pivotal in Kessel locating their hidden laboratorium. During this fighting, Storm lost his hand, and Kessel ordered the Adeptus Mechanicus to replace it with a bionic, an operation usually only performed for officers, Storm Troopers or Space Marines. Magos Phixian followed the letter of the deal but, rather than replacing the limb with an expensive artificial hand, simply implanted Storm's multi-barrelled autogun. Since then, both he and Kessel have shared a degree of enmity for worshippers of the Machine God.





Daemonhost
Ghaustos

Inquisitor
Lichtenstein

Magos
Dimitri

Servitor-Warrior
Gryx

INTO THE DARKNESS



Phil Kelly

Phil: Well, misguided as it may be, Inquisitor Lichtenstein's near-fanatical quest to find the entrance to the Librarium Hereticus seems to be nearing its conclusion. His bizarre collection of weirdoes and

warriors have fought tooth and nail to get this far in their quest for knowledge, but the sheer drive and arrogance of Lichtenstein looks like it could plunge them and anyone insane enough to try and stop them into the depths of hell. With that kind of plot line and the fantastic scenery put together over the last few months by White Dwarf's Paul Rudge, we could hardly fail to have a real roller-coaster of a game.

Gav's warband was similar to my own, and although Kessel shares the kernel of Lichtenstein's philosophy (to turn Chaos against itself) he seems to lack the conviction to follow it through. What Kessel theorises about, Lichtenstein does. Unfortunately, he seems to be pursuing his goal with all the delicacy of a bull in a china shop, and Kessel has decided to stop him before he goes too far. Fair enough; a rogue Inquisitor hell-bent on grasping the dark heart of Chaos itself and giving it a good hard squeeze is a dangerous liability to the Imperium.

Gav plays like he wrote the book on Inquisitor (oh hang on, he did) and, although we've not clashed swords before, I knew I was in for a memorable game. We were both more interested in

getting a cinematic and dramatic game than 'winning', and with Graham as the Gamesmaster, the resultant story was sure to be dark, brooding and gothic with the occasional moment of light relief. Just how we like it, in fact.

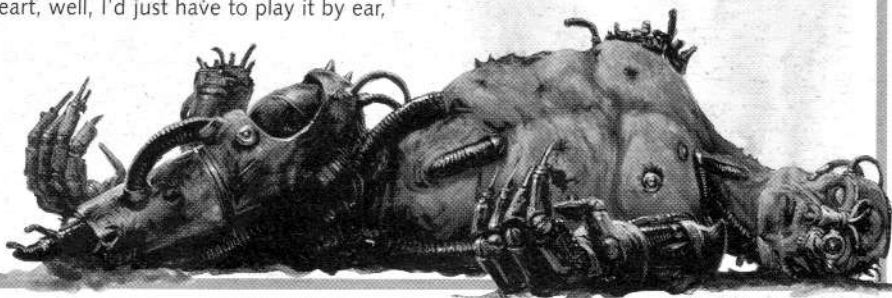
Since Rowland and I duked it out in *The Dweller Beneath*, my warband has undergone a few changes. Magos Dimitri, the Adeptus Mechanicus, has reworked himself with yet more bionics since the beating he took last battle, and seeks to eventually remove all traces of his withered body barring his brain. Ghaustos the Daemonhost has weakened a little, the bonds between the physical shell and the daemon inhabiting it eroding with every passing day. Lichtenstein has learnt much from his experiences, including the ability to banish a daemon back into the warp, and is now accompanied by a medical servo-skull that cauterises and seals wounds even as Lichtenstein fights.

My plan of action was fairly simple; get Lichtenstein and Ghaustos into the centre of the temple by any means necessary, use Dimitri to give them covering fire and Gryx to tear into anyone who comes too close. Once my Inquisitor and his daemonic charge are inside the temple and manage to tear open the obelisk at its heart, well, I'd just have to play it by ear,

but if I know Graham I could be in for a nasty surprise. Nevertheless, if Gryx and Dimitri manage to distract or take down enough of Kessel's warband, Lichtenstein should have a good shot at achieving his objective. Casualties along the way are inevitable, though it's actually quite difficult to kill an Inquisitor character outright (aside from grievous head wounds, you have to inflict over their Toughness value in damage before they permanently bite the dust), and I always relish the modelling opportunities that truly agonising damage results force you to incorporate.

So bring it on, I thought. If Tyrus and his henchmen couldn't stop my Inquisitor in his search for the vulnerable underside of Chaos itself, I was more than willing to pit him against Kessel's heroes face-to-face. There was much to be learnt from the object of Lichtenstein's mission; a chaos-saturated obelisk at the centre of an ancient temple.

Besides, I thought, what's the worst that could happen...?



SCENARIO: THE PARAELEX CONFIGURATION



Graham McNeill

Graham(GM): So, once again I can rake the depths of my foetid imagination to plunge two players into the heat of battle? Excellent! After checking out Gav's warband, it was clear that both

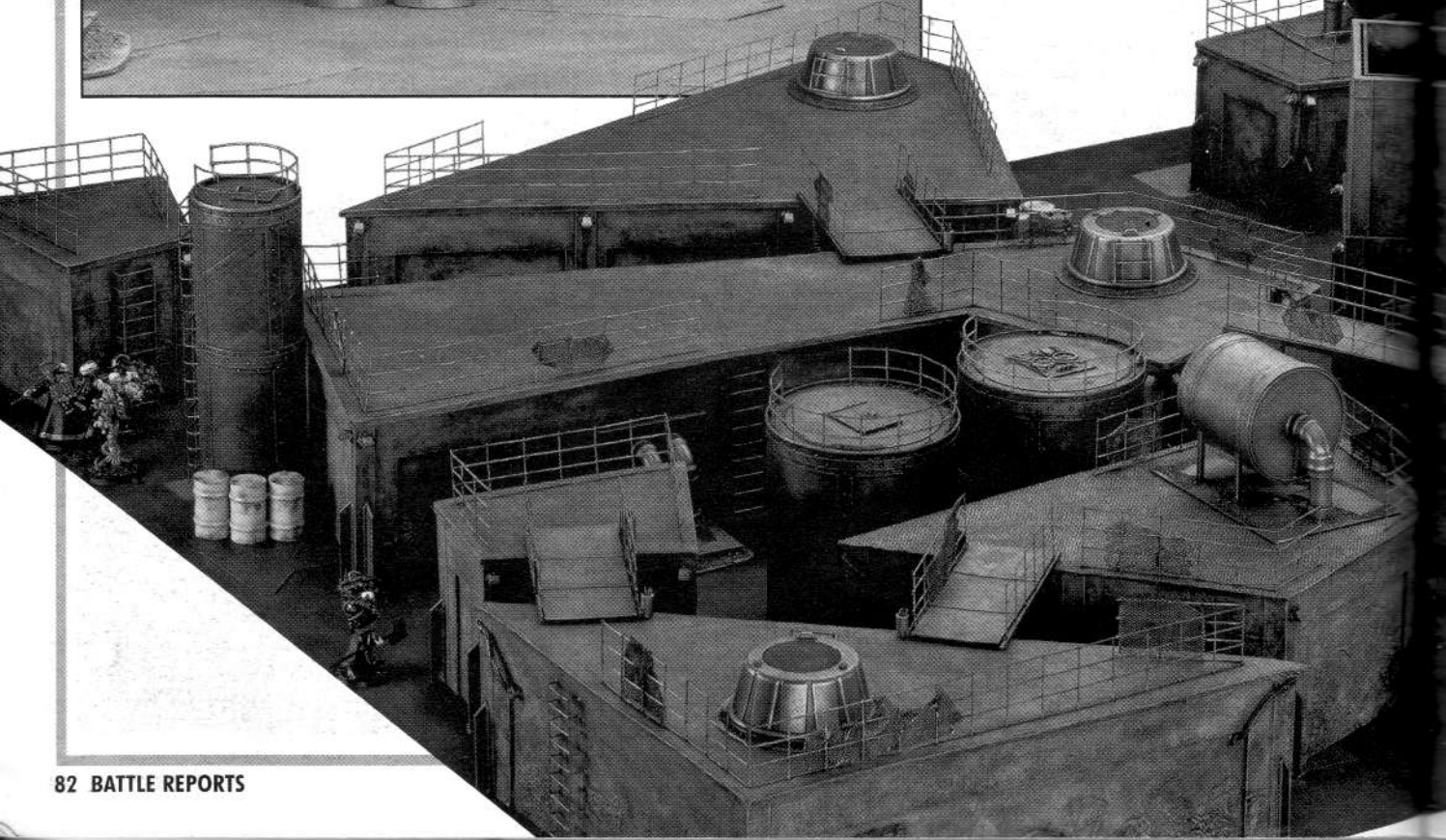
his and Phil's had similar ideals to one another, but where Inquisitor Kessel is content to merely turn the power of Chaos against itself, Inquisitor Lichtenstein takes matters a step further, believing he can master the power of the warp. To this end he has dedicated his life to unearthing the location of the Librarium Hereticus. Though both Inquisitors walk the same path, Kessel knows that Lichtenstein

has gone too far and must be brought back into line.

As Paul Rudge's scenery for this battle report began taking shape, it became clear that this was not going to be your average battlefield. Dank, narrowing passageways, gradually converging on a twelve-sided structure with a twisted monolith at its centre reeking of Chaos magic and forbidden powers. Just the sort of thing Inquisitor is all about. After all, it's not very dramatic to have characters slug it out in the supermarket is it? Following on from the last game, I decided that the daemon prince in the mine had led Lichtenstein to believe that a newly revealed underground complex held the key to unlocking the path to the Librarium Hereticus.

Keeping the narrative going between battles is a great way to give each game a sense of place and context. Warbands will develop as the games progress, acquiring their own personalities and quirks, and players should reflect this in their style of play. The GM should also develop the narrative between games, allowing events in previous games to influence future scenarios and suggest ideas for extra plot twists. It's a good idea to keep some tricks up your sleeve, with events that neither player knows about, that you can spring on them during your games. You shouldn't try to come up with too many of these nefarious ploys, as your players will become so wary of doing anything for fear of stuff blowing up or gribbly nasties jumping out at them. Don't be afraid to surprise them, however, and the odd unexpected shock will help to keep them on their toes.

As you'll see, I had one of these planned for the endgame of this scenario...



KARIS CEPHALON

Following the titanic release of energies in the mountainous region surrounding the Taberna Ostium mine workings, a mighty earthquake ripped the skin of the planet apart and utterly destroyed the abandoned forge mine. The loss of the mine was bad enough, but there was worse yet to come.

Buried far beneath the surface of the world, locked away from the eyes of man for nine millennia, a crumbling guardian portal has been revealed to the light of day. Ten thousand years ago, a tear in the fabric of reality was plugged by one of the Emperor's Inquisitors with the Paraelix Configuration, an obelisk inscribed with powerful runes and incantations to ward against Chaos. It was enclosed within a temple of precise geomantic architecture designed to dissipate the Chaos energy it contained. As the millennia passed, however, the warding sigils slowly faded in power and dark energies from the warp began leeching through from the immaterium, saturating the obelisk with the essence of Chaos. This taint has stretched upwards through the soil and rocks, spreading its evil on the wind and exuding a diabolical attraction to those similarly tainted.

Inquisitor Lichtenstein has come to Karis Cephalon, partly in response to the mystical convergences gathering around the planet, but more specifically in search of the Librarium Hereticus. Drawn by dreams and portents and the words of a heretic abbot from Selethoth, Lichtenstein discovered the resting place of a sleeping daemon that had been bound to the bedrock of the planet. The daemon, Pharaa'gueotla, told Lichtenstein that the power contained within the Paraelix Configuration would unlock the warp gateway that led to the Librarium he so desperately sought.

Lichtenstein was then drawn towards a pulsing locus of power once hidden deep below the planet's surface. The earthquake near the Taberna Ostium forge mine had exposed an ancient temple containing the obelisk Pharaa'gueotla named the Paraelix Configuration and Lichtenstein sensed that it was indeed saturated with power. He believes Ghaustos can break the energies contained in the temple's unholy icon to effect his entry into the Librarium Hereticus before his enemies destroy the temple.

Inquisitor Kessel has also come to Karis Cephalon, but he is in search of the Angel, an ancient weapon of unimaginable power that he believes is hidden somewhere on the planet. In the course of his search, he discovered the temple below the

mountains and the terrible danger it represents. He knows that dark power has impregnated the very walls of the temple with vast amounts of Chaos energy and believes that the temple has, in effect, become a huge, charged battery of daemonic energy. If such power were to be unleashed, it could tear apart the already fragile fabric of realspace. Kessel knows that he must safely discharge the built-up energy back into the Immaterium. To allow such a powerful reservoir of Chaos energy to remain intact is unthinkable.

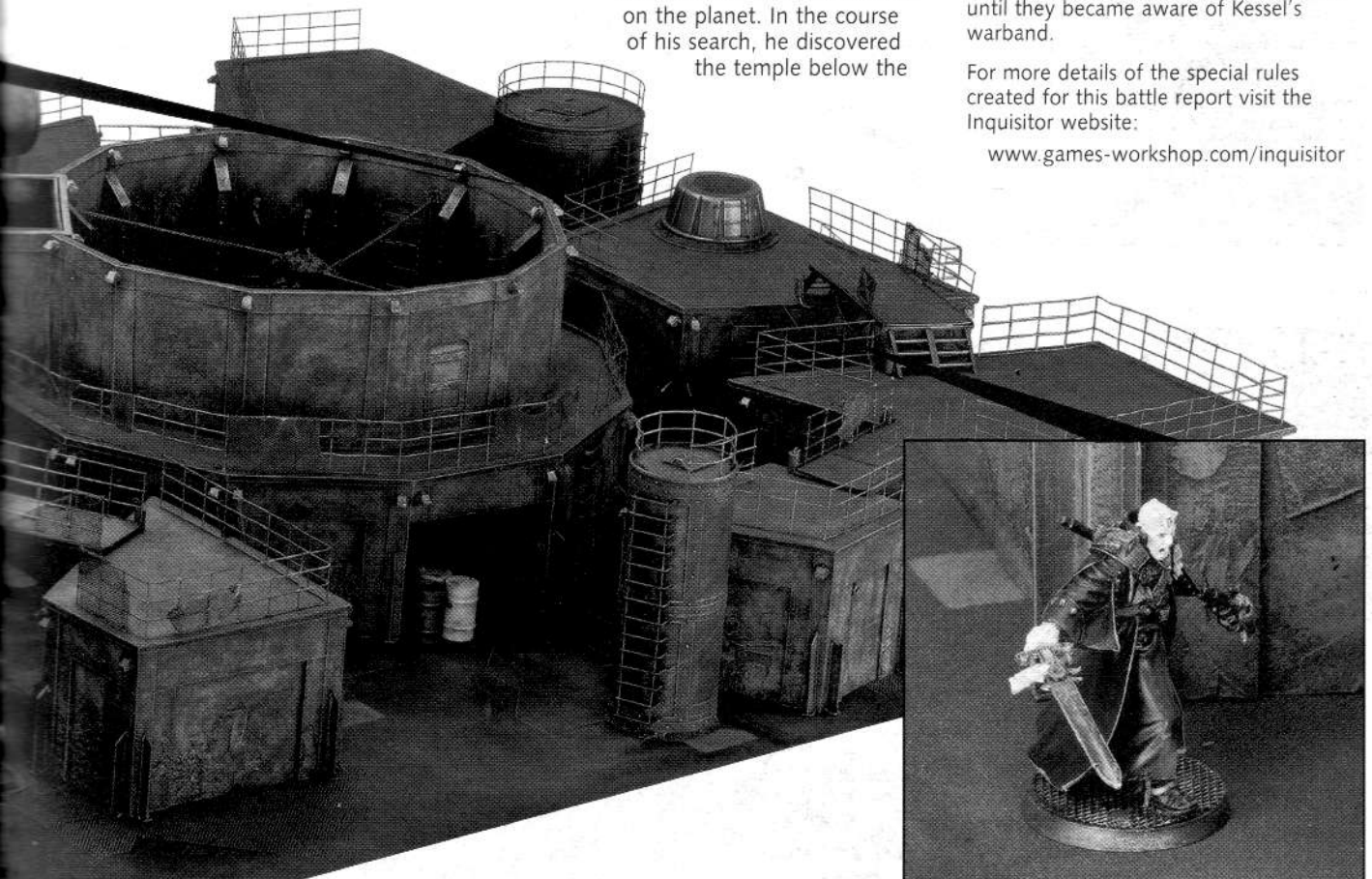
To effect this latter plan, he believes that his daemonhost Loa Gorg and his daemon sword (containing a soul-fragment of the creature) can be used to seal the rift in realspace. By allowing Lichtenstein to first open the portal, Kessel believes he can then seal it by plunging his sword into the ruptured chaos obelisk at the temple's heart, using Loa Gorg's connection to the warp to re-knit the fabric of reality and seal the tear forever.

SPECIAL RULES

Due to the stygian darkness and silence of the twisting underground tunnels in the complex, all Awareness tests based on hearing are at +20%, while those involving vision are at -20%. Also, since Lichtenstein's warband were advancing into an unknown arena, I decided that they could not move faster than a walk until they became aware of Kessel's warband.

For more details of the special rules created for this battle report visit the Inquisitor website:

www.games-workshop.com/inquisitor



Inquisitor Lichtenstein stepped cautiously along the darkened passageway, straining to hear any sound that might indicate that their entry to this forbidden place had been discovered. The rippling flow of powerful magicks was almost tangible and he felt its seductive tendrils pulling him forwards. He could hear the metallic tread of Dimitri's footfalls as the Magos moved forward to find a higher vantage point from which to cover their advance. Gryx padded along behind him, his enormous power claw lolling at his side, the pacifier helm keeping him docile for now. He stole a glance at Ghaustos, not liking the anticipatory gleam in the daemonhost's dead eyes. But, for better or worse, the die was cast. He could no more abandon his search for the Librarium than he could stop breathing. He drew his stubber, setting the voice-activated shot selector to man-stopper shells and continued into the darkness, the pistol extended before him.

In the shadow of the temple, Kessel waited. He knew that Lichtenstein would be here soon. Logan Storm had brought word from the upper reaches of the complex that the misguided Inquisitor had breached the wards protecting this place. He would need to be careful in his handling of this; to act in haste would mean losing the chance at sealing this breach forever, but to wait too long would result in a diabolical cataclysm. The attraction of



Inquisitor Lichtenstein, Gryx and Ghaustos advance towards the Paraelix temple.

the Paraelix Configuration pulled at him, but he had meditated and strengthened the psychic bulwarks in his mind to resist the whispered temptations that seeped through the obelisk from the madness of the Immaterium that lay beyond. Only Loa Gorg felt a similar pull, but it seemed to bask in the energies flowing from the obelisk. Kessel waved the others forward, watching as the heavily scarred Skitarii veteran lumbered

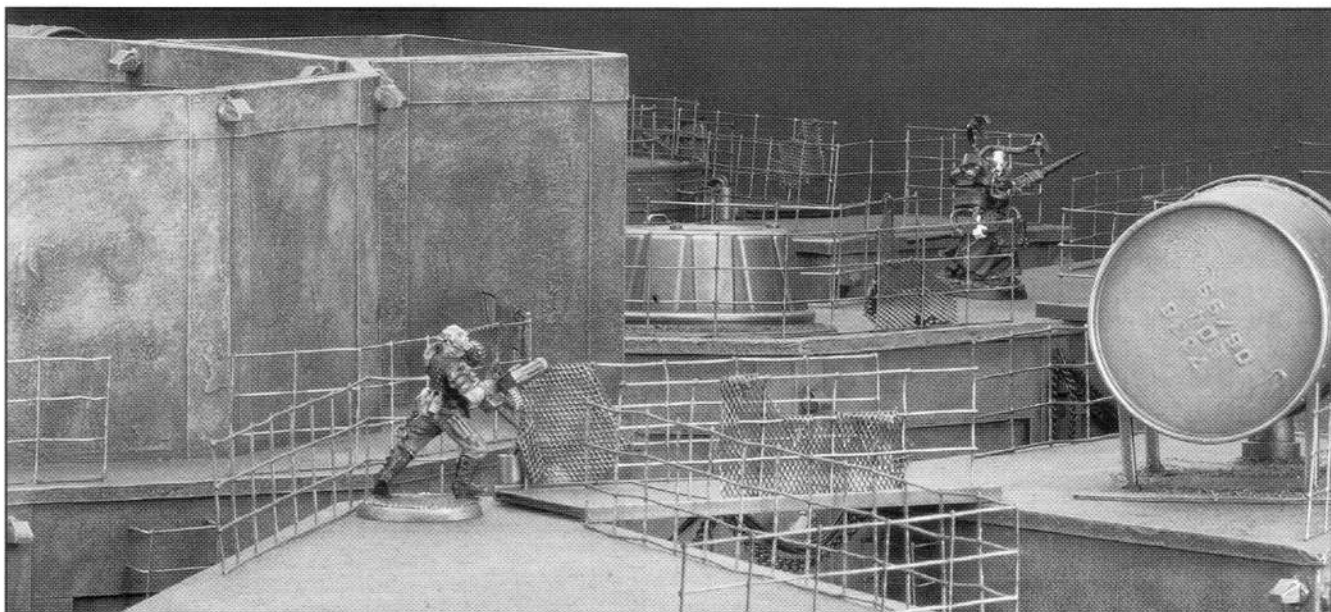
forwards, dragging back the arming lever of his implant autogun. The low buzz of the gun's firing motor seemed hideously loud in the heavy silence, but there was little that could be done about it. The chrono-gladiator, Mechsimus, and the daemonhost, Loa Gorg, moved out of sight, heading towards the temple building. Kessel drew his sword, climbing the steps to higher ground and making his own way towards the pulsing well of energy.

Logan Storm ghosted up the steps leading to the building's roof. Who had built these structures around the temple, he neither knew nor cared. All that mattered to him was that there were enemies of his master to fight. He reached the roof, and ran quickly towards a gantry that led to a good firing position. Across from him he could make out the shape of a furtively moving figure and he smiled grimly as he recognised the robes of an Adeptus Mechanicus Magos. He felt again the pain of losing his hand, and the anger at its replacement with this unwieldy gun. He had killed the man responsible, but any chance to strike back at the adepts of the Machine God could not be passed up. He ducked down behind the cover of the gantry and drew a bead on the figure.

Lichtenstein hugged the wall, panning his pistol back and forth, his keen eyes piercing the gloom. A flash of movement above him caught his eye and he saw the darting form of a man



Inquisitor Kessel orders his warband to move into position.



Showdown. Logan squares off against Dimitri.

with what looked like an autogun implanted where his arm should have been. Behind and above him he could hear Dimitri's heavy steps and made to shout a warning but, as a two metre tongue of fire blasted from the muzzle of the man's gun, he knew it was wasted breath.

Dimitri caught sight of Logan Storm a fraction of a second too late. The enormous weapon sprayed a hail of projectiles towards him, but his vector trajectory assessors computed that a full 90% would miss and the probability of lethal wounding was less than 2.3%. Three shots impacted on his refractor field, the energy shield robbing them of their kinetic energy. Those that penetrated the shield ricocheted from his metallic components and his shoulder-mounted bolt pistol followed the targeting information relayed via the MIU, zeroing in on his attacker. Dimitri adjusted his aim a fraction to compensate for the range and fired a shot with a pulse of thought. The explosive bolt took Logan in the belly and knocked him to the ground. Dimitri marched implacably forward, the bolt pistol mimicking every movement of his head.

The roaring of Mechsimum's chainswords powering up echoed through the complex and, hearing the weapons' activation, Lichtenstein turned to Gryx and shouted, "Angellus!", triggering the injection of a multitude of combat stimms and withdrawing the enforced docility of the pacifier helm. Gryx shuddered as

the drugs pumped through his system, flooding his limbs with unnatural speed and strength. The muscles on his thighs swelled and the servitor warrior sprinted into the darkness, his every thought enslaved to the imperative to kill. Lichtenstein and Ghaustos followed the demented warrior, advancing more cautiously in the wake of Gryx's berserk charge. The Inquisitor could see a portion of the temple wall, and a door that must surely lead within. Dimitri appeared to have the autogun-armed man pinned down and, deciding that he could wait no longer, Lichtenstein burst from cover, sprinting towards the temple.

Kessel watched Mechsimum power up his weapons and knew that there must be enemies near. From this vantage point he could see the chronogadiator sprinting around the temple's circumference. Lichtenstein must be close and he could not wait any longer. He didn't have time to go back down so Kessel sprinted towards the edge of the structure he stood upon and launched himself through the air, landing deftly on the upper walkway around the temple. There was an entrance to his left and, this close to the Paraelix Configuration, his warp sight allowed him to see wisps of ghostly energy leaking through the arcane metal of the door.



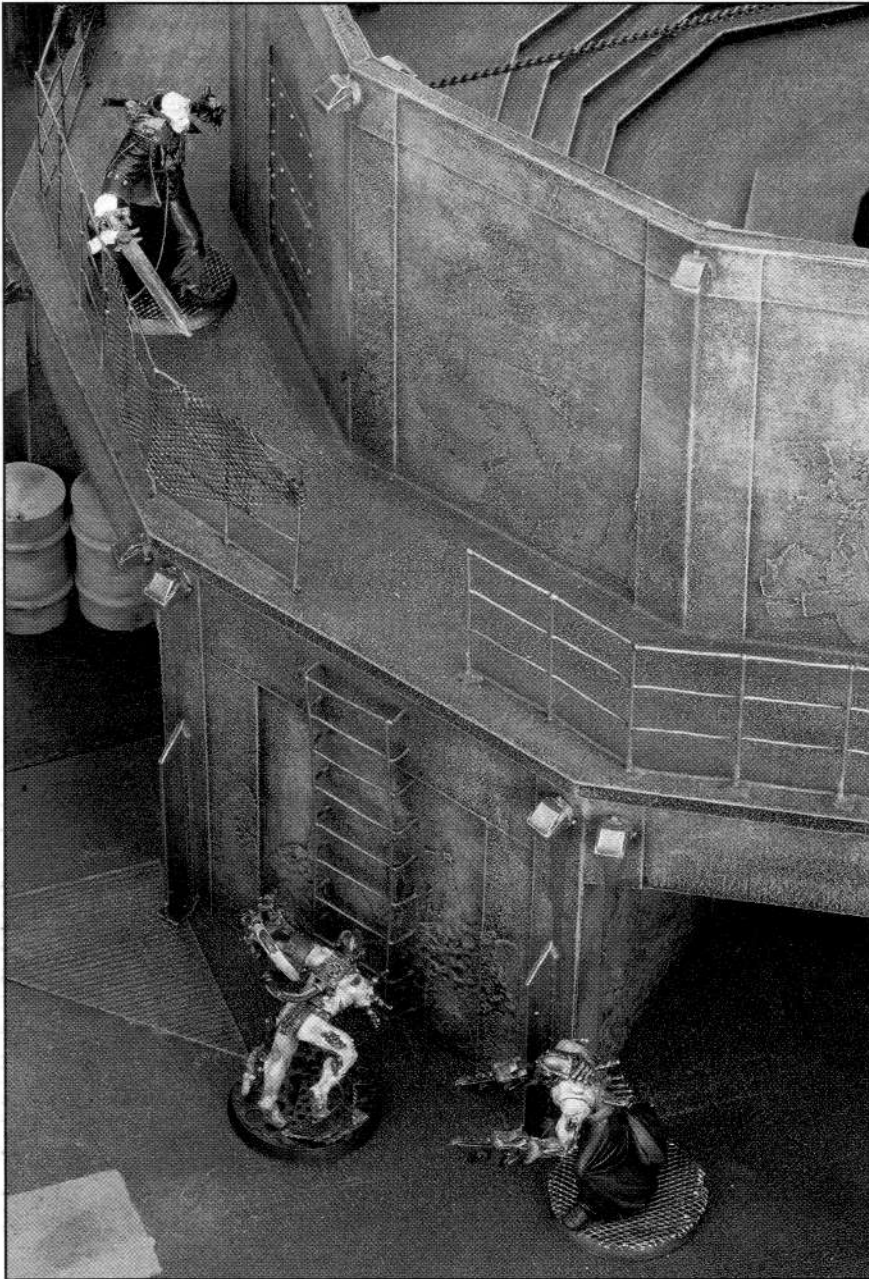
Gryx splits off from the group as his combat drugs kick in.

Logan pushed himself to his knees as another bolter round tore a gouge in the concrete beside him. The daemonhost of the enemy Inquisitor was moving below him towards the temple, and the damned Magos who'd blasted him calmly advanced, lining up another shot. Gritting his teeth against the pain, Logan rolled behind the cover offered by a nearby roof tank. He ripped the sleeve from his tunic and hastily plugged the bloody hole in his belly. It wasn't pretty, but it would do for now.

Seeing the rooftop gunman roll out of sight, Lichtenstein paused by the lever control for the lift. The controls looked as though they had been designed for



Logan suddenly realises the folly of sheltering behind a promethium tank.

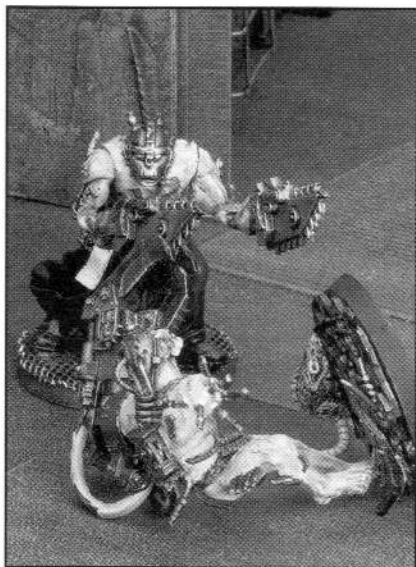


Ambush. Mechsimum charges from hiding to attack Gryx.

beings larger than humans and it took all his strength to drag the lever down. The clatter of millennia-old chains and grinding gears sounded deafeningly loud as the lift carriage rose from the darkest depths of the world. Soon he would be inside the temple and close to completing his life's work. Briefly he wondered what he could achieve with the knowledge contained within its hidden walls and chided himself for thinking too far ahead. All good things to those who wait. Gryx sprinted past him, snapping his power claw madly. The combat stimms had heightened his senses to an amazing degree and Lichtenstein could only guess at what the servitor warrior had detected.

The sound of an iron bolt drawing back echoed in Gryx's head and he tore around the corner of the temple, finally setting his eyes on the prey. A man, similar in dress to his master stood by a door on a higher level but, more importantly, there was a ladder leading towards him. Gryx leapt through the air, his power claw snapping through the metal of the rung and hammering straight through the building's fabric. Gryx braced his feet on the ladder, ready to launch himself up to his target. So focused was Gryx on Kessel, that he didn't notice Mechsimum Oilrelius step from the shadows of a hidden alcove. The first warning was as the chrono-gladiator's screaming chainswords slashed towards him. Gryx hurled himself back, narrowly avoiding a disembowelling blow. He fell to the ground as the frenzied warrior came at him again.

In a lull between shots, Logan ducked out from his cover and opened fire on the advancing Magos, filling the area



Gryx falls beneath the blades of Mechsimus.

before him with hot lead. The autogun bucked madly on his arm, spraying shots in all directions. Unfortunately, very few of those directions were towards Dimitri. The one shot that was on target impacted on the Magos's breacher arm and was unable to halt his advance. Analysing the pollutant content of the air through his olfactory assayers, Dimitri calculated a 78.4% probability that the tank the inaccurate gunner was using as cover contained promethium, a volatile chemical used in the fuel cells of flamer weapons. A thought pulse fired a shell through the tank's side, and a thick, viscous liquid began pouring out. The stink of it caused his probability cogitators to revise their estimate of the likelihood of promethium to 99.8%. As much as his atrophied emotions allowed him to, Dimitri relished the look of panic on Logan Storm's face, as his pistol ejected the spent casing and loaded another.

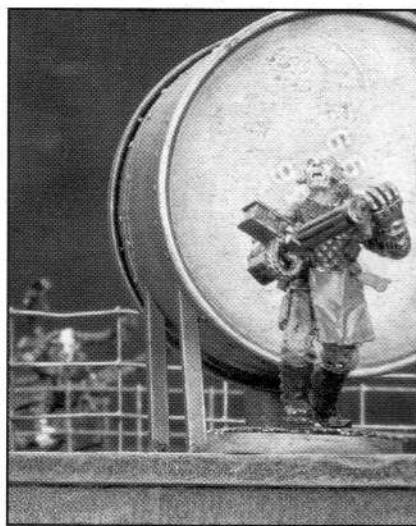
Gryx rolled clear of another attack of the chrono-gliadiator's slashing chainswords, fat orange sparks flaring from the blades' impact with the floor. He pushed himself to his knees, deflecting another blow with his metal claw, but was unable to parry the reverse stroke. The chainsword slashed open his face, the whirring teeth ripping open his skull, finally tearing clear as it struck the steel of his neck brace. Blood poured from the gaping wound in Gryx's head, but the servitor warrior still struggled to rise, swaying aside as another blow chopped past his chest. But Gryx was blinded by blood and couldn't avoid the final blow that hacked into his leg. The roaring chainblade sawed through the meat and bone of Gryx's leg, severing it

completely, and the servitor warrior collapsed in a bloody pile, the shock and pain overloading even Gryx's formidable powers of endurance. Mechsimus howled in triumph over the defeated body of his foe, blood from the whirring blades spraying the walls of the temple.

The grime and rust covered doors to the elevator groaned open, the screech of buckled metal painful to the ears. Lichtenstein and Ghaustos ducked inside, the Inquisitor holstering his stubber and unsheathing the combat shotgun from its shoulder scabbard. He checked the load and racked the slide, ready for whatever might await them at the top. The elevator shuddered upwards, ancient mechanisms hauling the lift carriage towards the culmination of his quest. Lichtenstein could feel the daemonhost beside him drawing psychic energy into his body and again, a tiny flare of suspicion went off in Lichtenstein's head. He could hear the crack of bolter fire from outside and presumed that Dimitri was still duelling with the rooftop gunman. He slowed his breathing, raising the shotgun to his shoulder as the lift doors began to judder open.

Across from the temple, Logan watched with terrified relief as the Magos's bolt round passed through the promethium tank, but miraculously failed to ignite the chemicals. He wasn't taking any chances however, and rolled towards the edge of the platform as the spreading pool of fuel engulfed him, soaking him in its choking pungency. He glanced back towards the Magos, whose merciless advance had carried him to within almost point blank range.

The muzzle flared as it fired. Logan hurled himself from the roof, arms flailing, and hit the ground hard, breaking his shoulder and cracking his skull against the concrete. Lights flashed before his eyes and he rolled onto his back in time to see the promethium ignite. A huge orange fireball mushroomed from the tank, liquid tendrils of burning fuel pouring over the edge of the roof. They licked down the side of the building in a flaming torrent towards him. He tried to push himself to his feet, but his head pounded and his vision swum crazily. The flames leapt and his promethium saturated body caught light. Within seconds he was ablaze from head to toe. He tried to scream, but drew superheated air into his lungs, searing them with toxic fumes. He stumbled from the lake of burning fuel and collapsed, slipping into unconsciousness as the flames consumed him.



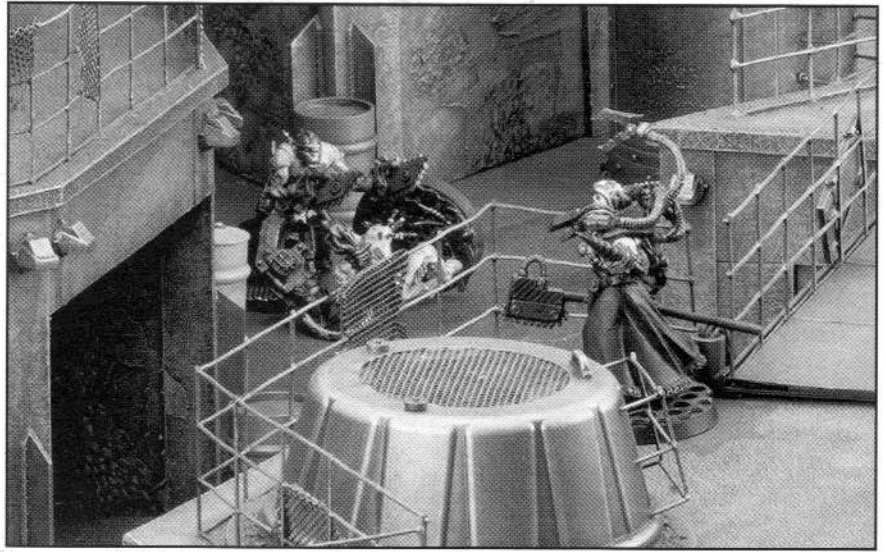
Logan jumps as Dimitri's shell hits the tank.



Logan's desperate attempt to escape fails as the promethium ignites.

A pallid glow that seemed to emanate from the pulsing obelisk at the temple's heart cast a ghostly illumination around the chamber as Lichtenstein edged his way inside. The structure rippled with barely perceived motion, as though the very walls were breathing. Ghaustos followed him eagerly, as he swung his shotgun left and right, covering a pair of doors that led outside. There was danger here, but his eyes were constantly drawn to the object hung from verdigris-encrusted chains. A rectangular cuboid of veined black stone, the Paraelix Configuration hung suspended over a swirling pit of utter darkness. Its surface bulged and writhed with leering faces, twisting alignments of geomantic significance and chaotic nonsense. Hands and skulls pushed clear of its glistening surface chattering and whispering obscene offers and promises of servitude. Lichtenstein could feel them clawing at the barriers within his mind and pushed them clear with an effort of will, repeating a whispered mantra of psychic defence. He must not be distracted now. With a curt nod to Ghaustos, he ordered the daemonhost forward, keeping his shotgun trained on the iron door opposite him.

Outside, Dimitri watched the raging inferno he had created spread across the floor, a collection of barrels exploding in the intense heat. His dermal temperature augers registered heat in excess of 400°C and he could feel those few fleshy components left of his body begin to blister. He turned and walked away, calculating the probability of his foe's



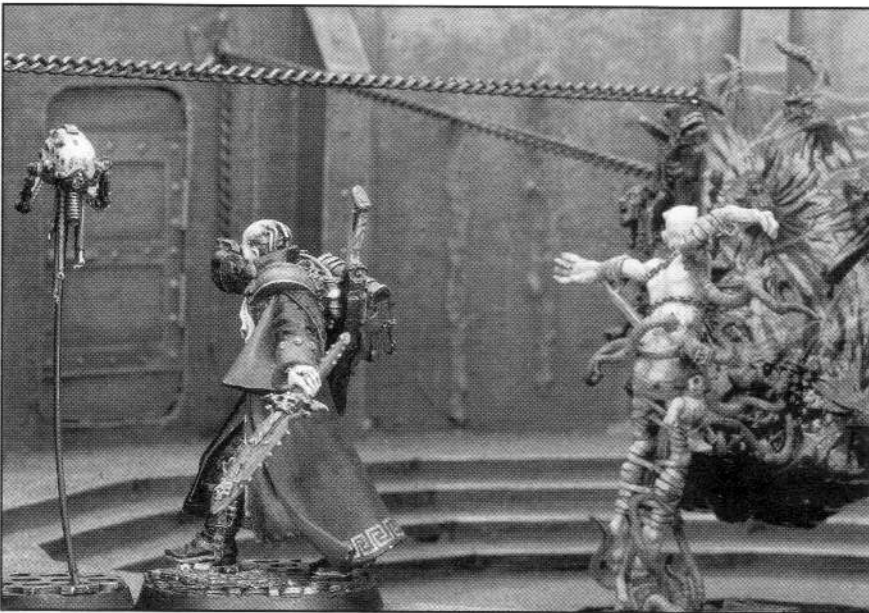
Dimitri attempts to avenge Gryx with a shot from his shoulder-mounted bolt pistol.

survival to be less than 7%. Below, he saw the roaring form of a cyber-warrior standing over the bloody form of Gryx. Such a target of opportunity was not to be wasted and he lined up another shot, hurling the warrior back with a chunk of flesh blasted from his chest. Amazingly, the warrior climbed to his feet and ducked into the cover offered by one of the temple's projecting buttresses. If he moved across the gantry he would be able to get the angle for another shot and began moving into position.

Ghaustos reached out, running his fingertips along the undulating surface of the obelisk, feeling as though they were sliding beneath its visible surface. He smiled as he concentrated his powers and reached deep within the warp-spawned matter of the Paraelix

Configuration, gripping the psychic anchors within. Instantly, liquid bolts of dark matter spewed from the tear and Ghaustos roared in pain as the undiluted power of the Immaterium washed through his fleshy prison. His knees sagged, but he held on, pulling and tearing at the obelisk's fragile solidity.

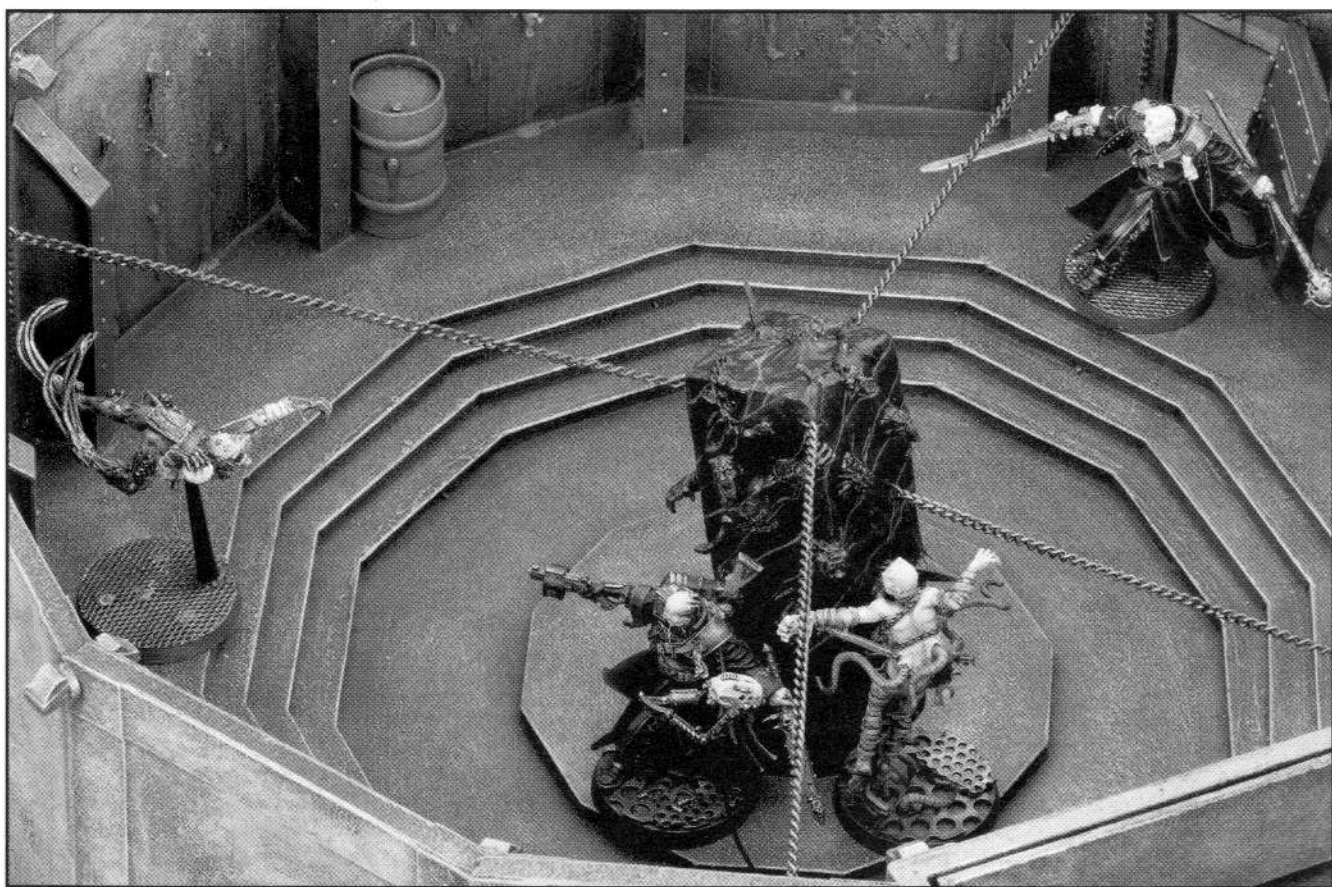
Inquisitor Kessel felt the sudden shift in the currents of power coursing through the complex and knew that the time to act had arrived. The powerful surge of chaotic energies threatened to overwhelm his mental wards, but grimly he pushed back the tide of filth that gurgled from the Paraelix Configuration. He sensed a concentration of power from Loa Gorg and heard the crash of a door as the daemonhost hammered it from the



Lichtenstein covers Ghaustos as the daemonhost prepares to open the portal.



With a firm boot, Kessel smashes open the door.



Kessel and Loa Gorg spring their trap on Lichtenstein and Ghaustos.

frame with its warp-borne strength. He thundered his boot against the door and stepped through into the chamber. Lichtenstein's daemon creature was pulling the obelisk open, streaming whips of black lightning arcing from its dissolving matter. Across the chamber he could see the screaming skull-face of Loa Gorg, and behind the obelisk was Lichtenstein. Before Kessel could shout a warning, Lichtenstein lashed out with his indomitable will and slammed Loa Gorg back through the door. Unable to get a clear shot at Lichtenstein, Kessel looked up and swung his sword in a flaming arc, severing one of the obelisk's supporting chains.

The obelisk swung in a low arc, but Lichtenstein dived forwards, rolling to his feet as his med skull was smacked into the wall behind by the Chaos monolith. Its servos sparked and whirred, but the skull shrugged off the impact and returned to its master's side. Kessel advanced and his fiery lashing blade whipped out, scoring a deep gash in Ghaustos's arm, but not driving him from the obelisk.

Lichtenstein moved around the madly swinging obelisk and drew his own sword, its blade similarly wreathed in unnatural flames. He recognised the

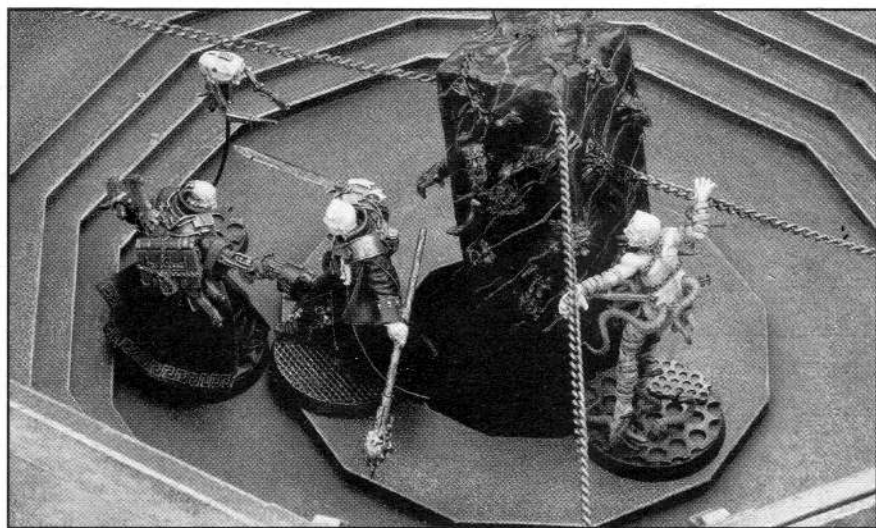
familiar sign of the Inquisition beneath the warrior's skin. Invisible to normal sight, Lichtenstein's psychic senses and the immense energies bloating the chamber caused it to blaze with crimson fire. Lichtenstein realised they were men of common purpose, but he would not be denied this final victory. He thrust his blade at his opponent's belly, the flaming swords clashing in a blazing discharge of light as the blow was parried, a lightning quick riposte stabbing at his groin. Lichtenstein

dodged and circled his foe, a wary respect in his eyes.

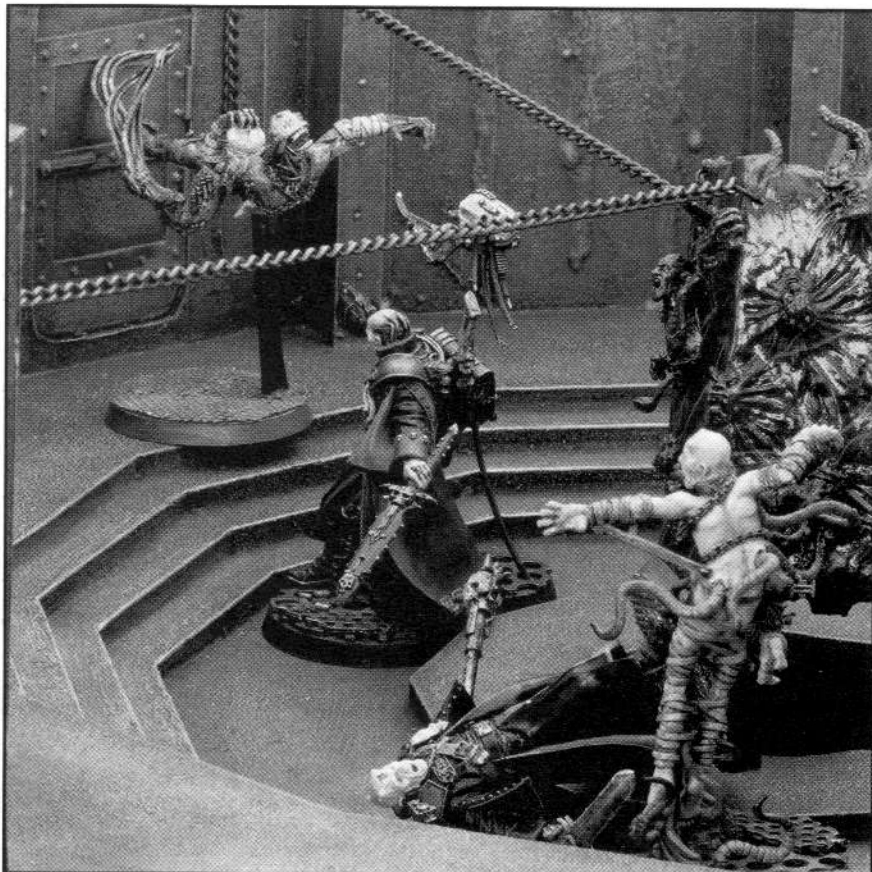
"I am Inquisitor Kessel," shouted the newcomer over the rising whine emanating from the disintegrating obelisk. "You must stop this. To open this portal will bring dire consequences!"

"Is that a threat?" hissed Lichtenstein.

"Not to you," clarified Kessel, "to this world."



Kessel and Lichtenstein duel as Ghaustos rips open the paraelix configuration.



With Kessel down, Lichtenstein turns his attention to Loa Gorg.

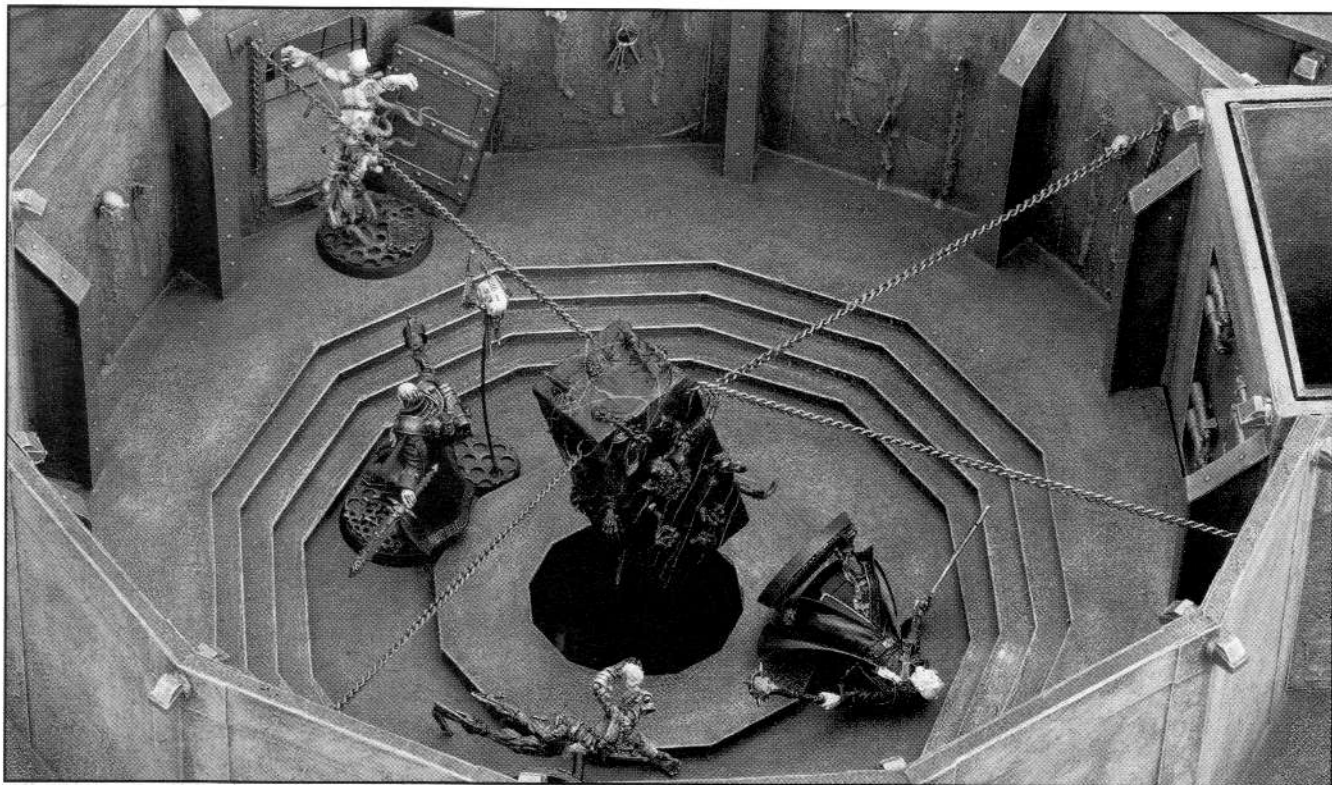
Kessel lunged, and the two Inquisitors traded blow after blow, parrying, riposting and dodging in a display of skill that would have left lesser men

speechless with envy. Their flaming swords traced intricate webs of shimmering light as they battled in the shadow of the Paraelix Configuration

and Ghaustos's attempts to unmake it. From the corner of his eye, Lichtenstein saw his enemy's daemonhost reappear at the door he had previously hurled it from, and knew this had to end quickly. As the two Inquisitors traded flaming blows, Ghaustos ripped the last of the obelisk apart, his outstretched arms wreathed in dark matter and his eyes blazing with unholy energy.

Coruscating flares of warp energy erupted from the newly opened portal and Lichtenstein immediately knew that he had been catastrophically misled. This was no entrance to the Librarium Hereticus, but a pulsing gateway into the stuff of the warp itself. Only the geomantic architecture of the temple was preventing it from explosively tearing open, but he knew that it was only a matter of time until the energies of the warp overcame the ancient warding sigils engraved into the temple's structure. He had no choice but to attempt to escape. He parried another blow from this meddlesome Inquisitor Kessel, fainting to the belly, then angling a lightning cut towards his head. The blow smashed Kessel from his feet and Lichtenstein ducked as Kessel's daemonhost swung at him.

Ghaustos was bloated with power and greedy for more. The glistening tentacles wrapping his body whipped out, seeking entry to Kessel's flesh, sliding into his mouth and feasting on



As the portal begins ripping apart reality, Ghaustos and Lichtenstein make their escape.

his strength. Kessel bit down hard. Foul pus filled his mouth as Ghaustos screeched, withdrawing the questing tentacles and retreating. Kessel retched, spitting out the slug-like piece of severed tentacle, and rolling aside as the black miasma spread from the ruptured obelisk and threatened to engulf him. He watched as Lichtenstein smashed the flat of his sword into Loa Gorg's head then sprinted from the rapidly degenerating temple, his daemonhost already ahead of him. Kessel rose to his knees, feeling the fabric of reality twisting, the angles of the temple sliding in and out of true. A disgusting grainy texture filled the air, reeking of corruption, and his every action felt as though he were moving through thick glue. The darkness at the heart of the temple was expanding exponentially and he knew he didn't have much time.

Lichtenstein emerged from the temple, his movements sluggish from the concentrated psychic energy filling the complex. Blood leaked from his nose and he could feel an enormous pressure building within his head. How could he have been so blind? As he watched Ghaustos leap effortlessly across to a nearby structure, Lichtenstein instinctively understood that there was no way the Daemon Prince Pharaa'gueotla could have lied; the bindings and oaths he had placed upon it had been too great. The only way he could have been so badly misled would be if his daemonhost had allowed him to be. He flinched, hearing the blast of a bolt pistol, but saw that the shot came from Dimitri towards a bloodstained, chainsaw-wielding berserker. Behind the roaring warrior, Lichtenstein saw the prone form of Gryx, his leg hanging by gory threads of muscle tissue, lying in a pool of dark blood. Dimitri's shot had blown a crater in the berserker's chest, but he seemed impervious to pain and charged towards a pile of crates that led up to his attacker, the chainswords hacking at the gantry Dimitri stood upon.

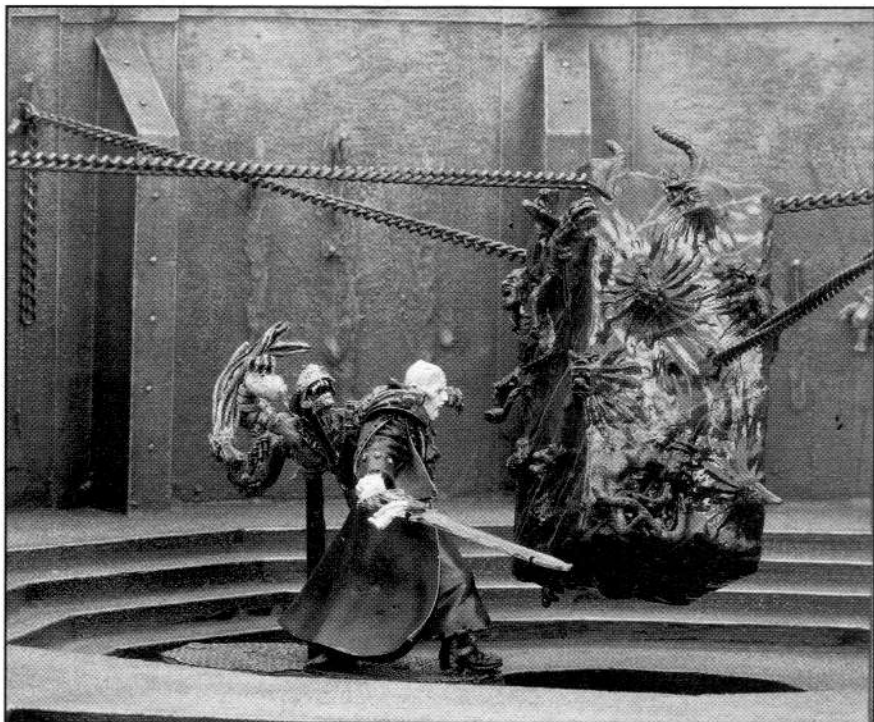
Within the roiling chaos of the temple, Kessel raised his daemonsword, fighting against the soporific effects of warp energy pouring into the chamber. The sundered remains of the obelisk were a ball of utter midnight at the centre of the dark conflagration. He felt tendons tearing in his muscles as he struggled to aim his blow. A cry of pain burst from his lips as he rammed his sword into the heart of the darkness, the energies



With one opponent dispatched, Mechsismus turns his attention to Dimitri.

of aeons past flowing through his sword arm and into the soul-fragment of Loa Gorg bound within the weapon. Ethereal winds snatched at him, howling around his body and lifting him from the ground. Phantoms born of the warp passed through him, seeking to prise his grip loose from the sword. But Kessel would not let go, hearing the screech of Loa Gorg behind him as a huge reservoir of Chaos

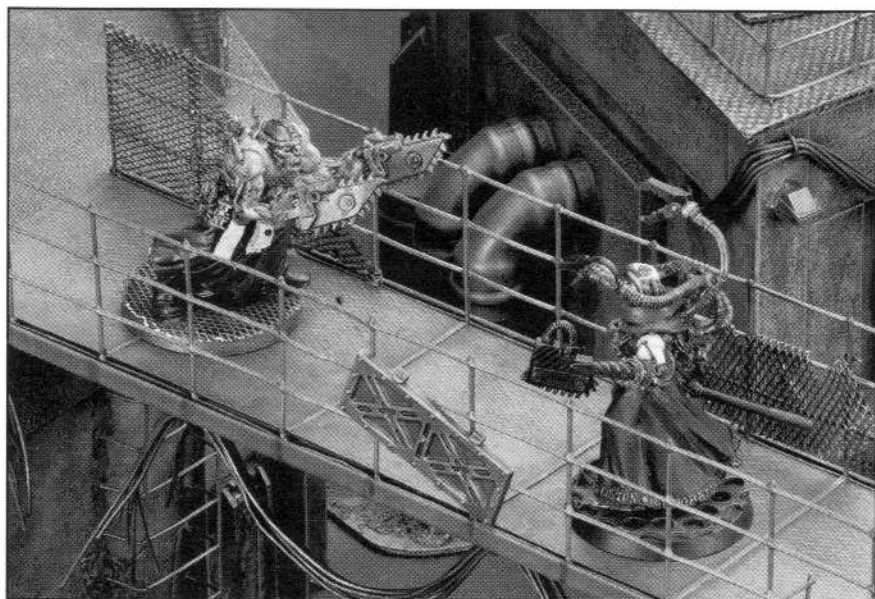
energy earthed through his body. The daemonhost's skin split, cracks of light appearing from within, but together he and Kessel were able to hold the rent together, until finally the fabric of reality reasserted itself with a tortured scream. Kessel dropped to the floor of the temple. He still gripped his sword and stared at the roiling pit in the floor above which the Paraelix Configuration had stood. In its place was a smooth,



Amid the chaos of the temple, Kessel and Loa Gorg attempt to seal the rift.

unblemished slab of black marble, its surface veined with jade lines. They had done it. The temple was deathly silent. All he could hear was the crackle of flames and the crack of pistol fire from outside. Utterly exhausted by his ordeal, Kessel waved his sword at Loa Gorg and shouted, "Go. Stop them, but do not kill them!"

Lichtenstein vaulted the railing, landing lightly beside Gryx as Kessel's berserker warrior dodged a blow from Dimitri's whirring chain axe. He hauled his servitor warrior's body onto his shoulder and set off towards the planet's surface. Seeing what he had unwittingly released in the centre of the temple, Lichtenstein now realised the folly of his actions and knew that it was time to make good his escape. He struggled under the heavy burden of Gryx, as he saw Kessel emerge from the temple, following his daemon creature, which floated through the air towards Dimitri. Caught between two enemies, his Magos fired a shot at the charging berserker, blasting yet another



Mechsimum and Dimitri clash on the gantry overlooking the temple.

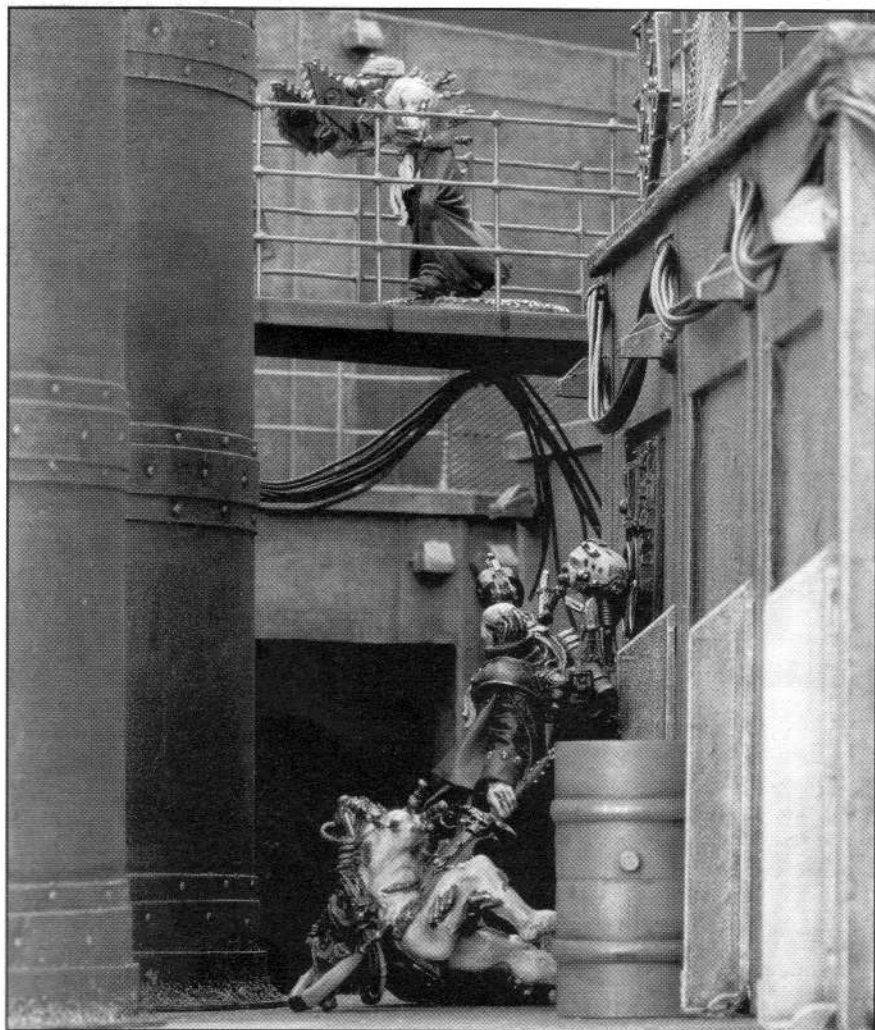
chunk from the warrior. Then, with a relentless fortitude that horrified Lichtenstein, the warrior scrambled up the side of the building and onto the gantry. Dimitri blocked the first blow

with the adamantium haft of his chain axe, but another underarm stroke of the chainsword hacked upwards into his groin, spraying blood and driving the Magos to his knees. The berserker moved in for the killer blow as Lichtenstein sensed the build-up of psychic power from Loa Gorg and the mental backwash from its discharge as the daemonhost attacked the magos.

Dimitri felt incredible agony, even though the haze of suppressants were blocking the majority of the pain. He knew he would need several weeks to repair this damage. He pushed himself backwards as he suddenly felt a strange rise in temperature within his body. Once more he cursed his continued reliance on organic components as he felt his blood begin to boil in his veins. Agonising pain clamped down on his chest and head. He had but a moment of surprised incredulity as he detected a 90°C rise in the blood temperature of his arterial system before his heart exploded and his brain boiled in his cranium. Dimitri went offline.

Lichtenstein screamed a shout of denial as the powerful psychic power overloaded Dimitri's fragile organic matter and he felt the Magos's life energy fade. Dropping Gryx from his shoulder, he shouldered his shotgun and fired a succession of shots at the berserk warrior on the gantry, blasting a trio of holes in him and dropping him to the floor. He could not see the daemon creature: the gantry prevented him from taking a shot. Grabbing Gryx by the metal of his arm, he vanished into the darkness after his daemonhost.

There would be another time.



Lichtenstein exacts a measure of revenge against Mechsimum for Dimitri's death.

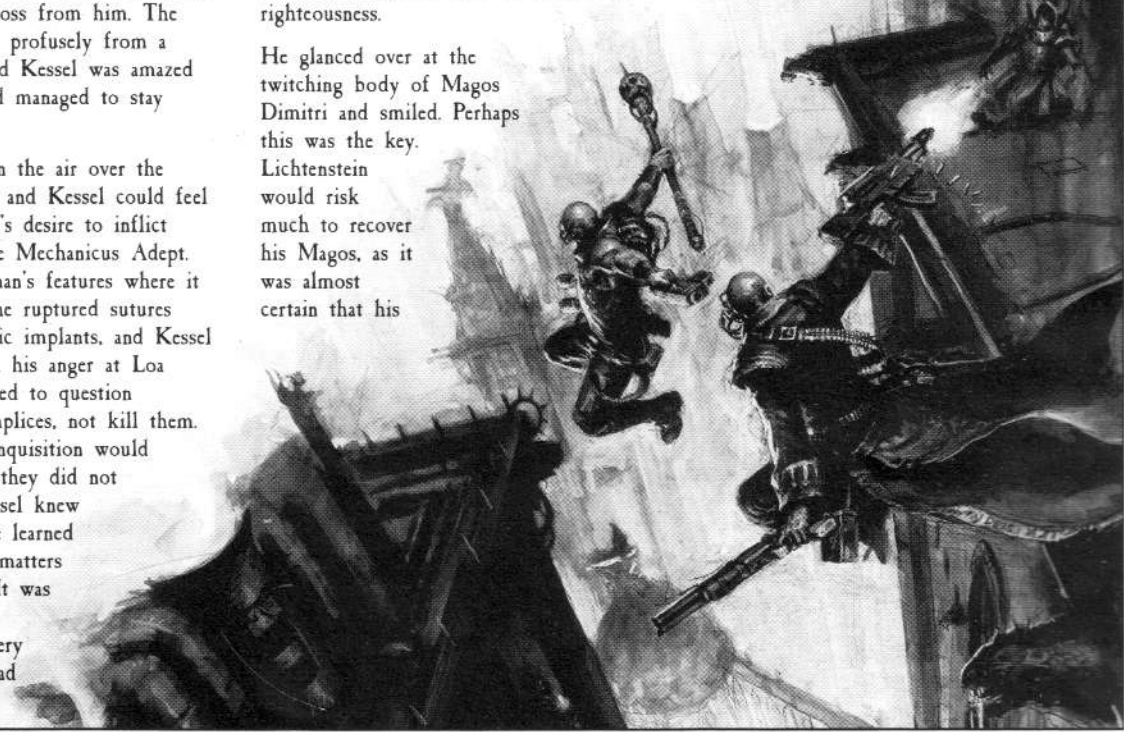
Smoke billowed in roiling black banks from the pools of burning promethium that leaked from the ruptured tank the Magos had detonated. From the screams of pain Kessel had heard as he waited to spring his trap on Lichtenstein, he guessed that Logan Storm had fallen foul of the despicable tactics of the Magos. Kessel sheathed his warblade, containing the soul-fragment of Loa Gorg, and gripped the railing of the Paraelix temple. He could see Mechsimum pick himself up from the gantry across from him. The cyber-gladiator bled profusely from a score of wounds and Kessel was amazed that the warrior had managed to stay upright.

Loa Gorg floated in the air over the body of the magos and Kessel could feel the daemon creature's desire to inflict further harm on the Mechanicus Adept. Blood coated the man's features where it had gushed from the ruptured sutures around his cybernetic implants, and Kessel struggled to control his anger at Loa Gorg. He had wanted to question Lichtenstein's accomplices, not kill them. Too many of the Inquisition would destroy that which they did not understand, but Kessel knew that much could be learned from the study of matters deemed forbidden. It was ironic that he and Lichtenstein were very much alike. Both had

plumbed the mysteries of Chaos, but where he had studied and learned the nature of the Ruinous Powers, Lichtenstein was attempting to bend those same forces to his will. Kessel could understand such desires, but knew that mastery of Chaos was an impossibility. If the Primarch Horus had tried and failed, what chance did a mere mortal have? He did not believe that Lichtenstein was evil, merely misguided, and Kessel knew that he must bring him back to the path of righteousness.

He glanced over at the twitching body of Magos Dimitri and smiled. Perhaps this was the key. Lichtenstein would risk much to recover his Magos, as it was almost certain that his

brain would have some form of memory recovery cogitator built in. But would Lichtenstein risk a meeting with Kessel? He hoped so; there would be much they could learn from one another.



FAREWELL TO THE HELLMOUTH



Graham McNeill

Graham: Well, we pretty much managed to destroy just about every piece of scenery in that game! We blew up promethium tanks, smashed doors from their hinges, hacked

through obelisk supporting chains and attempted to saw through wobbling gantries. Only the thought of an angry Paul Rudge prevented us from taking clippers, a chisel and a blowtorch to the scenery to represent the damage we inflicted.

I don't think there was a single action movie scene we didn't manage to cram into that game. For my part, everything ran pretty smoothly, both players knew the rules and both consistently looked for ways to do things that were

dramatic rather than utterly game-winning. This is the kind of play GMs should definitely encourage and reward. There were a couple of instances during this game where I had to make calls that weren't strictly by the rules, but allowed play to proceed in an exciting manner.

You shouldn't be afraid to improvise like this as there are bound to be situations cropping up during a game that you can't have predicted. Remember that, as GM, you have the final say in such matters, so let your players know that what you say goes. Try to keep instances of this to a minimum, though, because if you're constantly having to bend the rules in order to make things work, then there's something wrong.

After the game was over, we discussed what had happened and possible ways that the narrative could be continued. Dimitri's demise and Ghaustos fleeing

the battlefield after the warp gate had opened allowed us to plant a seed of doubt in Lichtenstein's mind concerning the strength of the bindings he has placed on the daemonhost. It also opens up the possibility of a fresh scenario. What lengths will Lichtenstein go to in order to rescue his Magos? Gryx will almost certainly expire without Dimitri's knowledge of his bionics and surgical implants, assuming that the magos' brain survived in electrical format. And what of Tyrus? Sufficient time has passed for him to rally his followers, recruit new members and vengeance on Lichtenstein is never far from his mind...

Yes, there is much more carnage to be unleashed on the world of Karis Cephalon and when warbands with such bloody histories collide, the results are sure to be catastrophic.

I, for one, can't wait.

TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT



Gav Thorpe

Gav: Fantastic! I must admit that my duties for Warhammer have somewhat flattened my Inquisitor gaming over the last couple of months, so what a way to get back into it. First

up, a big thanks to Graham for such a great scenario and running the game effortlessly. Also, much appreciation to Phil, whose grasp of the Inquisitor spirit is total. Between the three of us, I think that was one of the best Inquisitor games we've ever had.

All in all, the plan worked pretty well. There were some nice showdowns – Logan Storm against Dimitri, Mechsimum versus Gryx, and of course that wonderful clash between the two Inquisitors and their daemonhost allies.



Phil Kelly

Phil: As far as the end results go, I'm not quite sure what to make of that one, but my expectations were far exceeded by the events of the game. So many dramatic scenes and cool set pieces

cropped up that I doubt it would have been as good if the story was contrived from the start. Lichtenstein achieved his goal, only to find that he had been misled by Pharaa'gueotla (or Ghaustos, perhaps). Kessel came through admirably to seal the resultant warp portal shut once more, saving us from being dragged screaming into the warp. We had a duel with flaming swords, pitched battle on a rickety gantry, a spreading pool of burning oil, heroic leaps aplenty, cyber-gladiators ripping into one another, psychic duels, screaming daemons, exploding barrels...what more could two Inquisitor players ask for?

The best aspect of this game, in my opinion, was that at all times Gav and I were thinking of cool and innovative things to do with our characters rather than just shooting at each other. As a result, we had Dimitri firing at the tank Logan Storm was sheltering behind and then igniting the contents (What did it contain? Promethium of course! – Graham), we had Kessel chopping through the chains holding the obelisk so that it careened toward Lichtenstein,

For me, the pacing of the game was perfect. The fighting gathered impetus, with the Inquisitors' companions getting stuck in while the leaders themselves concentrated on their tasks. This died down, leaving the duel in the main chamber at centre stage that, once resolved, led to a tension-building but quickly resolved endgame.

Although Inquisitor isn't about winning and losing, I think I came out slightly on top of that one. True, we both achieved our objectives, but since it was impossible for me to complete mine without Lichtenstein starting his own nefarious deed, I think that was acceptable. The only real problem is poor old Logan Storm. He finished the game unconscious and his legs hideously burnt. Considering his previous career as a member of the Adeptus Mechanicus Skitarii, I think it only fitting that Kessel employ the

services of the Tech priests to fix up the brave warrior. I'm thinking of upgrading him to full Praetorian battle-servitor status. This will mean converting him up a bit (or more likely starting afresh) and giving him either bionic legs (possibly three or four) or tracks. I'll be looking through my bits box then.

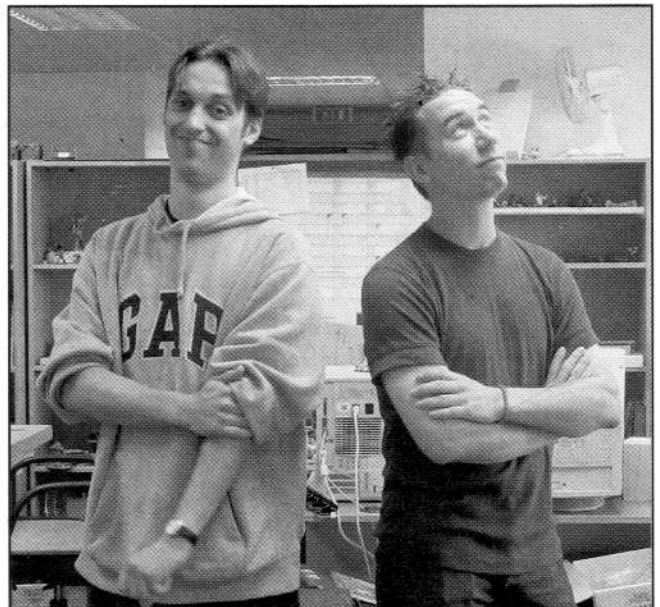
As for the campaign, Lichtenstein slipped away. I think after the scare he's had meddling with forces he doesn't fully understand, he may be a bit more reticent in the future to go opening random warp portals. Considering the similarities between Kessel and Lichtenstein, my Inquisitor may try and track him down to offer him a deal. Be a friend and calm down a bit, or become an enemy. If Lichtenstein knows what's good for him he'll go for the former!

TOTAL CHAOS

we had Mechsimum attempting to saw through the bridge that Dimitri was standing on, and so on. Firing at ammo crates next to your target can be a lot more fun than shooting the target itself, and potentially do more damage. Besides, as every action movie fan knows, explosions are great fun, so go on, blow stuff up! Improvisation for your character's actions really is the key to a truly memorable game, and if it's a cool idea, the GM is that much more likely to allow you to do it. Poor old Rudgey will have a fit when he hears the scale of the property damage the characters have wreaked on his scenery!

All that remains for my warband is to count the cost, and unfortunately the cost seems to be high indeed. Gryx lost a leg, but that isn't a big deal, I'll just fish through the old bits box and find a cybernetic replacement. Sure, he'll only have one of his original limbs, but Gryx is a servitor-warrior and wasn't likely to win any beauty contests anyway.

More importantly, Dimitri's brains were so thoroughly cooked by Loa Gorg's Blood Boil power that he was effectively dead, all this after catching a chainsword in the crotch. Not so good. However, Graham is considering the chance that Dimitri, being comprised of around 90% metal and 10% flesh, downloaded his memory engrams into his internal hard drive many years ago. He's already come through suffering an inferno bolt to the head, and is by far the most durable member of the warband. I'm just hoping his autosave is up to the task...



Gav would like to thank a higher power for his warrior band's success.

ABOMINATION

An Inquisitor battle report by Graham McNeill, Gav Thorpe, Rowland Cox, Phil Kelly & Paul Sawyer.



Graham McNeill

Graham: To round off this chapter of events on Karis Cephalon, we've decided to finish with a bang, and this game of Inquisitor, with no less than four players and FIFTEEN characters, promises to be a fitting climax. For this battle report we wanted to include not only Lichtenstein's, Kessel's and Tyrus's warbands, but also that of Kaludram the Deceiver (Paul Sawyer's Chaos warband) to add something new to the mix. These four warbands have real individual character, and setting them against one another would be the easy part. What would be more of a problem with a game of this size would be keeping it fast paced

enough and exciting for all concerned.

Fifteen characters is a lot more than you would normally use in one game, so it would be challenging to make sure that nobody's turn dragged on for so long that the other players got bored waiting for their own. The Speed based turn sequence of Inquisitor should keep things moving between players, but I wanted to ensure that nobody sat on the sidelines too long before their characters' turn to act arrived. To ensure this, I decided to limit the time each player had to decide how their character would act.

Another potential fly in the ointment would be the size of the battlefield and the speed with which Inquisitor

characters can get about. If a character managed to get all his actions off, he could potentially sprint almost all the way across the battlefield. To keep this in check for a while, I decided that none of the characters could move faster than a walk until they became aware of one of the other warbands. After that they could act normally. I've run and played games of Inquisitor for these players before and know that they'll be playing in the spirit of the game, inventing all manner of cool, cinematic things for their characters to do, so I'm not too worried that someone will go for the all-out-game-winning-plot or not play in character. Now all I need is a story...

Black smoke billowed upwards in stinking pillars from the pyres of corpses as Inquisitor Kessel stealthily made his way through the devastated township. Pharaa'gueotla, the daemon released from bondage beneath the Taberna Ostium mine workings, was here; he could sense its taint. The trail of horrifically distorted bodies it had left in its wake led from Cephalon to this place, and he was not surprised at the carnage he saw. It could not be coincidence that the Healer, the psyker-girl he was seeking, was said to dwell here also. The daemon craved a host body capable of containing its essence and if this girl truly existed, she would be the perfect vessel.

Unspeaking magicks saturated the air with an actinic tang; the psychic death scream of the town's inhabitants' fiery sacrifice. Kessel squatted behind a large ore pipe and risked a hurried glance into the township's main square, catching his breath at the terrible sight confronting him.

Suspended in a swirling maelstrom of light, a young girl in the simple robes of an apothecary shrieked in terror as a nightmarish phantom spun around her, tendrils of its substance oozing wetly from its insane geometries to engulf her. Iridescent strands of the daemon's form

began spreading over her face, spilling down her throat, into her nose and ears then through the scorched ruin of her eye sockets.

Her body was almost completely obscured by the shimmering light and Kessel realised that the daemon's transmogrification would soon be complete. Three figures stood enraptured at the girl's horrifying fate, a giant in baroque armour embossed with blasphemous sigils, a robed figure with a smouldering gun and a lumbering brute with hissing power claws for arms. Kessel drew his sword, the blade flaring evilly as the soul-fragment of Loa Gorg bound within the weapon reacted to the presence of another daemonic entity. Kessel spun as he heard the sound of movement from the far side of the square and caught a glimpse of Inquisitor Lichtenstein creeping toward the infernal creature manifesting before him. Kessel cursed, knowing that if Lichtenstein was here, his nemesis Tyrus would not be far behind. He opened a vox-link to his followers and issued hurried commands.

They would need to act quickly and decisively if they were to thwart the daemon and capture the girl...



SCENARIO: ABOMINATION

The third chapter in the dark and mysterious events on Karis Cephalon takes place in the frontier town of Paganus Reach. A mining community owned and maintained by the Ministorum, Paganus Reach nestles in the foothills of the mountains to the south of the capital city of Cephalon and is home to nearly seventy indentured workers. A hard-working community, its peace was shattered by the arrival of followers of the Daemon Prince Pharaa'gueotla.

Since its release from its aeons-long imprisonment beneath the Taberna Ostium mine workings (see 'The Dweller Beneath' WD 257) this monstrous being has travelled from the mountains to Cephalon, flitting from body to body, seeking a host strong enough to hold its chaotic essence. It has left a trail of bodies in its wake in Cephalon as each host body rebels against the pollution of the Daemon Prince and warps horrifyingly out of shape. Pharaa'gueotla's minions secure it a fresh host before each rapidly-disintegrating body finally expires. The mutilated corpse is dumped in the mutant ghettos and the search for a suitable host continues. Whispered tales told around the fires of the ghettos of a young woman with miraculous healing powers in the mining town of Paganus Reach were overheard by Kaludram the Deceiver, a Chaos Magus in the service of Pharaa'gueotla, and he realised that if the stories were true, then this woman would be the perfect host body for his infernal master.

KALUDRAM THE DECEIVER:

Together with two of his fanatical henchmen and the rapidly-deteriorating host-victim containing Pharaa'gueotla, Kaludram arrived in Paganus Reach, quickly subduing the peaceful inhabitants and capturing the woman known simply as 'the Healer'. The woman turned out to be a powerful but unprotected psyker, easily capable of containing the Daemon Prince's power. The townsfolk were sacrificed in the fires as an offering to the dark gods, their deaths providing the necessary energy for Pharaa'gueotla to overcome the woman's psychic defences and begin transferring its daemonic presence within her...

Objective: Kill anyone who would attempt to prevent Pharaa'gueotla's transference to the Healer's body and, once the transference is complete, escape.

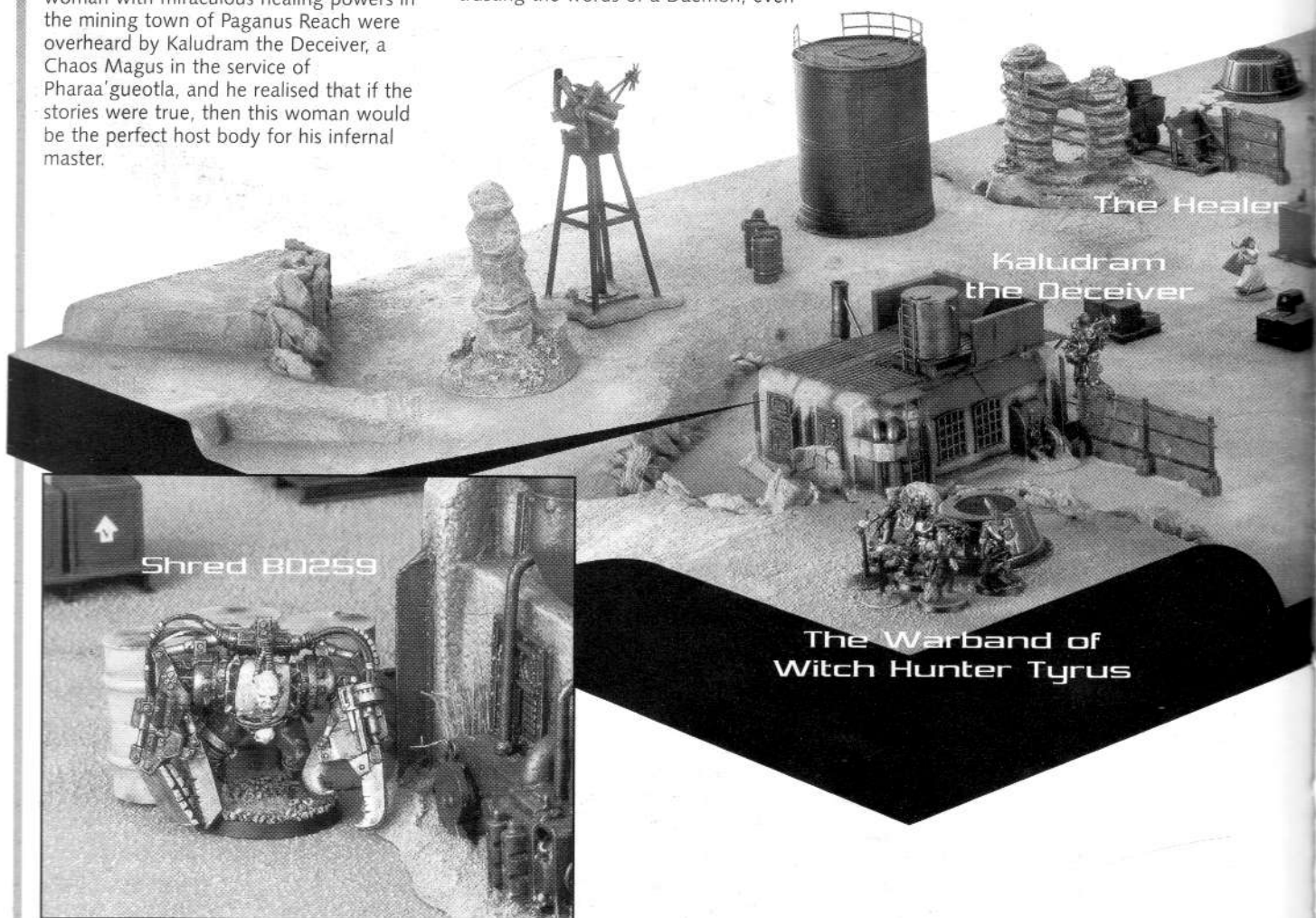
INQUISITOR LICHTENSTEIN:

After his narrow escape from the debacle of the Paraelix Configuration and his close call with Tyrus in the streets of Cephalon, Inquisitor Lichtenstein realised his folly at trusting the words of a Daemon, even

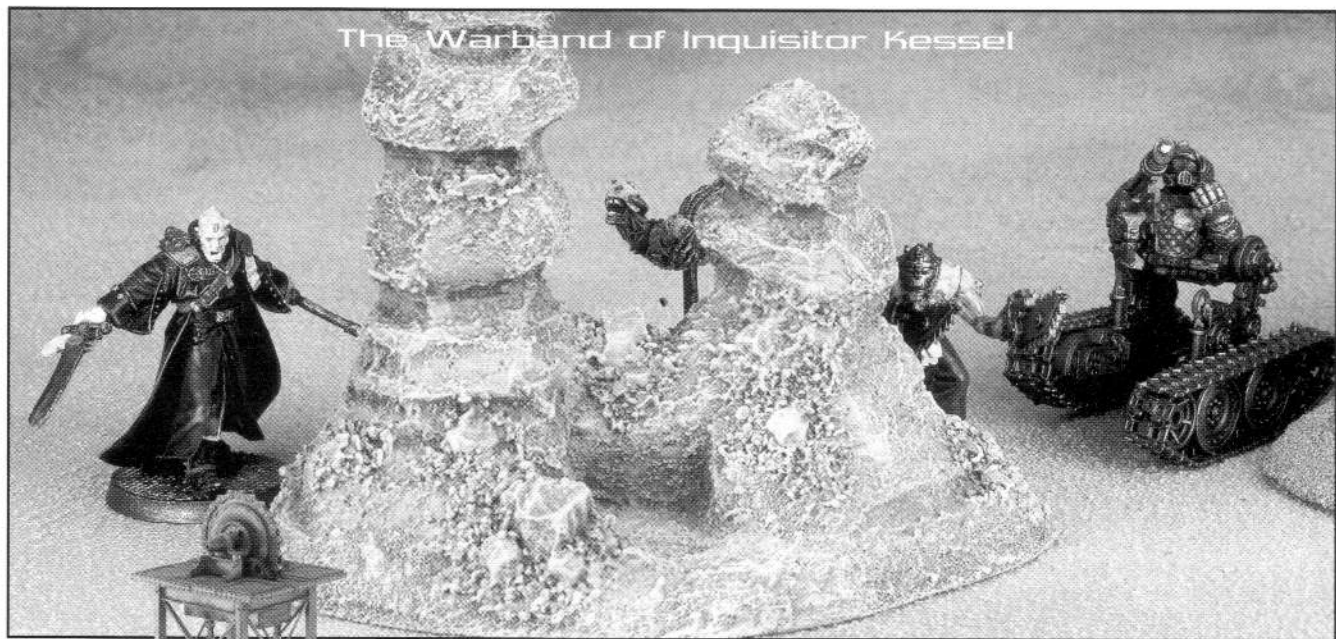
one supposedly compelled to speak the truth. Enraged at this spawn of the warp deceiving him, Lichtenstein has bent all his will to destroying the abomination. His psychic talents could sense the corruption of the Daemon Prince swirling in the ether of the planet, and his own experiences with the daemonic have led him to believe that Pharaa'gueotla is seeking a suitable host body. When horrendously disfigured corpses started turning up in the ghettos with more and more regularity and the mutant population began speaking of a curse, Lichtenstein's suspicions were confirmed.

He and Ghaustos followed the daemonic spoor of Pharaa'gueotla, tracking it to a mining community to the south of Cephalon. A surge in psychic energies alerted Lichtenstein to the fact that the daemon was in the process of possessing a new host and he prepared to wait for it to manifest before destroying its host body and banishing it back to the warp for a thousand years and a day.

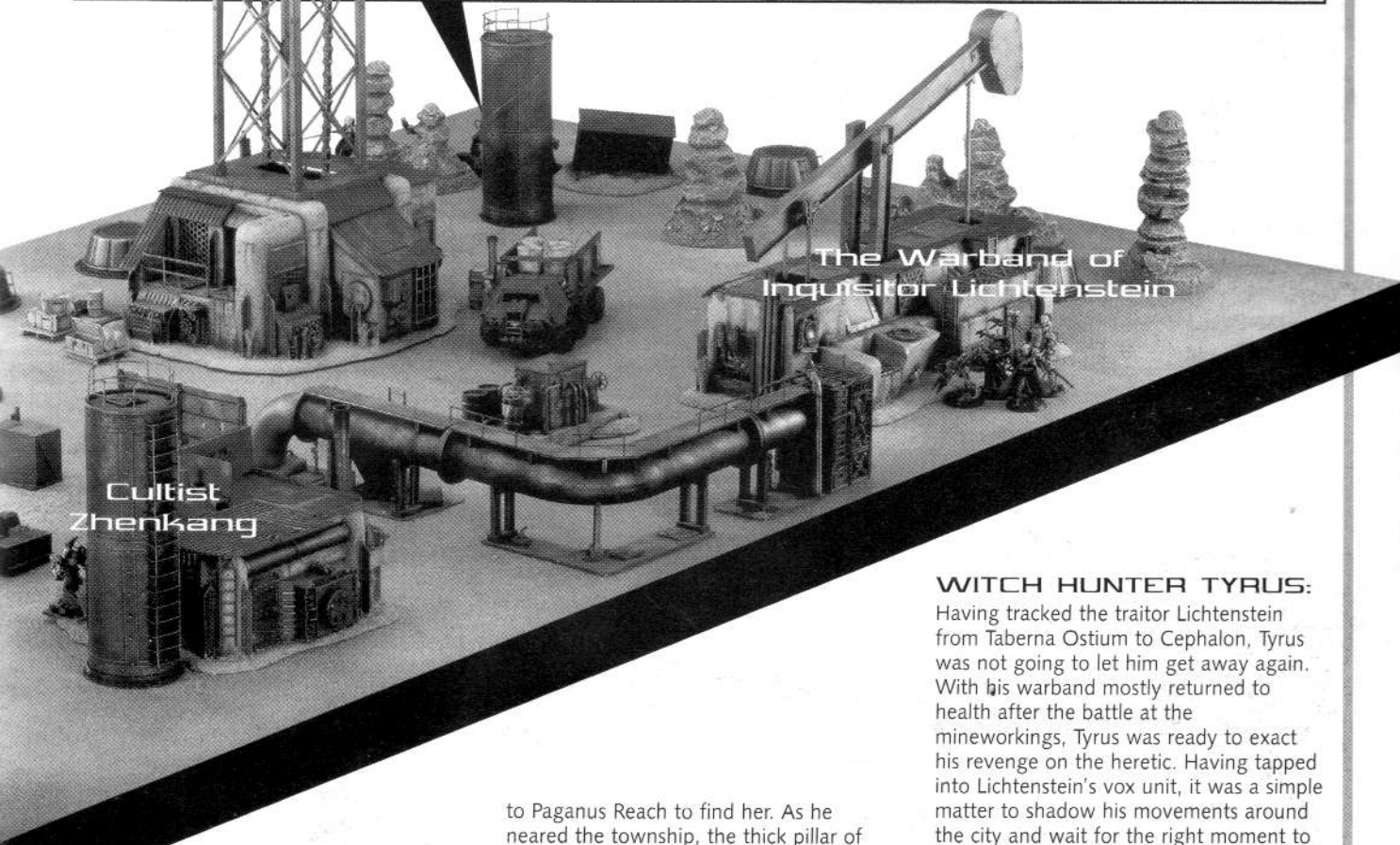
Objective: Allow the Daemon Prince to manifest then utterly destroy its host body by any means, psychic or otherwise.



The Warband of Inquisitor Kessel



The Warband of Inquisitor Lichtenstein



Cultist
Zhenkang

INQUISITOR KESSEL:

Like Lichtenstein, Kessel too was aware of the Daemon Prince Pharaa'gueotla's presence in Cephalon and had taken steps to discover its whereabouts. The tales sweeping Cephalon of a mysterious Healer had also reached him, and he was eager to study this girl should her powers prove to be as considerable as the tale-tellers made out. Kessel was quickly able to divine her whereabouts and journeyed

to Paganus Reach to find her. As he neared the township, the thick pillar of black smoke and greasy stench of cooked human meat told him that something was very wrong. Psychic emanations spoke of immense power and Kessel realised that that he had found both the Healer and the daemon prince. Should it possess the body of such a strong psyker, its power would be unthinkable and he knew he must stop the daemon creature from manifesting or finding another host body.

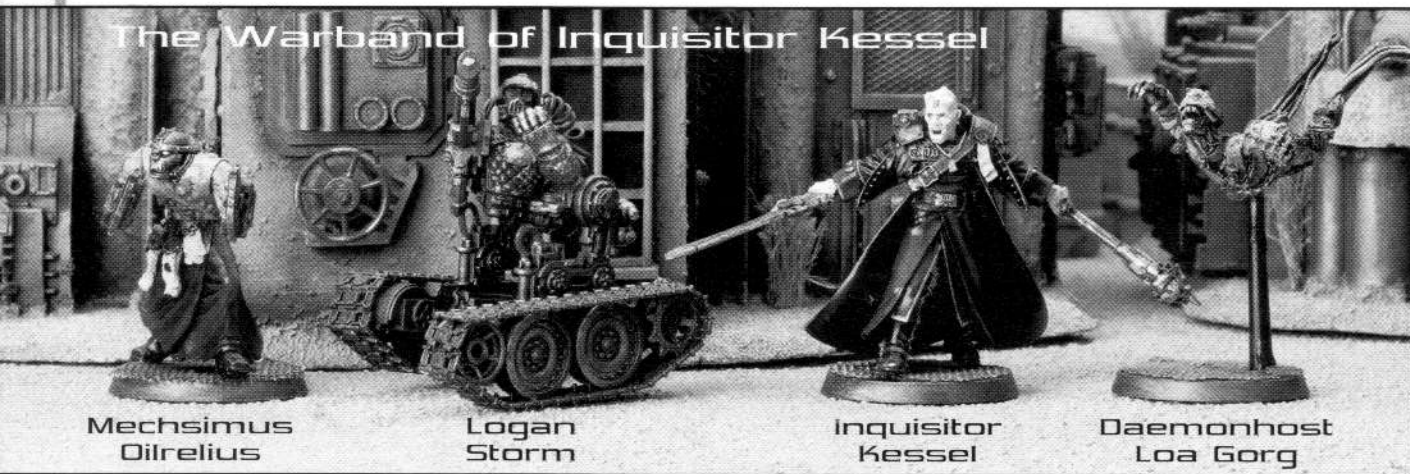
Objective: Destroy the Daemon Prince's host body before the transfer is complete, thus preventing its manifestation.

WITCH HUNTER TYRUS:

Having tracked the traitor Lichtenstein from Taberna Ostium to Cephalon, Tyrus was not going to let him get away again. With his warband mostly returned to health after the battle at the mineworkings, Tyrus was ready to exact his revenge on the heretic. Having tapped into Lichtenstein's vox unit, it was a simple matter to shadow his movements around the city and wait for the right moment to strike. But before that moment came, Tyrus's prey fled the city. Tyrus lost no time in following Lichtenstein onto the plains to the south of Cephalon, curious to know what manner of treachery his foe was scheming now. Tyrus's auspex indicated that Lichtenstein had halted and reached his destination; a small mining community inexplicably wreathed in black smoke... no doubt more of Lichtenstein's heretical dealings.

Objective: Capture Lichtenstein. Alive if possible, dead... just as good.

The Warband of Inquisitor Kessel



**Mechsimum
Oilrelius**

**Logan
Storm**

**Inquisitor
Kessel**

**Daemonhost
Loa Gorg**



Gav: After his run-in with Lichtenstein in The Paraelix Configuration (WD 264), Kessel has been keeping a low profile, whilst trying to track the potentially cataclysmic meddling of Lichtenstein. A furtive visit to

the small Adeptus Mechanicus holdings in the capital Cephalon managed to garner bionics for the hideously burnt Logan Storm, replacing his legs with the track units from a battle-servitor. After an arranged meeting with Lichtenstein to hand over Magos Dimitri (gate-crashed by Witch Hunter Tyrus) it seemed evident that Logan's autogun was no longer up

to the task of providing Kessel with the required long-range firepower. Kessel called in a few favours from 'Red' Ivan Constantine, Cephalon's shady arms merchant, and acquired a multi-laser for Logan.

For this climactic encounter, the goal is clear – destroy the witch host of the daemon prince. However, the presence of the others provides a real problem. Pharaa'gueotla's worshippers would obviously defend the daemon prince until fully manifested. Lichtenstein would most likely try to subdue or otherwise capture the beast. Tyrus, oddly enough, would be intent on the same course, I suspect, but his personal hatred of Kessel and Lichtenstein makes him an unreliable ally, as

likely to turn on Kessel as aid him. So, Kessel's Heroes are pretty much on their own.

My plan is to get Tyrus and Lichtenstein to draw a lot of the Chaos worshippers' fire and then move in for the kill – literally. Mechsimum and Storm will hold off the others, while Kessel and Loa Gorg try to destroy the burgeoning daemonhost. However, Kessel will be keen to take the Chaos demagogue alive, to interrogate him for more information regarding the daemon entity he worships, although this is of course secondary to the goal of destroying Pharaa'gueotla's physical vessel – nobody wants to take on a fully manifested Daemon Prince!

The Warband of Kaludram the Deceiver



**Shred
BD259**

**Cultist
Zhenkang**

**Kaludram
the Deceiver**



Paul: My task was to stop anyone interfering with the transfer of the Daemon to the girl's body and, once the transfer was complete, make good my escape. That all sounded very straightforward until I realised I'd be facing three Imperial Inquisitors AND be deploying out in the open in the middle of the battlefield. Not the best position to be in. Luckily they are only Imperial lapdogs and of no real substance – the will of my master shall be carried out...

Ever since Inquisitor was released I've wanted to put together a warband but not follow the mainstream route of an Inquisitorial retinue. I chose a Chaos Magus, Kaludram the Deceiver. Replete in power armour and wielding a

daemon sword, he'd be a frightening opponent to face. His henchmen would fit well within the theme of a Chaotic cabal.

The Cultist Zhenkang is armed with his heavy stubber/flamer combination and a dangerous predilection for letting rip with a torrent of hot lead at anything that crosses his sights. He would provide the fire support for my assault elements and hopefully prevent my opponents from making good use of the disturbingly open terrain. Shred BD259 is a Chrono Gladiator – a living time-bomb whose life-clock is constantly ticking away and the only way to avoid its detonation is to spill more blood in combat. The model (sculpted by Aly Morrison and available from Fanatic) was so brutal it didn't need converting at all.

As for a battle plan, I was going to keep an open mind as each of us had our own secret objectives. I knew that Kessel and Lichtenstein had a history and hoped they would keep each other busy for a while, but I'd still have to keep an eye out for them. Tyrus was a more obvious worry. I'd have to deal with him before he came for me – I wouldn't be able to tackle three warbands all at once and none of these misguided fools could be counted on as allies. I reckoned I'd have three turns or so before anyone would be able to get to the girl and that might just give me enough time to deal with Tyrus.

The poor, naive fools – they know not what they face. Today shall bring their oblivion...

The Warband of Inquisitor Lichtenstein



**Magos
Dimitri**

**Servitor-Warrior
Gryx**

**Inquisitor
Lichtenstein**

**Daemonhost
Ghaustos**



Phil: Well, Inquisitor Lichtenstein's got a couple of screws loose but this is verging on the ridiculous. He's about to go into the arena against power-armoured monstrosities on both sides of the law, hulking cyber-gladiators who could rip him in two, old enemies who hold deep grudges and of course a fully-fledged Daemon. Accompanying him are Gryx, a crippled servitor-warrior (whose warranty has more than expired) with one arm and a mechanical leg, Dimitri, a Tech-priest who just hasn't been the same since his brain was boiled in his skull, and Ghaustos, the

duplicitous Daemonhost who got him into this mess in the first place. Excellent news.

Still, there's life in the old dog yet, and it ain't all bad: Lichtenstein himself is still on top form despite the changes wreaked upon his warband. He has the psychic power Banishment, and intends to make good use of it to cast Pharaa'gueotla back into the hell from which it came, once it manifests in the body of the psyker. Although he hasn't changed that much since his last outing, the other characters have been modified in view of what happened in the last Inquisitor battle report. Gryx, having had his leg cut off by Mechsimum Oilrelius's chainblades, now sports

a dashing new bionic that I modified from a Tau Crisis Battlesuit. Dimitri now has a bionic head with an advanced bionic brain in place of his old-fashioned biological one, making him a better shot but a little less tough (green stuff ahoy!). The tremendous warp energies released by the Paraelix Configuration in the eponymous battle report have also made their mark on Lichtenstein and Ghaustos: we used the alien abilities table from Graham's Alien Bounty Hunter rules in Issue 1 of Exterminatus Magazine for the effects. I was lucky enough to roll Secondary Jaws and looked forward to Ghaustos delivering a nasty bite. Aliens style, to anyone who got too close...

The Warband of Witch Hunter Tyrus

**Hunt Leader
Lucretia
Bravus and
cyber-
mastif**

**Witch
Hunter
Tyrus**

**Devotee
Malicant**

**Sergeant
Stone**



Rowland: This time there would be a reckoning between Tyrus and Lichtenstein. Lichtenstein may have bested Tyrus once, but it will not happen again. Last time, Tyrus underestimated his opponent

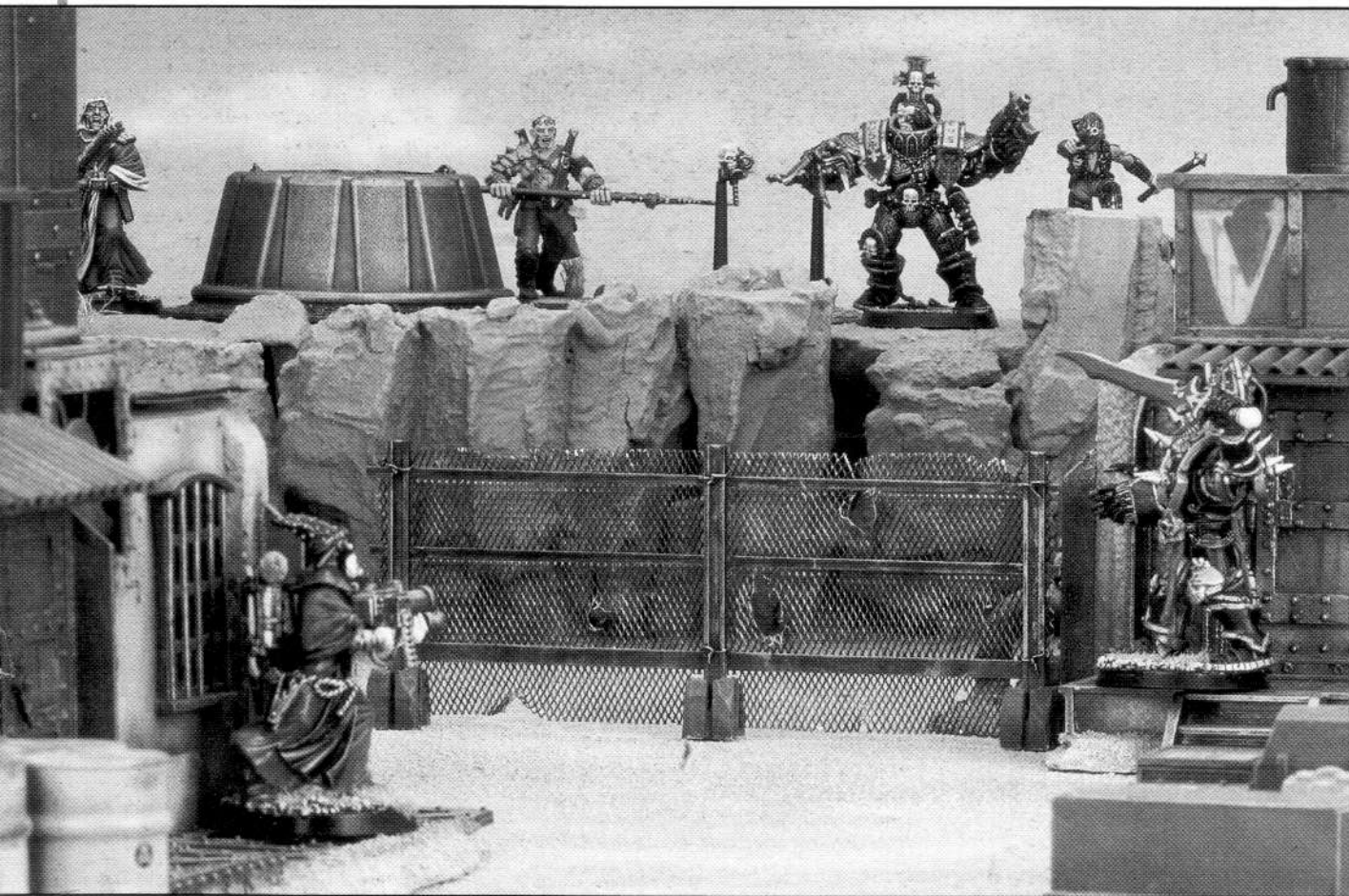
and the power of his psychic assaults. Tyrus has learnt his lesson, and now has protection in the form of hexagrammic wards. Emperor be praised! Tyrus also felt outgunned last time whilst fighting such wily and devastating opponents, and that too has been rectified; Tyrus now has the use of gun and combat servo-skulls. The combination of these articles

and wards may tip the balance, and also shows that Tyrus has easy recourse to the very best Imperial equipment, as befits an Inquisitor of his standing. His strong ties with Imperial law enforcement agencies allowed Tyrus to replace the still crippled Barbaretta with another servant of the Emperor, Hunt Leader Lucretia Bravus.

My objective was to bring Lichtenstein in dead or alive, and to be honest, dead sounds pretty good to me. Yes, going in guns blazing would give Lichtenstein something to think about, curse his name. I'm hoping that Kessel will not interfere, but if he does then his demonic visage will be put before an Inquisitorial conclave; the Emperor's justice will be seen to

be done. Paul Sawyer's warband is a rogue element – Tyrus will want to put the foul Magus to the sword, but will he get the chance? After all it is Lichtenstein who Tyrus wants most, Emperor willing, Tyrus will be able to use the confusion of conflict to his advantage, and bring his quarry in.

I want to keep my warband close together, so they can't easily be ganged up on, and more importantly, can support each other when trouble arrives. I had a feeling that Sergeant Stone's medi-kit was going to come in useful for a start. Hopefully Malicant won't prove to be so incompetent this time, and the frothing maniac will get the chance to prove his worth to his master.



Dodge this! Zhenkang unleashes a hail of hot lead towards Tyrus and Lucretia.

Tyrus squinted through the bright, mid-morning sun, drawing his pistol while shielding his eyes with his free hand. The small community below baked in the relentless heat, a shimmering haze lending a subtle distortion to the view. Or perhaps it was more than just the heat that caused the haze. Black smoke rose from a stinking pyre on the outskirts of the township, the air was sour with the taint of the daemonic, and behind a large building to his front, Tyrus could see a swirling, pale light of unnatural origin. Was there no end to Lichtenstein's heresy? Tyrus had no doubt that Lichtenstein and the other corrupted Inquisitor were responsible for this blasphemy against the Emperor. He gestured for Bravus, his latest Enforcer, to follow him down the rocky slope towards the township. Today would be a day long remembered in the annals of Inquisitorial justice. It would see the rogue Lichtenstein and his unholy compatriot finally brought to justice.

At the foot of the escarpment, hidden in the shadows of a covered boardwalk, Zhenkang watched Tyrus and Bravus, easing back the cocking hammer of his heavy stubber and pointing the perforated barrel in their direction. These must be the interlopers Kaludram had warned him of, the ones who would try to prevent their glorious master's birth

into the world. Blood-flecked froth gathered at the corner of his mouth as he saw the woman spot him. Before she could warn the hugely armoured man who accompanied her, Zhenkang pulled the trigger, holding on for dear life as the heavy weapon bucked madly in his grip. Heavy calibre shells roared from the gun's muzzle, churning the rocky slopes to splinters and kicking up plumes of smoke and dust. He cackled insanely as he saw the woman drop, bleeding from a wound to her belly and sparks fly from a bizarre floating skull that followed the armoured man.

Hearing the roar of his minion's weapon, Kaludram tore his gaze from the unfolding majesty of his master's transmutation, instantly alert for potential threats. He waved at Shred BD259, pointing around the far corner of the building as he slid to its corner and stared towards the hillside. A motionless dust cloud obscured whoever Zhenkang had been shooting at but, besides that, he could see a gold-masked warrior in red robes and a hugely muscled man carrying a fearsome glaive. He reached out with his psychic senses, probing for weaknesses, feathering a mind-touch on both interlopers. Sensing an opening he slid psychic tendrils of influence into his victim's mind, wrapping his power and desire around the man's individuality. He

felt resistance, but exerted his powerful will, utterly dominating his victim. He closed his eyes, opening them a heartbeat later and looking out through his puppet's eyes, seeing the warrior with the glaive lying in the sand before him, taking cover behind some rocks. With shaking hands he forced his puppet to raise his own pistols...

Malicant screamed inside his head, his self-will pushed into a creaking corner of his skull as the presence of another took control of his limbs. He fought against it, sweat bursting from his pores with the effort, but the will that had swallowed him was too strong and he could only watch in horror as he took trembling aim at Sergeant Stone's exposed back. His hands shook as he fought the loathsome influence in his mind, but he could not prevent himself from pulling the triggers. Bright las-bolts blasted the rocks around Stone's head to splinters and the massive guardsman rolled aside as Malicant's shots stitched the ground where he had lain. His mouth twisted in a silent scream, Malicant jerkily advanced towards Stone.

Inquisitor Lichtenstein flinched at the bark of gunfire from the far side of the township and motioned to Dimitri on the roof of the derrick-housing as he watched Kessel emerge from behind some rocks on the other side of the square. The



Treachery! Under Kaludram's control, Malicant turns on Stone.

damnable Daemonhost that had 'slain' Dimitri outside the chamber of the Paraelix Configuration floated beside him. Lichtenstein cursed; this complicated things. There could only be one reason Kessel was here: to banish the Daemon. Lichtenstein knew that the venerable Inquisitor would be content with simply preventing its manifestation, but Lichtenstein wanted more. He had a score to settle with this creature and he would not allow Kessel to get in his way. He sprinted towards the truck parked beside a weather-beaten building and shouted, "Kessel, stay your hand! The Daemon must manifest before it can be destroyed."

"How long do we have until then?" replied Kessel, also running for the truck.

Lichtenstein felt the almost unbearable psychic build up and said, "Not long. Moments only."

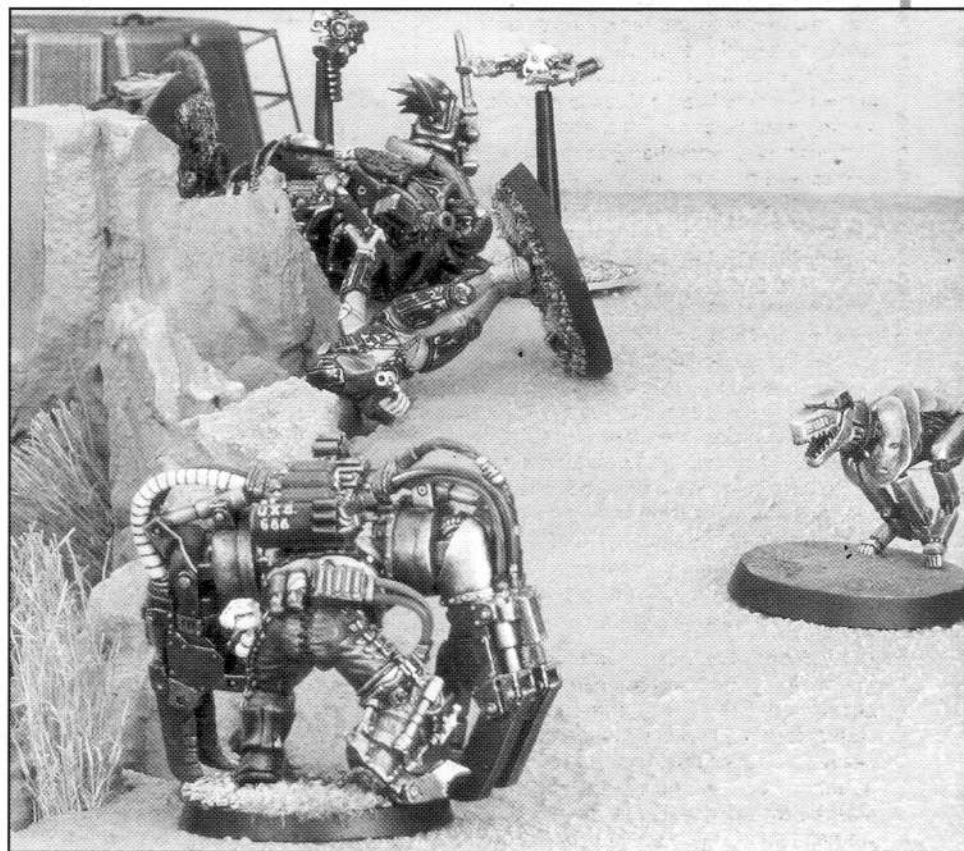
Tyrus turned at the sounds of his pistol fire behind him, his fury building as he saw Malicant blazing away at Stone. What in the name of all the holy saints was the fool playing at? The wards inscribed on his armour blazed with the proximity of psychic energy and Tyrus realised that Malicant was in the thrall of another. The Witch Hunter cursed Malicant and resolved to punish him severely for his weakness of spirit. He turned to Malicant and drew his pistol as the wounded Lucretia shouted a warning to him. He spun, seeing a mutated cultist below bringing his massive gun to bear once again, holding the muzzle pointed firmly in Tyrus's direction. He raised his bolt pistol, taking careful aim, but before he could shoot, his foe's weapon erupted with fire. Tyrus felt the hammering impacts against his armour and fiery pain as the heavy bullets tore through the

ceramite plates and into his flesh. He collapsed, clutching his pelvis as the fanatic's insane laughter rang in his ears. As he fell, he saw Stone leap to his feet, stumbling on a loose patch of scree as Malicant once more aimed his guns.

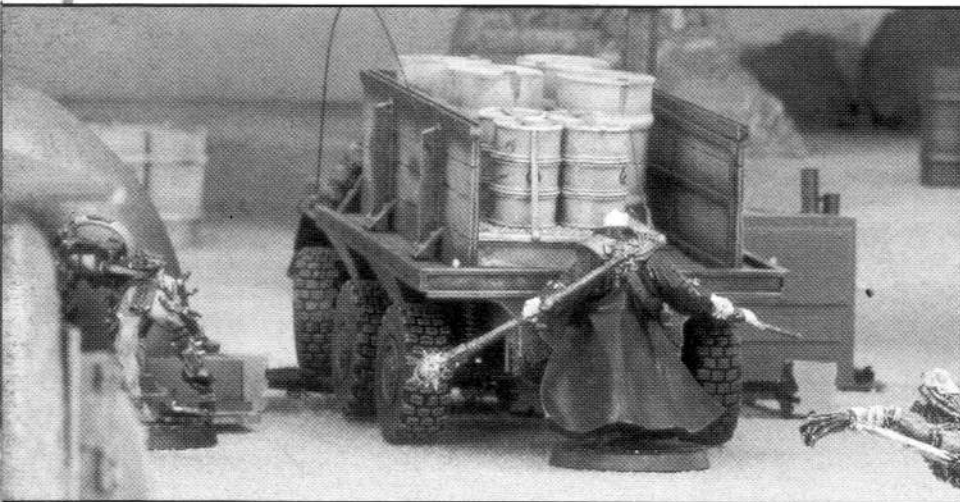
Lucretia saw Tyrus falling and rolled aside as his massive form crashed to the ground. She gritted her teeth and fought

back the waves of nausea and pain. Her breath caught in her throat as she saw a huge, mechanical behemoth lumber around the corner of the building below her and begin marching relentlessly towards her. Massive, piston-driven power claws snapped on the end of its rusted metal arms and its face was twisted in a snarl of hatred. Lucretia felt the ground shake under the impact of its footfalls and fought to unlimber her shotgun as the terrifying beast drew closer. The trigger guard caught on the leather catch of the shotgun's scabbard. She pulled again as the cyber warrior drew ever closer, the pneumatic hiss from its arms and the crackle of energy sheathing its claws getting louder and louder. She tugged frantically at her shotgun, at last freeing the weapon and racking the slide one handed. It was almost on top of her as she rolled and fired, putting a hail of shot into its groin. With a look that was more surprise than pain, the mechanised warrior dropped to its knees, blood coating its thick, canvas trousers as Lucretia's cyber-mastiff launched itself over its fallen mistress and sank its steel fangs into the warrior's chest.

Both Kessel and Lichtenstein jumped as the truck's engine roared into life, the corroded exhausts jetting filthy blue oilsmoke. Lichtenstein felt the tang of psychic energy permeate the vehicle and turned to see Dimitri moving his hands as though behind the wheel of the truck. A



With its mistress down, the cyber-mastiff rushes to defend her.



Kessel is dragged along as the truck demolishes the barbed wire fence.

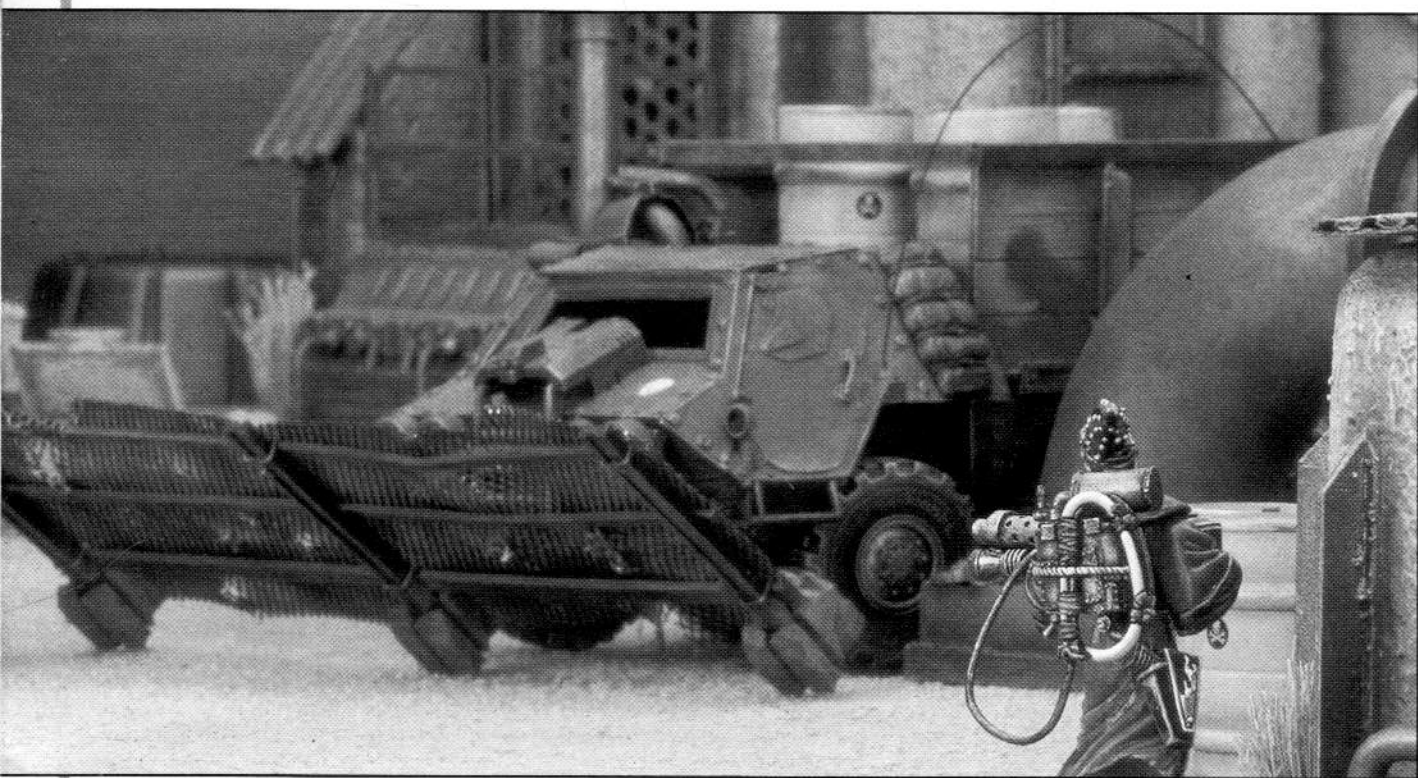
side effect of the Pharaa'gueotla's daemonic presence in the Taberna Ostium mines had been the unlocking of Dimitri's latent mecha-psychic ability and, useful though it might prove to be, Lichtenstein knew he would need to keep a close eye on the Magos, as he was without the protection that shielded sanctioned psykers from daemonic intrusion. With a shriek of tyres spitting gravel, the truck suddenly sped off towards the centre of the township. Lichtenstein attempted to keep pace with the truck as its speed increased, while Kessel recklessly leapt onto its lowered tailgate. But he had misjudged the speed of the truck and was jolted from its back, only just managing to hold onto its side panels. The truck sped off, dragging Kessel behind it and

smashing through a wire fence in a shower of sparks towards the centre of the township.

Zhenkang turned at the sound of the truck smashing through the fence towards their master's chosen vessel. Shimmering light still surrounded her and it was all too clear what the driver of the truck's intention must be. He experienced a moment's confusion as he saw that there was no one driving the truck, but didn't let that stop him from swinging the heavy stubber around and pulling back the trigger. Firing at such close range and at such a large target, almost all the shells impacted on the truck, blasting great holes in the bodywork and punching through the engine block. Smoke belched from the speeding truck and the engine

exploded, wreathing it in flames. Kessel screamed in pain as the fires scorched his arms, but held on regardless. He could feel the tightness in the air, the fabric of reality twisted by the abomination attempting to force itself into existence. The air reeked of its foulness and he knew that he did not have much time.

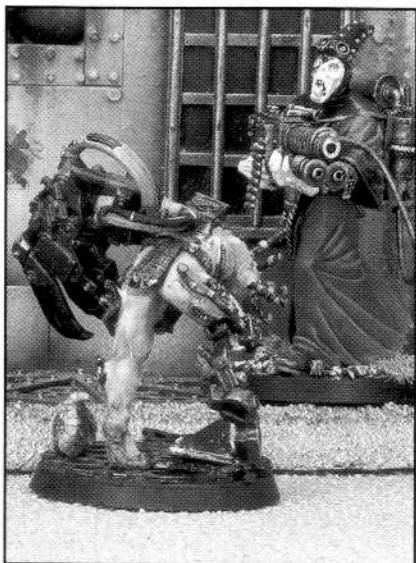
Stone slid partially down the rocky slope and saw a figure clad in blasphemous runic armour at the corner of a building below him. The grinning figure was mimicking Malicant's every movement, and Stone realised that this must be the cause of the Redemptionist's treacherous behaviour. He snapped off a quick shot, blasting a chunk of timber from beside the man. The heretic ducked back and vanished from sight as Stone crawled back to the top of the slope. He rolled onto flat ground, allowing the glands implanted in his neck to release a cocktail of combat stimms. He felt fresh strength flood his system and leapt to his feet. He turned in time to see Malicant's contorted features and the flash of gunfire from the Redemptionist's pistols. One shot scored across his leg and another slammed into his belly. He grunted in pain, reeling back and raising his own gun. But before he could pull the trigger, Malicant lowered his las pistols and the glaze of another's control dropped from his eyes. Sensing the threat from Malicant was over for now, Stone turned as he heard the sounds of battle over his shoulder and saw Lucretia's mastiff savaging an enormous warrior armed with power claws. He pointed at Malicant and growled, "This isn't over, zealot..."



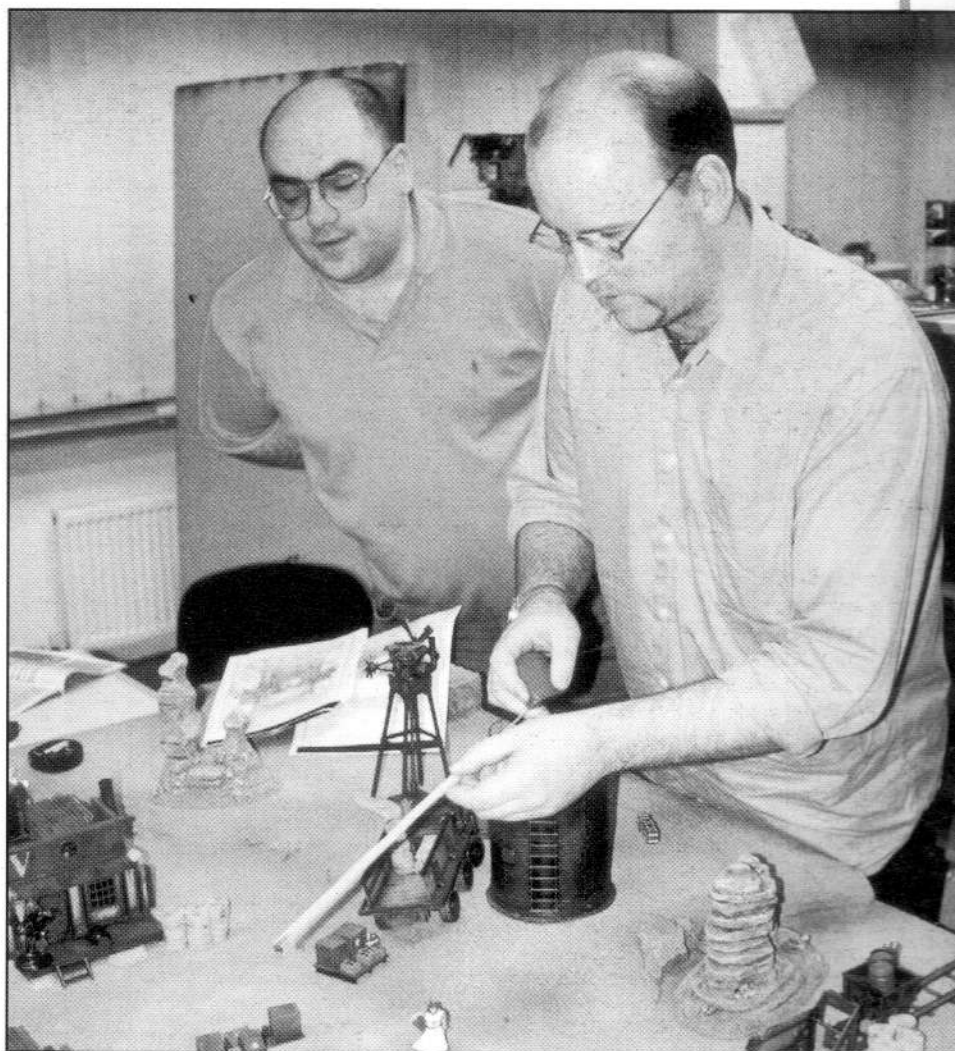
Zhenkang shreds the truck from end to end with heavy calibre shells.

Lucretia used her shotgun to push herself upright, knowing that her cyber-mastiff wouldn't be able to hold the mechanised warrior for long. It bit into what little organic components remained of him, scoring deep grooves in his flesh. She unhooked a synthflesh spray from her belt and applied it to her wound, the pain fading as the quick-acting balm did its work. She pocketed the synthflesh canister and aimed her shotgun, cursing as Stone charged past her, swinging his enormous glaive at the thrashing warrior. With a shrug, she scabbarded her shotgun, unslung her shock-maul and charged after the Gland War veteran.

Lichtenstein followed the speeding truck across the buckled fencing, halting at the edge of the thick, steel pipe and watched as the lumbering form of Gryx emerged from behind the structure to his left. He shouted, "Angellus", then after a moment's pause added, "Do not attack Kessel or his companions!" The servitor warrior bellowed as his pacifier helm slid up and the injector implants grafted to the scar tissue of his left shoulder injected a flood of stimms directly into his bloodstream. Lichtenstein saw a robed fanatic ahead with a heavy stubber rapidly thumbing shells into the breech of his weapon and sent that image to his servitor-warrior with a pulse of thought. Gryx took off at a sprint, the replacement leg grafted on by Monque and Dimitri performing admirably as he hurdled crates in his frenzy to tear at his target. The fanatic pulled back the loading hammer and swung the weapon to bear, but it was too late – Gryx had him, swinging his power claw in a deadly arc at his belly. The energised blades of the claw sheared through the barrel of the heavy stubber and punched through the fanatic's belly, before smashing through the timber structure of the building behind. Gryx tore free his claw in a welter of blood as the fanatic slumped to the boardwalk, half his midsection torn away.



Gryx goes up to 4 on Zhenkang.



Graham checks to see who gets caught in the blast of the hydrogen tank's explosion.

Kessel decided enough was enough and released his grip on the truck's tailgate, rolling to his feet as the truck continued its lunatic course. His legs were bloody and torn after being dragged across the barbed wire fence. The Healer was just in front of him and Kessel could see that there was even less time left than Lichtenstein had said, Pharaa'gueotla was practically manifested. Blinding light poured from great rents in her flesh and her features twisted and ran like molten wax as the Daemon Prince warped her form to its own. Glistening wings, half formed out of the ether, flapped ghost-like from her back and a keening birth cry tore at the air. Kessel steeled himself against the Daemon Prince's corrupting presence and began to channel psychic energy into himself. As he did so, the truck smashed through a pile of barrels and crates, and an explosion mushroomed skyward, ripping through its thin underbelly and detonating the fuel in the vehicle. The blasts slammed Kessel into the ground and his grip on the psychic energy slipped, flaring from his head in a burst of power. Blood streamed from his nose and ears as the flaming wreck hurtled through the air, slamming into the

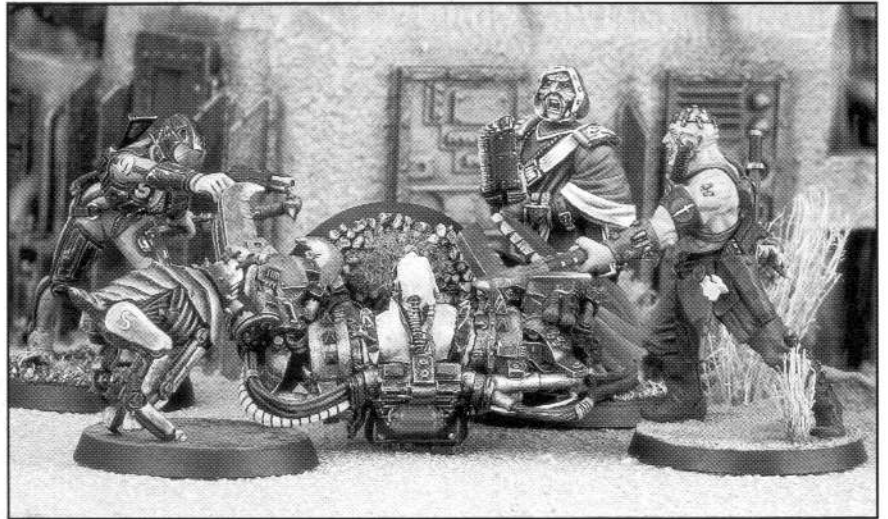
tall hydrogen tank on the township's edge. The metal skin of the container buckled and sheared away, sparks shrieking and igniting the highly compressed gas in a roaring pillar of blue flame. Seconds later the entire tank exploded, showering the township in whickering fragments of burning metal and an expanding sphere of flaming gas. Kessel covered his head as fiery debris rained down around him, his mind pounding with the pain of psychic backlash. He pushed himself to his knees, wincing as he pulled a smoking shard of metal from his arm, and took advantage of the confusion caused by the explosion to take stock. Mechsimus advanced behind him, his leg bleeding and scorched from the blast, while Logan Storm rumbled towards a rocky outcrop, seeking a good firing position. Loa Gorg was close; he could sense the Daemonhost's nearness and the scratching, insistent presence at the edge of his mind as the soul-fragment bound within the sword sensed his weakness. Quickly he suppressed its hunger. To his left he could see Lichtenstein's servitor warrior, its claw awash with blood, and the Daemonhost Ghaustos, drifting from the cover of the

pipe. On the hills above the town, a furious battle was raging, though it was impossible to make out the details through the smoke. Gripping his force staff, he stood and saw the leering form of the Daemon turn its attention his way as the last vestiges of the Healer were cast aside and Pharaa'gueotla's true corruption was revealed. Cold fury gripped the Inquisitor and he realised he had to act quickly.

Loa Gorg sensed its master's wishes and charged towards the burgeoning Daemon Prince, floating within the shimmering whirlwind that still surrounded it. Loa Gorg lashed out with clawed hands at Pharaa'gueotla but the Daemon laughed at his puny efforts. Kaludram roared in fury at the impertinence of Kessel's Daemonhost in attacking the majesty of his lord and unsheathed his glittering daemonsword, charging in with a ferocious battle cry. The sword sang, but Loa Gorg dodged each lethal thrust, darting aside with preternatural speed.

Surveying the battle from his vantage point, high on the derrick housing, Dimitri watched the unfolding battle dispassionately. He no longer saw the world as before, his bionic cortex exchanging information with his senses by artificially generated electrical impulses. He saw the soon-to-manifest Daemon as a series of vari-spectral hues with proportional vectors of unmeasurable energy, its form blurry and indistinct to him. A giant figure in power armour came into view, its surface pitted with symbols that registered on Dimitri's threat files. He mechanically engaged his targeting algorithms and opened fire. Both shots kicked up spurts of dust, but failed to find their mark. Dimitri compensated for the inaccuracies and prepared to fire again.

On the other side of the township, Malicant sheathed his pistols and drew



Outnumbered, Shred BD259 finally falls to Malicant's eviscerator.

out his eviscerator, furious beyond words at the violation visited upon him by the enemies of his master. The new enforcer and her mastiff were fighting alongside Stone against an enormous mechanical fighter, only just holding it at bay. Malicant charged down the slope, raising his eviscerator high above his head and screaming in hatred. The gladiator warrior swayed aside from a thrust of Stone's glaive and batted it aside, closing and snapping his power claw at the guardsman's head. The blow was intercepted by Lucretia's shock maul, the enforcer spinning low behind the gladiator and thundering her weapon against the base of his skull. The gladiator dropped to his knees, blood pouring from his cracked head as Malicant joined the fray, slashing his shrieking chainblade across his foe's chest. Blood sprayed from the wound and the gladiator toppled backwards. Malicant leapt on top of him and drove the sword downwards through his chest with a howl of fury. The

eviscerator juddered in Malicant's grip, the barbed teeth grinding against the Gladiator's ribs. Smoke boiled from the motor in the hilt as Malicant ripped the weapon clear and stood, his heart hammering against his ribs, breath hot in his throat.

Slaved to the imperative to kill, Gryx swung his lolling head in search of fresh targets. Two figures battled in the shadow of a swirling maelstrom of light, one of which was off limits, while the other was a viable target. Growling with battle-lust, the servitor warrior set off to kill again.

Kaludram heard the sound of heavy footfalls behind him and risked a glance over his shoulder in time to see a one-armed servitor warrior charging him with murder in his eyes. He turned from the nimble Daemonhost and barely managed to dodge a swipe aimed at his head. Gryx attacked again, furiously slashing his power claw at the Magus, but the man moved like quicksilver, swaying aside,



Loa Gorg avoids Kaludram's attack as Gryx charges in to deliver the coup de grace.



Man against Daemon. Kessel fights for his life against Pharaa'gueotla.

ducking, and leaping above the servitor warrior's frenzied attacks. Metre by metre, Kaludram was forced backwards, the glamour encased within his sword failing to ensnare his attacker's gaze. Another flurry of blows came at him, each one dodged by the narrowest of margins. Kaludram spun away from yet another blow, desperately backing away from the maniacal warrior. He saw an opening to break from this combat and took it, turning away from Gryx as an incandescent blast of light, like a miniature sun, exploded between them. In the confusion he stumbled away from the fight, almost tripping over the remains of the shattered hydrogen tank and into the staggering form of yet another cybernetically-augmented warrior. Who had unleashed the psychic attack, he could not tell, but obviously this warrior had not been lucky enough to avoid being blinded by it. He lashed out with his crackling power fist, catching the warrior high on the temple and almost

tearing his head clean off. The warrior dropped, his legs spasming weakly, and the Magus turned back to where his master shimmered in the throes of its final transmutation. He experienced a moment of pure horror as the servitor-warrior he had just escaped from charged from the dimming light, and this time there was no escape. The power claw slashed across his leg, the return stroke closing around his arm and ripping it from his body as easily as a man might snap a twig. Blood fountained from the wound and Kaludram collapsed, pain like nothing he had ever known flaring around his body like an electric charge. Even as consciousness slipped away he felt a surge of vindication as he felt his master ascend to this mortal plane.

With a hollow crack that pounded the air with its violence, the last remnants of the Healer's flesh exploded from the newly-birthed Daemon Prince's form. A creature older than time stood revealed in all its chaotic majesty. Iridescent wings flapped

from its back and its skin glittered as though studded with diamonds. Its movements were sluggish, as though not yet used to physical form. Its eyes burned with the thirst of ages and an anger that had seen civilisations exterminated on a whim.

Lichtenstein chanted the Verses of Banishment, intoning the names of the holy saints of exorcism as he drew vast amounts of psychic power into his body. He would only get one shot at this and thought it fitting that since he had brought this monster into the world, he should be the one to send it back to the hell from whence it came. Blood ran from his nose as the accumulated warp energy threatened to spill out from his fragile human frame. He took a step towards the Daemon Prince, raised his hands above his head and yelled, "Foul beast! Back to the pit from which you were spawned!"

Bolts of pure white energy leapt from his outstretched hands, lashing the beast with coruscating energy and enveloping its

form in binding chains of power. Lichtenstein kept pouring power into his banishment, but Pharaa'gueotla merely laughed, swelling its barrel chest and splitting the bindings asunder.

On the hillside above the township, Tyrus ran stiffly towards the exhausted members of his warband where they stood over the body of the fallen gladiator. Malicant's features shone and his huge chainblade was coated in blood. Perhaps the Redemptionist had done something right for a change. The wound in his groin pulled painfully every step he took, but Tyrus was damned if he would miss this fight. Stone's medi-kit should keep the bleeding down and minister to the pain for long enough. With a curt nod, he led his followers towards the centre of the town. Lichtenstein was there, and there was soon to be a reckoning.

Kessel groaned in frustration as he saw the Daemon Prince shrug off Lichtenstein's banishment. It was still groggy, unable yet to take advantage of its stolen physical form, and Kessel realised what he had to do. Silently he commended his soul to the Emperor and raised his force staff to his lips. The blessed saint of Ulantrix herself had touched the weapon and Kessel reverently kissed the inlaid scrollwork there. The Daemon towered above him as he charged towards it, its fanged maw leering at him malevolently. With a scream of revulsion, Kessel ducked beneath the Daemon's claws and swung his force staff in an upward arc. The skull-topped staff connected with the Daemon's midriff and Kessel channelled

all his rage and disgust through the psychically attuned material of the weapon. Foul ichor spattered him as the Daemon's substance burst apart under the impact. Pharaa'gueotla shrieked in sudden pain, reeling from Kessel's blow. The Inquisitor stepped aside a sweep of the Daemon's talons, narrowly avoiding being crushed under its gnarled foot. The Daemon stepped back, closing its claws around Kessel's body, but the inquisitor stepped forward and hammered his force staff into the rippling tear in the Daemon Prince's body where he had struck before. He screamed as power he had not dreamed or dared he could tap poured through his body, along his arms and into the force weapon. Kessel's staff ripped upwards through the substance of the Daemon's body, cleaving it in two, blazing arcs of dark light vomiting from the wound. The fluid matter of the Daemon Prince disintegrated under the assault, exploding with a burst of tainted light and a shriek of tortured anguish as it was once again banished to the haunted depths of the warp. Kessel dropped to his knees, utterly drained as he saw Loa Gorg floating towards him.

Grinning with vindicated triumph, Lichtenstein staggered forward towards Kessel, his reserves of energy stretched to the limit by this encounter. Pharaa'gueotla was gone, destroyed while in physical form and cast back to the Immaterium. No matter that he had not been the one to dispatch the Daemon; the deed was done, and that was what mattered. He leaned on the pipe and called out, "Impressive, Kessel. Most impressive." He saw Gryx standing over the body of the

fallen Magus and telepathically sent the shut-down command to his berserker, feeling the weight of the past few months wash from him. Kessel nodded, too weary to respond and hauled himself to his feet using his force staff. He turned to face Lichtenstein as a crack of gunfire echoed across the square and Gryx went down, twin holes blasted in his groin. Lichtenstein ducked into the cover of the pipe and drew his stubber as Kessel spun to face the new threat.

Tyrus stepped into the square beside an enforcer carrying a smoking stubber. His fanatic sprinted around the flanks while a burly soldier followed behind. Lichtenstein returned fire as Logan Storm opened up with his multi-laser, having worked his way into a covering position. The enforcer went down under the hail of fire and the square became a death-trap of bullets and laser fire. Kessel ducked and hurled another pyrotechnic burst of psychic energy into the centre of the square. He strode forward and shouted, "Cease this madness! The foe is defeated!"

Tyrus fired off a volley of bolter shells as he saw Lichtenstein sheltering behind a giant ore pipe, cursing as he saw the majority of his shots ricochet from the ironwork. The meddling fool Kessel stepped in his way, blocking his line of sight, foolishly thinking that this would prevent him from shooting. He drew a bead on Kessel and fired, putting him down with bolter fire, one shot clipping his leg, another grazing his skull. Kessel dropped, blood pouring down his face as he heard Tyrus bellow, "There is no escaping the Emperor's justice, sinners!"



Face to face again. Bitter rivals, Tyrus and Lichtenstein, square off as Kessel tries to halt the bloodshed.

Once more, Lichtenstein cursed Tyrus's name as he saw Kessel fall. In the confusion of the battle against the Daemon, he had allowed Tyrus to slip from his mind. It was time to leave this place. But not before he had exacted a measure of vengeance on Tyrus. He sent a psychic thought to Dimitri and seconds later, a Kraken penetrator bolt hammered into Tyrus' leg, pitching him to the ground. Lichtenstein ducked back as another volley of fire rang from the metal of the pipe and swiftly spun from cover to take aim at Tyrus. He squeezed the trigger and grinned as the round punched through the Witch Hunter's thigh armour, hurling him backwards. Kessel was down, but Lichtenstein owed him nothing and, as Tyrus struggled to rise, he realised he would never get a better chance than this to make his escape.

Keeping his pistol trained on Tyrus's warband, Lichtenstein and his followers left the devastated township of Paganus Reach to make their way back to Cephalon. Their work here was done.



After a deadly gun battle, Lichtenstein is the last man standing.

Tyrus fought through the pain of his wounded leg and pushed himself to his feet. Blood washed down his thigh cuissart and his every nerve screamed in pain. But he had suffered worse before this and could not show weakness before his followers. No matter that each of them had allowed their wounds to debilitate them to the extent that they were unable to fulfil their obligations to him. He would decide their punishments later, but for now he had more pressing concerns. He limped painfully to where the bleeding form of Kessel lay, a long gash torn in his temple where Tyrus had shot him. Lichtenstein had escaped him once more, but the capture of Kessel was a prize that almost made up for the renegade's escape. Kessel groaned, and even a cursory glance told Tyrus that these wounds were not mortal. The rogue Inquisitor's disfigured face was testament to the dangers of Radicalism and Tyrus shook his head at such folly. The misguided fool would soon learn through pain the error of his ways.

Tyrus waved the wounded enforcer forward. "Bravus, restrain this one. And do not touch the sword; it is corrupted. Leave that to me."

Bravus nodded and removed binders from her belt as Tyrus and Stone walked through the devastated township towards the fallen warrior in power armour. Tyrus lip curled in

contempt, recognising the blasphemous sigils engraved upon the figure's armour as Stone knelt beside the man. This was a follower of the Ruinous Powers, and Tyrus would take great pleasure in bringing agonising retribution down upon him. The heretic's arm was crudely severed just above the elbow, blood pumping steadily from the ragged stump.

"His wounds are grievous," confirmed Stone with relish. "He will die soon."

"Make sure that he does not," snapped Tyrus.

Stone rose, a puzzled look on his face. "You wish him to live?"

"I do," confirmed Tyrus. "He must be seen to be punished, so that all who see his fate shall know the price of heresy. He will die without your skills."

"So let him die," sneered Stone.

Tyrus lashed out with his fist, gripping Stone's bandolier and lifting the heavy sergeant from his feet.

The Witch Hunter hauled Stone level with his own scarred face.

"If he dies, so do you. Now do as I command."

Tyrus dropped the shocked Stone and turned away.



MORE BANG FOR YOUR BUCK



Graham McNeill

Graham: I don't think I've ever seen such a destructive game of Inquisitor, and I've run plenty of games. Setting the scenario in a mining complex was a gift for fans of explosions and destruction, and I knew that these guys weren't going to be happy unless they managed to destroy half the settlement as well as the Daemon. And they didn't disappoint. I saw this game as the climax of a movie. I could picture the truck laden with ammo careening into the hydrogen tank in slow-mo and the chain reaction of explosions that followed. Equally as vivid were the psychic pyrotechnics when Kessel destroyed the Daemon's physical vessel before it could act, and the final shoot-out between Lichtenstein and Tyrus. I was very pleased at the way things worked out and none of the worries I'd had before the game cropped up.

I remember Rowland once describing games of Inquisitor as being like the last

ten minutes of an episode of Buffy the Vampire Slayer, the point in the show where everyone knows what's going on and it's time for Buffy to kick some bad guy butt. That description really struck a chord in me, and it's a feeling I've tried to carry over into my games of Inquisitor. Keeping things moving quickly and giving the players a sense of urgency is essential for an exciting game of Inquisitor, and it makes it a much more involving experience when players are getting into their roles to the extent that they're yelling, "Die evil Chaos-scum!" across the board. I was also pleased that the vehicle rules I'd written also got a try out. Though the truck was being 'remote-driven' by Dimitri, the rules worked pretty much as I had hoped and if you want to give them a try, be sure to check out issue 2 of Exterminatus magazine.

I had great fun running this scenario and it developed nicely as the game went on, with tensions escalating steadily from gunfire to explosions, to bigger explosions, to a dramatic finale with a brave Inquisitor

taking on a Daemon Prince single-handed! After the game, we talked about what would happen next. The wounded Tyrus has now taken Kessel and Kaludram prisoner and is preparing them for their Trial by Ordeal. This is another of Inquisitor's great strengths, where the ending of one game naturally leads into the next. As we talked over the scenario's ending, a number of potential story arcs immediately suggested themselves. Would Loa Gorg attempt to rescue his master? What would happen if someone else were to pick up Kessel's sword containing the soul-fragment of Loa Gorg? Might Lichtenstein attempt to free Kessel from the Witch Hunter's clutches – as much to annoy Tyrus as for any altruistic motives?

There's plenty more to be told in the adventures of these Inquisitors and we're already planning their next encounter as part of our own Studio campaign. It seems that there is yet more blood to be spilt and intrigue to be had on the streets of Karis Cephalon.

BETWEEN A ROCK...

Paul: I've not had so much fun in a game in ages – Inquisitor really does allow for some superb, action-packed moments, plus many moments of hilarity. The game had everything and despite my eventual demise I had a great time. I even got time off at the end of the game for bad behaviour...

It was fairly predictable that Kaludram and his retinue would struggle against the odds arrayed against him, and so it proved. Kessel and Lichtenstein kissing and making up didn't help my cause and was my eventual downfall. As they say, 'it's a game of two halves'.

For the first part of the game Kaludram's warband totally dominated, but being outnumbered eventually counted against them. That, and not being able to actually put Tyrus's retinue out of the game. Kaludram himself started proceedings nicely by taking control of the already confused mind of Malicant. Unfortunately his deranged faculties meant that control wasn't as absolute as I'd have liked. It was also unfortunate that Malicant started with his las pistols drawn and not his deadly eviscerator, as that would have made a severe mess of Stone. In the end, some very

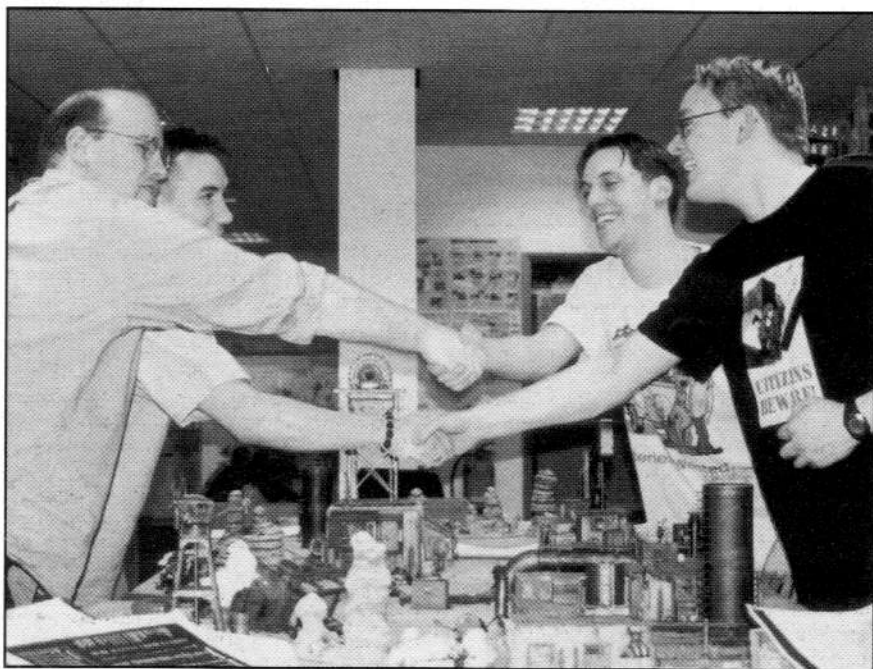
poor shooting meant that Malicant did no damage to Stone but did tie the two of them up for a considerable period of time.

Zhenkang blazing away on full auto at the start of the game was a riot – 40 shots, of which only two hit, but imagine the hail of hot lead tearing chunks out of everything in its path (apart from Tyrus's lot sadly...). Zhenkang did very well early on but caused more fear than actual damage in the end.

Shred BD259 was an immense disappointment, but then he did take on Tyrus's whole retinue pretty much alone. His rules mean he has to move towards the nearest visible enemy each turn and I had the choice of letting him go or joining him but leaving my main objective, the Healer, unprotected. In the end, Shred charged in and, whilst he tied the Imperial lackeys up for a turn or two, did little damage himself as he was up against too many opponents – I really wanted to see what damage his power claws could do...

As the game drew on the writing was firmly on the wall, and so it proved as one-by-one the valiant defenders fell to the bullyboy tactics of the false Imperium. Kaludram alone stood against the so-called might of the Imperium, driving all before him until they turned a cheap trick and set upon him from behind, typical behaviour that shows just why they have no future in this galaxy or any other. The might of my masters will prevail.

They think they have me prisoner, debilitated with one arm ripped from this mortal coil. How terribly naive they are – I have them right where I want them...



The aftergame handshake took many minutes to untangle...

MIXED SUCCESS

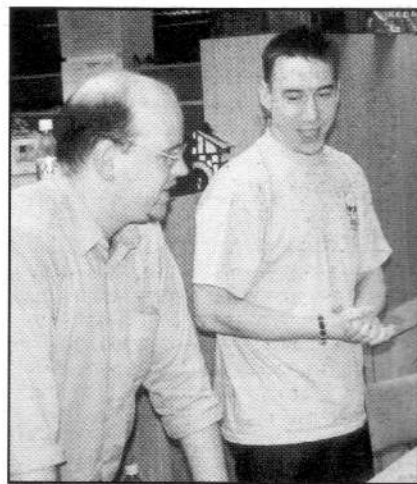
Gav: As expected, this turned out to be another classic episode in the saga of Inquisitor Kessel, with plenty of gunplay, sword fights, explosions and, of course, raging daemon entities hell-bent on subjugating the world of Karis Cephalon.

Well, the shaky alliance with Lichtenstein just about managed to hold together, despite Kessel having the feeling that Lichtenstein knows more about the Daemon Prince than he's been telling. In the end, the Chaos Magus and his nefarious followers were dealt with in pretty short order, mainly because Phil and I agreed to settle our differences and concentrate on the main objective.

Overall then, Kessel had a moment of great victory and a moment of shaming defeat. His single-handed banishment (or pummeling, to be more precise) of the Daemon Prince has to go down as one of the most heroic and downright impressive things he's ever done. Never before has a force staff served such a great purpose! Okay, it was a little lucky to destroy the Daemon's manifestation in a single turn, and it could have spelled real

problems for our daemon-hunting hero if it had been given the chance to attack back, but it all turned out good in the end. Really, it was a just reward for his bravery in challenging the Daemon alone and unaided.

The real fly in the ointment is that bombastic, meddling fool Tyrus! If only he had listened to reason, much bloodshed could have been avoided. Despite Kessel's selfless attempt to resolve the dispute between the Witch Hunter and the dubious Lichtenstein, the knuckle-headed oaf simply opened fire on him and has now taken Kessel into custody. In fact, though I say it myself, I thought it was quite impressive – the blinding flash to attract attention, and the booming demand to everyone to lay down their weapons. Kessel's no stranger to Inquisitorial Conclaves, and will probably make short work of any accusations Tyrus tries to level at him. After all, he has been valiantly protecting the Emperor for several centuries now, and no upstart with a power armour complex is going to get in his way now... Oh, and yes there were some slightly iffy moments. After Kessel's Willpower was



Graham and Gav plot the next Inquisitor scenario.

reduced by a failed psychic attack, he spent the rest of the battle staving off Loa Gorg's attempts to take him over. There'll be some chastisements for a certain Daemonhost, and probably the addition of a few more charms and wards to keep him in place when the two meet again.

FIRE AND BRIMSTONE

Phil: I just love blowing stuff up in Inquisitor. A game's just not the same for me unless I've caused substantial property damage and wrecked at least one terrain feature. For me, one of the highlights of the game was Dimitri's overly successful distraction tactics – the psychic commandeering of a munitions truck. His impromptu ram-raid took down a fence, blew up a couple of piles of crates, the truck itself and ultimately a hydrogen tank, causing an explosion of monumental proportions. Excellent news.

As far as my mission was concerned, perhaps the most important action I took was talking to Kessel. As far as I knew he intended to go in guns blazing and obliterate the witch before Pharaa'gueotla manifested; in no way a solution to its rampage. Because I took the time to

role-play an exchange between the two Inquisitors, Gav's warband acted as my allies rather than as my enemies. Although my attempt at banishing the Daemon failed by the smallest of margins, Kessel was on hand to beat seven kinds of hell out of the manifested Daemon Prince with his force staff (who needs psychic chicanery when you've got a big old stick). Where does he get those wonderful toys...?

As for Tyrus, well, the big bully didn't even get close. Due to the intervention of Paul's warband, Rowland didn't really get off the starting blocks until the Daemon was dealt with. By then, Gryx had taken down two thirds of the Chaos warband, including snipping the arm off the Magus himself (good dog!). That meant that by the time Tyrus had hauled himself over to the town square, I was good and ready for him;

Lichtenstein's rock steady aim and the cover afforded by the pipe sealed the deal. So when it came down to the high-noon style shootout, I was able to take out Tyrus' legs (again) whilst sustaining practically no damage in return. I was very lucky that Dimitri came back online just in time to slam one of his two Kraken penetrator rounds into Tyrus's kneecap. It happened I'd stacked the rounds in his bolt pistol's magazine just right.

So the Daemon was banished back to its hell for a millennium, Lichtenstein thwarted his old enemy Tyrus yet again, and my warband came away with no more than the odd scratch. Definitely a success. I'm so chuffed at the way things panned out, I'm even considering a rescue mission to free Kessel from the self-righteous clutches of Tyrus...

BATTERED AND BLOODY

Rowland: All Tyrus had to do was shoot Lichtenstein in the head. Pretty simple? It might have helped if I'd aimed, but like Tyrus himself, I was pretty fired up by that point in the game. Barring Lucretia's man-hating shot to Gryx's groin, Lichtenstein's warband was pretty much unscathed. With his quarry so tantalisingly close, Tyrus only had to win a gunfight and his nemesis would be at his knees at last. It was not to be.

I have to say that I was feeling rather confident to start with, a sure sign of failure perhaps. Tyrus hadn't counted on fighting his way through two other warbands before coming up against Lichtenstein. Graham had endeavoured to make Tyrus's task as difficult as possible. Any initial confidence that had

existed was soon blown away. Literally. A heavy stubber on full auto is a frightening thing. In all my games of Inquisitor, not once had I come up against a heavy weapon, and after that opening salvo, I wished the rules for the damn things hadn't been written. Or that I had one in my warband. Then to make matters worse, the ever-reliable Malicant suddenly didn't feel himself. One thing's for sure, you can always trust Malicant to mess everything up.

Luckily, Sergeant Stone didn't hold any grudges, until after the game, where he will pistol-whip him into unconsciousness! After such a bad start, I didn't think I could get back into the game. However after a timely groin shot, some band-aids from Stone's medi-kit, and out-of-character competence

from Malicant with his eviscerator, things looked better. It's the ups and downs of fortune that makes Inquisitor so much fun to play. One minute you're doomed and the next, your warband stands triumphant! Even though Tyrus couldn't bring Lichtenstein in, some considerable solace can be taken from the capturing of Kessel and the Chaos Magus. In story terms, Tyrus will obviously put the Chaos Magus through various ordeals before sentencing him to a painful, perhaps even fiery death. As for Kessel, an Inquisitorial Conclave will have to be arranged to pass judgment on the wayward Inquisitor. Next time Tyrus meets Lichtenstein, Tyrus will have a new plan, a resourceful plan, a plan involving using Malicant as a bullet shield...