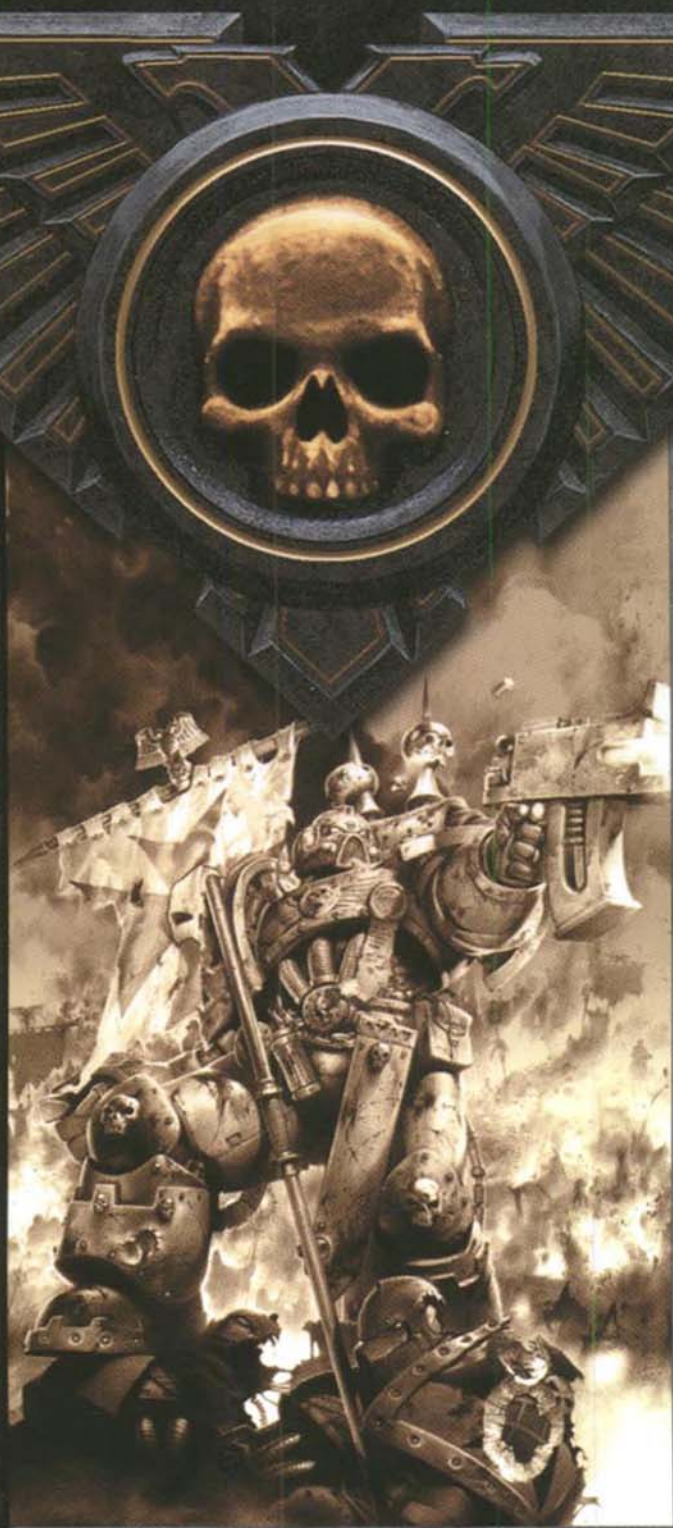




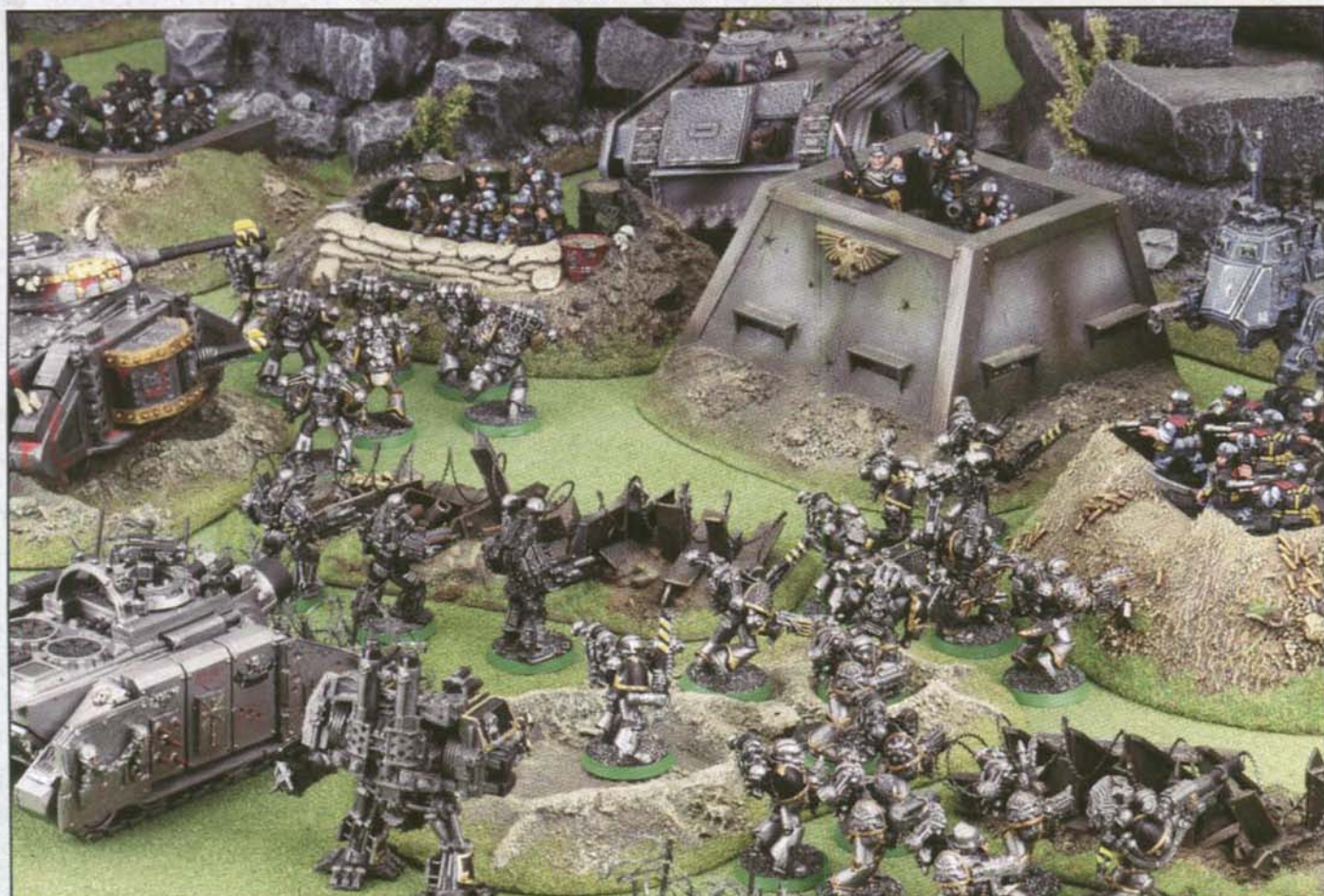
Index Astartes



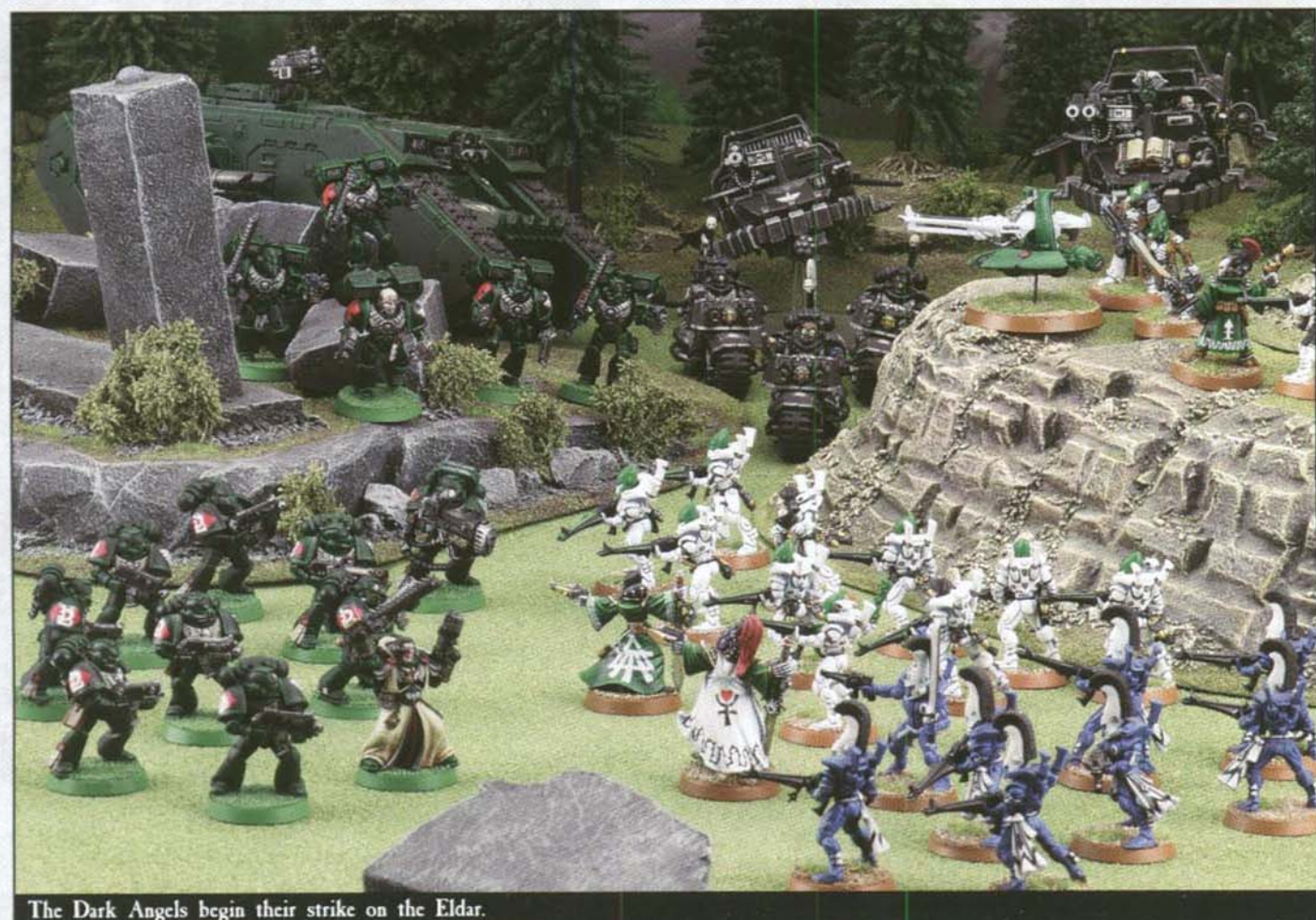
A holy tome focusing on the
Imperium's finest warriors,
the Space Marines
of the Adeptus Astartes

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



The Dark Angels begin their strike on the Eldar.

FOREWORD

by Andy Chambers, Warhammer 40,000 Overfiend



Greetings brethren and welcome to the first book of the Index Astartes! This book is part of a series dedicated to the Space Marines of the 41st Millennium, elite genetically enhanced super-warriors created to free humanity at the dawn of the Great Crusade. Once thought of as loyal to the point of incorruptibility, the very forces that freed Mankind went on to plunge the newborn Imperium into the terrifying civil war of the Horus Heresy. The

legions of Space Marines who followed Warmaster Horus into the worship of the dark gods of Chaos and turned against their brother-marines are also detailed here. Their fall into damnation remains a fearful demonstration of the seductive perils of Chaos and the need for vigilance amongst those still loyal to the Immortal Emperor who created them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Index Astartes



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Index Astartes



rites of initiation

The creation of
a Space Marine

by Rick Priestley
and Gav Thorpe

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

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

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

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

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

The Origin of the Legions Astartes

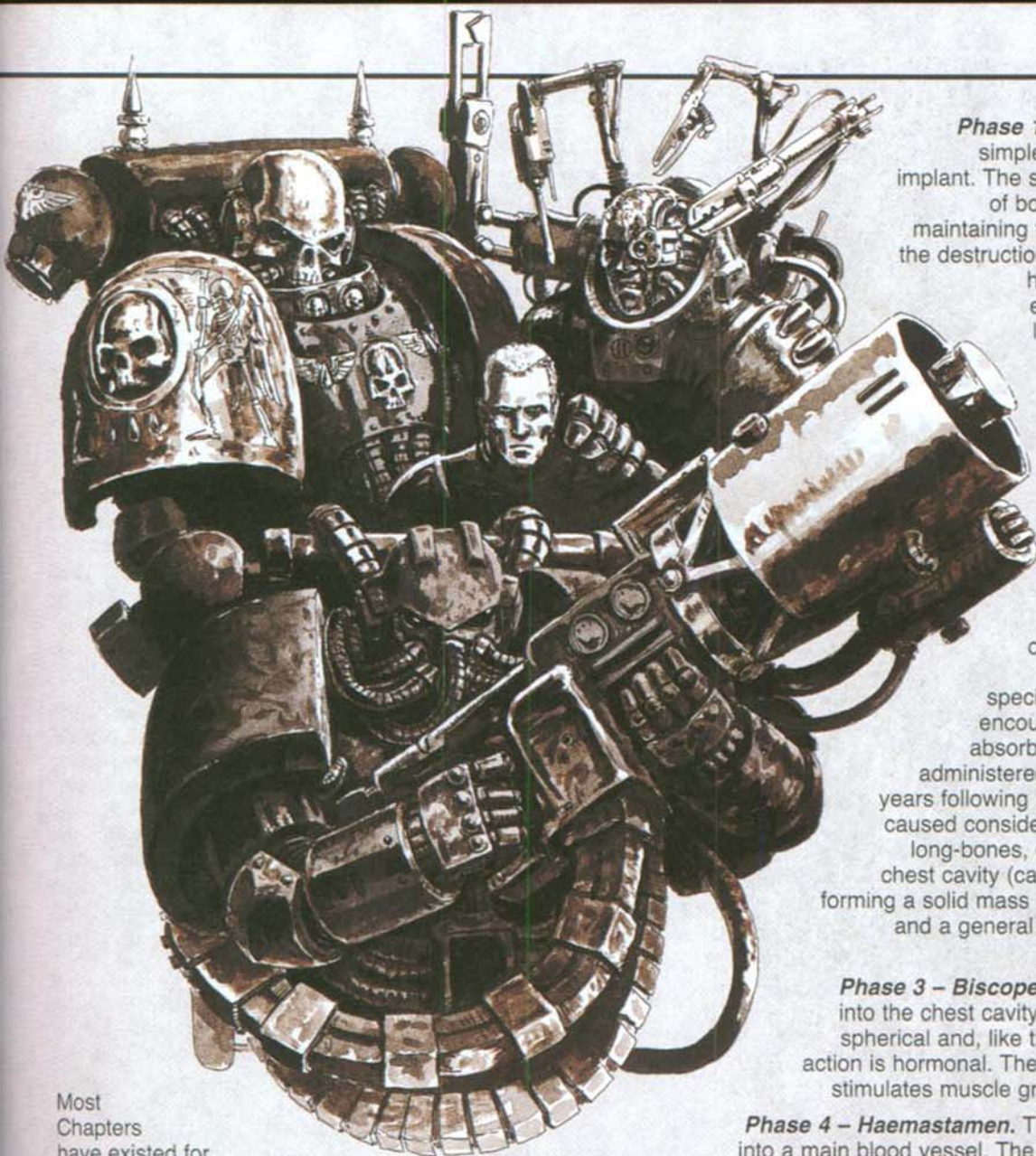
The Legions Astartes (Space Marines) were instrumental in the early wars that put the Imperium on the galactic map. At the end of the Age of Strife, Earth was a single sovereign planet which had only recently become free of volatile warp-storms. With the sudden dispersal of these storms, it became possible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

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

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

Gene-seed and Zygotes

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



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

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

Implants

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

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

Phase 2 – Ossmodula.

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

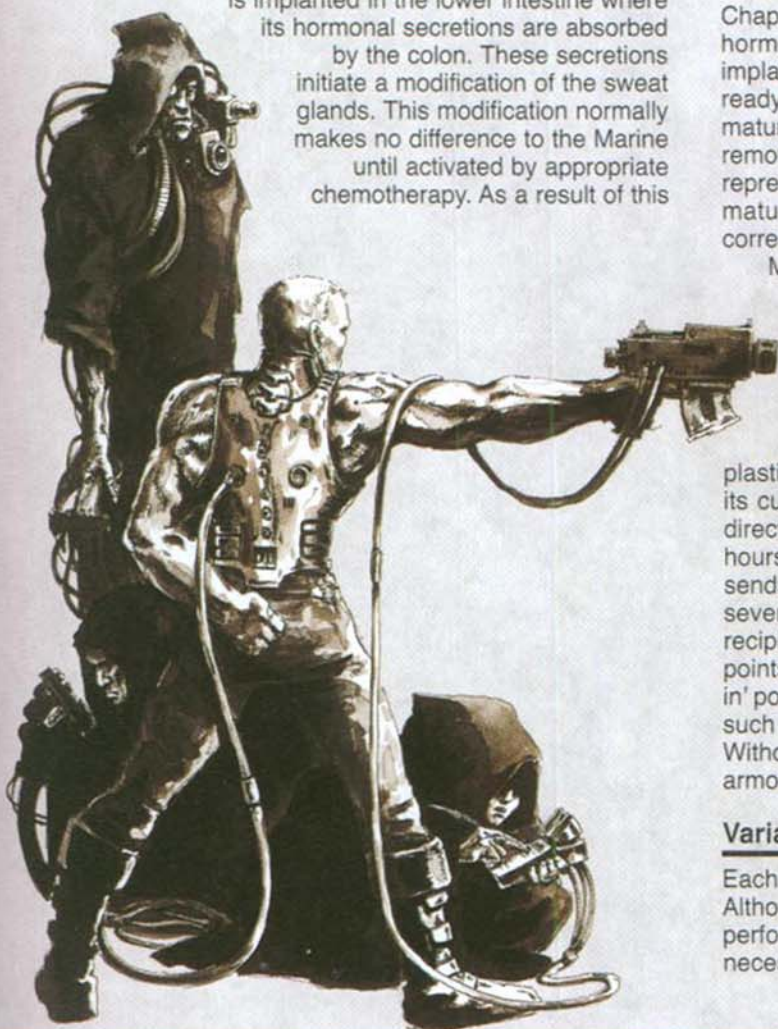
Phase 13 – Melanochrome, or Melanochromic Organ.

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

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

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

Phase 16 – Mucranoid. This small organ is implanted in the lower intestine where its hormonal secretions are absorbed by the colon. These secretions initiate a modification of the sweat glands. This modification normally makes no difference to the Marine until activated by appropriate chemotherapy. As a result of this



treatment, the Marine sweats an oily, naturally cleansing substance which coats the skin. This protects the Marine against extremes of temperature and even offers a slight degree of protection in a vacuum. Mucranoid chemotherapy is standard procedure on long space voyages and when fighting in vacuum or near-vacuum.

Phase 17 – Betcher's Gland.

Two of these identical glands are implanted, either into the lower lip, alongside the salivary glands or into the hard palette.

Betcher's gland works in a similar way to the poison gland of venomous reptiles by synthesising and

storing deadly poison. Marines are rendered immune to this poison by virtue of the gland's presence. The gland allows the Marine to spit a blinding contact poison. The poison is also corrosive. A Marine imprisoned behind iron bars could easily chew his way out given a few hours.

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

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

Variations between Chapters

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

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

Reproducing Zygotes

Gene-seed can only be obtained by removing one or both progenoid organs from a living (or very recently deceased) Marine. For this purpose, Space Marine Apothecaries carry a special device known as a reductor, which they can use in battlefield conditions to remove the progenoid glands of a fallen

Marine. The whole purpose of the progenoid organ is to provide gene-seed to enable the Chapter to continue. It is not possible to create a zygote in any other way. Each Chapter's stock of gene-seed is therefore unique to itself. Gene-seed has a great deal of religious significance to a Chapter, representing its identity and future. Without gene-seed, a Chapter has no future. The extinction of a type of gene-seed means that a zygote has been lost forever. The extinction of a Phase 18 or 19 gene-seed would effectively mean an end to a Chapter.

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

Founding new Chapters

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

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

Recruitment and initiation

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

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





These considerations mean that only a small proportion of people can become Space Marines. They must be male because zygotes are keyed to male hormones and tissue types, hence the need for tissue compatibility tests and psychological screening. If these tests prove successful, a

candidate becomes a neophyte. With the completion of organ implantation and attendant chemical and hypnotic training, the subject becomes an initiate. An initiate receives training before joining the ranks as a full brother. A Marine usually joins the ranks between the ages of 16-18, but such are the hormonal changes induced by the process of creating a Space Marine that recruits are physically fully grown before then. Pressures during wartime may accelerate the process.

The Risks

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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





STAGES IN SPACE MARINE INITIATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Psycho-chemical and other conditioning

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

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

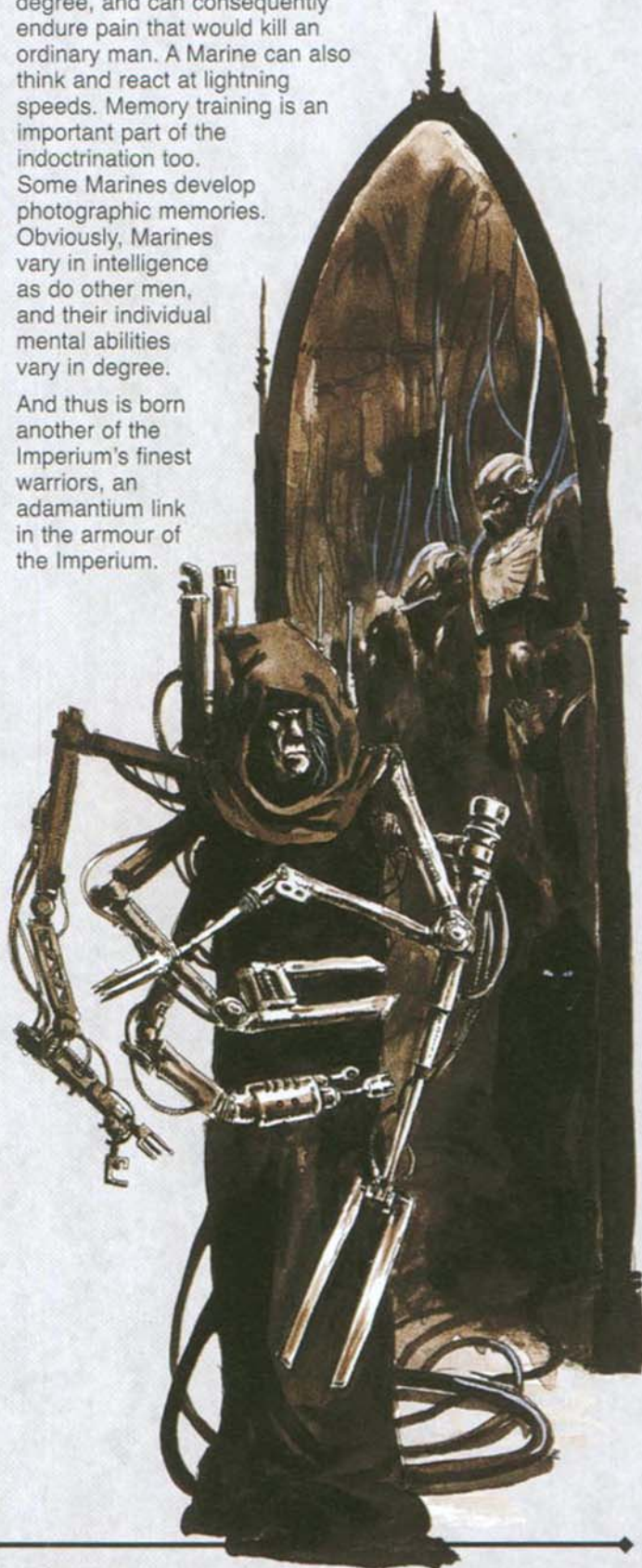
Hypnotherapy – As the super-enhanced body grows, the recipient must learn how to use his new skills. Some of the implants, specifically the Phase 6 and 10 implants, can only function once correct hypnotherapy has been administered. Hypnotherapy is not always as effective as chemical treatment, but it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

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

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

Some Marines develop photographic memories. Obviously, Marines vary in intelligence as do other men, and their individual mental abilities vary in degree.

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



SPACE MARINES

CODEX SPACE MARINES



CODEX SPACE MARINES

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

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

Space Marine Command Squad



Space Marine Tactical Squad



Space Marine Devastator Squad



Space Marine Terminators



Space Marine Assault Squad



Space Marine Scouts



Space Marine Land Raider



Space Marine Battle Force



Index Astartes



CODIX ASTARTES

The holy tome of the
Space Marines

by Rick Priestley
and Andy Chambers

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

The Horus Heresy

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

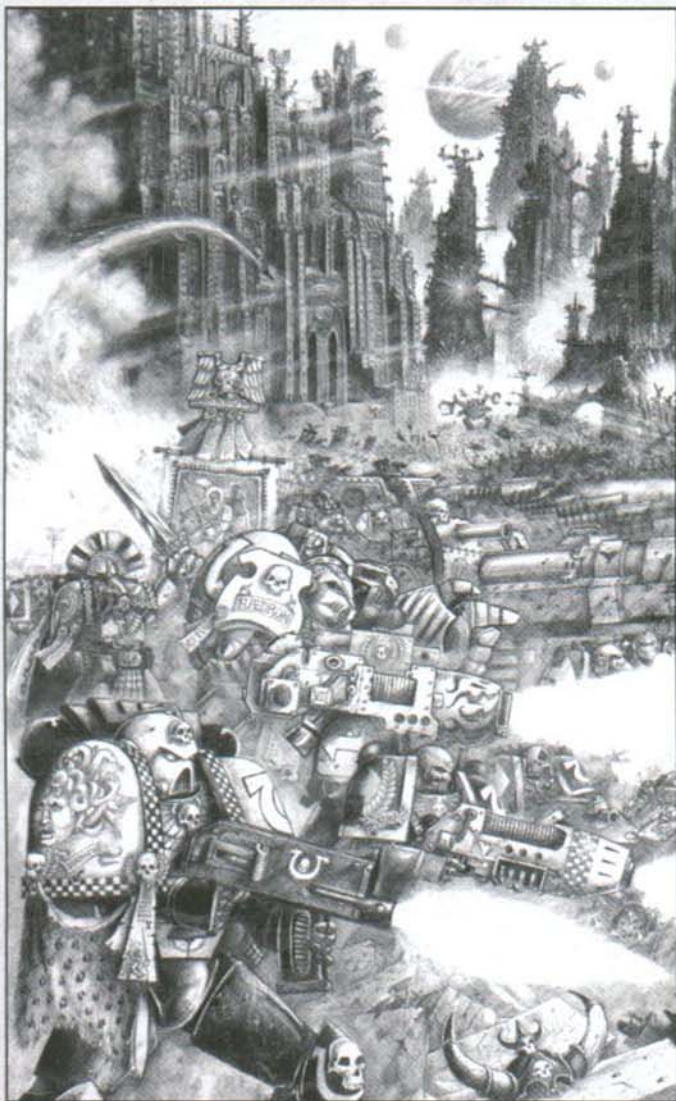


Fists discovered the Emperor's dying body and carried it back to Earth where he was interred in the life preserving mechanism of the Golden Throne. And for ten thousand years since that day, the Emperor has ruled immobile and immortal from the throne of Earth.

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

The Codex Astartes

The newly created High Lords established the organisation of the Imperium that remains familiar to this day. The first High Lords laid down the structure by which the Adeptus Terra operates, and described the feudal responsibilities and duties of planetary lords. One of their most important accomplishments was the reorganisation of the Imperium's armed forces. This task was undertaken almost single-handedly by the Primarch of the Ultramarine Legion of Space Marines, Roboute Guilliman, who quickly and efficiently codified the structure of the Imperial Guard, the Fleet and the



THE DARK FOUNDING

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

Space Marines. Of all his works the most influential is the Codex Astartes, the great prescriptive tome that lays down the basic organisational and tactical rules for Space Marines.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Codex Chapters

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

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

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

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

Codex Astartes

Subsequent Foundings

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

The Second Founding

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

THE CURSED FOUNDING

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

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

Chapter Organisation

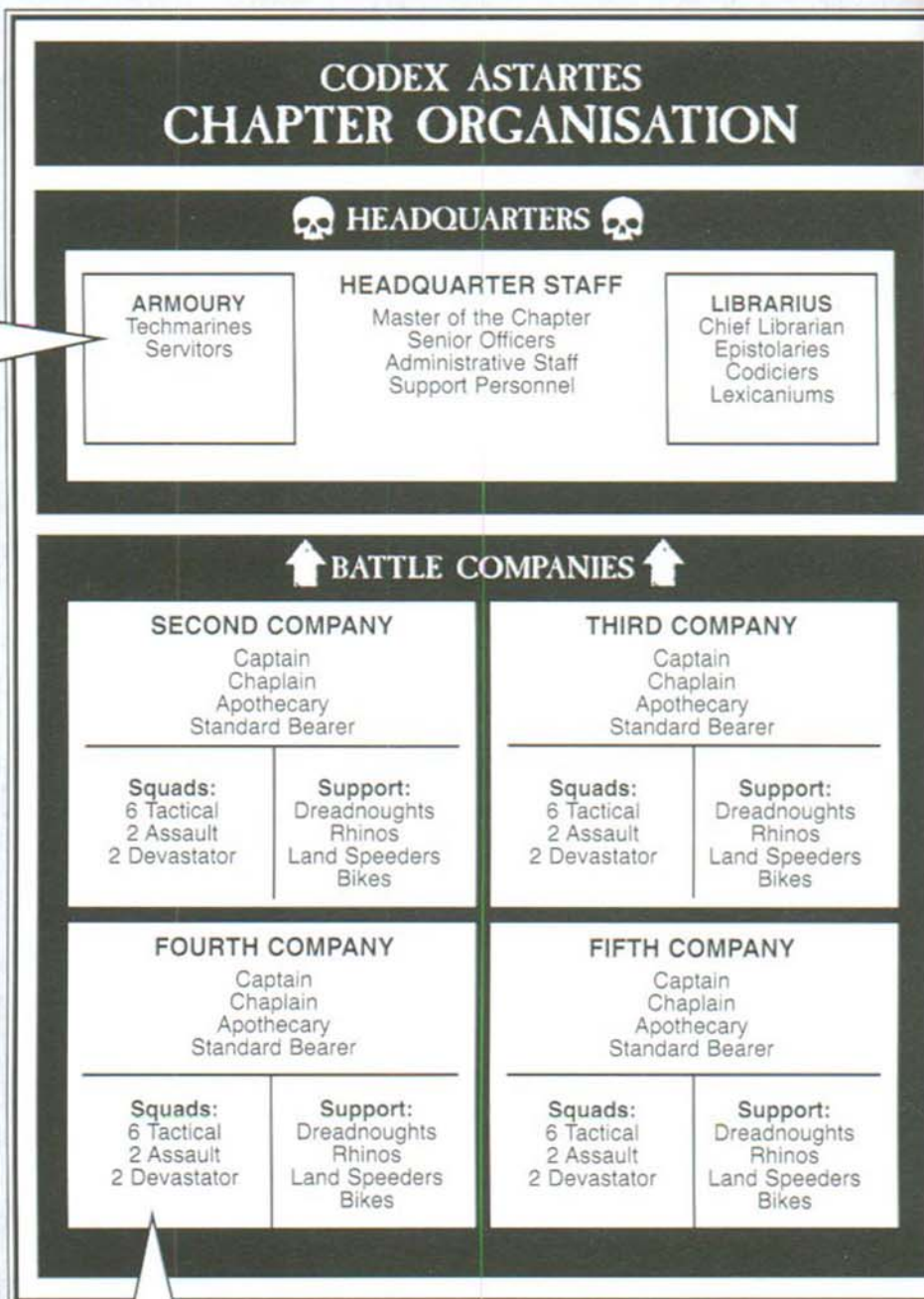
Following the Horus Heresy the Space Marine Legions were divided into Chapters consisting of roughly 1,000 warriors. A large section of the Codex Astartes is dedicated to structuring the organisation of these Chapters. A Chapter consists of ten Companies each numbering 100 Space Marines. A Company consists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

each company has its own Captain, Standard Bearer, Chaplain and Apothecary.

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

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

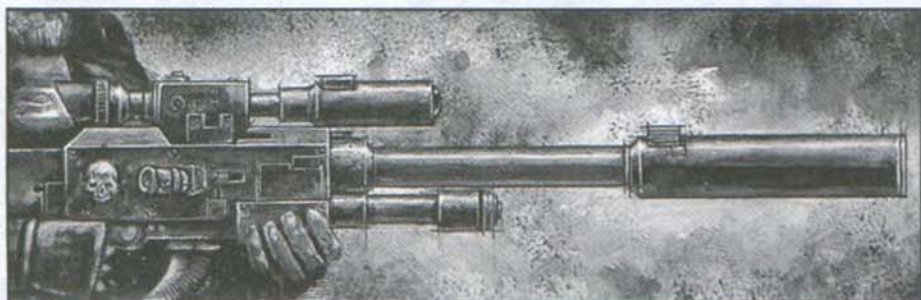
Although the Codex describes a number of ranks and responsibilities within the Headquarters staff, only a very few of these officers actually accompany the Chapter to war. Many are non-combatants of advanced years whose roles are to recruit and train new members or administrate the Chapter. Some ranks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



The 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th are Battle Companies, each consisting of six squads of Tactical Space Marines, two of Assault, and two of Devastators. These four Battle Companies

form the main battle lines and generally bear the brunt of the fighting. The Assault squads of the Battle Company may be deployed as Bike squadrons or Land Speeder crews.

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



VETERANS

FIRST COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:

20 Terminator
or 10 Veteran

Support:

Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Land Raiders

SCOUTS

TENTH COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary

Squads:

Scouts

Support:

Bikes

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

RESERVE COMPANIES

SIXTH COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:

10 Tactical

Support:

Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Bikes

SEVENTH COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:

10 Tactical

Support:

Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Land Speeders

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

EIGHTH COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:

10 Assault

Support:

Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Land Speeders
Bikes

NINTH COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:

10 Devastator

Support:

Dreadnoughts
Rhinos

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

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



Squad Organisation

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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





First founding chapters

Index Astartes



THE UNFORGIVEN

The Dark Angels
Space Marine Chapter

by Graham McNeill, Jervis Johnson
and Andy Chambers

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

Origins

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter Approved. Access Level 6 seventies

Dark Angels Chapter. Progenitor Legion M.31



Pre-Heresy Codex colour scheme of black power armour



Auto reactive shoulder plate. Tactical squad markings.



Auto reactive shoulder plate. Chapter badge iconography.



Contemporary Dark Angels codex colour scheme. Changed to dark green for unknown reasons following the Horus Heresy.

Dark Angel Chapter symbol



Ravenwing Company symbol



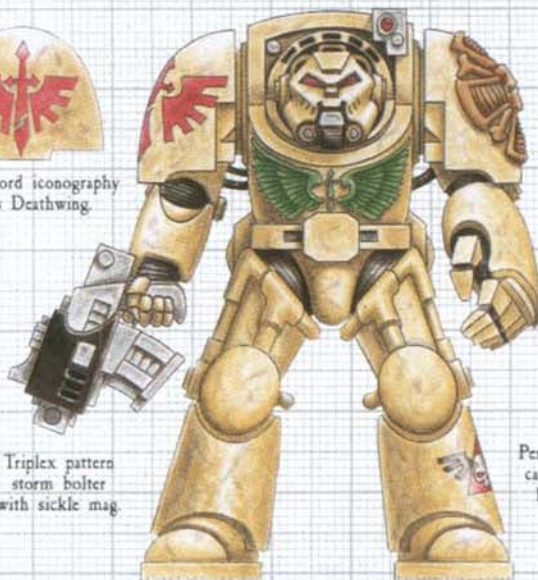
Contemporary Ravenwing colour scheme. Armour remained black following the Heresy to denote the Unforgiven.



Auto reactive shoulder plate. Ravenwing Company badge.



Broken sword iconography denotes Deathwing.



Triplex pattern storm bolter with sickle mag.

Crux Terminatus. Legends tell that each badge incorporates fragments of the Emperor's armour.



Standard of Retribution banner finial.



Company standard banner finial.



The Lion Helm. Said to have belonged to Lion El'Jonson.

Pervigilum campaign badge.

1st Co Deathwing Terminator. Original black armour forever coloured white to honour those who freed a Dark Angels home world from Genestealer infestation.

Thought for the day: The end justifies the means

THE LION AND THE WOLF

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

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

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

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

As Jonson and Luther were battling against the Chaos creatures of the forest, the Emperor was reconquering the galaxy on the Great Crusade with his Space Marine Legions. When the Emperor reached Caliban, it is said that he and Jonson immediately recognised the bond between them, and the Emperor was united with one of his lost Primarchs. According to the Apocrypha of Skaros, Jonson was given control of the Dark Angels Legion of Space Marines which had been made in his

image, and Caliban was decreed the home world of the Dark Angels. The warriors of the Order clamoured to join their ranks and in time the entirety of the Order became Space Marines. It is believed that it was Luther who would be the first to become so enhanced, and he became second only to Jonson in command of the Legion. Yet when the Emperor left Caliban to continue the Great Crusade, he took Jonson and the majority of the Dark Angels Legion with him. Luther and the remainder of the Legion were left to protect their home world and guard against the return of Chaos. This much can be found in the archives of the Imperium, but the remainder of the Dark Angels' earliest history and their terrible betrayal is well hidden. Only the inner circles of the Dark Angels themselves and, perhaps, the highest members of the Inquisition know of Luther's subsequent treachery and the sundering of the Legion itself.

The Betrayal

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

COMMANDER AZRAEL, SUPREME GRAND MASTER OF THE DARK ANGELS



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

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

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

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

Home World

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

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

Combat Doctrine

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

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

Organisation

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

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

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

Beliefs

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

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

Gene-seed

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

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

Battlecry

"Repent! For tomorrow you die!"

USING A DARK ANGELS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

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

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

DARK ANGELS



A Dark Angels Tactical Squad



A Dark Angels Ravenwing Squadron



A Dark Angels Assault Squad



Deathwing Terminators and Dark Angels Land Raider



Asmodai, Interrogator-Chaplain

Index Astartes



CHILDREN OF THE EMPEROR

The Emperor's Children
Space Marine Legion

by Chris Cook

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

Origins

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

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

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

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

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

It was not long after this that the planet's isolation came to an end. From the grey sky came a flight of dropships, armoured and battle-scarred, each bearing the same symbol, a two-headed eagle. On hearing of this, some fragment of memory stirred in Fulgrim. Chemos had no formal army, but the dropships' landing zone had been surrounded by the Caretakers, the police-soldiers

responsible for maintaining order in the factory-fortresses. Fulgrim sent word to the Caretakers to stand down and allow the visitors from above into Callax.

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

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

Inquisition Access Level Ω sixty nine

Emperor's Children, Progenitor Legion M.31



Shoulder plate
Chapter badge
iconography



Shoulder plate
Officers
Chapter badge
iconography

Pre-Heresy Codex colour scheme of purple power armour



Shoulder plate
Slaanesh dedication
marking



Shoulder plate
Slaanesh dedication
marking

Corrupted Emperor's Children colour scheme



Doom Siren
sonic amplifier

Sonic Blaster
resonate sonic
weapon

Noise Marine Cult markings and colour scheme



Noise Marine
helmet variant



Emperor's
Children Chaos
Space Marine
helmet variant



Corrupted Emperor's Children Legion symbol

Thought for the day: There is only the Emperor, and he is our shield and protector.

THE CLEANSING OF LAERAN

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

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

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

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

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

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

Though the story was fantastic he knew it to be true, and at the Emperor's request Fulgrim travelled to Terra to join his Legion, the Emperor's Children. Unlike the other Legions fighting in the Crusade, the Emperor's Children were few in number – an accident had destroyed nearly all of the precious gene-seed and, with the Primarch himself lost, the rebuilding had been a slow process. Fulgrim addressed the two hundred warriors who were then all that the Legion could muster. To them he gave the sacred task of bringing the

Emperor's wisdom to all the stars in the sky. "We are His children," the Book of Primarchs relates he told them, "Let all who look upon us know this. Only by imperfection can we fail him. We will not fail!"

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

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

Home World

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

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

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

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

Combat Doctrine

Studying ancient battle and status reports, the scribes of the Inquisition have pieced together some of the practices of the Emperor's Children Legion, though the original doctrine texts were lost with the Legion itself. The Legion accepted nothing less than perfection in all their endeavours, and worked ceaselessly to perfect their military operations. Each and every Space Marine trained every waking hour for his assigned task, whether it be foot soldier, driver, gunner,

scout or sniper. Every aspect of battle was analysed and used to their advantage, from terrain and weather to deployment or reserves. Nothing was left to chance.

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

Organisation

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



Beliefs

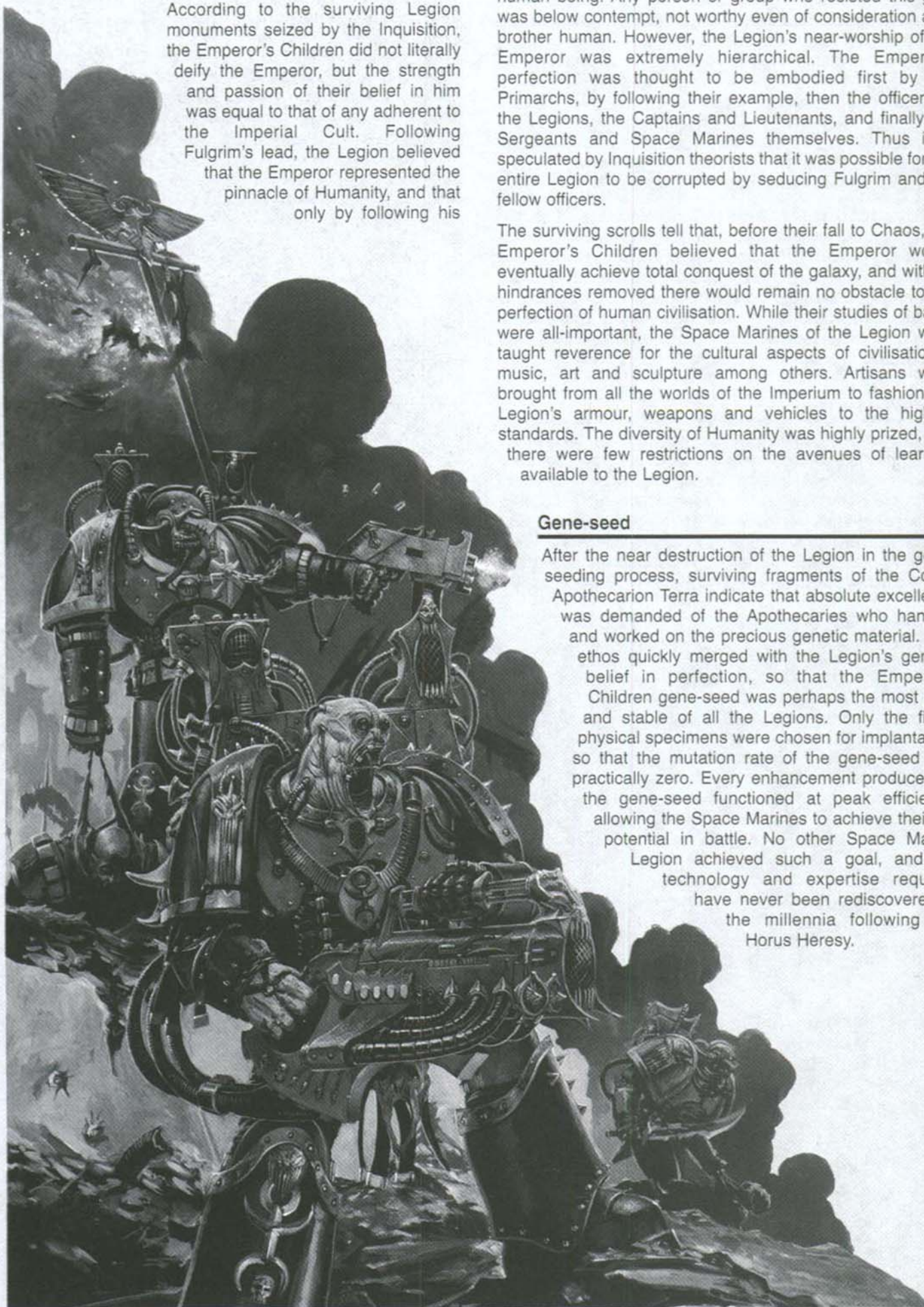
According to the surviving Legion monuments seized by the Inquisition, the Emperor's Children did not literally deify the Emperor, but the strength and passion of their belief in him was equal to that of any adherent to the Imperial Cult. Following Fulgrim's lead, the Legion believed that the Emperor represented the pinnacle of Humanity, and that only by following his

example was it possible to attain one's full potential as a human being. Any person or group who resisted this goal was below contempt, not worthy even of consideration as a brother human. However, the Legion's near-worship of the Emperor was extremely hierarchical. The Emperor's perfection was thought to be embodied first by the Primarchs, by following their example, then the officers of the Legions, the Captains and Lieutenants, and finally the Sergeants and Space Marines themselves. Thus it is speculated by Inquisition theorists that it was possible for the entire Legion to be corrupted by seducing Fulgrim and his fellow officers.

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

Gene-seed

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



Battlecry

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

Horus Heresy

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

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

Horus's rebellion spread, casting the entire Imperium into turmoil. When Horus laid siege to Terra itself, the Emperor's Children were at his side, but they took little part in the slow process of whittling down the massive defences of the Imperial Palace. Instead Fulgrim turned his Legion loose on the uncontested areas of the planet, where billions of terrified humans cowered at the sight of the followers of

EIDOLON, LORD COMMANDER OF THE EMPEROR'S CHILDREN

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

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

Chaos, suddenly stripped of the protection they had counted on from the Palace. The brutality and slaughter of Istvaan repeated itself, but on a far, far greater scale. With the concentration of Chaos around Terra, the Apothecaries and Sorcerers of the Emperor's Children drew on the power of Slaanesh to enhance their pleasures, wantonly desecrating not only their minds and bodies, but now their immortal souls as well. Daemons were summoned and set loose among prisoners, feasting on their flesh as they died, while the Space Marines themselves sought even greater excesses of carnage and carnality. Fulgrim directed the slaughter with glee, believing that his Legion were setting their victims free from the chains of the Emperor's rule, and allowing them to feel true Humanity at the limits of experience. In that time, as the Siege of Terra raged around them, the Emperor's Children are reckoned to have murdered more than forty times their number of unarmed, defenceless people in their efforts to create new stimulants to feed their addiction to pleasure. How many more died simply to sate the bloodlust of their killers cannot be guessed at.

Post-Heresy

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

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

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

force devoted to pursuing rumours, however slight, of the traitor Primarch's existence.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sonic weapons: Though not all of the Emperor's Children are perverted to the degree of Noise Marines, many still enjoy the cacophony of their sonic weapons. Any lascannon taken by a Chaos Marine Veteran or Chaos Marine squad may be upgraded to

a blastmaster for +5 points. Any meltagun in the above squads may be upgraded to a sonic blaster for +3 points. Any lascannon in a Chaos Havoc squad may be upgraded to a blastmaster for no additional points cost.

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

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

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

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

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

CHAOS SPACE MARINES

CHAOS SPACE MARINES



CODEX CHAOS SPACE MARINES

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

Abaddon



Fabius Bile



Ahriman



Chaos Space Marine Bike Squadron



Khorne Berzerkers



Chaos Terminators



Chaos Raptors



Chaos Obliterators



Chaos Land Raider



Chaos Space Marine Battle Force



Index Astartes



BITTER AND TWISTED

The Iron Warriors Space Marine Legion

by Pete Haines

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

Origins

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

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

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

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

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

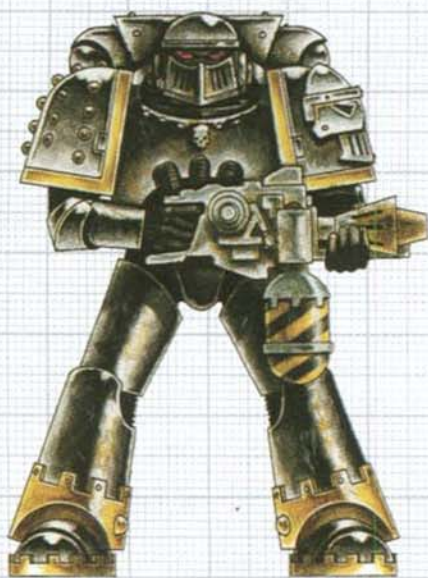
There was little time to delay. With the Great Crusade in full swing, Perturabo recruited new Iron Warriors from amongst the Olympians and conducted a lightning campaign against the nearby world of Justice Rock and the heretical Black Judges. The new recruits served well and their triumphant return was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

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

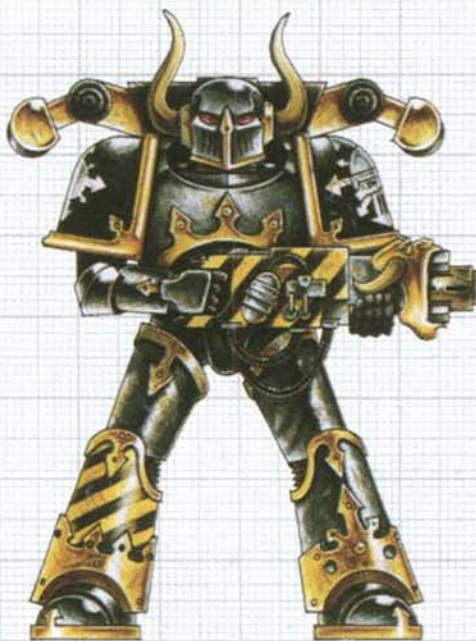
As the Crusade moved forward, many Iron Warrior citadels were established on liberated worlds guaranteeing a safe line of communications. There is a grim irony that the first and last military use of these citadels was to resupply Horus' forces on their traitorous march on Terra. Tiny numbers of Iron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

Inquisition Access Level: Ω ninety eight

Iron Warriors, Progenitor Legion M.31



Pre-Heresy Codex colour scheme of silver power armour.



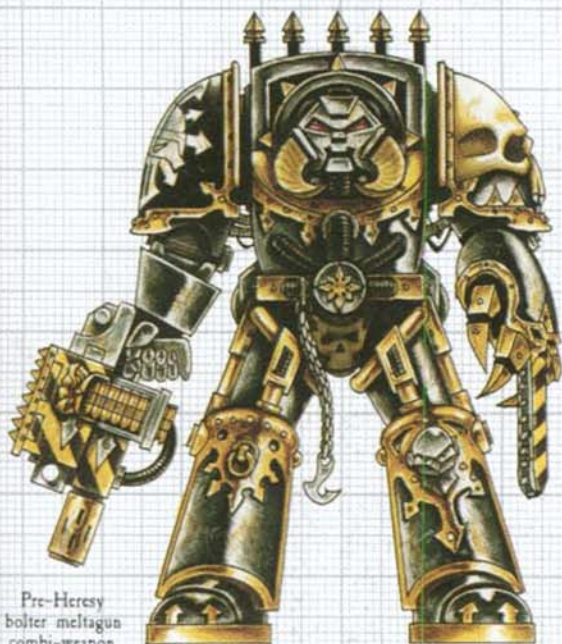
Corrupted Iron Warriors colour scheme.



Shoulder plate.
Corrupted Iron
Warriors Legion icon.



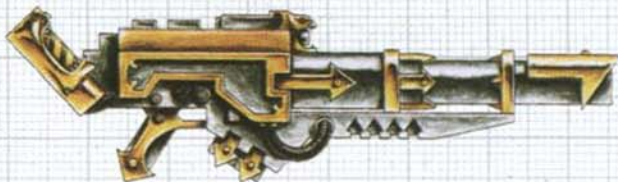
Corrupted Iron Warriors Legion symbol.



Pre-Heresy
bolter melta-gun
combi-weapon.

Corrupted Iron Warriors Terminator.

Chainfist
close combat
weapon.



Corrupted lascannon heavy weapon.



Bionic leg replacement.



Pattern 'Unknown' Servo-arm.

Thought for the day: You carry the Emperor's will as your torch, with it destroy the shadows.

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

It is widely claimed that Perturabo was envious of Rogal Dorn. Given Dorn's well-attested vanity, one can imagine how frequent reference to the perfection of the defences of the Emperor's Palace on Terra might have antagonised his

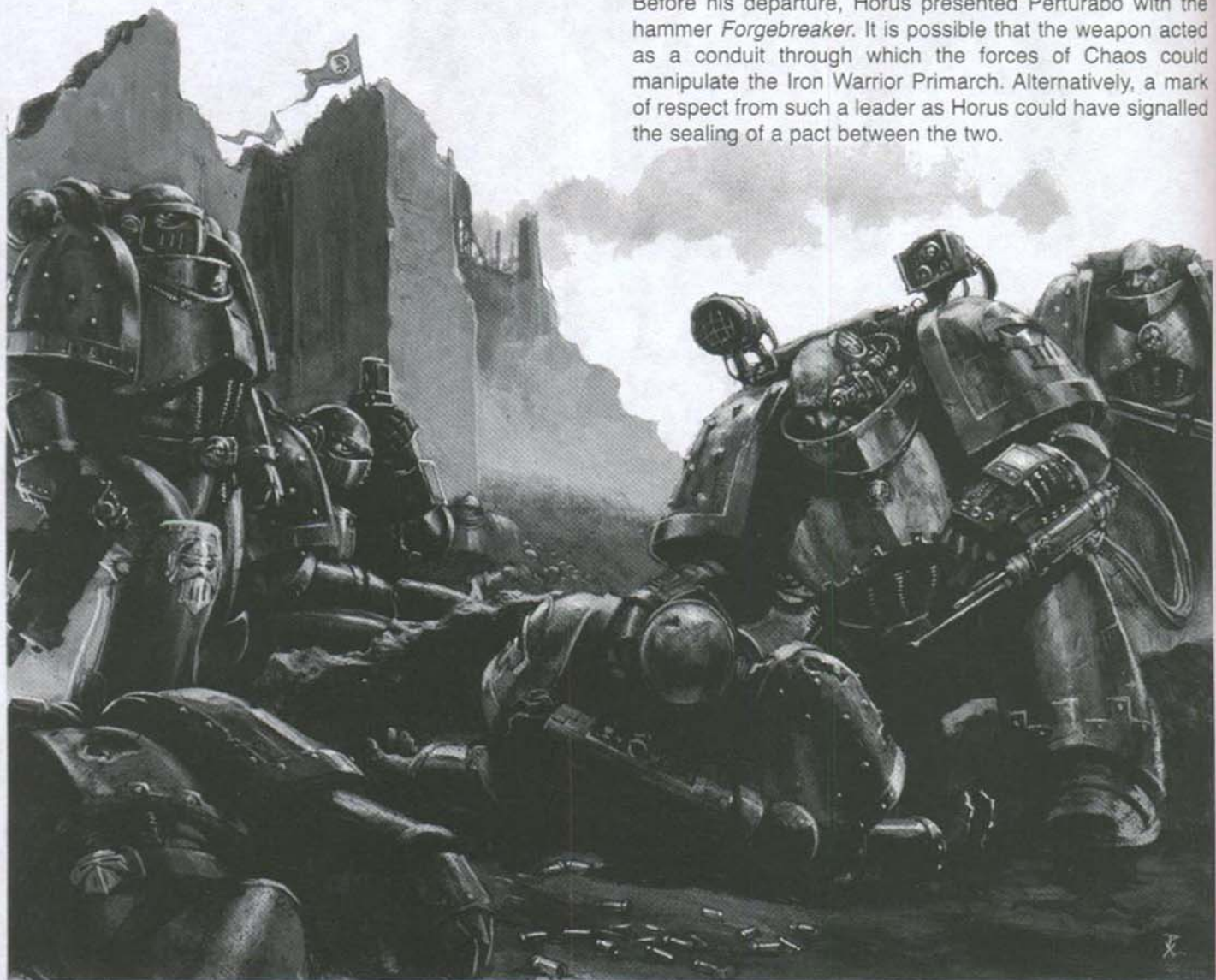
brother Primarch. Dorn had this effect on a great many people but Perturabo brooded on it and let each boast become an open wound that a cunning manipulator could pull and prod to elicit a response.

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

The Heresy

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

was unavoidable. They left a blasted wasteland that, like the other Traitor Legion home worlds, was declared *Perdita*.

Home World

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

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

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

Combat Doctrine

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

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

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

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

THE IRON CAGE

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

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

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

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

Under fire from space, the Imperial Fists proceeded with their assault in parade ground formation on a four-company front. Perturabo watched them from an observation tower and carefully began to destroy them. First the minefields did their work then,

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Iron Warriors are expert sappers, engineers and miners and have acquired a formidable siege train of specialist equipment over the centuries. This includes Termite tunnellers, a Leviathan transport, Dreadclaw assault boats adapted for planetary landings and a large assortment of

Imperial-built artillery. These are used very sparingly and are maintained and guarded by the 1st Company. Additionally they have a number of Corvus assault pods which allow them to make use of any supporting Titans as siege towers. The Iron Warriors are so frequently supported by Titans that some Imperial experts have asserted that they are part of the same formation. This is not widely accepted, but the theory is a reflection of the Legion's predilection for heavy barrages.

Organisation

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

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

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

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

Beliefs

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

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

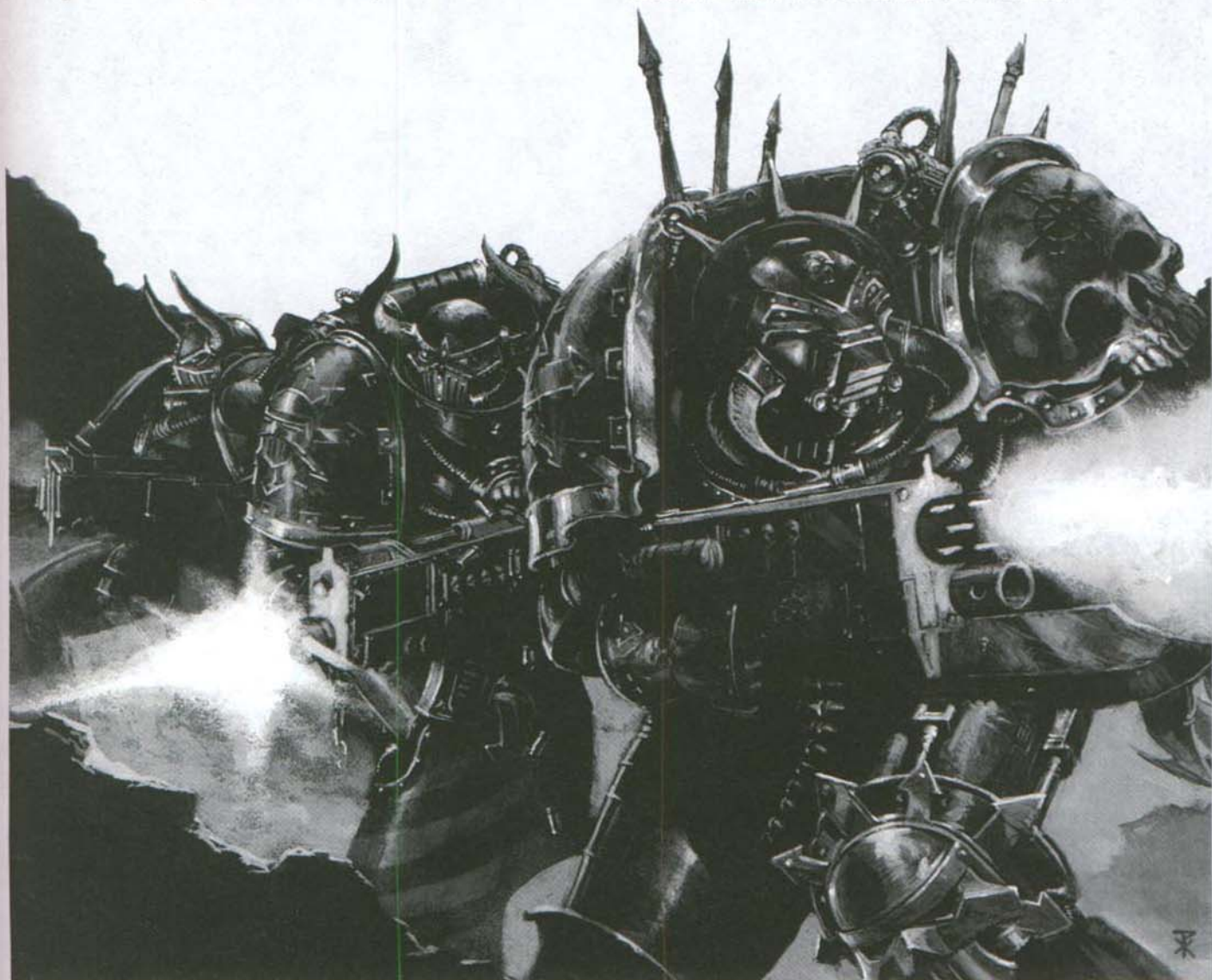
Gene-seed

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

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

Battle-cry

Monotone chant of "Iron Within, Iron Without".



USING AN IRON WARRIORS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

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

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

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

Force Organisation

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

New Wargear

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

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

SPECIAL RULES

- A Warsmith replaces the Chaos Lord entry. They are identical apart from the name change.
- With the exception of Berzerker Aspiring Champions, no member of an Iron Warriors army can bear a Mark other than that of Chaos Undivided. Berzerker Aspiring Champions may bear the Mark of Khorne and use Khorne gifts.
- The only Chaos vehicle gifts permitted to an Iron Warriors army are Daemonic Possession and Destroyer, although Destroyer may only be fitted to a Rhino transporting a Berzerker squad.

Heavy Support

0-1 Corrupted Vehicle

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

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

SIEGE MASTERS

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

Valediction of the Heretic Prophet of ElPhanor

Index Astartes



LIGHTNING ATTACK

The White Scars Space Marine Chapter

by Graham McNeill
and Pete Haines

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

Origins

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

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

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

Jaghatai Khan's legend began near the Quonon river when Ong Khan, the leader of a small tribe known as the Talskars,

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

A colourful passage in 'The Great Khan of Quan Zhou' known as 'The Bleeding' relates that while Jaghatai was young, raiders from the rival Kurayed tribe slew his adopted

father and killed many of the Talskar men in a vicious ambush. Jaghatai was already the greatest warrior amongst his tribe with many ritual scars of courage, and warriors flocked to join him when he set out to avenge these deaths. He led an attack on the Kurayed village and razed it to the ground, killing every man, woman and child in a frenzied massacre. Jaghatai bathed in his enemies' blood and took their chieftain's head to mount above his tent. It was these events that were to shape the Primarch into the man he would become – a man of fierce honour,



Pre-Heresy Codex colour scheme of white power armour



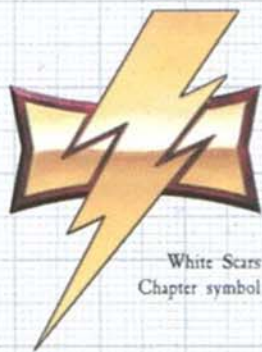
Contemporary White Scars Codex colour scheme



Auto reactive shoulder plate: Attack bike markings



Auto reactive shoulder plate: Chapter badge iconography

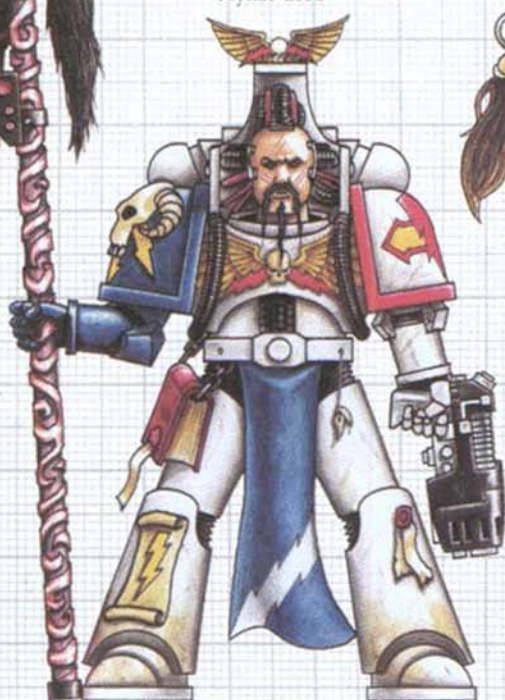


White Scars Chapter symbol



Force staff close combat weapon

Librarian Psychic hood



White Scars Librarian 'Storm Seer'



Ritual duelling Tulwar



Godwyn pattern Bolter with assault attachment



Feral power weapon (damaged)



White Scars biker helmet displaying tribal markings



White Scars Bike squad Space Marine

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

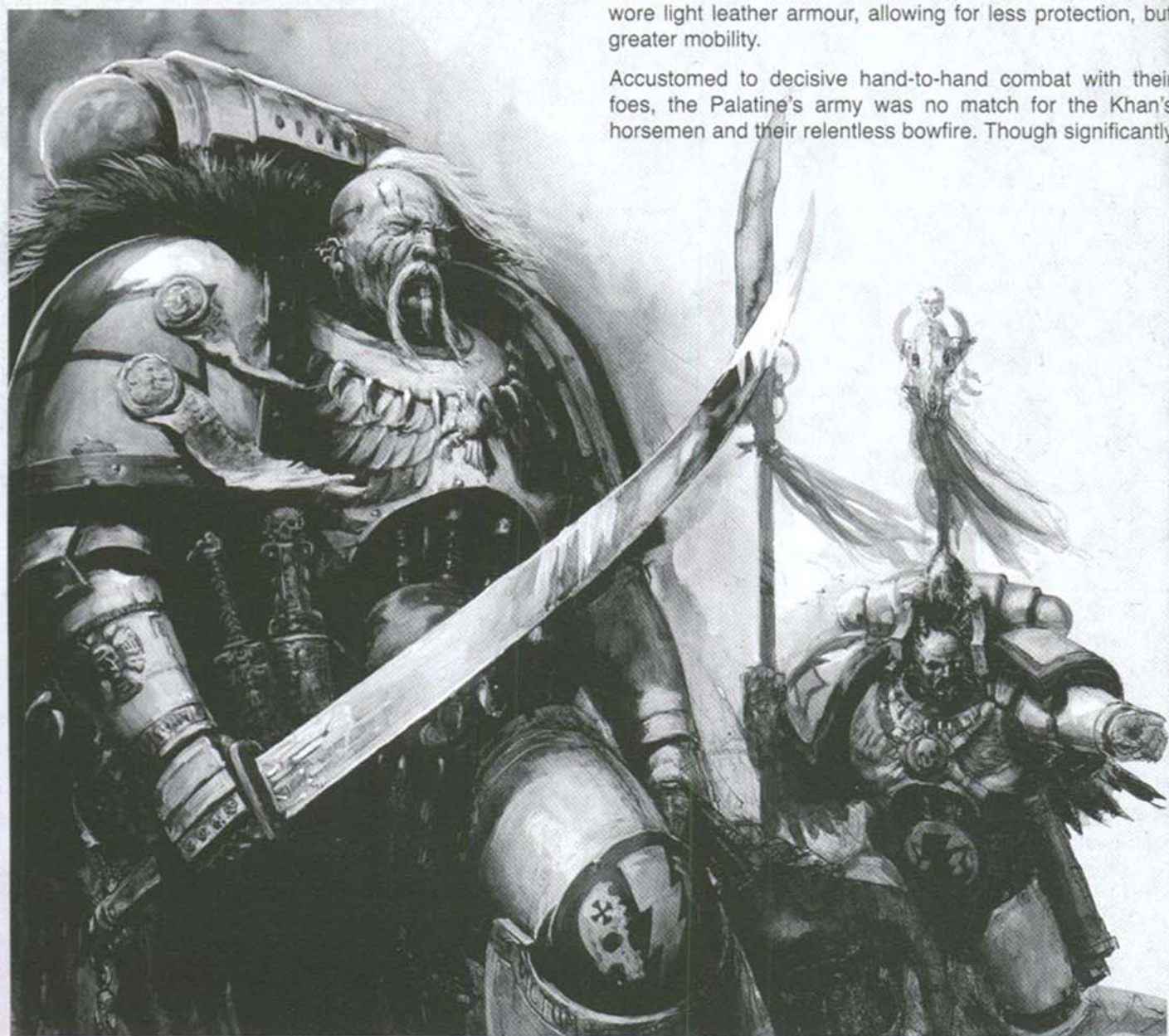
Following this victory, Jaghatai became Khan of the Talskars and fought many battles against Chogorian hunting bands and other tribes of the steppes. Each defeated tribe was brought within the Talskars and became part of his army. His military talents and the sheer force of his personality won him many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

Ten summers after Jaghatai's victory against the Kurayed, while the army was moving to its winter camp in the mountains, Jaghatai was pitched from the treacherous

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

The historian, Carpinus, who compiled a detailed history of the Great Crusade (the so called *Speculum Historiale*), notes that Jaghatai's armies finished the destruction of the Palatine's realm a mere six months before the Emperor reached Chogoris. When the two men met, it is said that the Khan knew he had met someone who embodied the ultimate ideal he had striven for, a man who could unite all the stars in the sky. At his palace in the city of Quan Zhou, in front of all his generals, he dropped to one knee and swore eternal fealty to the Emperor. The Primarch was given command of the 5th Legion, which adopted the long

JUBAL KHAN. GREAT KHAN OF THE WHITE SCARS

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

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

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

facial scars of the Talskar tribesmen that ran from forehead to chin, and renamed themselves the White Scars. The Great Khan ascended to the heavens with the Emperor, passing the Khanship to his general Ogedei. Many of Jaghatai's followers elected to join their Khan and became Space Marines within the Legion.

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

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

THE LOST KIN

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

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

Home world

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

To this day the leader of the White Scars is known as the Great Khan and dwells in Jaghatai's palace of Quan Zhou, atop the highest, most inaccessible peak in the Khum Karta mountains. The marbled fortress monastery is a magnificent sight, but few outsiders have ever been

allowed within. The city and its savage beauty is famed throughout the Segmentum and its walls are said to contain rivers and forests running with game, which the Khan hunts for sport.

The Stormseers of the White Scars venture down into the steppes every ten summers to observe the tribes and their battles, picking the best and bravest warriors and returning them to Quan Zhou to become Space Marines. The pyretombs of fallen White Scars in the Khum Karta (which means 'The Mountains that Scrape the Stars') are places of great pilgrimage for young tribal warriors and those that survive a journey through one of these dangerous valleys are considered especially courageous.

Combat doctrine

The method of war taught to the tribes by Jaghatai Khan has served them well in the millennia following his reunification with the Emperor. Lightning fast hit and run attacks by highly mobile forces that destroy the enemy piece by piece and never allow a decisive engagement is their modus operandi. Speeding bikes and ultra-rapid deployment means that the White Scars can react much more swiftly than most Chapters and are almost never outmanoeuvred on the battlefield.

Heavily armoured opponents find themselves chasing shadows as the White Scars encircle their forces and attack where they are weakest. Many an enemy who thought himself safe behind his lines has learned the error of his ways when howling White Scars Scout Bikers come speeding out of nowhere to attack his flanks and rear. Having been born in the saddle, the Scouts regularly take to the field of battle mounted on their bikes.

Though the Space Marines of the White Scars prefer to keep their enemies at arms length, they are fully capable of engaging in bloody assaults. The elite bike squads are rightly feared and Assault squads dropping from the skies on trails of fire and attacking with howling bloodlust are a terrifying sight with their fearsome scarred faces.

Organisation

The predominant organisational unit amongst the people of the steppes is the tribe and a measure of this is true of the Chapter itself. Fierce rivalries, blood-feuds and internecine warfare are a way of life for the young men of the steppes and help to prepare them for when they must fight to prove their worth to the Chapter's Stormseers. However, once a warrior has been chosen to join the White Scars, his tribal allegiance is replaced with loyalty to the Great Khan of the Chapter. Warriors from different tribes are therefore mixed with one another in squads to break up individual tribal loyalties. Squads are then organised into Brotherhoods, units which are roughly equivalent in size to a Codex company, though on average are slightly smaller.

The remainder of the Chapter is organised slightly differently to most Codex Chapters, due to the higher proportion of bike squads and land speeder squadrons. The White Scars preferred fighting style does not allow them the use of as many heavy weapons as other Chapters and as a result they have no Devastator squads.

Their reliance on fast moving fire support also means that most tanks are too slow for the White Scars and those they do have are stripped down versions that can keep up with the rest of the army. Dreadnoughts are not employed by the White Scars, as the cold, metal sarcophagi of these mighty constructions evokes a horror of eternal confinement that goes against the White Scars' philosophy that when a warrior dies, his soul should be free to travel to the afterlife.

Beliefs

The White Scars Space Marines hold true to the vision of Jaghatai Khan in the ultimate unification of Humanity. They venerate the Emperor as the ultimate Uniter and as their founding father, but not as a deity. The Stormseers teach that it is the White Scars' duty to destroy the enemies of the Emperor in preparation for the day when he will rise from the Golden Throne to begin the next Great Crusade to unify the galaxy. And on that day, Jaghatai Khan will return from the void to once again lead his people to their destiny.

The lightning bolt is a potent symbol to the White Scars as it exemplifies their style of battle and echoes the warrior scars they bear on their faces. It also represents the lightning which the Stormseers call to smite their enemies, and these sinister warriors preach that so long as the spirits of air and land heed their call, the White Scars will never falter in battle.

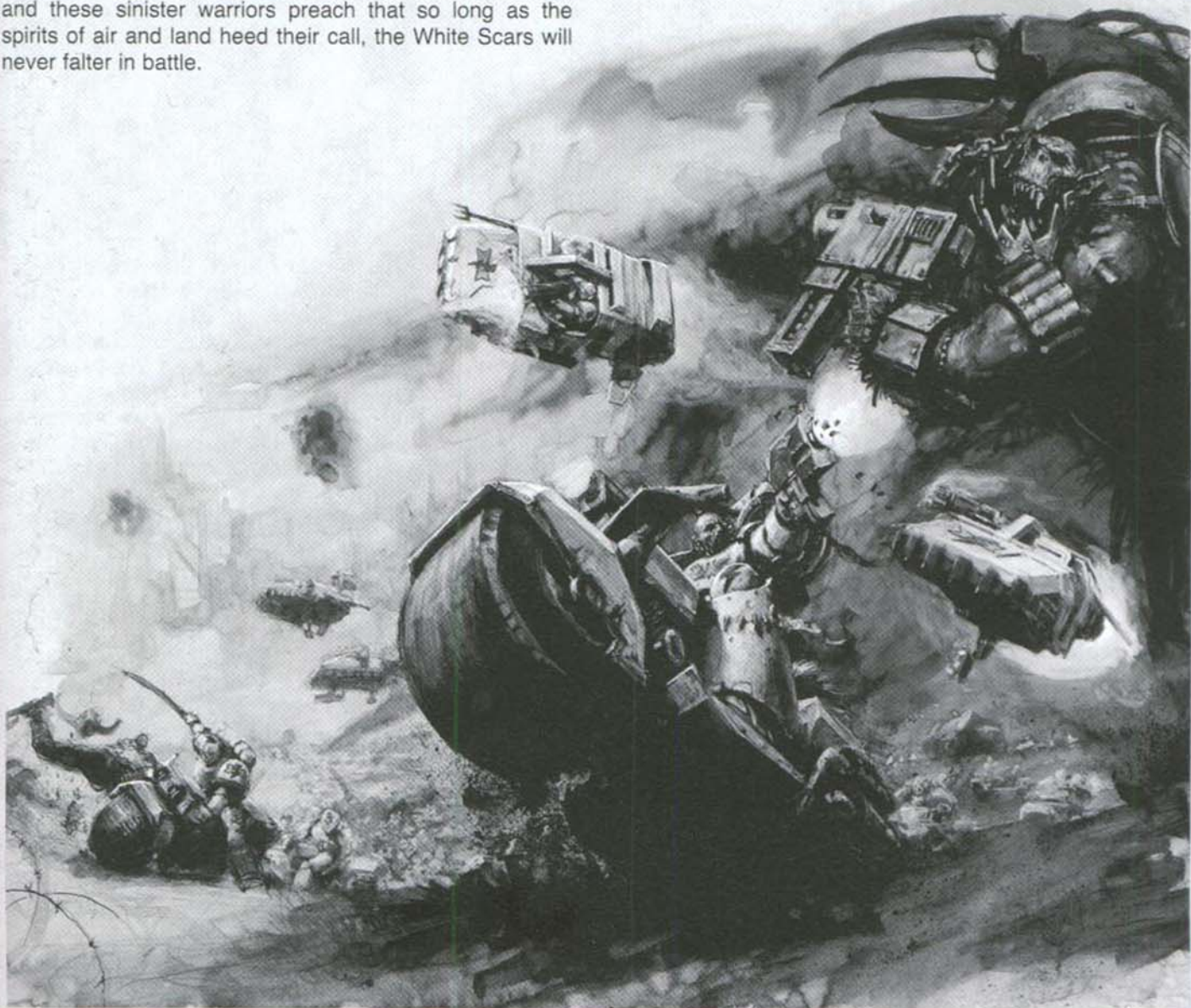
Gene-seed

The gene-seed of the White Scars appears to be stable and initially displayed no aberrations or mutation. However, with the introduction of genetic material from the steppes tribesmen, the genome seems to have inherited their wild savagery and thirst for war. Despite the teachings of the Khans and Stormseers, it is not unheard of for tribal feuds to flare up between fellow squad members. In addition to this, there have been several recorded instances where White Scars Brotherhoods have bloodily exceeded their mission objectives, such as the infamous 'Red Highway Massacre'.

Whether such incidents are as a result of some inherent flaw in the White Scars' genetic material or came about after the integration of the tribesmen is unknown, but the Adeptus Mechanicus is eager to know which. The White Scars successor Chapters, the Rampagers, Marauders, Destroyers and the Storm Lords are all equally ferocious and fine examples of the combat teachings of Jaghatai Khan.

Battlecry

'For the Khan and the Emperor!'



USING A WHITE SCARS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

White Scars use the following units from Codex Space Marines.

| | |
|----------------------|--|
| HQ | Space Marine Hero, Librarian, Chaplain, Command squad*. |
| ELITES | Terminator squad*, Terminator Assault squad*, Veteran squad*. |
| TROOPS | Tactical squad*, White Scars Bike squadron, Scout squad. |
| FAST ATTACK | Assault squad (<i>cannot remove jump packs</i>), Scout Bike squadron, Land Speeder squadron, Land Speeder Tornado, Land Speeder Typhoon. |
| HEAVY SUPPORT | Attack Bike squadron, Predator Annihilator, Predator Destructor, Land Raider (<i>may only be used as a Terminator transport</i>), Whirlwind. |

**Must be equipped with a transport or be mounted on bikes (see below).*

The following rules and Codex changes apply when using a White Scars Space Marine army.

SPECIAL RULES

Born in the Saddle: White Scars are the best natural bikers in the Imperium. They can control their bikes over the most difficult ground and maintain control with their legs while handling weapons.

They may re-roll any failed Difficult Terrain test but must accept the new result. They may also use an additional close combat weapon while riding a bike for +1A where this equipment is available to them. Normally, this is not possible as one hand must be used to control the bike.

This ability is possessed by bike-mounted Command and Veteran squads, Bike squadrons, Attack Bike squadrons, Scout Bike squadrons and Independent characters equipped with Space Marine bikes.

Bike Squadrons: White Scars Bike squadrons may be up to 10 models strong. All squadron members not armed with a plasma gun, meltagun or flamer may be armed with an additional close combat weapon at +1 point. They may use these in conjunction with their bolt pistols for +1 Attack.

Mounted Veterans: White Scars Veteran squads and Command squads may be mounted on Bikes for an additional +20 points per model. Their basic weaponry will be bolt pistol and additional close combat weapon. No heavy weapons can be carried, but all other weapon upgrades remain available. If one model in the squad is mounted, then the rest of the squad must be as well.

Counter-Attack: White Scars mounted on Bikes can react quickly to any attack. To represent this unengaged White Scars mounted on Bikes (but not Attack Bikes) which are part of a unit that has been assaulted may move up to 6" to get into base contact.

Flankers: The White Scars often deploy Scout Bike squadrons in wide, flanking positions to exploit hasty or ill-advised enemy moves. It is widely reckoned that every mistake made against the White Scars is paid for in blood. Any Bike-mounted White Scars Scout unit may begin the game in reserve regardless of whether reserves can be used in the mission being played. When they enter the table they may arrive from any point on the table edge not available to enemy reserves.

Hit & Run: White Scars mounted on Bikes (but not squads including Attack Bikes) may choose to leave close combat. Declare this at the end of the Assault phase after all Morale checks have been taken. The Bikes fall back 3D6" in any direction and then regroup at the end of the move. Enemy models may only consolidate. Note that units which have been forced to fall back because they failed a Morale test may not make a second fall back move in the same turn.

Drop Pods: If a White Scars army elects to deploy from drop pods then the requirement to mount Terminators in Land Raiders and to provide transport vehicles for Veteran, Command and Tactical squads is waived – the army may not therefore contain any Rhinos, Razorbacks or Land Raiders (not at all, no exceptions!).

NEW WARGEAR

Power Lances: The White Scars fight so much from their saddles that their Techmarines have built appropriate weapons to suit this style – the power lance being an example of this. It is an alternative type of power weapon costing 15 points which is available as a one-handed weapon with no special limitations to their Armoury. The power lance grants +1 Initiative to any bike-mounted model that is charging or counter-attacking. Once an opponent gets inside their guard though, the improved weapon length becomes a disadvantage and they get -1 Initiative whenever they aren't charging or counter-attacking.

Holy Relic: Horsetail Talismans – These replace the normal Codex Space Marines Holy Relic costing 40 points. The Horsetail Talisman is a powerful reminder of the Chapter's origins. It can be revealed in each and every White Scars' Movement phase during which the bearer has moved and is no longer in a vehicle. Any unit of White Scars (not vehicles other than Bikes or Attack Bikes) that has at least one model within 6" of the bearer of the Talisman when it is revealed may move an extra D6" rather than firing in the following Shooting phase. This is similar to a fleet of foot move, although it represents crazed riding as well as powerful running.

Chapter Banner: If the White Scars have a Chapter Banner then it will combine the abilities of a Horsetail Talisman and a normal Sacred Banner.

WHITE SCARS



A White Scars Commander leads his bike squadron to battle



White Scars Space Marine Commander on bike



White Scars Space Marine Biker



White Scars Space Marine Biker



White Scars Space Marine Biker

Index Astartes



BLOOD FRENZY

The Flesh Tearers Space Marine Chapter

by Matthew Sprange
and Gav Thorpe

The Flesh Tearers Chapter was created during the Second Founding, from the Blood Angels Legion. The Flesh Tearers possess the same savagery and fearsome reputation as the Blood Angels, but have also inherited the Black Rage. Indeed, the Black Rage has become more apparent and it is now only a matter of time before the entire Chapter is consumed.

Origins

During the terrible, bitter fighting of the Horus Heresy, the Blood Angels' Primarch, Sanguinius, was killed by the Warmaster Horus in the Emperor's assault on the traitor's battle barge. The psycho-genetic after-effects of this trauma were not fully realised until later – the resulting Black Rage flaw had yet to be recognised. So, according to the dictates of the Codex Astartes, the Blood Angels Legion of Space Marines was broken into Successor Chapters, each numbering around 1,000 battle brothers and in possession of a fraction of the old Legion's geneseed stock. One of these Successor Chapters was the Flesh Tearers.

Following the dreadful slaughter of the battle on Terra, the Flesh Tearers were granted a single battle barge, *the Victus*, and immediately headed off into deep space with orders to crush any remaining rebel strongholds. For three millennia the battle barge was directed to the loneliest regions of galactic space, the Flesh Tearers Space Marines on board crusading against worlds still loyal to the dead Warmaster and ruthlessly driving back any alien incursions that crossed their path. During this time of exploration and battle, the Flesh Tearers gained a reputation for outright savagery, far outstripping the rumours surrounding their parent Chapter, the Blood Angels. Even the distant High Lords of Terra heard tales of whole populations slaughtered whenever traitorous followers of the fallen Warmaster were found, and entire convoys of ships destroyed when they tried to flee the Flesh Tearers' bloody retribution.

But the galaxy is a huge place and communications can be unreliable. The High Lords ruling the Imperium in the Emperor's name saw the amount of previously hostile worlds pacified by the Flesh Tearers' actions and in this time of rebuilding after Mankind's dreadful civil war, they were satisfied and did not look too closely.

The Flesh Tearers Chapter journeyed through space on board the *Victus*, dispensing the Emperor's justice to all who would stand against Him. Taking centuries in its course, the *Victus* navigated its way through the far western reaches of the galaxy, intent on irradicating the increased alien presence rumoured to be there. Eventually, the Flesh Tearers discovered the isolated, forgotten world of Cretacia.

Home world

The oversized world of Cretacia was the fourth planet in a system of seven, and at first approach it appeared to be uninhabitable. Finding Cretacia perpetually shrouded in dense cloud, the Flesh Tearers effected landings on the planet to discover what lay below. What the Marines discovered was a planet to rival any deathworld known in its lethality to human life.

A trackless landscape of dense jungles and steamy swamps harboured many vicious reptilian, amphibious and insectoid

forms of life. Many Space Marines were lost to these hostile creatures on the first day before effective perimeters could be established. Even so, patrols still reported casualties from insects as big as men with sharpened proboscises that could penetrate power armour, huge reptilian predators, almost as large as Scout Titans, that ripped through entire squads, and gigantic herbivores that could easily crush an unwary Space Marine with a massive foot.

The Flesh Tearers quickly fought back against these immense creatures. Squads were engaged in hunts to cull as many of the native monsters as possible, ostensibly to clear more landing areas, though garrulous Imperial Scholars now speculate that these hunts were for no other reason than to satiate the Flesh Tearers' lust for killing. As the patrol squads ranged further through the jungles and swamps, incredibly, humans were found.

The humans discovered were apparently descended from some long lost colony originally formed millennia ago during the Dark Age of Technology, but had since devolved into an extremely primitive state. Lacking all but the most rudimentary aspects of a language, these primordial humans had somehow managed to not only adapt to living amongst the titanic monsters that roamed Cretacia, but to actually thrive in the hostile environment. They proved to be incredibly strong and had superior reflexes to compensate for their more limited intellects, giving rise to a race that was fierce enough to defend itself against the largest of the creatures that preyed upon them.

The Flesh Tearers promptly rounded up hundreds of the ferocious humans and the Chaplains and Sanguinary Priests of the Chapter set to work, testing their minds and bodies in soul-destroying trials to determine any evidence of corruption caused by their long isolation from the Master of Mankind. Though extremely backward and primitive, the Flesh Tearers deemed them free of deviancy.

Chapter Master Amit saw the value of the world of Cretacia. The inhospitable terrain and deadly creatures provided an ideal testing ground for his troops, whilst the primitive humans already inhabiting the world could easily be moulded into potential battle brothers. Declaring Right of Conquest, Amit founded a permanent home for his Flesh Tearers.

Geneseed

The Flesh Tearers dropped the Blood Angels' practice of blood transfusions to new recruits when they split from the Legion after the Heresy, but by this time Sanguinius' pain had already become so bound within the Chapter's geneseed itself that they could not escape the effects of the Black Rage. Indeed, the Black Rage seems to have become more uncontrollable, perhaps because of their isolation or a change in their gene-replication practices. It has now become apparent that the Flesh Tearers' geneseed has mutated a great deal over the past ten thousand years and degenerated vastly. Every year, more and more Flesh Tearers succumb to the Black Rage, with very few being able to survive more than two hundred years before the Curse of Horus overtakes them. Cretacia has provided the Flesh Tearers with a good source of recruits in the past, as the primordial humans make excellent potential Space Marines; only a small percentage of them reject the genetic modifications that make a Space Marine superhuman, while their simple minds are easily adapted to the mental

SETH, CHAPTER MASTER OF THE FLESH TEARERS, GUARDIAN OF THE RAGE

Chapter Master Seth has presided over the Chapter of the Flesh Tearers for over 100 years. In his time he has experienced many great victories, but has also seen too many of his battle brothers fall to the Black Rage. He has earned a great degree of enmity with most other Imperial armies he has fought alongside. Imperial Guard and Adepta Sororitas commanders are often simply ignored, whilst other Marines grow frustrated with Seth's impetuous desire to instantly destroy all enemies.



In battle, Seth can always be found in the vanguard of his forces, leading his Marines through incredible acts of savagery and bloodshed. When the Flesh Tearers' presence is not required on the battlefield, he becomes stern and dour, forever preoccupied with the doom he now believes is impossible for his Chapter to avoid.

Chapter Approved. Access Level: Ω Idiotia

Flesh Tearers, M.31

Imp. ref. 459.pft/Ritual flaying-knife
(cromiel Heretic Cult)



IA ref. 543/1
5th Co.

Ref. 326.mrh/Ritual Power Sword



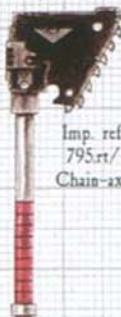
IA ref. 456/6
Chapter marking



Mk VII Adeptus Astartes Power Armour



Imp. ref. 354.siaf/
Delta Nine
army badge



Imp. ref. 795.rri/
Chain-axe

Thought for the day: The strong are strongest alone.

Imp. ref. 001/435. Codex Retrieval File: G8

CARNARVON, HIGH CHAPLAIN OF THE DEATH COMPANY, WATCHER OF THE LOST

The High Chaplain of the Death Company, Carnarvon, bears a terrible responsibility, as it falls to him to watch over all 400 remaining Space Marines of the Flesh Tearers Chapter for the onset of the Black Rage. This is a position he has occupied for nearly 250 years and it is whispered by many that the strain



of watching so many of his friends and comrades descend into the Rage, becoming raving lunatics hungry only for blood, has started to take its toll on his sanity. At this time, he has the final word as to who must be inducted into the Death Company and which of those Marines must be permanently incarcerated in the Tower of the Lost when they fall so far into madness that even he cannot control them. When not in combat, Carnarvon spends most of his time within the Tower of the Lost, watching over his charges, ostensibly to find a path that will allow them to rejoin the Chapter. However his constant secrecy has a great many of the Flesh Tearers questioning his motives.



conditioning all Space Marines undergo. However, even this supply of battle brothers has proved insufficient as the Flesh Tearers defective geneseed accelerates in its degradation.

This has increased the burden on the Chaplains and Sanguinary Priests whose responsibility it is to restrain brethren whose violent and uncontrollable behaviour forces them to be kept apart from other Marines. They are habitually locked away in a purpose-made prison known as the Tower of the Lost, located many miles from the main stronghold of the Fortress-monastery. The victims of the Black Rage imprisoned within the Tower of the Lost constantly howl their fury at the walls surrounding them, their wailing cries competing with the roars of the huge creatures that prowl the swamps around the Tower. The Chaplains and Priests constantly search and experiment, anxious to discover a cure for their lost brothers and bring them back into the Chapter, knowing all the time that the Black Rage will soon consume them as well. It is the duty of the Librarians of the Flesh Tearers to travel widely, desperate to find the ancient and sacred texts which they believe must exist, in the hope of finding lasting salvation from their curse.

Combat Doctrine

The Flesh Tearers are considered by Imperial strategists to be the epitome of a dedicated assault force. Those who have actually witnessed their bloodthirstiness in action, however, report of seemingly calculated brutality and savagery on an unparalleled level. A Flesh Tearers army in battle seeks nothing more than to rush towards the enemy with all haste in an effort to tear them apart with chainswords and power fists and, if need be, their bare hands and teeth.

Heavy weapons and armoured vehicles are eschewed in all but the very largest of armies, as the barely controlled blood lust that arises in every battle drives each Flesh Tearers Space Marine forward to destroy their enemies in close combat. The extremely limited vehicle resources of the Chapter tend to be concentrated on transports such as Rhinos and Razorbacks, as the Flesh Tearers prefer to surge forwards and take the enemy with bolt pistols and power axes.

When confronted by enemies who cower within bunkers and fortifications, the Flesh Tearers employ short-ranged melta weapons, power fists and even their own raw strength. Once unleashed, they will permit nothing to stand between themselves and the gratification they can find only in close combat. There have been occasions, though none well documented, when allied forces have accidentally interposed themselves between the Flesh Tearers and their foe. The Flesh Tearers remain unrepentant to this day regarding the savage consequences of this folly.

The terrible violence that follows a Flesh Tearers army has made many other forces of the Imperium extremely wary of fighting alongside these Space Marines. Carefully laid plans can be shattered by the Flesh Tearers' eagerness for combat, and their bloodthirsty actions on the battlefield have sickened even veterans of countless wars. The Chapter has been under almost constant Inquisitorial investigation following the Kallern Massacres of M.36, and some Imperial Guard officers have dared to refuse the dubious honour of fighting alongside the Flesh Tearers, particularly after rumours started to spread concerning their vindictive assaults on entire planetary populations during the Arcata Uprising of M39.

Relatively few forces have fought alongside the Flesh Tearers more than once. Claims regarding their unnatural behaviour during their Feast of Victory, during which many enemy prisoners disappear, have meant that few force commanders are willing to stay in the vicinity once the fighting is finished.

Organisation

Though originally formed within the dictates of the Codex Astartes, the Flesh Tearers have been ravaged by the curse of the Black Rage and now number barely four full companies. Unless some salvation can be found, their numbers may be halved within the next millennium.

Though the Chapter tries to adhere to the Codex Astartes, adjustments to the structure of their companies have been necessitated by their depleted numbers. All four are considered to be 'Battle Companies' with no reserves being present anywhere in the Chapter. Each Marine is fully expected to be proficient in Tactical, Assault and even Devastator duties, as well as being skilled in the operation of all the Chapter's remaining vehicles. In theatres of war, individual squads will rapidly change their role to suit the mission and equipment on hand. In addition, the 1st Company, breaking from the tradition of most Space Marine

Chapters, is not a pure veteran force, as so few Flesh Tearers are able to withstand the pressure of the Black Rage long enough to gain such status. Instead, individual squads of Veteran Marines are formed within each company out of the most accomplished warriors they have.

The Flesh Tearers' fleet is also comparatively small, with the battle barge *Victus* being their only major warship. The *Victus* is millennia old, but has been kept in fighting condition and is capable of transporting the entire Chapter. A far more common sight for the enemies of the Emperor are the seven rapid strike vessels which the Chapter keeps in operation. Each has been modified to carry an entire company.

Battlecry

The Flesh Tearers have developed a dreadful cry when they charge that, amplified by their power armour's vox-systems, has been known to stun lesser enemies into utter submission. To date there have been no recordings made of their cry, though the few survivors of their assaults have described it as a wailing sound that drove deep into their minds, bringing to the fore an absolute terror that made it almost impossible to halt the Space Marines' brutal assault.

USING A FLESH TEARERS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

A Flesh Tearers army is chosen using the list in Codex Blood Angels, with the following exceptions and special rules:

Limited Resources

As Flesh Tearers forces tend to have little in the way of armoured vehicles, only one tank (Predator, Whirlwind, Vindicator or Land Raider) may be chosen for each detachment. You are, however, unlimited in the number of Rhinos and Razorbacks you may choose to take.

Death Company Dreadnoughts

There are many renowned heroes within the ranks of the Flesh Tearers, and whilst the Sanguinary Priests have had some successes in restraining the Black Rage of the ancient warriors entombed within the Dreadnought hulls, it is inevitable that, sooner or later, they will succumb to Sanguinius' Pain.

Only one Dreadnought or Furious Dreadnought (one in total not one of each) may be taken within a Flesh Tearers army. However, you may take as many Death Company Dreadnoughts as you wish, within the normal limitations of the Force Organisation chart and the points value of the army.

The Call of the Black Rage

Flesh Tearers suffer from the genetic defect of the Black Rage even more so than the other Blood Angels successor Chapters. Its veteran fighters are very prone to its affects and frequently suffer the curse before a battle. When rolling for the Death Company, the first model removed from a unit must always be its Sergeant. In addition, Command, Veteran and Terminator squads roll again on a roll of 5 or 6 rather than just a 6.

DEATH COMPANY DREADNOUGHT

| | Points | Armour: | | | | | | | |
|-------------|--------|---------|----|--------|-------|------|------|---|------|
| | | WS | BS | S | Front | Side | Rear | I | A |
| Dreadnought | 135 | 4 | 4 | 6 (10) | 12 | 12 | 10 | 4 | 3(4) |

Type: Walker.

Crew: One Space Marine.

Weapons: Two Dreadnought close combat weapons (bonus attack already included in the profile above), one storm bolter and one meltagun.

Options: The storm bolter may be upgraded to a heavy flamer at an additional cost of +10 pts.

Note that Death Company Dreadnoughts have no vehicle upgrades (extra armour is redundant and they are too crazed to use searchlights or smoke launchers).

SPECIAL RULES

Tear Attack: A Death Company Dreadnought can use its two close combat weapons to tear apart enemy vehicles and therefore rolls 2D6 + Strength when working out armour penetration against vehicles.

Black Rage: A Death Company Dreadnought must move towards the enemy as fast as possible, and must assault an enemy within range in the Assault phase.

Rampage: It is nearly impossible to stop a Death Company Dreadnought once it is in battle as it simply ploughs into the enemy, disregarding any danger or damage. The Dreadnought therefore ignores any 'Crew Shaken' or 'Crew Stunned' results on the Damage table.

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WARRIORS OF OLD

Space Marine Dreadnoughts

by Graham McNeill, Pete Haines &
Andy Chambers

Spearheading the assaults of the Space Marines, Dreadnoughts are feared by all foes of the Imperium. On the battlefield they are death incarnate, with powerful weapons blasting their foes and lethal close combat weaponry crackling with deadly energies. There are few opponents in the galaxy who can stand against such armoured savagery.

Standing three times the height of a man, Space Marine Dreadnoughts are amongst the oldest war machines fighting on the battlefields of the 41st Millennium. Some Dreadnoughts are even said to date back tens of thousands of years to the Great Crusade, when the Emperor himself walked amongst his people. The art of their construction has long since been lost, the arcane knowledge required passing into ritualised mythology, and each Chapter's Dreadnoughts are treasured relics. They are a living embodiment of the Machine God, representing the ultimate fusion of the biological and the mechanical, as each one contains a living, sentient being. The pilots encased in the shell of a Dreadnought often have memories stretching back many thousands of years, and these ancient warriors are a tangible link to their Chapter's past and heritage.

Centuries of War

The biological component of a Dreadnought is no ordinary man, it is one of the Old Ones, a mighty Space Marine hero who has suffered grievous wounds in battle and is deemed worthy to be placed within the armoured sarcophagus of a Dreadnought. The interment of the Old One's shattered remains is a ritual of great significance, involving his fellow battle brothers, the Chapter's Techmarines and its Apothecaries. It is considered a great honour for a Space Marine to be placed within a Dreadnought, and these ancient warriors are much respected by their fellow battle brothers. The Old One is suspended in amniotic fluids and surgically implanted within the armoured sarcophagus where mechanical senses allow him to perceive the world around him. In this way he can continue fighting for the Emperor for many centuries to come, never leaving his metal body until its destruction.

In battle, Dreadnoughts are a terrifying foe to face, advancing with thunderous strides as incoming fire spatters from their thick adamantium armour. Electro-motivated fibre-bundle muscles power their heavy limbs, allowing them to fire devastating weapons on the move and to fight with all the skill and ferocity they possessed as a Space Marine. As well as fearsome warriors, the accumulated wisdom of their centuries of battle is a valuable resource, and their vast experience means that they have fought in almost every form of engagement imaginable. Almost nothing can defeat a Space Marine Dreadnought in an assault, and its close combat weapons can tear apart even the most heavily armoured vehicles. Dreadnoughts are exceptionally difficult to slay in battle and, in most cases, only the complete destruction of the sarcophagus will kill the pilot. Destroyed Dreadnoughts are only ever abandoned in the direst of circumstances and Space Marines will fight with righteous fury to retrieve a fallen Dreadnought so that they can lay its occupant to rest in the Chapter's sepulchres. The recovered shell will then be lovingly restored to full operation to await its next occupant.

The Old Ones

When not in action, Dreadnoughts slumber within sealed stasis vaults in the depths of their Chapter's fortress monastery to extend their lives. The resting place of a Chapter's Dreadnoughts is a holy shrine, and the Techmarines tend to their ancient charges with great care, fastidiously applying the sacred oils and unguents while chanting the Litanies of Preservation. To honour these courageous warriors, the Techmarines allow them to sleep, and only awake the Dreadnoughts in times of great need. When called to fight, the Dreadnoughts are removed from their vaults and the Rune of Awakening is struck upon their hide.

As the Dreadnought continues to fight through the centuries, the Old One's grip on the material world inevitably begins to slip and he spends more and more time dormant, his mind becoming ever more distant. One of the oldest recorded Dreadnoughts is Bjorn the Fell-Handed of the Space Wolves. Bjorn was a young warrior in the days of the Primarchs and was said to have fought alongside the Primarch Leman Russ himself. Since his interment in the armoured shell of a Dreadnought, he has fought in some of the most famous battles of the Imperium's blood-soaked history and even led his Chapter in defence of their home on Fenris.

The Art of Death

Dreadnoughts are called upon when the fighting is sure to be close and bloody. They are best employed in situations where there is plenty of cover for them to take advantage of so that enemy weapons cannot draw a line of sight to them. They excel at fighting in built-up areas, underground tunnels and boarding actions where they can quickly close with the enemy and bring their devastating assault weapons to bear. The weapon points on a Dreadnought allow it to be armed with a variety of armament configurations depending on the tactical situation, and these weapons are broadly similar to those carried by Space Marine Terminators. Dreadnoughts were once used as test beds for new weapon patterns intended for suits of Terminator armour, in particular early models of plasma cannons. However, Dreadnought weapons benefit from increased stability, better targeting systems and a greater ammunition capacity than those carried by Terminators. The sheer size of a Dreadnought also allows it to fit liquid nitrogen cooling systems for its rapid firing weapons, resulting in less overheating and fewer jams.

As well as powerful heavy weapons, Dreadnoughts can also be fitted with lethal close combat weapons that incorporate magna-coil servos to increase the strength of the arms. These allow them to grip and rotate, tearing gaping holes in even the strongest materials, or punch through the thickest armour. The Furioso Dreadnought of the Blood Angels is a prime example of this, its strength easily capable of rending even a Land Raider to pieces.

Death Unleashed

Throughout history Dreadnoughts have been involved in the bloodiest battles inscribed in the annals of the Imperium. Their acts of heroism are the stuff of legend across all the realms of Man and few sights are more inspiring, or more terrifying, than to see one of these great mechanical juggernauts rampaging across the battlefield. Many Dreadnoughts become famous in their own right with tales



being told of their courage and sacrifice in the name of the Emperor all across the Imperium.

Three such mighty warriors are Brother Damos of the Angels Porphyr, Brother Severus of the Ultramarines and the legendary Bjorn the Fell-Handed of the Space Wolves. The smallest chapter of their history would fill a manuscript many pages long, their service to the Emperor stretching back over many thousands of years. Indeed, in the case of Bjorn, it goes all the way back to the times of the Primarchs. Detailed here are three of their most famous actions in the defence of the Imperium.

Ghattana Bay: The Battle for Gate IX

During the Third War for Armageddon, the largest recorded Dreadnought versus Dreadnought confrontation occurred during the attack on the Ghattana Bay Water Processing Plant. Water would be a key resource on Armageddon when the Fire Season arrived and Ghattana Bay was the source of every drop reaching Armageddon Prime.

The Ork attack on the plant had stalled badly. Options were now running out for the Ork Warlord Judrog Irontoof and he committed every Dreadnought and Killer Kan in his force to a single attack. Aiming for a point in the Space Marine line weakened by an earlier Kommando attack, over a hundred Ork machines stomped forward in a densely packed phalanx.

The defenders were battered by the Ork weaponry, their positions swept by the sheer weight of fire. Land Speeder squadrons were blasted from the skies by massed big shootas while bunker after bunker was silenced by salvos of Ork rokkits. Judrog's charge breached the defences and burst onto one of the plant's access roads, leading between towering purification tanks. The Ork machines rumbled on, their power claws ripping each successive gate apart as they pressed deeper into the plant. As they approached Gate IX, however, they were surprised to see the barrier rise to reveal a line of eight Space Marine Dreadnoughts drawn up across the roadway. At their front was Brother Damos of the Angels Porphyr. Critically wounded during the Scouring of Hume and entombed for the last three thousand years, he had faced a hundred such situations before and prevailed. The Dreadnoughts standing with Damos were armed for long-range combat with a mixture of lascannons, autocannons and missile launchers. Their first salvo was devastating, the front line of Ork Dreadnoughts melted under



their barrage but were battered aside as the rest clanked forward. The Space Marine Dreadnoughts had better weapons, and each step the Orks made towards the Space Marines cost them dearly, but eventually they were in range and could reply. The Ork Dreadnoughts could not match the accuracy of the eight Space Marine Dreadnoughts facing them, though. Each was a veteran of centuries of war, each a paragon of their Chapter's qualities, each a hero whether clad in flesh or metal.

An advance of four hundred metres had cost the Orks seventeen Dreadnoughts. They still came on though, and howled in fury when they saw the Space Marine Dreadnoughts step back to allow a heavy security gate to be lowered blocking the road. Speeding up they hurled themselves against it, rending the thick steel with their hydraulically powered claws, determined not to let their quarry escape.

Flight was not the plan, however. On the other side of the ruptured gate, the Space Marine Dreadnoughts were ready. There were another nine Dreadnoughts led by Brother Weylands of the Omega Marines, all armed with power claws and a mixture of shorter ranged assault cannons, multi-meltas and heavy bolters. Behind them stood Brother Damos' Dreadnoughts on a rampart of earth and sundered concrete so they could see over the front line. Both ranks opened fire together and for seven long minutes they stood thirty metres from the Orks, firing non-stop into the tightly packed mass of machines. Then the front rank ceased fire, its weaponry white hot, and thundered into close combat. The Orks were tightly packed in the roadway, the sustained fire had given them no chance to press forward and the Killer Kans at the back blocked their retreat. The Ork force was irretrievably entangled, some machines lifted off the ground by the press, unable to move, the front five ranks a smoking ruin. The Space Marine Dreadnoughts cut into them, Brother Weylands leading the way, climbing up over the destroyed Dreadnoughts until he was striding over the packed hulls of still operable machines, alternatively crushing them with stamps and punches. Where a power weapon reared up at him a swift multi-melta shot silenced it.

It had been a bold attack by Judrog's Dreadnoughts but, unsupported and caught at a complete disadvantage, they were helpless. It is testament to their ferocity and fighting spirit that not one Ork machine fled.

The final reserve destroyed, Judrog had no choice but to withdraw. Rearmed Thunderhawks were beginning their attack runs and ammunition was becoming scarce. The defeat would cost Judrog dearly but there was no celebration in the Marine lines. Of the seventeen ancient Dreadnoughts committed to battle, seven had been utterly destroyed with the loss of over 9,000 years of battle experience and loyal service. The Battle at Gate IX remains their testament.

Bjorn the Fell-Handed: The First Battle of The Fang

Some of the most ancient Dreadnoughts in the Imperium are those of the Space Wolves Chapter. These venerable warriors have fought the enemies of the Emperor for many centuries or, in some cases, even millennia. Perhaps the most renowned of these is Bjorn the Fell-Handed, a warrior so incredibly ancient that he walked beneath the same skies

BROTHER DAMOS OF THE ANGELS PORPHYR

Brother Damos commanded the 9th Company of the Angels Porphyry, a stalwart veteran of three centuries of battle. His Devastator squads were the very model of efficient fire support and wherever his men fought, the armoured might of the enemy would be wary. It was during the Scouring of Hume as he led his men in the defence of Hill 236 that a surprise attack on the Space Marines' position by rebel Marauder bombers caught him in the open as he moved between his linked bunkers. By all rights the bombardment should have killed Damos, but when the attack was over, his brother Space Marines found that the bloody shreds of his body still drew breath. He demanded the chance to fight on, and thus his remains were placed in stasis and transported back to the Chapter's fortress monastery where he was implanted within the armoured sarcophagus of a Dreadnought. For three thousand years he has remained entombed within his armoured body and, as he did in life, Damos provides a solid anchor of fire support for his brothers, guiding the deployment and firing of the Chapter's Devastators.

as the Primarch Leman Russ himself. He was the first Great Wolf of the Chapter following the disappearance of Russ and led the first Great Hunt to find him.

Bjorn's time as Great Wolf was to be short-lived, however. The Saga of the Fell-Handed tells of his mortal wounding in battle as he led the Space Wolves in the rescue of their kin from the Dreadsun Fortress. His attack was successful, but left Bjorn crippled and on the brink of death. Not even the formidable skills of the Wolf Priests could save him and Bjorn's last whispered words as a creature of flesh and blood were that he be placed within the armoured sarcophagus of a Dreadnought. And for the next five hundred years, Bjorn continued to fight for his beloved Chapter, tearing apart the enemies of the Emperor with the lightning claw that had been his favoured weapon while he still walked as a man. On Algol Nine he destroyed the daemon Thran'saba and in Quaran's deserts he slew the Ork Warlord Makrima. The rogue psyker Vornalan died by Bjorn's hand and thus bloody rebellion on Thranx was averted.

But even flesh and steel cannot live forever. The long years of war began to take their toll and Bjorn took to spending longer periods in dormant slumber in the vaulted stasis chambers below the Halls of the Great Wolf. In honour of such a loyal and courageous warrior, the Chapter's Iron Priests allow him his rest, and lovingly maintain his adamantium shell. Once every thousand years, Bjorn awakes and speaks to the Rune Priests, regaling them with sagas long forgotten, testing them on their knowledge of the ancient legends to ensure that the ways of Russ are still being followed. Only in times of dire need would the Iron Priests even consider waking Bjorn, one such occasion being the First Battle of the Fang.

The circumstances leading to the First Battle of the Fang and Bjorn's part therein form a cautionary tale that warns of the danger of trusting visions granted by Chaos. Magnus the Red, cyclopean Primarch of the Thousand Sons, had carried a burning hatred of the sons of Russ ever since they

MORIAR THE CHOSEN



On the corpse-strewn fields of Glamorga, Captain Moriar of the Blood Angels fell in battle, grievously wounded unto death and beyond even the lore of the Chapter's Sanguinary Priests. At a loss to save his mortal remains, his flesh was interred within the armoured shell of the Dreadnought constructed by the master artificer, Brother Morlo. Moriar is not the first to inhabit this magnificent machine and will no doubt not be the last. Upon regaining his senses, it became clear that Moriar's battle fury had not abated and his psyche was wracked with visions of Sanguinius. The

Black Rage consumed him, but Moriar survived its ravages and continues to fight alongside his battle brothers in the forefront of every assault. It is rumoured that the Red Thirst has claimed Moriar and that the Chapter's armourers have modified his Dreadnought in order that he may drink deeply of this vital fluid of life.

destroyed his home world of Prospero in the dark days of the Great Betrayal. Magnus' followers attacked worlds near Fenris, slaughtering whole populations and laying waste to entire planets in a campaign of terror lasting many years. The Great Wolf Harek Ironhelm sought in vain to engage Magnus in battle, but was chasing shadows as his enemy eluded him at every turn. As more worlds were ravaged, Harek's desire to slay Magnus grew to become an obsession and his quest took him deep into the Eye of Terror, eventually leading him to the world of Gangava. Here he believed that he had found the Thousand Son's secret base and fell upon the world with fire and steel. But Harek had been deceived – the forces present upon Gangava were merely an elaborate ruse executed by Magnus, and as he led the bulk of his Chapter's strength against the allied Chaos forces on Gangava, the Thousand Sons themselves appeared in orbit around Fenris and launched an all-out assault on the home of the Space Wolves, the Fang.

The Fang's defences consisted of a skeleton force of Space Wolves and thralls and its fall seemed assured. Only the most courageous leader could have had any hope of saving the Fang and thus it was decreed that Bjorn the Fell-Handed would be woken from his millennial slumbers to lead the defenders in this most desperate hour.

Bjorn took charge of the Space Wolves, one of the few rare instances where a Dreadnought has commanded a Space Marine force. Bjorn's courage and wisdom in battle were an example to all, and for forty days and forty nights Magnus' warriors could not breach the Fang's defences. Bjorn had fought on Prospero many centuries ago as a Blood Claw and had lost none of the savagery that these hot-blooded young warriors are famed for. He was ceaseless in his determination to withstand the enemy at the gates and his defence of the Fang is regarded as a masterpiece in the art of leadership and military organisation. He planned daring

sallies into the ranks of the Thousand Sons and in the midnight dark of the tunnels beneath the Fang he led desperate defences, rallying Space Marines and thralls time and time again as they were forced further and further within their home. Collapsing tunnels as they went, the defenders killed hundreds of enemy warriors, leading them into Bjorn's carefully prepared fire traps and giant cave-ins.

Eventually a pack of Wolf Scouts, led by Haakon Blackwing, were able to breach the ring which Magnus had thrown around Fenris and carried word of the battle to the Great Wolf. Harek's anger and shame were terrible to behold and he immediately returned to Fenris with the full might of the Chapter. Howling Space Wolves descended from orbit and fell upon the Thousand Sons, driving them completely from the Fang. On its lower slopes, Harek and Magnus finally met in single combat, but Magnus was one of the Primarchs, now elevated to a Daemon Prince by the Powers of Chaos, and was more than a match for Harek. The Great Wolf fell, but with his last breath of life was able to grievously wound Magnus before the Thousand Sons fled from Fenris. It is said that it was Bjorn himself who carried Harek to his final resting place on the Fang's upper slopes. With his work complete, Bjorn then returned to the Hall of the Great Wolf to slumber until the day his Chapter should need him once more.

Ironclaw & Brother Severus of Tarentus: The Battle of Macragge

Brother Severus arrived on Macragge as one of sixteen aspirants who had triumphed in competitive games between Quintarn, Tarentus and Masali. These games are held between the triple worlds each seven years to determine which youths should have the honour of attempting to join the Ultramarines Chapter on Macragge. The games which Severus participated in were noted as particularly spirited and hard-fought on this occasion, with over a third of the participants killed or seriously injured.

The young Severus was accepted by the Ultramarines and successfully completed his training in 356.M41. According to records, Brother Severus's early career in the Scout Company was unremarkable, but once he came to full status as a Brother Marine he was frequently commended for his wisdom and far-sightedness. He received his Marksman Honour while a member of the 6th Company in 358.M41 in combat against Eldar pirates, and an Imperial Laurel in the following year after being wounded in the cleansing of Copul IV. In 362.M41 Brother Severus was promoted to Sergeant in the 3rd Company, commanding a squad through the Siege of Belios and the first Balur Crusade.

When Sergeant Severus and his squad broke through a dangerous Ork encirclement on Balur he was inducted into the prestigious 1st Company, receiving his Terminator honours in 367.M41. The promising career of Brother Sergeant Severus was cut tragically short in 371.M41 when he was critically injured during the Battle of Corinth. Ultramarine Apothecaries used his mortal remains to replace those of Brother Commodus in the Dreadnought Ironclaw which was also damaged on Corinth. Severus adapted well to the transition into the amniotic tomb of a Dreadnought body, retaining all of his former wisdom and battlecraft.

Severus' list of battle honours over the succeeding three centuries grew too long to be listed, culminating in his

eventual return to Corinth on 698.M41 during the seven year Corinthian Crusade. In 745.M41 Brother Severus participated in the Joran retaliation against the alien Tau Empire, but the expedition proved ill-starred and the 3rd Company's Captain, Ardias, was killed shortly before the whole force was withdrawn. Urgent new orders sent the company back to Macragge to defend it from the advance of Hive Fleet Behemoth.

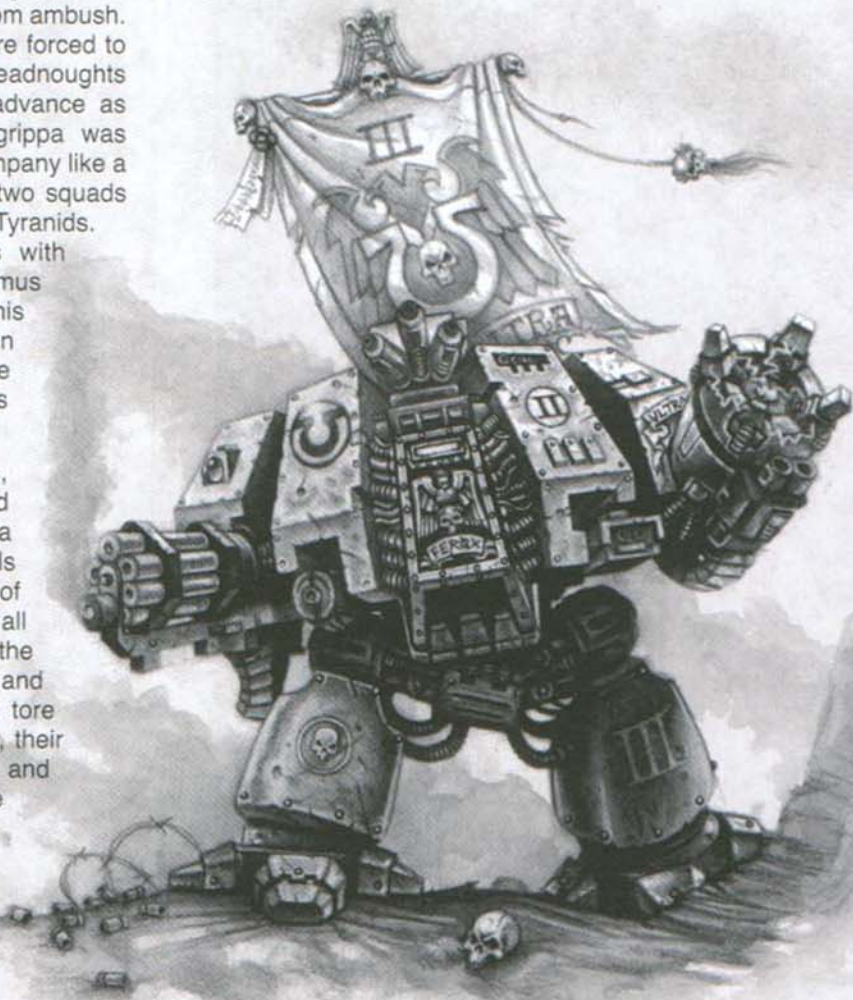
Of the great battle in space over the beleaguered world little can be said here, but the masterful defence by Marneus Calgar, Lord of the Ultramarines, can be read of in other places. In the aftermath it fell to the 3rd Company, under the newly elected Captain Fabian, to recapture the northern polar defence fortress on Macragge itself. Tyranid swarms had penetrated the orbital defences and overrun the sprawling complex of laser silos and bastions. The first landings by the company barely held their ground against the swarms of creatures which emerged from the shattered bunkers and tunnels to oppose them, only being driven back by the combined fire of Devastator squads and Thunderhawk gunships. Captain Fabian summoned three Dreadnoughts; Severus's Ironclaw, Maximus's Victory and Dicloetian's Agrippa to assist his troops in clearing the forbidding underground tunnels.

The twisting, intersecting passages were already subtly altered by the aliens' presence, dripping mucus and resounding with horrifying shrieks and screams. The dead laid everywhere, contorted and mangled by the violence of their passing. More than once, Tyranids hid among the dead before ripping into the advancing Ultramarines from ambush. Casualties mounted and the Space Marines were forced to use flamers to burn their way forward. The Dreadnoughts were moved ever closer to the front of the advance as squads peeled off to guard intersections. Agrippa was leading when a flank attack broke across the company like a wave of razor-fanged destruction. In seconds, two squads were overrun and hacked down by a dozen Tyranids. Agrippa's assault cannon painted the walls with Tyranid ichor as they rushed forward, and Maximus was reduced to trampling them underfoot when his power fist was torn away. But the veteran Dreadnought still held the perimeter against the bio-engineered monstrosities until Severus arrived to crush the survivors.

With his searchlight piercing the darkness, Severus now led the advance of the 3rd Company into Silo 8, the cavernous housing of a giant, ship-killing laser battery. As the last squads cleared the entrance, a nightmarish horde of Tyranid creatures spilled out of the shadows on all sides. A hail of obscene projectiles cut through the Space Marine lines, corroding through armour and flesh wherever they struck. Lithe killing beasts tore into the Ultramarine lines with horrifying ferocity, their scythe-like talons clashing against chainswords and armour as bolters chattered frenziedly. Once again it was Severus that held the line, throwing the creatures back with his steel-strength and crushing power fist. The surviving Ultramarines rallied around the glant fighting machine as it blasted through the aliens' ranks, and the next wave of monstrosities swept down upon them.

A fearsome Hive Tyrant, as massive as a Dreadnought itself, thundered into the Ultramarines with a shriek of fury. Three Brother Marines fell to a single sweep of its claws before Severus charged into the beast. A terrible struggle ensued as the blessed servos and ancient fibre-bundles of Ironclaw were pitted against the preternatural strength of the alien monster's steely sinews. The Tyrant sent Severus reeling with one mighty blow of its claw, but the old Dreadnought recovered and sparks flew as its fist crashed into the creature's carapace. Foul ichor sprayed from the gouging wounds, temporarily blinding Severus' sensors. The beast caught the Dreadnought a terrible blow, tearing through its leg to leave it sprawling helplessly. At this moment Captain Fabian leapt into the fray, knocking aside the creature's claw and evading its scything return swing before blasting it in the head with his plasma pistol until it reared and screamed a final howl of death agony.

With the loss of the Tyrant and the guidance of the hive mind, the Tyranids fell into confusion. The Ultramarine bolter fire cut down the survivors mercilessly as they turned to flee. The 3rd Company was saved and went on to cleanse the polar fortress in its entirety. After the battle, Ironclaw was restored and Severus continues to serve with the 3rd Company to this day. Among the long list of honorifics he has accumulated, the Battle of Macragge remains the proudest, including as it does a share in the first ever accredited kill of a Tyranid Hive Tyrant in close combat.



Index Astartes



PSYKANA LIBRARIUS

Space Marine
Librarians

by Anthony Reynolds

The Librarians of the Space Marine Chapters are mighty warrior-mystics, inspiring figures who wield incredible and devastating powers. They are an integral part of the Adeptus Astartes, outstanding warriors who utilise their psychically enhanced wisdom and knowledge to fulfil the role of oracles and psychic communication within the Space Marine Chapters. Such powers come at a price, however, and only those with the strongest willpower are capable of withstanding the constant pressures that come with psychic awareness. For every successful psyker, there are countless others whose lack of control threatens to doom them to an eternity of torment. Of those psykers whose strength of will enables them to control their powers, the most highly trained and potent are the Librarians of the Adeptus Astartes.

The Insidious Curse of the Psyker

The growing number of psykers within the Imperium is seen by some as the next evolutionary step for Mankind. However, these are the very early, tentative stages, for such an advancement will take countless generations to fully evolve, and the powers of the psyker are not yet refined. Psychic ability is both the greatest boon to Mankind and its most dangerous threat. Without psykers, the entire system of interstellar communication and travel would cease to exist, consequently resulting in the fall of the Imperium. Lacking these powers, the Imperium would become nothing more than a series of scattered and isolated systems. Warp travel is only made possible for Humanity with the guiding light of the Astronomican, a psychic beam stretching 70,000 light years across space from its source on Terra. The pure psychic energy needed for this great undertaking is created by the combined 'voice' of ten thousand specially trained psykers, a soul draining labour that exhausts their life-force within months, leaving them little more than shrivelled husks. This 'voice' is focused and directed by the immortal Emperor, who projects the pure psychic energy into the galaxy. This beacon is vital to the specially trained and psychically attuned Navigators, who require it in order for them to have any possibility of steering a safe path through the turbulent and inconsistent non-reality of warp space.

Those of particular strength of mind, if discovered when young, may be nurtured so that their abilities can benefit Mankind in such ways. The psykers schooled by the Scholastica Psykana generally operate within a particular specialised area, whether it be as Astropaths, trained for interstellar communication within the Adeptus Astra Telepathica, or as Navigators within the Adeptus Astronomicus. The Librarians of the Adeptus Astartes, however, fulfil a much more varied and combat oriented role, and as such they are chosen from amongst those of exceptional ability and skill.

Those with psychic ability draw their power from the turbulent realm of the warp, also known as the Ether, the Immaterium or the Empyrean, as recorded in the Scriptorum Arcanum. This alternate dimension is a twisted reflection of the known physical world, a horrific and constantly shifting domain that defies the accepted laws of the material universe, inhabited by malevolent and predatory astral creatures. When a psyker uses his power, he opens a gateway between the two realms, drawing energy from the warp into himself. If a psyker is unprepared or inexperienced he may inadvertently attract the attentions of daemons, drawing them to him like moths to a

flame. According to the codices of the enigmatic, daemon-hunting Ordo Malleus, these warp-entities are capable of traversing the link the psyker has formed between the two dimensions, assaulting his mind, ripping the very soul from his body and dragging it screaming to an existence of eternal torture within the warp. As such, the twisted realm of the warp is sometimes referred to as the Sea of Souls. A particularly powerful daemon may attempt to force its way into the physical realm by overwhelming the body of the hapless psyker, and from there endeavour to inflict as much psychic and physical suffering as possible on the material world.

Those with a limited degree of psychic ability, but who lack the strength of will to fully control it, are one of the most dangerous forces threatening the Imperium, and they are hunted down without remorse by the Inquisition. As a matter of course, the number of minds considered dangerous far outweigh those that are embraced by the Imperium. Some of those condemned are transported to Terra aboard one of the Black Ships, where their sacrifice may benefit all of Mankind. It is said that their life-force is fed to the insatiable needs of the undying Emperor in order to sustain him, enabling his glorious light to remain indefinitely within the physical realm. Indeed, to be born with psychic ability is a terrible curse, and

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Librarian
Force Sword



Iron Hands Lexicanium Ranked Librarian

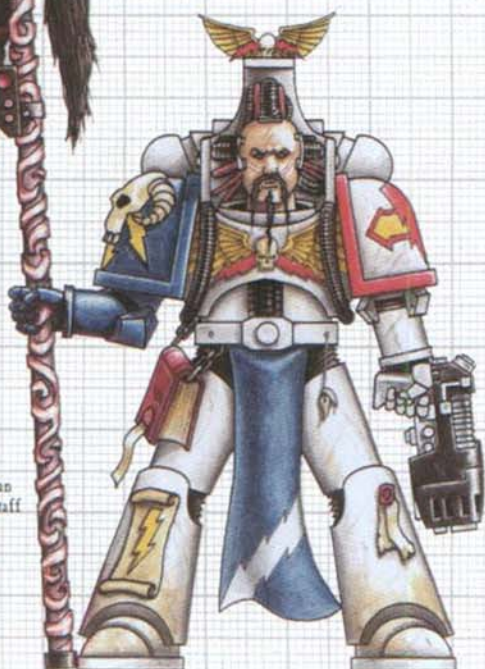
Librarian Psychic Hood



Raven Guard Chief Librarian in Tactical Dreadnought Armour



Librarian
Force Staff



White Scars Librarian 'Storm Seer'

Librarian
Force Axe



Armageddon
Campaign
Marking

Salamanders Codicier Ranked Librarian

Thought for the Day: Damnation is Eternal



**EZEKIEL, GRAND MASTER OF
LIBRARIANS, KEEPER OF THE
BOOK OF SALVATION,
HOLDER OF THE KEYS**

Ezekiel is the present Grand Master of Librarians within the mysterious Dark Angels Chapter. He endures a tremendous burden, being the sole bearer of the darkest and most sinister secrets of this most evasive and insular of Chapters. He determines who may enter the Inner Circle, for he alone can see into the very soul of a man and judge whether he can bear the burden of the knowledge such a position brings. The strength of his will is legendary and he holds the Book of Salvation as a mark of his position. This book lists the names of all those of the Fallen that the Dark Angels have captured over the millennia, and as such is an item of great significance

for the Chapter. The Librarians of the Dark Angels are all members of the Deathwing, and they act as the guardians of the dungeons carved deep within the bowels of the Tower of Angels. Ezekiel was given the title Guardian of the Keys in recognition of the role that he and his brothers fulfil by keeping the dungeons secure. Ezekiel uses his considerable power to aid the Interrogator-Chaplains in their grisly work, invading the minds of the Fallen and undermining their mental resolve. His insidious abilities have driven many foes into insanity as he whispers doubts and confusions directly into their minds. This ability is utilised on the battlefield, worming his way deep into the minds of the enemy and encouraging the growth of their fears, filling them with images of hopelessness and defeat that erode the willpower of even the most disciplined of warriors.

**CHIEF LIBRARIAN MEPHISTON,
LORD OF DEATH**

Mephiston is an awe-inspiring figure, viewed by the Blood Angels with fear and reverence in equal measure. His entrancing eyes penetrate into the very depths of the soul, engaging friend and foe alike with their terrible brilliance. The Blood Angels see him as the spiritual son of their Primarch Sanguinius, and as a great hope for the entire Chapter, for it was he who first overcame the agonising experience of the

Red Thirst. The Blood Angels strive to emulate his courageous strength of will, in the hope that they too will be able to conquer their terrible curse. In the depths of the madness brought on by the Red Thirst, Mephiston re-lived the final agony of his dying Primarch. He arose transcendent from his insanity, suppressing his overwhelming lust for blood through sheer force of will. The mental strength that was needed to survive this ordeal was phenomenal, and he fights a continuing battle to keep it in check.



**CHIEF LIBRARIAN
TIGURIUS**

Chief Librarian Tigurius is the highest ranking of his order within the proud and highly respected Ultramarines Chapter. A fierce and wise warrior-mystic, he attained his exalted position after proving his worth time and again over many years of arduous campaigning, primarily against the savage and brutal Orks. He was one of the few survivors

of the Ork attack on Boros, where he witnessed the mysterious appearance of the black armoured Space Marines known as the Legion of the Damned. His psychic mastery is augmented by the Hood of Hellfire, a uniquely modified psychic hood of ancient design. It is a powerful version of the standard psychic hood, an arcane creation that crackles with barely suppressed energy as it enhances the strength of his devastating mental assaults.



many attempt to hide their powers from detection. Without the correct training, a psyker teeters on the brink of eternal damnation. Entire planetary systems have been brought under daemonic dominion, creating hellish worlds of tortured slaves, due to a single psyker lacking the mental discipline to not use his gifts.

Space Marine Librarians

Space Marine Librarians are amongst the most potent of all of Mankind's psykers, highly talented and trained to the highest levels. A highly trained Librarian can manipulate the energy of the warp in extraordinary ways, and with spectacular effect.

Librarians train their minds and bodies constantly to reinforce their willpower, for the danger involved is great. While the Chapter Apothecaries test the physical gene-structure of potential Space Marines, the Librarians are responsible for testing their psychic ability and willpower. They do this to seek out and nurture those who show talent, but more importantly to weed out those who possess some ability whose untrained minds would endanger the entire Chapter.

Those initiates displaying the required psychic talent and willpower are inducted into the Librarium, where they commence their intensive years of study and development in conjunction with the strict training of their brother Space Marines. These initiates are recruited from a variety of sources, depending on the means and position of the Space Marine home world or Chapter-Fortress. Some Chapters recruit their Librarians solely from amongst those chosen as potential Space Marines, while other Chapters select their number from amongst the most talented and disciplined of young Primaris Psykers of the Scholastica Psykana.

The need for vigilance is never treated lightly, and the Librarians of every Chapter routinely engage the minds of its Space Marines in order to ensure their purity. They are meticulous in their record keeping, chronicling any discovered deviancy for future reference. Space Marines exposed to particular psychic strain and trauma, such as through contact with alien horrors or the warping influence of Chaos, must undergo a series of strict screening and cleansing rituals conducted by the Librarians in order to confirm the integrity of the precious gene-seed. For the Space Marines, gene-seed is the Chapter's life-blood, the most invaluable of possessions, and must be kept pure at all costs. Any trace of perversion or corruption within the gene-seed must be eradicated utterly if the Chapter is to survive.

The Librarium of the Chapter is typically an ancient and immense structure, housing the collective knowledge that the Chapter has acquired over the millennia. Scribes work ceaselessly within its walls, labouring to duplicate the older texts as they are gradually destroyed by time. The Librarians of the Chapter are charged with the upkeep of the Librarium, and it is their responsibility to maintain its integrity. Only they know the full wonders and horrors that are contained within the ancient vellum pages, deeds both heroic and heinous.

Thousand year-old tomes, bound in cracked and faded leather, sit side by side with newer works in an immense and ever expanding collection. Indeed, the Librarium is often enlarged as time passes in order for it to be able to house the perpetually increasing number of volumes held within. Imperial envoys tell fantastical stories of the rare and ancient arcane technologies that reside within a Librarium's hallowed walls, great humming data repositories that store unfathomable amounts of information. The Librarium will often include an archaic catalogue containing countless data crystals, each crystal holding a lifetime of accumulated wisdom. Many Librariums contain a smaller inner Librarium, where the most dangerous and heretical texts are kept. This area is accessible to only a select few of the Chapter's Chief Librarians, as befits the dangerous and blasphemous nature of the texts. Merely glancing at the twisted pages of these dangerous volumes would send most men spiralling deep into insanity, and they can only be viewed under the most controlled conditions and with careful preparations of the mind.

The various official ranks within the Librarians' order serve to describe the particular functions that they perform within the Chapter and within the Librarium itself. The lowest of the battlefield ranks is the Lexicanium, whose job it is to act as record keepers, creating the initial reports that are to be added to the Librarium. These summary accounts chronicle the history of the Chapter, varying in nature from campaign and battle details to the beliefs and philosophies of the Chapter. The next rank of Librarian is that of Codicier, awarded to the older, more experienced Space Marines who critically evaluate the reports of the Lexicaniums, finalising their form for inclusion in the Librarium. The Epistolary stands a level higher still, and is one of those typically turned to when the need arises for psychic communication. This power can be used to project the mind of the Librarian across warp space itself if necessary. This is a similar ability to that

THE RUNE PRIESTS OF THE SPACE WOLVES

The Rune Priests of the Space Wolves are one notable exception to the doctrines of the Codex Astartes, a comment that can be applied to the entire Chapter. [Other particularly noteworthy exceptions include the Librarians of the Crimson Shades, the White Scars and the Novamarines.] While the role that Rune Priests play within the Chapter is not so different from the traditional Codex role, it is in the methods they employ where they differ significantly. They act as record keepers, much like Codex Librarians, though they memorise their histories in great sagas rather than in written form. They act as advisors to the Great Wolf as well, counselling him in times of war. The particular psychic powers and practises they employ, however, are based on those of the traditional shamans of their home world, Fenris, and as such are very different to the Codex form. Young skalds are taught the complex and arcane lore of their people by the older Rune Priests, their methods having remained unchanged for countless centuries. The Rune Priests are independent and ferocious warriors, wise and deliberate in their methods and rituals. They cast runes to predict the ebb and flow of events to come, the runes often carved from the bones or teeth of one of the various totem animals of the Fenrisians. The teeth of the great wolves that prowl the icy world are noted particularly for their power.

The Rune Priest holds a different attitude towards psychic powers than that of the other Codex Space Marine Chapters. Where typical Codex Librarians hold to the belief that their power is a manipulation of the pure essence of the warp, the Rune Priest believes that his power comes from the living energy of Fenris, as well as from within. The innate power of Fenris can be channelled into his totems by the Rune Priest, so that he may always carry this power with him wherever he may be within the galaxy.

used by the Astropaths of the Adeptus Astra Telepathica, who are relatively common throughout the Imperium. However, such is the strength of will of the Librarians that they have no need to undertake the tortuous ritual of Soul Binding that the Astropaths must endure. More commonly, the Epistolary is used to communicate over shorter distances, coordinating attacks and relaying battle orders.

The Chief Librarians are the highest ranking members of their order, and their mastery and control of the mystic arts is awesome to behold. The Chapter and its commanders rely heavily on the council of these most powerful of psykers and, acting within their role as advisors, the Librarians have countless centuries of experience at their disposal. Through a combination of wisdom and considerable psychic powers of premonition, the advice of the Chief Librarians is greatly respected within the Chapter. On the battlefield, however, is where their abilities truly come to

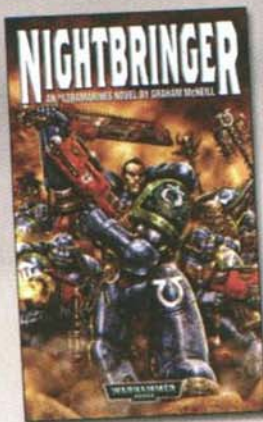
the fore, as their overwhelming psychic powers devastate the armies and defences of their enemies, rending them apart with pure force of will.

The tactical worth of the Librarians is tremendous. The psychic shockwave and turbulence that is created as a ship moves in and out of warp space can be felt by them, and so the actions of an enemy can be effectively anticipated and countered. They are the equal in battlefield prowess of any other Space Marine, and the devastating psychic powers that they wield will often tip the balance in the Chapter's favour in a close fought conflict. The psychic abilities of the Librarians are utilised in various forms on the battlefield. Most directly, the Librarian can channel the power of the warp through his body, striking at the enemy with devastating blasts of concentrated energy. With their powers of prescience, they can sense and predict the movements of the enemy, providing a distinct tactical advantage. Messages and communications can be relayed using the Librarian's considerable psychic powers, and these types of communications have the advantage over more physical forms, such as comm-links, of being completely undetectable to all but the most powerful of psykers.

Arcane Equipment

There is a myriad array of equipment that the Librarians of the Adeptus Astartes make use of to amplify and focus their already considerable psychic powers. The variety of these arcane items is so great that it makes a general classification of them impossible, and their use varies amongst the different Chapters, as well as being dependent on the personal preferences of individual Librarians. Some favour the use of the Emperor's Tarot in predicting the twisting paths of the future, a tool used for divination throughout the Imperium. The psychic hood is an intricately designed helmet, fitted with an array of psychically conductive wires and crystals, which is often used by a Chapter's Librarians. This helmet serves to amplify the psyker's abilities, enabling him to disrupt the flow and manipulation of the warp by others. As such, it is an effective counter to the psychic abilities of rogue and alien psykers. Ritually purified force weapons are utilised by the majority of Librarians. They come in a variety of forms, most generally appearing as swords and axes. Psychically attuned to the mind of its wielder, the force weapon is a potent armament that the psyker uses as a conduit through which his power is channelled. Coiling psychic energy flows around the crystalline matrices etched into the weapon, released on impact in an explosive display of power. The weapons have a colossal force when utilised against creatures of the warp, which are particularly vulnerable to attacks made with the same form of energy that makes up their own warp-spawned forms.



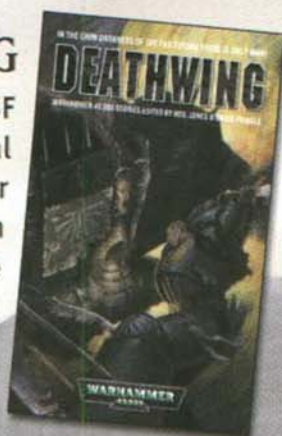


NIGHTBRINGER

In this awesome novel, Captain Uriel Ventris of the mighty Ultramarines must fight through a façade of rebellion and terror, and defeat both diabolical aliens and fiendish men in a race for an ancient device of galactic destruction.

DEATHWING

A gripping collection of SF stories set in the brutal universe of Warhammer 40,000, stretching from the exploits of the Officio Assassinorum to the babbling of incarcerated lunatics.



ETERNAL WAR

Bolter-blasting Space Marine comic action. From infested hulks to endless battlegrounds, in this graphic novel, Mankind's finest defenders struggle to emerge triumphant – whether it be in life or in death.

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

The award winning all-action comic includes Bloodquest, the fan-favourite strip of the adventures of the exiled Captain Leonatos of the Blood Angels.



GREY HUNTER

The Space Wolves: headstrong warriors of legend in a dark galaxy of faceless war. Ragnar, the young Blood Claw, must prove his worth to finally earn the title of Grey Hunter in this long-awaited novel.



INFERNO!

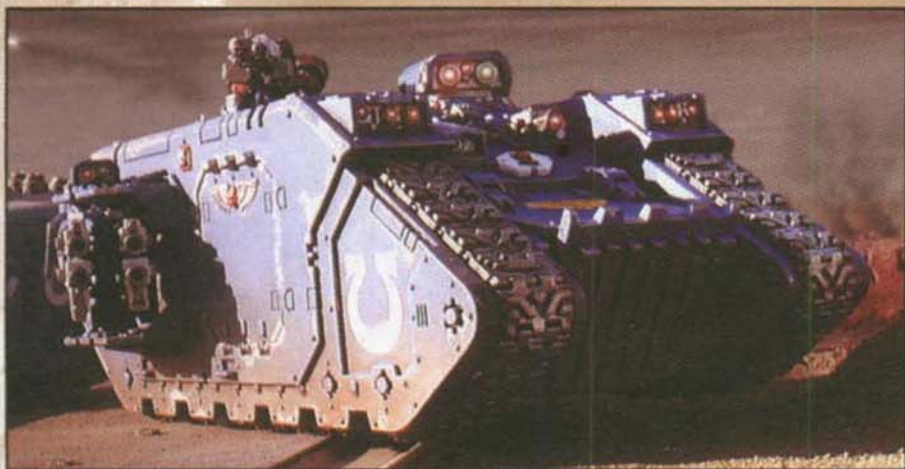
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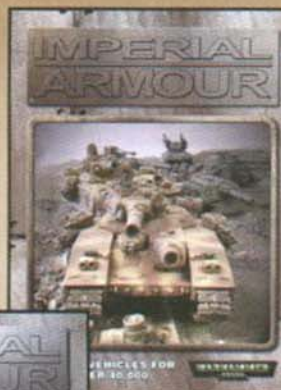
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Index Astartes

Index Astartes is a compilation of articles from White Dwarf magazine. In it are detailed aspects of the Emperor's elite warriors, the mighty Space Marines, and their treacherous brethren, the Chaos Space Marines, in the kind of depth not possible in a normal Codex army book. Amidst these pages you can find tales of heroism and betrayal from the earliest days of the Imperium of Mankind – ancient legends which have been lost to Humanity over long ages of Imperial history. Chapter and Legion histories and colour schemes are detailed, with specific rules and army list variants to help with collecting and gaming using the Space Marine organisations within.

This first Index Astartes compilation includes the following articles:

- The creation of a Space Marine
- The Codex Astartes (Space Marine Chapter organisation)
- The Dark Angels First Founding Chapter
- Emperor's Children Chaos Space Marines
- Iron Warriors Chaos Space Marines
- White Scars First Founding Chapter
- The Flesh Tearers Successor Chapter
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Index Astartes II



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

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In a ruined city, Night Lords break cover to attack the Cadian Imperial Guard.



The elite forces of the Blood Angels take on the servants of the Blood God.

FOREWORD

by Andy Chambers, Warhammer 40,000 Overfiend



Greetings brethren and welcome to the second book of the Index Astartes! This book is part of a series dedicated to the Space Marines of the 41st Millennium, elite genetically enhanced super-warriors created to free Humanity at the dawn of the Great Crusade. Once thought of as loyal to the point of incorruptibility, the very forces that freed Mankind went on to plunge the newborn Imperium into the terrifying civil war of the Horus Heresy. The

legions of Space Marines who followed Warmaster Horus into the worship of the dark gods of Chaos and turned against their brother-marines are also detailed here. Their fall into damnation remains a fearful demonstration of the seductive perils of Chaos and the need for vigilance amongst those still loyal to the Immortal Emperor who created them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Index Astartes II



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Index Astartes

First Founding



Since the Imperium came into being, the Space Wolves have fought tooth and nail for the cause of the Emperor. Among the most famous of the Chapters of the Adeptus Astartes, their name and actions are known from one side of the galaxy to the other. As headstrong as they are fierce, the Space Wolves are experts at close-quarter fighting, and their warriors compete keenly for glory on the battlefield. The Space Wolves live to fight, and death holds no fear for them.

Origins

The cornerstones of the Imperial creed are related across a hundred thousand worlds. Although the details vary, it is widely acknowledged that, millennia ago, the Emperor of Mankind walked upon the face of Terra. His mighty deeds unified the race of Man in a spiritual golden age, and legends of his greatness have been told across the galaxy for countless centuries. The vaults of the Library Sanctus contain many truths such as these, held sacred by the Librarians of the Adeptus Astartes since the birth of the Imperium. One of the most coveted and respected of these legends concerns the creation of the Primarchs.

The Emperor, at the height of his powers, was virtually omnipotent. Yet the Emperor of Mankind could not be in every place at once, the blinding beacon of his light could not illuminate all the dark corners of the galaxy. And so the Emperor created the Primarchs, sons born from his holy blood, each a paragon of humanity that surpassed Mankind in every way. Each of these first-born were brought into being as leaders, warriors whose might was tempered by serenity and wisdom.

There are no records as to how the Primarchs became so widely spread across the galaxy. The prevalent theory maintains that as the Primarchs were still incubating in their nascent state in the laboratories of Luna, they were scattered to the far corners of the galaxy. One certainty to arise from this foundation of mystery is the fact that the Emperor subsequently used the lost Primarch's gene-seed as a template for a genetically engineered species of superhumans, the Space Marines.

Every one of these enhanced warriors were many times more powerful than an ordinary human soldier, and it was with these elite troops that the Emperor intended to unite the galaxy. Legion upon legion of the Legiones Astartes were created in their Primarchs' image. One of the greatest of these legions would become the Space Wolves.

Many of the Imperium's records concerning the Space Wolves' heritage owe much to the life's work of Gnauril the Elder, a contemporary of the ancient

Fenrisian king Thengir. His sagas have been retold word for word across continents where possessions are scarce and the written word completely unused. That such records remain, even after millennia had passed, is a testament to the awe that the Fenrisians reserve for their mythology. Gnauril tales, many of which detail the early years of Leman Russ' life, have passed into the folklore of Fenris itself.

In the far north-west of the galaxy, on a remote and frozen ice world named Fenris, one of the infant Primarchs came to rest. Given the harshness of the climate, it is safe to say that a lesser being would have died almost immediately. It seems highly likely that the Primarch was adopted by a Fenrisian she-wolf; Leman Russ himself mentioned his lupine parentage on more than one occasion. Russ' wolf companions, Freki and Geri, are widely believed to have been his original pack-brothers, growing to maturity at much the same time.

Gnauril's saga, *'The Ascension of the Wolf-King'*, tells of one fateful Helwinter when the young Primarch joined his pack in a raid on a nearby settlement. Running into the village on all fours, a pack of lean, howling wolves behind him, he smashed his way into the village storehouse and gorged on great shanks of salted meat. The wolves were attacked by the villagers before they could carry the spoils to their starving kin, and the Primarch fought with unfettered ferocity to allow his fellow wolves to escape. The villagers had not seen the like, and petitioned their liege, King Thengir of Russ, to rid them of this menace. Within the week, a hunting party was sent out 'with drake-poison on their arrows and knives sharp enough to slice through oak.'

Many of the Primarch's pack died as a result of this action, pierced by the spears and arrows of the hunters. Even the venerable she-wolf that defended the litter was impaled through the throat, ending the lives of five hunters before she finally succumbed to their poisoned arrows. But the wolf-child was spared as he crouched growling over the she-wolf's corpse, the poison slowly affecting his iron constitution, barbed arrows sticking like quills from his face and back. The wolf-child was bound and

WOLVES OF FENRIS

The Space Wolves
Space Marine chapter

by Phil Kelly

gagged tightly with strips of gut and sinew cut from the corpses of his pack, and thrown before King Thengir himself.

The saga continues in detail, telling of the Primarch's first contact with the royalty of Fenris:

"In the evening the wolf-man was ungagged, and the King demanded that the feral creature grovel for his life like a dog. The strange beast drew itself up

to its full height and roared so loud and so long that some of the younger men had to leave the hall. The wild-eyed creature spat a great goblet of blood and poison at King Thengir, his golden eyes shining with regal pride."

Over the next few years, the wolf-child was taken into the care of the King himself. He was taught how to use a battle-axe, how to fish and, soon after

that, how to speak. The Primarch matured quickly, absorbing knowledge at an incredible rate. He also showed a natural aptitude for weaponry, in addition to being unmatched in unarmed combat. Quick to roar with laughter or bellow tunelessly in song, the Primarch slowly realised that he was more human than wolf, and that he was far greater than either. When Russ handed the Champion of the King's

Chapter Approved. Access Level: 8+ status.

Space Wolves, Progenitor Legion M.31



Fenrisian Wolf pelt

Crusade pattern bolter assault attachment

Pre-Heresy Codex colour scheme of grey power armour



Contemporary Space Wolves colour scheme



Space Wolves Chapter icon



Wolf totem artifact



Shoulder plate Long Fang markings



Shoulder plate Grey Hunter markings



Shoulder plate Logan Grimnar's Great Company



Shoulder plate Ben Redmar's Great Company markings



Shoulder plate Ragnar Blackmane's Great Company markings



Fenris pattern power axe Front blade

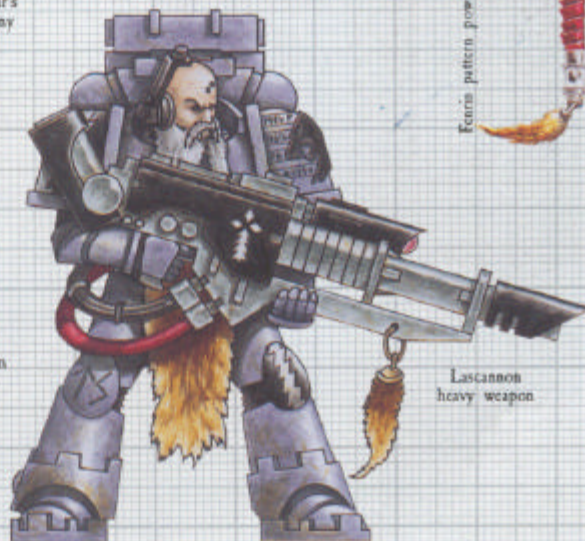


Fenris pattern chainsword



Space Wolves Wolf Priest

Crozius Arcanum close combat weapon



Space Wolves Long Fang

Lascannon heavy weapon

Thought for the day: There is still in the heart of every

Guard his battle-axes during their third sparring session, Thengir admitted to himself that the young man was destined for greatness. The Primarch soon spoke with powerful eloquence, and one evening, King Thengir deemed him worthy to receive a true name.

Thus it was that Leman of the Russ was truly born.

Much of what is known of Leman Russ's early years is borne of hearsay and legend as his fame quickly spread throughout the land. The legends of Fenris cite him as being able to pluck an oak from the earth and snap it in twain over his back, facing armies of the King's enemies and sending them running without sustaining a scratch, wrestling a Fenrisian Mammoth to the ground and roasting it whole for his meal that evening. When Thengir died, there was no question as to the succession. King Leman Russ took his place on the throne.

Each Allwinter's Eve, in the halls of the Fang, the Space Wolves' Fortress-Monastery, the Rune Priests recount in great detail the saga of Leman Russ. Every one of the Space Wolves knows the tale by memory, and the legends are passed down from solemn Priest to naive cub with the greatest of reverence. In this way the saga of Leman Russ is kept alive to this day.

Due to their oral tradition, the following legend has not been written down in any form by the Space Wolves. However, the clandestine introduction of a vox-corder to the Feast of the Wanderer by Inquisitor Chalfont, a guest at the table of Cormack Wolf tongue, has provided Imperial scholars with the following transcription:

"Thus it came to pass that Russ was hailed as King of all Fenris, his judgement as strong as his sword-arm and his authority indisputable. No man nor beast could best the Wolf-King. No tribe could stand against his armies. Within Russ's kingdom a truce existed between man and wolf. His court was attended by the fiercest of warlords and the most beautiful of maidens. Tales of his mighty conquests spread like forest fires, and it was not long before the eyes of Terra turned upon his deeds.

Such was Russ's fame and so great were his accomplishments.

The Holy Emperor of Terra did take it upon himself to meet with the Wolf-King. He believed, in the core of his soul that this mighty warrior was one of his true sons.

He knew well that Russ would not bow to his rule without being beaten in a contest. The Emperor was convinced of his own power, and knew that such a challenge

would be as nothing to him.
Who could best a living god?
Who could stand firm in the presence of Humanity's king?
And so it was that the great, sky-spanning ships of the Emperor
Travelled to the centre of the sea of stars
Settling on the hard, cold skin of Fenris scant years after Russ's ascension to the throne.

The Emperor, clad in a long, plain robe, entered King Leman Russ's court
Through a yawning cave mouth in the south of Fenris he came.
His divine aura was hidden from the curious eyes of the King's court
And his towering physique was cloaked with runes of disguise and confusion.
Half his face was within the shadow of his hood.
In his hands he carried the oaken staff of the wanderer.
But to the sharp-eyed and sober, his nature was clear;
The great wolves of Fenris slunk away at the stranger's passing.

Slouched on his oaken throne sat Leman Russ,
A flagon of fine mead in one hand and the leg of a roast bear in the other.
Freki and Geri, the Kin-Wolves, lay curled about his bare feet, and a great pool of blood glittered in the torchlight around the base of his throne.
The court had been hunting, and did not take kindly to the interruption of their feast.
The wanderer approached the gnarled wood of the throne and its gargantuan occupant, and stood firm, staring hard at where Russ was presiding over the feast.
The court grew silent as the Wolf-King's growl reverberated around the walls.
Freki stood at the sound, baring his fangs. Geri, old beyond his years, proved wiser than his brother.
The stranger was meeting their master's gaze unflinchingly.

It was then that the stranger offered his Challenge.
The nature of the contest was for the King to decide.



If he won, the stranger asked for nothing but to be allowed to drink at the right hand of Russ during the feast. The shouts of the household rang against the shields strung around the roof, the laughter at this preposterous suggestion shared by all present. Russ demanded that should the wanderer fail, he would serve at the King's behest for a year. Grimly, the stranger accepted.

The Wolf-King did not wish to spoil a good feast; His first challenge was to an eating competition. The food was brought forth on vast brass shields, and the stranger ate well indeed, consuming many times more than the stoutest warriors present without pause. But by the time he looked up from his platter, Russ was finishing his third Auroch. The vast, red bones lay around him, not a morsel of meat to be seen. Giving voice to a thunderous belch, Russ grinned at the wanderer, Fangs glittering red in the torchlight. The stranger bowed his head.

But the King was enjoying his sport. He realised that the brown-cloaked traveller had the spirit of a Fenrisian. And so challenged the newcomer to a drinking bout. The second contest began, sounded by a clarion horn. But by the time the wanderer had reached his sixth barrel of strong Fenrisian mead, there was no more to drink. The Wolf-King had drained the entire feast dry. Consuming enough to fell a whole Great Company. The light of anger appeared in the wanderer's eye.

If he was not to be given the chance, how could he prove his mettle? If all that would greet him was derision and scornful laughter, How could he welcome this warrior, so fond of his mead, as his lost child? Driven by disappointment, the wanderer called Lemman Russ a drunkard and a glutton. Able to achieve nothing more than filling his face and bellowing hollow boasts.

At this, the court fell silent. None even dared to breathe as the Wolf King drew himself up to his full height. The bloodied carcass of his meal crunching beneath his feet. Russ drew his greatsword and stepped onto the banqueting table, a growl rising in his throat.

The Wolf-King calmly laid down the consequences of his last challenge, and his court backed away as one.

Time seemed to stop as the Emperor of Mankind threw away his cloak, the hood falling from his face, his true form revealed. Standing far taller than any man present, swathed in light and clad in baroque golden armour, The God-Emperor stepped onto the banqueting table. His sword shimmered as it was drawn from its gem-encrusted scabbard. With a roar that shook the walls of the court, the Wolf-King leapt. Battle was joined between the two titanic figures.

The Emperor fought gracefully and with precision. His every act like liquid fire, his swordsmanship faster than the eye could follow. The Wolf-King attacked with the force of pure fury. Tempered by years of living by his skill and wits alone. The lustrous gold of the Emperor's burnished armour Reflected the glimmers of torchlight and the eyes of a thousand onlookers. The Wolf-King's skin glistened with sweat and blood. His matted hair flying around him as he roared and howled.

The speed and passion of Russ's attack. A perfect fusion of martial prowess and a focus that was nothing less than total. Convinced the Emperor without doubt that this was one of his lost sons. Swinging his power fist around in a blurring golden arc. The Emperor struck Lemman Russ full in the face.

(It has been noted in the transcription that at this point in the recording a great cheer erupts from all present. This part of the legend seems to be the cause of much mirth amongst the audience, all of whom have evidently heard the tale before).

It is testimony to the fortitude of our Lord Russ That within the hour he was able to think clearly once more. Recovering quickly from a blow that would have destroyed any mortal man. Russ made little show of his headache. It was as a result of ingesting mighty quantities of Fenrisian mead Rather than the result of the duel. But nevertheless, with bloodied smile and broken fang. He swore fealty to the Emperor of Mankind.

It is well known among Imperial scholars that, when given proof as to his origins, Lemman Russ did indeed pledge his sword to the Emperor. His teaching and training went swiftly; it was a matter of weeks before the Emperor judged Russ worthy of leading his armies in the holy war across the galaxy. Lemman Russ was introduced to the warriors who bore his mark within their very genes. And so it came to be that Lemman Russ became the father, progenitor and Lord of the Space Wolves of the Adeptus Astartes.

Lemman Russ settled into his role as the Primarch of the Space Wolves. He was gifted with a great suit of armour blessed thricefold by the Emperor himself. His greatsword was replaced with the legendary Frostblade Mjølner, whose teeth were fashioned from the maw of the Great Kraken Gormenjarl and whose blade, it was claimed, could cleave the very ice mountains of Fenris in twain. It was without question that the Space Wolves Legion accepted the towering Wolf-King as their Primarch and leader and, over the next few years, they became as sons to Lemman Russ.

In time, all of the Primarchs were united with their respective Legions; the records of that time speak of a golden age of conquest and success. The forces of the Imperium were unstoppable in their quest to unite the galaxy in the worship of the God-Emperor. Russ plunged headlong into the fighting at the forefront of every battle, vanquishing all before him. Throughout the long and various battles of the Great Crusade, the Space Wolves and their lupine allies were at the front line. Russ strode at the head of his Legions, slaughtering all who dared stand before him, his coming announced by the howling of the pack.

The Horus Heresy

Russ's actions met with such rampant success that his conquests led him into the far corners of the galaxy, many light years from the Segmentum Solar. Thousands of worlds were reclaimed in the Emperor's name, and it seemed that the Golden Age would never draw to a close. Until, in an act that would scar the galaxy forever, Russ's brother Primarch Horus, the progenitor of the Luna Wolves, turned from the light.

The Horus Heresy was a time of total war, a great schism rent across the Imperium in the wake of the Great Evil One's folly. Horus' trickery and deceit ensnared no less than nine Space Marine Legions, whether by coercion, misdirection or corruption.

The Space Wolves, although not present for many of the final battles

when the forces of Chaos laid siege to the Emperor's Palace itself, were heavily involved in the foundations of the Horus Heresy. It was in the disastrous beginnings of this time that the Sons of Russ began their ages-long blood feud with the Thousand Sons Space Marines Legion.

In contrast to the Space Wolves, the Thousand Sons Space Marines were fixated with the pursuit of lore and, as a result, much can be gleaned from the tomes recovered since their fall. There are even accounts of the ruination of the Legion; most notably the Fall of Prospero, but all are tinged with the bitterness of defeat. Within these rotting texts, the Space Wolves are painted in the worst light imaginable. However, with the careful integration of the legend of the Space Wolves that portrays this time, and the collation of events that appear in both accounts, it is possible to put together a fairly accurate picture of what truly started the blood feud between these two Legions.

Magnus the Red was a giant of a man, standing far taller than even his brother Primarchs, his hair and complexion a livid red. Most remarkable of all was the enormous cyclopean eye set deep into the Primarch's forehead; where normal men have two eyes, Magnus had one. His strength was lauded as rivalling that of Russ, but he preferred to expend his energies learning and pursuing ancient arcana than the art of battle. His physical peculiarities were never remarked upon by the other Primarchs; after all, Sanguinius was blessed with wings and Leman Russ himself bore the sharpest of fangs. Nonetheless, the Wolf-King feared that the taint of Chaos was ingrained within the giant's soul. But the Emperor would not hear of his suspicions, as Magnus was one of his own sons.

As the events leading up to the Horus Heresy ripened into terrible fruition, Magnus the Red sent a psychic message to the Emperor. No records exist as to what the message was, but more than one source theorises that it was a warning against the treachery of Horus. Although the message was said to be of great import, it inadvertently revealed the true extent of the practices of the Thousand Sons. The Emperor refused to believe that Horus, his favoured son, would betray him, and he rose in anger against Magnus's warning. As the flame-haired Primarch opened a psychic connection to the Emperor, the Emperor was aghast at the extent of the research Magnus had conducted into heretical and blasphemous arts. In the Emperor's eyes, the Thousand Sons had probed too deeply into mysteries better left alone, willingly walking into the lair of the beast. Magnus'

explanations did not pacify the Emperor, and Russ' worst suspicions were confirmed. At Russ' insistence, the Emperor was persuaded that Magnus was the traitor, not Horus. Horrified, the Emperor commanded Russ to leave immediately for the Thousand Sons' home world. The Wolf-King mustered his Legions about him, and prepared once more to go to war.

Prospero was once the very image of paradise. Great towers of ice and ivory studded the landscape, and beautiful gardens and peaceful lakes were abundant. Russ believed that this veneer of civilisation and culture hid a roiling foundation of evil. In his eyes, every scholar, scribe and sorcerer had delved too far into the mire of Chaos, had drunk too deeply from the blasphemous waters of forbidden knowledge. There was no option; the Wolf-King knew that he must follow the Emperor's command to the letter: cast down the Thousand Sons.

After a lengthy and punishing series of bombardments, the legions of the Wolf-King fell upon the inhabitants of Prospero in an avalanche of howling fury. The savagery and ferocity of the Space Wolves' attack enabled them to strike through to the heart of Prospero's capital, but the Thousand Sons had prescience enough to prepare their final defences. By the time the Space Wolves had slaughtered their way to the gates of the largest citadels, the Legions of Magnus the Red were waiting for them.

The ensuing battle raged day and night without pause, the Space Wolves fighting with furious zeal, the Thousand Sons battling for their very home world. By all accounts, although there is little in the way of specifics, the war between the Legions took many days and cost thousands of lives.

Ultimately, for all their wisdom, the Thousand Sons could not stand against the fury of the entire Space Wolves Legion in the field of war. At the forefront of the Space Wolves' battlelines, led by Jorin Bloodfang, was the Thirteenth Great Company. They were those who adopted the form of the Wulfen, their bestial souls transforming them into nightmarish half-wolves in the heat of battle. The sheer scale of the carnage the Thirteenth Company caused opened a massive hole in the lines of the Thousand Sons, and soon the verdant pastures of Prospero ran red with streams of blood. Magnus' brave warriors were slowly but surely culled, their numbers melting under the intense fire of the Space Wolves' assault. Although they did not fear for their lives, they fought to their last breath to protect their lore and their home world.

The loss of each and every Space Marine is recorded in Prospero's Lament, and although its veracity is in question, it remains the only account of the cyclopean Primarch's horrifying bargain.

"Magnus, squatting in his vast tower, watched in agony as his sons were torn to pieces by the barbarian Wolves of Russ. The howls of the pack resounded in his ears, destroying his concentration, breaking his psychic wards and driving him to the edge of madness. Bounding from his ebony throne, he flung his arms in the air and roared a plea for help, to save his Legion and their great works. As if something malign had been waiting for the Cyclops' call, the sky grew dark and the air boiled with energy. Magnus was infused with eldritch power, his frame buckling as vile changes were wrought upon his body and his soul. He gazed out from the parapets of his citadel at the landscape of pain stretching before him, and screamed.

Hundreds of the Sons of Russ lost their minds completely as the magicks of Magnus took their toll. The skies cracked open, kaleidoscopic lightning blasting apart squad after squad of the savage Space Wolves. The very soil of Prospero sprouted ten-fingered hands like obscene fungi, clutching at the legs of the beast-warriors. And yet, they fought on regardless, sheer bloodlust inuring them against the numerous terrors now defending the citadels."

It can be presumed that this tale is continued from the Space Wolves' perspective of the titanic battle between Russ and Magnus, as related by the legend *The War of the Giants*, committed to memory by Inquisitor Bastalek Grim (1087345.M41/5586741.P12).

"Magnus the Red took to the field of battle. The ravaged ground liquefying under his mighty strides
As he cut a swathe through the ranks of the Space Wolves.
Crushing everything in his path.
Where his gaze fell, even the stoutest Long Fang turned white and died.
The single orb in his forehead pulsed with an unnatural light.
And his red mane stood on end with the energies coursing around him.
Truly, this was an abomination in the eyes of the Emperor.

Leman Russ leapt from the thick of the mêlée to intercept the rampaging giant.
As he turned, Russ grabbed one of the traitors by the throat
and flung it at the giant's face.
Magnus' petrifying gaze was blocked for a moment, and with celerity unheard of, Russ charged bodily into the crimson behemoth.
And yet he did not fall.

The giant moved far faster than a being of such size might.

Smashing his fist into Russ's chest with force enough to splinter his breastplate, pushing slivers of ceramite into Russ's heart.

But the Wolf-King was undaunted.

Grabbing the giant's arm as Magnus reared back for another blow,

Russ was brought near to the giant's face, and kicked him squarely in the eye.

Magnus's roar of pain shattered the sky above, and thick black blood began to rain from the heavens.

Russ took his chance, and grabbed his blinded foe about the waist.

Lifting the Cyclops clean off the ground, teeth grinding in a grimace of pain,

The Wolf-King broke the Cyclops' back.

The Thousand Sons, seeing their Primarch broken and cast down, turned and fled.

But as Russ raised the Frostblade Mjølner to deliver the killing blow,

Magnus gasped a word of power and sank into the iridescent ground."

As for the conclusion of this epic battle, the accounts vary wildly. Some sources maintain that the sorcerers of the Thousand Sons opened a gate into the warp, fleeing into the jaws of Chaos rather than face the fury of the Space Wolves. Some claim that as his quarry escaped, Leman Russ swore an oath that he would destroy the legion to a man. Some claim that the traitor Legion became as ghosts, their diabolic patron protecting them from further harm.

But there are certainties about the flight of the Thousand Sons. They were not destroyed, and they salvaged much of their knowledge and arcane literature. Magnus himself was not killed, as he and his minions have plagued the Imperium for thousands of years since that day. Also, however they escaped, the Thirteenth Company, the Wulfen-Kind, were in pursuit. They have vanished from Imperial records since that time. The Space Wolves honour their loss by a blank stone in the Grand Annulus (cf. *Observations from the Fang* by the late Erasmus Bosch, Inq.8726/M40), and the Thirteenth Company has never been replaced.

The Disappearance of Russ

Once every 1,000 years, the ancient Dreadnought Bjorn the Fell-Handed is awoken from his dreamless sleep. He gathers the Chapter's Rune Priests to him, and retells the ancient sagas, testing them on their remembrance of their heritage. The following text is a direct transcription of Bjorn's account of Russ' disappearance, recorded by Vagnir Ravenmane in 7662/M35.

"The Feast of the Emperor's Ascension was as fine as any Space Wolf had seen. In celebration of the Emperor's final victory over the Great Evil One, thousands of his sons joined in the revelry. The torches that lined the walls were as stars in the night sky, and our spirits soared high as the vaulted roofs. The halls rung loud with song and laughter. At the head of the feast, surrounded by his closest friends, sat the Wolf-King himself, Leman Russ.

The Great Primarch climbed once more onto the ancient oaken banqueting table, the very same one on which he had fought the Emperor in a titanic and desperate struggle for his life and pride centuries before. One by one, the raucous voices stopped. Russ's speeches were legendary.

Seconds passed. Then minutes. The Great Hall was as silent as a barrow-tomb. All eyes were fixed on Russ.

But the Primarch made no sound, and his body remained frozen. We who were closest to him could see that his great yellow eyes were glazed over, that his iron muscles were locked in spasm. Slowly a sussuration of noise bled into the natural amphitheatre of the Hall as his warriors questioned what in the Eye of the Kraken could be happening. Surely this was a joke? Surely at any moment our roaring, charismatic King would bellow with deafening laughter, calling for more ale? Was it some kind of challenge, or something worse? We could not tell, and none dared to ask.

Suddenly, Russ fell heavily to his knees, a resounding crack reverberating around the hall and bringing utter silence once more. He turned to his most faithful retainers and, in a voice that no others could hear, not even I, issued his instructions. His face lined with sorrow, he addressed the throng, and his grave words sank deeply into every one of the Space Wolves' souls. As one, Russ and his retinue turned on their heels and strode out of the Great Hall. Only I, the youngest of the Primarch's favoured, was left behind.

Every year hence his place was laid at the feast. Every year his drinking horn was filled should he return. Seven long, painful years passed, and still Russ did not come home to us. It was a bleak time, and many say that the worst of all Helwinters raged outside the walls of the banqueting halls on the night when the Wolf Lords came to their decision. If Russ would not come back to us, then we would find him ourselves. Elected as Great Wolf, I led the Space Wolves in the search for our forefather. And thus the first of the Great Hunts began.

The Companies of the Space Wolves took to their ships, and sailed on

different headings far into the Sea of Stars. The tale of the battles we fought and the worlds we discovered is a long one indeed, too long for any time save Allwinter's Eve. But ultimately, our search was in vain, earning nothing more than stories and hollow prophecy. And thus it was that the first Great Hunt ended in sorrow.

It is not unheard of for the spirit of Russ to grant a senior Rune Priest a vision, to speak directly into his mind. Their words are then the words of Russ himself, and it is then that a new Great Hunt is called. Although none have succeeded in our ultimate goal, many victories have been won, and many mighty tasks have been accomplished in the name of Russ. And we are left with the comfort of his final words: at the end he will return to us. For the final battle. For the Wolf-time."

Home World

Fenris is a world of pain and hardship, swathed forever in freezing ice or unforgiving fire. It drifts in the far north-west of the galaxy, perilously close to the Eye of Terror, and yet its denizens remain pure. From space it is apparent that the vast majority of Fenris is covered in ice-cold water, and what little land mass there is floats as small islands of frozen earth and snow. Imperial scholars have wondered at the fact that, in the dark, long days of the Fenrisian winter, the oceans freeze over completely, swathing the planet in a hard, white skin.

One small continent is the only area of land that remains stable throughout the years, the land of Asaheim, which sits atop the crest of the world. The planet orbits its sun in a pronounced ellipse; as a direct result, the climate on Fenris ranges from ice cold during the most part of the year to searing heat in the summer. Even at the time when Fenris reaches its perigee, the primary continent remains intact, although it is ravaged by blazing lava and rivers of magma. Tectonic plates grind, mountains are thrown up, and chasms rend deep gashes in the skin of the planet. Yet somehow, amongst the shifting ice floes and fierce tides, the men of Fenris thrive.

As the constant ravages of a cruel and constantly changing climate harden its people, so too does it harden the native species. The prey, such as the herds of giant Fenrisian elk with their majestic and razor-sharp antlers, and the hulking mammoths that can crush a man's body to a pulp, are dangerous indeed. However, extensive observation has revealed the predators of Fenris to be among the most ferocious in the galaxy.

Ancient drakes and wyrms soar on the thermals above the shifting islands, thriving in geothermally heated caves. Sea serpents and kraken haunt the deeps, terrifying tentacled leviathans that can grow thousands of yards in length. The respected Magos Biologis Anatole Leviticus has theorised that these 'kraken', one of which is said to have been caught by Russ himself, are remnants an unsuccessful Tyranid invasion from the past.

Great white bears, raging beasts that weigh as much as an ice shark and are almost invisible in a blizzard, can be found prowling the frozen tundra, fully capable of smashing apart the strongest buildings to feed on the unwary occupants. But most dangerous of all, a predator so advanced that it is known throughout the galaxy, is the Fenrisian wolf. These iron-furred monsters range from the mass of a small horse to that of an armoured personnel carrier, and are possessed of a singular cunning. A brief series of studies proved that their jaws can leave impressions in plasteel. Perhaps the most terrifying thing about these beasts is that they live in packs and, when they are hunting, their prey has little hope of escape.

Given that many Space Wolves wear the pelts of these vicious creatures, having killed one such beast with their bare hands, the warriors of Fenris can be surmised to be mighty indeed. Born into a world of such omnipresent danger, only the toughest can thrive. Few worlds in the breadth of the galaxy hold any fear for the Space Wolves.

Organisation

In defiance of the Codex Astartes, the Space Wolves Chapter is split into twelve Great Companies. Each of these is led by a Wolf Lord, who answers only to the Great Wolf himself (for the last eight hundred years, the position has been occupied by the infamous Logan Grimnar). Each Great Company has its own headquarters or 'lair' within the Space Wolves' Chapter-fortress, the Fang. This mile-high edifice of steel dominates the mountain ranges of Asaheim, and is said to be the most steadfast Imperial fortress outside of Terra. The Fang serves as headquarters, cathedral and fortress to each of the Great Companies. In almost all respects, each of the twelve Companies is a free-standing body of troops, with its own weapons, spacecraft, forges, customs and heroes settled within the depths of the Fang.

These Great Companies take much from their current Wolf Lord, including his name. When the Wolf Lord dies in battle another is chosen to replace him,

and so the Company will reinvent itself. This provides a fluid command structure within the Chapter (the mortality rate of Space Wolves is unsurprisingly high, given their yearning for close-quarter fighting, although a few particularly stalwart Wolf Lords have seen out their thousandth year). Each Wolf Lord chooses a symbol from the mythology of Fenris as his personal sigil, and it is this symbol that adorns the Company's banner.

Presiding over the twelve Great Companies is the household of the Great Wolf himself. This is comprised of all the Chapter's most venerable heroes; the Rune Priests, Iron Priests, Wolf Priests and Dreadnoughts. Their badge remains constant; the Wolf that Stalks the Stars, the personal emblem of Leman Russ himself.

Gene-seed

The Space Wolves' gene-seed is as unique as it is deadly. The frightening potency of the first gene-seed to be implanted into an aspiring Son of Russ is legendary, and has accounted for the lives of hundreds of Fenris's warriors; those it does not kill, it transforms into a slaving monster.

The Canis Helix is necessary, however, as without this essential part of Leman Russ' heritage the other gene helices cannot be implanted at all. Unfortunately the genetic coding of the Canis Helix contains a number of acids that are not synthesised by the human body, and they have a dramatic effect on the physique of the potential Space Marine. The ravages of this unique gene first take effect during the aspirant's indoctrination. Ultimately, he is cast out into the wilderness to make his own way back to the Fang. The gene works hideous changes on the warrior's mind and body; he reverts to a primal state where his bones split and buckle, thick hair sprouts from across his body and his only desire is to gorge on fresh meat and glut himself on hot blood. His body mass grows by up to eighty percent, many of his bones fuse, and vestigial fangs sprout from his gums as he undergoes the transformation. Whilst his body is wracked with pain, the warrior must overcome the gene lest it overcomes him. It is common knowledge that the nights of Fenris are prowled by giant, feral creatures, known as the Wulfen, who failed to overcome the curse. To become one of the Wulfen is to fail, and truly become a monster.

If the aspirant manages to find his way back to the Fang across chasms and glaciers populated by snarling predators and blasted by freezing winds, he is implanted with the remainder of the

Space Wolves' gene-seed, stabilising the Canis Helix and completing his genetic indoctrination into the ranks of the Sons of Russ. A minority of these warriors do not completely conquer the gene-seed's original effects, however, and in times of great stress, they revert to the hulking, bloodthirsty state that haunts their genetic structure like a ghastly shadow. This is the Curse of the Wulfen, and it is rightly feared.

Beliefs

The warriors of Fenris are brought up on tales of monsters and heroes, sky-straddling wolves and world spanning sea-beasts. They have a proud tradition of storytelling, and value a good tale almost as much as a good fight. The mythology of Fenris is crowded with the deeds of heroes, and many of their legends stem from the Fenrisian Wolves that prowl Asaheim. These pagan beliefs are looked upon with scorn by the Ecclesiarchy, but the Sons of Russ refuse to give up their beliefs even when their fangs are long and their skin weather-beaten and wrinkled. Superstition is rife, and the Space Wolves regularly enter battle festooned with totems and talismans to bring luck and ward off evil spirits.

Central to their belief system is Leman Russ, who they look upon as more than just a man, and to whom they attribute the deeds of a god. Heroes are held in the highest esteem, and none more so than their Primarch, who they believe will return to fight alongside them at the end of the world.

Combat Doctrine

The forces of the Space Wolves have a very different approach to martial strategy from their brother Space Marines. There are several distinct types of squad, or pack, in each Great Company, and each fulfils a different role in battle. As a Space Wolf progresses through his life, he may rise through the ranks until he is old and his fangs are long. If his bravery and might are without question, he will be asked to join the Wolf Guard, or even become a Wolf Lord himself.

Most Space Wolves begin their careers as Blood Claws, hot-headed young warriors who cannot wait to prove themselves, charging in howling packs at the front lines of the enemy in their efforts to garner personal glory. The Blood Claws are the shock troops of the Space Wolves and spearhead the majority of assaults. If they survive to become mature and capable warriors, they will be elevated to the ranks of the Grey Hunters, tempered by battle but nonetheless ready to give their lives in

the name of honour. When the Space Wolves are fully mature, their hair grey and their canines pronounced, they are likely to be inducted into the Long Fangs, veteran soldiers who are disciplined and steady even in the heat of battle, and hence are entrusted with the Company's heavy weapons.

The bravest and strongest of the Space Wolves, after proving themselves in a feat of exceptional valour or martial prowess, may become Wolf Guards. The Wolf Guard either lead less experienced packs of warriors into battle, or form a retinue for the mightiest warrior of the battleforce, the Wolf Lord. Few can stand against these heroic warriors, equipped as they are with the best wargear in the Company's armoury, making them virtually unstoppable in close combat.

The Space Wolves' combat doctrine is unfortunately nowhere near as organised as their brother Chapters. Given that they live for the honour of battle, it is almost certain that the younger Space Wolves will abandon a standard tactical structure in favour of simply rushing headlong at the enemy, howling at the tops of their voices. This has been known to aggravate many allied commanders over the millennia, including Lord Solar Macharius himself, who famously recorded his displeasure in the *Tactica Ultimatum*.

"The Blood Claws of the Space Wolves endanger not only themselves but the lives of their comrades in arms. If they are so eager to die, and they will not heed the words of their superiors, then let them rush headlong into the jaws of the lion. We can only hope some of them get caught in its throat."

However, far from being uncontrolled berserkers, the Space Wolves as a Chapter simply relish the thrill of close combat above all else. Nonetheless, their battle tactics are undeniably effective; the Space Wolves have fought in a similar manner on a hundred thousand battlefields since their conception, and are unlikely to stop merely to conform to the precepts of the Administratum.

Battle-cry

The battle-cry of the Space Wolves varies from Great Company to Great Company. However, it is certain that when the assault is launched, every member of the attacking force will raise his voice in a blood-curdling howl.



SPACE WOLVES



Venerable Dreadnought
painted by
Neil Thomason



Blood Claw Bikers roar into action.



A Predator Annihilator levels its lascannons at the advancing Necrons.



Wolf Lord by Anthony Warrington



A pack of Space Wolf Grey Hunters



Logan Grimnar leads a unit of Wolf Guard Terminators.



Wolf Lord by Darren Latham



Grey Hunters scour the mountains for their prey.



Long Fangs lay down a withering hail of fire.



Forge World
Space Wolf
painted by
Franz Sander

Index Astartes

First Founding



The Imperial Fists are one of the most respected Chapters of the Adeptus Astartes. Not only is their loyalty to the Emperor acknowledged as absolute, but their standing with the institutions of the Imperium is unparalleled. Their reputation with the enemies of the Imperium is a greater source of satisfaction to them though. They have gained battle honours against eight major alien races, been instrumental in holding the Imperium together through the darkest of times, and have the honour of being one of the Chapters to have defended the Imperial Palace in the greatest battle of the Horus Heresy.

Origins

The Great Crusade had reached the Ice Hives of Inwit when Rogal Dorn presented himself to the Emperor for the first time. He arrived at the helm of *Phalanx*, the great mobile station that was to become the Imperial Fists' fortress-monastery. The ship was his gift to the Emperor and its like had not been seen since the Dark Age of Technology. The size of a small moon, its foredeck could dock a dozen cruisers and its superstructure was a towering forest of spires interlaced with flying buttresses. It shone like a small star, a precious treasure and a momentous portent in the days of the Crusade. The Emperor duly welcomed Dorn and appointed him to the command of the 7th Space Marine Legion – the Imperial Fists, returning *Phalanx* to serve as their Fortress-Monastery.

The 7th Legion had been formed on Terra as evidenced by its earliest battle honour 'Roma', now only discernable on a ceramite icon too precious even to be displayed in the Inner Reclusium. The 7th Legion had recruited heavily on Inwit and over 70% of its strength were aspirants. The Imperial Fists were therefore a rarity in that Battle Brothers and Primarch were united very early in their service to the Emperor and quickly formed an unbreakable bond. Born from the same gene-stock, Primarch and Legion had the same uncompromising self-discipline and total commitment to order.

The handful of Terran Battle Brothers brought a tradition of honour duels that was readily embraced by the Legion as a whole. Brothers still duel with swords following the same conventions. No man knows the true age of this form of ritual combat but it binds the brothers together, giving and receiving honour and remembering their Terran heritage even if far from their home.

The Legion's early actions were extremely successful; while the Great Crusade pushed forward, the Imperial Fists acted as the strategic reserve of the Emperor's forces. Able to deploy quickly and reliably where and when required, the Imperial Fists struck the decisive blow in many battles. Their detailed planning made them especially efficient at sieges and their resolute endurance made them superb city fighters. They remained the Emperor's Praetorians throughout the campaign and when he returned to Terra to build a capital from which to rule an Empire of a million worlds, the Emperor took Rogal Dorn with him. Dorn was charged with the task of fortifying the Imperial Palace, an honour that did not go unnoticed by the other Primarchs.

In all this time Rogal Dorn had sought no favour and exemplified the qualities of truth, courage and humility more than any other Primarch. Although some of the other Primarchs resented his closeness to the Emperor, most held him in high esteem. On Macragge, home of the Ultramarines, Dorn's statue is one of the four Primarchs that stand alongside Guilliman's in their Hall of Heroes. Jaghatai Khan is shown gifting Dorn with a dozen of his finest stallions as a gesture of eternal brotherhood shortly after the defeat of Horus in the illuminated preface of the Apocrypha of Skaros. Dorn's rivalry with Perturabo, Primarch of the Iron Warriors, was the most marked exception. One of Dorn's qualities was that he always, without fail, told the truth. On Schravann, the Iron Warriors won a great victory when they stormed the final refuge of the Badoon. They breached the defences and held while the other Legions carried the city beyond. During the victory feast, Horus proclaimed Perturabo the greatest master of siege warfare in the Crusade. Fulgrim, Primarch of the Emperor's Children

EMPEROR'S FIST

The Imperial Fists Space Marine Chapter

by Paté Haines

then asked Dorn whether he thought even the defences of the Imperial Palace could resist the Iron Warriors. Dorn considered carefully and then said that he regarded the defences as being proof against any assault if well-manned. Perturabo flew into a rage and unleashed a torrent of vitriol at Dorn, accusations so unfounded that the onlookers were dumbstruck. After this the two rarely spoke, neither Legion serving in the same campaign again. The Imperial Fists were ever at the Emperor's side and the Iron Warriors were part of Horus' vanguard.

After the Imperial Fists won a major victory against the Orks on the ash wastes of Necromunda, the Hive Lords consented to recruits being drawn from their population in gratitude. A Fortress-Chapel was duly consecrated but the Imperial Fists were there as esteemed guests, not masters. Rogal Dorn asked no special rights on the worlds where the Fists recruited. Some Primarchs, such as the increasingly mercurial Perturabo, took every opportunity to garrison a world and claim its tithes. Dorn is famously recorded as saying "I want recruits not vassals," and was always satisfied to keep his Legion as a

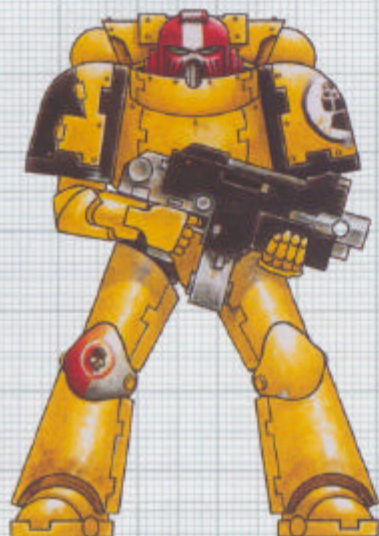
military unit with none of the civil responsibilities that came with having a home world.

The Horus Heresy

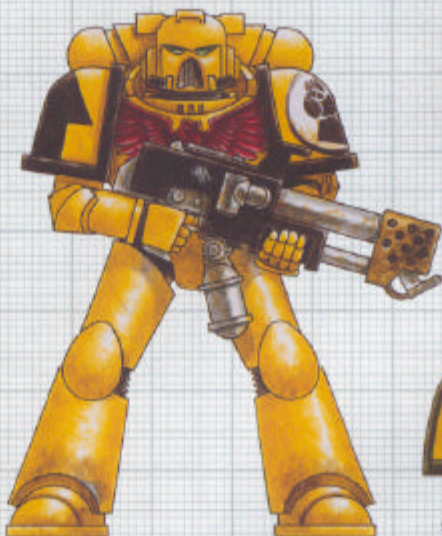
When the drop site massacres on Istvaan revealed the full extent of Horus' treachery, the Emperor, accompanied by the faithful Rogal Dorn, was on Terra, determined to prevent Horus claiming the throne of the Imperium without a challenge. Along with the White Scars and the Blood Angels, the Imperial Fists put up a heroic defence of the Imperial Palace that has since passed into

Chapter Approved. Artist: Lyle: 8 illustrations

Imperial Fists Chapter, Progenitor Legion M:3



Pre-Heresy Imperial Fist in Crusade armour



Contemporary Imperial Fists Codex power armour



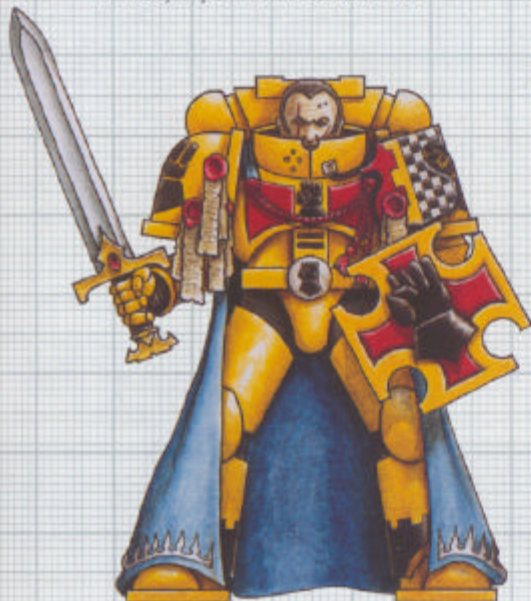
Imperial Fists Chapter symbol



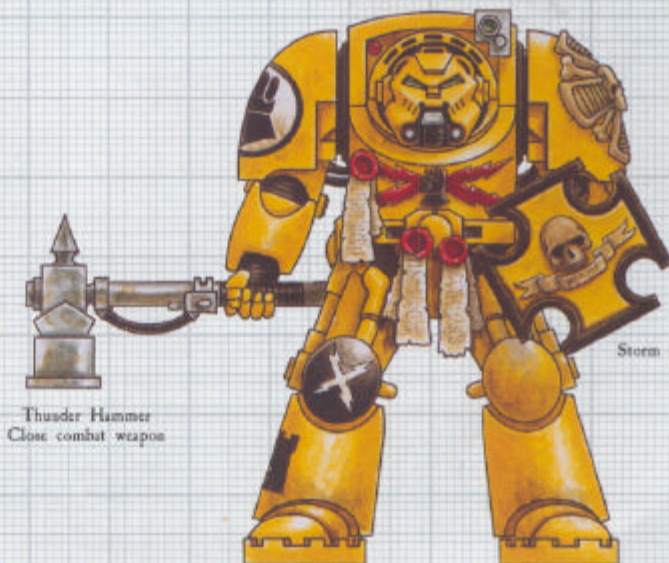
Auto-reactive shoulder plate: Tactical squad markings



Auto-reactive shoulder plate: Chapter badge iconography



Imperial Fists 5th Company Captain



Thunder Hammer
Close combat weapon

Storm shield

Imperial Fists Veteran in Tactical Dreadnought armour

Thought for the day: The end justifies the means.

CHAPTER MASTER VLADIMIR PUGH

Whilst not a particularly inspirational leader, Vladimir Pugh is as meticulous a planner as any Chapter Master in the Imperial Fists' history. In addition he excels in knowing who to promote and who to trust with critical missions – an appraising glance from Master Pugh can be bettered only by extensive probing from a Librarian. As a result when battle begins, Pugh can concentrate on commanding his Veteran reserve with absolute faith that his subordinates will not fail the Chapter.

legend. Then, when all hope seemed lost, they accompanied the Emperor in his last battle aboard Horus' battle barge. It fell to Dorn to discover the bodies of the Emperor, Horus and Sanguinius after the final drama had run its course. His grief was immense. Until that point Dorn had been true, noble and enduring, but now he became an avenging son. While the Ultramarines maintained order within the Imperium, the Imperial Fists hunted down the traitors, levelling fortress after fortress. Dorn led them, dressed in the black of mourning, his customary mercy set aside until the guilty were punished. While others shaped the new Imperium, Dorn immersed himself in implacable justice. It was rumoured that he saw the Emperor's death as his personal failure and his crusade as penance. After all, were the Traitors not his brothers? Whatever the cause, Rogal Dorn was absent from the highest councils until he was summoned back to Terra when Roboute Guilliman, Primarch of the Ultramarines presented his Codex Astartes as the future of the Space Marines.

Dorn was shaken, his quest for redemption had blinded him to changing times. He could not see why humanity would not trust the Imperial Fists because of what the Traitor Legions had done. Without the fire of battle to engage them, Rogal Dorn and the Imperial Fists hovered on the brink – the Emperor was gone and now it seemed that their very brotherhood was to be sundered. At this time of uncertainty, the Iron Warriors issued a clear challenge to the Imperial Fists by building a formidable fortress and daring them to attack.

The Iron Cage

Imperial Fist Chaplains teach that Dorn found strength in meditation. For seven days he resisted the pain glove until at last he was gifted with a vision of the Emperor. The Imperial Fists had

wavered in their faith, thinking the Emperor gone, but they knew that he was still watching them from the Golden Throne. The Imperial Fists could no longer serve the Emperor that had been but they knew they must still be true to the Emperor that was. Rogal Dorn decreed that the Imperial Fists would symbolically enter the pain glove as a Legion and emerge redeemed as a Chapter. Dorn knew that many of his Battle Brothers did not wish to found new Chapters as the Ultramarines were eager to do. There would be far too many left for one of the new thousand strong Chapters. Leaving *Phalanx*, he led these die-hards against the Iron Warriors in their lair.

His doubts gone, Dorn focused on the enemy ahead. Perturabo was a master of fortification whose writings had been retained by Guilliman in his Codex. Dorn had always been his match though and, what was more, his honest warrior's soul was indignant. The Iron Warriors had rebelled and lost. Their master was dead and the Emperor still ruled. Yet still they dared raise their heretical banners over another Imperial world as if they had some right to be there. Dorn would not tolerate this. Without his customary caution and planning, Dorn led his men into the heart of the Iron Warrior defences. The battle should have favoured the treacherous trench-fighters, but the Imperial Fists endured. They countered every ambush and fought their way out of every trap. Rogal Dorn was a colossus who personally turned back attack after attack. Ammunition

expended, Brothers fought in half-flooded trenches with combat knives, giving and expecting no quarter. Eventually it became apparent that the Iron Warriors could not finish them. For all their skill and ferocity, the Iron Warriors lacked the faith to make the ultimate sacrifice that victory demanded. While they paused, the Ultramarines intervened; Guilliman had decided that Perturabo's destruction was not worth the loss of Rogal Dorn and had brought his Chapter to drive off the Iron Warriors.

Cleansed by their sacrifice, the Imperial Fists immediately began their reorganisation. For the next two decades they went into retreat, their successor Chapters taking to the field in their stead. Dorn used this time to retrain the Chapter to embrace all aspects of the Codex Astartes. When they later emerged, their adherence to the Codex was matched only by the Ultramarines.

The New Imperium

Early in their reorganisation, Space Marines from the Imperial Fists departed to found the Black Templars and the Crimson Fists. The willingness of Dorn to put his initial misgivings aside and embrace the Codex Astartes reassured the High Lords of Terra. Because they were not tied to a home world and had a mobile Chapter Fortress, the Imperial Fists could be more responsive to calls for help. In particular, Rogal Dorn was more amenable to requests from other institutions for assistance than other Primarchs, and this built a valuable store of goodwill. When the Age of Apostasy engulfed the Imperium none of the protagonists were willing to risk their good relations with the Chapter, which continued to conduct a campaign against the Ebon League unaffected. Often the Imperial Fists were able to unify the rival factions to face a local threat which would have otherwise found them divided and vulnerable.

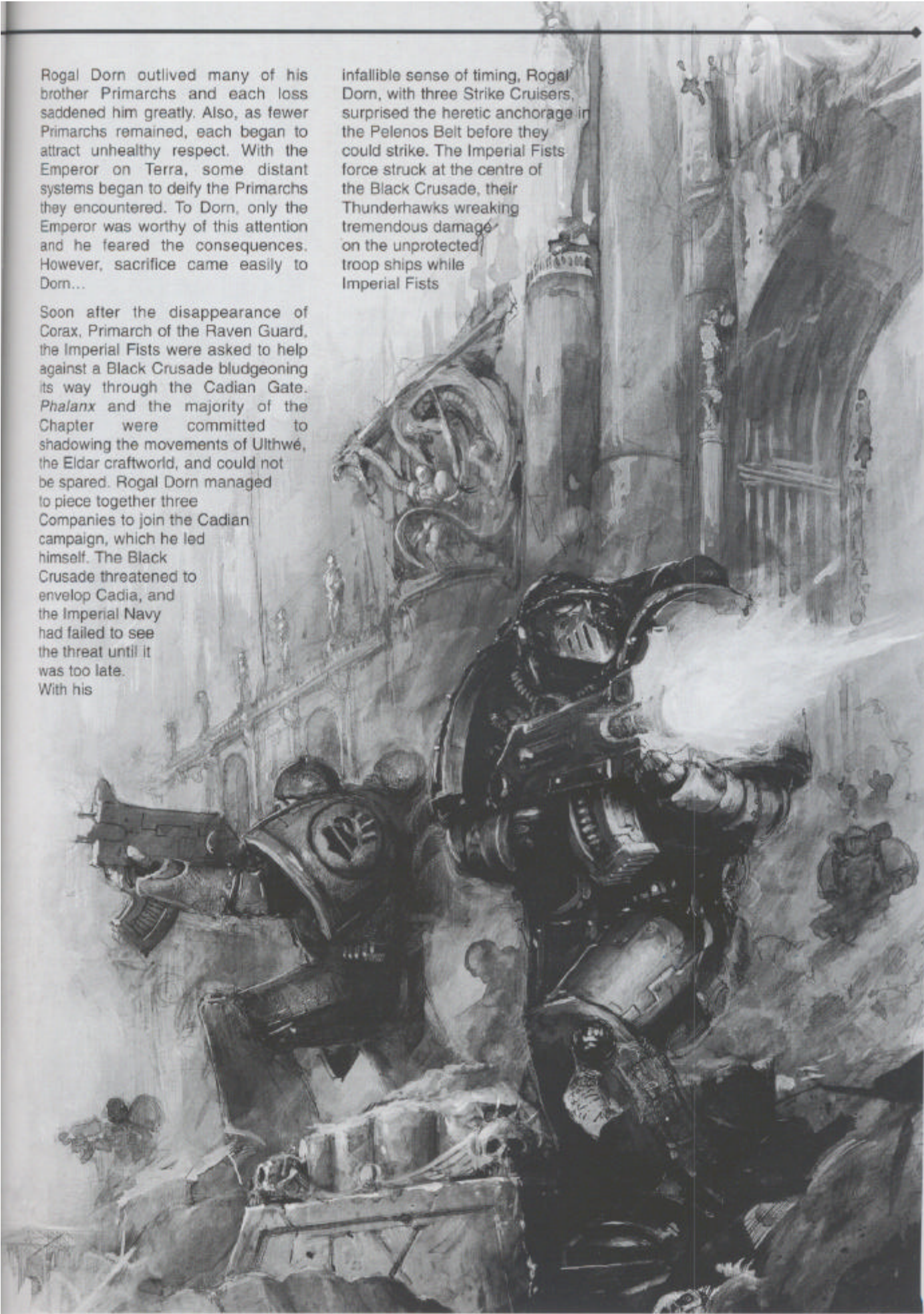
CHAPLAIN LO CHANG

The moon-faced Chaplain is marked by crater-like wounds incurred when his helmet failed him. The craters feature the duelling scars common to the Imperial Fists. When Lo Chang preaches, he is swept up in devout ecstasy wherein his passion can inspire any Imperial Fists Space Marine to strive to be a true child of Dorn.

Rogal Dorn outlived many of his brother Primarchs and each loss saddened him greatly. Also, as fewer Primarchs remained, each began to attract unhealthy respect. With the Emperor on Terra, some distant systems began to deify the Primarchs they encountered. To Dorn, only the Emperor was worthy of this attention and he feared the consequences. However, sacrifice came easily to Dorn...

infallible sense of timing, Rogal Dorn, with three Strike Cruisers, surprised the heretic anchorage in the Pelenos Belt before they could strike. The Imperial Fists force struck at the centre of the Black Crusade, their Thunderhawks wreaking tremendous damage on the unprotected troop ships while Imperial Fists

Soon after the disappearance of Corax, Primarch of the Raven Guard, the Imperial Fists were asked to help against a Black Crusade bludgeoning its way through the Cadian Gate. *Phalanx* and the majority of the Chapter were committed to shadowing the movements of Ulthwé, the Eldar craftworld, and could not be spared. Rogal Dorn managed to piece together three Companies to join the Cadian campaign, which he led himself. The Black Crusade threatened to envelop Cadia, and the Imperial Navy had failed to see the threat until it was too late. With his



Space Marines teleported aboard the largest warships before they could raise their shields. Although the powerful Chaos armada was able to overwhelm the Strike Cruisers one by one, they were unable to deal with the Imperial Fists assault teams. Rampaging through the enemy vessels, the boarding parties sought out the engine rooms and succeeded in disabling many warp drives. Their tasks accomplished, the boarders would call in Thunderhawks and move on to another vessel. Some managed to use their victims' own teleporters to move on and a few even captured batteries long enough to redirect their fire against the other Chaos ships. The uneven battle could end only one way, but Rogal Dorn was determined to inflict every last grain of damage, whatever the cost. He made his final stand aboard the crippled *Sword*

of *Sacrilege*, a Despoiler class Battleship that had been rammed by the last Imperial Fist Cruiser. The final report by the serving Chief Librarian commended their souls to the Emperor before Dorn led a desperate attack on the *Sword's* bridge.

There was no Chaos attack on Cadia. The Imperial Navy arrived in force while the Traitors were still licking their wounds. Released by the sudden disappearance of Ulthwé, *Phalanx* and the Imperial Fists led the Imperial counter-strike. They caught the Chaos fleet in the midst of repairs and routed it decisively. Even without their Primarch, the Imperial Fists were able to get to the right place at the right time. They boarded the *Sword of Sacrilege* before it could flee and recovered what remained of Rogal Dorn. His engraved skeletal hand continues to be maintained in stasis, their holiest icon, and serves as a constant reminder of the commitment expected of a Space Marine.

Gene-seed.

The Imperial Fists gene-seed is very stable and has never exhibited signs of mutation. They have, however, lost the use of some of the more minor genetic enhancements of the Space Marines. Specifically they no longer possess the sus-an membrane that allows the Space Marine to enter a state of suspended animation. Neither do they have a Betchers gland, which allows a Space Marine to spit corrosive poison at a foe.

"Do we bemoan such losses? No! We are the Fists! We do not need to hibernate or spit venom. We crush our enemies."

Teachings of Rhetoricus

With the exception of a peculiar and unexplained need to scrimshaw the bones of past Battle Brothers when off duty, they have exhibited no weaknesses. One trait that has attracted scrutiny is the practice of using a device called the pain glove to punish infractions. Named after a more ancient device, the pain glove is actually an all-encompassing tunic of electrofibres suspended in a steel gibbet. The errant Space Marine is placed entirely within the device and kept conscious while waves of pain wash through him. Through this ordeal, the miscreant learns to



focus past the pain and strengthen his link with the Primarch. However, the Chapter tends to use the sanction with unusual frequency for a unit whose discipline is legendary. Considering the circumstances of Rogal Dorn's eventual death, it is clear that the Imperial Fists have a drive for self-sacrifice that they must continually battle to overcome.

"Pain is the wine of communion with heroes."

Teachings of Rhetoricus

Combat Doctrine

Initially, the Imperial Fists were an inflexible formation; each Company had an identical organisation and Company Commanders tended to be unimaginative. Overall planning was excellent, however, and this, coupled with the unshakeable determination of the individual Fists, made them an excellent assault formation against static defences. Throughout the Great Crusade, the Imperial Fists would be held in reserve waiting while other Legions pinned the enemy in position and identified the keystone of their defence. Inevitably, that position would then be shattered by the Fists. They were equally valuable when resolutely blocking, and often totally defeated enemy breakthroughs. The Legion had a willingness to fight until they won which few opponents could match. Rogal Dorn led from the front, a tireless

warrior who, having set the strategy for a battle, would unerringly place himself in the most critical engagements.

In the immediate aftermath of the Heresy, the Imperial Fists became noticeably fiercer in their approach – attacking with virtually no reconnaissance and fighting on when a tactical withdrawal would have been wiser. With their adoption of the Codex Astartes, this tendency was less evident, although their determination was undiminished. Some of the more fanatical Battle Brothers had departed to become Black Templars – a Chapter on permanent crusade. Many of the more recent initiates, less rooted in the traditions and philosophy of the Fists, had departed to found the Crimson Fists. They quickly developed a reputation and a legacy of their own which was also a source of pride for the Imperial Fists. After the carnage of the Iron Cage, what remained was a hardened, veteran force fully able to embrace the concepts of the Codex Astartes.

Alongside the Ultramarines, the Imperial Fists have become the

LIBRARIAN FRANZ GRENSTEIN

Dusky-skinned, Grenstein's cheeks are criss-crossed with duelling scars. He is intense and preoccupied, taking his responsibilities to keep the Imperial Fists safe from psychic or daemonic enemies very seriously. On the rare occasions an Imperial Fists Space Marine is in contact with enemies bearing the taint of Chaos, it is Grenstein who will be assigned to help them regain their mental stability and ensure they have not brought the taint with them.

epitome of Codex doctrine. All ranks are able to make tactical decisions and are encouraged to act on initiative. The Imperial Fists combine all arms in flexible balanced battle groups each of which can present an opponent with a diversity of threats then press their attack so swiftly that the foe is overwhelmed before he can react. They retain their traditional skills in urban and siege warfare, although they are quite willing to engage and defeat the enemy in open battle. They will use fortifications on the defensive, but only after all more aggressive options have been exhausted. Their only weakness is perhaps a reluctance to accept the possibility of defeat that sometimes blinds them to risk.

Battle-cry

First pronounced by the Chaplains and then repeated by the Battle Brothers before going into action:

"Primarch – Progenitor, to your glory and the glory of Him on Earth".

USING AN IMPERIAL FISTS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

The Imperial Fists are selected using Codex Space Marines.

SPECIAL RULES

Blind to the Risk: In a mission with a variable game length, when the game ends, the Imperial Fists' opponent may choose that a single extra turn of the game is played (one player turn each).

SIEGE MASTERS

The Imperial Fists have formidable siege skills and as such count as Siege Masters. This has several effects on some scenario special rules as detailed below:

Fortifications: Siege Masters receive +1 Armour Penetration

against bunkers, and their own bunkers have Armour Value 14.

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

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

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

already been attacked; all the dice attacking a particular unit must be rolled together.

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

IMPERIAL FISTS



Imperial Fists Dreadnought



Imperial Fists Land Speeder



Led by their Captain, Imperial Fist Scouts bravely repel the Word Bearers.



Imperial Fists Captain
by Pierre-Adrien Heckler



Imperial Fists Bikers sally forth from their fortifications.

HEAVY METAL SPACE MARINES SHOWCASE

Based on the popular strip in Warhammer Monthly, Bobby Wong's incredible Bloodquest diorama won the Slayer Sword at the 2001 US Golden Demon awards. We were so impressed that we asked Bobby to come to the GW Studio so that we could take a closer look.

Bobby has extensively converted each model in the diorama (Leonatus alone has 85 separate components!) perfectly capturing the feeling of each character from the Warhammer Monthly story.



Captain Leonatus

Proteus



Cloten



Tranio



Index Astartes

First Founding



BRINGERS OF DARKNESS

The Night Lords
Space Marine Chapter

by Phil Kelly

The Night Lords have always belonged to the darkness. Ever since their inception, the black seed of their Primarch infected them with violence and despair. Although they once fought with grim efficiency in the name of the Emperor, the Night Lords were among the first to turn to the darkness, sowing misery and fear like a plague across unnumbered worlds.

Origins

According to the heretical handwritten chronicle of his life, entitled simply *The Dark*, Konrad Curze's earliest memory was of descending from the heavens in a crackling ball of light to the night-shrouded planet of Nostramo. His embryonic form impacted on the dense cityscape of Nostramo Quintus, smashing through countless levels of debris and mouldering architecture, through the planet's crust and into the geosphere before finally coming to a halt near the liquid core of the planet. His descent left a scar in the virtually inviolable adamantium strata of Nostramo, the result of the supernaturally resilient Primarch's violent birth into a world that knew no light. The cratered pit his descent had carved into the planet was closed off and regarded with fear and suspicion. Theoretically, the only way the Primarch could have reached the surface was to have swum through molten metal, borne upwards through volcanic vents to the surface. The Arcana Progenitum of Nostramo Quintus details the incident in vague, awkward terms:

"...a glowing child-form it was, crawled from the Pit onto the broken street, hissing molten metal dripping from its limbs. It was a daemon, no less, with the body of an infant but the expression of an old man, its eyes black and cold as obsidian."

Due to the pollution-clogged atmosphere, Nostramo was barely better lit at noon than at midnight. A shroud of perpetual darkness kept the planet swathed in dull greys and deep blacks. Only the rich could afford the Nostraman idea of light, little more than dim blue illumination-strips in the ceilings of the ruling hierarchy's luxurious dwellings. The adamantium that riddled the planet's crust, Nostramo's chief export to its neighbouring worlds, was the reason for the thousands of metalworks and chemical plants that scarred the landscape and choked the air with noxious filth. The vast majority of the planet lived in abject poverty as foundry workers, whilst the rich grew in affluence, trampling down or killing any who dared oppose the status quo. Murder, theft and extortion were rife. Crime ran unchecked, the only gesture toward law enforcement was the

horrific brutality meted out by the hierarchy's hired thugs upon those who opposed them. Depression was inescapable, and overpopulation was prevented not by war, disease or legislation, but by suicide.

Unlike many of his brother Primarchs, Konrad Curze raised himself, and his survival instincts and iron constitution undoubtedly carried him easily through whatever rigours the pollution-choked city of Nostramo Quintus could throw at him. He spent his early life stalking silently through the streets, feasting on the pack animals that prowled the barrens around the hive-like cities. He did not ascend to heights of intellectual prowess, he was not schooled by the finest tutors in the land nor taught the blade or axe by noble mentors. Rather he rose to the top of the food chain, at first eating rats and other vermin, then the black, lean dogs that stalked the choked streets, and finally the corpses of the many victims of Nostramo's corrupt society. His powerful form, clotted with filth and blood, fuelled the citizenship's fears of this feral menace.

The Purging of Nostramo Quintus

One of the better known facts about Konrad Curze was that he was cursed by visions of horrifying potency throughout his life. Rather than seeing the myriad possibilities the future could hold, as the sorcerous Eldar claim they are able to, the visions he would experience were inevitably dark and troubled, the blackest paths the future could take unwinding before him. Among the most debated writings of Curze's history are the revelations contained in volume two of *The Dark*.

"At times, in raptures of pain, I saw what was to occur laid out before me. In these waking dreams, I took countless lives with my bare hands, heads taken as trophies. I died again and again at the hands of my father. My sons butchered and maimed their brothers. My name was to become synonymous with dread. But most vividly and with most frequency, I saw my world pierced by a lance of purest light, splitting it, shattering it into dust."

Some unrecorded event during his maturation pitched Curze into a destructive cycle of persecution and murder, with his focus always upon the

structured criminal elements of Nostramo's society. This vigilante war may well have started small, with Curze merely intervening when he witnessed something he thought wrong, but soon he deliberately hunted down those members of society that transgressed.

At first, several prominent figures among the city's corrupt hierarchy went missing. Others were quick to fill their shoes. Later that year, as an unusually long and swelteringly hot summer set in, those who protested loudest also began to disappear. The citizens of Quintus quickly ceased voicing their objections. Bodies of known criminals were being found splayed, gutted like fish by the cruel attentions of an unseen assailant. The corpses of hierarchy officials were found hung by

their feet from high windows. Headless bodies were found mutilated, opened so that their corruption could be exposed to the acidic air of Nostramo. Many of the corpses found that summer were unrecognisable due to the severity of the beatings they had fallen prey to. Body parts blocked the storm-drains, the beggars and children of the gutters quick to divest them of expensive jewellery and rich fabrics. It was obvious that Curze had no compunction in putting to death those that defied his law in displays of horrific brutality.

Within the year, the crime rate of Nostramo had fallen away to nothing. Society was transformed, and the ripples were felt all over the planet. Quintus developed a self-imposed curfew; none strayed out later than

early evening. The midnight streets, previously buzzing with activity, were as silent as the grave. Mothers threatened disobedient children with the depraved attentions of the Night Haunter. Soon the name became more commonplace, used by the populace as a whole. Rumours of a hideous, dark creature that stalked the alleyways and tunnels, its filthy claws ever ready to disembowel those who strayed, abounded within the city. The citizens of Quintus lived a half-life of fear, silent lest their words should be taken as heresy. Nostramo was ripe for the rule of the Night Haunter.

The Dark King

Soon enough, Konrad Curze saw a glimpse of salvation for his world. There was simply no crime left, no

Inquisitor Anton Lorch: 12 nasty night

Night Lords Legion, Progenitor Legion M.31



Pre-Heresy Night Lords colour scheme



Corrupted Night Lords colour scheme



Shoulder plate:
Night Lords
Legion symbol



Shoulder plate:
Chaos Undivided
icon



Treasoner Night Lords Legion symbol



Night Lords Legion Chaos Champion



Night Lords Legion 'Raptor'

Pre-Heresy flamer
Crossfile/1839z/A



Night Lords
helmets with
terror markings

Thought for the day: Violence begets repression

killers aside from himself. He was the only object of fear and hate left in his city. No longer did his people live in cringing anticipation of being robbed or shot whilst they slept, now they feared only him. He had taken the burden of evil upon himself, and found he was more than able to stand it. It seemed his martyrdom lent him strength, and soon even he began to refer to himself as Night Haunter. The following excerpt is taken from the last Annals of Ghereticus, a noble of some standing before he swore fealty to the Primarch.

"He was waiting for us, the few nobles left alive in Nostramo, and as he squatted engulfed in shadow we thought he was (fragment missing). He dwarfed the luxurious throne he was perched in, the magnitude of his presence incredible. I could hardly breathe as he (fragment missing), his pallid, sunken features coming into the light of the glow-strips. Just then, I thought he was going to leap, and I could not move.

But it seemed he had a use for us. We were to become his mouthpiece, the instruments through which he would command the people of Nostramo. His word was absolute; anyone straying from his path would be killed; not by us, or by enforcers. He would find the transgressors himself, and make an example of them. There was something in his tone then that made me want to run. Nonetheless, we had no choice but to obey."

And so Night Haunter became the first monarch of Nostramo Quintus, absorbing accumulated knowledge with diligence almost akin to greed.

Night Haunter ruled with temperance and reason unheard of until word came to him that some injustice had been done,

whereupon he alone would hunt the offender through empty streets until exhaustion forced his quarry to collapse. He would then proceed to mutilate his prey, although not beyond recognition. This unpredictable pattern of benevolent wisdom and hideous vengeance ushered the shocked populace into new realms of efficiency and honesty. Exports of adamantium to their neighbouring worlds tripled. The society existed in a terrible harmony of shared wealth and shared fear. None dared have more than his neighbour and under the shadow of Night Haunter's rule, the city grew well-lit and prosperous. And as Nostramo Quintus led, the rest of the planet followed, anxious to keep the Night Haunter from their doors.

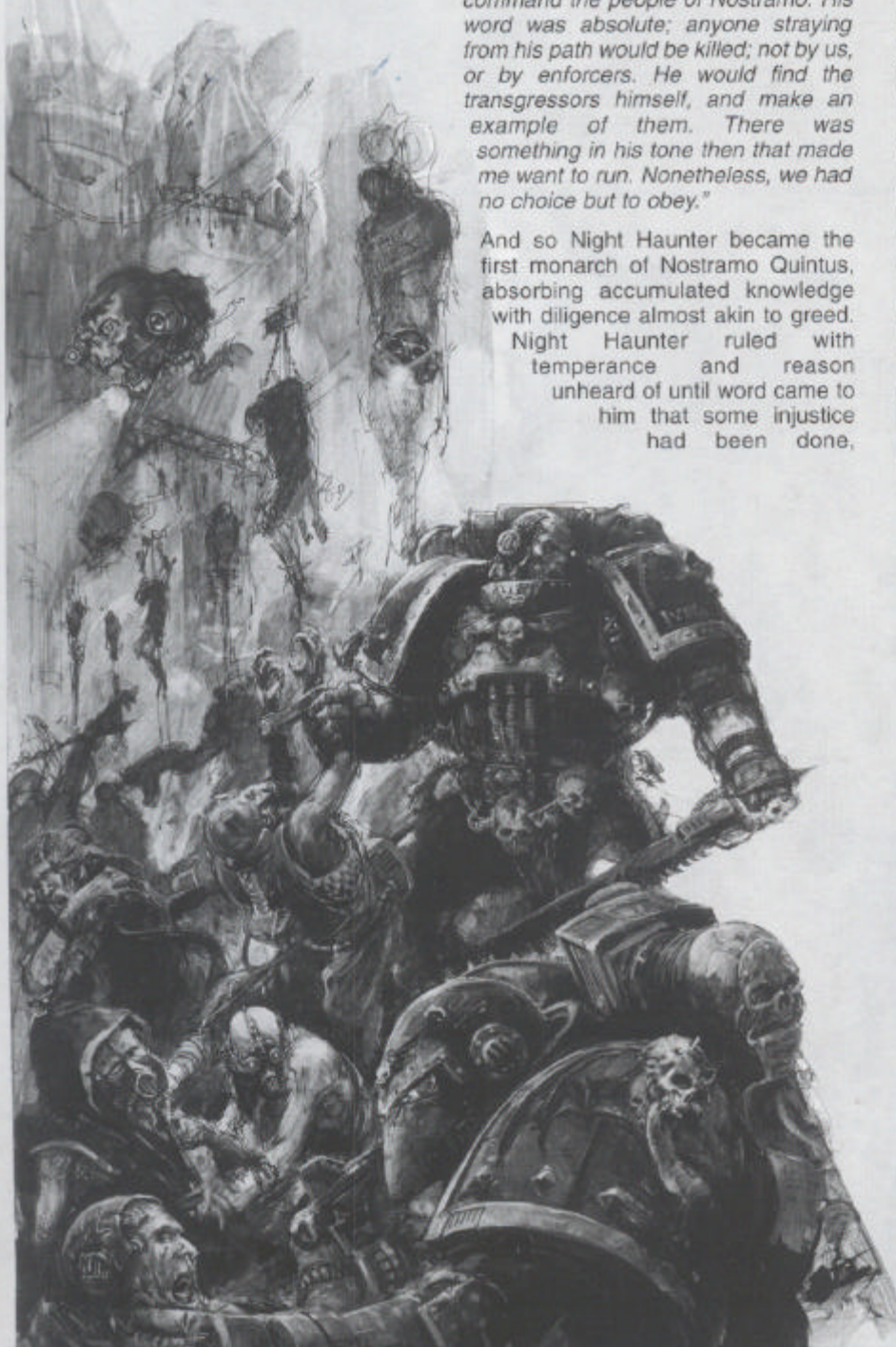
Imperial historians have correlated Night Haunter's rule over Nostramo Quintus and its surrounding cities with the time the Great Crusade reached the fringes of the galaxy where Nostramo orbited its dying sun. The following is a fragment of Astropath Thoqual's personal records, transcribed during the Great Crusade as the Imperial battle barge *Divinity's Sword* entered Nostramo's system. So far sixteen Imperial Scholars have been fatally chastened after unwisely expressing their concern over the implications therein.

"I felt I knew well why the Emperor's ship changed course for that bleak orb, even before consulting the cards of the Lesser Arcanoi. They described great wealth, prosperity, stability. The Moon, the Martyr and the Monster lay in a triangle. The King lay reversed at the feet of the Emperor. Strangely, the sign of Hope was also reversed, and the horrific aspect of Death, ever present, lay above the entire tableaux. But the course was set, my misgivings as a mere breath against the maelstrom of his will."

The history of Nostramo was littered with references to an event called the Coming of the Light. The Emperor's arrival on Nostramo had such an indelible impact in the minds of Nostramo's citizens that the world was irrevocably changed. Though the Emperor's arrival brought hope to the populace, it ultimately brought a terrible curse.

When the eternally dark skies above Nostramo played host to the lights of the Emperor's fleet, the entire population of Quintus, one by one, overcame their fear. They stood in the cold streets, faces uplifted to the sky, many for the first time in their lives.

Undeniably, light was coming to their world. It was growing brighter



by the minute. Men stood as children, mouths agape, eyes shielded from a light they could not understand. Many went into seizures of confusion and fear, many cried in joy, many crawled on their bellies, convinced they would all die.

The Emperor of Mankind had watched the way that this world worked from his divine auguries. The citizens were clean and efficient, working towards a common good with determination and silence. The night streets were completely empty as the entire planet slept. Evidently they lived in ignorance of the glory of the Imperium, but their King, undoubtedly possessing great authority and able to command unquestioning respect, had moulded the society into a model of productivity. Matchless efficiency. Natural conformity. Total obedience.

Due to the entourage of scribes, attendants and aides that accompanied the Emperor on his journey to the centre of Nostramo Quintus, it is possible to accrue a detailed account of the meeting between the Emperor and Night Haunter. Even some of the Emperor's words to the Primarch have withstood the ravages of time.

The Delegation of Light, as it came to be known, entered the city of Nostramo Quintus on foot. The drizzle of acidic rain ceased as if in acknowledgement of the Lord of Humanity's presence. Before them were the citizens of Nostramo, few of whom could bear to look directly at the glowing form of the Emperor, but many of whom wept as the healing light of his radiance reflected from the rain-slicked streets upon their pale faces. Those who dared to glance directly at the burnished gold of the Emperor's power armour found their delicate sight lost to them forever, the shining image of mankind's saviour burned indelibly into their jet-black eyes.

Strangely, not one of the citizens made a single sound at the passing of the Delegation. In his subsequent report, Captain Lycius Mysander of the Ultramarines mentioned that the pleading look in the eyes of those who dared to raise their faces must have been because the poor creatures had never seen any real kind of light before. Scholars have since speculated that perhaps they sought deliverance from the regime of fear shackling them to what were almost certainly bleak, joyless lives.

At the end of the sprawling Broadway that led to Night Haunter's faceless tower stood the towering Primarch, his

lank hair shielding his face from the light as the Delegation marched towards him. The crowds parted like dead wheat before a summer breeze. The Emperor opened his arms wide as he approached Night Haunter.

Suddenly, Night Haunter began to shake violently, his hands flying to his eyes, as if to claw them out. A thin scream issued from the Primarch's palsied lips, and he dropped to his knees. His closest advisors were taken aback; this was greater in severity than even the fits they had recently witnessed. Then, with a benevolent smile, the Emperor stepped forward and gently placed his glowing hands on the Primarch's head. His screaming stopped, his hands dropped to his sides, and his body became still. Night Haunter's advisors, fearing the worst, started forward, only to be stopped by the sheer force of the newcomer's presence.

The Emperor spoke to the Primarch, and his reply echoed clear across the plaza. Since that day, it has echoed across the gulf of time.

"Konrad Curze, be at peace. I have arrived, and I intend to take you home."

"That is not my name, father. I am Night Haunter, and I know full well what you intend for me."

The Fall of Nostramo

The glimpse of hope given to the citizens of Nostramo by the arrival of the Emperor was ripped cruelly away from them as the Emperor left with their monarch. Many were at first overjoyed that the Night Haunter had been taken from their midst, so that they could talk and act freely once more without fear of gory retribution. But despite the nominal presence of the Administratum, the society soon degenerated into a seething morass of corruption.

In fact, the punctual reports of Administrator-regent Balthius, stationed upon Nostramo after the Emperor's delegation left for Terra, grew steadily less frequent, eventually straying into depression and irreverence. It is rumoured by Administratum scholars of the period that he took his own life.

Worse still for the populace of the planet, the Emperor had shown that there was civilisation outside of Nostramo's tenebrous star system, that there were better places in the galaxy, and that these places had light and splendour. The curse inflicted upon the citizens was that of futile hope, as each knew in their hearts that these places were far beyond their

*"The Space Marines fear no evil,
for we are fear incarnate."*

*- Night Haunter,
Primarch of the Night Lords*

reach. The Emperors' light had robbed Nostramo of its last defence against the darkness; ignorance.

Night Haunter quickly adapted to the teachings of the Imperium, though his manner remained dour and silent, even when introduced to his brother Primarchs. With the Primarch of the Emperor's Children, Fulgrim, as his tutor, he learned the complex doctrines of the Adeptus Astartes perfectly, committing them to memory with consummate ease. He often referred to Terra as a paradise, and his physique adapted to the diurnal cycles so unusual to his home planet. Soon, Night Haunter was incepted as the spiritual and military leader of the Night Lords, his genetic progeny, an entire legion of sons to whom the prodigal father had returned.

As the Great Crusade pushed onward once more, Night Haunter demonstrated a highly unusual grasp of military strategy, and his new Legion adapted to his tactics with intelligence and dedication. Although he excelled in many theatres of war, he was completely oblivious to the subtleties of negotiation and parley. It simply did not occur to Night Haunter to use anything less than total and decisive force to achieve his objective. This tendency spread quickly throughout the Night Lords' upper echelons until it was accepted without question. Where a simple surgical strike would suffice, Night Haunter regularly used excessive force to achieve his aims. On several occasions, the Primarch is recorded expressing the opinion that by utterly crushing the transgressor in full view of his compatriots, an enforcer not only solves the original problem beyond all doubt but ensures that those who observe it dare not stray from the path of Imperial law. Ultimately, the actual physical presence of the enforcer is not necessary to enforce the law. This was the belief underpinning Night Haunter's political and military tactics from the beginning.

Over the first few years of his rule as Primarch of the Night Lords, his legion utterly destroyed traces of heresy with the fanatical thoroughness of witch hunters. Night Haunter moulded his sons into an efficient, humourless force of warriors to whom killing was second nature, achieving their goals by any means necessary. It is recorded that

early in his career as a military commander, Night Haunter led his finest warriors against a temple devoted to the worship of an agricultural deity, burning the entire settlement to the ground.

An incident in which the Night Lords virus-bombed a continent because an emergent cult devoted to Slaanesh had been uncovered on a remote island was cited as an damning proof of their dangerous use of excessive force. Night Haunter encouraged his legions to decorate their armour with icons of fear and death to further enforce their already terrible reputation. Winged skulls, death masks, screaming faces and other hideous images were painted onto the legion's power armour with the greatest of care. Even the shrunken heads of their enemies often adorned the armour of the Night Lords.

The tactic proved incredibly effective. Soon the extreme measures of the Night Lords became infamous, the mere mention of their presence in a system enough to ensure that civilised planets paid all outstanding tithes, ceased all illegal activity completely and killed those who bore deformities rather than invite a purge from the Night Lords.

As his Space Marines fell in the front lines of battle, Night Haunter ordered new recruits from his home world of Nostramo. He knew the citizens of his home world would obey him without question, and was convinced that they would work towards the common good of the Imperium with the same dedication they evinced as his subjects. What Night Haunter did not know was that Nostramo had spiralled into the corrupt and decadent society it had been before he arrived. Only the most ruthless, hardy criminals remained healthy and strong on the cut-throat world of Nostramo, and it was these men, possessed of strength and vicious nerve but absolutely no scruples, that ended up populating the Night Lords' ranks. Warrior cults emerged within these black-eyed, pale recruits, pacts were made and oaths sworn. Incidents of the Night Lords' culling of defenceless populations increased with worrying frequency.

Although a son of the Emperor was answerable to none but the ruler of Mankind himself, Night Haunter's behaviour was looked upon with suspicion by his brother Primarchs. The scars left by his former life on Nostramo ran deep. Despite the fact that he spent time with his peers, the Primarch kept himself at a distance, never able to join in their camaraderie

or share their joy. He still fell into convulsions, plagued by visions of his own death, of his Night Lords fighting war after war with the other Legions of the Adeptus Astartes. But despite the concern of his companions, he would not reveal any more than dark hints of the cause of his tormented spirit. This feeling of isolation gradually grew into paranoia, and the gulf between Night Haunter and the brotherhood of the Primarchs widened.

The matter of Night Haunter's heretical beliefs did not come to a head until some time later, and only because Night Haunter had managed to maintain some semblance of trust with his former tutor, the Primarch Fulgrim. Fulgrim's own outlook may have allowed him to understand Night Haunter's twisted logic, even if the resources the Night Lords expended on their purges could have been better spent elsewhere.

It has been concluded that when Fulgrim came to his aid after a violent fit, Night Haunter felt that he could confide his fears in Fulgrim. Given Fulgrim's reaction, it seems likely the Night Lords Primarch told of his certainty that he would be killed by his own father, that their children would die fighting amongst themselves rather than their enemies, and that the light the Emperor had brought to Nostramo would destroy it forever.

Fulgrim in turn confided Night Haunter's story to Rogal Dorn, who took exception to this slight on the Emperor's name. The following description of subsequent events hints at a confrontation between Rogal Dorn and Night Haunter, and given some of the writings it is obvious that the two came to blows. The excerpt is allegedly part of an account by Lord Princeps Ichabod Lethrai of the victory banquet held in honour of the pacification of the Cheraut System in 7232826.M29. It is kept in a solution of oils to prevent its degeneration, and is among the most closely guarded texts within the cloister-archives of the Library Sanctus.

"...Lying on the stone floor, breathing shallowly, was Rogal Dorn. Blood soaked his robes, great gouges of flesh were missing from his torso. Crouching on the giant warrior's chest like a hideous white gargoye was the hunched, pallid form of Night Haunter, his flesh covered in a film of sweat. He was panting heavily, and matted hair fell down over his jet-black eyes as he turned to face us. He was weeping, but his face was contorted into a snarl, his features wracked with hate and guilt in equal measure."

The events immediately following this incident are not recorded, but it appears that the Primarchs held a conference amongst themselves, with Night Haunter exiled to his chambers. What decision they reached has been lost to history, but the conclusion of this terrible chain of events is engraved deeply in the tragic story of the Imperium's darkest hour.

When the council of the Primarchs disbanded many hours later, they found Night Haunter missing, his honour guard butchered to a man. The corridors, walls and ceiling of the cloisters leading from his quarters were slick with blood and peppered with pieces of shattered bone. Night Haunter had already mobilised his legion's craft. By the time the Primarchs had enough craft ready for pursuit, Night Haunter had already entered the warp.

Without the supernatural skill and incredible prescience of the Emperor's Primarchs, many of Night Haunter's pursuers could have been lost that day as the rogue vessels delved deep into the heart of the Empyrean. The journey, malleable within the warp, may have taken hours or months; no reliable records exist. But one thing was certain, despite their valiant pursuit, his brothers arrived too late.

The Night Lords' ships orbited Nostramo, hundreds of weapons trained on the shrouded planet, the rays of the system's dying sun glinting from barrels too numerous to count. As the fabric of space buckled and twisted, disgorging the few craft able to keep pace, the lances and mass drivers of Night Haunter's flagship opened fire upon the planet.

Beam after beam of incandescent light joined the fusillade, all concentrating upon the same point, a weak spot in Nostramo's adamantium crust theorised to be left by the Primarch's initial landing. The lasers of the Night Lords' ships focused a blinding lance of pure energy into the planet's core, and with a cataclysmic explosion, the dark planet burst apart.

The Horus Heresy

In the wake of his terrible act, Night Haunter became susceptible to the whispered temptations of Chaos. By this time, he was dangerously unhinged, leaving a trail of devastated worlds across the galaxy. Few civilised worlds were totally without blemish, and the pretexts on which Night Haunter launched full-scale invasions became less and less credible. Imperial reconnaissance craft followed

in the wake of the Night Lords' fleet, reporting back to the Emperor's throne room across unimaginable stretches of time and space.

The atrocities the Night Lords were wreaking in the Emperor's name were abhorrent. Blasphemous acts and horrendous violence were the signature of the Night Lords' visitations, the fleet pressing ever onwards so as to avoid retribution. The tastes of the Legion twisted from physical sadism and torture into the infliction of psychological damage, with the dark-armoured warriors beginning to slow their frantic orgy of destruction into premeditated campaigns of mind-numbing terror. They became connoisseurs of pain and despair, taking weeks in the infliction of misery and fear upon a planet, feeding upon the dark emotions they conjured. The Night Lords made sure to invade helpless, backward planets where the population could barely comprehend that Hell had come to their world, feeding on their confusion and fright like leeches.

No longer did Night Haunter crusade in the name of the Emperor, who he now denounced as a weak hypocrite without the courage to admit that his own doctrines were just as extreme. Now the Primarch fought in the name of death and fear, knowing full well how the horrific arsenal at his disposal could aid him in his malign work. Night Haunter changed physically during this time, his lips receding completely, his muscular frame

hunching over, and his gnarled hands stretching into grasping talons.

Appalled by his son's grotesque acts, the Emperor was forced by repeated protests to call Night Haunter to account, demanding his presence for a full inquiry into his Legions' methods. But as the edict was issued, and the slow but powerful arm of Imperial law stretched out to Night Haunter, the greatest betrayal the Imperium had ever seen came to terrible fruition. Horus, first among the Emperor's chosen, betrayed him by converting several of the Space Marine Legions to the worship of Chaos. The true extent of his treachery became evident to the Emperor at Istvaan V, and the quest to bring the Night Lords to justice was

abandoned as the Imperium tore itself apart in all-out war.

Night Haunter was quick to pledge allegiance to Horus, and it became clear that all the allegations levelled at the Night Lords were true. From the planet of Tsagualsa, deep in the wilderness area of space known as the Eastern Fringes, the Night Lords launched a campaign of genocide and purest evil that made their previous atrocities pale in



THE CULLING OF GREDEL'S WORLD

In the year 2353843.M34, the Imperial frigate *Hand of Mercy* detected a residual distress call from a small isolated world in the Ysobacl Cloud, a twisting system orbiting a small bright star deep in the reaches of the Eastern Fringes. When the world was investigated by the crew of the *Mercy*, every single inhabitant was found dead. Many of the symbols cut into the corpses were identifiable as the sigils of the Night Lords. After an understandably brief investigation, the crew filed a report on the incident, and a squad from the Scout company of the Mortifactors Space Marines was assigned to assess the situation. From their findings, they were able to glean much information about the methods with which the Night Lords conquered the worlds in their path.

The Night Lords initially observe the planet from orbit. This is evident due to their unerring accuracy in finding the communications centres of a given world, where they aim their initial attacks. These are blood-fuelled orgies of carnage, mangled corpses testament to the violence of the assault. The buildings and communications apparatus bear not even the slightest scar or burn; evidently the Night Lords eschew the wasting of ordnance during these purges.

It would be around this point that any frantic warning signals are abruptly cut off, and the screams and pleas of the dying replace any useful information. These demoralising sounds, in conjunction with static and whispered obscenities, are looped into the world's communication networks. Scenes of butchery and blood-soaked depravity are broadcast across the vid-screens of the terrified population. These looped images and messages were still playing, albeit in a stilted, halting pattern, when the Mortifactors Scouts investigated the empty habitats of Grendel's World.

None of the buildings on the planet were harmed in any way, showing clearly that the Night Lords have no interest in random destruction. If the planet had been able to muster any real defence, the damage wrought by a full-scale battle would be evident. The fact that this is lacking on a world hosting considerable military resource is testament to the Night Lords' skills.

After destroying the planet's electrical grid, the atmosphere is brought into a state of permanent night. This is achieved by the detonation of nuclear-level explosives in uninhabited areas, launched from the Night Lords' ships still in orbit. The resultant fall-out throws up such vast quantities of dust and irradiated smoke that the entire planet is consumed by a blanket of darkness, which was still blotting out the sun during the Scout team's investigation. Levels of radiation poisoning in the corpses littering the streets were dangerously high; presumably the loss of teeth and hair and the deterioration of skin tissue in the populace is a desirable side-effect for the Night Lords.

The psychological trauma caused by these tactics takes a considerable toll in itself, and roughly one third of the planet's casualties appeared to have taken their own lives rather than face the Night Lords. Once word had spread of the Night Lords' arrival, and the population had reached the point of hysteria, the Chaos Space Marines began their sport. This appears to have lasted several weeks, given the varied levels of decay exhibited by the corpses of Grendel's World inhabitants. Closer inspection revealed that roughly 14% of the populace died from fear itself; their cause of death not bolter round or chainsword, but total nervous failure. Men, women and children alike were found dead, and the all-pervading silence, coupled with the unnatural twilight of the nuclear winter, was profoundly unsettling even for the members of the Mortifactors.

Not a single body of a Night Lords Chaos Space Marine was found on the planet. However, given the symbols daubed in blood and the ashen corpses lying dead in their beds, in the streets, and in the parks, the fate of Grendel's World was unmistakably their work. It can only be hoped the senseless genocide of the populace can furnish us with a little more information on how to scour this menace from the face of the Imperium.

comparison. They pledged no allegiance to any particular Chaos power, looking upon such devotion with scorn. Instead, their Primarch fed on fear, and eventually became what he most loathed. Soon enough, the ranks of his once-proud Legion were entirely composed of sadistic murderers and criminals granted the power to oppress anyone they chose by the Primarch's own potent gene-seed. Rather than serving Chaos, the Night Lords used it as a tool in their inhuman works. The galaxy trembled at the very mention of the dread Legion, and slowly but surely, the Night Lords carved a bloody trail towards Terra.

Even at the conclusion of the Horus Heresy, when the Chosen One of Chaos lay broken and beaten on the burning remains of his battle barge, the Night Lords fought on with unforgiving ferocity. They continued to raid the Imperium, all military strategy and carefully planned campaigns of terror discarded in favour of wanton murder and destruction. The hand of Night Haunter was still evident in the acts of his Legion, but it is obvious from field recordings of the time that the battle orders of the Primarch had changed. Where they were originally cold and calculating, the Night Lords now struck against overwhelming odds, their tactics eventually betraying a self-destructive desperation. It is quite possible that Night Haunter was aware of the fact that the Emperor had finally issued the order for his life to be terminated at the hands of the Callidus temple of assassins. Fully half of the existing Callidus operatives were dispatched to locate and destroy the Primarch, hoping his death would disband the Night Lords forever.

The last words of Night Haunter stand as one of the great enigmas of Imperial history. It is thought that the assassin M'Shen was consciously allowed to infiltrate Night Haunter's grotesque palace on the world of Tsagualsa, an edifice constructed entirely from still-living bodies. Expecting to have to deal with numerous guards and loyal retainers, she was surprised to find the halls of bone and flesh completely deserted. The vid-log built into M'Shen's baroque vambraces, kept in stasis at the heart of the most venerated Callidus shrine, shows the final confrontation between the twisted Primarch and the avenging angel. The events are portrayed thus:

Sitting in a pool of shadow upon a throne made from the fused bones of his victims, a carpet of still-screaming faces leading up to gnarled, naked feet, sits Night Haunter himself. His

madness and hate radiate from him, palpable even through such a remote medium as a vid-log. M'Shen stops in her tracks when the fallen Primarch raises his head, her face reflected in the impassive, deep black pools of his eyes. Long moments pass. Then, in a voice thick with contempt and pain, Night Haunter speaks.

"Your presence does not surprise me, Assassin. I have known of you ever since your craft entered the Eastern Fringes. Why did I not have you killed? Because your mission and the act you are about to commit proves the truth of all I have ever said or done. I merely punished those who had wronged, just as your false Emperor now seeks to punish me. Death is nothing compared to vindication."

Then the vid-log blurs for a fraction of a second as M'Shen leaps forwards, and the last image in the recording is of dark, staring eyes brimming with madness above a lipless smile before the recording inexplicably shorts out.

Home World

Nostramo was a dark, bleak planet shrouded by vast clouds of dust and pollution. It had five major cities sitting at the habitable hub of the planet, Nostramo Prime to Nostramo Quintus, each city functioning as a self-contained industrial system. Due to the synchronicity in the orbit of Nostramo and Tenebor, the moon interposed between Nostramo and its dying sun, these cities experienced the equivalent of a Terran night even during the middle of a Nostraman summer. The physiology of the humanoids that lived there remained virtually identical to that of Humans from the Segmentum Solar, another argument in favour of Genetor-Chief Ratifer's Convergent Evolution Hypothesis, with the exception that none of the planet's indigenous life forms have irises; the visible part of their eyes consisted entirely of pupils. Their skin was very pale, and an acute form of albinism, though recessive, was common in the populace.

The geology of Nostramo was nothing short of priceless, as the crust had unprecedented amounts of naturally occurring adamantium. The presence of such abundant quantities of valuable metal meant that the cities of Nostramo enjoyed very profitable trading with their neighbouring worlds, although it is well known that these worlds sold the metal on at a much higher price to the traders of the Imperium. An entire strata of the planet's crust was comprised of this valuable metal, and it is thought that the planet had a very

volatile core, hence its megatonne explosion at the hands of the Primarch.

Since the Night Lords lost their Primarch it would seem that they are one of many Chaos Space Marine forces based in the Eye of Terror. Most likely they have found some shadowy daemon realm in which to exist, although this conclusion is mere hypothesis. Without committing extensive resources, it is unlikely the Imperium will be able to tackle the threat of the Night Lords at their source.

Combat Doctrine

The Night Lords adopted the modus operandi of their Primarch without exception, and thrive in sowing fear and confusion among their enemy. It is common practice for Night Lords Chaos Space Marines to ensure that the communications of a target planet are shut down, broadcasting hideous messages and screams across the airwaves as they begin slaughtering the occupants at their leisure. It is very rare that the Night Lords voluntarily fight a force able to withstand them; they much prefer to attack the weak and frightened. Repeated instances have shown that the Night Lords will not give quarter, and are entirely bereft of mercy. Any poor soul offering to surrender will have his pleas answered by mutilation and painful death.

Night Haunter's Legion have no holy crusade, no belief that causes them to spread murder and misery to the worlds they visit. Similarly, they have no martial creed, all concept of honour eroded by the supplanting of vicious criminals into their ranks.

The Night Lords are masters of stealth, able to infiltrate a position quickly and silently. These arts appear to be innate to the legion, and come to the fore during the sick games they use to drive their prey into paroxysms of terror. Even before they turned to Chaos, the Night Lords adorned their armour with imagery of death; this is because they know that fear can be used as a weapon just as effectively as a chainsword or bolter. Given their predilection for picking on weaker foes, a fully-armoured Night Lords champion armed with a devastating array of weaponry is always more than a match for the foes he chooses to fight.

Beliefs

Night Lords are exceptionally versatile in their use of the forces of Chaos, employing the hell-spawned powers of each of the major Chaos deities with equal favour. It is just as likely that the

Night Lords will be seen fighting alongside a group of foul Plague Marines as it is the warriors of the Thousand Sons. However, it has been ascertained that the Night Lords have nothing but scorn for faith in all its forms, whether it be the fanatical bloodlust of the Khornate Berserker or the devotion of the Imperial creed. The only authority they recognise is that of temporal power and material wealth.

Observational evidence would suggest that the only reason the Night Lords fight is for the love of killing and the material rewards this can bring. They take great pleasure in gunning down defenceless prey, especially those too young or sick to stand up to them. It is certainly not for the thrill of battle that they fight, as an army of Night Lords can be expected to try every underhand trick in the book before resorting to honest combat. This is possibly a vestige of their ancestry in the criminal classes of Nostramo where it was commonplace to ruthlessly force the will of the strong upon the weak.

Gene-seed

The gene-seed of the Night Lords seems to be surprisingly pure. In fact, of all the Chaos Space Marine Legions, the Night Lords seem to bear the least evidence of mutation. This is perhaps due to a stable gene-seed stock, perhaps due to the fact they rarely associate themselves with a particular Chaos power for any length of time.

Although the Night Lords are distinguished by jet black eyes and pale skin, the real legacy of Night Haunter may be psychological. There is a tendency for paranoia and self-destructive behaviour in the Night Lords, and it is said that their sorcerers have a pronounced vulnerability to being wracked with painful seizures in which they experience visions, oblique or not, of the future. Night Haunter is believed to have only been able to see the darkest path of all possible futures, a terrible curse, and the visions tended to be self-fulfilling. It is to be hoped that the Night Lords' sorcerers suffer the same fate. This is as yet speculation. However, given their Primarch's susceptibility to such prophesies, it seems more than likely.

Battlecry

"We have come for you!"

NIGHT LORDS



Night Lords Icon Bearer



Night Lords Chaos Space Marine squad



Night Lords Chosen Terminators



A Night Lords Aspiring Champion leads his troops into battle.



Dreadnought with Plasma Cannon and close combat weapon



'EAVY METAL CHAOS SPACE MARINES SHOWCASE

Bruno Rizzo, from Games Workshop France, paid a visit to our Nottingham head office and brought some of his amazing Chaos models along to show us. Bruno has won Golden Demon awards in France, and it certainly shows in the standard of his painting!

Index Astartes

First Founding



The Blood Angels were once regarded as the most blessed of all the Legions of the Adeptus Astartes, possessed of the bravery and puissant skill of their Primarch, Sanguinius. But the events of the Horus Heresy dealt them a terrible blow, the loss of their angelic forefather himself. His death was so terrible that it left a deep scar in every member of the Legion, and ever since that dark day, it is whispered that the Blood Angels have carried a terrible curse within their veins.

Origins

Perhaps the most heretical belief whispered in the shadowy corners of the Imperium is that the Primarchs were touched by Chaos from their very infancy. It is generally thought, among Imperial scholars, that the genetic predecessors of the Adeptus Astartes were indeed taken from their cry-chambers by the powers of Chaos. Some give credibility to the belief that the powerful magics ensorcelling the infant Primarchs, wrought by the divine Emperor himself, protected them from the depravations of these powers. Yet others would have you believe that, instead of being destroyed, they were cast out to the far corners of the galaxy, denied the shelter and succour that Terra could bestow.

It seems plausible that the powers of Chaos had attempted to pervert and distort the perfect works of the Emperor, but the possibility that one or more of the Primarchs were altered by Chaos at the very beginning of their lives must surely be preposterous.

The inhabitants of the desolate planet of Baal and its twin moons has never been culturally advanced enough to maintain written records of their history. Nevertheless, the oral tradition of the Baalite tribe known as The Blood describes the infant Sanguinius as bearing tiny vestigial wings even when he was first found, in the place now known as Angel's Fall. And not without reason, for Sanguinius was indeed angelic, not just physically, but also within his unblemished soul.

Many of the parables and psalms still recited by The Blood have been transcribed by Blood Angels Librarians over the years (the contemporary equivalents of the first Baalite tribe claim to house remote descendants of the original line), and are kept with reverence in the most holy shrine-archives of the Blood Angels.

Alas, the history of the tribe is unrecorded until the time of Sanguinius's descent. It can only be assumed that they were typical of the tribes of Baal Secundus, a miserable, godless group of individuals

attempting to eke out some kind of existence upon their harsh, irradiated world. Baal Secundus has levels of radiation that would debilitate an unprotected man in seconds. As such, it can be surmised that when the tribe-brothers of The Blood found an unblemished cherub lying safe but naked on the scalding sands of their home world, his back adorned with tiny feathered wings, they considered him a mutant.

Ironically, it is said that many of the tribe wanted to put the one who would later show them salvation to a quick death. Although such ultimate blasphemy is difficult to credit, it must be remembered that at this stage the inhabitants of Baal were little more than barbarians. However, they must have felt the divinity of Sanguinius even before he could speak; compassion prevailed and the child, in every other respect more perfect and complete than any of those around him, was taken in.

Although the details of Sanguinius's early life are lost to time and memory, the notable events of his childhood have been told and retold so many thousands of times by the Baalite tribes that they are ingrained in racial memory. One of these tales describes how, before he had seen three weeks, he was the size of a child of as many years, fully capable of walking. He exhibited this capacity by wandering from the tribe's vigil, as curious as he was fearless. When his wards finally found him, he had strayed into the lair of a Baalite Fire Scorpion, a grotesque predator which, when rearing up, is twice the height of a man. The unarmed infant bested the creature, despite repeated blows from a sting coated with virulent poison that is said to burn a man from within in seconds.

Allegedly, the tribe ate well that night.

Like the other Primarchs, Sanguinius grew at an incredible rate, and his wings grew also. The feathers were as white and pure as a swan's, but as strong as those of the Imperial Eagle itself. His wings ultimately became mighty pinions that could bear him aloft through the scorching desert air,

ANGELS OF DEATH

The Blood Angels
Space Marine Chapter

by Phil Kelly

inspiring awe and devotion from the lesser beings beneath.

A single year after his discovery at Angel's Fall, Sanguinius stood taller than any man the tribes of Baal's shrivelled moons had ever seen. His form was perfection, his beauty such that many could not look upon him lest their impure gaze be blinded. He could walk under the fiercest rays of the sun whilst his adoptive family scuttled at his feet, encumbered by the weight of their rad-suits. He could smash a path through a rockfall with the blade of his hand, best wild animals with but a glance and soar high into the sky on his mighty wings to observe the land below from the perspective of a god.

As Sanguinius reached maturity, the tribe prospered and grew under his guidance.

The transcription of Baalite myth provided by the ancient and venerable scholar Hyriontericus Lucidio (2342345M33) has been preserved with the greatest care since its interment in the altar-tomes of the Blood Angels. Hence, the following quote remains in its rawest form, transcribed from the words of Elder Imrait'il'thax directly into Lucidio's Baalite Scripture.

"They, the cannibal-mutants, numbered in their hundreds, far more than we. Blade sprouted from mouth, curdled eye stared, buckled hand

clutched rusted sword. We knew death in that moment. Then the Angel started his work.

He, the Pure One, wanted no harm to befall us. He raged, at first a white, blazing light, then, as death walked beside him, a terrible red thing. His eyes and crown seemed to burn, intense, a corona of bright violence, a sandstorm of destruction. We were caught in the deadly beauty of his dance. And then there were no mutants, only silence, and he stood before us, dripping, still as the cairn."

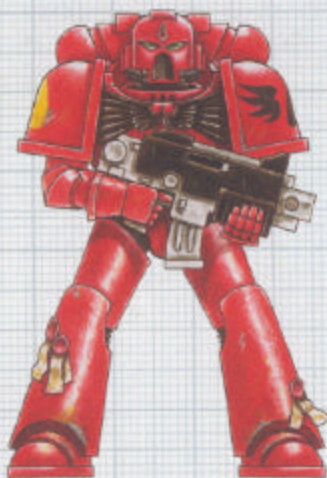
Sanguinius soon rose to the pinnacle of society upon Baal Secundus, and under his leadership, the pure-blooded Baalite tribes soon united against the

Chapter Approved. Access Level: SI wavy eight

Blood Angels Legion, Progenitor Legion M.31



Pre-Heresy Blood Angels colour scheme



Contemporary Blood Angels Codex power armour



Tactical Marine helmet colour



Devastator Marine helmet colour



Chapter symbol



Assault Marine helmet colour



Honour Guard helmet colour



Inferno pistol



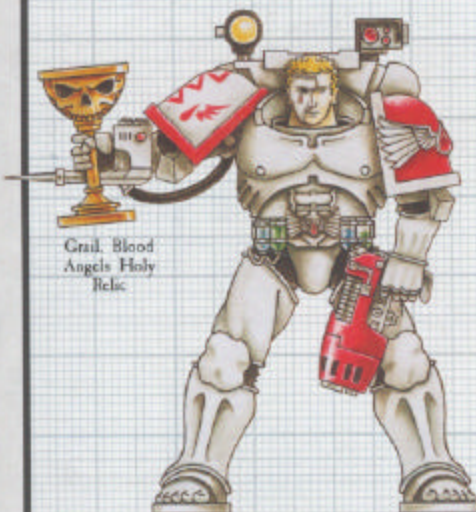
3rd Company shoulder plate: Chapter badge iconography



3rd Company Sergeant's shoulder plate: Chapter badge iconography

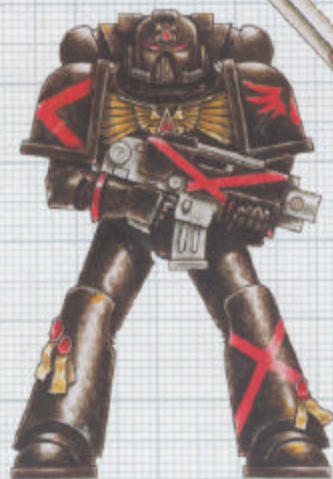


2nd Company shoulder plate: Chapter badge iconography

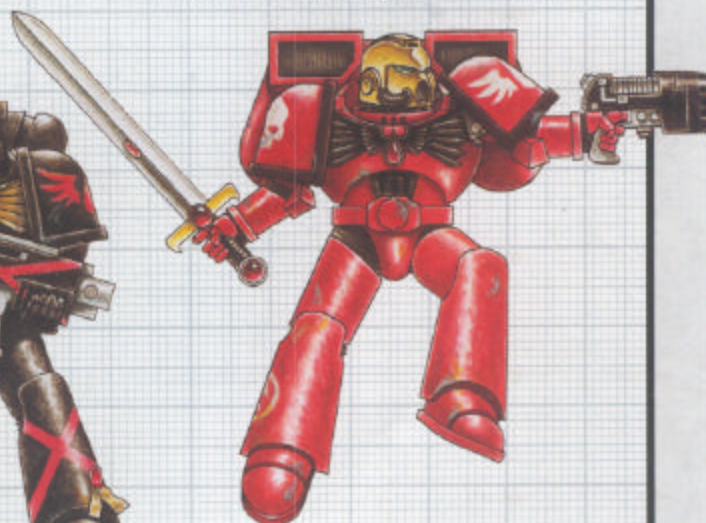


Grail, Blood Angels Holy Relic

Blood Angels Sanguinary Priest



Blood Angels Death Company Space Marine



Blood Angels Honour Guard Assault Marine

Thought for the day: What is a lifetime of servitude next to an eternity of destruction?

infestation of mutants that had begun to plague the radioactive wastes of Baal. Despite being grossly outnumbered, those of the pure blood won the war against the foul mutants. Sanguinius's perfect and divine leadership, coupled with his total mastery of physical combat, drove back the tide of filth that threatened to drown the true people of Baal Secundus. In battle, his wrath was total and unstoppable. Perhaps inevitably, Sanguinius was worshipped as a god by his followers. They were convinced that paradise would follow in the crimson footsteps of the Angel.

And so it came to pass that, by the time the Emperor came to Baal, his lost son sat at the head of the Conclave of Blood. The High Majesty of Mankind had correctly divined the presence of one of his Primarchs upon the blighted planet of Baal Secundus, and led the finest of his men to the surface.

Note: At this point, scholars cease having to rely upon conjecture and the myths of primitives (however diligently recorded), as the entourage of the Father of Mankind included many distinguished persons and scrivener-artisans.

It is therefore known that, at the climax of the Conclave of Blood, the Emperor entered the massive natural amphitheatre carved from Mount Seraph by the ponderous tides of Baal's geology. Those of the pure blood attended Sanguinius' address in their tens of thousands. The Emperor stood within their ranks, a shining golden figure among the tattered warriors of The Blood. But the Emperor knew humility as well as divinity, and he listened as intently as any warrior there. Sanguinius gave a speech which lifted the very souls of his people, giving them more than hope, at its conclusion soaring into the air above them with a shout that every man there echoed. Thus, the Emperor was convinced without a doubt that this was indeed one of his missing sons.

It is also recorded that, when approached, Sanguinius recognised the Emperor immediately. Many believe that Sanguinius's reputed ability to foresee future events informed him of the Emperor's visit, explaining his reaction. He fell to his knees, crystal tears falling from his cheeks into the dust. Where they fell, alabaster flowers thrived upon the barren and foul soils of Baal Secundus. And so the Emperor bade him stand, and looked upon the myriad

faces raised unto Him, proud and resolute. He saw that they were both fair in mind and deed, possessed of a small part of the nobility and strength of their leader.

So it was that, under Baal's blistering sun, the Blood Angels were born.

The Angels of the Blood

Imperial history recognises that the Emperor subsequently selected the best of Sanguinius' warriors and took them into his Great Crusade, raising them up into a full Legion of Space Marines. They were implanted with the very core of the Primarch's physical being: his pure and precious gene-seed. Under such a blessing no man could fail in his duty, and the Blood Angels added their might to those already fighting in the Emperor's crusade.

Those that remained upon Baal Secundus were entrusted with the holy duty of defending Mankind's birthright upon the planet, and ensuring that future generations of warriors were taught the Imperial creed and the truth of the gods that once walked amongst them. So it is that even now, with millennia passed since those fateful days, the Blood Angels take their new recruits from the moons of Baal.

To ascertain who is worthy to join the ranks of the Blood Angels, the youths from the tribes of the pure blood must take part in violent games and magnificent tournaments, battling against both the harsh landscape of their home world and, ultimately, their peers. This has been established practice since the very first time new recruits were summoned from The Blood, and the rituals remain much the same even now. The contests are held once every generation at Angel's Fall, the forbidding cliff where Sanguinius was first found, and are announced by 'great flying chariots' (the Thunderhawks of Veteran Blood Angels).

Aspirants must reach the Place of Challenge by whatever means they can, a process that itself weeds out the weaker warriors hoping to join the ranks of the Blood Angels. They must race across uncharted miles of hostile desert and leap from high cliffs with only their Angels' Wings to support them, a primitive assembly of skins and thin canes barely able to support the aspirant's weight. They must find their way through canyons infested with gigantic Fire Scorpions and Thirstwater, a liquid species that drains moisture from anything it comes

into contact with. The desiccated husks of previous hopefuls speak well of those who have underestimated the danger posed by this threat. Once they reach the Place of Challenge, gladiatorial contests similar in scale to those held in the Ultramar system are held. Only the most skilled fighters survive.

Once the fifty or so victors have been separated from the unsuccessful aspirants, they will be taken up in the Thunderhawks to fulfil the next stage of their trials. Those that fail go on to occupy places of honour in their society, or to guard the Place of Testing until the next generation of aspirants is ready.

The successful aspirants are taken to the fortress-monastery of the Blood Angels upon Baal itself, where they see sights of such magnificent glory that many lapse into speechless states of awe. They are marched in front of their future battle-brethren, and it is here that the contrast between aspirant and Space Marine is truly made clear.

The atmosphere and climate of Baal's moons are known to have severe and debilitating effects on those who have lived on their unforgiving surfaces. Most of the aspirants bear the physical marks of their old lives; it is all but impossible for an ordinary man to live in such conditions and not feel the terrible kiss of radiation. Despite their youth, they are often bent and stunted, their rosy physiques riddled with lesions and blemishes, their growth stunted by malnutrition and constant hunger. In contrast, the towering physiques of the Space Marines around them are a sculptor's ideal of beauty, with smooth skin, sleek features and fine white teeth.

The aspirants are taken to the Great Chapel of the Blood Angels, where they observe a vigil for three days and three nights without rest. Some fall asleep despite their best efforts, and are taken away; their fate is unrecorded. Soon after, the Sanguinary Priests enter the candlelit chapel. These noble individuals fulfil the role of Apothecaries for the Blood Angels, but with a far more unusual duty. The Sanguinary Priests are entrusted with the care of Sanguinius's own blood. The chalice they offer the aspirants at the conclusion of the vigil is said to contain a small portion of this precious liquid. Once the aspirants have partaken of the Sanguinary Chalice, they fall into a profound, timeless sleep, and their heartbeat all but stops. They are then taken by

hooded Blood-Servitors to the Apothecarion, where the holy gene-seed of Sanguinius himself is implanted into their recumbent bodies.

The Blood-Servitors, chanting the *Credo Vitae*, take them to the Hall of Sarcophagi. This breathtaking chamber resembles a gilded cathedral in design, but could house many lesser structures with nary a spire touching its embossed roof. The walls are adorned with a vast array of mighty golden sarcophagi, each twice the size of a man. The sleeping aspirants are entombed within, dwarfed by the size of their caskets, and attached to a large network of life-support nodes. There they remain for a full year, fed intravenously with nutrients and injected with the Blood of Sanguinius.

Many aspirants die at this stage, their feeble forms unable to accommodate the incredible changes wrought upon them by the gene-seed. These unfortunates are best left undescribed. Those able to stand the trial of the blood grow swift and true, reaching proportions reminiscent of their spiritual forefather in a similar timescale. It is rumoured that occasionally an entombed aspirant will awaken well before the casket is opened, and live out a hideous existence of claustrophobic, blood-sodden darkness, emerging from their imprisonment catatonic, insane or worse.

If the aspirants' bodies adapt, they put on extra muscle mass and assimilate the organs implanted into them in the Apothecarion. As they slumber, they are gifted by vivid and strange dreams depicting the memory of Sanguinius himself. Thus the very essence of the Primarch permeates the minds of his new sons, and ever afterwards these potent emotions and memories will be permanently imprinted upon their souls.

When the aspirants are finally removed from their sarcophagi, they have changed so thoroughly that few could believe they were once the twisted creatures rescued from the living hell of Baal Secundus. They have become tall, immensely strong and superhumanly powerful. Their restructured bodies have taken on a haunting beauty reminiscent of their angelic forefather, their senses keener and their muscles stronger than tempered steel.

And yet, they have only completed the first step on the road to becoming a Blood Angels Space Marine.

THE DEATH COMPANY

Deeply ingrained within the Blood Angels' gene-seed is the encoded experience of Sanguinius, and many say that most deeply imprinted of all is the memory of his final battle with Horus. Sometimes an event or circumstance will trigger this 'race memory'. This appears to happen only rarely, often on the eve of battle, and it is likely to be a fatal experience for the warrior whose mind is suddenly wrenched into the distant past. What has become known as the Black Rage overcomes him, the memories and consciousness of Sanguinius intrude upon his mind, and dire events ten thousand years old flood into the present. This we know to be true.

To others a Space Marine overcome by the Black Rage appears half mad with fury: he is unable to distinguish past from present, and does not recognise his comrades. He may believe he is Sanguinius upon the eve of his destruction, and that the bloody battles of the Horus Heresy are raging around him. As well as Sanguinius's memories, the Space Marine is touched with a small portion of the Primarch's unearthly power, boosting the warrior's already prodigious strength and vitality to superhuman levels.

In order to keep the Black Rage in check, on the eve of battle the Blood Angels bend their thoughts to prayer and to the sacrifice of their Primarch so many centuries ago. Chaplains move from man to man, blessing each in turn and noting those amongst the brotherhood whose eyes may appear a little glazed, or whose speech is slurred or over excited. Some, almost all, overcome the ancient intrusion into their minds. All their warrior's training is directed at controlling it, beating it down into the depths of their being. But for some the imprint of Sanguinius is too strong, the memories too loud and demanding. As the Chaplains chant the *Moripatris*, the Mass of Doom, the chosen ones fall into the arms of their priests, and are taken away. The afflicted Space Marines are formed into a special unit called the the Death Company.

Suffused with the dying memories of their Chapter's Primarch, the warriors of the Death Company seek only one thing: death in battle fighting against the enemies of the Emperor. The Death Company paint their armour black with red saltires, crosses of blood red which symbolise the sacrifice of Sanguinius. The company is led into battle and directed towards the foe by the Chapter's Chaplains. The warriors fight with the certainty of death and are completely fearless, ignoring wounds that should fell even a Space Marine. Should they survive the battle they will probably die of their wounds afterwards, once the frenzied slaughter is past. It is thought that the Blood Angels welcome this death, as they fear their madness will later lead them down the darkest path of all. Better by far to die cleanly and quickly in battle than suffer such a fate.

The Horus Heresy

Perhaps more than any other Loyalist Chapter, the terrible events of the Horus Heresy had a horrifying and permanent effect upon the Blood Angels, and it is this tragic fate that has shaped the Chapter since that time. Warmaster Horus, once the Emperor's most trusted and beloved son, turned to Chaos, and plunged the dagger of betrayal so far into the heart of the Imperium that it is yet to recover from his evil deed.

In a tragic sequence of events, the corrupt and evil being that Horus had become managed to manipulate and coerce several other Primarchs, turning them against their own father and mentor, the Emperor himself. These events culminated in the combined attack of Warmaster

Horus's forces upon the Emperor's Palace. Space Marine fought Space Marine, traitor battled loyalist until the fortifications of Terra's finest monument to divinity itself looked set to fall. Chaos was ascendant; the powers that Horus had allied himself with had given him power beyond imagining at the cost of his immortal soul.

Sanguinius is immortalised in the magnificent stained glass windows of the Sanctus Praetoria Imperator as fighting high above the raging battle, facing daemons so powerful they could unhinge the minds of great heroes with but a word. He single-handedly held the crenellations from the tides of daemoniac filth attempting to wash into the holy chambers of the Emperor's Palace. Many accounts of the time praise the Blood Angel's

valour and unceasing efforts in their defence of the Eternity Wall space port. Although hundreds of Blood Angels died, they stemmed a sea of foulness the like of which had never been seen before. Many speak of the bright light bathing Sanguinius' sons as the Primarch slew his foes in the skies above with his mighty blade of fire. And yet, it was upon Horus's battle barge that Sanguinius was to fulfil his greatest duty.

In his victory, Horus became complacent, watching the battle from the bridge of his bloated leviathan of a command ship. He wanted to experience the Emperor's defeat first hand, to force him to his knees before he fed on the father of Mankind's soul.

And in his folly, as his forces breached the defences for the last and final time, spilling into the corridors and chambers of the palace, Horus relaxed the psychic

defences around his ship. At the speed of thought, the Emperor was aboard the hellish craft, Sanguinius close behind him.

It is known that Sanguinius was gifted with the power of foretelling, able to see visions of what lay ahead. His soul was pure, and the prophecies he spoke of inevitably came to be. It can thus be surmised that he knew full well he was going to his doom when he confronted the Warmaster, and yet he went without hesitation. Whether this act was prompted by fatalism or loyalty to the Emperor is a point debated by many Imperial theologians lacking in faith, however there is no doubt in the minds of the Blood Angels. They maintain that he walked into the lion's den out of duty, knowing full well what the outcome would be.

And thus it is that the Blood Angels alone know the details of their Primarch's fate. The sacrifice of their founder is echoed in the soul of every one of their number, and their souls burn with troubled dreams of Sanguinius's death. These inherited memories are so powerful that the Blood Angels are known to lapse into a fugue state known as the Black Rage, experiencing horrific visions of death and pain that they share with Sanguinius himself.

It is true that as a Blood Angel ages, as he sees more bloodshed and battle, he becomes more and more prone to the onset of the Black Rage. Chaplain Lestrallio, a great and tragic martyr of the Blood Angels, instigated a method that enabled those unfortunate few who fell into the Rage when the Chapter was in deep space to be of service nonetheless. The Lestrallio Procedure involves giving oneself to the Sanguinary Priests when all attempts at stemming the Black Rage have been unsuccessful, and there are no enemies for the victim to slaughter in the throes of a heroic death. The volunteer is restrained, shackled in adamantium often at the cost of many Blood-Servitors, and brought into the bowels of the craft. There, in the darkness of the ship's Apothecarion, he is encouraged to talk of what he sees around him, his visions echoing those witnessed by Sanguinius within the unholy depths of Horus's battle barge.

The following account is an excerpt from the descriptions of Chaplain Lestrallio himself, recorded by a Blood Servitor in 2432053.M36. It remains the longest recorded example of the visions granted by the Black Rage, a testament to Lestrallio's great strength of will.

"It's dark... aagh! It burns! The taint is so strong... the smell... rot, foul rot and death... it's hot. So hot... I feel my feathers singe, furling against me to avoid touching the walls, the walls... this is Hell... thorns, spines pushing through wet flesh <subject goes into spasm> <subject screams in rage> What's that... What's that!? So fast! Aaaaah! For the Emperor! Die! DIE!"
 <subject falls still, mutters unintelligibly, possibly a prayer>

"Where is he, where is he, you cannot stop me foul CHAOS FILTH! AAAGH!"
 <subject spasms, gnashes teeth> *"curse this light..."*

"Burn! BURN! All of you! <indecipherable> the walls, there are no walls, this tunnel made of flesh, rotted flesh, bursting underfoot, bleeding, the stench of pus...<subject screams, then calms>

"I will find you, coward."
 <six seconds pass, subject's eyes open>

"I name you Traitor! Face me! For the Emperor! FOR THE EMPEROR!"



At this point, after a violent spasm that lasted longer than any before and nearly shook his body to pieces, Chaplain Lestrallio died of massive physiological trauma. This is a regrettable side effect of the Lestrallio Procedure, but one deemed fitting by many among the Blood Angels.

From the collated results of these experiments, it is possible to draw conclusions from the valuable evidence provided by those suffering the Black Rage. Sanguinius is thought to have undergone unimaginable psychic damage at the hands of the Warmaster who, it is believed by many Blood Angels, could not best him in personal combat.

Horus, in his limitless malice, made sure that Sanguinius's death was the most painful and foul that the boundless evils in his service could administer. The Warmaster's psychic assault echoed not just throughout space, but also throughout time, resonating in the souls of his children. The Primarch's sacrifice is thought to have kept Horus occupied long enough for the Emperor to reach the traitor in the very depths of his lair, where the Emperor eventually bested him at a terrible cost. The pain inflicted upon the Primarch was so total that every one of his sons carries the echo imprinted deep within their soul to this day.

And so it was that the Blood Angels came to bear their blood-curse, and they bear it still.

Home World

In ancient days Baal and its moons all had earth-like atmospheres. Several Explorator teams, equipped with state-of-the-art rad-suits, have studied Baal's moons in some detail. Beneath their blackened crusts was a wealth of information, as the strata bear very different patterns to what was originally expected. It was concluded that Baal itself was always a world of red rust deserts, but its moons could potentially have been paradises for mortal men, where folk concentrated on art and science rather than survival and conquest. The surface of Baal is dotted with ruined edifices, incredible monuments that must have been constructed with incredible skill to have stood the test of time. It is obvious that the people of Baal spent their time creating mighty monuments, carving the mountains themselves into statues of their rulers and their gods. Thus the Imperium was able to build a

picture of life on Baal through architectural remains.

It is still unknown as to what exactly happened to change this idyllic state of affairs, a cause of great consternation among Imperial historians. All that is certain is that the cataclysmic and fearful events that changed the face of Baal forever happened at roughly the end of the Dark Age of Technology. The moons of Baal suffered terribly. Evidence of ancient weapons both viral and nuclear have been found, perhaps accounting for the incredible rad-count of the moons. The strata of these planets include plains of blackened glass and vast tracts of polluted desert. What were once seas became poisoned lakes of toxic sludge, now covered in layers of pallid dust. The folk of the system must have died in their millions. But somehow humanity has prevailed. The populace became scavengers, picking the bones of their own once-great civilisation. Without their now characteristic rad-suits many must have perished still, growing sickly and feeble as the atmosphere was radically altered. It is theorised by many Imperial scholars that in the dark time that followed the collapse of all order, some became worse than scavengers, and turned to cannibalism.

One side effect from the ensuing radioactive atmosphere was inevitable, however. In time, the accumulated chemical and radioactive toxins that built up in the survivors' bodies led to them devolving into mutants, shambling parodies of the men their forefathers had once been. The disintegration of society can be seen depicted at the Lasquo Caves of Baal Primus, grotesque images of mutants and madmen butchering the more wholesome members of the populace, drawn in ancient blood onto the parched walls.

But, as we know from the Baalite Scripture, there were some who held on to their humanity and preserved some semblance of sane behaviour, forming tribes the like of which adopted Sanguinius upon his descent. But these were the embattled few, as a new and savage culture evolved amid the ruins of the old. The only social unit left was the tribe. For human and mutant cannibal alike, the only folk they could rely on were their own kin.

The folk of the Baal system became nomads, shifting from place to place, picking the ruins clean, warring to preserve the spoils they had gathered. The tribes fought constant wars. Webs

of alliances shifted constantly. Extinction awaited the slow and the weak. Where once the moons had been close to paradise, now they were close to hell.

For the few surviving humans, life must have been a constant struggle to exist. For a long time it must have seemed that Baalite humanity was doomed, and soon there would only be an endless desert ruled over by the feuding mutant tribes. Although we can only guess as to when, the miracle of Sanguinius's descent onto the planet introduced a new hope into a barren world.

Organisation

Although the Blood Angels share much of their organisation with their brother Space Marines, adhering in many ways to the precepts of the Codex Astartes, there are notable exceptions. The Blood Angels have several specialist units they do not share with any Chapter other than their successors; the Angels Vermilion, Angels Sanguine, Angels Encarmine, Blood Drinkers and Flesh Tearers. It is worth noting that, unlike the others mentioned here, the Blood Drinkers are strict followers of the Codex Astartes. Their markings are similar to those of the Ultramarines chapter.

Perhaps the most notable exception that the Blood Angels exhibit in their ranks is a preponderance of close combat troops. The chance to become one of the Blood Angels' Assault Marines is much sought after, as it is in close combat that these Space Marines can exorcise the ghosts of their ancestral memory. Even Devastator squads, those entrusted with the duties of fire support, have been known to run towards the enemy in an attempt to engage them in close combat (cf. the Trachesai Massacre, 230.M34).

The members of the Blood Angels 1st Company fight as assault troops when not equipped as Terminators, rather than as tactical squads as is the case with many of their brother Chapters. The entire 8th Company is dedicated to close combat, many of their members being amongst the finest assault troops in the Imperium. Those Space Marines not equipped with jump packs often make use of Land Speeders and Bikes to support their brethren. The 10th Company, consisting of a variable number of Scout squads, is unusual in that its members are extremely aggressive. They work their way into forward positions, infiltrating enemy positions

and relishing every opportunity they can take to close quarters and tear their enemies apart in a storm of blood. The other companies of the Blood Angels conform to the structure established by the Codex Astartes, although many of their Rhinos are customised with over-charged engines so that their passengers can reach the front line with haste. (Note: No doubt this straying from the precepts set out in the Rhino STC has an adverse effect on the vehicle as a whole). Specialist squads are distinguished by the colour of their helmets: Tactical squads are marked in red, Devastator squads in blue and Veteran Assault squads in yellow.

The Blood Angels Headquarters division includes a number of ranks that are not found in any other Chapter, reflecting their unique nature and organisation. These include the Sanguinary Priests, custodians of the holy blood of Sanguinius. It has been known for a Sanguinary Priest to

administer a potent blood transfusion to a battle brother with his Exsanguinator, even in the midst of combat.

Another exception to standard Codex organisation is the inclusion of squads of Honour Guard, the high elite of the close assault cadres of the Blood Angels and the bodyguard of their most revered heroes. These warriors take the place of the usual command squad, and may include a Standard Bearer or Sanguinary Priest. It is said by some that few more formidable units exist in the entire pantheon of the Adeptus Astartes. The members of the Honour Guard are denoted by their helmets, marked in shining gold, a sign of hope for their allies and despair for their foes.

The Blood Angels are also famous for the Furioso pattern Dreadnought, a design perfected by the Chapter's Lord of the Forges many millennia ago to grant the opportunity of slaking the blood lust of Space Marine heroes even when their bodies are broken beyond salvation. The mighty twin power claws of the Furioso are a match for any opponent, and are capable of tearing open the adamantium hide of a Land Raider when the Furioso is gripped by battle-lust.

Finally, and perhaps most notably, the organisation of the Blood Angels is often disrupted by those who suffer from the Black Rage. These

unfortunates are formed into the infamous Death Company. Alas, there is no way to predict exactly how this phenomenon will affect the Chapter's organisation until the battle itself.

Combat Doctrine

The companies of the Blood Angels generally fight as one would expect from a disciplined force of the Adeptus Astartes. The 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th are Battle Companies, and these four companies form the main battle lines and generally bear the brunt of the fighting. The specialist companies are kept in reserve and only deployed when necessary.

However, these Companies cannot be relied upon to fight in the structured, disciplined way of the Imperial Fists or the Dark Angels, for the strength of their genetic curse can turn even the most taciturn veteran into a berserker, wishing only to rend his enemy apart and slake his overriding thirst for battle. The Black Rage can possess any and all Blood Angels during the heat of battle, be they a Devastator squad or the driver of a Vindicator. As such, it is always uncertain as to whether a Blood Angels contingent will hold a position. It is just as likely that they will run screaming forward in an attempt to rip the enemy limb from limb with their bare hands. This has in the past led to the total massacre of the Blood Angels' foes on unnumbered occasions. Possibly one of the most famous of these was the Battle at Hive Tempestora, where the Blood Angels assaulted en masse with such undaunted ferocity that their charge smashed apart the enemy line, enabling them to establish a beachhead in a situation considered

hopeless by Imperial tacticians. It is said that the fanatical zeal of the Blood Angels also enabled them to achieve the impossible throughout the Armageddon campaign. This unpredictability makes them extremely unpopular with other Imperial commanders, but

the Blood Angels care not. They know that their constant struggle against the Black Rage makes them stronger, not weaker.

Battlecry

"By the blood of Sanguinius!"



Beliefs

Sanguinius was a visionary. During his early life he desired to lead his people to a new and better life. When he joined the Great Crusade he transferred this vision to a greater arena, but did not abandon it. He wanted a better life for all Mankind and an end to the strife brought on by the collapse of human civilisation during the Dark Age of Technology.

We have established that the outlook of Sanguinius did much to shape his Chapter. There is a mystical streak to many of the Blood Angels' doctrines, and also a strong belief that things can be changed for the better. After all, the process of transforming a scavenger into a tall, proud and handsome warrior is living proof of this tenet.

This belief can be seen in everything the Blood Angels do; they strive for perfection. Their works of art are things of beauty and symmetry. Their martial disciplines are practised unceasingly. Their doctrines are permeated with a sense of mortality and the fallen greatness of Man.

Physically the Blood Angels are among the longest lived of all the Space Marine Chapters. One of the peculiarities of their gene-seed is that it has vastly increased the lifespan of those who possess it, so it is not uncommon for Blood Angels to reach a thousand years of age. Indeed, the current Chapter Master, Commander Dante, has lived for nearly 1,100 years. These vastly extended lifespans allow the Blood Angels to perfect their techniques in art as well as in war. They have centuries in which to perfect the disciplines to which they turn their minds, and this accounts for the fact that Blood Angels' armour and banners are among the most ornate ever produced.

Perhaps the strangest of all the Chapter's traits was witnessed by Inquisitor Garillion on his sojourn to the fortress monastery on Baal in 1929734.M40. The Blood Angels have a habit of sleeping whenever possible in the sarcophagi used to create them. They apparently believe that in this timeless slumber, they are one step closer to Sanguinius, and seek to gain some insight into the psyche of their forefather. While the Blood Angels sleep in their sarcophagi their blood is cleansed and purified. The Chapter thus hopes to slow the long process of possible genetic degeneration until a permanent solution for the Black Rage can be found.

Nevertheless, it is clear to any who study the martial record of the Blood Angels that they enforce the Emperor's will with a fervour and zeal that equals or exceeds that of any other Chapter. In fact, these records point to the fact that the Blood Angels are responsible for many of the Imperium's successful actions, and that the number of aliens and heretics they have killed in the name of the Emperor is beyond count.

Gene-seed

This Chapter, once among the most blessed of all the Chapters, now shuns the company of the other Adeptus Astartes where possible. Some Imperial officers have reported suspicions that they are afflicted by a terrible thirst, a craving for blood, which paranoid scholars claim may be the first signs of a descent into Chaos. It is known that the Blood Angels themselves spend much of their time seeking a cure for their condition, but surely this does not mean that they are a Chapter trying in vain to keep the insidious tendrils of Chaos from their very blood.

The trials of their inheritance may well be the Blood Angels' greatest salvation, for it brings with it a humility and understanding of their own failings which make them the most truly noble of the Adeptus Astartes.

The fate of those unfortunates overtaken completely by their Primarch's legacy is known only to the Chapter itself. There are tales of a secret chamber within the Fortress Monastery on Baal, and of howling cries that demand the blood of the living. Unsurprisingly, none are willing to say for certain what secrets lie hidden in this haunted, desolate place.

There have been incidents when the Blood Angels have been stationed on distant worlds, where members of the local population have gone missing only to turn up later drained of blood (Rukh's Paradise, Amerialla Belt, Q34/9/4503/RT/Ultima Segmentum, 6569347.M36). It is possible that this is the work of cultists seeking to discredit the Chapter. It may even be that some of the more superstitious local citizens have taken to offering up sacrifices to their god-like visitors. However, those Imperial historians possessed of dark and fervent imaginations claim it is possible that these folk have been killed by Blood Angels overcome by an unholy thirst.

Some among those who entertain such unwholesome beliefs say that it

is because Sanguinius was more touched by Chaos than the other infant Primarchs. They cite the fact that he possessed wings – an obvious mutation – to support their case. Their argument runs that the gene-seed which was extracted from him was flawed even before the first Blood Angels were created, and thus terrible consequences were preordained.

At the time when the First Founding Chapters were created, the Emperor himself oversaw the process of transferring gene-seed from Primarch to Space Marine. However, since the Emperor's interment in the Golden Throne, each Chapter has had a different method of controlling and managing the change. The Blood Angels originally practised Exsanguination, a process initially triggered by injecting aspirants with tiny samples of the Primarch's blood. Alas, this process ground to a halt after Sanguinius's death, but fortuitously some of his blood was kept in the relic known as the Red Grail. This living blood, even possessed of such incredible power, could not last for long in an unprotected state. Thus it was that the vitae of their dead Primarch was injected into the veins of the Sanguinary Priests. They became living hosts to the power of their Primarch. Even today, drinking the blood of the assembled Sanguinary Priests from the Red Grail is part of the ritual used in inducting new Blood Angels Priests. In turn, it is from these custodians of the pure lineage that the blood given to aspirants is taken.

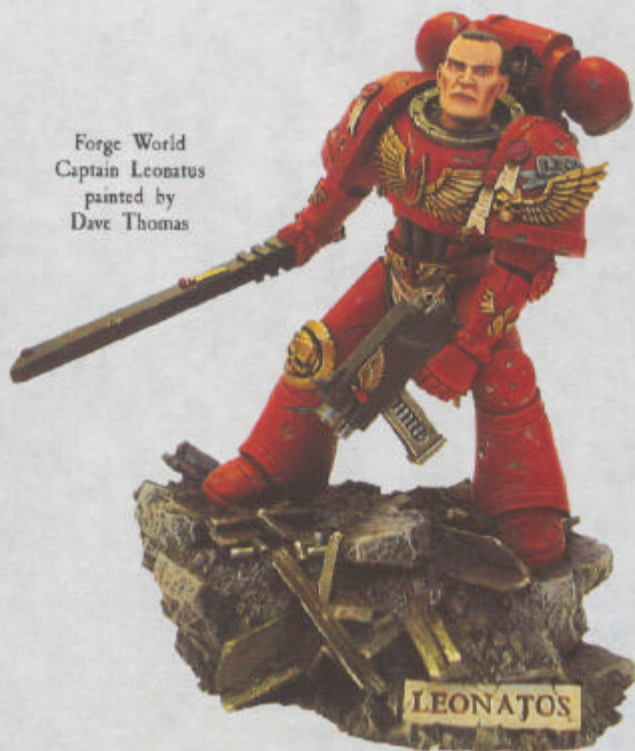
It is possible that over the countless generations since the time of the Heresy, the cells within the blood of the Sanguinary Priests have mutated, slowly at first, but more quickly in recent years. As it is, the blood used in the induction of the aspirants to the Chapter is technically vulnerable to degeneration. It is theorised by some that errors in replication have resulted in the Blood Angels' development of a genetic flaw.

There are very few records of the occurrence of genetic instability in the early years of the Imperium, or throughout the long millennia during which the Blood Angels were shaped. In the present day, however, it is for their unstoppable thirst for battle that the Blood Angels are considered unstable. Their fearsome reputation precludes them from many alliances with other Imperial forces. Thus it is that the curse has spread like a cancer not only through the Blood Angels' body and psyche, but also through their honour.

BLOOD ANGELS



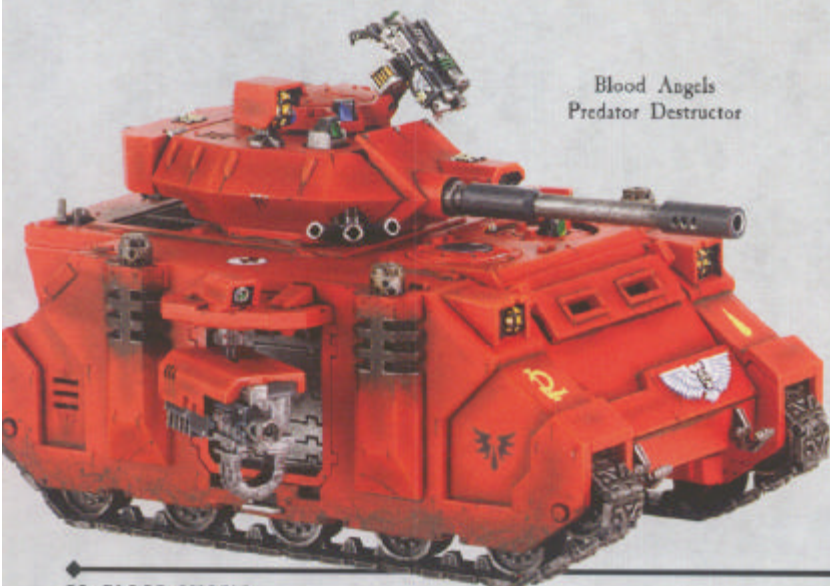
Furiouso Dreadnought



Forge World
Captain Leonatus
painted by
Dave Thomas



Blood Angels Tactical Squad



Blood Angels
Predator Destroyer



Chief Librarian Mephiston



Captain Tycho refuses to concede defeat at Hive Tempestora.



Blood Angels go over the top against Black Legion Chaos Space Marines



Company Standard Bearer



A Land Raider unloads its deadly cargo into the Chaos battle lines.



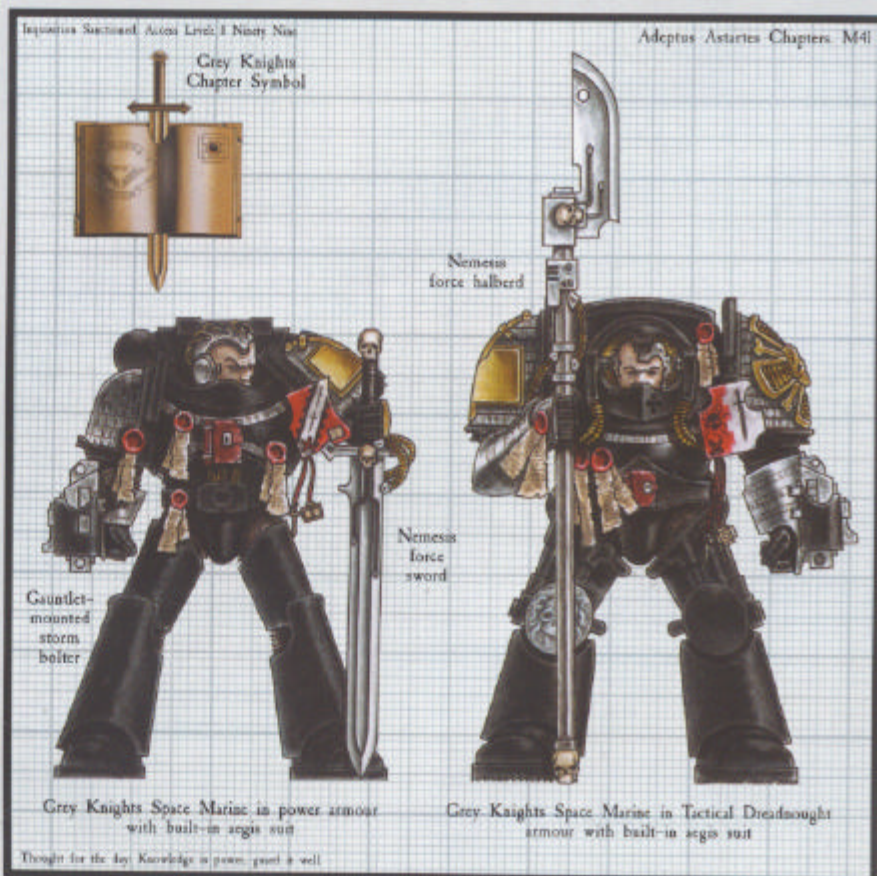
The Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes are the mightiest warriors in the Imperium and their fury in battle is legendary. Few can stand against the might of a Space Marine Chapter and the foes of Mankind tremble at their name. But there are alien races whose evil is beyond human understanding and beings that exist outside the realm of realspace that seek to plunge Humanity into the realm of Chaos. To face such foes demands warriors whose hearts and souls are trained to withstand extremes of pain and terror, whose faith in the Emperor is as unwavering as it is strong. Since the dawn of the Imperium, two brotherhoods of specially trained Space Marines have fought these foes and defeated them. They are the Deathwatch and the Grey Knights.

The Grey Knights

Founded in great secrecy around the time of the Second Founding (although this is uncertain), the Grey Knights are amongst the most highly specialised defenders of Humanity in existence. Uniquely amongst the Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes, the Grey Knights Chapter has no antecedents, having been created from specifically engineered gene-seed. Legend has it that the Emperor himself ordered the creation of this unique Chapter to form a force designed to fight the dread creatures of Chaos, though, of course, this is impossible to verify. Following the awesome scale of bloodshed during the Horus Heresy, the necessity for such a force was clear. Designated

Chapter 666, the Grey Knights are permanently attached to that most secretive of organisations, the Ordo Malleus. The Ordo Malleus is only ever spoken of in whispers and though its stated purpose is to keep watch on the Inquisition itself, its true purpose is far more sinister, the destruction of the daemonic.

The Grey Knights form the main fighting strength of the Ordo Malleus and, traditionally, its Chapter Master is a member of the Inner Conclave of the Inquisition. The men of the Grey Knights are no ordinary warriors. Plucked from the fiercest warrior cultures on a dozen different worlds, only the bravest and strongest youths are selected for the training. Aspirants are taken to the Chapter's base on



PURGE THE UNGLEAN

The Grey Knights & Deathwatch Chapters


by Graham McNeill

Saturn's moon, Titan, where they undergo arduous tests of faith, strength, endurance and courage that break all but the strongest warriors. Those few that survive the tests are then implanted with the gene-seed that will transform them into superhuman Space Marines. Now the aspirants are ready to begin their real training.

The most advanced bio-engineering and psycho-surgery is utilised to condition the Grey Knights into warriors of great prowess. The six hundred and sixty six Rituals of Detestation enable the Space Marines of the Grey Knights to face terrifying foes without fear and withstand pain that would cripple a 'normal' Space Marine. Their lives are filled with ritual, meditation and self-denial, designed to strengthen the mind and steel the soul against the horrors of the daemonic. The Chapter's warriors are heavily conditioned to resist the whispered seductions of Chaos and the honeyed lies of daemonic creatures. These precautions are vital and, thus far, have proven to be effective, as not a single Grey Knight has faltered in battle or become a pawn of the Dark Powers.

It is through unprotected psykers that daemonic creatures can gain entry to the material universe and it is for this reason that the Grey Knights are screened to exclude all but the most resilient psykers. The strongest and purest of these psykers are then trained until they reach a level of mastery that equals the powers of Librarians of the Adeptus Astartes. Those who distinguish themselves in battle may be elevated to the honoured position of the Grey Knights 1st Company and take to the field of battle in modified Tactical Dreadnought armour, more commonly known as Terminator armour, with bolt weaponry incorporated into the gauntlets. The Librarians of the Grey Knights are taught to combine their abilities in a gestalt power that far exceeds anything they could achieve alone. The Grey Knights fight in baroque, heavily ornamented suits of armour with the Chapter's symbol, a sword through a tome, prominently displayed. They fight with the finest equipment and weapons the Imperium can manufacture, mighty sigil-encrusted swords and halberds. These warriors alone can stand before the might of a Greater Daemon with any hope of banishing it back to the Immaterium from whence it came.

The millennia the Grey Knights have spent in battle against the forces of darkness has furnished them with



blasphemous knowledge, painstakingly pieced together by the Inquisitors of the Ordo Malleus. This damned collection of knowledge is gathered together on Titan in the Librarium Daemonica, a gloomy repository of ancient tomes, crumbling parchments and data crystals that groans under the weight of the psychic evil that dwells within its walls. This is one of the most heavily guarded locations in the Imperium, and the threat of such knowledge falling into the wrong hands is taken very seriously by the Grey Knights. Each warrior of the Grey Knights carries a copy of the sacred Liber Daemonica, the holy battle rites of the Chapter, in a ceramite case on his breastplate and it is this which symbolises a Grey Knight's most potent weapon; an unshakeable faith in the Divine Emperor. The book contains the essential tenets of lore culled from the Librarium Daemonica by psychically monitored servitors. These servitors are permanently wired to toxin dispensers that can be activated immediately should some daemonic entity attempt to force a passage into real space through the servitor's brain.

The threat of Chaos permeates the entire galaxy and while the Chapter maintains a fortress-monastery on Titan, much of its strength is scattered

The Daemon has many forms. You must know them all. You must tell the Daemon from his disguise and root him out from the hidden places. Trust no one. Trust not even yourself. It is better to die in vain than to live in abomination. The zealous martyr is praised for his valour; the craven and the unready are justly abhorred.

Excerpted from the
First Book of Indoctrinations

across the Imperium. Guided by the finest Navigators of the Navis Nobilite and conveyed by the fastest ships produced by the Adeptus Mechanicus, the Grey Knights stand ready to meet the foul minions of Chaos wherever they may strike. Typically, the warriors of these forces have trained together for their entire lives and the bonds of loyalty and honour that bind them are stronger than adamantium. Every Grey Knight is ready to lay down his life to ensure the safety of the Imperium and should that sacrifice be necessary, it is the fervent wish of all those who fall to be transported back to Titan and buried in the hallowed crypts beneath their fortress. A great basalt wall in the heart of the monastery is carved with the names of all those who have fallen in defiance of evil and, though no one outside the Chapter will ever know of their bravery, some of the Imperium's greatest heroes lie buried on Titan.

The Deathwatch

On uncounted battlefields, the servants of the Emperor must wage war against the vilest of alien creatures. Often the first, last and only line of defence against these abominations are mysterious figures in black powered armour who fight the aliens with preternatural skill and dedication. With the battle over, these figures vanish as quickly as they arrived, leaving no trace of the creatures they fought or that they were even there at all. These men are the Imperium's highly trained alien fighters. They are the Deathwatch.

The Deathwatch forms the Chamber Militant of the Ordo Xenos, the branch of the Inquisition tasked with the study, containment and, in most cases, extermination of alien races. However, it is not a single unified Chapter in the same way as the Grey Knights of the Ordo Malleus. The Space Marines of the Deathwatch are drawn from many different Chapters, all of which have sworn sacred oaths to maintain specially trained alien fighters and stand ready to deploy them at a moment's notice. These warriors are drawn together as and when needed to combat alien menace whenever and wherever it rears its ugly head.

From the furthest corners of the galaxy to the very heart of the Segmentum Solar, there exist alien races that threaten the continued existence of Humanity. Every Space Marine Chapter and Imperial Guard regiment stands ready to fight these races, but the Deathwatch has been specially trained to fight aliens since its inception, thousands of years ago. Many such alien races, such as the C'tan and Necrontyr have lain dormant for thousands or even millions of years and the Deathwatch stand sentinel over their worlds, ready to fight should they awake once more. More dangerous than the most violent of Orks, these races were ancient before humans crawled from the oceans and their evil is beyond measure.

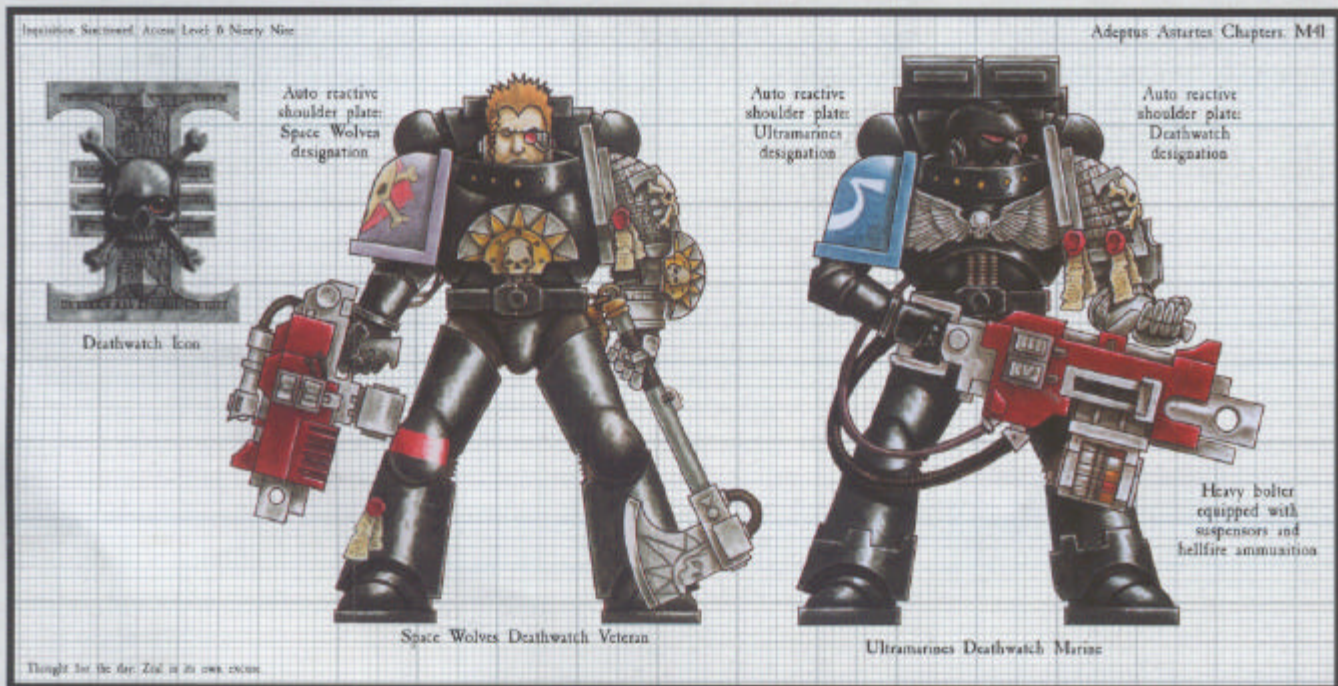
To guard against the return of these ancient alien races, lonely fortresses orbit desolate worlds on the edge of the galaxy where Deathwatch Space Marines maintain a constant vigil. In

CATECHISM OF THE XENO

To be Unclean
That is the Mark of the Xenos
To be Impure
That is the Mark of the Xenos
To be Abhorred
That is the Mark of the Xenos
To be Reviled
That is the Mark of the Xenos
To be Hunted
That is the Mark of the Xenos
To be Purged
That is the fate of the Xenos
To be Cleansed
For that is the fate of all Xenos

Extract from the Third Book of Indoctrinations

addition to this, secret bases are scattered throughout the Imperium, providing staging posts from where the Deathwatch can launch their missions. The Chapters from which the Deathwatch draws its members are constantly ready to despatch their alien fighters if called upon by a member of the Ordo Xenos. The warriors who have been given the honour of becoming a member of the Deathwatch ritually repaint their armour in the black of the Deathwatch, leaving a single shoulder plate bare to



signify their Chapter of origin. A Space Marine's armour is never completely obscured by the Deathwatch colours as to do so would dishonour the armour's spirit and no warrior would be willing to run such a risk. Each warrior may also bear the Icon of the Deathwatch on his other shoulder plate and it is a great honour to be chosen. Once in the employ of the Deathwatch, there is no set length of service and its members will remain together for as long as its commander deems necessary. Each Space Marine can serve for a discreet period of time or a particular mission, which, in itself, may take many years. With the completion of their service, the Space Marines are free to return to their Chapter, their oaths of loyalty fulfilled.

As well as the destruction of aliens, the Deathwatch are also charged with the recovery and study of alien artefacts and technology. Though distasteful in

the extreme, members of the Inquisition are forced to study the heretical artefacts of the foes they must fight, and there are none more qualified to retrieve such items than the Deathwatch. Occasionally it becomes necessary to use the technology of alien races and, though such an undertaking is never entered into lightly, its use against aliens themselves is a pleasing irony. The Adeptus Mechanicus is always eager to profit from the Deathwatch's victories and the C'tan phase sword employed by the Callidus temple of assassins, was recovered by members of the Deathwatch from a long-dead Necrontyr world.

In battle, each team normally comes under the authority of an Ordo Xenos Inquisitor, but, in some exceptional cases, a Deathwatch Captain or Librarian may assume command if circumstances dictate. Their authority is absolute and none dare question their word. The commander of a Deathwatch detachment may freely requisition forces and equipment without a word of complaint being raised against him. The Deathwatch

Do not ask, 'Why kill the alien?'
rather, ask, 'Why not?'

Battle Brother Artemis

have access to the very best equipment, both Imperial and alien, and are trained to the highest standards.

There are many ways an Ordo Xenos kill-team can see action alongside regular Imperial forces. It may be that the team has uncovered an alien threat too great for it to deal with alone and needs the backup of a larger, more conventional force. Such was the case when a kill-team under the command of Inquisitor Reynaard discovered an alien worshipping cult on the world of Mandall IV. It was believed that the cult was localised to a particular district of the capital city, but when righteous retribution descended upon the blasphemers, the entire population of the city turned upon the kill-team. Reynaard and the Space Marines barely managed to escape with their lives and later returned at the head of over half a million soldiers. To ensure the destruction of the cult, Reynaard's forces laid waste to the city, leaving no trace that it had ever existed and killed every living creature within its walls.

Situations may also arise where an army of the Imperium

has encountered a foe it is ill-

equipped to fight and the Ordo Xenos dispatches

a kill-team to provide support or purge the battlefield of alien contamination. The ravages of the K'nib in the Donorian Sector was halted by a Deathwatch kill-team commanded by Battle Brother Artemis himself following a request for aid from the colonel of the Kaslon Imperial Guard regiment. Artemis slew the Alcayde of the K'nib on Assumptus V and ended their incursions into Imperial space (though official records credit the Kaslon regiment with this victory). However it comes about, the support of an Ordo Xenos kill-team is always welcomed by Imperial commanders facing an alien threat.

He who allows the alien to live,
shares its crime of existence.

Inquisitor Apollyon



Index Astartes



The history of the Black Templars can be traced back to the Imperial Fists defence of the Emperor's Palace during the Horus Heresy. After the Traitor Legions had been defeated it was decided that the loyal Space Marines should be split into smaller Chapters. Rogal Dorn, Primarch of the Imperial Fists, reluctantly agreed and so the Black Templars were created. Since this time the Black Templars have been on the greatest and longest crusade the Imperium has ever known to prove their loyalty to the Emperor.

Origins

At the birth of the Imperium, during the Great Crusade, the Warmaster Horus was possessed by the Dark Gods of the Warp and declared himself rightful ruler of the Imperium. Along with Horus, nearly half the Space Marine Legions revolted against the Emperor's leadership, and from amongst their ranks arose warriors who were so wholly devoted to the Gods they became Champions – infused with the energy of Chaos, mighty warriors many times more powerful even than a Space Marine. Even as Horus's forces assaulted the Imperial Palace at the end of the Heresy, Rogal Dorn chose a warrior from amongst the ranks of his Imperial Fists to be the Emperor's Champion. Brother Sigismund, finest of the warriors of Terra, was given the best armour and weapons and swore a holy duty to seek out the Champions of Chaos and slay them. And so he did, counting fully two dozen of the warped creatures in his bloody tally before Horus was defeated and the Traitor Legions fled to the Eye of Terror.

At the end of the Heresy, the Primarch Roboute Guilleman of the Ultramarines Legion devised a military organisation that would spread the power of the Legiones Astartes, Imperial Navy and Imperial Army across the galaxy, so no longer would one individual wield the power of an entire Legion again. For the Space Marines, these rules were laid down in the Codex Astartes, a mighty tome that also dealt with unit organisation, markings, tactical doctrine and all other aspects of the Marines' structure. Rogal Dorn, Primarch of the Imperial Fists, responsible for the defence of Terra itself, refused to have his Legion broken down into much smaller Chapters, stating that it was his sacred duty to protect the Emperor and he could not afford to split his forces across the Imperium. Dorn called Guilleman a coward, for his Legion had not participated in the defence of the Imperial Palace, while the Ultramarines' Primarch accused Dorn

of being a rebel and a heretic for refusing the dictates within his Codex Astartes.

Dorn would not relent, and neither would Guilleman; Leman Russ of the Space Wolves and Vulkan of the Salamanders agreed with Dorn for they too did not want their Legions scattered to the corners of the galaxy, but Ferrus Mannus, Primarch of the Iron Hands and Corax of the Raven Guard backed the Ultramarines. In the gulf left after the near-death of the Emperor, it seemed the Space Marines were destined to tear themselves apart in bloody conflict. When the Imperial Fists began to be violently persecuted for their supposed heresies, and the strike cruiser *Terrible Angel* was fired upon by the Imperial Navy, it was almost inevitable that once more internecine war would engulf the Space Marines and the Imperium. But, even as the newly formed Chapters and the old Legions were preparing for battle, Dorn relented. He agreed to the formation of two new Chapters from his Legion – the Crimson Fists and the Black Templars would join the Imperial Fists Chapter. He chose Champion Sigismund to lead the Black Templars and the Chapter took upon themselves the black and white panoply of his armour.

Sigismund had been chosen as the Emperor's Champion for his fervent faith in the Emperor and his undying devotion to mankind. Seeing the strife that currently beset the Legiones Astartes, and the suspicion in which he and his battle brothers were held, he determined that a gesture of supreme faith was needed. As High Marshal of the Black Templars, Sigismund declared that after leaving Terra, he would prove his loyalty, never resting in the prosecution of his duties against the enemies of the Emperor. It is an oath that every subsequent High Marshal has renewed, and so the greatest and longest Space Marine crusade was begun. It has continued unbroken for ten thousand years.

RIGHTEOUS ZEAL

The Black Templars
Space Marine Chapter

by Gav Thorpe

Home world

The Black Templars have no single home world, instead they live in their Crusade fleets, upon many battle barges, strike cruisers and other craft such as training vessels and gigantic forgeships. The Black Templars establish Chapter Keeps on every world they conquer or reclaim for the Emperor. The main purpose of the Chapter Keeps is to recruit new Space Marines from the population, and to act as staging posts for mustering the Crusades together. These Chapter Keeps are sizeable, with chambers to accommodate two to three Companies of Space Marines, but are far smaller than the Fortress Monasteries of other Chapters. However, there have been hundreds of Chapter Keeps established over the millennia, some of which are still standing, others which have fallen into ruin and disrepair and are no longer manned.

The High Marshal himself has his own battle barge, the *Eternal Crusader*, and he can travel from Crusade to Crusade lending his military genius and spiritual guidance to those under his command. The *Eternal Crusader* is gigantic, even for a battle barge, having been expanded and refitted over ten thousand years, with extra docking facilities for escort ships, additional launch bays for shuttles and Thunderhawks, as well as

accommodation for twice as many Space Marines than a normal battle barge.

Combat doctrine

The Black Templars have continued in the style of their founder, Sigismund, in preferring close combat to ranged warfare. Face-to-face with his enemy, a Space Marine can earn honour and respect and be sure that his foe is truly vanquished.

This is further emphasised by the fanaticism of Black Templars battle brothers, whose righteous anger makes them impatient and headstrong. They will drive towards the foe relentlessly, their own casualties only serving to spur them on faster, hungry for vengeance on the slayers of their brethren.

As part of their dedication to the Emperor, the Black Templars swear fell oaths of faith and protection. Before a battle, it is customary to renew one of these vows to the Emperor, the type of vow made focusing the thoughts of the Initiates on a particular aspect of their duties, encouraging extreme bravery, ruthlessness or sacred revulsion at the foe.

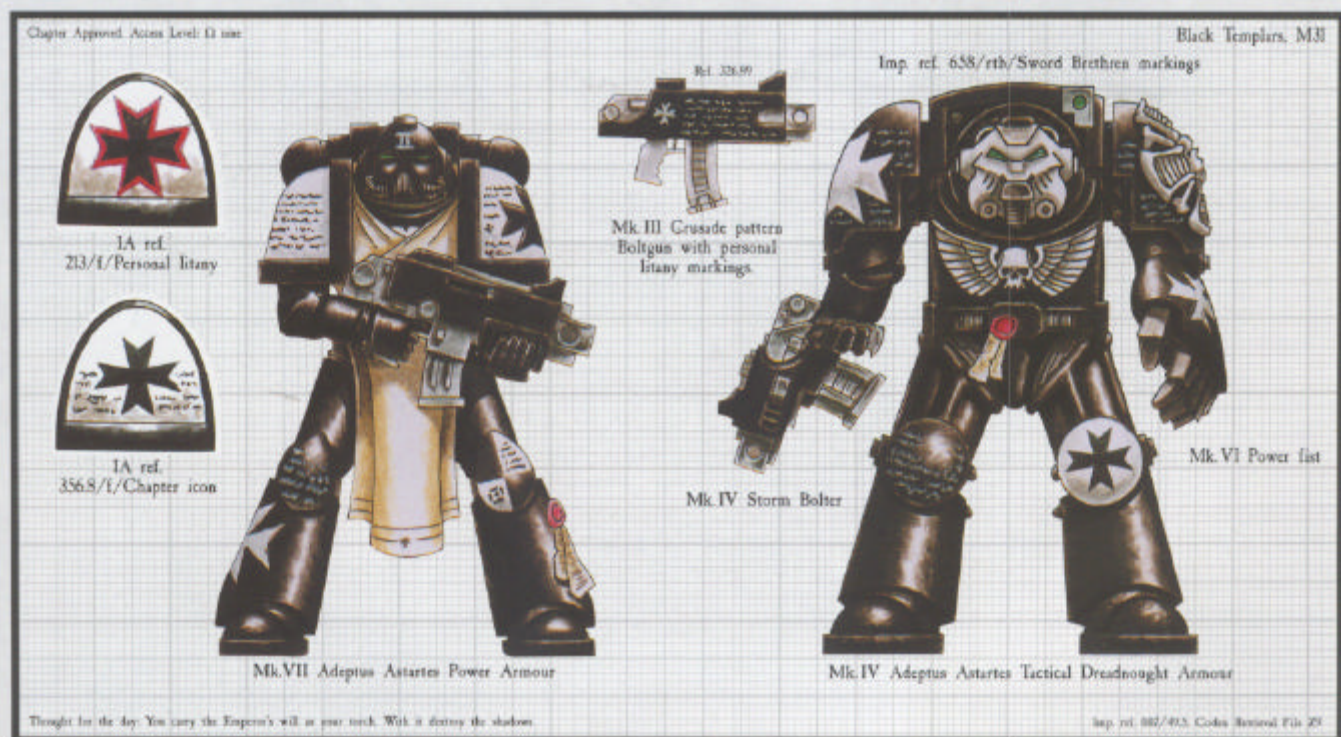
Organisation

The Black Templars are a fleet-based Chapter. They are rarely assembled as

a Chapter, but instead are divided into a number of Crusades at any one time. Each Crusade is led by a Marshal, while the High Marshal is responsible for monitoring the progress of all the current Crusades.

There usually numbers three or more Crusades at any one time – their history shows that during the Treachery of Dalmark there were as many as fourteen Crusades fighting across the Segmentum Solar. The size of a Crusade can also vary widely, sometimes as few as fifty to one hundred Marines, sometimes the equivalent of several Companies from a Codex Chapter. Only the Black Templars themselves have even the roughest idea how many Black Templars Space Marines there are, but it is obvious that they are far more numerous than most conventional Chapters, although dispersed over a much wider area. If certain accounts are taken to be true, then they could even be as strong as five to six thousand Battle-Brethren in total, a force which in the present Imperium would be all but unstoppable if ever gathered in a single place.

The larger Crusades are often broken down by their Marshal into Fighting Companies, led by Sword Brethren given the additional honorific of 'Castellan'. Whether such Companies exist or not, individual squads are



THE EMPEROR'S CHAMPION



Ever since Sigismund was elevated to the rank of first High Marshal of the Black Templars, there are others who have risen to take his place as Emperor's Champion. The practice of having an Emperor's Champion has spread to other Chapters, but it is enshrined most strongly within the dogma of the Black Templars.

Each Crusade nominally has an Emperor's Champion, but in practice there is actually one for every fighting force. On the eve of battle, one amongst the Space Marine host will receive a vision from the Emperor and present himself to the Chaplains. They will anoint him as the Emperor's Champion, and he will be gifted with the best weapons and armour in the force. Although the actual weapon and armour may change, these are always known as the Black Sword and the Armour of Faith. In battle, it is the duty and honour of the Emperor's Champion to seek out the champions of the enemy and challenge them to single-combat, just as Sigismund first did at the Battle of the Emperor's Palace. Although few foes have specific champions, it is usually sufficient for the Emperor's Champion to kill any enemy leader, as well as anyone else who is unlucky enough to cross his path. It is considered a bad omen for the Emperor's Champion to fall, and if he does so, it is the duty of his fellow Brethren to bear his body from the field of battle and reclaim the Armour of Faith and the Black Sword.

gathered and dispersed in a fairly ad-hoc fashion, and Initiates will fight together regularly out of familiarity and comradeship rather than any imposed organisation.

Another pronounced break from the doctrines of the Codex Astartes by the Black Templars is the manner in which new recruits are trained. The Chapter Keeps recruit a few individuals each year who may be suitable to become Space Marines. Those found acceptable by the Chapter Keeps are given the initial implants that will eventually change the Neophytes into fully-fledged Space Marines. When roughly two dozen recruits are ready for additional bio-engineering and the start of their training, they are transported to one of the Crusade fleets. Here certain Battle Brothers of the Chapter, or Initiates as they are properly known, will each accept one of the recruits to be their Neophyte. It is the responsibility of the Initiate to train his Neophyte in the art of war and the rituals of the Black Templars, overseen by the Chaplains. During this time the

Neophytes will undergo the remaining surgery to implant all of the specially grown organs that turn them into Space Marines. The Neophytes act as servants to their master, waiting on them at the great banquets and seeing to domestic chores; whilst on the battlefield the Initiate teaches their young pupil through example. This means that the Black Templars have no dedicated Scout Company, instead the Neophytes are spread across the entire Chapter, gaining valuable experience in a wide variety of combat situations and receiving personal attention and tuition from the Initiates.

The greatest warriors of a Crusade are inducted into the Marshal's household, in what would be the equivalent of the 1st Veteran Company of a Codex Chapter. Known as the Sword Brethren, these hardened fighters receive additional training, particularly in the use of Terminator armour, and are no longer responsible for the training of Neophytes. When a Marshal dies, or is elected by the other Marshals to succeed a dead High



Marshal, it is one of the Sword Brethren who will take his place. This is decided by ritual combat, during which all who contest the right to lead the Crusade will battle one another with various weapons, as well as pitting their strategic and tactical prowess against one another. The winner earns the right to be Marshal, upon approval by the High Marshal (there's has only ever been one incident of the High Marshal not approving), and the Sword Brethren will swear new oaths of loyalty.

Beliefs

All Space Marines are renowned for their fervent dedication, but the extremity of the Black Templars' faith is often described as fanatical, even rabid! They lust to crush the enemies of mankind; they have absolutely no tolerance of heretics, mutants, psykers, aliens or any other abomination against the Emperor. For ten thousand years they have crusaded to prove their loyalty, and this creed has become so embedded

in their doctrines that they are utterly ruthless towards anyone or anything perceived as a threat to the Emperor. They will mercilessly wipe out the populations of worlds to expunge the sin of heresy, while the mere presence of a witch on a battlefield drives them into a rage of hate and vengeful bloodletting.

Gene-seed

The Black Templars' gene-seed is derived from the Imperial Fists, second only in stability and purity to that of the Ultramarines. It has been supposed by some that slight flaws in the hormonal organs of the Black Templars may make them slightly overactive, thus explaining their reputation for being quick to anger. However, this seems unlikely and the trait is more likely down to the fanatical nature of the Black Templars creed.

Chapter Motto

"No Pity! No Remorse! No Fear!"

THE LAND RAIDER CRUSADER



Marine-Artificer Simagus constructed the first Crusader pattern Land Raiders during the Jerulas Crusade, to aid the Black Templars in the numerous sieglements they had to fight reconquering the hive world. Other Chapters requested information regarding the Crusaders' remodelling as the tales of their successes spread, and in 763.M39 the Crusader pattern became officially recognised by the Techpriests of Mars (a mere formality, since it is estimated the design had spread to nearly three quarters of the Chapters by this time). The Crusader is a line-breaking tank, built and armed to plough into the enemy, and is particularly useful against foes who are entrenched or occupying other highly defensible positions. It has an expanded troop capacity and its special frag charges allow it to disgorge a sizeable squad of Space Marines or Terminators into the heart of their adversaries. The most common Crusader pattern has the specially designed Hurricane bolter arrays in its sponsons (originally constructed by Simagus from scavenged Rhino bolters), its heavy bolters replaced with assault cannons (taken from Dreadnoughts in the Jerulas Crusade) and a multi-melta on a pintle mount (Land Speeders proved too lightweight for the heavy fighting in the hives).



BLACK TEMPLARS



Dreadnought armed with twin-linked lascannons



The Emperor's Champion delivers righteous justice.



A Land Raider Crusader and Rhino storm the barricades.



Black Templar Marshal
painted by Thomas Barse



Black Templars disembark from their drop pod.



Led by their Chaplain, Black Templar Assault Marines charge in.

Black Templars Marshal



Emperor's Champion
painted by Darren Latham



Black Templar Command Squad



Black Templars engage the Eldar under covering fire from a nearby Dreadnought.

✠ THE DONIAN CRUSADE ✠ (985.M39)

The Donian Crusade began c.985.M39 to combat the swelling Ork population sweeping through the Donian sector and surrounding wilderness space in the southern Segmentum Pacificus. The original Marshal, Brother Austein, was killed in fighting on Nickel V and was succeeded by Marshal Wernher c.988. The Crusade lasted for roughly 17 years before the High Marshal declared it successful, Wernher moving to becoming Marshal of the Thangdron Crusade.

✠ MARSHAL'S HOUSEHOLD ✠

Marshal Wernher
 Brother Tomas, Champion of the Emperor
 Chaplains Augustin and Leuter
 Crusade Banner Bearer Tonis
 Household Banner Bearer Eckehart
 2 Techmarines
 4 Apothecaries
 34 Sword Brethren
 14 suits of Tactical Dreadnought armour
 4 Dreadnoughts
 7 Land Raiders (2 Phobos pattern,
 3 Demos pattern, 2 Crusader pattern)
 3 Rhinos

2 Predator Destructors
 3 Predator Annihilators
 3 Razorbacks
 1 Whirlwind

FLEET ASSETS

Battle barge *Sigismund's Light*
 Forgeship *Heraclis*
 Strike cruiser *Dorn's Sword*
 3 Rapid strike vessels
 19 Thunderhawk gunships

✠ FIGHTING COMPANIES ✠

FIGHTING COMPANY HEINMAN

Castellan Heinman
 Banner Bearer Kiesel
 2 Techmarines
 2 Apothecaries
 145 Initiates
 34 Neophytes
 2 Dreadnoughts
 3 Land Raiders (2 Demos pattern,
 1 Crusader pattern)
 7 Rhinos
 2 Predator Destructors
 6 Razorbacks
 3 Whirlwinds
 17 Jump packs

FIGHTING COMPANY LAZARUS

Castellan Lazarus
 Banner Bearer Balthasar
 3 Techmarines
 2 Apothecaries
 171 Initiates
 56 Neophytes
 3 Dreadnoughts
 2 Crusader pattern Land Raiders
 11 Rhinos
 3 Predator Destructors
 2 Predator Annihilators
 7 Razorbacks
 5 Vindicators

FIGHTING COMPANY GOTCHALCUS

Castellan Lazarus Gotchalcus
 Banner Bearer Hildebrandt
 1 Techmarine
 1 Apothecary
 87 Initiates
 41 Neophytes
 3 Rhinos
 7 Land Speeders
 24 Combat bikes
 12 Scout bikes
 4 Attack bikes
 34 Jump packs

Note: The figures here are estimates made at the time the Crusade gathered. There are no records of non-combat personnel such as Servitors, Apprenta and so on.

The Crusade was later joined by the strike cruiser *Apocalypton* and at least 6 more rapid strike vessels. The number of Space Marines on board these vessels is unknown.

THE BLACK TEMPLARS

After the Great Heresy, Rogal Dorn, Primarch of the Imperial Fists, resisted attempts to break up his Legion, but when the Imperial Fists began to be persecuted as heretics, Dorn relented. To prove his loyalty to the Emperor, the first High Marshal of the Black Templars, Sigismund, assembled a massive war fleet and began the greatest Space Marine crusade in the history of the Imperium. It has lasted for 10,000 years.

The Black Templars are a fleet-based Chapter, with many battle barges, strike cruisers and

other craft, such as training vessels and gigantic forgeships. They are rarely assembled as a Chapter but instead are divided into a number of Crusades, each one numbering several hundred Space Marines. Each Crusade is led by a Marshal, while the High Marshal is responsible for monitoring the progress of all the current Crusades.

The Black Templar Chapter has no single homeworld which they can call their own. Instead, they establish Chapter Keeps on every world which they conquer or reclaim

for the Emperor. The main purpose of these Chapter Keeps is to recruit new Space Marines from amongst the finest warriors of the native population. Chapter Keeps also perform an important role as staging posts for mustering the Crusades together.

Note: The following rules are taken from Codex: Armageddon. You will need Codex: Space Marines to use these rules fully.

SPECIAL RULES

RIGHTEOUS ZEAL: Whilst most Space Marines under heavy fire or facing difficult odds in close combat will fall back, ready to counter-attack, the Black Templars will hurl themselves at the enemy with even greater determination and fervent anger. If a Black Templars unit ever has to fall back, it will not fall back. Instead, the unit heads towards the nearest enemy unit. The distance of this special move is the same as a fall back move would be, so most units advance 2D6" and this is halved if they go through difficult terrain (or is 3D6" for units with jump packs, etc). If this movement takes the unit into contact with an enemy unit, the Black Templars count as making a sweeping advance, with all the benefits and disadvantages that this entails; they count as assaulting, enemy units yet to shoot can still target them and unengaged enemy models may assault them.

Designer's note: *Morale checks for shooting casualties are taken at the end of the Shooting phase, but this rule has been included to cover any Morale checks that may occur in the Shooting phase (like the Salamanders' new psychic power).*

In close combat, Black Templars automatically pass any Morale checks they have to make. Black Templars may never use the optional voluntarily fall back rules.

PURITY SEALS: All Black Templars characters have purity seals for no extra points cost. Black Templars units may also be given purity seals, at +2 pts per model. Neophytes may not be given purity seals. If one model with purity seals is still alive in the unit then the entire unit gains the benefits. Due to the Righteous Zeal rules given above, purity seals allow the squad to roll an extra dice and discard one dice of your choice for their movement towards the enemy, rather than for fall back moves as is normally the case.

MIXED ARMOUR: Black Templars squads often have models with different armour saves. The normal casualty removal rules for shooting are slightly altered to take this into account.

When removing casualties for a unit with mixed armour saves, the Black Templars player must use the armour save of the majority type of model in the unit. So, if there are more Initiates than Neophytes, use their 3+ armour save, but if the Neophytes outnumber the Initiates, use the 4+ saving throw. If there is an equal number of Neophytes and Initiates, use the Initiates' 3+ save. Casualties must be taken from the troop type whose armour save you used; for example, if you save using the Initiates' armour, casualties must come from the Initiates first.

VOWS: The Black Templars must swear one of the following vows before a battle. Choose which vow your army has sworn after you've determined the mission but before either army sets up. Vows don't affect Black Templar vehicles unless noted.

Accept Any Challenge, No Matter The Odds.

Any unit in the Black Templars army must assault the enemy if they are in range at the start of the Assault phase and they must make an advance move if they win a combat, if they would normally be allowed to do so. In close combat, the Black Templars always hit on a roll of 3+, regardless of their opponent's WS (this vow has no effect against vehicles without a WS). Neophytes in a unit hit normally. If only Neophytes remain in a unit, they are not bound by this vow. Dreadnoughts in the army are bound by this vow.

Uphold The Honour Of The Emperor.

The Black Templars are convinced that the Emperor will protect them and refuse to skulk behind cover like cowards. Black Templars units may not count cover for saving throws or when assaulted. However, such is their faith in themselves that they shrug off even the most severe wounds, so gain a 6+ invulnerable saving throw. Neophytes may count cover as normal but do not gain the invulnerable save.

Suffer Not The Unclean To Live.

When rolling to wound in close combat, Black Templars add +1 to their dice roll (ie, if you need a 4+ to wound then a 3+ will succeed). A roll of 1 always fails to wound. The Black Templars need to summon their holy strength, so strike at -1 to their Initiative. Neophytes strike and wound normally.

Be Pure In Mind, Body And Soul.

Of all deviants, Black Templars abhor witches and warlocks the most. The faintest sign of heretical psychic power drives them into a violent fervour. This vow affects all Black Templars units, including vehicles. If there is an enemy psyker on the table at the start of the Black Templars' first Move phase, the Black Templars must make an additional move towards the enemy before their normal movement. The distance moved is 2D6" (roll for each unit) and each unit must move the full distance, ending the move closer to the enemy than when they started, if possible. After this initial surge forwards, units may make their normal move without restriction. All units count as moving that turn when resolving their shooting (vehicles count as moving under 6", unless they move over 6" during their normal movement). The Black Templars only get this extra move in the first turn of the game.

BLACK TEMPLARS ARMY LIST

Black Templars use the following units from Codex: Space Marines and from the new entries below. Note that, with the exception of the Command Squad, Black Templars units don't have Veteran Sergeants.

| | |
|---------------|---|
| HEADQUARTERS | 1 Emperor's Champion (Doesn't use up any choices on the Force Organisation chart); Black Templars Marshal; Chaplain; Command Squad* |
| ELITES | Terminator Squad; Terminator Assault Squad; Dreadnought; Space Marines Veteran Squad |
| TROOPS | Black Templars Squad |
| FAST ATTACK | Black Templars Assault Squad; Black Templars Bike Squadron; Attack Bike Squadron; Land Speeder Squadron; Land Speeder Tornado; Land Speeder Typhoon |
| HEAVY SUPPORT | Predator Annihilator; Predator Destructor; Vindicator; Land Raider; Land Raider Crusader; Whirlwind |

* May exchange bolters for bolt pistol & close combat weapon.



What is your life?

My honour is my life.

What is your fate?

My duty is my fate.

What is your fear?

My fear is to fail.

What is your reward?

My salvation is my reward.

What is your craft?

My craft is death.

What is your pledge?

My pledge is eternal service.

HEADQUARTERS

1 EMPEROR'S CHAMPION

| | Points | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Sv |
|--------------------|--------|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|
| Emperor's Champion | 105 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 9 | 2+ |

The Emperor's Champion must be taken in a Black Templars army even if both players have agreed not to use special characters.

Wargear: Artificer armour, Terminator honours (bonus included above), purity seals, iron halo, master-crafted bolt pistol, the *Black Sword*. The Champion cannot be bought extra equipment.

SPECIAL RULES

The Black Sword: The *Black Sword* can be used with one or two hands. If used as a single-handed weapon it's treated as a power weapon with +1 Strength, and may be used in addition to the Champion's bolt pistol. If used as a double-handed weapon it counts as being a power fist.

Challenge: At the start of any Assault phase that the Champion is in combat, he may issue a challenge. Your opponent must choose an enemy character to fight him, who is involved in the same close combat as the Champion but doesn't have to be in base contact with him. A challenge can't be refused. Move the models into base contact and fight out the close combat as normal. No other models may attack the Champion or his opponent during a challenge. The outcome of the challenge decides the outcome of the close combat that the Champion and his opponent are involved in; only the wounds they inflict on each other are used to determine which side has won. Wounds inflicted by other models in this combat are not used to work out the result of the combat.

Always an Independent Character: The Emperor's Champion always fights as an independent character and so may never be accompanied by a Command squad.

BLACK TEMPLARS MARSHAL

| | Pts/model | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Sv |
|--------------|-----------|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|
| Marshal | 45 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 5 | 3 | 9 | 3+ |
| High Marshal | 60 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 3 | 10 | 3+ |

Options: The Marshal may have any equipment allowed from the Space Marine Armoury.

SPECIAL RULES

Independent Character: If unaccompanied, a Marshal counts as an independent character.

Command Squad: The Marshal may be accompanied by a Command squad, see the entry in Codex: Space Marines. A Marshal and his Command squad count as a single HQ choice.

TROOPS

BLACK TEMPLARS SQUAD

| | Pts/model | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Sv |
|----------|-----------|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|
| Initiate | 15 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 8 | 3+ |
| Neophyte | 11 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 7 | 4+ |

Squad: The squad consists of between 5 and 10 Initiates. In addition, up to 5 Neophytes may be included in the unit.

Weapons: Initiates are armed with either bolt pistols and close combat weapons, or bolters (all Initiates must be armed the same way, they can't mix weaponry). Neophytes are armed with either shotguns, or bolt pistols and close combat weapons (Neophytes may mix their weaponry).

Options: One Initiate may be armed with one of the following weapons: power weapon and bolt pistol at +10 pts; power fist and bolt pistol at +15 pts; heavy bolter at +5 pts; missile launcher at +10 pts; lascannon at +15 pts; plasma cannon at +15 pts; multi-melta at +15 pts.

One other Initiate may exchange his normal armament with one of the following weapons: flamer at +6 pts; meltagun at +10 pts; plasma gun at +6 pts.

The entire squad may be given frag grenades at an additional cost of +1 pt per model and krak grenades at an additional cost of +2 pts per model.

Transport: If ten or less models, the squad may be mounted in a Rhino for +50 pts or, if it has 6 or less models, a Razorback at a cost of +70 pts (see Codex: Space Marines for upgrades).

FAST ATTACK

BLACK TEMPLARS ASSAULT SQUAD

| | Pts/model | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Sv |
|-----------|-----------|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|
| Initiates | 25 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 8 | 3+ |

Squad: The squad consists of between 5 to 10 Initiates

Weapons: Bolt pistol, close combat weapon, frag grenades. Each model has a jump pack.

Options: The entire squad may be equipped with krak grenades at +2 pts per model and melta bombs at +4 pts per model.

Up to two models in the squad may either exchange their bolt pistol with a plasma pistol for +5 pts, or may exchange their close combat weapon with a power weapon for +10 pts, or a power fist for +15 pts. Any model may exchange its bolt pistol for a storm shield for +3 pts.

SPECIAL RULE

Deep Strike: Black Templar models equipped with jump packs may *Deep Strike*.

BLACK TEMPLARS BIKE SQUADRON

| | Pts/model | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Sv |
|----------------|-----------|----|----|---|------|---|---|---|----|----|
| Initiate Biker | 35 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4(5) | 1 | 4 | 1 | 8 | 3+ |
| Neophyte Biker | 25 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4(5) | 1 | 4 | 1 | 7 | 4+ |

Squad: The squadron consists of between 3 and 5 Initiates. In addition, you may also include up to 3 Neophytes. All models are mounted on Space Marine bikes.

Weapons: Each bike is fitted with twin-linked bolters. Each rider is armed with a bolt pistol.

Options: Up to two Initiates in the squad may exchange their bolt pistol for one of the following: flamer at +3 pts; meltagun at +10 pts; plasma gun at +6 pts; power weapon at +10 pts.

The entire squad may be equipped with frag grenades at an additional cost of +1 pt per model and krak grenades at an additional cost of +2 pts.

"Your honour is your life. Let none dispute it."

Captain Navarre of the Black Templars 4th Crusade.



Black Templars do not have Scout squads. Instead, Initiates 'adopt' a Neophyte to train, teaching them their skills and educating them in battlecraft. In return, a Neophyte must serve their initiate, attending to their day-to-day needs and waiting on them at the Chapter feasts.



As with the other Black Templar battle-brethren, bike squads also have a duty to train Neophytes in their particular battle skills. In contrast, ancient tradition forbids Assault squads from taking Neophytes, as these units are usually in the thickest of the fighting and suffer the heaviest losses. Such risks cannot be taken with the Chapter's future warriors before they are fully trained.





A The Crusader variant of the Land Raider was developed by the Black Templars during the Jerulas Crusade, to aid them in the numerous sieges which they had to fight in order to reconquer the hive world. As news of the Crusaders' success spread, other Space Marine Chapters requested information regarding their remodelling of the Land Raider, and in 763.M39 the Crusader pattern became approved by Mars (not that this had stopped many Chapters using it beforehand). The Crusader is designed to smash into the enemy lines, disgorging the Space Marines into the heart of their adversaries. Its numerous short-ranged weapons allow the Crusader to weaken the enemy before the assault is launched and to provide a torrent of firepower to support its cargo once they are in combat.

HEAVY SUPPORT

LAND RAIDER CRUSADER

| | Points | Front Armour | Side Armour | Rear Armour | BS |
|----------|--------|--------------|-------------|-------------|----|
| Crusader | 255 | 14 | 14 | 14 | 4 |

Type: Tank

Crew: Space Marines

Weapons: The Land Raider Crusader is armed with two 'hurricane' pattern bolters, a twin-linked assault cannon and a multi-melta. The Crusader is also equipped with frag assault launchers.

Options: The Crusader may have the following vehicle upgrades: dozer blades at +5 pts; hunter-killer missile at +15 pts; pintle-mounted stormbolter at +10 pts; searchlight at +1 pt; smoke launchers at +3 pts.

Transport: Note that a Land Raider Crusader may only be taken as a Heavy Support choice, never a transport option. Due to the extra space created by removing the large generators required for the lascannons, a Crusader has an increased carrying capacity. A Crusader may carry up to 15 Space Marines or 8 Space Marine Terminators. Note that it may still only carry one squad and independent characters (ie, you can't put a ten-man squad and a five-man squad inside at the same time).

Availability for other Space Marine Chapters: Other Space Marine Chapters may take Crusader pattern Land Raiders, but their greater rarity outside the Black Templars Chapter means that other Chapters are limited to having a maximum of only one.

SPECIAL RULES

Extra Armour: All Land Raider Crusaders have additional armour plating to ensure that they can reach the enemy with their transported squad intact. A Crusader counts as having the extra armour vehicle upgrade, so it treats any 'Crew Stunned' result on the damage tables as a 'Crew Shaken' result instead.

'Hurricane' bolters: Each 'hurricane' bolter counts as three twin-linked boltguns. The Crusader may always fire its 'hurricane' bolters, regardless of how far it has moved or what other weapons it is firing.

Frag Assault Launchers: The front of the Crusader is studded with explosive charges, designed to hurl shrapnel into the enemy as the troops inside charge out along the assault ramp. Any unit which assaults on the same turn it disembarks from the Crusader counts as having frag grenades.



HIGH MARSHAL HELBRECHT

Helbrecht exemplifies the qualities of stubbornness and unswerving loyalty to the Emperor that are the marks of the Black Templar Chapter. He was elected High Marshal in 989.M41, and is currently leading the Black Templars as they storm Ork space hulks in the Armageddon system.

Weapons fire strobed through the dark corridors of the hulk. The cacophony of shrapnel and ricochets ringing against rust-spotted bulkheads was like the foundry of a mad god. The Initiates covering the doors out of the generator room were engaged in a fierce firefight with the Orks outside, soon the alien scum would amass enough strength to rush the handful of Black Templars opposing them. High Marshal Helbrecht turned to the Techmarine kneeling beside the heavy thermic charge they had brought aboard.

"How much longer Brother Hexil?" He shouted over the roar of weapons.

Techmarine Hexil did not look up from the fine adjustments he was making as he replied "The weapon's spirit was offended by the rough treatment it suffered on arrival High Marshal. If its containment loop is not realigned by the proper supplications it will fail to consume itself and grow to the correct size for full devastation."

"Try to hurry Brother, we don't have much..."

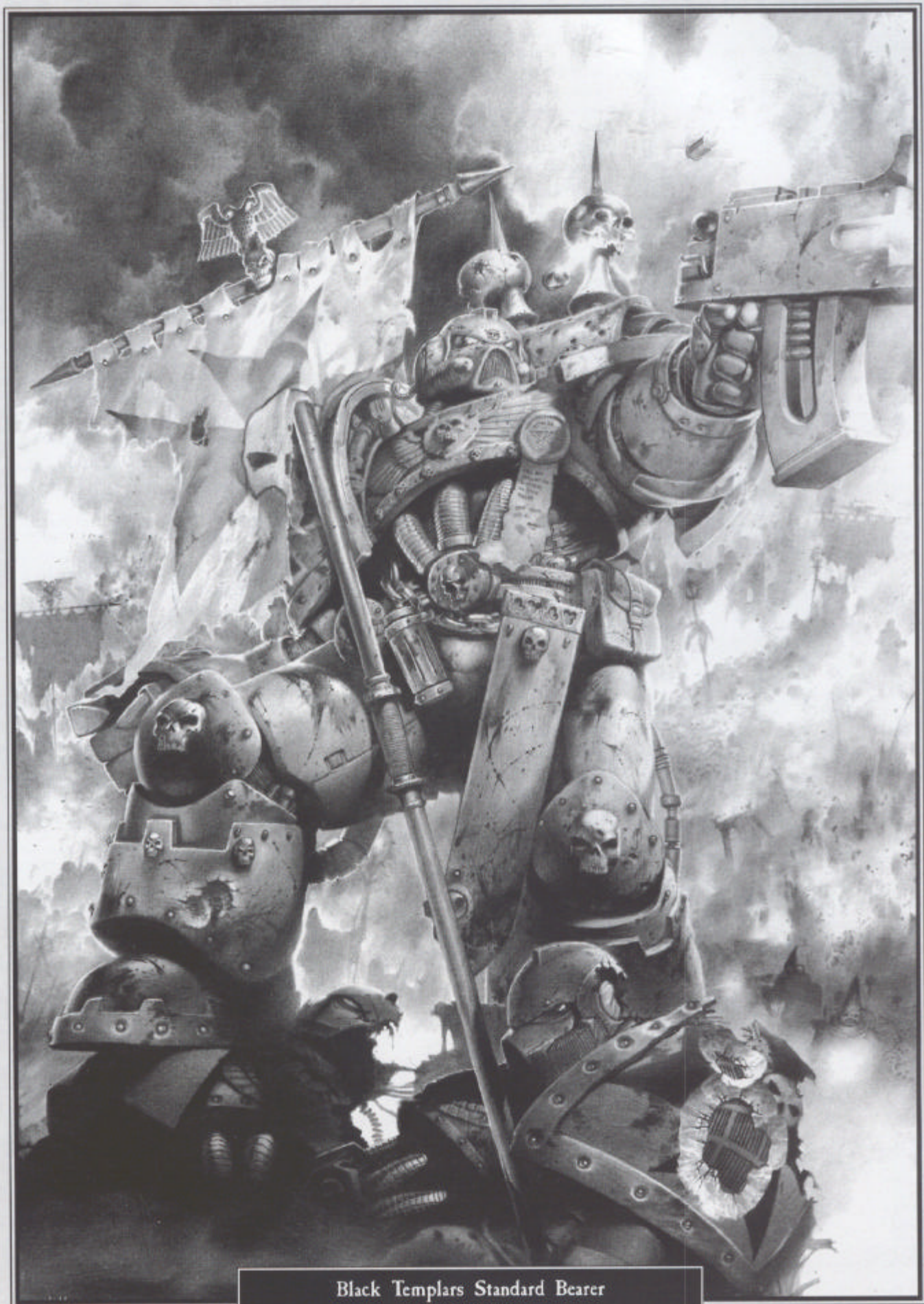
The High Marshal was distracted by a sudden increase in the firing at one of the doors. Howls and yells announced an Ork attack was imminent. He crossed to it in three quick strides, just in time to meet the aliens' rush. A huge Ork leader crashed through the doorway and eviscerated an Initiate with a thrust beneath his breastplate. Helbrecht parried its next blow and countered with a swing perfectly timed to catch his foe off balance from his missed attack. The glittering energy field of his ancient power sword slashed through the Ork's neck with barely a hint of resistance and the great Ork fell clutching spasmodically at the stump of its neck.

Helbrecht leapt forward into the lesser Orks behind, hacking and slashing with little finesse but horrible effectiveness. Limbs and heads flew apart. In seconds the doorway was filled with twitching corpses. Brother Mikael came up with his flamer and the surviving Orks were driven back down the corridor by a wall of flames.

"The charge is prepared" called Brother Hexil.

Helbrecht instantly switched comm-channels with a nerve impulse. "High Marshal to Light of Purity, immediate recovery - code blue."

The Templars moved to the centre of the chamber and were teleported to the waiting strike vessel in a blinding flash of light. Seconds later, the thermic charge blasted a new crater in the flank of the Ork space hulk.



Black Templars Standard Bearer
by Kev Walker



FOR THE EMPEROR

Space Marine Chaplains

by Anthony Reynolds

Space Marine Chaplains are the spiritual leaders of the Adeptus Astartes. They accompany their brother Space Marines into battle, chanting liturgies and exhorting them to great feats of bravery. They are terrifying and sinister figures, garbed in black ceramite power armour, and wearing their death's head masks. Ferocious and devoted, they are inspirational Space Marines who are found wherever the fighting is thickest. They lead their brethren from the fore, and perceive battle as the highest form of worship in the galaxy. The Chaplains rejoice in the slaughter of their enemies, rendering praise to the Emperor and to the founder of their Chapter as they fight.

Chaplains and the Ecclesiarchy

"Rejoice! Let the glory of battle envelop us! Let our enemies fear us, for we are the Emperor's wrath!"

*Chaplain Remataan,
Imperial Fists Chapter*

For over ten thousand years the Ecclesiarchy has been a powerful organisation within the Imperium. The Imperial Cult preached by the Ecclesiarchy, also known as the Ministorum, has become the sole official religion within the Imperium, and it wields tremendous power. Its influence is enormous, and the followers of the Ministorum are zealous and unwavering in their belief and faith. The Ecclesiarchy is notoriously xenophobic and aggressive towards any perceived taint within Humanity. Any deviancy from the teachings of the Imperial Cult is dealt with harshly. Persecutions are frequent throughout the Imperium as the Ecclesiarchy attempts to maintain its powerful position, stamping out any cults and religions that could threaten its authority.

The Cults of the Space Marines were formed long before the Ecclesiarchy became a powerful force within the Imperium, and they hold to their beliefs stubbornly, disdaining the fanatical ravings of the Ministorum. Their ideology features fundamental theological differences from the teachings of the Ecclesiarchy. The main point of contention between the Space Marines and the Ecclesiarchy occurs in how they perceive the Emperor. To the Ecclesiarchy, the Emperor is a god, the most divine being, the Saviour of Mankind and its eternal guardian. The Space Marines revere the Emperor as a brilliant, inspired man, but a man nonetheless. This forms a major schism between the two organisations.

Some amongst the Ecclesiarchy see the Space Marines as dangerous, heretical deviants, and certainly Wars of Faith have been fought for far less. However, the Space Marines are unfailingly loyal to the Emperor, even if they do not recognise his divinity. At the same time, the Space Marines are to

be revered for they share aspects of their genetic structure with the Emperor himself. An uneasy truce has developed between the Adeptus Astartes and the Ministorum, though occasional disputes shatter this wary peace.

The Chaplains of the Space Marine Chapters are gifted with their sacred Rosarius by the Ecclesiarchy in recognition of the link between the two organisations, though this is little more than a symbolic gesture of peace between them. Most commonly, this powerful protective amulet is worn around the neck in the form of an ornate cross, and it is sometimes referred to as their 'soul armour', capable of protecting them even from a direct hit by a lascannon.

Codex Roles within the Chapter

"At battle's end, speak the Liturgy in a clear voice. Respect the bravery of the living. Give the Rite of Passage to the fallen. Honour the battle gear of the dead. To do all this with reverence, even when exhausted by battle and weary from the field, is the duty of the Chaplain. It is his burden and his satisfaction."

*Interrogator-Chaplain Isiah,
Dark Angels Chapter*

Space Marine Chaplains are important figures within the Chapter, and they are well respected by their Brother Marines. They have a strong bond with the other members of the Chapter, featuring heavily within the daily lives of the Space Marines from an early stage. They are one of the first faces encountered when new recruits join the Chapter as neophytes, and it is the Chaplains who preside over their indoctrination. The Chaplains teach them of the Chapter's cult beliefs, and direct them in memorising the various hymnals and liturgies that they are required to know. Though notoriously strict and fiery individuals, they are also renowned for their sense of duty and responsibility for their Brother Marines. They fight with inspired passion and belief, ever watchful for the well-being of their comrades.

The Chaplains are the spiritual leaders of their brethren, and guide the Space Marines in the oaths of loyalty sworn to the Chapter. Praise is rendered to the Emperor and the Primarch for the inception and existence of the Adeptus Astartes, although the way each is perceived varies from Chapter to Chapter. The Emperor is recognised as their founder and the saviour of Humanity, but is most often regarded as an awe-inspiring man by the Adeptus Astartes. Some Chapters worship their Primarch as a god or demi-god, while others praise them as superior, yet mortal beings, mighty heroes from an age long past.

The central shrine where prayer and worship is conducted is called the Reclusium, and it lies within the Chapter's fortress monastery. It is a

place of particular cultural and spiritual reverence. This most holy place contains ancient artefacts and relics of particular significance, often holding fragments of the Primarch's armour, as well as the battle gear of heroic figures from the Chapter's history. Company and Chapter standards hang from its hallowed walls. The Chaplains lead their sermons within the vast Reclusium, rousing the Space Marines with their passionate exhortations. The battle barges and strike craft of the Chapter's fleet also hold towering cathedrals within their armoured halls, enabling Space Marines to confirm their devotions when far from the Chapter's Fortress Monastery. Indeed the majority of the Chapter is often scattered across the galaxy, fighting in campaigns that may last hundreds of years. However, the Chaplains preach

a very practical minded form of worship, and the presence of a formal chapel is not always necessary. The Chaplains accompany their battle brothers in their crusades, guiding them spiritually wherever they may be. They lead them in prayer and ritual, whether it be within the Reclusium, aboard a strike craft or in the midst of battle itself.

Devotional Armour

The archaic and ornate armour that the Chaplains wear may be hundreds, if not thousands of years old. They are revered pieces of equipment, and are perceived as mobile shrines in themselves. The black armour is frequently decorated with an array of ancient tokens and embellishments, often in the form of purity seals, devotional pendants and such. These

Chapter Approved. Access Level: 6B seventy-three

Space Marine Chaplains and equipment M4

Chaplain Devotional Death-Masks



Wolf Priest Ulrik the Slayer
note: Wolf Helm of Russ



Ultramarines Chaplain Bracius



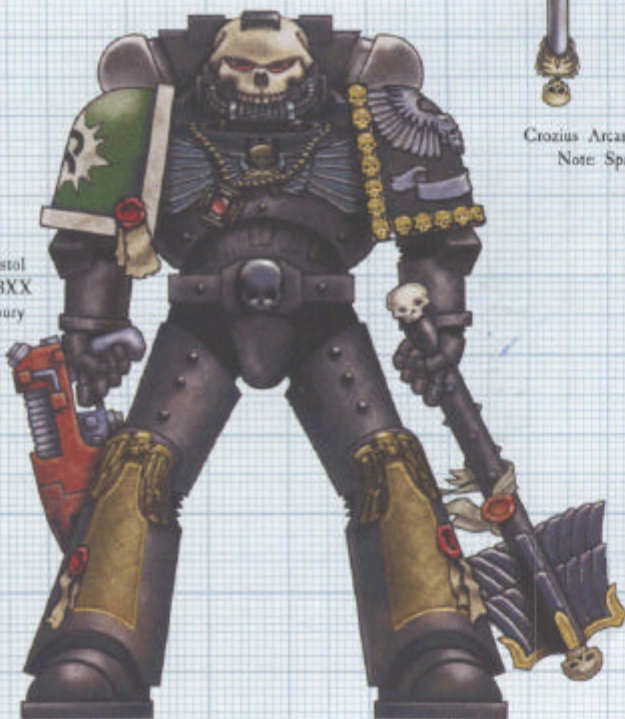
Blood Angels Chaplain Lemartes
Guardian of the Lost



Crozius Arcasum - Staff of Office
Note: Space Wolves variant



Auto-reactive shoulder pads with
Chaplain Badge of Office - Death's Head



Chaplain Borzeoff of the Aurora Chapter



Rosarius - 'Soul armour'
cross ref: IXc
Gifts of the Ecclesiarchy



Chaplain Xavier's Salamander-mantle

Plasma Pistol
cross ref: 3XX
M3I armoury

Thought for the day: Cleanse the Emperor's enemies with righteousness and zeal.

sigils come in a range of forms, often appearing as winged skulls, the Imperial Eagle or other Chapter-oriented symbols of dedication. The face plate of the Chaplain's helmet commonly resembles a death's head skull, inspiring fear in the enemy, as well as respect and devotion in their comrades.

Part of the formal regalia that the Chaplain carries is his staff of office, the potent Crozius Arcanum. This arcane and most holy of items is used in official ceremonies and worship, and is often topped with an Imperial eagle or winged skull. The staff is carried to war by the Chaplain, reflecting the ritual importance of battle to the Space Marines. The Crozius incorporates a powerful energy field, enabling it to punch through all forms of armour with ease, smiting the Chaplain's enemies in bright bursts of energy and faith.

Glorious battle is seen as the highest form of worship for the Chaplains. Their primary role is as inspiring, spiritual warriors, and they are chosen from amongst the most fiery and devoted of Space Marines. They lead their brothers from the fore, chanting the liturgies of battle while they slay their foes, exhorting their fellow Space Marines to greater feats of arms in the name of the Chapter and the Emperor.

They encourage their battle-brothers to relive the glories of the Emperor, each warrior aspiring to the miraculous feats their founding father was capable of.

Chapter Variations

"Acknowledge death as it approaches, but do not succumb to its touch, for your purpose is great..."

*Chaplain Hanius,
Blood Angels Chapter*

Chaplains are the purveyors of the Chapter's cult, ensuring its continuation and survival within the Space Marine ranks. The Codex Astartes dictates the role that the Chaplains play within the Space Marine Chapter, as epitomised by the steadfast Ultramarines Chapter. However, the cult beliefs have been in existence for over ten thousand years, and over this time the various Chapters have branched apart, each respective cult following their own path with their own unique belief system. As a consequence, the roles that the Chaplains play will often vary between the different Chapters.

The Interrogator-Chaplains of the enigmatic and secretive Dark Angels Chapter are a sinister variation from the traditional Codex. They are driven solely by the pursuit and reclamation of their damned brethren, the Fallen. The

Chapter is fanatically consumed with the finding of these heretics, and those who are captured are handed over to the Interrogator-Chaplains. Hidden within the depths of the Dark Angels fortress monastery, known as the Tower of Angels, these menacing Space Marines undertake their grisly duty as they attempt to draw a confession from the lips of the Fallen. The Interrogator-Chaplains give a quick death to those rare few who repent, and lingering torment to those who do not. For each of the Fallen who confesses his sins, the Interrogator-Chaplain may add a single black pearl to his sacred Rosarius. The most successful of all the Dark Angels Interrogator-Chaplains was the great Master Molocia, who died after three hundred years of service to his Chapter. Throughout his illustrious career, he secured ten black pearls for his Rosarius, an achievement unmatched within the Dark Angels' ranks.

The role of the Chaplain within the Iron Hands Chapter is fulfilled to an extent by the Iron-Fathers, who also carry out the role of elite Techmarines. Their beliefs have altered over the millennia so that they hold a particular reverence for the mechanical, and this has seeped into their cult beliefs. The Iron-Fathers are rumoured to spend a time of apprenticeship on Mars, home planet of the mysterious Adeptus Mechanicus. There are those within the Ecclesiarchy who see the Iron Hands as corrupted, for they appear to venerate the Machine God more than the Emperor himself. The mutual distrust between the Iron Hands and the Ministorum has erupted into bloodshed on several occasions and, not surprisingly, the Ecclesiarchy refuses to gift the Chapter with the sacred Rosarius.

The Chaplains of the tragically flawed Blood Angels are the guardians of the Chapter, constantly vigilant for the first signs of the Black Rage amongst their battle-brothers. The Black Rage afflicts some members of the Blood Angels before a battle, their minds becoming unhinged as they relive the moment of their Primarch's death. On the eve of battle, the Chaplains move amongst the Space Marines as they are engaged in their prayers and devotions. They chant the Moripatris, the Mass of Doom, and carefully check for the first signs of the terrible curse. Those who succumb to the affliction are removed from their brethren to become a part of the Death Company. They are led into battle by the Chaplain himself,



and their madness and frenzy lends them superhuman strength and powers of resilience. They tear into the enemy without hesitation, shrugging off wounds that would make even their hardened battle-brothers fall. They would rather seek death in battle than risk succumbing to the even more debilitating catastrophe of the Red Thirst. Dark rumours can be heard that those who fall to such depths are kept atop the Tower of Amareo on the Blood Angels' home planet of Baal. Here they are said to exist for all time, howling for the living blood that they crave. The Chaplains are said to administer to these degenerates, although what actually becomes of the twisted creatures is a secret known only to the Blood Angels Chaplains themselves.

The Wolf Priests of the ferocious Space Wolves Chapter fulfil the dual role of both Chaplain and Apothecary of Codex Chapters. They adorn themselves in wolf totems, and often wear an intimidating wolf skull helm over their heads. They minister to both the physical and spiritual well-being of their wolf-brethren, and they are fully responsible for the indoctrination and recruitment of young 'Blood Claws' from amongst the fierce, nomadic seafaring people of their icy home world, Fenris. They can often be seen from afar, watching from a high vantage point as the native warriors battle each other. They pick suitable candidates from amongst those who display particular promise and bravery.

The beliefs of the Space Wolves Chapter more closely resemble those of the hardy, feral tribes than those of strictly Codex Chapters. They hold great respect for personal bravery and great deeds, but have little regard for inherited power. They do not venerate the Emperor as a divine being, although this is not particularly unusual amongst the Adeptus Astartes. The Emperor is revered as the only warrior to ever have bested their Primarch, the headstrong Leman Russ, in hand-to-hand combat. They have little more than contempt for the Ecclesiarchy, although the Wolf Priests will often wear the sacred Rosarius. However, their Rosarius is altered to represent a wolf totem rather than an Ecclesiastic icon. When they call on the Emperor and their Primarch in battle, it is not so much to seek their aid, but rather to call their attention so as to witness personal deeds and accomplishments.

WOLF PRIEST ULRIC THE SLAYER



Ulric is an ancient and revered figure, held in awe by his fellow Space Wolves. As a young Blood Claw, full of unrestrained fury, he fought in the First War for Armageddon where he earned a fearsome reputation. He engaged the enemy on the ash wastes of that tortured planet as part of the Great Company of Wolf Lord Kruger. Despite his relative lack of experience, he fought with astonishing skill and savagery. In one conflict he dispatched three traitorous World Eater Space Marines, earning the dubious honour of the respect of the corrupted Legion, who praise martial skill above all else. Ulric has recruited many Space Wolves who have gone on to become mighty warriors. Greatest of these are Logan Grimnar, the current Great Wolf, and the impetuous and tactically brilliant, if unorthodox, young Ragnar Blackmane.

ULTRAMARINES CHAPLAIN CASSIUS



Cassius is the oldest living Space Marine within the faithful and valourous Ultramarines Chapter. Approaching four hundred years old, he fought by the side of the current Grand Master of the Ultramarines, Marnecus Calgar, as they fought off the Tyranid Hive Fleet Behemoth. He is heavily scarred, his skin weathered and leathery, and his hair pure white. Despite his age, he fights with inspired passion and ferocity, and leads the warriors of the Ultramarines into battle against the enemies of the Imperium still. His age has tempered his battle skills with great wisdom, and his counsel is well respected amongst his brethren. He has a particular hatred for Tyranids, to whom he has lost so many battle brothers. He leads daring attacks against them whenever possible, totally fearless of the towering monstrosities, and inspiring his companions to remarkable feats of bravery.

SALAMANDERS CHAPLAIN XAVIER



Chaplain Xavier was said to epitomise the Salamander ideal more completely than any other Space Marine in the long history of the proud Chapter. A great upholder of the Promethean Cult, he encouraged dedicated acts of endurance and belief, and it is said that he slew with his bare hands one of the ancient, monstrous salamanders native to his home world of Nocturne. Xavier could spar his battle brothers to great acts of fortitude and resilience, and it is said that when he led them, the Salamanders never fell back before an enemy. He was killed whilst leading a heroic counter-attack against the twisted members of a Dark Eldar raiding force that had ravaged numerous settlements across the jungle-world of Drykeena. Mortally wounded and pierced by countless blades, he fought on, stubbornly refusing to fall. Only once all his foes were vanquished, their bodies piled around him, did he let his grievous wounds overcome him. His body was returned to Nocturne by his brethren, and his name is spoken with reverence.

ASMODAI MASTER INTERROGATOR-CHAPLAIN OF THE DARK ANGELS CHAPTER



The Interrogator-Chaplains are specialists in their vicious field, but none is more adept than the sinister Asmodai. Such is his fearful reputation that the enemy would rather die than fall into his hands. Rumours of the horrific tortures he can inflict abound, and it is said that he can keep his victims alive for weeks on end as he subjects them to increasingly agonising torment. He is single-minded in his devotion to this dire responsibility, and he makes use of the horrific Blades of Reason to encourage the Fallen to repent their sins. The Blades are etched with labyrinthine neural-wires which cause unbelievable pain to the nerve fibres they sever. Though they cause intense pain and anguish, their effects are not fatal, and so the torture may continue virtually indefinitely, until the subject is both physically and mentally broken, and willing to confess his foul crimes.

BLOOD ANGELS CHAPLAIN LEMARTES, GUARDIAN OF THE LOST



Chaplain Lemartes is a particularly strong-willed figure within the battle-hungry Blood Angels Chapter, leading into battle those of his damned brothers who have succumbed to the Black Rage. Lemartes is himself affected by the tragic curse, although through supreme strength of will he is able to have some control over its fury. The authority he commands is matched only by Commander Dante himself, and such is his respect amongst his brethren that he is able, with a word, to restrain the blood-frenzied nature of even those under the influence of the Black Fury. Equipped with his terrifying death mask, he is a fearful figure of doom, a nightmare to behold as he charges into combat, unleashing the full fury of his barely contained rage.



To: Inquisitor Belial
From: Inquisitor Apollyon
Date: 999.M41
Subject: Excavation of Adeptus Mechanicus geno-lab
Thought for the Day: Strength through stability

Fellow Inquisitor, I contact you now with grave news. A matter has arisen on the world of Incunabla that may well threaten the delicate balance of the Imperium we strive to preserve. I have taken steps to remedy this situation, ordering a detachment of Grey Knights to the planet, but fear that events may have already progressed too far. I believe that our Thorian 'brothers' in the Inquisition have once again attempted to make their wild and heretical beliefs a reality. Only time will tell whether I have acted in time.

An agent of mine, inserted within the Adeptus Mechanicus some years ago, recently reported disturbing news from an archaeological site on the dead world of Incunabla. Details were slow in forthcoming, but it seemed clear that buried deep within the rock of this barren world were secrets that have lain undiscovered these last five thousand years. Secrets regarding a founding of the Adeptus Astartes Space Marines sometimes referred to as the Cursed Founding. Having intercepted and examined the majority of the Adeptus Mechanicus Astropathic transmissions, I believe that elimination of this site is the only viable option open to us. Such technology has no place in the Imperium if we are to preserve its stability. I present my findings to you and await further guidance.

Adeptus Mechanicus
Archaeological Expedition TH/21/36
Project Leader: Explorator Magos
Marco Pteronus
Date: 998.M41, days 23 - 38

DAY 23 - 27

Despite the frequent, curt reassurances from Brother Lequara that we were in the correct location, our initial investigations into the anomalous readings which our divination auguries registered were less than promising. Incunabla is a desolate place indeed and what Lequara expected to find so close to holy Terra was quite beyond me. Surely anything of promise would have been revealed to the Adepts of the Machine God before now? However, he does seem to have considerable sway with the Departmento Munitorum, and the funding, equipment and supplies he has provided for our expedition have proven to be most useful. Therefore I was inclined to indulge his fantasy that there was something worth excavating on Incunabla, while secretly deciding how best to obtain more equipment from him. How wrong I was to be proved!

DAY 28 - 33

After much to-ing and fro-ing we were finally able to triangulate the anomalous readings and descended to the planet's surface. The location of the readings proved to be a jagged black mountain peak surrounded by a

highly volatile magnetic field and despite such a hazardous external environment, Brother Lequara demanded that we immediately don pressure suits and venture outside. Almost as soon as the Explorator team stepped beyond the protective hexes of the crawler, systems began to fail on our pressure suits. I believe that the strong magnetic field and lack of a proper blessing had angered the machine spirits and caused them to rail against such treatment. In response, Lequara activated a device the likes of which I have never seen before and this seemed to calm the machine spirits of our suits. As I craned forwards for a closer look at this device he concealed it from my view and, admonishing us to continue forward, he led us towards the mountain.

We trudged ever upwards, the sky darkening and the temperature dropping rapidly. I advised Lequara that we should return to the crawler and continue our exploration on the morrow, but he would have none of it. I continued to urge him to reconsider and he shot me a look of utter ruthlessness such that I shall never forget. As we neared the top of the peak, we came upon a small ledge that apparently ended at a sheer basalt rock face. I say apparently because as we halted, Lequara muttered a few words into the strange device he carried and a section of the rock seemed to blur and shift as though caught in some kind of optical distortion. I stood amazed as revealed

THE CURSED FOUNDING

An investigation into
a mysterious Space
Marine founding

by Graham McNeill

before us was a scarred adamantium door clearly marked with the Imperial Eagle. The door resisted all our attempts at opening it and Lequara at last decided to wait until the following day when we would be able to bring up the powerful las-cutters he had furnished us with.

DAY 34 - 36

The door proved to be more resilient than I had originally thought and it was several days before we were able to effect an entry. Once inside, we discovered a shattered elevator shaft descending into the depths of the peak and were forced to rig a cable harness since it appeared that the elevator was no longer operational. Brother Lequara was the first to descend on the harness and, as he disappeared into the darkness of the shaft, I noticed the markings on its walls. What I had at first taken for corrosion damage I now realised was in fact laser scoring and impacts from small arms fire. Briefly I wondered what events had transpired here, but these were quickly forgotten as I imagined the secrets we might discover in this abandoned peak. For a moment I even dared hope for a fully functioning STC system!

DAY 37

At last we were within the corridors of the base and, I confess, my sense of trepidation was increasing the deeper we ventured. The facility buried beneath the mountain had obviously been the site of a tremendous battle. The walls were riddled with bullet impacts and laser burns and the remains of hastily constructed barricades lay scattered throughout the empty, echoing halls. The place was deserted and, save for the odd scattered bone, the victims of this battle had either been taken by the victors for some unguessable purpose or had long since decayed to dust. Brother Lequara was like an excited child as we explored the facility and would allow us to touch nothing. It was not until we eventually discovered a laboratory hidden in the heart of the underground complex that we were to learn the true purpose of this place. What I believe that purpose to be is almost too fantastic to relate, but having since perused the scant morsels of data on the base's main logic engine, words cannot begin to convey my excitement to you.

DAY 38

The laboratory we discovered contained a plethora of ancient machines, and my heart leapt to see so much techno-arcania preserved in such

an undamaged condition. But it was the centre of the laboratoria that demanded my most immediate attention. Connected by vast bundles of pulsing tubes and cables to the machines were six ceiling height incubation tanks. Three were empty, but the others contained amniotic fluid with an enormous human male floating within them. The physiology of these giants put me in mind of Space Marines, but these brutes were far larger than those members of the Adeptus Astartes whom I have laid eyes upon. Two of these tubes were obviously damaged, the fluid within cloudy and stagnant, but the third still appeared to be functioning after Throne knows how many millennia.

Truly the Machine God had smiled on us! We drained the first two tubes and, between six of us, managed to lift the bodies from within. Genetor Quincus had the bodies taken to the mortarium and began the autopsies immediately while I initiated the revivification of the third body. The process would take almost eight hours and I hoped that we would have a clearer idea of what exactly we were dealing with after the autopsies were complete. I shall append the autopsy reports of the first

two beings to this log later this evening. Also attached are the fragments of the facility commander's records which I have been able to recover. I am unsure as to their real value as the recorder of the log appears to be raving and of unsound mind. Nevertheless, I shall append them and allow you to make your own judgement.



AUTOPSY REPORT

Filed by: Genetor Quincus

1. Preliminary visual examination of the bodies proved to be inconclusive as to the cause of death. The skin of the body displayed a soft elastic quality and ruptured in several places on transport to the mortarium. No external puncture wounds were evident and dermal lividity appeared to indicate that the subject had died less than an hour previous to this examination.

How this is possible is as yet undetermined.

Initial DNA scans revealed many of the amino acid and enzyme chains

still unformed. Combined with evidence of 'hot-housing' the genome, this leads me to believe that the subjects were artificially accelerated to this level of growth and, biologically speaking, may be less than one year old.

2. Despite the lack of tensile strength in the skin, the bone structure beneath proved to be much tougher. Performing a standard 'Y' incision and peeling back the skin and considerable musculature on subject alpha's chest revealed an interlinked growth of highly ossified bone plates that completely armoured the chest cavity. It required a laser saw to cut through this 'bone-shield' and the strength of several servitors to break open the rib cage and expose the chest cavity.

3. The interior of the subject's chest cavity contains a number of organs whose purpose is undetermined. Primary heart, lungs, kidneys and liver are present and, in regard to mass to muscle ratio, must have been many times more efficient than even the Space Marines of the present day are known to be. As well as these organs are a number of others of unknown origin. Their function can only be guessed at and it is beyond my expertise to probe their mysteries. I am familiar with most of the organs unique to the physiology of a Space Marine yet the ones visible here are unknown to me. These organs have been sealed in stasis jars for transport to the more advanced laboratoria facilities on Mars. Perhaps the genetors there will have more success than I.

4. After the chest cavity had been examined, I removed the cranial lid to expose the subject's brain. Inside was a most curious organism that only superficially resembled a human brain. Its mass and colouration were consistent with a male of such disproportionate size, but there the similarity ended. Dissection of the brain revealed a hitherto unknown configuration of matter, if indeed it was matter, and further organs of unknown nature. Further examination was impossible due to the ultra-rapid necrotising of the brain after its removal from the cranium. Within minutes it had disintegrated into a foetid puddle of grey ooze. The nature and purpose of this organ is therefore unknown.

5. In summary it is impossible to say with any certainty how the subjects died. No visible signs of trauma were evident and no viral, bacteriological or toxicological contamination was found. My own conclusion is that the subject's growth was boosted artificially and they expired when the machinery of the incubation tube failed. I have performed similar examinations on members of the Adeptus Astartes before this and can say with utter certainty that these subjects are far superior to them in every way.



LOG OF BASE COMMANDER

[Note: Many portions of data were lost and only these fragments could be recovered by the Lexmechanics. - Marco -Pteronus.]

Log Entry No: 23

Project Homo Sapiens Novus continues to meet with further success and I believe that within the next few accelerated evolutionary iterations we may achieve goal of recreating the [fragment destroyed] and imbue them with psychically attuned minds to resist the of Chaos. That we may follow in the footsteps of our Glorious Emperor fills me with pride and that my name may be spoken of in the same breath is an honour I can scarce believe.

Log Entry No: 29

More warships arrived in orbit today and I was privileged enough to be allowed to watch as our newest Chapter, the Flame Falcons, boarded the vessels en route to their designated home world of Lethe. To see such fighting men is to have mankind's manifest destiny amongst the stars affirmed. With such enhanced warriors as these fighting for the glory of the Emperor, the of our Imperium is assured.

Log Entry No: 33

I discovered an unusual occurrence in the storage labs today. As I was intoning the evening's Litany of Purity over the gene banks, I espied a dark, viscous liquid running from a stasis vessel. I opened the container and was horrified to discover the vessel overflowing with a stinking, organic substance, growing larger as I watched. Incinerator units destroyed the gene stock, but I am at a loss as to explain its sudden and rapid growth, the material was placed under the proper blessings and rituals. stasis field failed or the genetic corrupted before we placed it in storage. Other than this I can think of no explanation for this phenomena.

Log Entry No: 41

Today I received word from the Apothecaries of the Black Dragons of some irregularities in the zygote development of their first born members. It appears that as their Ossmodula has matured more fully, it has caused the growth of bony protuberances and 'crests' from the forearms and heads of the Space Marines. This is an unexpected side effect and is possibly hormonally stimulated growth. Purity procedures will be reviewed and any deficient zygotes destroyed.

Log Entry No: 44

Reports are coming in daily now of spontaneous mutation in the gene seed of those we have created here. I dread to think of the consequences should the cause of these mutations be traced back to the experiments we performed here. Our

sponsor in these matters, Inquisitor Crescere, has assured me that we proceed with the Emperor's blessing, but as more and more reports of mutation reach us I cannot help but feel a terrible mistake. I have requested that we halt the program until more thorough research is undertaken, but Crescere informed me in no uncertain terms that my life would be over should I fail to continue the work.

Log Entry No: 46

I have secretly begun implantation with six test subjects, in our hidden lab that not even Crescere knows of, to more closely monitor the gene development of our altered subjects. I will subjects' beyond normal parameters in order to observe any aberrations that might not otherwise come to light whilst they are on Incunabla. Perhaps then we will be able to discover the cause of such mutations and rectify the problem before we create more of these cursed How many have already left Incunabla I do not know. Only Crescere may communicate with the other facilities on the planet and I fear that we may be too late to these abominations this damned world.

Log Entry No: 47

I fear Crescere knows of the secret work I have been undertaking. During this morning's unarmed combat training, two of my test subjects berserk killed thirty of the others collapsing in a pile of mad, thrashing limbs as their bodies went uncontrolled mutation. The things that were left on the floor had only the last vestiges of humanity to their form and the thought of whole Chapters of Space Marines with such defective gene-seed in their bodies fills me with horror and shame. Crescere had the bodies incinerated before we could perform an examination of the corpses and informed me that he was relieving me as head of this facility. Emperor have mercy on my soul, created monsters here! While I can do nothing about those we have already let loose, destroy most of the knowledge stored here. Crescere has locked me out of the most vital systems, but I will do what I can. When he discovers what I have done kill me. I welcome it.

Log Entry No: 49

We were soon to learn that the third of the secret test subjects I created had condemned us all to death. At first it seemed as though his genetic structure had stabilised and we believed that we might yet be able to save the project, but this was to prove our

undoing. It was some months after his removal from the incubation tank and after his combat training was complete that Astropaths in orbit on the Eternity unsanctioned psychic signal originating from our facility. Inquisitor Crescere immediately placed our Astropath onto a pain rack and questioned her fully. It transpired that the girl had not been the source of the signal and now our base required another Astropath for communications. As we pondered the mystery, the vox-caster lines from the Eternity suddenly came alive garbled messages confused screams. It was impossible to make out exactly occurring, yet it was clear that another vessel was attacking the Eternity! A planet wide broadcast cut across all our communications and the viewscreen displayed a man of the most loathsome I have ever seen. From his build I knew he must be a [fragment destroyed] but his armour was adorned with symbols and runes that made my eyes sting to look upon them. Over his shoulders hunched a grotesque device with obscene mechanical limbs like a spider reaching forward, each one ending in what appeared to be a bizarre weapon or torture device. Drop pods descend to the surface of the planet and I knew I must attempt to destroy the remaining three subjects in the incubation tubes. Almost as soon as I formed this thought, the door to the command centre burst open and the third of my test subjects smashed his way inside. The figure viewscreen smiled, as though welcoming a long lost son and I realised at once where the unknown psychic come from. Crescere was the first to die and I am ashamed to say I fled, leaving everyone screaming as they died and the invaders broke inside our base.

Log Entry No: No ref.

For a day and a night I have hidden here screams of my people as the invaders hunted them down and violated their bodies has left me shaking with a terror I cannot quell. It is clear to me now that Project Homo Sapiens Novus doomed from the start. I have sealed off the hidden laboratory and pray that the abominations within never see the light of day. What we did here technology that I fear will return to haunt the Imperium in years to come. I am not long for this life, the pistol sits beside me as I record this and I can only hope that those who find this log will not hate us for what we tried to do here.



Adeptus Mechanicus
Archaeological Expedition TH/21/36

Project Leader: Explorator Magos
Marco Pteronus

Date: 998.M41, day 39

DAY 39

The revivification process continues and within an hour we should be able to safely remove the last living subject from the incubation tube. I feel sure that this discovery shall be ranked as one of the most significant in the last three thousand years and that we shall learn such wondrous things from this site. Brother Lequara has warned me not to transmit anything offworld or communicate any of our findings, but I felt that this matter outweighed any petty considerations of the Adeptus Terra regarding ownership of this site. Such a discovery merits the immediate attention of a full team of Adeptus Mechanicus Explorators, Genetors, Lexmechanics and Biologis. I therefore submit this report to you and await your most learned counsel.

To: Inquisitor Belial
From: Inquisitor Apollyon
Date: 999.M41
Subject: Excavation of Adeptus Mechanicus genolab

Thought for the Day: Knowledge is dangerous, guard it well

Since this last entry of the Adeptus Mechanicus research team, there have been no further transmissions from Incunabla and all attempts to discover the true identity of 'brother Lequara' have met with failure. I can only hope that when the Grey Knights arrive they are in time to prevent the sacred technology of this site from falling into the wrong hands. Or that there are survivors left to interrogate. I shall of course keep you updated with my findings.

Addendum to report

I regret to inform you that the archaeological site on Incunabla no longer exists. The Grey

Knights secured the entrance and began exploration of the facility, but found no trace of the Adeptus Mechanicus team and no sign of their vessel. The site was as bereft of life as a world stripped by the Tyranids. There were no bodies discovered and no evidence of any attackers. Astropaths detected a residual warp trail, but were unable to discern its direction. I have had the site bombed from orbit with cyclonic torpedoes and expunged all record of it from all files. I fear that what was on this world is now gone and we will rue the day that this cursed place was discovered anew.



Black Templars, led by Marshal Helbrecht, despatch the last pockets of Ork resistance.



Led by their Wolf Priest, Space Wolf Grey Hunters take up position in cover ready to face the charge of the Eldar.

Index Astartes II

Index Astartes II is a compilation of articles from White Dwarf magazine. In it are detailed aspects of the Emperor's elite warriors, the mighty Space Marines, and their treacherous brethren, the Chaos Space Marines, in the kind of depth not possible in a normal Codex army book. Amidst these pages you can find tales of heroism and betrayal from the earliest days of the Imperium of Mankind – ancient legends which have been lost to Humanity over long ages of Imperial history. Chapter and Legion histories and colour schemes are detailed, with specific rules and army list variants to help with collecting and gaming using the Space Marine organisations within.

This second Index Astartes compilation includes the following articles:

- The Space Wolves First Founding Chapter
- Imperial Fists First Founding Chapter
- Night Lords Chaos Space Marines
- Blood Angels First Founding Chapter
- Space Marines of the Deathwatch and the Grey Knights
- The Black Templars Successor Chapter
- Space Marine Chaplains
- Tales of the mysterious Cursed Founding

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Index Astartes III



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

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Index Astartes

First Founding



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

HAND OF JUSTICE

The Iron Hands
Space Marine Chapter

by Anthony Reynolds

The Iron Hands have been unforgiving devotees to the Emperor's word since the time of legends, when the god-like Primarchs walked among men. Through countless centuries the Iron Hands have remained unwavering in their faith and belief. They have endured dark years of suffering and pain, where others have faltered and been forgotten by time. They look with disgust on those who lack their strength of will and punish them without remorse. Their Primarch, Ferrus Manus, is seen as a strong and unwavering warrior-god, the savior of his people, who will return one day to lead all of humanity from the darkness that besets it from all sides and from within.

Origins:

At the very dawn of the Imperium, a time of great deeds and mighty battles, Ferrus Manus broke the darkness of the world of Medusa and became the shining light of its people. The sky, perpetually darkened by a great calamity of the long gone ancients, was ripped asunder as Ferrus descended from the heavens amid a great Inferno of light. Never before had the primitive human clans of Medusa seen such light, and they were awed and frightened by the fiery display that burned their eyes. The great star crashed into the highest mountain of Medusa, Karaashi, the Ice Pinnacle. The impact shattered the mountain top, burying Ferrus deep in the ice in a tremendous explosion of steam. The land shook under the impact which could be felt the world over. Mountains were toppled, and great chasms were formed as the world rumbled under the coming of the great Primarch.

Years later, the great warrior-god Ferrus walked unscathed and fully formed from the uninhabited mountain ranges of the far northern wastes where the Ice Pinnacle lies. The legends of the roaming clans, taught from father to son throughout the ages, revolve around the early exploits of Ferrus, tales of fantastic acts of strength and endurance. No one could match his strength of arm, try as he might to find a worthy opponent. He sought out every physical challenge that he could, always returning victorious. According to one often recounted mythic tale, he once challenged a Storm Giant to a competition of strength. The giant lifted a mountain between his hands and set it back down a mile away. The giant's laugh died as Ferrus lifted the entire mountain range onto his back, carrying it to a neighboring island. The humbled giant was never seen again.

Ferrus travelled the length and breadth of Medusa, becoming well known by all its people and coming to know the land itself as no one ever had. He traveled areas that any other man would have

found inaccessible. He climbed the highest mountains, he swam the deepest oceans – always pushing himself and his body, pushing his levels of endurance and strength to unfathomable levels. His strength and fury made him renowned and feared amongst the people of the clans, who valued such qualities highly, and he was uniformly adopted by them as one of their own. He never sought to end the conflicts between the clans, seeing such competition as healthy and strengthening. He always remained neutral, never participating in their feuds so as not to favor one clan over another.

The most famous heroic story of Ferrus was his titanic battle against Asirnoth, the Great Silver Wyrn. This is recounted in the Cantic of the Travels, an epic poem of unknown origin that is still taught to Clan children at their parent's knee. He had stalked the great beast for days through the legendary Land of Shadows – the fearful land of the ancients, a place of great fear and mystery. This place, long since lost, was said to be a land of metal and stone relics of giant proportions, remnants of a forgotten age. The ghost-spirits of the clans are said to roam there once they leave the world of the living. The Cantic describes the monstrous creature as having skin made of living metal that was impervious to harm. Try as he might, Ferrus could not pierce the metal hide of the beast, his fists pummeling harmlessly against it. Fighting the creature for days on end, across continents and seas, Ferrus remained undaunted, confident of his own abilities. He eventually slew the great beast by holding the writhing creature submerged in a lava flow, enduring horrific pain, but bearing it stoically. When he finally removed his arms from the lava, the Wyrn was no more. His hands however were encased in the same living metal that the creature's skin was made of, a metal that was as flexible as flesh, as strong as the hardest ceramite. It is known that myths involving Ferrus and his metal hands precede the Cantic

of Travels, but only in the Canticle is this explanation given as to how the metal came to be fused to his body.

He returned to the clans after his travels filled with new and wonderful ideas, which he taught to all who wished to learn. He created strange and powerful weapons and tools out of metal, shaping them with his living metal hands. He taught the clans such wonders that they never could have imagined possible. It was a time of greatness for the people of Medusa – the civilization of the clans advanced at a tremendous pace, and the people became increasingly strong and proud.

When the heavens split open for the second time in history, and dark Medusa was once again filled with light, the clans were confused and

frightened. They could not understand what this might mean for them and their world. They were happy as they were and saw whatever was coming as a threat. Ferrus did not speak, but left the clans immediately to travel to the Northern Reaches, where the light had descended. The clans grew worried as days passed with no word of their Savior. A great council was called, the first of its type ever formed on Medusa, with representatives from each of the clans present. They argued over what should be done, but could come to no agreement. Days turned to weeks and the people grew desperate in their unease. This unease turned to terror as the land literally erupted beneath their feet. They ran out of the council great-tent in their panic, savage electrical storms ripping the skies

asunder above them. They wailed in their dread for the fury of the storm seemed far from natural, and they felt certain the end of their world drew near. The terrible storm assaulted the land for a week and a day, so it is said, after which time an unearthly silence descended. The clans returned to the great council unsure what would come of such dire portents.

The next morning the doors to the great council were thrown wide and Ferrus strode in, resplendent in his magnificence. At his side walked a figure that stood as his equal, a radiant figure who awed the clansmen as much as Ferrus had always done. The very air was said to crackle with the combined power that exuded from the pair, and the bond between them was immediately apparent.

Chapter Approved, Action Level 52 (easy) right

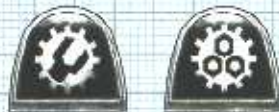
Iron Hands: Progenitor Legion M.S.I



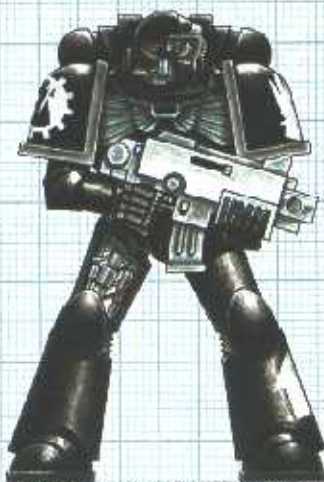
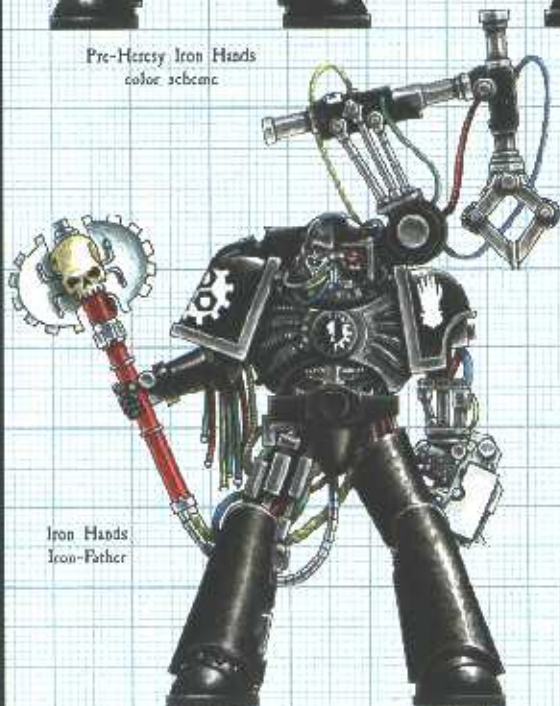
Pre-Heresy Iron Hands color scheme

Iron Hands Terminator

Iron Hands Chapter symbol



Shoulder plates showing clan markings



Iron Hands Icon-Father

Post-Heresy Iron Hands color scheme



Iron Hands armor with squad designation markings

Thought for the day: The flesh is weak. The weak shall perish.

Index Astartes First Founding: The Iron Hands

What actually occurred when the two Divine beings met is unknown. The myths surrounding the meeting of these two most powerful and heroic of figures revolve around a clash of wills

and power that tore the land asunder. Many of the myths relate to how when Ferrus saw the Emperor, he recognized in him an equal. He strode up the mountains to confront him, confident of his own abilities and wishing to test them against this personage of obvious power. In the ensuing conflict, the two godly beings were evenly matched in all ways, neither being able to better the other. The awesome confrontation of power devastated the landscape, shattering the very heavens and earth alike. Regardless of details, all the stories agree that when the two figures came down from the great northern mountains, the bond and mutual respect between them was unwavering.

Ferrus left Medusa only reluctantly. He was torn between

conflicting feelings of loyalty. On the one hand were his people whom he had helped to flourish, his beloved Medusa that had tempered and strengthened him. On the other hand the sense of duty that he felt towards the Emperor was overwhelming. He knew that his people would survive without him and that his Emperor needed him now. Furthermore, he learned of his Legion – an entire army of warriors formed in his image, whom he had not even been aware of. Still, he was distraught at the thought of leaving this land and its people that had formed who he was in so many ways.

The Iron Hands Legion, as they came to be known, fought with valor across the galaxy, cutting a deadly swath through any and all who opposed the Emperor's word – for surely only those who wished humanity ill would reject His Divine teachings. As the need arose, the Legion recruited many of its members from Medusa, and these warriors proved especially resolute both in body and in faith. Ferrus believed passionately in the Emperor's attempt to unify all of humanity. Mankind, Ferrus believed, was in grave danger, not least of all from itself.



Unless it stood united, it would slowly be destroyed, piece by piece.

He saw many weak people around him and saw that infirmity as a plague. He would rather see those weak links of humanity destroyed than have them pose a threat, an unnecessary frailty that would pose a burden to the rest. On Medusa, the weak children were exposed to the elements so as not to place an unnecessary encumbrance on the rest of the community. So, too, when the time came that an adult was incapable of providing for the community, that person left their clan. Those who accepted the Emperor's Divine teachings were embraced. Those who did not were cut down without pity. The ruthlessness of the Legion and its Primarch terrified those who stood in the way of their relentless approach, and many worlds turned to the Emperor out of the overwhelming fear of retribution that these callous warriors were becoming renowned for.

The Horus Heresy

It is said that Horus, the first and most trusted of the Emperor's Primarchs, was held in great esteem by Ferrus, who appreciated his martial ideals. The news of Horus' treachery was met with an outrage by the Iron Hands and their Primarch alike. They were disgusted at the weakness of those who they had previously called brothers. Their Holy Crusade had led them to a far outlying section of the galaxy, and Ferrus fumed over their remote position. Nevertheless, full of righteous anger the Iron Hands turned their ships for Istvaan V, where the traitorous Warmaster was gathering his might. Ferrus despaired for humanity, when it seemed that even the most devoted of battle brothers could be turned from their divine mission. He raged at the flaws of his fellow men, all of whom seemed susceptible to weakness except those of his own Legion. He became even more strict on himself and his brothers, training against such dangerous fragility in all its forms.

Ferrus chose the fastest of the Legion's ships, and together with his most veteran troops, sped towards Istvaan V ahead of the rest of the Legion. As they had feared, the majority of the fleet arrived too late to take part in the attack, and it was with dread and horror that they learned of the disastrous treachery that had greeted their Primarch's attack. He and the Veterans joined with six other Legions in the planetary assault. Ferrus spearheaded the attack with

two other Legions, suffering horrendous casualties as they dropped into the planet's atmosphere. The four Legions that were backing up the initial attack turned on the unprotected flank of the loyalists in an unforeseen betrayal, sealing the doom of the Legions, who were massacred in the ensuing battle.

What became of the great Primarch Ferrus remains a mystery. It is known that when the Legions showed their true colors, he realized his impending doom and attacked the traitors with renewed fury, so desperate was he to face Horus. The number of the Iron Hands were few, however, and they alone were not enough to back up Ferrus's attack, though they died trying. The Iron Hands have never forgiven the Salamanders or the Raven Guard for failing to follow his lead. They believe that had they done so, Horus would have fallen, triggering the collapse of the forces of Chaos. The body of Ferrus was never found, however, and many believe he somehow survived. One particular story is that his wrecked body was rescued and restored, and that he took refuge on Mars where he resides still, though this is violently refuted by the Iron Hands themselves.

The Iron Hands despaired as to the fate of Mankind. Their distress and confusion grew when they learned that the God-Emperor had fallen in a titanic battle with the corrupted Horus.

'And lo, despair was compounded, for Mankind had lost not only He Who Broke the Darkness, Ferrus Manus, the Shining Light of Medusa, cut down by Foul Corruption and Betrayal: for worse was to come, and there was much anguish and horror, for the Most Holy God-Emperor was, alas, to be lost to the world of Man.'

Extract from the Scriptarium of Iron

Having lost all of its veterans in the disastrous assault on Istvaan V, the crippled Legion returned to Medusa full of anger. Their brooding fury was directed at those whose weakness had forced them into a situation where their Primarch was lost and the Crusade abandoned. Their anger grew as time passed and even extended to a resentment towards those loyal Legions who could not protect the Emperor. They felt sure that had they been closer to Terra, then things would have worked out differently. They cursed the Warmaster Horus, who they believed had known of the Iron Hands' unyielding faith and strength, and whose subtle manipulations had surely

arranged for them to be far away from both Terra and Istvaan V at the moment he struck.

Taking refuge in their anger, the Iron Hands have used that emotion to further strengthen themselves against the dangers of frailty. This became their guiding devotion, and they use any means necessary to destroy any form of weakness that they perceive in themselves and others. They do this without remorse, for they see that they are doing humanity a blessing by removing such a dangerous failing. Only a strong and united humanity will survive, and so until the return of Ferrus when he will lead Man out of Darkness, the Iron Hands strengthen and prepare themselves, seeking to eradicate any weak links that could once more threaten the eventual unification of humanity. There were dark stories told of the Legion replacing its lost warriors with purely mechanical power armored creations, though these rumors were never substantiated, nor were they widely believed.

Home World

The world of Medusa is a harsh realm of perpetual gloom, situated precariously close to the Eye of Terror. The sun almost never breaks through the dark and polluted sky, as it constantly churns over a land of frozen mountain ranges, interspersed with volcanoes and boiling hot geysers. The landscape is under constant flux, the shifting of tectonic plates forming new mountains and seas, and destroying them as quickly as they are created.

The people of Medusa are a hardy race that flourishes despite the hostile environment. They are in a constant battle with the elements and with each other, as each clan vies for hard to come by and jealously defended resources. The unpredictable nature of the landscape of Medusa means that the little that is built will last for very long, except in those few areas of relative calm. As such, the clans build very few permanent structures, but rather carry their possessions and livelihoods along with them as they traverse the landscape. In days gone past the clans hauled great caravans along by hand. The inhabitants of Medusa still follow this tradition, though the means of transport has changed to reflect the changing times. Great caterpillar-like mining haulers crawl across the landscape in grand processions as the clans move. These haulers constantly discharge their raw

exhausts into the atmosphere, adding to the thickening sulphurous clouds that swirl around the planet like a shroud.

Karaashi, the Ice Pinnacle, can still be seen today, though it is said to be half the size it once was. A great gaping hole at its peak that spews ash and steam into the atmosphere is evidence of where the shining light of Ferrus crashed an age previously. Still it rumbles the anger of Medusa – a constant reminder of the need for vigilance. The clans of Medusa prepare for that day when the Ice Pinnacle ceases to rumble Medusa's unease. For that day, it is foretold, will mark the second coming of the great Primarch – with his return, Medusa will be at last content.

Combat Doctrine

The Iron Hands' particular hatred for weakness in any form or nature has a marked effect on their combat doctrine. This hatred is extended to incorporate the physical body, and they see weakness even in their own augmented physiques. These perceived frailties are ruthlessly eradicated through any possible means. This has further developed to a near worship of the mechanical that approaches the zeal and devotion of the Adeptus Mechanicus. A weak body can easily be broken or led into temptations of the flesh, so they believe, and this is what the Iron Hands hate and fear most of all. Consequently, the harder, more mechanical the body, the less room there is for physical failings and frailties.

The Iron-Fathers fuel the hatred and anger of the Iron Hands with rousing speeches and oratories, encouraging its growth and intensity. The Chapter takes this powerful emotion onto the battlefield, where it is focused against the enemy at hand, whoever that may be. The Iron Hands fight with renowned intensity and determination, certain in the knowledge that they act for the good of Mankind by crusading against the weak and corrupted. The cold fury of the Chapter as it goes to battle is fearful to witness and deadly in its effectiveness. The bitter Space Marines advance machine-like and relentless, throwing themselves violently at the enemy in their focused, severe fervor.

The Iron Hands revere the limited number of Terminator suits and Dreadnoughts that they possess and

treat them with the utmost respect and devotion. Entire squads of Terminators are rare, however, for the inspiration they create amongst the ranks is better served when they act as leaders of individual squads. Sergeants will often wear Terminator armor that is rumored to be physically bonded to them, and it is not uncommon for battle forces to be led by Dreadnoughts. The inspiration which their presence causes amongst the Iron Hands proves to be of more benefit when acting within these roles.

Organization

The organization of the Iron Hands changed upon its return to Medusa. The Legion was split into three separate and individual Chapters. The newly formed Red Talons and the Brazen Claw left their brethren and founded their own fortress-monasteries, since becoming increasingly reclusive. One Chapter retained the name of the Legion, and based itself on Medusa, the home world of their Primarch. The organization of the Chapter has moved away from the standard Codex form, becoming more like a reflection of the native clans of Medusa. Contact between the three Chapters deteriorated as they became increasingly insular, while contact with other Space Marine Chapters became virtually non-existent.

There are ten Clan Companies which act in much the same way as the Battle Companies of traditional Codex Chapters, being versatile and capable in any given situation. However, where traditional Codex Chapters have a distinct separation between the various Companies that form it, such as the 10th Company being formed of Scouts, the Iron Hands Chapter is made up solely of its ten Clan Companies. These generally act as completely separate entities in their own right, and it is not unknown for minor skirmishes to break out between Clan Companies. This is encouraged, so as to keep the Space Marines strong and vigilant.

Each Clan Company has its own hierarchy and is responsible for the recruitment of new Space Marines in order to keep the Clan Company numbers at the required level. These new recruits are taken from the clans of Medusa who embrace their new Clan Company and the Chapter as a whole. The Clan Companies are nomadic, much like the clans they are recruited from. They travel the galaxy,

following their continuing crusade against weakness and corruption.

When the Iron Hands return to Medusa they travel the inhospitable Medusa landscape seeking recruits, remaining ever vigilant against weakness in any guise appearing on their home world. The Iron Hands do not maintain a fortress-monastery as such, for the shifting lands would inevitably make any such structure temporary. Rather, each individual Clan Company maintains a mobile version, great land behemoths that constantly traverse the treacherous landscape. These fully automated creations, arcane wonders made by the Adeptus Mechanicus, are serviced by great armies of mechanical servitors, keeping them in perfect order during the Chapter's absence.

As a direct result of their respect for the mechanical body, the Iron Hands differ significantly in some regards from the standard Codex organization. On induction to the Chapter, new recruits have their left hands removed and replaced with bionics, a ritual symbolizing their link with Ferrus and their refusal of the weakness of the flesh. This is the start of a slow process of mechanization of the body for the recruits, leading towards the stage when the entire organic body can be rejected. The ultimate aim for Iron Hands Marines is to become mind-fused with the body of a hulking Dreadnought – the perfect blend of organic and mechanic.

One particularly revered and respected warrior is chosen to represent each clan within the Chapter. Together, these ten warriors form the Great Council of the Iron Hands. As such, there is no single commander of the Chapter. They see this as a strength and a precaution, so that no individual can lead the Iron Hands astray, as they saw happen to so many of their brother Marines. The Great Clan Council is often formed of ancient Dreadnoughts, warriors who have long given up the frailties of their organic bodies.

Another variation from the standard Codex form is the distinct lack of Chaplains within the Chapter. They are replaced in sorts by the Iron-Fathers, who in effect take the dual role of Techmarine and Chaplain. The reverence the Iron Hands hold for the mechanical is represented by the Iron-Father, who has ties to the Cult Mechanicus as well as acknowledging the supreme divinity of the Emperor.

Beliefs

The anger and hatred that the Iron Hands feel towards weakness grows daily. They are increasingly doubtful of the strength and worth of their brother Chapters, becoming resigned to the fact that they alone can stamp out the deficiencies that they see besetting humanity from all sides. They perceive weakness in everything around them, and prepare for the day when Ferrus will at last return to them; that time when they will stand firm with their Primarch in the final reunification of Mankind.

According to their Scriptures, the moment the Emperor fell the psychic shockwave was felt with such intensity that it reached Ferrus, even though he had left the realm of Man. An image of Ferrus appeared before his Legion, and his anguish and despair were unimaginable. It is said that this apparition spoke of his fears for Mankind. He spoke of a great calamity, a darkness that would assail humanity at some unforeseen moment in the future and his promise that he would be there to lead humanity through its

trials of darkness. Amongst the Iron Hands it is taught that he ascended to an unearthly paradise realm where he fights eternally, becoming ever stronger. And so it is said that Ferrus Manus left the world of Man, preparing for the time when he is required again, that Time of Darkness when his light is needed most of all.

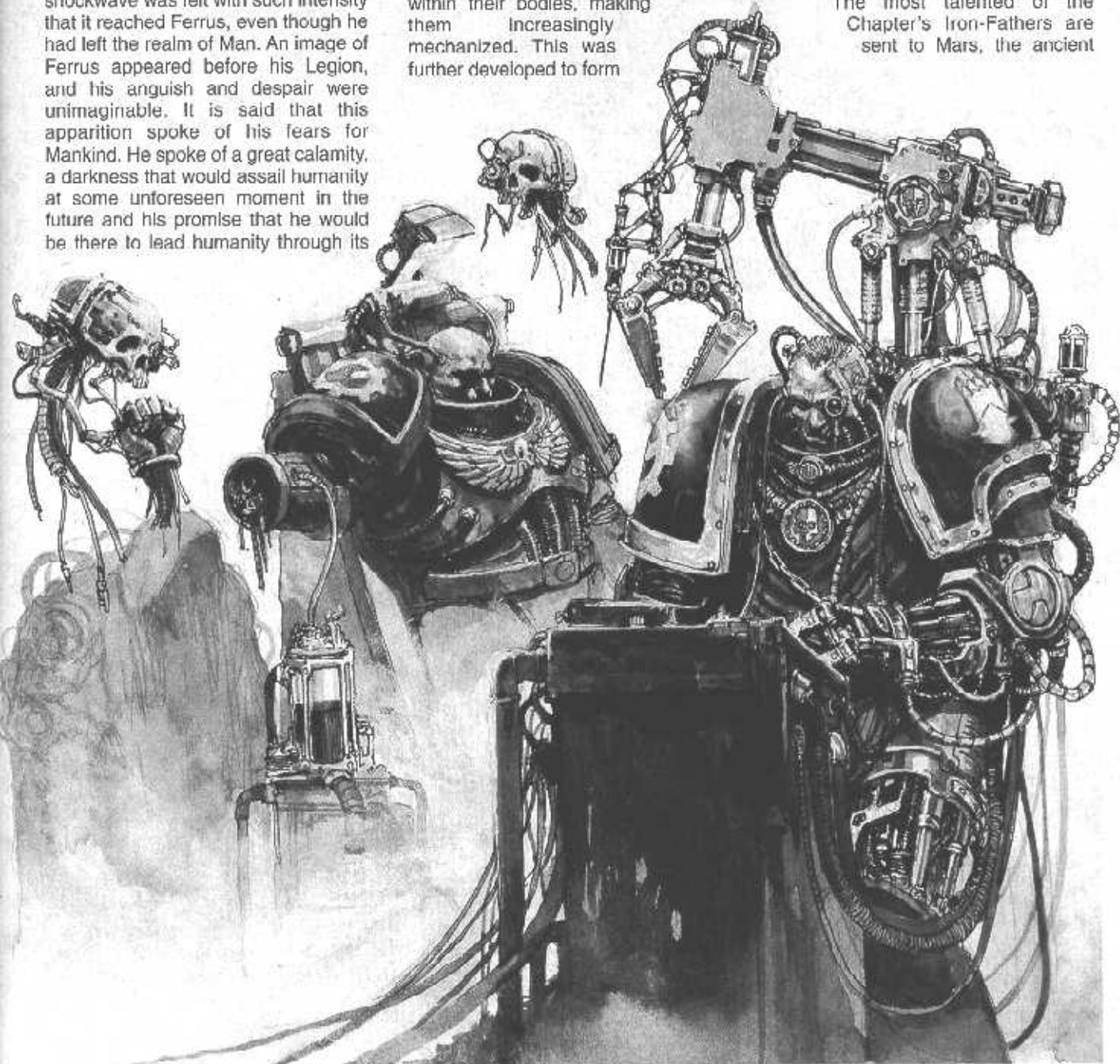
The actions of their Primarch, so the Iron Hands believe, implicitly warned against the weakness of the flesh. His clearly superior metallic hands have long been interpreted as a direct message of this to his Legion. The Iron Hands, therefore, follow their Primarch's example by gradually eliminating the inherent weakness within their bodies, making them increasingly mechanized. This was further developed to form

the most important principle of the Iron Hands: the unyielding mind and the unyielding body. Under this maxim, the strongest, most incorruptible warrior is formed, so they believe. This has proved to be extremely effective, for in all their long and glorious history, there has never been any record of an Iron Hands Space Marine failing in his duty as a result of any physical frailty.

The Iron Hands have a close link with the Adeptus Mechanicus, and embrace many of the beliefs of the Machine Cult. The reverence they hold for the mechanical, the physical embodiment of knowledge, is frowned upon by the majority of more

Codex Space Marine Chapters.

The most talented of the Chapter's Iron-Fathers are sent to Mars, the ancient



THE RETAKING OF THE CONTQUAL SUB-SECTOR

The reclamation of the heretic sub sector of Contqual was achieved with such astonishing swiftness and fury that it stands as an example to all those who contemplate inciting the wrath of the Iron Hands. Indeed many would-be usurpers and heretics have renewed their faith in the glory of the Emperor under the threat of the Iron Hands' fearsome retribution.

Contqual contained several planetary systems, primarily conglomerations of agricultural worlds rich in resources. They had prospered in a happy isolation for centuries, and the people lived a decadent life, believing they had found an earthly paradise far removed from the turmoil and ugliness of the rest of the universe. The taint of Chaos spread quickly through the upper hierarchy of the planets, feeding off the desires and weaknesses of those in positions of power. Within a month, the entire sub-sector writhed with the corrupting essence of Chaos.

The terrible fury of the Iron Hands was overwhelming, and they stormed into the sub-sector, taking the first few planets before any form of resistance could be assembled. Entire populations were ruthlessly cut down to a man, slaughtered while their pleas for mercy went unheard. The death of every heretic and traitor only strengthened the Imperium, and the Chapter had no mercy for those who would let such corruption overtake their world.

The pivotal battle came on the hive world of Shardenus, the nucleus for the Chaotic powers that were rife in the sub-sector. A tear had appeared in the fabric of real space, opening a direct link to the warp. Foul abominations formed of pure chaos matter poured through the rift to be welcomed and embraced by the twisted inhabitants of the planet.

Demons whispered sweet words of corruption into the ears of the assaulting Space Marines, but true to their beliefs not a single warrior was tempted. The Iron Hands fought with such ferocity and hatred that despite horrendous losses, they eradicated the foul presence within days. The rift was closed by the combined force of will of the Chapter Librarians, and the cleansing of the sub-sector continued.

After the fall of Shardenus, the rest of the sub-sector was quickly forced into submission, returning humbly to their faith in the Emperor. One after another, the worlds turned on their perverted overlords in mass rebellions. The Iron Hands executed one in every three citizens in an intensive mass cleansing, a punishment and warning to remain ever vigilant against the inherent dangers of weakness. In what has become typical fashion, the evidence of the unforgiving fury of the Iron Hands inspired a wave of devotion that spread before them. When the Chapter left Contqual, mere weeks after its arrival, they left a sub-sector whose surviving worlds were to become amongst the most devoted of all those within the Imperium.

and mysterious home world of the Adeptus Mechanicus, where they study under the Tech-Priest Engineers. The Iron Hands often make use of weaponry and armory that is generally unseen outside the Mars-based Cult. What the mysterious and typically insular Cult Mechanicus gains from this strange relationship is unclear.

Geneseed

The fanatically intense hatred of weakness displayed by the Iron Hands would appear to gloss over a hidden and deeply rooted fear of the physical form that is evident throughout the Chapter. This fear seems to increase

as the Space Marine matures in age, resulting in more and more extreme mechanization of the body. Where this fear truly originates is unclear, although it is widely believed that some genetic flaw is at work. This defect seems to be somehow kept under control, or at least concealed, by the mechanical augmentations the Space Marines routinely endure.

Notably reclusive, the Iron Hands are particularly hostile to outside interference, and they tolerate the continued investigations by the Inquisition with barely concealed disdain. Uncharacteristically, the Inquisition appears relatively unconcerned with the Chapter as a

whole. They seem to have identified some aberration within the Chapter, but refrain from acting on it, for they do not see the flaw as inherently dangerous to the Imperium. Rather, the Iron Hands Chapter, with its particular devotion to the eradication of the weakness they perceive all around them, are (for now) seen as a useful form of enforcement within the Imperium, and their effectiveness is beyond question.

Great Heroes

Paullian Blantar was an inspiration to his Chapter who served the Kaargul Clan Company for many centuries. His technical abilities became apparent soon after his induction into the Iron Hands, and within decades he had become the pre-eminent Iron-Father of his Clan Company. The other Clans sent their young aspirants to study under this great master, and the entire Chapter benefited from his expertise. In the realm of bionic enhancement he was unparalleled, and his refinements of the augmentation process distinctly affected the direction of the Chapter.

It was Paullian who led the dramatic counter attack against the insidious Dark Eldar on the industrial world Kaladronc, rescuing the badly wounded warleader Bannus and carrying him to safety. Bannus had been terribly mutilated by the twisted aliens, and it was Paullian himself who performed the tech-surgery that enabled Bannus to continue to lead his Clan for centuries to come. Indeed, Bannus still leads his Clan Company as an ancient and powerful Dreadnought. Being an integral member of the Great Clan Council, his wisdom and experience continue to benefit the Chapter as a whole.

The disdain that Paullian felt for his organic body was legendary. The augmentation of his body was a constant process, and he ceaselessly sought new ways of strengthening himself. Indeed, towards the end of his long and successful life span, there was little organic left of him other than his brilliant, mechanically-oriented mind. The ritual scarring and punishment that he inflicted on the few exposed areas of his skin became synonymous with his skill as a tech. The Iron-Fathers of the Chapter as a whole routinely scar their bodies in reverence to him, and they uniformly aspire to his technical brilliance and insight.

USING AN IRON HANDS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

Iron Hands use the following units from Codex Space Marines:

| | |
|----------------------|--|
| HQ | Space Marine Heroes, Librarian, Iron-Father (see below), Command squad, Venerable Dreadnought (see below) |
| ELITES | Dreadnought, Space Marine Veteran squad |
| TROOPS | Space Marine Tactical squad, Scout squad |
| FAST ATTACK | Assault squad, Bike Squadron, Attack Bike squadron, Scout Bike squadron, Land Speeder squadron, Land Speeder Tornado, Land Speeder Typhoon |
| HEAVY SUPPORT | Devastator squad, Predator Annihilator, Predator Destructor, Vindicator, Land Raider, Whirlwind |

A copy of *Codex: Space Marines* is necessary to field an Iron Hands Space Marine army. The following rules and Codex changes apply. Note that the entire army must be Iron Hands, not just one or two squads.

WARGEAR

'More Machine than Man' – Bionics: The Iron Hands constantly mechanize their bodies, striving always to strengthen themselves. Iron Hands characters may purchase bionics for half the usual points cost.

5 Points for Iron Hands Characters

Terminator Armor: The highly valued suits of Iron Hands Terminator armor are worn by inspiring individuals within squads, rather than by a specific squad of Space Marines. The Iron Hands may not choose Terminator squads as Elite choices. However, Iron Hands Veteran Sergeants can be given Terminator armor chosen from the Space Marine Armory.

Mechanicus Protectiva: The Iron-Fathers do not wear the Rosarius like the Chaplains of other Chapters. Instead they wear the Mechanicus Protectiva, a powerful arcane device often incorporated into the Iron-Father's power armor. The small energy field projected by the Mechanicus Protectiva provides the Iron-Father with an Invulnerable 4+ save. This may be taken instead of the Iron-Father's normal armor save.

Iron-Father and 0-4 Servitor Bodyguards (HQ Choice)

| | Points | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Sv |
|-------------|--------|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|
| Iron Father | 75 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 5 | 3 | 9 | 3+ |
| Servitor | +10 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 8 | 5+ |

Weapons: Power weapon, Mechanicus Protectiva and Bionics.

Options: The Iron-Father may be given any equipment allowed from the Space Marine Armory. This may include 'Techmarines only' items.

Servitor Bodyguards may be equipped with close combat implants (count as power weapons) at +10 pts each.

SPECIAL RULES

Independent Character: The Iron-Father is an Independent Character and follows all the special rules as detailed in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook unless he is accompanied in battle by a Servitor Bodyguard.

Servitor Bodyguard: Servitors are gifts bestowed upon

the Iron-Father by the Adeptus Mechanicus. They are half-human, half-machine creations that carrying out menial tasks for the Iron-Father and serve him as a bodyguard.

To represent this, an Iron-Father may be accompanied by a bodyguard of between 1-4 Servitor Bodyguards. The Servitors and the Iron-Father form a single unit. If the Iron-Father is killed, then his Servitors will deactivate and are removed also.

0-1 Venerable Dreadnought (HQ Choice)

| Points/Model | WS | BS | S | FRONT | SIDE | REAR | I | A |
|--------------|----|----|-------|-------|------|------|---|---|
| 125 | 5 | 5 | 6(10) | 12 | 12 | 10 | 4 | 3 |

Type: Walker **Crew:** One Space Marine

Weapons: The Dreadnought's left arm is equipped with a Dreadnought close combat weapon that has a built in storm bolter. The Dreadnought's right arm is equipped with one weapon from the following list: assault cannon at +30 pts; twin-linked lascannon at +50 pts; twin-linked heavy bolter at +30 pts; multi-melta at +40 pts; plasma cannon at +40 pts; twin-linked autocannon at +35 pts.

Options: The Venerable Dreadnought may be equipped with any of the following vehicle upgrades for the cost listed in the Space Marine Armory: extra armor, searchlight or smoke launchers. No upgrade may be chosen more than once per Venerable Dreadnought.

The storm bolter may be upgraded to a heavy flamer at an additional cost of +10 pts.

The close combat weapon can be upgraded to a missile launcher at an additional cost of +10 pts.

The Venerable Dreadnought may be equipped with a Sacred Standard from the Space Marine Wargear list at an additional cost of +20 pts.

SPECIAL RULES

Old & Wise: Venerable Dreadnoughts are revered, ancient warriors who are extremely wise in the ways of war. If an Iron Hands army includes one then it may re-roll the dice if the mission being played has a dice roll to see who gets the first turn.

Hard to Kill: Venerable Dreadnoughts are extraordinarily tenacious. To represent this, when the Venerable Dreadnought takes a glancing or penetrating hit, you may force your opponent to re-roll the resulting damage. You must accept the result of the second roll.

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First Founding



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

CHOSEN OF KHORNE

The World Eaters
Space Marine Legion

by Graham McNeill

Of all the Space Marine Legions created by the Emperor to reconquer the galaxy during the Great Crusade, none were more feared than the World Eaters. At the forefront of the bloodiest assaults and most vicious battles, the name of World Eaters became a byword for bloodshed and terror on a horrifying scale.

Origins

Kept chained within the deepest dungeon of the Library Sanctus on Terra, the bloodstained pages of the Liber Malum records the fate of those who have trod the path to damnation. To even mention its name is to risk madness. Many are the blasphemous heretics and tyrants whose names sully the pages with their treacheries, but foremost amongst these damned souls is the name of Angron, Primarch of the World Eaters Space Marine Legion.

The legend of Angron is incomplete, and there is much that is not known or so shrouded in dark legend that the true facts are impossible to discern. How Angron came to be separated from the Emperor so soon after his creation and the name of the planet he eventually came to call home is unknown. Indeed where this planet was or even if it still exists is uncertain. Carpinus' *Speculum Historiale* speaks of Angron's world as technologically advanced (though does not name it), ruled over by a caste of wealthy elite who lived in decadent opulence while the populace of their cities lived in abject poverty in the slums surrounding their walled palaces. To distract the populace from their daily woes, the rulers of this world held regular death games in colossal arenas with cybernetically enhanced gladiators who battled in mortal combat to satisfy the bloodlust of the people. It was on this world that the Primarch Angron was eventually to be discovered, but how he came to be there is unrecorded.

However it came to pass, it is known that Angron was discovered by a slaver who chanced upon the bleeding figure of the Primarch, surrounded by scores of alien corpses, high in the northern mountains. History does not record to what race these aliens belonged, but many Imperial scholars believe them to have been Eldar, perhaps attacking the Primarch with some foreknowledge of what the future held for him. Angron had been grievously wounded, but was alive and, seeing that all his wounds were to the fore, the slaver realized that Angron must be a formidable warrior. Taken as a slave, Angron was nursed back to health and bio-neural implants were surgically grafted to his cerebral cortex.

Relics from the Dark Age of Technology, these would boost a warrior's aggression and strength in battle and turn him into a frenzied killer. Angron was taken to the planet's capital where his obvious potential as a gladiator was soon realized, and he was bought by the largest and most patronized arena in the city. The cells below the arena were home to several thousand cyber gladiators, and Angron now took his place amongst them.

After only a few months, Angron had gained a bloody reputation as a proud warrior of fearsome skill with a strong sense of martial honor. He killed hundreds of warriors, in single and multiple combats, but those who fought well, he spared. Angron was a firm favorite of the baying crowds, and while he appeared to relish the life of a gladiator, he was always plotting ways to escape his life of slavery. He was a troublesome slave, with an instinctive anti-authoritarian streak and several times attempted to break out of the arena's dungeons. The fighters were held under extremely heavy security, with hundreds of heavily armed guards constantly on duty, and every attempt met with failure.

Within a few years, his fame had spread to every corner of the globe, and his reputation as a fearsome killer was well established. Thousands flocked to watch Angron fight, and, under his tutelage, the gladiators became deadlier and deadlier until no other arena's warriors could stand against them. Following another failed escape bid, Angron finally understood that he could not succeed alone. His unbending warrior's code and training methods had made him a well respected leader amongst the gladiators, and, with the largest death games on the planet rapidly approaching, Angron began planning his most daring escape attempt yet.

For these games, Angron was permitted to stage a vast display of battle involving every one of the arena's gladiators and, at its height, as the crowd drowned the arena in cheers, Angron's followers turned on their guards, butchering them and fighting their way free. Against soldiers armed with guns their casualties were horrendous, but nearly two thousand

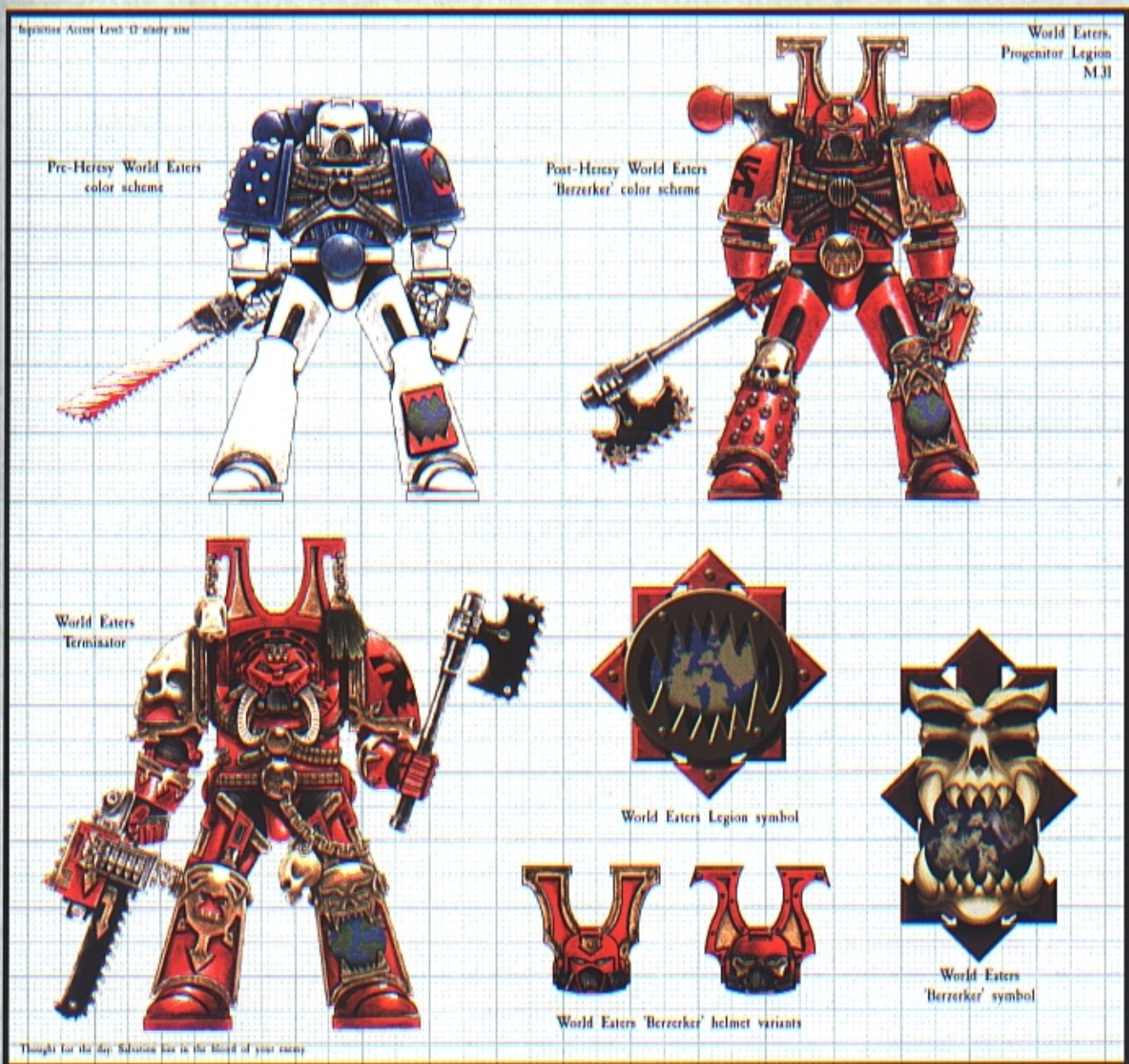
managed to escape into the city, stealing what weapons and supplies they could before battling their way into the mountains. Angron's army took refuge in the highest reaches of the northern mountains, close to where he had been discovered by the slaver many years ago. The rulers of the planet immediately dispatched a force to destroy the escapee, but woefully underestimated the capabilities of Angron's slave army. Within days, a few pitiful survivors was all that remained of the once proud host, stumbling back to the city, their weapons taken and comrades slaughtered.

For the next few years, many such forces were sent against Angron's slave army, and each one was defeated, cut to pieces by the psychotic

fury of the cybernetically enhanced warriors. But attrition and hunger were taking their toll on the slaves, and soon they numbered less than a thousand. On a mountain named Fedan Mhor, as darkness fell, Angron was finally surrounded by no less than five vastly superior armies and it looked as though the slave rebellion was finally over. Not even the Primarch could stand against such numbers, and the following day's battle would surely see him dead.

It was around this time that the Emperor came to this world, drawn by the psychic aura of the Primarch. The Emperor had observed Angron in secret from orbit for some time, watching with pride as he led the slaves in battle. Now he descended to the planet's surface, offering Angron leadership of the World Eaters Space

Marine Legion and a place at his side. But, to the Emperor's surprise, Angron refused. His place was here, with his fellow slaves, and he would die before deserting them. Angron and the slaves dug their graves during the night, a signal to their enemies that they would fight to the death rather than surrender. The Emperor knew that even though Angron was a Primarch, he would perish in the coming battle and, bringing his ship into low orbit, teleported Angron away from Fedan Mhor. Without their leader, the morale of the slaves was destroyed and the following morning they were slaughtered by the combined armies of the planet's rulers. In space, as the Great Crusade continued, Angron eventually took command of the World Eaters but never forgave the Emperor



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for his abduction from the planet and what he saw as a betrayal of his martial honor.

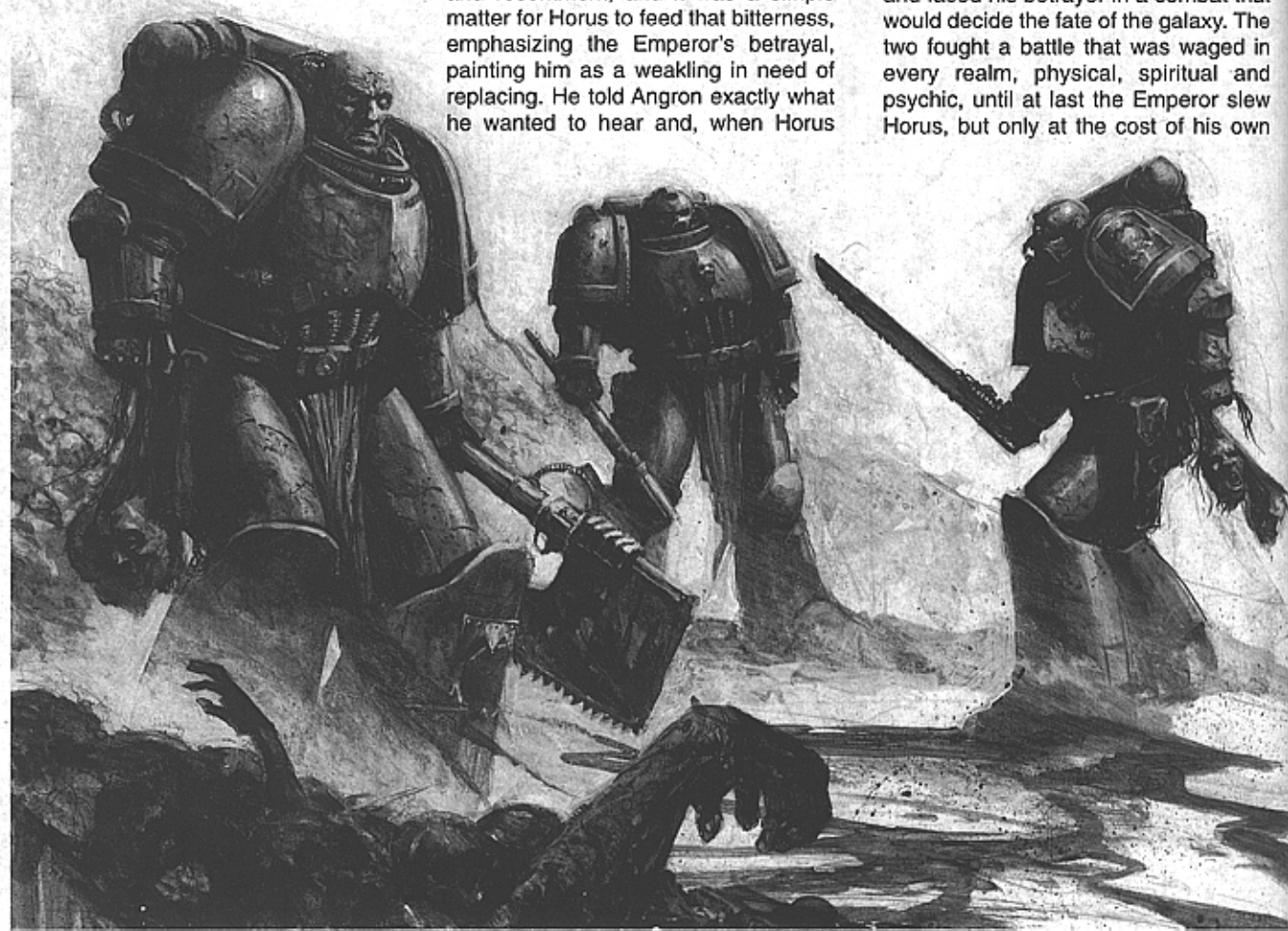
Knowing how effective at boosting a warrior's prowess the psycho surgery could be, Angron ordered the Techmarines of the World Eaters to duplicate the process, using the implants in his head as a template. However, the art of this technology's construction had long since been forgotten, and the early attempts at reproducing it were unreliable, often triggering uncontrollable and unstoppable psychotic episodes in the recipients. Eventually, the Techmarines were able to construct working implants that heightened aggression and strength, grafting them to whole companies of World Eaters Space Marines. Initially, the enhanced companies were highly successful, quickly gaining a fearsome reputation as terror troops. No mercy was offered by the World Eaters, only bloody death at the end of a chain-axe. The Liber Malum speaks of whole systems surrendering wholesale rather than face the wrath of the World Eaters. But it was only a matter of time before the

Legion's use of psycho surgery on its recruits became widely known. Following the infamous Ghenna Scouring, where an entire planet's population were butchered in a single night of bloodshed, the World Eaters were censured by the Emperor and commanded to cease the use of implants.

Angron paid little heed to this and ordered the work of the Techmarines to continue, until almost every Space Marine in the Legion had undergone the ritual surgery. Blood rites became an increasingly important part of the Legion's heritage as their slaughter continued across the galaxy, and it became common practice for Space Marines to compete in the number of enemy skulls they could take in battle. Many of Angron's brother Primarchs voiced their concerns to the Emperor, and now the Master of Mankind made a fatal error. He dispatched Horus, the most trusted of all the Primarchs, to confront Angron and bring him back into line. Horus was a master psychologist and, unbeknownst to the Emperor, had already been corrupted by the Chaos powers. In Angron he saw a warrior consumed by bitterness and resentment, and it was a simple matter for Horus to feed that bitterness, emphasizing the Emperor's betrayal, painting him as a weakling in need of replacing. He told Angron exactly what he wanted to hear and, when Horus

eventually betrayed the Emperor, beginning the first galactic civil war, Angron's World Eaters marched beside the Sons of Horus.

The ferocity and horror once visited upon the enemies of the Emperor by the World Eaters now fell upon the Imperium. The World Eaters fought in the vanguard of every battle, fighting in the bloodiest assaults, preferring to tear the enemy to pieces at close quarters rather than with long range firepower. Angron's warriors cut a bloody swathe across the galaxy towards Terra, drinking the blood of their victims and taking their skulls in honor of their new master, Khorne, the Blood God. On Terra, surviving vid logs from the siege of Terra show the World Eaters breaching the walls of the Imperial Palace, the twisted, red form of Angron wielding his glowing runesword at their head. The World Eaters reaped a bloody harvest on Terra, but ultimate victory was to be denied them. With the Dark Angels and Space Wolves en route to Terra, Horus gambled everything in order to end the siege, lowering the shields on his battle barge and daring the Emperor to come for him. The Emperor rose to the challenge and faced his betrayer in a combat that would decide the fate of the galaxy. The two fought a battle that was waged in every realm, physical, spiritual and psychic, until at last the Emperor slew Horus, but only at the cost of his own



humanity. Without the Great Betrayer to bind them, the Chaos host disintegrated and fled the planet. Angron was the last to leave, leading the World Eaters deep into the Eye of Terror. The battle had been lost, but the war would go on. He and his warriors had all eternity to seek revenge.

Home World

The home world of Angron remains a mystery to this day. No known record exists of where the Emperor encountered Angron, and none of those histories scanned by the scribes on Terra appear to match the description given in the *Speculum Historale* of Angron's world. Scholars postulate that Angron himself may have returned to his home world upon the outbreak of the Horus Heresy and destroyed it to avenge the death of his fellow slaves. It is certainly true that the World Eaters destroyed a number of worlds seemingly at random on their bloody advance to Terra, but whether one of these was his home world is a riddle that only Angron knows the answer to.

With the Heresy ended, the World Eaters fled to the Eye of Terror, the Legion swiftly degenerating into roving bands of Chaos renegades. As such they have no particular base or home world, each warband operating from whatever craft they can lay their bloodstained hands upon.

Combat Doctrine

The World Eaters have only one desire: to slay their enemies in close combat and take skulls for Khorne. To this end, the Legion cast aside their long ranged weapons and took up the chain-axe and pistol. The thirst for blood and slaughter has become such an overpowering need to the World Eaters that when battle is joined they rampage across the battlefield, roaring the name of Khorne, all strategy and tactics forgotten in their thirst for bloodshed. In combat, these frothing madmen are ferocious warriors who will fight to the death, knowing that their blood is as welcome to Khorne as that of their foes. Truly it is said that the World Eaters credo is victory or death.

Organization

Banished to the Eye of Terror and tied forever to the worship of Khorne, the blood rituals of the Legion became an even more important part of the World Eaters daily lives, mighty oceans of

THE CLEANSING OF ARIGGATA

During the heady days of the Great Crusade, the boundaries of the Emperor's space were continually being pushed back by his Primarchs. Many worlds welcomed the arrival of the Emperor's armies, while others foolishly resisted. Ariggata was a technologically advanced world that had been isolated from the Imperium for many centuries, and when Imperial envoys arrived bearing word of the Emperor's return, they were executed in a bloody gesture of independence. The military might of Ariggata was formidable, and thus the honor of its pacification fell to warriors from no less than three Legions, the Luna Wolves, the Ultramarines and the World Eaters. The Emperor's Warmaster, Horus, was in overall command of the force, and under his masterful generalship, the armies of Ariggata were quickly subdued until only the Basalt Citadel, seat of the planet's rulers, remained in enemy hands.

Imperial forces laid siege to the citadel, but the pacification was taking too long for Horus' liking, he wanted to be away from this world to seek further glory. To quickly end the siege he bombarded the mighty walls of the citadel from orbit, ordering Angron and the World Eaters to storm the breaches created and slay the enemy leaders. The walls of the citadel had been forged during the Dark Age of Technology and, despite a week long orbital bombardment, only a single breach was made. Roboute Guilliman counselled caution, but neither Horus or Angron were willing to wait. Angron threw the World Eaters at the walls of the Basalt Citadel, a firestorm of lasers and bullets wreaking bloody carnage amongst their ranks. The World Eaters were undaunted, a ramp of corpses allowing them to finally crest the breach and, once within the citadel's walls, the battle-maddened Space Marines slew everything that came within the reach of their chain-axes. The ancient halls echoed with terrified screams for a day and night as the World Eaters rampaged through the citadel, and when Angron finally led his warriors from the charnel house, not a single soul remained alive within.

When the Ultramarines moved in to secure the citadel, they were horrified at what they discovered. The chambers and vaults of the citadel resembled a madman's abattoir, dismembered corpses lay where they had fallen and the stench of death was an almost physical thing. No-one had been spared, every living thing had been butchered in the World Eaters' fury. By the time the appalled Ultramarines left the citadel, the World Eaters and the Luna Wolves had already departed, leaving the Ultramarines to garrison Ariggata until the Imperial Army arrived. Before Guilliman was able to confront his brother Primarchs regarding the massacre on Ariggata, the Heresy erupted, both Horus and Angron spitting on their oaths of loyalty to the Emperor, and Guilliman's worst fears were confirmed.

blood filled in his praise. The legendary tactical organization of the Space Marines broke down, washed away by the years of slaughter that followed. As more and more of the Legion's officers and champions were possessed by daemons or became mighty Chaos champions, the last vestiges of discipline and organization fell away, the once proud Space Marine Legion reduced to howling, berserk killers thirsting for death and bloodshed. After the Night of Madness on the daemon world of Skalathrax, when a champion named Khârn turned on his fellow World Eaters, the Legion tore itself apart in a day long slaughter, becoming nothing more than roving bands of renegades, endlessly questing for battle and death. Such bands vary enormously in size from single champions, small squads to company

sized forces capable of untold destruction. The champions who lead these marauders will fight alongside almost any other Chaos Lord who is gathering his forces, asking for nothing more than the chance to spill blood in the name of Khorne. But even a Chaos Lord must be wary lest his head be added to the tally of skulls.

Beliefs

There is only one thing the World Eaters believe in; the spilling of blood. The sole purpose of their existence is to kill and to shed blood in their god's name. Whether that blood comes from a foe, an ally or even their own veins, it matters not. All that matters is that the pile of bloody skulls laid at the brass throne of Khorne grows ever larger.

Gene-seed

After countless millennia raiding from the Eye of Terror, the gene-seed of the World Eaters has been contaminated beyond redemption. Many suspect that Angron's gene-seed was corrupt from

the start and the World Eaters were damned the moment they were created. Others point to the known history of Angron and insist that his Legion could have been saved had the signs been noticed earlier. Whichever is correct, the Space Marines of the World Eaters have a physical need to shed blood and kill, a driving imperative that sends them into a berserk fury of unrestrained bloodthirsty psychosis. So strong is the desire to kill that the World Eaters will turn on one another to satisfy their bloodlust should no other foe present itself.

Battlecry

"Blood for the Blood God!"



KHARN THE BETRAYER

Equally cursed and revered amongst the World Eaters, the name of Kharn stands as a legend amongst those who would kill in the name of the Blood God. Kharn was to earn the title Betrayer on the daemon world of Skalathrax with a supreme act of slaughter. Here the Legion was finally sundered when the World Eaters clashed with the Emperor's Children through the planet's storm-lashed cities of black rock and ice. City after city fell to the berserk assaults of the World Eaters, blood pouring through the streets as fire and lightning split the sky. As the battle continued to rage, the freezing Skalathrax night began to draw in, bringing certain death to all those not in shelter. Time and time again, the chosen of Khorne hurled themselves at the Emperor's Children, slaughtering the hated foe until forced to halt their attack as darkness fell.

Freezing storms scoured the canyons of the city bare of life, both forces sheltering from the deadly man-killing cold. A champion named Kharn screamed his frustration to the skies as the Legion paused in its attack, demanding that he be allowed to continue the killing. Furious with his fellow warriors for sheltering while there were foes yet to slay, Kharn took up a flamer and turned its incandescent death on his fellow Berzerkers, and those who tried to stop him he cut down with his shrieking chain axe. He strode through the burning city, his blood spattered armor glowing with unnatural balefires as he burned friend and foe alike. As the flames spread to the rest of the city, the Legion tore itself apart, Berzerkers fighting each other and the Emperor's Children for what little shelter remained. Like an avenging angel of death, Kharn burned and hacked a bloody path through the flaming ruins of Skalathrax, the living incarnation of the Blood God himself. And from that day forth, the World Eaters were broken as a Legion, becoming scattered bands of berserk warriors, forever in search of death. Kharn now stalks the Eye of Terror, an avatar of blood-soaked butchery who has never tasted defeat, and only the most insane warriors dare to fight alongside him since few who do so ever survive.

USING A WORLD EATERS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

World Eaters use the following units from Codex Chaos Space Marines:

| | |
|----------------------|---|
| HQ | 1 World Eaters Chaos Lord or Daemon Prince, 0-1 Bloodthirster |
| Elites | World Eaters Cult Terminators, Possessed World Eaters Chaos Marines, World Eaters Berzerkers. |
| Troops | Bloodletter Daemon Packs, World Eaters Berzerkers |
| Fast Attack | World Eaters Bikers, Juggernauts of Khorne, Flesh Hound Daemon Beast Packs |
| Heavy Support | World Eaters Dreadnought, 0-1 World Eaters Predator |

A copy of Codex: Chaos Space Marines is necessary to field a World Eaters army. The following rules and Codex changes apply. Note that the entire army must be World Eaters, not just one or two squads.

Special Rules

• **Blood Frenzy:** All troops identified as World Eaters on the table above are affected by Blood Frenzy.

World Eaters must charge if there are enemy in range at the start of the Assault phase.

World Eaters never Fall Back, even voluntarily, and can never be pinned. They are assumed to automatically pass any Morale check.

If victorious in an assault, World Eaters must Sweep Advance unless any models are equipped with Terminator armor or they won due to 'moral high ground'.

At the start of each Chaos Movement phase roll a D6 for each World Eaters unit or Independent Character to see if they are gripped so strongly by the frenzy that they rush towards the enemy. On a 1 or 2 they advance D6" towards the nearest enemy – ignoring all but impassable terrain. If mounted in a transport they will disembark before moving. Do not roll for vehicles or Dreadnoughts. However, when rolling for Fire Frenzy, World Eaters Dreadnoughts count a result of 1 or 2 as Blood Rage, not just a 1 as normal.

• If any World Eaters Terminators, Berzerkers, Bikers or Characters (and their retainues) are fielded in a unit of exactly eight models or a multiple of eight (because eight is the sacred number of Khorne) they may upgrade one of their number to Aspiring Champion status at no points cost. If the Lord's retainue benefits from this then the free Aspiring Champion will be an Icon Bearer.

• The only Mark of Chaos that may be selected for any World Eaters model is the Mark of Khorne and all World Eaters Independent Characters must be given the Mark of Khorne.

• One Berzerker squad (not Terminators!) selected as an Elite choice can be upgraded to Chosen of Khorne at a cost of +8 points per model. See below for details. A squad of Chosen must number 8 or 16 models in total.

• The only Chaos Vehicle Gift available to the World Eaters is Destroyer. All Chaos Vehicle Upgrades can be used.

Possessed World Eaters Space Marines

Possessed World Eaters Space Marine squads consist of renegades possessed by Khornate Daemons. Consequently the first power rolled is always assumed to be number 3 – Strong – and the other two powers are then rolled normally.

World Eaters Biker Squadron

The army may include World Eaters Bikers as Fast Attack choices. They cost 45 points per model and use the same profile as normal Chaos Bikers, but with the following changes. Because they are Berzerkers of Khorne, World Eaters Bikers get +1 Attack in addition to the usual +1 Attack for having scythes and blades.

Khornate Chain-axes

The close combat weapon of choice used by World Eaters is a massive chain-axe. Heavy and unbalanced, these are not finesse weapons but slaughtering tools. The close combat weapon carried by the World Eaters is automatically assumed to be of this type and Independent Characters with the Mark of Khorne may select it as a Gift of Khorne for 5 points.

Khornate chain-axes are so huge and are wielded with such ferocity that they can penetrate virtually any armor known and the only defense against them is to dodge out of the way. The highest armor save possible against a Khornate chain-axe is therefore 4+. Invulnerable saves are unaffected.

The Chosen of Khorne

The Chosen of Khorne is an elite guard made up of the most brutal and blood-soaked killers in a Legion of blood-soaked killers. They enter a frenzied rage in battle through which they feel no pain, merely the imperative to take skulls.

Ignore Injury: If a Chosen of Khorne model loses a wound roll a D6, on a 1-3 remove the model as normal, on a 4+ the injury is ignored and the model continues fighting. This ability cannot be used against weapons that inflict instant death or against close combat weapons that allow no save.

World Eaters Cult Terminators

Immense Strength: World Eaters Terminators always have +1 Strength.

Character: If a model is upgraded to be an Aspiring Champion they may be given the Mark of Khorne. This costs 5 points but does not increase their strength above 5. It does allow them to take gifts requiring the Mark, however.

Transport: World Eaters Terminator squads numbering no more than 5 models may select a Chaos Land Raider as a transport.

Points Cost: A World Eaters Cult Terminator costs 45 points.

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First Founding



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

WARRIORS OF ULTRAMAR

The Ultramarines
Space Marine Chapter

by Graham McNeill

Since the ancient times of the Great Crusade, the Ultramarines have fought at the forefront of the Emperor's armies. Highly disciplined and courageous warriors, the Ultramarines have remained true to the teachings of the holy Codex Astartes, the greatest work of their Primarch, Roboute Guilliman, for ten thousand years. Tales of their victories are told from their home world, Macragge, to the sacred halls of Terra. Whenever the enemies of Mankind threaten the Imperium, the Ultramarines stand ready to fight them.

Origins

Uniquely amongst the First Founding Legions, the history of the Ultramarines is relatively well documented, and there exists a wealth of information regarding the formation of this most illustrious Chapter. One of the greatest mysteries concerning the Primarchs of the Space Marine Legions are the circumstances of their sundering from the Emperor, and this has vexed scholars down through the millennia. There are many wild and fanciful theories, but none can fully explain how such a calamitous event could be allowed to transpire. While it is a mystery that will probably never be adequately solved, it is when Roboute Guilliman's discovery on Macragge is examined that Imperial scholars find perhaps the greatest clue to the true facts of the matter.

Macragge is a rocky, inhospitable world on the eastern fringe of the galaxy. Three-quarters of its surface is covered by bleak, mountainous uplands, the rest with glittering blue seas. Macragge had survived the worst catastrophes of the Age of Strife; its industries had remained intact, contact was maintained with nearby star systems, and spacecraft regularly traveled between them. The people of Macragge were ruled by two Kings, or Consuls, and their word was law. To break their laws was to invite severe retribution, but honest toil was rewarded and positions of power granted to those most capable. Life on Macragge was harsh and only the strongest survived to adulthood. The state determined whether children, both male and female, were strong when they were born and weakling infants were left on the mountains to perish.

To be a citizen of Macragge was to live a life of discipline, self-denial and simplicity. The people viewed themselves as the true inheritors of Humanity's best traditions, shunning luxuries and occasion for leisure. Reliance on technological advancement was seen as bringing discord, weakness and a decline in moral values. This exercised a profound pull on the surrounding

systems which admired the discipline and order of Macragge. To maintain this way of life, children of both sexes were sent to military and athletic academies at the age of six where they were taught to fight, build their stamina, maintain discipline, endure extremes of pain and survive in the wild. Life for the students was brutal, and only the very best survived. At fourteen, after eight years of the toughest training imaginable, those students became soldiers.

This punishing regime ensured that the military might of Macragge was second to none, and many of the surrounding systems adopted the same method of training. While the rest of the galaxy threatened to plunge back into the anarchy of the Age of Strife, Macragge and her neighbors prospered, disciplined armies of highly trained warriors hurling back alien invaders, pirates and human renegades time and time again. A soldier served until he or she reached the age of thirty, when they were allowed to leave the military and start a family of their own. However, despite the overwhelming military successes off-planet, areas of Macragge remained untamed and wild, with bandits and brigands raiding from the barbarous lands of Ilynum in the north. Konor, the mightiest Battle King of Macragge, had led armies against the northern barbarians, but even he had never managed to pacify the region for any length of time.

The coming of Roboute Guilliman was a time of great omen for the people of Macragge. Scribes recorded many strange sights and a passage in Konor's journals offers a significant clue to the mystery surrounding the Space Marine Primarchs. These writings have been preserved by the Librarians of the Ultramarines and its words have enlightened and divided Imperial historians in equal measure.

"Such dreams as might make a man believe he had lost his mind, or worse, fallen prey to a daemon, beset me nightly. It has been three months since I spent a night not woken from sleep by a scream so terrible I scarce believe it to be my own. Every night, dark terrors of fang and claw seek to rend my

flesh and feast on my soul. The physicians prepare me infusions of Lassiam root, but they do not help. Until tonight I felt like I should go mad. But as I dreamed of dark monsters that longed to suck the marrow from my bones, I beheld an armored figure in a molded breastplate of iron, embossed with an eagle and polished so that it shone like silver. A close fitting helm of bronze obscured the warrior's face and he stood with a wide-bladed sword that crackled with powerful energies. The dark beasts swarmed around him, but he smote them with his mighty weapon and, as each creature fell, it howled and vanished from sight. As the last beast was slain, the warrior turned to me and I suddenly found myself beside Hera's Falls in the Valley of Laponis. Spray from the mighty waterfall drenched me and I saw a golden haired child on the ground. The

warrior bade me protect the child and as I reached to gather the babe in my arms, I woke, feeling more refreshed than I have in months. Dream or vision? I do not know, but I awoke with a fine mist of fresh mountain water on my face."


According to legend, the Valley of Laponis was the site of the crowning of the first Battle King of Macragge and, the following day, Konor rode east at the head of his bodyguard to Hera's Falls. Weeks later, the king's expedition eventually crested the impenetrable, snow-capped peaks and reached the vast falls, glacial water thundering to the rocks tens of thousands of feet below. Here, wrapped in swaddling clothes, they discovered the child that Konor had seen in his vision. How the child came to be in this isolated valley

was a mystery that would never be solved, but it was seen as a great omen that the child should be found in a place of such historical significance. Konor took the babe back to his palace and named him Roboute, which means 'Great One'.


Roboute grew quickly, as did his capacity for learning, and within the space of a few years he had mastered everything the wisest men of Macragge could teach him. At the age of six, as was the custom for children of Macragge, he was taken from his father and inducted into the Agiselus Barracks where he mastered the art of war with breathtaking speed. His grasp of philosophy, history and science was greater than anyone alive, yet his true genius lay in the field of military organization. After two years it became

Chapter Approved. Armor Levels & Heavy Line

Ultramarines, Progenitor Legion M31



Mk. I Boltgun
Crossfile/1.839a/A




Mk. III Boltgun
Crossfile/1.9501/C

2nd Company
Tactical squad
marking

Septas XII
Campaign Badge
Crossfile/1.102a/X

Pre-Heretic Ultramarines-Gaerian Pattern Power Armor


Post-Heretic Ultramarines Power Armor



Storm Bolter
Crossfile/1.732e/A


Cruz Terminusus
Honor Badge

Power Fist
Crossfile/1.043a/X




Ultramarines Chapter Symbol


Cosynth Crusade Marking
Crossfile/N.088x/L




Terminator
Veteran Sergeant



Veteran Sergeant



Veteran



Sergeant

Ultramarines Terminator

Ultramarines Helmet Variants

Thought for the day: like a wolf in your heart

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farical for Roboute to remain at the training barracks as he was already the mightiest warrior on Macragge. He could best every one of his instructors in hand to hand combat and none could out-think his battlefield stratagems.

As Roboute took his place within the military, Macragge itself was in a state of change. Konor was a well-liked ruler, yet his fellow Consul, a vain and jealous man named Gallan, plotted against him. In these times of prosperity, Gallan and a powerful group of the wealthy elite of Macragge had grown fat off the labor of slaves and vigorously opposed Konor's proposed reforms that would oblige them to provide their slaves with reasonable food and accommodation. Konor also pushed through legislation that forced the wealthy to contribute to his ambitious program to enlarge and improve the capital city. His reforms were of great benefit to the people of Macragge, but Gallan and his supporters were fearful of losing their wealth and power. Such was Roboute's fearsome reputation, Gallan knew that he could not strike while Konor's son was still in the capital, and secretly arranged to have him removed from the

city. Spreading gold amongst the Illyrium tribes, Gallan had the tribesmen launch a series of bloody raids against the northern communities of Macragge. He then counseled Konor that the pacification of these tribes would be the perfect task for Roboute. Konor readily agreed; he had been seeking a task worthy of his son, and he believed that this was the perfect opportunity for him to prove his readiness for command.

Roboute marched north into the untamed lands of Illyrium and launched a brilliant campaign against the tribesmen. His genius for military strategy and organization was nothing short of legendary, and within two months his expeditionary force had not only pacified the entire region but had earned the respect of the fierce tribesmen. Roboute became blood brother to Bardylis, head man of the strongest tribe, after sparing his life in battle and accepted oaths of loyalty from the leaders of every other tribe at the Gathering of Paonia. Bardylis then told Roboute of the gold that had come north from Gallan and begun the bloodshed. Roboute immediately gathered his men to march south to the

capital but, as they came within sight of the city, they saw thick pillars of black smoke and the flickering glow of many fires.

Roboute led his army towards the gates, advancing through hordes of citizens fleeing from the terror within. The city was in anarchy, drunken soldiers looting and killing at random, and fires raging unchecked. Roboute marched to the Senate house, executing any looters he came across, and formed work details to fight the fires that threatened to engulf the city. A hundred soldiers in the pay of Gallan blocked the gates of the Senate house, but Roboute butchered them and forced his way inside. Leaving his troops to deal with the drunken mob, he fought his way through the Senate building to find Konor lying near death, an assassin's blade lodged in his heart. With his dying breath, Konor told his son of Gallan's betrayal and implored him to continue his works. The physicians did what they could for the Battle King, but the wound was poisoned and they could do nothing to save him. Roboute's thoughts filled with vengeance as he began the task of restoring order within the city. Those



soldiers who had remained faithful to Konor were besieged within their barracks, but when word reached them of Roboute's return, they broke out and linked with other forces loyal to the Battle King.

With Roboute at their head, the rebels were soon crushed and not a single man was spared the Primarch's wrath. Gallan had fled the planet, but Roboute hunted him down and dragged him back to Macragge in chains, personally beheading him with Konor's sword. By popular demand, Roboute assumed the mantle of Battle King of Macragge and he worked swiftly to destroy those who had betrayed his father, executing them and seizing their lands and titles. He distributed these amongst his loyal supporters and set about continuing his father's works. A year later, the rebellion was forgotten and Macragge flourished like never before. Soon Macragge had been almost completely rebuilt with wondrous structures of smooth marble, steel and glass. The people prospered and wanted for nothing. Disciplined, well-equipped armies from Macragge kept the King's peace, and starships traveled regularly between neighboring systems. It was, in all respects, a perfect model of human society, and when the Emperor learned of this utopian civilization he took ship for Macragge to meet its legendary King.

The *Speculum Historiale* records the meeting of the Emperor and Roboute Guilliman in great (and often unnecessary) detail, and many historians cite this as proof that the Emperor had set Roboute Guilliman on Macragge deliberately. The Emperor met Roboute wearing a polished silver breastplate with an eagle at its center and an all-enclosing bronze helm. He carried a glowing power sword and welcomed Roboute as an equal. Roboute instantly recognized the Emperor from the description in his father's journal and knew that he had at last met his true father. The Emperor was astounded by the prosperity and strength of this world and immediately assigned the forward base of the Ultramarines Legion to Macragge. The Ultramarines had been created from Roboute's genetic template, and they established their base high in the Laponis Valley, beginning construction of a mighty fortress on the exact spot of Roboute's discovery.

The Primarch soon assimilated the wondrous of the Imperium and readily took command of the Ultramarines Legion. As ever, his greatest talents lay

ANCIENT GALATAN, BEARER OF THE BANNER OF MACRAGGE

During the seven year Corinthian Crusade in 698.M41, over fifty Imperial Guard regiments and detachments from six Chapters of the Adeptus Astartes took part in the fighting to liberate the Corinth system from the domination of the Ork Warlord Skargor the Despoiler. In the final stages of the crusade, the forces of Skargor had been pushed back to Corinth itself and the Orks had not been idle in augmenting its already fearsome defenses. A heavy price in blood was sure to be exacted in its recapture.

The Ultramarines were chosen to plan the siege and within three months, Imperial forces had destroyed the outer defenses and Imperial Guard artillery pieces began shelling Corinth's main citadel. When a practicable breach had been established in the wall, a force led by Ancient Galatan, the bearer of the Banner of Macragge, launched the final assault. Warlord Skargor himself led the defense of the breach, knowing that, win or lose, the battle would soon be over. The fighting raged in the kilometer-wide breach for nine days, with thousands of casualties on both sides. Each time the Imperial forces wavered, Galatan would raise the banner high and demand all men of valour to fight on. Inch by inch, the attackers climbed until, as the sun set in blood on the ninth day, Skargor and Galatan met in single combat in the midst of the breach.

The Warlord was enormous, even for an Ork, and his strength was easily the equal of a Space Marine. The Greenskin's massive power claw severed Galatan's right arm and the Ultramarines roared in fury as they saw the banner drop. The Warlord reached down to snap the banner pole, the crackling energies of the claw constricting along its length. But this was an icon touched by the Emperor's own hand and the Warlord could not break it. Ancient Galatan reared up behind Skargor, driving his power sword through the Ork's head and, seizing the banner in his remaining hand, raised it high once more. Again he led the charge up the breach, his superhuman powers of endurance carrying him ever onwards. Thrice more was he wounded, but his strength of will would not let him fall until the battle was won. As Imperial forces finally took the breach and millions of soldiers poured into the city, Galatan planted the banner atop the breach, slid slowly down the pole and allowed himself to die.

in the art of war, and he led the Ultramarines to victory after victory, further expanding the Emperor's realm. He liberated countless worlds from the domination of aliens and foul Chaos renegades, but where some of his brother Primarchs left a trail of death and destruction in their wake, Roboute brought peace and fresh prosperity. Every world the Ultramarines liberated rapidly took its place amongst those loyal to the Imperium, and Guilliman's genius for planning campaigns ensured that the planet's population and industry suffered the minimum amount of collateral damage. On Macragge, the Fortress of Hera took shape, a building of such magnificent proportions that it defied the human mind with its grandeur. Upon its completion, those Ultramarines who had remained behind to oversee its construction began recruiting from Macragge and the surrounding systems. The training academies provided many fine candidates for the Legion and soon the Ultramarines received the first influx of

warriors born and bred on Macragge. The surrounding systems also provided warriors for the Legion and, before long, the Ultramarines were the largest Legion in existence.

When Horus turned against the Emperor and led the galaxy into the most destructive civil war it had ever seen, the Ultramarines were engaged deep in the galactic south. Their very successes had carried them far from Horus' armies in the north-east and Guilliman did not receive word of the betrayal until the battle for Terra was under way. Gathering his Legion, Guilliman led his forces towards Terra, en route destroying a rebel fleet on its way to reinforce Horus. The war had been won by the time Guilliman's warriors reached Terra, but the Imperium was in turmoil. Half the Space Marine Legions had sided with Horus and the remaining loyalist Legions had been badly mauled in the fighting. There were desperately few Space Marines, and never were they more needed. The enemies of

Mankind, sensing the weakness of the Imperium, prepared to attack, but Roboute Guilliman vowed that the Emperor's realm would not fall and took it upon himself to hold it together. He dispatched his Legion throughout the galaxy to stem the tide of invasion and unrest, holding the fragile Imperium together through a time of great danger. Macragge provided recruits as fast as it could, and soon the Ultramarines accounted for more than half of the Space Marines in the field. After almost a decade of total war, stability was restored to the galaxy and the philosophies of the Ultramarines' way of war had permeated almost every Legion. Under Guilliman's guidance, the holy Codex Astartes was taking shape and its doctrines would shape every future Space Marine force and lay the foundations for the Imperium's conventional military might.

The Codex Astartes laid down the tactical doctrines of the Imperium's fighting forces and was to grow and evolve over the millennia into a massive tome that detailed everything from battlefield stratagems to uniform markings for various squad types. The most immediate change was the decree that each Legion would be split into smaller units known as Chapters. One Chapter would keep the name and heraldry of the original Legion, whilst the remainder would take a new name and iconography. No longer would the power of an entire Space Marine Legion rest in one man's hands. Some Legions resisted this change and refused Guilliman's orders, but when the matter threatened to erupt into a new and bloodier civil war, they eventually relented. Most of the original Legions split into five or less Chapters, but the exact number created from the Ultramarines is uncertain. According to the oldest known copy of the Codex Astartes, the so-called Apocrypha of Skaros, the Ultramarines were split into twenty-three Chapters, but it does not name them all.

Roboute Guilliman continued to lead the Ultramarines for the next hundred years until he and his warriors fought against the traitor Primarch, Fulgrim, and the Emperor's Children on the world of Thessala. Fulgrim had changed beyond all recognition. The noble man he had once been had died long ago upon his elevation to a Daemon Prince of Slaanesh and now he was corrupt beyond words. His serpentine body was multi-armed and each taloned fist carried an envenomed rapier. Billowing clouds of heady musk

enveloped the Primarchs as they met in single combat on the red fields of Thessala. None who were present on that day can say for sure what happened, yet when the cloying musks cleared, the Emperor's Children were gone and Roboute Guilliman lay unmoving, a single bright slash of blood across his throat. Not even the Primarch's god-like physique could halt the spread of Fulgrim's poison and, as Guilliman died, the Apothecaries set up a stasis field and transported their leader back to Macragge. To this day, Roboute Guilliman remains entombed within the stasis field, held immobile on his marble throne in the Temple of Correction on Macragge. There are those who claim that the Primarch's wounds are healing, but this is clearly impossible within the time-locked bubble of a stasis field. Despite this self-evident fact, many believe such tales and await the time when Guilliman will be fully recovered.

Home World

The home worlds of the Ultramarines are situated deep in the galactic southeast in the Ultima Segmentum. Whereas most Chapters have their fortress monastery on a single world, the Ultramarines control no fewer than eight nearby systems.

Collectively these are known as Ultramar and, while each has its own government, armed forces and individual cultures, all look to the Ultramarines and Macragge for leadership.

The worlds surrounding Macragge are largely industrial in nature, and under Roboute Guilliman's guidance these worlds were revolutionized into prosperous, productive planets where honest toil and virtue are rewarded. The inhabitants of these worlds are industrious, disciplined and intensely loyal to the Ultramarines.

When looking to their defense, each world maintains its own dedicated armies, but can also call upon the protection of the Ultramarines. They are not required to levy troops for the Imperial Guard, but such is the prosperity and disciplined nature of Ultramar that hundreds of regiments stand ready to fight throughout the galaxy. As well as their own defenses, the worlds of Ultramar provide recruits for the Ultramarines and it is a source of fierce pride when a family can point to an ancestor who became a Space Marine.

In the glory days of the Great Crusade, the worlds surrounding Macragge provided the Ultramarines with hundreds of new recruits, raw materials and supplies. This tradition has continued to the present day and strong ties have been maintained between Macragge and its surrounding planets. Given the close-knit structure of Ultramar, it is not surprising that many of its worlds share a commonality of language, culture, architecture and governmental styles.

Macragge is a rocky world, protected by numerous orbital batteries and two vast polar defense grids. It is here, in the harsh and unforgiving mountains, that the Ultramarines built the Fortress of Hera, housing the shrine of the Primarch himself within the Temple of Correction. Here the Primarch's body is held within a stasis field and the Temple is a place of great pilgrimage for many loyal citizens of the Imperium.

Talassar is a turbulent planet of tempests and violent seas, with but a single continent named Glaudor. In contrast, the three worlds of Quintarn, Tarentus and Masali orbit a common center of gravity and, outside the huge, enclosed agri-cities, the land is desolate and arid. Wind traps collect water for domed cities that protect verdant greenery and hundreds of square miles of agricultural land. Calth's populace lives underground, far from the deadly rays of its blue sun, long ago seeded with poisons by the Word Bearers Traitor Legion. Vast underground caverns honeycomb the planet's crust and, though the planet is self-sufficient, like all others in Ultramar, a great deal of food is shipped in from nearby Iax. The planet's shipyards are justly famous and construct a sizeable proportion of the ships in the Ultramarines fleet as well as those used by other arms of the Imperium.

Both Iax and Espandor are sparsely populated worlds towards the edge of Ultramar. Iax is an agri-world and one of the most productive worlds in the Imperium, while Espandor is primarily composed of forests and rumored to have been settled when traders were blown off course by a warp storm during the Age of Strife. The crowning glory of Ultramar was once Prandium, and its natural beauty was famed throughout the Imperium, but the planet is now a barren, lifeless rock, stripped bare two hundred and fifty years ago by the rapacious Tyranids of Hive Fleet Behemoth.



"Never before have I seen such heroism than in the breach at Corinth. Heroes were made that day, and none more glorious than Ancient Galatan, bearer of the Battle Standard of Macragge, may his name be remembered for a thousand times a thousand years. Privileged was I to be amongst those who bore his sacred body back to Macragge, where his name honors the Wall of the Dead in the Temple of Correction. We shall not see his like again."

Captain Idaeus, Ultramarines 4th Company.

Combat Doctrine

As befits the Chapter of Roboute Guilliman, the Ultramarines adhere rigidly to the tenets laid down in the Codex Astartes. For ten thousand years they have fought in the manner described in its holy pages. Other Chapters may freely interpret the words of Guilliman but, to the Ultramarines, such deviation is unthinkable. The Codex Astartes is a work of divine wisdom, sanctified by the Emperor himself, and the Ultramarines see no reason to deviate from its wisdom. The life-long lessons of discipline and self-reliance that are taught to the people of Ultramar from birth give them the strength of character to hold true to teachings over ten thousand years old.

For any given tactical situation, the Codex has hundreds of pages devoted to how it may be met and overcome. Each warrior of the Chapter is required to memorize whole sections of the Codex so that within a Company there exists an entire record of the Codex's tenets. The wisdom of thousands of Imperial warriors have contributed to the Codex, and details on everything from unit markings to launching a full scale planetary assault are contained within its pages.

Organization

Following the break-up of the Space Marine Legions into smaller fighting forces, Guilliman laid down the organizational dictates that would become a part of every Chapter from then on. Though some would later stray from the precise structure laid out in the Codex, most Chapters remain faithful to its teachings. The Ultramarines are split into ten companies, each a hundred Space Marines strong and led by a Captain. The 1st Company consists of battle-hardened veterans and is, invariably, the most powerful. It is also the only Company capable of fielding warriors clad in Terminator armor. Following its complete destruction at the claws of Hive Fleet Behemoth, the Ultramarines 1st Company has slowly rebuilt its strength and only now, two hundred and fifty years later, has returned to full strength.

Companies 2 to 5 are the Battle Companies and these are composed of a mix of Tactical, Assault and Devastator squads. Each Battle Company is a self-sufficient battlefield unit, capable of meeting any threat and defeating it. These form the backbone of the Chapter and bear the brunt of the

THE TAKING OF BRIDGE TWO-FOUR

In 999.M41, the taint of Chaos was detected on the world of Thracia by Inquisitor Apollyon, and Imperial forces rapidly moved to meet the threat. Over half the Planetary Defense Force had been corrupted and, worse still, there were reports that indicated the presence of Night Lords Chaos Space Marines. Imperial forces drove the poorly armed traitors before them until they were in position to launch a full offensive against the capital city of Mercia. Before the assault could be launched, six bridges on the Imperial right flank needed to be destroyed in order to prevent the Emperor's forces from being attacked in the rear. These bridges were believed to be held by under-strength PDF units, and detachments of Ultramarines were deployed via Thunderhawk gunships to capture and destroy each bridge with melt charges.

Captain Idacus of the 4th Company led the attack on bridge two-four and, after a brief fire fight, the bridge was captured. As Techmarines rigged the bridge for detonation, shells began dropping in the midst of the Space Marines as a massive Chaos counter-attack thrust towards the bridge. The main Imperial attack had been anticipated by the Night Lords and now a considerable force was attacking the Ultramarines' position. The right flank of the Imperial army was exposed and Idacus knew that he must not allow the forces of Chaos to cross. He pulled his men back across the bridge and signalled to the Thunderhawk as he prepared to detonate the breaching charges. The Ultramarines fell back in good order but, before the bridge could be destroyed, the Techmarine carrying the detonators was obliterated by a direct hit from an artillery shell. As the Thunderhawk swept in behind the Ultramarines position, concealed Hydra flak tanks blew it from the sky in a hail of high explosive rounds.

The Ultramarines occupied the bunker and gun nests at the end of the bridge and prepared to hold their position to the last man. Idacus voxed a warning to the Imperial army and ordered another Thunderhawk to extract his men. For the rest of the night, the servants of Chaos assaulted across the bridge and each time were repulsed by disciplined waves of bolter fire. Idacus knew that they could not hold the bridge much longer and dispatched a raiding party to attempt to detonate the explosives manually. The attempt ended in failure and none of these men were seen again until dawn. As the sun rose, Rhino APCs in the colors of the Night Lords pushed across the debris-strewn bridge. Ultramarines prisoners taken during the night were nailed to the hulls, their rib cages cracked open and spread wide. The attack was defeated, but there was no doubt there would be many more before the day was out.

This is not the place to speak of the horrors the Night Lords visited upon the Ultramarines, but the traitor Space Marines utilized all manner of despicable tactics in order to undermine the discipline of the Ultramarines and break their resistance. Less than a fifth of the Ultramarines who had begun the operation were still alive and Idacus knew that one more push would see them defeated. He ignored the advice of his officers and set off alone in a suicidal attempt to blow the bridge himself. Idacus managed to reach the first of the charges as the second Thunderhawk roared overhead, landing out of range of the enemy anti-aircraft tanks. Idacus ordered the remaining Ultramarines to retreat under the command of Veteran Sergeant Uriel Ventriss as the Night Lords began yet another assault. The surviving Ultramarines withdrew under fire to the Thunderhawk and Idacus waited until the last possible second before detonating the first charge. In a lethal chain reaction, the remaining charges exploded and destroyed Idacus and the bridge in a searing blast. The Chaos attack across bridge two-four had been thwarted, and within two months, the planet had been brought under Imperial control once more.

fighting. Companies 6 through to 9 are the reserve Companies and each one comprises of squads of one particular type. Companies 6 and 7 are Tactical companies, 8 is the Assault Company and 9 the Devastator company. The 10th Company is made up of Scout squads and the Chapter's newest recruits. These divisions were decided upon ten thousand years ago by Roboute Guilliman and have served the Chapter well since that day.

Beliefs

The harsh life on Macragge breeds hardy people with strong martial values and hard-working natures. Discipline, self-reliance and honor are seen as cardinal virtues and the children of Ultramar are taught these values from the earliest age. These are reinforced in the training academics and, by the time students graduate, they are amongst the most disciplined humans

USING ULTRAMARINES TYRANID HUNTERS IN WARHAMMER 40,000

by David Gausebeck

Perhaps more than any other Space Marines Chapter, the Ultramarines know the magnitude of the Tyranid threat. As they also have the most experience fighting the Tyranids, they were able to develop a response to the menace. This response is the Tyranid Hunter squad. When formed, these squads take the place of Tactical Squads in the reserve companies, so that they can be called upon as needed. Composed as much as possible from veterans of the fighting on Macragge and Ichar IV, Tyranid Hunter squads are additionally trained with all available data on Tyranid anatomy and tactics. In short, they know how the Tyranids fight and how to hurt them. Tyranid Hunters are also specially equipped for their role. Each squad has use of an auspex to detect them in hiding. Tyranid Hunter squads also carry somewhat different armament than Tactical squads, using weapons that can cut through swarms of smaller Tyranid creatures as well as weapons that can crack the armor of the bigger aliens.

0-1 ELITES - TYRANID HUNTER SQUAD

| | Points/Model | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Sv |
|----------------------|--------------|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|
| Veteran Space Marine | 18 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 9 | 3+ |
| Veteran Sergeant | +15 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 1 | 4 | 2 | 9 | 3+ |

We are the inheritors of Roboute.
Let no rule be beyond us.
Let no man stand in our way.

Squad: The squad consists of one Space Marine Sergeant and between four and nine Space Marines.

Weapons: Bolters. The Sergeant is equipped with an auspex and may replace his bolter with a bolt pistol and close combat weapon at no extra points cost.

Options: Up to two Space Marines in the squad may be equipped with one of the following weapons each: storm bolter at +5 pts or flamer at +8 pts.

In addition, one Space Marine in the squad may be armed with: a heavy bolter at +5 pts; missile launcher at +10 pts; or a bolt pistol and power fist at +15 pts.

The entire squad may be given frag grenades at an additional cost of +1 pt per model.

The Sergeant may be upgraded to a Veteran Sergeant at an additional cost of +15 pts.

Transport Vehicle: The entire squad may be mounted in a Rhino at an additional cost of +50 pts, or a Razorback at an additional cost of +70 pts.

SPECIAL RULES

Know Your Foe: Ultramarines Tyranid Hunters are specially trained for combat against their chosen foe and can exploit vulnerabilities in Tyranid anatomy. To represent this, they may re-roll any failed roll to wound against a Tyranid model. This ability applies both while shooting and in close combat, but it does not apply to blast or template weapons.

Strategic Deployment: Ultramarines Tyranid Hunters can only be used against Tyranids.



in the galaxy. The people of Ultramar are taught to respect the might of the Imperium and that to strive in its name is the highest form of service a person can render to the Emperor. As such, the workers and warriors of Ultramar are respected throughout the galaxy and are a byword for strength, courage and honor.

In battle, the Ultramarines follow the teachings of Roboute Guilliman, fighting with all the strength and ferocity of their legendary Primarch. An ancient saying of the Battle Kings of Macragge was that a warrior should return from battle either carrying his shield or carried lifeless upon it, and this is as true today as it was then. No warrior of the Ultramarines would bring shame on the Chapter, and many are the deeds recorded by the Librarians of heroic

feats of bravery undertaken to uphold its honor.

Gene-seed

The Horus Heresy highlighted weakness inherent in the gene-seed of several Space Marine Legions and this was exacerbated by the accelerated zygote harvesting techniques used to keep the Legions up to full strength. When the Legions were broken down into Chapters, a genetic repository was set up on Terra to store their gene-seed and monitor its purity. As the largest Space Marine Legion, the Ultramarines' contributions to this resource was greater than any other Legion and, as a result, their gene-seed became the stock type for many of the Second Founding Chapters.

Those Chapters created from the Ultramarines gene-seed stored on Terra are known, collectively, as the Primogenitors or 'first born', and they also venerate Roboute Guilliman as their founding father.

The Ultramarines gene-seed is by far the purest stock and there are no known aberrations in its genetic structure. Every one of the esoteric organs utilized in the arduous creation of a Space Marine by the Ultramarines are fully functional, and it can truly be said of this Chapter that they are as perfect today as they were in the days of Guilliman himself.

Battlecry

"Courage and honor!"

Index Astartes

First Founding



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

THE LOST AND THE DAMNED

The Death Guard
Space Marine Legion

by Christopher Allen

The Death Guard Legion, the dread Plague Marines of Nurgle, has become a relentless and terrifying scourge upon the Imperium of Man. But it was not always so. Ten millennia ago, the Death Guard was one of the original twenty Space Marine Legions, united in the defense of Mankind under the command of the Emperor and their fearsome Primarch, Mortarion.

Origins

When the Emperor's twenty nascent Primarchs were scattered across the galaxy, the Stygian Scrolls tell of one who came to rest on a bleak moor, strewn with dead and scattered with the carnage of battle for leagues in every direction. The planet was Barbarus, perpetually shrouded in poisonous fog, whose mountainous crags were ruled by warlords with fantastic powers and horrific appetites, and whose human settlers, stranded there millennia before, were crowded into the lowest valleys, beneath the choking mists. They lived lives of unrelenting terror, eking out a peasant's existence by day beneath a dim sun which never burned completely through the fog, and cowering by firelight after dark from the terrible beings which moved unseen above.

The greatest of these overlords stood in triumph on the battlefield, reveling in his massacre until the silence was shattered by a child's cry. Legend tells that the warlord walked the sea of corpses for a day and a night in his creaking battle armor, drawn by the wail of the infant. For an instant, he considered ending its young life; but no mere human ought to be able to breathe the poisonous miasma of the heights of Barbarus, much less cry out as this child did. For long moments he contemplated the thing which appeared human but was clearly more; then he gathered up the infant and carried it from the carnage. For all his dark power, until that moment he had not had what this child now promised: a son and heir. Born of death, upon a field of death, the warlord christened the infant Mortarion: child of death.

His master tested the infant's limits. When he had determined precisely how high into the toxic clouds of Barbarus's peaks the child could survive, he erected a stony keep and fenced it behind black iron. Then he moved his own manse beyond, to the highest crag, where the atmosphere was deadly even to the nascent Primarch. Mortarion grew to adolescence in such a world, of citadels of weeping grey stone and cast-iron fences, where the very air was death, and the sun never more than a distant smudge. It was a

world of constant war, against opposing lords who came with golem armies of stitched-together dead one day, then tormented shapeshifters, more monsters than men, the next. To survive, Mortarion learned at the foot of his overmaster, and learned voraciously, everything his master would teach him. Mortarion devoured it all: from battle doctrine to arcane secrets, from artifice to stratagem. He learned and he grew, shaped by his grim environs, but a child of the Emperor for all that – superhumanly resilient to the poisonous air around him and superhumanly strong even in the absence of sufficient sunlight or nourishment. Mortarion possessed an intellect which was highly keen and which asked questions his lord was not wont to answer.

Increasingly, the questions centered around the fragile things in the valleys below, which the warlords preyed upon for their corpses to reanimate, or victims to accurse. His master kept Mortarion as distant from the human settlements as he could, but his very act of denial fed the maturing Primarch's obsession. The day finally came when Mortarion would be denied no longer. Mortarion slipped through the dungeons from his keep. The last thing he heard was the voice of the overlord, the only father he had known, roaring in the miasmatic darkness from the high battlements as Mortarion descended from the mountain, renouncing the Primarch for his betrayal, warning Mortarion that to return would mean death.

Descending beneath the mists was a revelation to Mortarion; his lungs were filled with air free of poisons for the first time. He smelled aromas of food being prepared, of crops freshly harvested, heard voices unmuffled by fog and, for the first time, heard laughter. The young Primarch realized that he was among his own kind, that the 'fragile prey' of the warlords were his own people. And with the realization came rage. He determined to bring them the justice denied them by the dark powers which moved above.

Mortarion's acceptance amongst the human settlers of Barbarus was no simple thing. However like them he felt

himself to be, to them he was little different from the monsters above. Towering over even the tallest of them, gaunt and pallid, with hollow, haunted eyes which betrayed the horrors he had seen, Mortarion terrified most of the settlers. They looked upon him with suspicion and fear. It etung the young Primarch, but he bided his time, using his great strength to work the fields for their meager harvest, knowing that his opportunity to prove himself would come. When it did in the twilight hours, he was ready.

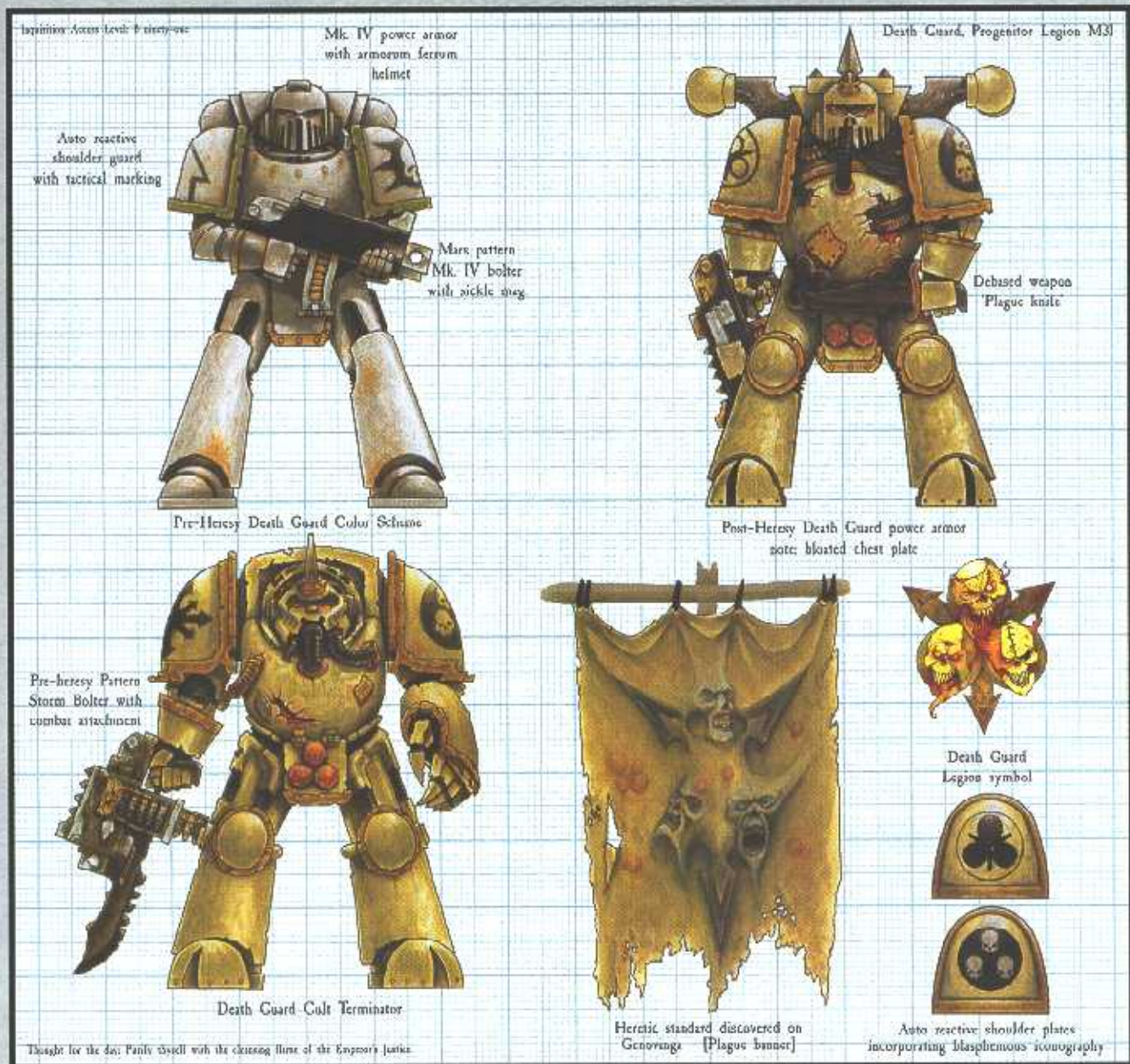
From the darkness came shambling dark things. A lesser lord led his corpse-like thralls into the settlement, taking with silent, remorseless strength those they could carry off for their master's dark purpose. The peasants

fought back as best they could, with torches and farmer's tools rendered into makeshift weapons. It was all they could do not to run, much less offer a meaningful fight. They had played out the futility of this scene their whole lives, and they knew how it would end. Until, that is, Mortarion strode into their midst. Towering over them with an enormous two-handed harvesting scythe, he charged into the ranks of the enemy with all his rage-born might, and drove them from the village. Their dark lord smiled at him as he neared, and withdrew into the poisonous heights where this rebellious human could never reach him. He was still wearing his contemptuous smile when Mortarion caught up with him on the mountainside and exacted his vengeance for the 'fragile prey' below.

After that night, Mortarion's place among the settlers was never in doubt.

As he matured, Mortarion taught the settlers of Barbarus what he knew of warfare. Word of his exploits spread, and many others made the perilous journey to learn. Slowly, villages became strongpoints, and the villagers more effective defenders. Eventually, Mortarion went amongst the people, travelling from settlement to settlement, teaching, building and, when occasion demanded, defending them. Always, however, his ultimate justice was denied; the dark powers could always retreat into the impregnable bulwark of their poisonous mists. His people could only fight in defense. That had to change.

Mortarion recruited the toughest, most



resilient of Barbarus' population, forming them into small units which he drilled himself, teaching them not only defense but also attack. He turned blacksmiths from toolworking to weaponsmaking when time allowed, and crafters to the shaping of armor. And, with the best artificers he could find, he bent his formidable intellect to the problem of the poisonous air.

Inquisitor Mendikoff's monograph, *Cataphract of Death*, relates the now-famous result. When next a warlord descended from above, and the villagers mounted a defense successful enough to drive his unholy army back, Mortarion and his retinue of warriors, masked with crude filtering hoses and breathing gear, advanced into the fog after them. For the first time in living memory the prey brought death into the realm of death, killing the warlord and massacring his army. Mortarion continually improved his warrior's breathing apparatus, and he and his Death Guard, as his retinue came to be known, campaigned ever higher into the dark powers' domain, encountering ever more virulent pestilence. The constant exposure to ever higher doses

of toxins toughened his Death Guard, traits which proved transferable to each new iteration of the Death Guard, growing tougher as though emulating their champion himself.

Only the most toxic peaks were denied Mortarion and the Death Guard and they warred for months across the poisonous spine of Barbarus, until only one grim manse stood against them, one which Mortarion knew well. The concentration of death about it overcame his force, threatening even Mortarion himself, and so he withdrew. Upon his return, however, his world was destined to once again spin out of his control.

Mortarion and his brethren arrived to find the village alive unlike he had ever known it. On everyone's lips was word of the arrival of a stranger, a great benefactor who brought promise of salvation. The Primarch's mood darkened; this day of deliverance was one he had worked for all his life, and he found himself altogether unhappy to see it co-opted by the arrival of some newcomer of uncertain agenda.

Taletellers say Mortarion flattened the massive wooden door of the hall upon his entrance. Seated at banquet, he found the elders and a stranger who was their opposite in every imaginable way. Where they were gaunt and pale, he was robust, his flesh bronzed, his physique utterly perfect. The people greeted Mortarion's arrival expectantly. Despite the affect wrought upon him by Barbarus's poisons, the connection between the new benefactor and their defender was nevertheless plain to them all. As plain as father and son. However, Mortarion was oblivious to any connection. He greeted the stranger with barely masked hostility, which quickly turned to outright anger at the stranger's utter unflappability. The elders spoke of the new arrival's promise to unite the people of Barbarus within a great expanding brotherhood of humanity which could help them be rid of their persecution from above. Mortarion felt his moment of triumph slipping from him. Twisting the haft of his ever-present scythe until his knuckles whitened, he declared that he and his Death Guard needed no help to finish their quest for justice.

It is said that the benefactor quietly challenged the stormy young Primarch's assertion, pointing out the Death Guard's failure to reach the last high citadel, and then threw down a gauntlet. If Mortarion could defeat the high overlord alone, he would withdraw and leave Barbarus to its own means. But if he failed, they would join his Imperium of Man and Mortarion would swear total fealty and allegiance to him.

Over the protests of his Death Guard, he spun on his heel and struck out alone for the last manse standing against him, the keep of the overlord he had called father. If some part of him knew that even he could not survive the highest reaches of Barbarus, he did not acknowledge it. Mortarion climbed ever higher, driven by the inevitability of the imminent conflict with his once master, driven by his desire to bring final justice for the people of his world. However he was mostly motivated by a compulsion to prove himself to the stranger below.

The confrontation, when it finally came, was mercilessly brief. Mortarion, choking in air so toxic that the hoses of his protective breathing gear began to rot away, struggled to the very gates of the overlord's citadel, calling out his defiance. The last thing he saw as he fell to his knees, the world turning grey as he was overcome, was the Overlord of Barbarus coming for him, to fulfill the promise he had made generations



Corpses bloated with noxious gases spewed excremental fluids as the filth encrusted Land Raider crushed them beneath its rusted iron tracks, grinding their jellied bones to pulp. Explosions burst around the massive vehicle, filling the air with lethal fragments and scoring the necrotic surface of its armored hide. Hulking and deformed warriors kept pace with the plague tank, firing mucus covered bolters through the yellow fog as they advanced. The Imperial Fists defensive line was less than fifty meters away, the ground before it littered with the twisted, plague ridden carcasses of those unfortunate enough to have been touched by the dark powers.

The fog coiled about the Land Raider like a living thing, as though it moved on some vile business of its own. The white heat of lascannon fire speared through the sickly haze and struck the hull of the tank, blasting a deep wound in its fleshy exterior. The massive vehicle slewed around, but kept moving, spinning tracks churning scraps of rotten flesh and decayed limbs as it rumbled over the pathetic barricade their foes had erected. The ground shook as the vehicle crashed back to earth. The front ramp dropped and pestilential fumes gusted from within, like the breath of some vast, infected beast. Vomited from the belly of the

armored beast, warriors spawned in a festering nightmare charged from the Land Raider, a foul miasma of contagion wreathing their helmets in smoky darkness. Almost three meters tall, the huge figures wore filth-ridden suits of Terminator armor, splashed with clusters of weeping boils and sores. Diseased lesions and foul organic matter oozed from cracks in the armor.

Brother Colathrax stalked through the fog of sweet corruption and hail of bolter shells, his plague sword licking out left and right. He cut and stabbed, slicing skin and pricking organs, but never killing outright, no, never that. For who was he to deprive his foes of the agonizing bliss of Father Nurgle's Rot? How sweet it was to watch those whom the false Emperor had made mighty descend into madness and decay, their once powerful bodies turning on them as plague reduced them to mindless, gibbering horrors of mutated flesh. They had set themselves up as gods and would now pay the price for that arrogance. A Space Marine Captain in blazing yellow armor stood before him, his sword raised in challenge and Colathrax smiled.

Colathrax batted aside the sword with his power fist, stabbing his suppurating weapon through his opponent's belly. The blade of the plague sword skewered the Space Marine

in an upward arc, lifting him from his feet and hammering through the building behind. Blood pooled beneath the Space Marine's twitching body. The wound refused to close and he coughed bloody phlegm as he felt the meat of his body rotting at a terrifying rate, internal organs flooding with dead fluids and the flesh of his limbs sloughing from his bones inside his armor. His breath rasped as his lungs dissolved and his vision faded as his eyeballs liquefied, sliding down his face like glutinous tears. He tried to curse his killer, but his throat had ruptured and seconds later his brain was a fetid grey ooze dribbling from his sagging head.

Brother Colathrax inhaled the intoxicating aroma of his master's putrescent benediction and offered a short prayer to Father Nurgle. He wrenched his sword from the wall, allowing the sloshing suit of power armor to topple to the stinking ground. The disintegration of this world was almost complete and Colathrax could taste their victory on the foul wind that swept the battlefield. He pictured oceans of decaying flesh, infection rampant and plagues unnumbered. That would be their gift to the denizens of this mortal realm. Colathrax laughed at the thought as the fog closed in.

before. Then the mighty stranger stepped between them, defying the death-fog, and felling the overlord with a single blow of his gleaming sword.

Mortarion was true to his oath. When he recovered, he bent his knee to the stranger and swore himself and the Death Guard to his service. Only then did the Emperor of Man reveal himself as the young Primarch's true father, and the destiny such service would bring: command of the fourteenth Legion of the Adeptus Astartes, the Space Marines.

The Libram Primaris, or *Book of Primarchs*, tells how Mortarion brought the relentlessness, remorselessness and resilience of his personal Death Guard to the Legion built of his own genetic material, and how in turn they adopted his retinue's title as their own. The resulting prowess of the Death Guard was recognized from the moment Mortarion took command, but the young Primarch never settled in Imperial society outside of battle. Mortarion was a grim, driven Primarch, fixated on reckoning with the oppressors of the galaxy. The easy camaraderie of the other Primarchs was alien to him. The Shadow Journal

of Bellerophon, Dark Angels Librarian, confides that, of them all, he found kindred spirits in only two: Night Haunter, the dread master of the Night Lords, and Horus, the Warmaster of the Imperium, the right hand of the Emperor. Horus above all others recognized the value of the Death Guard. He would often place Mortarion and his Legion in the center of his battleline, counting on the enemy's inability to oust them so that he could either lever his advance from the rock of Mortarion's immovable position, or use it as the anvil upon which the Imperial hammer, in the form of his Luna Wolves, or the Haunter's Night Lords, would break the foe. It was a mercilessly effective combination.

In the charismatic Warmaster, Mortarion found a mentor who seemed to understand his goals and appreciate his methods. So close did Mortarion appear to be to Horus, in fact, it is believed that at least two of the other Primarchs, Roboute Guilliman of the Ultramarines and the ever watchful, ever taciturn Corax of the Raven Guard, approached the Emperor with concerns about where the master of the Death Guard's loyalties lay. The story of his allegiance to the Emperor

won through his own failure was by then well-known, and anyone with even a passing familiarity with Mortarion knew that the pallid Primarch chafed at it. The Emperor is said to have dismissed their concerns with a wave; loyalty to Horus was de facto loyalty to the Emperor.

On that matter, the Emperor could not have been more wrong...

The Betrayal

On the feral planet Davin, the Warmaster and his Legion, now named the Sons of Horus in his honor, had fallen to Chaos. Before they would leave, Horus would be utterly possessed, forswearing allegiance to the Emperor for the cause of Chaos and his own advancement, and would draw the Primarchs and Battle Brothers of half the Imperium's Legions to his cause. Transcripts of the Council of Charon, convened after the Heresy to ascribe responsibility, suggest that, unlike some of the other Primarchs, Horus did not need to resort to ritual possession to win the Death Guard to his side. Horus promised that under his rule the old order would fall, and a new age would dawn, a just age with right



ensured by the mighty. Mortarion turned on the Imperium as he had turned on the overlords of Barbarus, and joined the rebellion which would forever sunder the Imperium – the Horus Heresy. What he did not know then was the price he would be called upon to pay.

Horus was a brilliant strategist; he knew that the heart of the Imperium was Terra, and from the very moment of his rebellion, Terra was his objective. In short order he had gathered sufficient strength to shatter the defenses of the Imperium and lay siege to the Imperial Palace itself. Mortarion was determined that the Death Guard would be there with him. With his entire fleet, he crossed into the Warp and straight into nightmare.

The Death Guard fleet was becalmed by an impenetrable warpstorm, its navigators neither able to guide them through it nor find safe passage into realspace. The fleet was reduced to drifting through the Immaterium, and while they were stilled the Destroyer came.

For Mortarion and the Space Marines of the Death Guard there was nothing so terrifying as the plague which made their legendary resilience meaningless. These were the warriors who the Imperium had sent to conquer worlds no other man could set foot upon, much less fight on and win. Pestilence, contagion, toxin and pollution; there was no environment so hostile which Mortarion and the Death Guard could not overcome, until the plague which raced through their fleet. It roiled in their guts, bloating and distending their once superhuman bodies, transforming them into horrible, pustulent grotesques. They were made corrupt within and sickening to behold without and they grew sicker and sicker, yet could not die, their own constitution becoming their worst enemy. What they endured was unimaginable yet none suffered more than Mortarion. For the Primarch, it was as though he were upon the mountaintop of Barbarus once more, surrendering to the poison, without the mercy of unconsciousness to claim him or the Emperor to come to his salvation.

Whether he perceived, in those terrible hours, the loss of what he had once stood for, and the damnation he had wrought upon himself and his Legion, only Mortarion will ever know. Unable to endure the suffering any longer, Mortarion offered into the Immaterium himself, his Legion and his very soul in

exchange for deliverance. A presence in the Immaterium answered, as though it had been waiting all along. In the depths of the warp, the Great God Nurgle, Lord of Decay and Father of Disease, called that debt and accepted Mortarion and the Death Guard Legion as his own.

What emerged from the warp when the Death Guard fleet broke out bore little resemblance to what had entered. The gleaming white and grey armor of Imperial champions was no more, burst and shattered from the horrific bloating of infected bodies, scabbed with boils, putrescence and the filth of corruption. Their weapons and machinery of war were now powered by the sickly sorcery of Chaos, glowing with lambent green luminescence and oozing gangrenous pus. The name Death Guard itself would pass into secondary use, as the walking pestilence-carriers became a terrifying sight across the Imperium. To their victims, to their erstwhile allies, even to themselves, they had become the Plague Marines.

Horus was eventually defeated by the Emperor and Chaos was driven back across space, finding refuge in the weeping sore known as the Eye of Terror. Mortarion and his Death Guard retreated there as well, but not in disarray, as many of the other Legions did.

Even in damnation, the resilience of the Death Guard remained, and under the direction of their Master they withdrew into the Eye intact, Loyalist Space Marines and Imperial Guard regiments breaking upon them time and again.

Within, Mortarion claimed the world which would become known as the Plague Planet as his own; its location near the fabric of reality was ideal for launching new strikes into the Imperium and across the galaxy. He shaped it so satisfactorily and defended it with his Plague Marines so well that his patron, Nurgle the Unclean, elevated the Primarch to daemonhood and gave Mortarion what the Emperor had denied him, and what Horus had not been able to provide: a world of his own. Mortarion became the overlord of a world of poison, horror, and misery. He had come home.

Home World

Barbarus was a feral world which orbited near its dim yellow sun, creating a thick, miasmatic atmosphere of toxic chemicals. The most virulent gases rose through Barbarus's perpetual

cloud towards the heat of its star, making the world beneath a dismal place of night, unbroken by starlight and with short, shadowy days. An atmosphere breathable by humans existed only in the lowest elevations, on flat moors and in the valley basins of the jagged, stony mountains which spined the world. Beings immune to the toxic soup of the planet's higher atmospheres once existed on Barbarus, building great grey keeps in the mountain fastnesses. When humans came to Barbarus, the horrific conditions from which they had to eke out survival quickly reduced them to a pre-feudal state. The higher beings' incomprehensible powers, their ability to survive where men could not, and above all their hunger to prey upon, experiment with and accuse Humankind caused the settlers to ascribe to those beings a medieval supernaturalism. What manner of creatures these dark overlords were will never be known.

Since his elevation to daemonhood, Mortarion has, consciously or not, remade the Plague Planet very much in Barbarus's image. Its citizens cower in festering villages on the planet's surface, serving their supreme masters, Mortarion's champions and other daemonic chosen of Nurgle who reside in mighty fortress-citadels high above them. Diseased things which should be dead, yet are not, roam the landscape, and skeletal Mortarion rules over all, enthroned upon the highest peak of the world.

Combat Doctrine

Mortarion was well-educated, if narrowly. Matters of culture, history, philosophy were often alien to him, but on the subject of dealing death, he was a prodigy. Mortarion believed that victory came through sheer relentlessness, and communicated that ethic throughout the Death Guard. Their weapons and armor were rarely the most expertly artificed, certainly not the most beautifully-ornamented, but functioned without flaw. The Death Guard did not manoeuvre fancifully, or confound their opponents; they picked the best ground upon which to fight, then smashed their foes after they had broken themselves against the Death Guard line. There was no environment which Mortarion and the Death Guard feared. What Mortarion and his adepts could not devise means to compensate for, the Death Guard overcame through sheer resilience.

Mortarion learned battle in a theatre of rocky mountainous terrain, without benefit of machinery. Though his considerable intellect allowed him to grasp the value of such support when his elevation to Primarch of a Space Marine Legion made such things as tanks and transport available, the primacy of the foot soldier remained ever the trademark of the Death Guard. Mortarion preferred to utilize huge waves of infantry, well-equipped and highly-trained on an individual level. He demanded that they be able to function and fight in almost any kind of atmosphere, and gave little emphasis on specialized units using jump packs or bikes. In fact, the Death Guard did not have dedicated Assault and Tactical squads as such; all his Space Marines were expected by Mortarion to be equally adept with bolter, pistol and close combat weapon, to fight with whatever weapon circumstance dictated. Such doctrine lent itself well to the use of Tactical Dreadnought armor, and the Death Guard regularly used Terminators before the Heresy. The Death Guard were particularly renowned for their success at such high-risk missions as space hulk clearance and the Plague Marines continue that success, using hulks to spread disease, infection and the cult of Nurgle throughout the body of the Imperium. The combat doctrine which served the Death Guard so well in life now suits the damned character of the Plague Marines to perfection.

Organization

Mortarion was an infantryman, and the Death Guard were organized around the principle of equipping the individual Space Marine as well as possible. Obedience was extended through every rank: sergeants were extensions of their captains, who were extensions of Mortarion himself. If there were any of the original Legions that could be said to be of one body, it was the Death Guard. As a consequence, the Death Guard were organized into fewer companies than any of the other First Founding Legions. There were never more than seven companies at any time in its history, but each was of considerably greater size, and heavy with Space Marine infantry, including Terminator squads.

With Mortarion elevated to daemonhood, his hand upon the Legion became more remote and the Death Guard became broken up through space and time into smaller units. Warriors of the Death Guard are

CAPTAIN GARRO, HERO OF THE DEATH GUARD

When Horus's rebellion was finally understood, seventy Space Marines, alone of five Legions, remained steadfast in their loyalty to the Emperor. These men seized the Imperial cruiser Eisenstein and broke the Traitors' blockade of the Istvaan system to carry word of the treachery to Terra. Their warning may have saved the Imperium. Commanding the Death Guard contingent was a great battle-captain, Garro.

There are conflicting testimonies regarding the fate of Captain Garro and his men. There are those who say that in the turmoil accompanying Horus's assault on the Imperial Palace no one knew what to do with the handful of loyal Marines whose entire Legions had turned traitor. The captain, indeed all of the Eisenstein seventy who survived the gauntlet to reach Terra, were placed in custody pending deposition by the Emperor himself, a deposition which, after his fall and enshrinement in the Golden Throne, never came. Garro and the other 'Heroes of the Imperium' never saw the light of day and died prisoners. Others maintain that Garro himself fought in the palace defense, and when he saw what his brother Legionnaires had become, he renounced arms and served devotedly at the Master Apothecariate, where Space Marine Apothecaries receive their training, futilely seeking a cure for the plague which had taken his entire Legion of brothers, until his own death.

More fanciful tale-tellers link Garro and his band to secret societies moving behind the public face of the Imperium, and claim that Garro and his original Space Marines still live, an elite force committed to thwarting the aims of Nurgle, Mortarion and the Death Guard, who appear in battle clad in the colors and flying the banners of the pre-Heresy Death Guard, then vanish, like grey ghosts from the warp.

Still others report that Garro was unable to resist the same lure to damnation which claimed his Primarch. In the aftermath of the Heresy, Garro turned to Nurgle and became a champion of the Death Guard. As the Lord of Flies, he still leads Plague fleets from the Eye, clad in black iridescent armor and a power claw like a great skeletal hand, accompanied by the maddening buzz of insectoid wings.

most often seen afoot, or at best accompanied by mad, plague-infested Dreadnoughts. Few of the tanks and transports of the Legion still function, their upkeep and maintenance being no priority to Space Marines dedicated to the Incarnation of Rot and Decay. Some such constructs do soldier on, possessed by minor daemonic entities or infested and animated by Nurgling hordes, the swarming worker drones of the Lord of the Unclean. These forces are often found organized in squads of seven banded together into cohorts of seven squads. An echo of their Legion's organizational model at its height, seven is also the sacred number of the Death Guard's patron power, and they believe that by forming themselves in multiples of that number, they carry the favor of the daemon lord Nurgle and create a kabalistic strength. Whether their 'Rule of Seven' draws the attention and sorcerous blessing of the Death Guard's deity or not, the manner in which the Plague Marines carry themselves to war still reflects the hand of the Primarch which forged them, shaped them, then led them to their damnation. The daemon prince Mortarion remains master of the Death

Guard even after their fall, orchestrating their movements unseen from his bubonic throne.

Beliefs

The beliefs of the Death Guard echoed those of Mortarion, beginning as one thing and ending as the corrupt opposite. A resolute determination that individuals should be free of oppression and terror became a conviction that individuals were not suited to decide what was just for them. A faith in inner strength, iron will and unshakable resolution in the face of hardship led to pride, arrogance and an utter contempt for those they deemed inferior.

When Nurgle's Rot came to the stranded Death Guard, their pride and arrogance was revealed, and their contempt for weakness turned upon themselves. Their surrender to Nurgle left them with only one seething, burning outlet, stoked white-hot by the depth of their self-loathing: to infect the strong, slay the weak and rot the foundations of everything in their paths until it collapses. Their debasement would no longer seem so shameful, if

the pestilence of their Unclean Lord eventually brought everything to ruin.

Gene-seed

The Space Marines of the Death Guard always reflected the gaunt, shadow-eyed, quality of their Primarch, that gave the lie to the hardness with which they were made. The contagion which led to their damnation corrupted them physically, as well. As Plague Marines, the once-gaunt Death Guard are now

bloated and seeping like an infected abscess, covered in boils, sores and weeping wounds crusted with the brown and green filth of the unclean. Nurgle does not accompany this repulsive aspect with gifts of mutation as freely as other powers (such capricious change is the province of his antithesis, Tzeentch), but on occasion will alter the countenance of a Death Guard aspirant with a tentacle, facet-eyed head of an insect or some other hideously repulsive form.

Battlecry

The Death Guard have no rallying cry as such. As Plague Marines, they are the incarnation of silent death, the virulent epidemic, the wasting disease and the remorselessness of decay. They are pestilence and pox, famine and blight, contagion and cancer, and like all of these things, are most terrifying when they come without word or warning.

USING A DEATH GUARD ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

The Death Guard use the following units from Codex Chaos Space Marines:

| | |
|----------------------|--|
| HQ | 0-1 Chaos Lord or Daemon Prince, Sorcerer, Great Unclean One. |
| Elites | Plague Marine Cult Terminators, Plague Marines, Possessed Chaos Space Marines. |
| Troops | Plague Marines, Nurglings, Plaguebearers. |
| Fast Attack | Daemonic cavalry (Plaguebearers on Beasts of Nurgle.) |
| Heavy Support | Plague Marine Havocs, Chaos Dreadnoughts, Chaos Predators, Chaos Land Raiders. |

A Death Guard army is chosen using the lists in Codex Chaos Space Marines with the following exceptions and special rules. This represents a force drawn entirely from the Death Guard Legion.

The Chaos Lord of a Death Guard army may only have a retinue of Plague Marines, unless he is wearing Terminator armor in which case he may have a retinue of Plague Marine Terminators.

Special Rules

- Plague Marine Cult Terminators cost 46 points for a basic Terminator with twin bolter and power weapon and have +1 Toughness. They may select any of the usual Chaos Terminator weapon upgrades at the normal cost. As with all Cult Terminators they are fearless and will never fall back and cannot be pinned. They are assumed to automatically pass any Morale check. If a Death Guard Chaos Lord is in Terminator armor and is accompanied by a retinue of Death Guard Cult Terminators, then the number of the retinue may be from four to nine models instead of the usual five to nine. If the retinue, including the Chaos Lord, is only five models strong then it may be mounted in a Chaos Land Raider.

- Plague Marine Havoc squads are the Death Guard's version of conventional Havoc squads. Ever since the Heresy, the Death Guard have shown little regard for heavy weaponry and this attitude is reflected in their Havoc Squads.

Death Guard Havocs are exactly the same as normal Plague Marine squads except that, instead of being allowed a single model with plasma gun, flamer, meltagun or plasma pistol, they may have up to three Plague Marines each armed with either a plasma gun at +15 pts or a meltagun at +12 pts. The remainder will have bolters. All carry plague knives. All other options are the

same as those available to normal Plague Marine squads.

- Seven is the sacred number of Nurgle. Any squad of Plague Marines (including Terminators, retinues and Havocs) that numbers exactly seven models (including the Lord if a retinue) may upgrade one of its members to an Aspiring Champion at no points cost.

- For Possessed Chaos Space Marines in a Death Guard army, their first roll on the Possessed table is always assumed to be 2 (Fearsome) as they are wracked with pestilence and corruption.

- All Independent characters must take the Mark of Nurgle. Death Guard Chaos Lords and Sorcerers are Fearless so will never fall back and cannot be pinned. They are assumed to automatically pass any Morale check they are required to take. Aspiring Champions may take the Mark of Nurgle and cannot take any other Mark. The only gifts and vehicle gifts that can be chosen are those associated with Nurgle (the one exception is Daemonic Possession, which can be used as normal).

Clarifications

1. Plague Marine Aspiring Champions who take the Mark of Nurgle do not gain a further +1 Toughness as this would in theory take them to Toughness 6 which is the preserve of monstrous creatures. They receive no benefit from taking the Mark of Nurgle other than the ability to take Chaos gifts requiring the Mark of Nurgle. Similarly models bearing the Mark of Nurgle who take the Chaos Space Marine Bike wargear item never increase their Toughness beyond 5. In all cases models always use their original Toughness of 4 for instant death purposes.

2. A Beast of Nurgle occupies a single space in a transport vehicle as a Plague Marine would.

This month 'Eavy Metal brings you a selection of Warhammer 40,000 Chaos miniatures. Neil Hodgson's disturbing Death Guard models are a fitting accompaniment to the Index Astartes article also in this issue.

'EAVY METAL™ SHOWCASE

Death Guard Lord in Terminator armor, by Neil Hodgson



Death Guard Sorcerer, by Neil Hodgson



Death Guard Lord, by Neil Hodgson



Death Guard Terminators, by Neil Hodgson



Death Guard Dreadnought, by Neil Hodgson



Index Astartes

First Founding



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

MASTERS OF FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE

The Thousand Sons
Space Marine Legion

by Christopher Allen,
Jonathan Westmoreland
and Andy Hoare

The Thousand Sons were born of Magnus, the changeling Primarch. A physical giant possessed of coppery skin, fiery red hair and a single, baleful eye. Some say his massive size reflected his enormous intellect; his cyclopean eye his single-minded strength of purpose. At the height of the Great Crusade, Magnus was amongst the most imposing of the Primarchs and was always the one most suspected of taint. He would endure the whispers of Chaos throughout his life...

Origins

When the Primarchs were mysteriously scattered from their incubation on Terra, the infant Magnus fell upon the remote colony world of Prospero. He could hardly have been more fortunate: a grotesque cyclopean mutant who might have been feared and shunned on any other world came instead upon a hidden planet of kindred spirits: a commune of outcast human psykers. It would not be the last time Magnus's destiny would be so conveniently manipulated.

The original settlers of Prospero had chosen the world for its remoteness from Terra and had gone to great lengths to sever contact with Humanity. Their single citadel was situated deep in the planet's ventral mountain range. Nourished by vast underground hydroponics for sustenance and techno-psycho collector arrays for sustainable energy, it was a construct of extraordinary beauty. The so-called 'City of Light' glittered amidst the desolation of Prospero, all gleaming silver towers, soaring obelisks and majestic pyramids. Within this carefully-artificed reclusium, far from the sight of Man, its commune of human refugees devoted themselves completely to the pursuit of knowledge and the mastery of the nascent mutation which had set them apart: their developing psychic powers.

Legend tells of Magnus arriving like a portentous comet, streaking through the thin atmosphere of Prospero and coming to rest in the central plaza of the city. The vulnerability of their sanctuary to approach from above was something the adepts of Prospero failed to recognize: a failure for which they would suffer greatly in times to come.

Magnus became a ward of the scholars of the commune. Perhaps they recognized their kinship in a mutant cast out among mutants. Perhaps they recognized his potential. What is known is how quickly the young Primarch himself began to

manifest the sort of powers which had caused his mentors to flee into isolation; and how utterly he brought those powers under his control. Magnus mastered every psychic discipline, quickly surpassing the abilities of the greatest adepts in the commune. By the time he approached physical maturity, Magnus had grown into a giant in the psychic and intellectual, as well as the physical, sense. Then came the day that Magnus opened his cyclopean eye upon the Empyrean, and instead of channeling power from the Warp, Magnus instead saw into it, and life on Prospero was changed forever.

The instant his single enormous eye saw into that place of power, Magnus the Red went from student to absolute master.

The Warp is no more a lifeless place than the physical world, and the arrival of so prodigious a psychic presence as Magnus did not go unnoticed. More than one consciousness sensed the new life across the Immaterium and more than one recognized him for who he was.

More than one came to find him.

The Apocrypha of Skaros records the day the Emperor and his host arrived upon Prospero.

'It was as though they were friends of old; of many years acquaintance. Magnus's mutant visage disturbed not the Emperor of Man, who embraced his lost Primarch and proclaimed him his own.'

It has been suggested that the face-to-face meeting of Emperor and Primarch was a virtual afterthought, their minds having long since found each other across the Warp.

The Emperor had chosen as his vanguard force for the expedition his fifteenth Legion, the Space Marine progeny infused with Magnus's own gene-seed. The Apocrypha records the moment Primarch and Legion were united.

'The Warp-lost Primarch heard his Emperor and spoke but a simple

response, "As I am your son, they shall become mine." Then he knelt and in that moment accepted Primacy of the fifteenth Legion: his Thousand Sons.'

The discovery of their lost master could not have come sooner for the Thousand Sons. Formed from Magnus's own gene-seed, the Legion was disposed toward psychic mutancy in disproportionate numbers; a circumstance the fledgling Imperium was ill equipped to handle. Deep factionalism divided those who recognized the benefit of stable mutations such as the so-called

'Navigator Gene' of the Navis Nobilite. The Navigator Houses' 'third eye' allowed them to steer a course through the Immaterium making warp travel possible, but some perceived the increasing and seemingly random nature of human mutation as a destructive internal threat. An entire Legion of potential mutants was seen as a dangerous development. The fifteenth Legion had suffered terribly from the spontaneous, uncontrolled manifestation of psychics amongst their ranks, and those who survived to receive training became amongst the

most powerful librarians of the epoch. Many more did not. Moreover, the increasingly vocal anti-mutant 'witch hunting' crusades within the Imperium had seized upon the out-of-control Legion as evidence of the danger of psychic mutation. Cries that demanded purging the Imperium of psykers completely were not uncommon, and those directed at the remote and superhuman Space Marines of the Thousand Sons were among the most strident. Magnus came just in time to save the Legion from the threat of destruction.

Imperium Astartes Level: 8 sixty-one

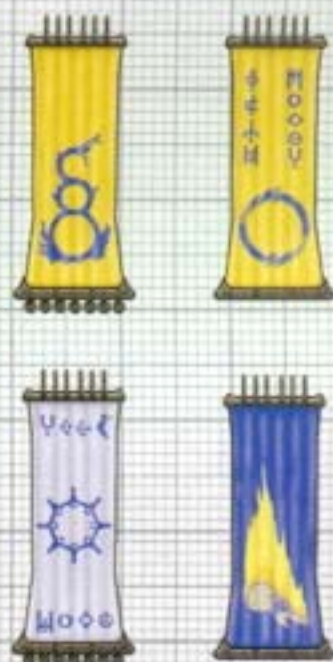
Thousand Sons, Progenitor Legion M31



Pre-Heresy Thousand Sons color scheme



Post-Heresy Thousand Sons
(ref: Rubric of Ahriman)



Tabard Variants (ref: Etiaman Reclusum)



Pre-heresy pattern
combi-Bolter

Thousand Sons Cult Terminator



Post-Heresy Thousand Sons Mutant,
designation: 'Sorcerer'



Post-Heresy Thousand Sons
corrupted helmet variants

Thought for the day: The weak shall fall, the strong shall prevail

Index Astartes First Founding: The Thousand Sons

Relocating its entire depleted strength to Prospero, Magnus turned the might of his intellect to their instruction in the ways of the psyker.

There are scholars, especially among the Librarians of certain Space Marine Chapters, who suggest it was during this time that another threshold was crossed. They believe that the crisis of controlling an entire Legion's destructive psychic mutancy caused Magnus to seek shortcuts, or explore more perilous paths. There are others, including prominent members of the Inquisition, who suggest no such 'threshold' ever existed; that the original commune of psychic adepts were already students of darker arts before Magnus came amongst them. Thus his initiation into similar rites was inevitable. Still others postulate it was the magnitude of the Primarch's own insatiable hunger for knowledge that

made what followed inevitable. When it happened will never be known, but at some point, Magnus the Red and his Thousand Sons Legion pursued knowledge beyond scholarship and psychic discipline, and began to practice sorcery.

The difference was not universally noticed at first. Magnus joined the Great Crusade with vigour. He led the Thousand Sons alongside the Emperor, the other rediscovered Primarchs with their Legions and all the fighting forces of Man. They fought in a grand campaign radiating outward from Terra, liberating colonies long isolated and claiming new worlds for the glory of the Emperor. That the Thousand Sons accomplished their victories through guile and deception as often as by strength of arms did not initially draw concern. Victory was victory after all. However, the further

the Emperor's realm expanded, the more tenacious grew the opposition. Increasingly, Legions of Space Marines or regiments of Imperial Guard would make planetfall expecting to find lost colonies of men, only to discover the thralls of mysterious powers utterly inimical to them. These slave cults resisted with sorcerous powers granted them by daemonic beings from across the Warp, powers few could fail to notice were akin to those wielded by the Thousand Sons of Magnus. There were those amongst the Imperial court suspicious of the Thousand Sons' methods. Paramount amongst them was Mortarion, sepulchral lord of the Death Guard who knew too well from his own dark past that sorcerous power never came without a price. Leman Russ, Primarch of the Space Wolves, for whom any battle fought through sleight of hand and clever deceit was by definition dishonorable also lent his voice to the critics of the Thousand Sons. The schism grew so great that it threatened the very foundations of the new order, and so the Emperor of Man himself decreed a council to resolve the issue for all time. The mightiest proponents of both sides convened on the planet Nikaea to debate, with the Emperor himself enthroned above the dais as arbiter, in an ancient amphitheater that seated



tens of thousands. There, beneath the glittering starlight, the witch hunters presented their case. They recited a litany of human misery inflicted upon the Emperor's own subjects by sorcerers enslaved by Chaotic monstrosities; of mutants unable to control what they had become, and despots who turned their psychic gifts to dark and selfish purpose. To speak against these charges came Magnus himself. He climbed the dais in silence, his own visage seeming to confirm everything the witch hunters asserted. But when he began to speak, it was clear none of his accusers could match the charisma or presence of a Space Marines Primarch and least of all this particular Primarch's certainty of conviction. Magnus told the assembled throng that no knowledge was tainted of itself, and no pursuit of knowledge ever wrong so long as the seeker of that truth was master of what he learned. And, Magnus decreed with finality, there were no secrets the Thousand Sons had not mastered, no ways too labyrinthine for them to know. When he stepped from the dais, the council was divided more sharply than ever: the witch hunters had made their case collectively with great impact, but with insufficient power to blunt the persuasiveness of the Primarch of the Thousand Sons. The assemblage openly wondered if even the Emperor could decide against one of his own sons.

The tension had reached the palpable knife-edge of violence when a contingent of Space Marine Librarians approached the dais. The Emperor acknowledged them with a nod and all fell silent, for visible amongst the librarians were the chiefs of some of the greatest Legions in the Imperium. These mystic warriors formed a semicircle about the podium to indicate they spoke with one voice, but it was a young Epistolary who stepped forward to deliver their words. Though his identity has been lost to history, he is said to have spoken with a passion that bordered on ferocity, and offered to the assembled council a third alternative. A psyker, he proposed, like an athlete, was a gifted individual whose native talent must be carefully nurtured. Psykers were not evil in themselves. Sorcery was a knowledge that had to be sought, even bargained for, and neither man nor paragon could be certain they had the best of such bargains. The other Librarians united around him, and proposed that the education of human psykers to best

serve Mankind be made an Imperial priority. The conduct of sorcery would be outlawed forevermore as an unforgivable heresy against Mankind.

The compromise presented by the Librarians offered both factions something, and appeared to be what the Emperor himself had been waiting for. The Emperor ruled it law without allowing any rebuttal, and the Edicts of Nikaea stand to this millennium as Imperial policy regarding human psychic mutation. But it was not the decision favored by Magnus. The Grimoire Hereticus records the fateful face-to-face confrontation between father and son when the Emperor himself barred Magnus's attempt to storm from the hall in protest. He bade Magnus cease the practice of sorcery and incantation, and the pursuit of all knowledge related to magic. It is said the cyclopean Primarch's face appeared brittle as aged stone as he received his father's command. Brittle enough to crack, but the Primarch of the Thousand Sons bent his shoulder and pledged himself and his Legion to obey. Neither Emperor nor Primarch knew that this moment would be the last time they would meet, and that events had been set in motion that would climax in treachery, bloodshed and pain.

The Betrayal

The threat to the fledgling Imperium resolved by the council served to mask other, darker betrayals already in motion. On Davin, events were reaching their tragic climax as Horus, first among equals, Warmaster and right arm of the Emperor fell victim to the manipulations of Chaos. This threat would not be resolved by debate or decree. Enthralled completely by the dark powers, Horus emerged from the events on Davin intent on nothing less than the complete destruction of the Imperium. Suborning brother Primarchs and their Legions to join his own, Horus intended to take the rest of the Imperium, and indeed the Emperor himself, by complete surprise. He was a brilliant strategist; he believed he had manipulated every possible factor to ensure his success. He had miscalculated in only one regard. Despite the decree of his Father and despite his own sworn promise, Magnus had not turned from the pursuit of the dark arts.

Seeing into the depths of the Warp from his sanctum upon Prospero,

Magnus beheld a vision of Horus' pledge of fealty to Chaos upon the fields of the feral world of Davin. Horus' treachery was revealed, every detail made known with total clarity. Magnus saw the too-human foibles of Fulgrim of the Emperor's Children and Angron of the World Eaters played upon masterfully by Horus, and greater forces veiled by the Warp. He saw the terrible trap being laid for Ferrus Manus of the Iron Hands, Vulkan of the Salamanders and cautious Corax of the Raven Guard on Istvaan V. He saw the Emperor's mightiest bastion of unalloyed loyalty, Guilliman's Ultramarines, being cleverly decoyed to the far side of the galaxy, where they could play little part in the drama to unfold. Alone in the entire galaxy, more clearly than even Horus himself, Magnus was given to understand the events at hand. He saw it all and understood each consequence and every role, except his own.

There are generals, tacticians and great military minds who say that had Magnus acted upon his knowledge and taken ship with his Thousand Sons he could have changed the course of the Heresy. Others point out that the Warp is an imprecise place, and Magnus could not be sure he would arrive in time to prevent Horus's treachery. Instead of direct intervention, Magnus embarked upon a more perilous path. The Primarch had never accepted the Emperor's belief in the peril of sorcery, and had broken his oath to turn from the pursuit of such knowledge.

In his precognitive vision of the coming war, and the warning it provided, Magnus was certain he had found proof of the value of his studies. With the combined power of his fellow sorcerers he set about casting a spell across time and space. Breaching all the protective hexes and wards of the Imperial Palace on Terra, he projected his warning of impending revolution into the presence of the Emperor himself, naming Warmaster Horus as its chief architect.

It was to be his moment of triumph and vindication, the occasion of his self-righteous justification. Only the power of Magnus's sorcery had revealed the viper within. Surely the Emperor would at last see its value. Instead, the Emperor named Magnus's sorceries themselves as the viper. He judged Magnus's accusation of his brother Primarch heretical and his blatant

deception evidence of the worst sort of oath breaking. Magnus's pursuit of forbidden knowledge was deemed tragic proof that he had fallen under the sway of the very powers the Emperor had warned him against. The Emperor's worst fears for the soul of his cyclopean son had been realized.

The content of Magnus's warning was ignored completely. It is said the Emperor broke contact with such force that psychic wards throughout the Palace arced with lightning and shattered. At the Emperor's side stood Russ, quaking with barely-contained wrath at Magnus's actions. The Emperor turned to him, for he knew he could be counted upon to prosecute his next orders without restraint. He ordered the Space Wolves to be unleashed upon Magnus and the scholar-soldiers of Prospero.

Only those who witnessed those distant days will ever truly know what happened upon Prospero when the Space Wolves attacked, as extant accounts often contradict each other dramatically. The epic, 'Prospero's Lament', describes a lengthy orbital bombardment by the Space Wolves, followed by a systematic campaign across the planet that took many days and nights, with a death toll of horrific proportions on both sides. On the other hand, one of the Space Wolves' strongest oral accounts of the battle, 'The Edda of the Hammer', asserts the Space Wolves took the Thousand Sons completely by surprise. The Space Wolves fell upon the City of Light from above (as Magnus had, so many years before) and reduced it in one terrible, bloody night of violence and carnage. The single night of burning libraries, crashing towers and

feral mayhem is a potent image and the action described in the Edda matches the popular image of the Space Wolves. But the Edda is oft-criticized; for how could a planet of sorcerers, able to see across time and space and into the future, be so completely surprised as to face destruction in the course of a single night? How indeed, unless the dark powers which granted them their visions did not mean for them to see? However it occurred, the sack of Prospero was the ultimate horror for the scholarly Thousand Sons, as Russ and his Space Wolves smashed their way through the sanctuary of the City of Light. Russ's warriors built pyres from Magnus's libraries of books, parchments and ancient texts, destroying artifacts unique in all the galaxy with a stroke of the chainsword. Though they differ in their specifics, most accounts suggest Magnus himself met Lemar Russ in hand-to-hand combat, Primarch against Primarch, berserker against giant in the ruined heart of the City. 'The War of the Giants', committed to print by Inquisitor Bastalek Grim from Space Wolf oral tradition, describes the titanic duel that followed:

'Magnus the Red did take to the field of battle, causing the ravaged ground to liquefy 'neath his mighty stride. Russ charged bodily the crimson behemoth and did lift the Cyclops off the ground, The Wolf-King broke the back of the Cyclops, and the last Thousand Sons, seeing their Primarch broken and cast down, did turn and flee. But as Russ raised Frostblade Mjalar to deliver the killing blow, Magnus spoke a word of power, and did sink away into the iridescent ground.'

In accounting what took place at the last, claims of what occurred on Prospero's final night contradict wildly. Somehow, in the City of Light's dying moments, Magnus cheated Russ of total victory, and in so doing, paid the very price the Emperor had warned him against all along.

Everything that mattered to him was burning to the ground, and Magnus turned to what he knew best to save it. Magnus was swept upon the currents of the Warp, and there he found the knowledge he sought. His sorcerers, his beloved Legion, all the precious knowledge they had accumulated within the silver spires of the City of Light could still be saved. He discovered the solution looking back at him, as if it had always been there,

THE SACKING OF THE ETIAMNUN RECLUSIUM

The Thousand Sons will often employ guile and trickery where other Legions would engage the enemy head-on. These tactics were illustrated when Mordant Hex, a Sorcerer Lord of the Thousand Sons led a raid on a distant world in the Eastern Fringe called Etiamnun III. This airless, barren planet was home to a small community of hermits who for millennia had lived out a simple life of contemplation and study.

This peace was to be shattered forever when the Thousand Sons' drop ships fell from the skies above the mountain retreat. Recovered fragments of the facility's security vid-log record the scene as soon after the landings the passes were filled with relentlessly advancing armored warriors. Records indicate that the hermits' reaction to the attack was one of calm acceptance. As the Space Marines filed up the mountain paths to the gate of the hermitage, its occupants showed no signs of the panic one would expect faced with a Chaos attack.

A brightly robed and armored figure reached the great adamantium doors of the monastery and stood before them for several minutes before striking upon them nine times. A party of beguiled monks had gathered in the air-lock, and at the ninth stroke they activated the depressurization ritual. The air-lock camera clearly shows the looks of serenity upon the faces of the occupants as the atmosphere rapidly bleeds from the chamber. The camera shows the monks' noble struggle to stand as their oxygen supply is cut off. Then the great doors part and for a single second the old men stand open to the airless expanse with the silhouette of the armored warriors visible beyond. An instant later the hermits' legs give way and they are swept from the chamber by the last venting gases, to be dashed upon the statuesque warriors' armored forms.

The remainder of the assault was little more than a massacre. The Thousand Sons gained entry to the reclusium and gunned down any who stood before them. Little or no resistance was offered.

Hex and his force penetrated deep into the mountain complex, and at its heart found what they had come for. The central chamber housed a long forgotten entrance to the Eldar webway; whether this portal had been forgotten by the Eldar, or had been cut off from their main routes is unknown. What can only be guessed at is the potential for damage now a Thousand Sons Sorcerer Lord has gained entrance to the secret paths of the Eldar.

watching his way, and subtly changing him to its own purpose. He beheld sorcery incarnate, promising knowledge, power and salvation. But this time it was on its own terms. Magnus was no longer the master of the way as he had believed himself, but servant to it. It is said that even then Magnus hesitated, but as he thought back to his city, his works, his knowledge and his brethren, reduced to fiery ruin at the command of his own father, he changed his allegiance for all time.

And in that instant, the City of Light, its silver towers and vast libraries and its Legion of Thousand Sons vanished from the face of Prospero, and the Imperium, forever. When Magnus and his Thousand Sons were seen again, it was above Istvaan V, fighting alongside Horus. Magnus had become a Daemon Prince of the Chaos god Tzeentch, Lord of Sorcery, and Changer of the Ways. The battle for their souls and their fate now so complete, it leaves one wondering whether it was ever truly in doubt.

The Rubric of Ahriman

The Thousand Sons had nearly been destroyed by the threat of uncontrolled mutation in their earliest days before their reunion with their Primarch. Even the salvation presented by Magnus's instruction was imperfect, requiring constant and vigilant oversight. The terror of it never left some of the Legion's most veteran members, and the rampant corruption they beheld amongst other Traitor Legions as the Heresy ran its course appalled them. They dedicated themselves exclusively to their new master, and for a time Tzeentch seemed to shield them from a similar fate. Even when the Heresy ultimately failed, and the Thousand Sons were forced to fall back to the Eye of Terror with their comrades in rebellion, Tzeentch's favor seemed unilateral. Their patron god provided a new planet, rich in magical power for them, a haven from the madness within the Eye for them to continue their research. But the way of the Master of Sorcery is capricious, and no sooner were the Thousand Sons ensconced upon their new home world than the Changer of the Ways began to alter them. Grotesque mutations in images favored by Tzeentch appeared spontaneously throughout the Legion. Many embraced these manifestations as tokens of their new destiny, but to the

senior members of the Legion it was as if all they had been through counted for nothing. All their sacrifices; the loss of Prospero, the bloodshed of the Heresy, all was rendered meaningless. Their valiant pursuit of knowledge had resulted in the very madness and abomination they had always feared.

An inner cabal of the mightiest sorcerers, led by their Chief Librarian and Magnus's most trusted advisor, Ahriman, determined to counter the warping corruption. They laid the foundations of a mighty spell, and protected their workings with wards of secrecy, for they doubted Magnus would bless so risky an enterprise. They would dispel the violent mutations washing over their battle brothers and render the Thousand Sons immune to the warping effects of Chaos. The Grimoire Hereticus describes a spell of such unimaginable power that even daemonic horrors fled before the singular roaring maelstrom of magic unleashed by Ahriman and his cabal. The Planet of Sorcerers was enveloped in impenetrable storms of blue and yellow lightning, forks of the titanic energy arcing across the planet to strike down corrupted Thousand Sons one after another until it is said Magnus himself was forced to intervene.

The aftermath was nothing like what the cabal had hoped for. Across the breadth of the world, the fighting strength of the Thousand Sons Legion had in a single stroke been destroyed utterly – and preserved for eternity. The reviled mutations were no more, because the flesh of the affected Space Marines had been reduced to dust, sealed forever inside armor mystically welded shut. Every clasp, joint and seam had been sealed as though by infernal fire, trapping the animate spirit of the Thousand Sons irrecoverably within. Virtually the entirety of Magnus's Legion had been transformed into little more than implacable

automata for all time. Magnus was enraged. The Legion he had sacrificed everything for was no more. The pursuit of knowledge that had always been foremost to each of his brethren was now denied them for all time. By their own hand, the majority of this Legion of scholars could no longer even think.

Everything he had done, all he had sacrificed, every critical decision he had made in his life had been founded upon two sacred beliefs: that knowledge was pure, and that he was its master. With his home world



AHRIMAN, CHIEF LIBRARIAN OF THE THOUSAND SONS



The transmuting spell which rendered the Thousand Sons a Legion of closed armored automata was the construct of the Legion's greatest sorcerer after Magnus himself: its Chief Librarian, Ahriman. Before the events of the Heresy, Ahriman had shared his Primarch's obsession with arcane mysteries, and had come to be keeper of the now mythical 'Book of Magnus', a tome of incalculable sorcerous power. It may have been knowledge gleaned from that very tome with which Ahriman conjured his now infamous master spell.

The result of his Rubric, while imperfect, is said to have satisfied Ahriman in its consequence. A veteran Thousand Son from before the coming of Magnus, Ahriman's revulsion at the corruption of the Legion was so great that even the terrible price of reversing it was not too high. Magnus was not of like mind, however. So great was his wrath when the cabal was discovered that the Primarch threatened to obliterate them utterly, but the very patron who had worked the mutations upon them in the first place was said to have intervened. Who can say what the most enigmatic and capricious of entities intended? In any event, the Daemon Prince stayed his hand, instead banishing Ahriman from the Planet of Sorcerers and condemning him to wander the Eye of Terror and beyond in a hopeless quest to understand the Chaos god Tzeentch.

For his part, Ahriman refuses to acknowledge Chaos as his master. Across the ensuing millennia he has become a scourge, raiding ancient museums, libraries, scholaria and reclusia, places of learning, religion and contemplative thought. He seeks to acquire artifacts, data, or even persons he believes can lead him to mastery over the way of the sorcerer. He fosters cults on dozens of worlds at a time, providing cult magi with sorcerous power until such time as they have acquired some antiquarian trinket or satisfied another of Ahriman's demands before turning the wrath of his warband upon them.

It is rumored that Ahriman has of late turned his relentless predation upon the Eldar, determined in his belief that the lost knowledge he seeks can be found in that darkest of halls of enlightenment, the vast repository of arcana referred to in whispers as the Black Library.

destroyed, his father his sworn enemy, and his Legion in ruin, Magnus of the Thousand Sons ascended his tower in despair. Casting his bitter gaze out upon the war-weary and fragile Imperium of Man, Magnus vowed, as Horus had at the height of the Heresy, that he would see the galaxy burn.

Home World

Prospero was chosen by its original settlers for one reason: its remoteness. Isolated from the most common Imperial travel lanes and boasting virtually no independent resources of any value, Prospero had only one redeeming quality: it was a good place to hide. In the end, it was not even that. Today it is a blasted ruin, declared Purgatus by the Inquisition.

Through the millennia of endless raiding since, it has been discerned the City of Light survived its transit through the Immaterium intact. It came to rest within the Eye of Terror, upon a world that has come to be known as the Planet of Sorcerers. That

daemonic place is a seething cauldron of magical power, reflected across its breadth in the form of infernal volcanism and tempestuous skies saturated with magical vapor. Towers jut from craggy fists of rock thrust up from plains of lava, twisted and obscene mockeries of the spires and pyramids of learning which were the hallmarks of the City of Light before its fall. Mightiest of them all is the obsidian monolith that is the Tower of the Cyclops, said to be so massive it can be discerned from space with the naked eye. More obscenely, the Tower of the Cyclops looks back, as the pinnacle of the obelisk is a glowing warp eye, through which Magnus watches the paths of the future. The Silver Towers of the City of Light have been transfigured by the sorcerous might of the Thousand Sons into space-faring fortresses in which psyker lords set out from the Planet of Sorcerers to traverse the cosmos, launching vengeful assaults upon the Imperium of Man.

Combat Doctrine

The Thousand Sons were well known for preferring to avoid close combat, instead relying upon their mastery of psychic power and sorcery to carry the day. Guile, feint, confusion and misdirection were their hallmarks; all stratagems better used at range. Many were the occasions a Thousand Sons detachment would accomplish through illusion or trickery what a brother Legion would pay for dearly in blood.

Whatever else it may have changed, the Rubric of Ahriman affected that doctrine very little. The sorcerer lords of the Thousand Sons still use their ghost-brethren as implacable bulwarks of gunfire, around which they construct elaborate plans of guile and misdirection to achieve victory, all driven home with a timely application of potent magic.

Organization

Magnus placed great faith in his subordinates, believing he had taught them well, that their powerful sorceries gave them the necessary tools to function independently of him. Before the Heresy, individual Thousand Sons squads were not led by veteran sergeants but by those who showed the most psychic promise. These 'thrall-wizards' were apprenticed to more experienced sorcerers for their cabalistic training, but at the same time gained experience leading men in small units. While this practice meant it was rare for a Thousand Son who did not possess some measure of psychic talent to become a ranking officer, it also meant those sorcerers who did gain prominence had considerable combat experience. As a result, the Thousand Sons, a numerically small Legion to begin with, rarely took to the field en masse. Instead, they campaigned in smaller detachments under the command of sorcerers who often acted with much more authority independent of their Primarch than the officers of other Legions. This command experience has stood them in good stead as independent leaders of warbands since the Heresy, to the Imperium's considerable and continuing misfortune.

Beliefs

For the Primarch Magnus, knowledge was power. He believed there was no

discipline his intellect could not master, no secret he could not unlock and make serve his purpose. For the Thousand Sons, knowledge was salvation, the means to controlling the psychic legacy of their Primarch's gene. Every book was sacred, every writing worthy of study, every document a resource to be drained. The ultimate knowledge was sorcery, the way to final enlightenment, the key to the universe. Before the Heresy, the Thousand Sons were publicly dogmatic, swearing oaths of loyalty and singing the Imperial hymns. They fought for the expansion of the Emperor's realm with diligence, but as

their oath-breaking illustrated, their final loyalty rested not with the Emperor, but with their Primarch. When Magnus's reach for intellectual mastery exceeded his grasp, Tzeentch was waiting for him, and the Space Marines who believed as he did could do nothing but fall with him.

Gene-seed

Magnus was unquestionably the most profoundly mutated of the Emperor's Primarchs, both physically and psychically, and the Legion imprinted with his gene-seed reflected that with a high percentage of Thousand Sons manifesting some level of psychic

ability. Early in the Legion's history a small, but significant percentage were prone to physical mutation, but in the wake of falling thrall to Tzeentch that percentage escalated wildly. The Rubric ended that forever for the battle brothers of the Thousand Sons, but the sorcerers who command those armored shells still carry the gene-seed of their Daemon Prince and wear their grotesque mutations proudly as tokens of their mercurial patron's favor.

Battlecry

A ghostly whisper of: "All is Dust!"

USING A THOUSAND SONS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

The Thousand Sons use the following units from Codex Chaos Space Marines:

| | |
|----------------------|---|
| HQ | Chaos Lord or Daemon Prince, Lord of Change, Sorcerer. |
| Elites | Tzeentch Cult Terminators, Possessed Chaos Space Marines. |
| Troops | Thousand Sons, Tzeentch Daemon pack, Chaos Cultists. |
| Fast Attack | Tzeentch Daemonic beasts. |
| Heavy Support | Chaos Predator, Chaos Land Raider, Thousand Sons Dreadnought. |

The following rules and Codex changes apply when using a Thousand Sons Chaos Space Marine army. The entire army must be Thousand Sons, not just one or two squads.

The Chaos Lord of a Thousand Sons army may only have a retinue of Thousand Sons, unless he is wearing Terminator armor in which case he may have a retinue of Tzeentch Cult Terminators.

Special Rules

- All Thousand Sons Lords and Sorcerers are Fearless (immune to Morale and pinning checks).
- All Thousand Sons characters must take the Mark of Tzeentch, and this is the only Mark they may bear.
- Thousand Sons Lords must take the Sorcerer Lord upgrade and must purchase the Mark of Tzeentch.
- All Lords, Sorcerers, Daemon Princes and Lords of Change may make use of minor psyker powers in games where both players have agreed to their use. There is no upper limit to the number of minor powers that may be purchased for Daemon Princes and Lords of Change.
- Thousand Sons squads and Tzeentch Cult Terminator squads may upgrade one member to a Thousand Sons Sorcerer for +15 points, or for free if the squad numbers exactly nine models, nine being the sacred number in Tzeentch's magic and ceremonies. He has the same stats as the Chaos Space Marine Sorcerer and is not subject to the All Is Dust and Slow and Purposeful

special rules. The upgrade includes a Mark of Tzeentch and further equipment may be taken from the Chaos Armory.

Note that a Tzeentch Cult Terminator upgraded to a Sorcerer retains his Terminator armor, combi-bolter and power weapon.

If the squad forms the retinue of a Thousand Sons Lord then any number of its members may be upgraded to Thousand Sons Sorcerers.

- Any single member of a retinue may be designated an Icon Bearer, even though no Aspiring Champions may be purchased.
- If any Thousand Sons in squads are upgraded to sorcerers, the special rules published in the Chapter Approved compilation allowing Greater Daemons to possess Thousand Sons Space Marines are not used. Use the standard Daemonic Possession rules instead.
- Thousand Sons Dreadnoughts do not roll on the Fire Frenzy chart so long as they take the Daemonic Possession vehicle gift. Thousand Sons Dreadnoughts pay only 25 points for this gift.
- The only vehicle gift allowed to a Thousand Sons vehicle is Coruscating Warp Flame, other than the Thousand Sons Dreadnought, which may also take Daemonic Possession.
- Possessed Chaos Space Marines automatically receive the Demonically Fast ability in addition to two rolls on the Ability chart.

Index Astartes

First Founding



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

SONS OF HORUS

The Black Legion
Space Marine Chapter

by Graham Davey

The Primarch of the Luna Wolves was the infamous Horus, first and greatest of all the Primarchs. His Legion conquered countless worlds during the Great Crusade before Horus betrayed the Emperor and led a violent rebellion that devastated the Imperium. The Luna Wolves are the only Space Marine Legion to have changed their name, becoming the Sons of Horus and finally the Black Legion.

Origins

The early history of the First Founding Space Marine Legions is largely lost to the relentless march of time. Accounts and details of those Legions that rebelled (and especially of the Arch-Traitor Horus himself) were further expunged from Imperial records after the Horus Heresy, to deny any knowledge of those events from the vulnerable minds of Imperial citizens. Indeed, only a select handful of powerful individuals know any of the truth, and it is likely that none know it all. Such information that does exist is sketchy and anecdotal, and lies in ancient heretical tomes closely guarded by certain Inquisitors or handed down within the secret orders of the original Legions that remained loyal.

These records suggest that the Space Marines of the Luna Wolves Legion were created using human stock taken from the violent hive gangs inhabiting a planet called Cthonia. This planet allegedly existed in one of Earth's closest neighboring systems. Being within reach even for non-warp spacecraft, Cthonia had been colonized, built upon, tunneled and mined probably since the dawn of space travel. As such, all natural resources had been stripped away and used up millennia before, and the ancient mining technology had long since been rediscovered and removed by the Adepts of Mars. The planet that remained was largely redundant and abandoned, completely riddled with catacombs, crumbling industrial plants and exhausted mine-workings.

Fierce gangs inhabited the lawless depths of Cthonia, enjoying freedom from the rigors of Imperial citizenship; but at the time of the First Founding they provided an easy source of Human specimens whom nobody would miss. One report talks of so-called 'recruitment squads' rounding up thousands of gangers and shipping them away, chained together in the holds of prison-shuttles, to genolaboratories on Luna. Here they were modified using the genetic code of the Primarch Horus. It is more common for Space Marine genetic stock to be gleaned from feral or primitive worlds,

however, after the usual hypno-psychological indoctrination process, the Luna Wolves recruits emerged as excellent and ferociously loyal specimens.

Horus

Information about Horus himself is even harder to uncover. It is thought that he was the first of the Primarchs to be recovered by the Emperor, having been cast much closer to Terra than the others, and was found at a much younger age. As a result, Horus was for many years the Emperor's only son, and there was a great affinity between them. The Emperor spent much time with his protégé, teaching and encouraging him. Horus was soon placed in command of the Luna Wolves Legion – ten thousand Space Marines created from his own genetic code. With these warriors to lead, Horus accompanied the Emperor for the first thirty years of the Great Crusade, and together they forged the initial expansion of the young Imperium.

The two fought together on many occasions. At the fortified city of Reillis, a Human settlement unwilling to accept the Emperor's beneficent will, the defending army used secret tunnels to infiltrate behind the besieging Imperial army and hundreds of shock troops swamped the command encampment. Unprepared and unarmored, the Emperor and Horus fought back to back until a plasma blast stunned Horus and sent him staggering to the floor. The Emperor stood over the Primarch and refused to give ground until reinforcements arrived to drive their attackers back. On the Ork-infested planet of Gorro, Horus repaid the debt by hacking the arm from a huge, frenzied Greenskin warlord as it struggled to choke the Emperor's life out of him.

Then came the day that the Emperor divined the presence of a second Primarch in their proximity and immediately set out to find him, leaving Horus in temporary command of the massed Legions of the Great Crusade. While he rejoiced at the discovery of one of his brothers, Horus was determined that the Emperor would

always remain most proud of him, his first son.

As other Primarchs were discovered, the Emperor's time was pulled more and more in other directions and, while many of the other Legions now had their destined leaders, Horus was often given overall strategic command. It was a position he relished, proving himself time and again a consummate general, winning praise and decorations from the Emperor for his achievements and conquests. He had the approval and admiration of all the Space Marine Legions, including their Primarchs.

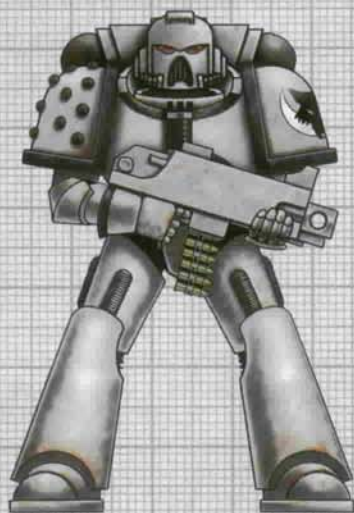
It is said that as well as being a great warrior and strategist, Horus was fiercely intelligent. He was charismatic, persuasive and had an innate understanding of psychology. He could read men in order to use their strengths or exploit their weaknesses. These skills made him a well-loved leader, but also allowed him to find non-military solutions when others would simply have attacked. On many worlds, a blunt explanation of the destructive might at his disposal and a day's parley with the planetary leaders was enough to bring them into the Imperial fold without

bloodshed. Horus always took trouble to follow the local Human customs and modes of greeting if he thought it would lessen the chance of a hostile reaction to his arrival. His practice of taking part in local rituals to establish ties for later exploitation soon became Imperial policy.

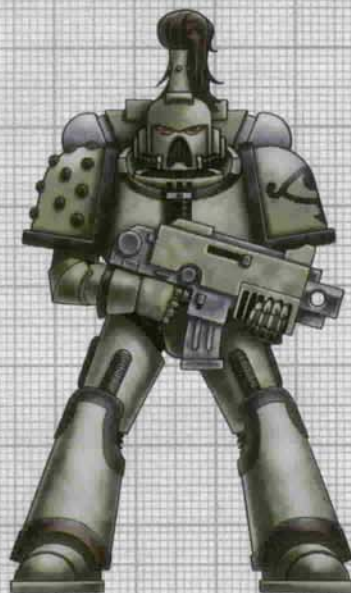
Horus was also skilled in getting the best out of the other Primarchs and their respective Legions. Many of them excelled in a particular style of fighting, and Horus encouraged this diversity and endeavored to deploy them to war zones that would suit them best.

Inquisition Access Level: 8 nine hundred and ninety-one

Luna Wolves, Progenitor Legion M31



Pre-Heresy Luna Wolves color scheme



Pre-Heresy Sons of Horus color scheme
(renamed after Ullanor Crusade)



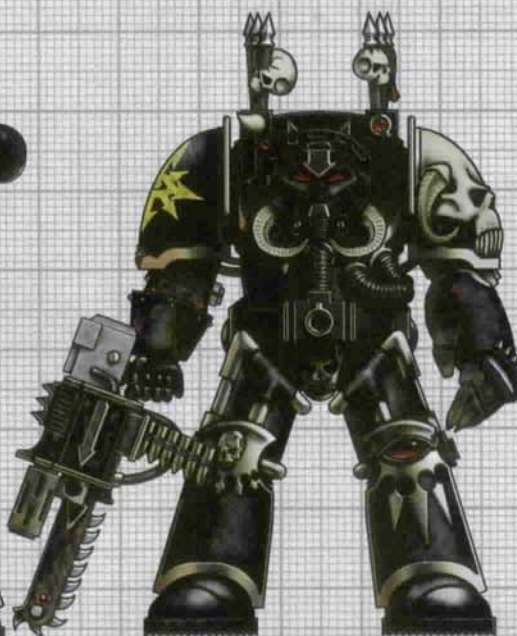
Luna Wolves Legion symbol



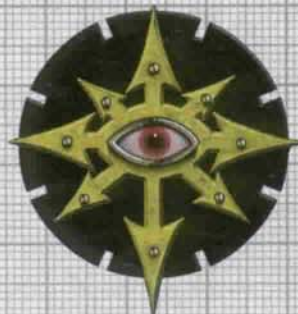
Pre-Heresy auto reactive shoulder plates
incorporating Legion iconography



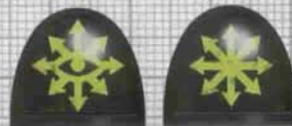
Black Legion color scheme
(Renamed for unknown reason)



Black Legion Terminator



Traitor Black Legion symbol



Auto reactive shoulder plates
incorporating blasphemous iconography

Thought for the day: The weak shall fall, the strong shall prevail.

If a sudden strike was needed, he would send the White Scars or the Night Lords. If a protracted campaign was expected, then the Death Guard or the Salamanders were used. When precise timing or covert operations were required, the Alpha Legion were favored, and if simple ferocity was called for, other Legions were brought to the fore. Horus wielded the Space Marine Legions as a lesser commander would wield the squads of his army, positioning them so that each could perform to their advantages and win glory for all. There is also evidence that he sent dispatches detailing the World Eaters' most ferocious victories to the Blood Angels Legion and vice versa, presumably to foster a competitive rivalry. Likewise, it can be assumed that Horus was well aware of the feud between the Space Wolves and the Dark Angels. These two Legions were repeatedly deployed in joint actions, spurring them both on to greater military feats in order to outdo each other.

His own Legion had all the glory of being the greatest Primarch's personal guard, and they shared Horus's credo of fighting to be the best. Under his inspiring command, the Luna Wolves were always at the forefront of the latest campaign, pushing the boundaries of the Imperium ever wider, driving further and further into the galaxy and striving to conquer and liberate more worlds than the other Legions. In the Aartuo, Keskastine and Androv Systems, the Luna Wolves are known to have moved swiftly on to planet after planet as soon as the local armies had been subdued. The Ultramarines and the Iron Warriors, who were fighting alongside Horus's Legion at this time, were repeatedly left to mop up any final pockets of resistance and establish garrisons on the conquered worlds. The Luna Wolves' officers apparently refused point blank to assign any troops to these duties, insisting that every man was required for the ongoing crusade. Further rebellion flared up on a number of the planets after the Luna Wolves had left, and it is believed that the Ultramarines' Primarch Roboute Guilliman subsequently had words with Horus on the matter. At the time it seems that Horus pacified the Primarch by admitting that Guilliman was much better at this sort of thing than he was, however in his great work, the Codex Astartes – completed much later – Guilliman prescribed a much more thorough tactical doctrine for the suppression of a planet.

Heresy

The Ullanor Crusade saw Horus battling a huge Ork empire. At its conclusion, the Emperor declared it the greatest victory yet for his mighty Imperium and was said to bestow much praise upon the Luna Wolves and Horus for their part in the campaign. The most notable reward was the renaming of the Legion. The Emperor sent word that henceforth they would be known as the Sons of Horus, in honor of their Primarch. Horus himself was given the title Warmaster – now officially supreme commander of the Emperor's forces. Despite these great honors, there is some suggestion that Horus was less than content. The wording of the Emperor's proclamation clearly claimed the glory of Horus's victories as his own. This was the usual rhetoric for such announcements – after all, the Primarchs were the sworn vassals of him and his Imperium. And yet in the Primarch's eyes, the Emperor now spent his time in safety at his palace on Terra while Horus won his Imperium for him. It seems likely that a deeply-rooted resentment had surfaced.

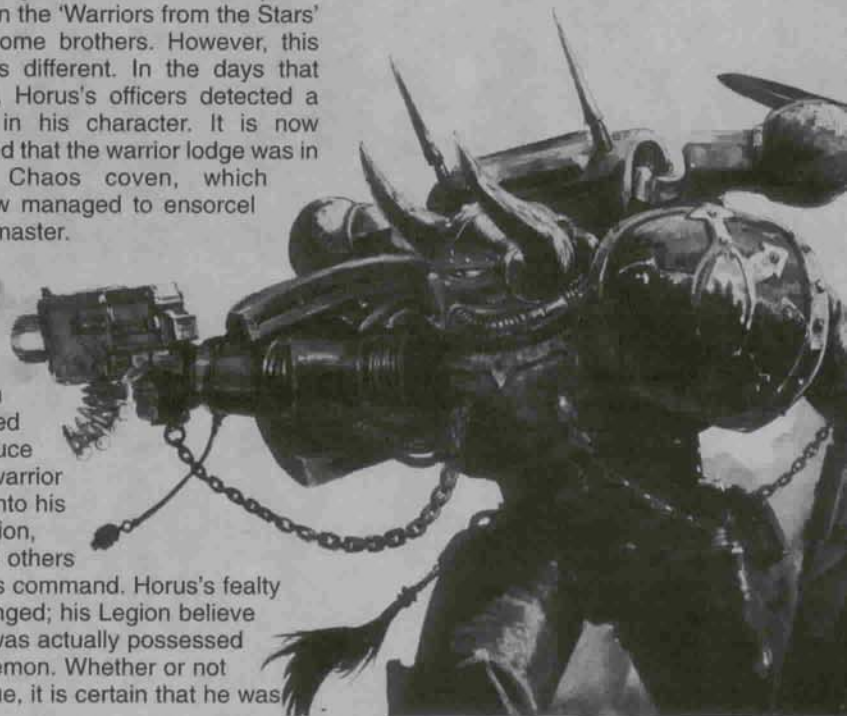
Before he could return to Terra to be officially invested with his new title, Horus apparently fell ill on a small feral world called Davin. During his convalescence, he took part in the induction ceremony of a warrior lodge on the planet. This was the Primarch's well-tried practice to develop ties with local populations – feral natives were more easily recruited into the Imperial fold when the 'Warriors from the Stars' had become brothers. However, this time was different. In the days that followed, Horus's officers detected a change in his character. It is now presumed that the warrior lodge was in fact a Chaos coven, which somehow managed to ensorcel the Warmaster.

The Primarch proceeded to introduce similar 'warrior lodges' into his own Legion, and then others under his command. Horus's fealty had changed; his Legion believe that he was actually possessed by a Daemon. Whether or not this is true, it is certain that he was

now allied body and soul to the powers of Chaos, and he had a new vision for the Imperium with himself at its head. Whether the events on Davin were planned by the gods of Chaos or just the work of an isolated group is unsure. Certainly a Primarch becoming ill was almost unheard of, and it would surely have required a virulent and unique ailment to affect him, perhaps indicating a greater conspiracy.

The Sons of Horus, already fiercely loyal and proud of their Warmaster, had no hesitation. They quickly renounced their oaths to the Emperor and started to worship Horus and his new gods. The corruption spread to every organization with which Horus had dealings, including a division of the Adeptus Mechanicus, and from there to the Collegia Titanica and the Legio Cybernetica. The other Primarchs, Horus knew like brothers, and was already well practiced at motivating them. Appealing to their pride, martial prowess and courage, while playing upon past grudges and favors, the Warmaster gained the loyalty of fully half the Primarchs. The war that followed was the most terrible in the history of the Imperium, and came close to shattering it forever. Space Marines fought Space Marines and Titans fought Titans as Earth was invaded, and the Emperor's palace itself was besieged and breached.

History records that on the 55th day of the battle, overwhelming Imperial





THE ULLANOR CRUSADE

The Ullanor Sector was the domain of Ork Overlord Urlakk Urg. His empire was founded on dozens of conquered and enslaved Human planets. Knowing the Orks' love for battle, the Warmaster's tactics were to lure the Greenskin forces away from his real targets. Other Space Marine Legions were tasked to retake the outlying planets, supported by newly-raised Imperial Guard regiments. As the Ork armadas moved out to resist this invasion, the Luna Wolves fleet drove straight for the central system.

Drop pods crashed to the ground all around Urlakk's fortress-palace. Heavy shuttles deployed Land Raiders and Predators and armored Space Marines advanced on the defenses. Then, as hundreds of Orks rushed to join the battle on the perimeter walls, Horus and the entire Terminator-armored 1st Company teleported directly to the foot of the great central tower. As the Luna Wolves blasted away the guards, mobs from the walls raced back to protect Urlakk. Horus left most of the Terminators to hold back the Orks and pushed on up the tower with just ten Space Marines at his side. At the pinnacle of the tower they found Urlakk in a grand chamber, accompanied by forty of the biggest Orks in his empire. Horus charged straight into the midst of the Nobs, slicing apart the muscled, green bodies with the twin lightning claws of his battle armor. The Terminators with him would not fire into the mêlée for fear of hitting their beloved Primarch, so they too crashed into the combat. Slowly they hacked a path through the mob until Horus faced Urlakk himself. The Overlord was an enormous Ork, but he was simply no match for the Primarch's skill and unnatural power. First crippling his enemy, Horus hefted Urlakk's broken body out onto the roof and threw it screaming from the battlements to fall far below amongst the horde of Orks still assaulting the lower levels.

The sudden demise of their mighty leader sent a panic through the Greenskin forces, which started to fall back from the Terminators. But the fleeing mobs found they had nowhere to run, as the outer walls had been breached by the attacking Luna Wolves, and the day turned into a slaughter. Back in the Overlord's chamber, Horus found every Ork and Terminator dead, apart from the gore-drenched Captain of the 1st Company, Abaddon, surrounded by crushed and broken bodies.

As word of his death spread, the Overlord's empire fragmented. The Imperial forces were able to destroy or drive out the remaining Orks and free the quadrant for Imperial rule within a year (naturally, the Luna Wolves claimed to have liberated substantially more worlds than their allies).

reinforcements approached. In a bid to slay the Emperor before it was too late, Horus lowered the shields around his battle barge, daring his creator to teleport on board. But it was Horus who was slain, and with him died the rebellion. It was a traumatic and devastating blow for the Sons of Horus. Everything they had ever fought for was lost. The Legion fell back immediately from the attack on the palace and fought their way back to their shuttles. This action alone is thought to have secured the enmity of all the other Traitor Legions. On board the battle barge, the Captain of the 1st Company led a furious counter-attack to drive the Imperials from the vessel, then fled into space with the Warmaster's body.

Exile

Along with the other rebel Legions, the Sons of Horus found refuge in the Eye of Terror, where they established a base from which to continue the

campaign against the Imperium. They constructed a fortress-tomb for the body of the Warmaster and even in death still revered him as their commander. Nobody was appointed in his place, and the Captains of the Legion would offer sacrifices and pray for guidance in his shrine. In the following centuries they were the most active of the Traitor Legions, possibly trying to maintain their tradition of achieving more than the others, or perhaps seeking to atone for their moment of weakness on Terra. During this time they offered their worship to each of the Chaos gods in turn, willingly giving their bodies to possession by Daemons in emulation of their dead Primarch. However, with every change in loyalty, the Daemons of the rejected god retreated into the warp leaving their Space Marine hosts nothing more than discarded husks. The Legion grew fewer and fewer until it was threatened with extinction. Desperate experimentation and research by the Legion's Sorcerer-

Librarians finally uncovered a method of possession that did not destroy the mortal host.

Saved, but still numerically inferior, the Sons of Horus fought a series of bloody wars against the other Traitor Legions, vying for resources, power and superiority within the Eye of Terror. The culmination of the conflict was the destruction of the Legion's fortress by a combined force of their erstwhile allies, including the Emperor's Children. Worse still, the Warmaster's corpse was taken and there were subsequent reports that a being calling himself the Primogenitor was working with the Emperor's Children to clone the body. With their Primarch taken from them and defiled by their enemies, the remains of the Legion finally swore fealty to a new leader - Abaddon, Captain of the 1st Company.

Abaddon knew that the memory of the Warmaster shackled his Legion to the failures of the past, so his first edicts renounced the name of Horus and the ancient title of the Legion. Taking their last surviving battle barge, he led them in a lightning raid that destroyed the Warmaster's body and the whole cloning laboratory complex. For this action and in every subsequent sighting, each Space Marine's armor was painted black. Since this time, Abaddon's 'Black Legion' has raided the Imperium, sowing havoc and misery on every world it attacks.

Home World

The Legion's home world of Cthonia no longer exists, having apparently lost geo-structural integrity and broken apart into asteroids and debris during the centuries following the Heresy. Certainly the once ore-rich planet was riddled with mine workings right through to its dead core (in fact, the numerous gangers that formed the population may originally have been imported as work teams to maintain the crumbling tunnels), however, there is much conjecture that Cthonia was destroyed deliberately.

Since the destruction of their fortress in the Eye of Terror, the Black Legion is no longer based on any particular planet, instead stationed permanently on various spacecraft. They possess a single ancient battle barge from their original fleet, as well as other vessels commandeered or captured over the years. In particular, many Imperial Navy ships that rebelled during the

Horus Heresy now seem to be under Abaddon's command, along with newer vessels he has ordered constructed.

Combat doctrine

The Legion is a flexible fighting force that can perform well and adapt quickly to any combat situation. It was trained to respond sharply and decisively to the tactical orders of its Warmaster, and consequently the

chain of command within the Legion was very efficient. This suffered significantly during the early years of exile when the Legion was leaderless, but Abaddon has done much to restore discipline, mainly through fear and horrendous violence inflicted on those that displease him. Horus's favored doctrine of 'tearing the throat out of the enemy' by eliminating their high command in a swift strike, remains a well-used tactic.

ABADDON THE DESPOILER

Abaddon was Captain of the Luna Wolves 1st Company during the Great Crusade and followed Horus from ancient Terra to conquer the distant stars. He worshiped the Warmaster like a god and Horus treated him as his most favored son. Indeed, some whispered that he was in truth the clone-son of the Primarch himself, product of the earliest geno-experimentation.

When the Heresy came it was clear that Abaddon's loyalty was to his Primarch and not the distant Emperor of Mankind. He led the Terminator armored Sons of Horus in campaigns on Istvaan, Yaran and in the siege of the Imperial palace on Earth. His anguish at Horus's defeat in that final conflict drove him deeper into madness and hatred than any mortal should ever sink. He took Horus's lightning claw, tearing it from the Warmaster's armor with a howl of rage which echoed through the great ship.

Abaddon has fought to rebuild the pride and reputation of the Black Legion, always leading his forces into the most dangerous conflicts personally. At first, Abaddon won the grudging respect of the other Traitor Legions, but as his deeds have grown mightier he has succeeded in winning their support, too. His impassioned words have rekindled the Traitor Legions' smoldering hatred of the Imperium and warriors of all the Legions have fought beneath his banner.

Abaddon has marshalled his strength with care and now commands the loyalty of champions from all of the other Traitor Legions. Those who oppose him are crushed. Those who join him add their strength to the greatest army ever assembled within the Eye of Terror. Abaddon has tested the strength of the Imperium many times, and with each victory his power grows.

When Abaddon first returned it was at the head of a diabolic horde which ravaged entire systems around the Eye of Terror before the Imperium could muster the strength to halt it. During this first 'Black Crusade', Abaddon made many bloody pacts with the infernal powers. In the crypts below the Tower of Silence on Uralan, Abaddon recovered a daemon sword of prodigious power. With the howling daemon blade in his fist, Abaddon became nigh on unstoppable. Whole cities were burned in sacrifice to the ever-hungry daemons of Chaos, and entire armies were torn apart by gibbering warp entities. Abaddon's power swelled to inhuman proportions as the gods of Chaos rewarded him lavishly and he undertook acts of fiendish bravery which horrified those who stood against him.

His most recent and most devastating incursion was the Gothic War, during which Abaddon almost brought an entire sector to its knees. His fleets were augmented with a newly constructed flagship, known for good reason as the Planet Killer. Alongside this he somehow activated and gained control of the Blackstone Fortresses, mysterious constructions allegedly pre-dating the Imperium itself, that combined to generate prodigious destructive firepower. Abaddon attacked while the Sector was cut off from reinforcements by warpstorms, and caused huge damage to the Imperial battlefleet, destroyed a number of planets and devastated many more. Only the intervention of the Eldar enabled Imperial forces to stop the Chaos fleet.

The High Lords of Terra live in fear of the day that Abaddon unites all of the Traitor Legions into an unstoppable horde and returns to play out the last acts of treachery begun by Horus ten thousand years ago.

Organization

After the death of Horus, proper structure within the squads and companies disintegrated, and their later dispersal in various spacecraft further fragmented the Legion. Now warbands of virtually any size and composition can be found following Black Legion Champions – ranking officers from older times or newly emerged leaders who have won favor through their violent deeds. At times, such warbands rally together under the banner of a greater Champion or even Abaddon himself, for a major raid or incursion into the hated Imperium. However, loyalty to differing Chaos gods often leads to internal politics and conflict. Possession by Daemons is still considered highly favorable, and many members of the Legion have the honor of being hosts.

Beliefs

The overriding belief of the Legion prior to the Warmaster's demise was in the ultimate superiority of Horus and themselves. In continually seeking to prove themselves as the greatest Legion, they did indeed achieve most in terms of sheer numbers of worlds brought into the Imperial fold prior to the Heresy. Their defeat and exile was a crushing blow to the collective ego of the Legion. It has taken all the strength of character of their new commander, Abaddon, to restore the Legion's sense of pride and refocus on their ultimate goal – to overthrow everything which the false emperor of Mankind created.

Gene-seed

The Legion's gene-seed, prior to the incident on Davin, was reliably pure. However, following their corruption by Chaos, Space Marines started to exhibit random mutations, and it is likely that this taint goes right down to the gene-seed level. The regular practice of seeking Daemonic possession may also have accelerated the effect. However, such mutations are seen as a mark of favor from the Chaos deities and are generally displayed with pride.

Battle-cry

Up until the destruction of Horus's body: "For the Warmaster!"

Following this event, the various warbands each use their own battle-cries. Warbands fighting for Abaddon use: "We are returned!"

Index Astartes

First Founding

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

PROMETHEAN WARRIORS

The Salamanders
Space Marine Chapter

by Graham McNeill
& Gav Thorpe

As one of the First Founding Chapters, the Salamanders have a rich history that goes back to the very birth of the Imperium. Salamanders Space Marines are raised from the populace of Nocturne, a deadly volcanic world. Such a world breeds hardy warriors, strong of constitution and single-minded in purpose – ideal recruits for the Adeptus Astartes.

Origins

Of all the stories of the Emperor's Primarchs, the legend of Vulkan is among the better known tales. *The Promethean Opus* (source of much Imperial knowledge of Vulkan) tells of a mighty comet blazing a trail of fire across the skies of the world of Nocturne during the Time of Trial, a period of great upheaval when the planet was wracked by massive earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Whether these signs heralded the arrival of the Primarch, none can say. The world of Nocturne was a harsh, volcanic place, a land of rocky crags and soaring, basalt mountains with little to offer its early colonists save the riches of its vast mineral deposits. For as long as anyone could remember, Eldar pirates had plagued the people of Nocturne, constantly pillaging the small settlements and enslaving their children. As a result Nocturne's people were hardy and practical, with little time for rest or leisure.

It is said in *The Promethean Opus* that the Primarch was found one morning by a blacksmith named N'bel as he entered the yard of his smithy. Whether the Primarch was found as a babe in swaddling clothes or as an infant child is unclear, but the unknown child's presence in a smithy's yard was unusual enough for N'bel to bring the boy before the ruling council of his settlement. For many of the long, Nocturne years, the wise men had prophesied the arrival of a savior, a warrior who would come to them from the heavens to rid them of the decadent Eldar. So it was that the people instantly recognized the greatness within the infant that N'bel had found. No one dared claim the Primarch as his own, and thus it was decreed that N'bel take the Primarch as his son and apprentice. The master smith named him Vulkan, after the first king of the salamanders, the giant lizards that roam the volcanic mountains of Nocturne.

Vulkan's growth was extraordinary. Within 3 years, he was bigger and

stronger than any man in the settlement, and his mind was sharper than any Nocturne-forged blade. He had rapidly learned all the skills of metalworking taught to him by N'bel and soon surpassed even his adopted father's renowned ability. It was Vulkan who taught the people of Nocturne the most hidden secrets of metals, the mysteries of pattern welding, metal folding, alloys, and bonding. These lessons had improved their already considerable skill at weapon-making and artifice.

The Opus tells that during Vulkan's 4th year, the Eldar came to his town, intent on raiding and pillaging. The people of his settlement had long become used to the Eldar's raids and had devised many ingenious methods of hiding from their attackers. Vulkan declared that he would hide from no one and, over the pleas of the wise men, stood at the center of his settlement with his smith's hammers crossed over his shoulders. Stirred by his courage, the men of the settlement rose from their hiding places in attics and cellars to stand beside Vulkan in defiance of their attackers. Vulkan stood at the forefront of the defense and single-handedly slew a hundred Eldar that day, wielding a huge blacksmith's hammer in each hand. The raiders fled from Vulkan's wrath, and the story of the town's triumph spread rapidly across Nocturne. Soon the headmen of the seven most important settlements traveled to pay homage to Vulkan and praise him for his example in fighting the Eldar. The headmen swore never again to hide in fear but to face their foes and crush them. It was decided to hold a huge gathering of the people of Nocturne to celebrate this great victory, including a massive contest of skill at arms and craftsmanship.

In a passage of *The Opus* known simply as "The Outlander," there is a tale of how Vulkan came to be reunited with the Master of Mankind. It recounts that, at the opening ceremony of the celebrations, a stranger appeared at the gates of

Vulkan's settlement. All the stranger asked was to be allowed to take part in the contests, and though he would not say where he had come from, he was allowed to compete. His skin was pale and his garb outlandish, though all could see that he was a powerful figure. He announced to the gathered spectators that he could best any man in any contest. The gathered crowds laughed uproariously, believing that none could be superior to their superhuman leader in intellect, physique, or skill.

Vulkan and the stranger wagered that whoever lost was to swear eternal obedience to the victor.

The competitions lasted for 8 days and included many feats of strength and endurance. At the anvil lift, even the strongest men could hold an anvil above their head for only an hour and a half, but Vulkan and the stranger carried the heavy anvil aloft for half a day before the judges declared the contest a draw so that they could proceed to the next event. And so it

was that they were almost equally matched in skill and strength. Occasionally one would slightly best the other, but when it came to the start of the final event, the salamander slaying, they were evenly matched. Each had a day and a night to forge a weapon with which to hunt down the largest salamander they could find. Whoever could bring back the heaviest carcass would win the wager and the eternal allegiance of the other.

Chapter Approved. Access Level: 8 twenty-seven

Salamanders, Progenitor Legion M31



Pre-Heresy Salamanders' color scheme



Salamanders' color scheme



Auto-reactive shoulder plate: Tactical squad markings



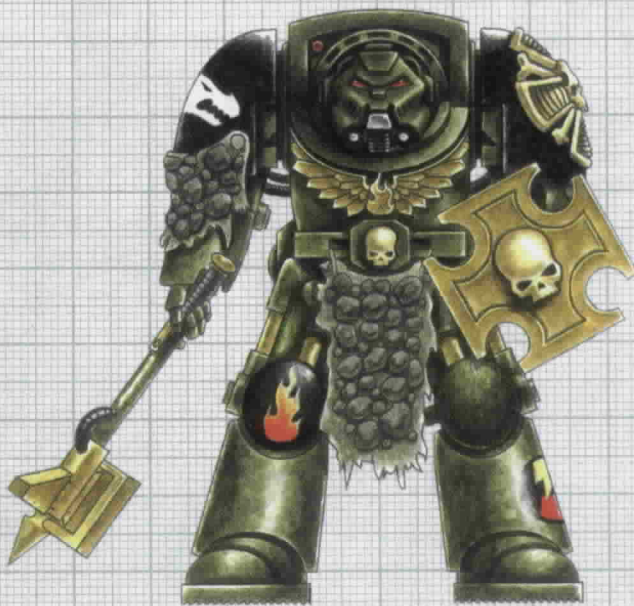
Auto-reactive shoulder plate: Chapter badge iconography



Auto-reactive shoulder plate: Honor Markings



Standard Imperial pattern meltagun (constructed locally).



Salamanders Veteran in Tactical Dreadnought Armor



Symbol of the Salamanders' First Company, the Firedrakes

Thought for the day: The hammer of the Emperor will vanquish the Xenos.

Index Astartes First Founding: Salamanders

The ringing of hammers on metal echoed across the volcanic hills for the whole day, neither man pausing for a moment to rest or refresh himself. As the Nocturne sun sank below the mountains, the competitors watched the highest peaks for the fire plumes that gave sign of the giant salamanders. Vulkan boasted that he would climb to the summit of Mount Deathfire, where the largest fire-drakes could be found, huge fire-breathing monsters weighing as much as several tons. The stranger nodded in agreement and said that wherever Vulkan went, he would follow.

It is claimed that the two climbed the precipitous mountains with astounding speed, bounding from rock to rock, the stranger carrying a keen-edged blade, Vulkan with his immense silver-headed hammer held ready. They passed from sight, but soon the skies echoed with the clamor of battle. The flames of the fire-drakes licked the clouds of smoke that gathered over the volcanoes. Vulkan was to find his prey first, smashing its armored head from its shoulders with a mighty sweep of his hammer. Further up the mountain, the stranger spied another salamander, even mightier than Vulkan's conquest, and set off in

pursuit. As Vulkan carried his prize back to the settlement, ill fate beset him. Mount Deathfire erupted into violent life, hurling rocks and lava high into the air. He was flung from the edge of a precipice, where he clung for several hours by one hand, the other grimly holding the tail of the dead salamander. Vulkan was determined to keep his prize, no matter the cost. As the mountain continued to erupt, Vulkan knew he could not hold on much longer, yet still he refused to release his grip on the salamander.

Just as Vulkan's grip was beginning to slip, the stranger appeared, calling his name from the other side of a wide lava flow. Vulkan answered the cry and could see that the stranger's prey was indeed larger than his own. By now even Vulkan's almost endless constitution was growing slim, weakened as it was by over a week of hard competition. His grip was shaking, but he was too proud to call for help. It seemed that the stranger realized the Primarch's peril and hurled the corpse of his salamander into the lava, making himself a bridge to cross. With great leaps, the stranger hurled himself towards Vulkan and hauled the wearied Primarch from the edge of the abyss. Even as Vulkan felt himself being

pulled up by the stranger's strong arms, he saw his opponent's salamander being consumed by the lava and swept away.

When the two returned to the Primarch's settlement, it was the ruling of the judges that Vulkan had won, for the stranger had returned with no prize at all. The gathered throng cheered heartily, but were silenced by Vulkan. As they watched, he knelt on one knee, bowed his head to the stranger, and said that any man who valued life over pride was worthy of his service. The stranger bade Vulkan stand and threw off the illusion that had disguised his true form, revealing himself to be the Holy Emperor of Mankind. The people of Nocturne fell to their knees in awe, and from that day forth, their world was to become home to the Salamanders Legion, in memory of the mighty beasts that had united the Primarch and his Lord.

Home World

The Salamanders Chapter hails from a binary planetary system in the western reaches of the Ultima Segmentum. The two worlds, Nocturne and its oversized moon, Prometheus, circle each other in an erratic orbit, causing massive



tectonic activity across the thin crust of Nocturne. The world is girded by chains of active volcanoes and rent apart by frequent earthquakes. Once every Nocturne year, some 15 Terran years long, the two worlds approach so closely that Nocturne is almost torn asunder. Known as the Time of Trial, this period is marked by tidal waves sweeping across the rough seas, the ash and smoke from thousands of volcanoes blotting out the dim light of Nocturne's sun, and the ground being gripped by constant earthquakes. Towns and villages are thrown into ruin. Continents shift, and a cold winter envelops the lands for the next quarter of a year, freezing the young and killing the majority of the livestock that can survive the normally harsh and hot climate of the planet.

Some would say that the people of Nocturne are mad to endure such conditions, but over hundreds of generations, they have been molded by their world into a hardy race. And Nocturne's Time of Trials brings great rewards too. The upheavals open up veins of precious gems and metals and uncover vital ores for smelting. When the lava flows cool, they can be mined for other precious elements, pockets of gas that can be used to power engines, diamonds, and other crystals valuable to the Adeptus Mechanicus for lasers and energy-transmission systems. And this is how Nocturne survives, by trading its vast mineral wealth with other worlds, using its resources to bring in additional livestock, building materials, and the few weapons that the Salamanders Space Marines cannot construct themselves.

The Chapter's fortress-monastery is based on the giant moon, Prometheus. It is the only settlement on Prometheus and is little more than a spaceport linked to an orbital dock where the Chapter's strike cruisers and battle barges can be refitted and restocked. When not at war, the Chapter's warriors spend most of their time on Prometheus or living among the inhabitants of Nocturne. The Salamanders maintain very close links with their home world and mingle with the people rather than living aloof as many other Chapters do. The Salamanders are the settlements' leaders and a source of inspiration and guidance for the Nocturne populace. Young aspirants

THE THIRD WAR FOR ARMAGEDDON

When Ghazghkull launched his new offensive against the Imperial forces on Armageddon, the Salamanders were one of the first Chapters to respond, sending a full six Companies to combat the Orks, including Chapter Master Tu'Shan who personally led his Firedrakes. The Salamanders launched several counter-attacks against the rock-forts landed by the Orks along the Hemlock River. Preferring the close-quarter fighting within the maze of crudely carved tunnels within the Roks to the long-range duels in the desert, the Salamanders made the Orks pay a high price for their audacity. By the start of the Season of Fire, at least nine Roks were destroyed by the Salamanders' attacks, killing untold thousands of greenskins.

The Salamanders, unlike a number of other Chapters, fought extensively throughout the campaign to protect the civilian population of Armageddon. Indeed it is rumored that Tu'Shan himself came to blows with Captain Vinyard of the Marines Malevolent after it became known that his men had shelled a refugee camp simply because there were Orks within the perimeter. The majority of the Salamanders departed Armageddon following the Season of Fire, with only two companies remaining to protect the major population centers. A squad of the Chapter Master's own Firedrakes also left for Baal with the Blood Angels as an honor guard for the fallen Captain Tycho. The Chapter's Techmarines have been instrumental in repairing and rebuilding the infrastructure required to maintain such a vast amount of people, and it is certain that they have saved many thousands of lives with these vital but often overlooked duties.

crave this position of authority and respect as much as the chance to become a legendary warrior of the Emperor.

Salamander recruits start very young, with a hopeful coming to work as an apprentice to a Salamander at the age of 6 or 7 Terran years. Apprentices spend several years learning the skills of the smith, as Vulkan did in his early life. From these apprentices, the most able are judged by the Chapter's Apothecaries and Chaplains, and the worthy are taken to Prometheus to undergo the bio-surgery required to turn them into Space Marines. At various points in their adaptation and training, the young Scouts must endure the same trials and tests that Vulkan and the Emperor competed in, their final initiation culminating in them hunting down a salamander and slaying it.

Combat Doctrine

The Salamanders follow normal Space Marine tactical and strategic dogma, with a slight variation to compensate for their own physical and mental traits. The Salamanders have a preference for close-ranged fire fights and use many melta and flamer weapons to smash armored foes and burn whole swathes of lighter troops.

Coming from a society that places great prestige in craftsmanship and that has high regard for artisans, the Salamanders have access to and can maintain highly sophisticated forms of technology. This is most evident in the numbers of Terminators in their armies, as well as a greater proportion of artificer armor and master-crafted weaponry. Their technological resources are also supplemented by regular trade with the Adeptus Mechanicus, made possible by Nocturne's abundant mineral resources.

Organization

The Salamanders Chapter organization was laid down when Vulkan swore allegiance to the Emperor. Each Company was founded from the seven greatest settlements of Nocturne, each commanded by a Captain from that settlement. This organization is still maintained today, although, ever since the disappearance of Vulkan some thousand years after the Legion's Founding, the Captain of the First Company has been given the role of Chapter Master. This position is considered a regency by the Salamanders, who believe that one day Vulkan will return to lead the Chapter in a great campaign to conquer Chaos.

Each Company is slightly larger than a standard Codex Company, and squads were reorganized following Roboute Guilliman's writing of the *Codex: Astartes* after the Great Heresy. The conditions on Nocturne are not conducive to training for high speed attack or using the anti-grav engines of Land Speeders, so the Chapter employs relatively few of these specialized fast attack units. The *Apocrypha of Skaros* lists the Salamander's Scout Company as one of the smallest known in any Chapter; the sparse population of Nocturne and the Salamanders' slow but meticulous selection process yield a low turnaround of new recruits.

The First Company is treated as a warrior cadre within the Headquarters itself and forms the personal guard of the Chapter Master. They are known as the Firedrakes, after the largest of the

salamander lizards that roam Nocturne. To enter the First Company, a warrior must be nominated by his Captain for the honor and then must prove that such faith was well founded by slaying a firedrake. The Hall of the Firedrakes in the Chapter Monastery on Prometheus is adorned with the hides from Firedrake salamanders slain as part of this trial.

Beliefs

The beliefs of the Salamanders are governed by the Promethean cult, which places great emphasis on self-reliance, loyalty, and self-sacrifice. Many of these values stem from the lessons learned while training as a smith – patience and relentless determination are highly valued mental characteristics.

The hammer and fire are important symbols in the teachings of the

Promethean cult. Ritual scarring by branding and burning is commonplace among the battle brothers of the Salamanders, and trials of walking over burning coals and carrying red-hot metal bars are held frequently.

Gene-Seed

As far as can be ascertained, the Salamanders' gene-seed appears to be stable and as yet uncorrupted. The reflexes of Salamanders Space Marines are not as fast as those of other Chapters, although they are still quick when suited in power armor. However, it is unknown whether this defect is due to a problem in the gene-seed, being raised on their high-gravity world, or the Chapter's doctrines against hastiness and impetuosity.

The Salamanders have never been great in number and were the smallest of the First Founding Legions. Perhaps it is for this reason that there seem to have been no Second Founding successor Chapters formed from the Salamanders, while the other Legions were broken down into several smaller fighting forces. Others point to the disaster at Istvaan V as reason for the lack of Second Founding Chapters (as many scholars believe the Salamanders to have been present at this infamous massacre). It is a matter of debate whether there have been Successor Chapters during subsequent Foundings, although it appears likely and many scholars point to similarities in the physique, markings, and tactical dogma of Chapters such as the Storm Giants and Black Dragons. Recent questions regarding the purity of the Black Dragons' gene-seed has led to some Genetor-Biologis questioning the purity of their source zygotes, but the legacy and reputation of the Salamanders have led to their detractors being openly ridiculed.

Battle-Cry

"Into the fires of battle, unto the anvil of war!"

TU'SHAN - CHAPTER MASTER OF THE SALAMANDERS, REGENT OF PROMETHEUS

At the outset of the Second Armageddon War, Chapter Master Tu'Shan had only held his rank for 3 years. To do battle against Chazghkull Thraka would be a hard test of his skills as a leader and strategist, and it was with no hesitation that the humble Tu'Shan agreed to follow Commander Dante of the Blood Angels. During the campaign, it was Tu'Shan who helped rally the scattered Imperial defenders. In battle, Tu'Shan and his Firedrakes were responsible for defending one of the few bridges across the Stygies River against a thousand-strong Ork Speed Freck column and for fighting continuously for 3 days and 4 nights. At the end of the campaign, Dante himself sought out the young Chapter Master and praised Tu'Shan in front of all of the Blood Angels. This was a supreme gesture – for the Salamanders, no greater honor can be bestowed than the respect of one's brothers in arms.

Tu'Shan is known to have met Yarrick, and it is claimed that the two had an instant respect for each other. Yarrick heartily welcomed Tu'Shan's offer to once again defend Armageddon when Chazghkull returned at the head of the mightiest Ork force ever seen. Tu'Shan fought throughout the war zones of Armageddon. At Hive Tempestora, Tu'Shan prevented the Orks from overrunning the Khatrin Water Purification Plant and condemning the hive's population to a slow death by dehydration. The hive ultimately fell, but Tu'Shan's actions allowed the majority of the hive's population to escape before the hive was captured. And as before, Tu'Shan's inspiring presence allowed the defenders to hold the vital Stygies bridge and prevent the greenskins from crossing and reinforcing their forces elsewhere.



USING A SALAMANDERS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

Special Rules

Never Give up: The people of Nocturne are dogged and stubborn, refusing to admit defeat even against the greatest odds. The Salamanders are no exception, fighting to the last man if necessary. To represent this steadfast nature, at the end of a game, the Salamanders player can decide to continue fighting for 1 more turn. Another whole game turn is played as normal (i.e., each player gets 1 more turn), and the result of the battle is decided after that turn is finished. The Salamanders player can always opt to fight for 1 more turn than normal, whether the game has a fixed length or finishes randomly.

Self-Reliant: The Salamanders lead a mainly solitary life when not fighting alongside their battle-brothers and are raised and trained to be self-sufficient and independent. Salamander models never have to take "All On Your Own" Morale checks.

Sturdy: The high gravity of Nocturne causes its inhabitants to have a naturally large and well-to-muscled physique, so they adapt to the ordeals of becoming a Space Marine very well. However, they are not as swift as their counterparts in other Chapters; thus, all Salamanders, with the exception of Dreadnoughts, have their Initiative reduced by -1 (i.e., most Salamanders Space Marines will have Initiative 3). Entries in the following army list have already been modified to take this into account. The Salamanders must also deduct 1" from any advance or fall back moves they make (normally, 2D6-1").

Wargear

Salamander's Mantle: This is a new item of wargear available only to Salamander Space Marines. The character wears a cloak or cape made from one of the toughest materials in the galaxy – the thick hide of Nocturne's salamander lizards, which live in the lava flows of the planet's volcanoes. The character is immune to suffering instant death by being hit by an attack that has a Strength value double his Toughness – the character loses a single wound



instead. Note that instant death can be suffered in other ways (e.g., by an Eldar Wraithcannon rolling a 6 to wound the character). Only one model in the army may have a Salamander Mantle for +35 points. The special character Chaplain Xavier (p. 40, *Codex: Space Marines*) wears a Salamander mantle, increasing his cost to 200 points.

Artificer Armor and Weapons: The Salamanders have a deep knowledge of many technological marvels, and their Techmarines are the greatest artificers outside of the Adeptus Mechanicus. To represent this, the following changes are made to the Space Marine Armory for a Salamanders force:

Master-crafted weapons cost +10 points, rather than +15 points.

Artificer armor may be purchased for non-independent characters (such as Apothecaries or Veteran

Sergeants) for +15 points (independent characters pay +20 points as normal).

Any character may be given a signum, not just Techmarines.

Vehicle Upgrade

Reinforced Ceramite: This vehicle upgrade is specific to the Salamanders Chapter. The vehicle has numerous plates of heat-reflecting ceramite, giving it extra protection against melta weapons. Melta weapons, including melta bombs, never roll an extra D6 for armor penetration for being at half range (melta bombs would therefore have armor penetration of 8+D6). Reinforced ceramite may be given to any Salamanders vehicles and Dreadnoughts, except for Land Speeders. It costs +25 points for a Land Raider to have reinforced ceramite and +10 points for all other vehicles.

SALAMANDERS ARMY LIST

Salamanders use the following units from Codex: Space Marines and from the new entries below.

| | |
|---------------|--|
| HEADQUARTERS | Space Marine Heroes, Chaplain*, Salamanders Librarian, Command Squad |
| ELITES | Salamanders Terminator Squad, Space Marines Veteran Squad, Dreadnought |
| TROOPS | Salamanders Tactical Squad, Scout Squad |
| FAST ATTACK | 0-1 Salamanders Assault Squad, 0-1 Salamanders Bike Squadron, 0-1 Scout Bike Squadron, 0-1 Land Speeder Squadron**, 0-1 Land Speeder Tornado**, 0-1 Land Speeder Typhoon** |
| HEAVY SUPPORT | Devastator Squad, Predator Annihilator, Predator Destructor***, Vindicator, Land Raider, 0-1 Land Raider Crusader (see Black Templars list), Whirlwind |

* A Chaplain may exchange his crozius for a thunder hammer for free.

** You may take a Land Speeder Squadron, a Land Speeder Tornado, or a Land Speeder Typhoon, but not more than one choice of Land Speeder.

*** A Salamanders Predator Destructor can have heavy flammers on its side sponsons for +10 pts.



HEADQUARTERS

SALAMANDERS LIBRARIAN

PSYCHIC POWER

Fury of the Salamander: The Librarian draws on the legendary spirit of the Salamander to create a monstrous spectral incarnation of the beast. The monster charges forward trailing fiery sparks, burning all in its path. The Librarian uses this power in the Shooting phase instead of firing a weapon. Nominate a direction from the Librarian that the Salamander will move in, and draw a line 3D6" long in that direction. You cannot choose a line that might pass through a unit in close combat. Any model (friend or foe) that the line crosses over takes a S5 hit; normal saving throws are allowed. A unit suffering any casualties from this attack must take an immediate Morale check or fall back. If the unit passes the check but loses 25% or more of its models in that Shooting phase, it must still take the Morale check for casualties at the end of the phase as normal.

ELITES

SALAMANDERS TERMINATOR SQUAD

| | Points/model | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Sv |
|------------|--------------|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|
| Terminator | 37 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 9 | 2+ |

Squad: The squad consists of one Salamanders Terminator Sergeant and between four and nine Salamanders Terminators. The Terminator armor's 2+ save and +1 Attack bonus have been included in the characteristics above.

Weapons: All models in the squad have either a storm bolter and power fist or a thunder hammer and storm shield.

Options: The Sergeant may replace his power fist for a power weapon. Up to two models may exchange their storm bolters for heavy flammers at +10 pts.

The Terminator Sergeant may have additional equipment from the Space Marines Armory.

SPECIAL RULE

Deep Strike: Salamander models wearing Terminator armor may *Deep Strike*.



TROOPS

SALAMANDERS TACTICAL SQUAD

| | Points/model | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Sv |
|------------------|--------------|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|
| Salamander | 15 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 8 | 3+ |
| Veteran Sergeant | +15 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 9 | 3+ |

Squad: The squad consists of one Sergeant and between four and nine Salamanders Space Marines.

Weapons: All models are armed with a bolter. The Sergeant may replace his bolter with a bolt pistol and close combat weapon.

Options: One model in the squad may exchange his bolter with one of the following weapons: flamer at +6 pts, heavy bolter at +5 pts, missile launcher at +10 pts, multi-melta at +15 pts.

In addition, one other Space Marine in the squad may exchange his bolter with one of the following: flamer at +6 pts, meltagun at +10 pts, plasma gun at +6 pts.

The entire squad may be given frag grenades at an additional cost of +1 pt per model and Krak grenades at an additional cost of +2 pts per model.

The Sergeant may be upgraded to a Veteran Sergeant at an additional cost of +15 pts.

Transport Vehicle: The entire squad may be mounted in a Rhino at an additional cost of +50 pts or, if it numbers six or fewer models, a Razorback at +70 pts (see the Transport entry in *Codex: Space Marines* for upgrade options).

FAST ATTACK

0-1 SALAMANDERS ASSAULT SQUAD

| | Points/model | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Sv |
|------------------|--------------|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|
| Salamander | 25 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 8 | 3+ |
| Veteran Sergeant | +15 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 9 | 3+ |

Squad: The squad consists of one Sergeant and between four and nine Salamanders Space Marines.

Weapons: Bolt pistol, close combat weapon, and frag grenades. All models in the squad are equipped with jump packs.

Options: The entire squad may be equipped with Krak grenades at +2 pts per model and melta bombs at +4 pts per model.

One model may exchange his bolt pistol and close combat weapon for a flamer for +12 pts.

The Sergeant may be upgraded to a Veteran Sergeant at an additional cost of +15 pts.

SPECIAL RULE

Deep Strike: Salamander models equipped with jump packs may *Deep Strike*.

0-1 SALAMANDERS BIKE SQUADRON

| | Points/Model | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Sv |
|------------------|--------------|----|----|---|------|---|---|---|----|----|
| Salamander Biker | 35 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4(5) | 1 | 3 | 1 | 8 | 3+ |
| Veteran Sergeant | +15 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4(5) | 1 | 3 | 2 | 9 | 3+ |
| Attack Bike | 50 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4(5) | 1 | 3 | 2 | 8 | 2+ |

Squad: The squadron consists of one Salamanders Sergeant and between two to four Salamanders Space Marines riding Space Marine bikes.

Weapons: Each bike is fitted with twin-linked bolters. Each Space Marine rider has a bolt pistol.

Options: Up to two Space Marines in the bike squadron may be armed with the following weapons: flamer at +3 pts, meltagun at +10 pts, plasma gun at +6 pts.

The Sergeant may exchange his bolt pistol for a close combat weapon at no additional cost, and he may be upgraded to a Veteran Sergeant at an additional cost of +15 pts.

Attack Bike: The squadron may include one Attack Bike armed with a multi-melta at +55 pts.



↑ The Salamanders prefer close-range engagement with the enemy where their superior numbers of short-ranged but deadly weapons, such as multi-meltas and flammers, can swiftly eradicate their foes.



✘ Due to the fluctuating gravity of Nocturne, Salamanders have difficulty training with bikes, jump packs, and Land Speeders. Thus, Salamanders can muster few such fast attack units for battle.

Index Astartes

First Founding



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

CLAWS OF THE RAVEN

The Raven Guard
Space Marines Legion

by Graham McNeill
& Erick Kilmer

The Raven Guard specializes in devastating strikes behind enemy lines, guerrilla warfare, and rapid reaction to enemy maneuvers. During the Great Crusade, the Raven Guard conquered countless worlds thought impregnable by the precise application of force at the enemy's weakest point. At the outbreak of the Horus Heresy, the Raven Guard was almost destroyed, and only by employing the most desperate of measures was the Legion saved.

Origins

Of the early history of the Raven Guard's Primarch Corax very little is known. The Raven Guard's own legends are vague concerning the pale-skinned youth, who was raised on the mineral-rich, but desolate moon of Lycaeus. This moon orbited Kiavahr, a technologically advanced planet, its surface covered with sprawling machine shops and forge cathedrals. Lycaeus was exceedingly rich in mineral wealth and populated by exiles from the planet below who lived in crude force domes that protected them from the vacuum of space. The ruling Tech-Guilds of Kiavahr used the mineworks on Lycaeus as a dumping ground for their worst criminals and those who could not meet their production quotas. Heavily armed overseers ruled the moon from a dark mountain spire that towered above the mineworks. It was, for all intents and purposes, a death sentence to be banished to Lycaeus.

Ancient, faded texts within the Chapter Librarian of the Raven Guard tell that the inhabitants of Lycaeus had long been the slaves of Kiavahr and had worked in the massive mines under armed guard in horrendous conditions. Accidents killed many of the workers, and the polluted atmosphere took a heavy toll on the health of their children. Once condemned to a life in the mines, there was no escape, and the slaves of Lycaeus prayed to the Emperor for a savior. He came in the form of a child whose skin was as white as snow.

There are many stories concerning the discovery of Corax, and the truth of the matter may never be known. One tale tells of a cave-in that claimed the lives of hundreds of slaves mining beneath a glacier and revealed a hidden chamber containing the infant Primarch. Another speaks of a fiery comet that broke apart on a massive mountain of iron and a child wreathed in ghostly light who walked unscathed from the rubble. Yet another talks of a dying warrior giant delivering the babe to the slaves and begging them to protect the infant from the Dark ones. Whatever the

circumstances, the slaves of Lycaeus took the white-skinned babe with midnight black hair and named him Corax, which means "the Deliverer." They hid the infant from their jailers and raised him as one of their own. Within the space of a few years, when his abnormal maturation became obvious, the slaves rejoiced, seeing him as a sign of favor from the Emperor. They trained the young Primarch in all manner of skills, the varied backgrounds of the exiles giving Corax a thorough grounding in urban warfare, sabotage, demolition, and killing. They taught him all the qualities they believed a general and leader would need. Corax learned at an astonishing rate; his strength, keen intellect, and taciturn demeanor made him a quick and voracious learner.

From the earliest age, Corax had been told that it was his destiny to save the people of Lycaeus, and as the years passed, he began sowing the seeds that would bring about their freedom. With the slaves' limited resources, only the crudest of weapons could be fashioned, and great stockpiles of these were hidden in secret caches throughout the mineworks in key strategic points. Corax organized the slaves into storm squads, appointed competent leaders, and drilled them thoroughly in their assigned tasks. He also began psychological warfare on their jailers, organizing regular strikes and staging riots that stretched the garrison's resources thin and sapped the guards' morale. Each event was choreographed to seem like a gradual build up of pressure, and soon Lycaeus was a powder keg waiting to explode.

When the time came, Corax and his trained squads of slaves struck. Massive mining machines were driven through the streets and key security points. Sabotage teams armed with rock drills and las cutters were able to sever power lines, communications, and life support to many of their enemies' strong points. One particular dome, home to a significant portion of Lycaeus' military might, was shut off completely, exposing its occupants to the hard vacuum of space. Simultaneously, Corax and a small

group of his deadliest warriors assaulted the fortress-like tower of their taskmasters and captured it in a single night's fighting. After centuries of abuse, there could be no mercy for those who had kept the slaves in bondage, and every prisoner taken was executed.

The Tech-Guilds of Kiavahr were shocked at the fall of Lycaeus and immediately dispatched troops to crush the rebellion. The war was short and brutal. Sitting at the top of a long gravity well, Corax's troops were able to bombard the planet from afar with cargo containers laden with crude atomic charges that laid waste to vast portions of Kiavahr's industrial

landscape. When troops from Kiavahr did land on the moon to fight, Corax was there with his hand-picked warriors. The raven-haired Primarch out-thought and out-fought his enemies at every turn. Surgical strikes decapitated the Kiavahr command structure, destroyed the enemies' supply lines, and kept them on the defensive.

In the end, Corax was to prove victorious, and the Kiavahr troops withdrew as their planet's economy collapsed without the mineral resources of Lycaeus to plunder. Kiavahr descended into anarchy as the various Tech-Guild factions fought amongst themselves for control of the remaining

materials still on the planet. The celebrations on Lycaeus went on for many days, and in memory of their victory, the slaves renamed their home Deliverance.

The most complete record of the Great Crusade, *The Speculum Historiale*, has little to say on the matter of Corax reuniting with the Emperor of Mankind. It is left to the Raven Guard's Librarians to recall how such a momentous event came about, and as always, there is much that is shrouded in mystery. It is said that during the victory celebrations, the Emperor descended to Deliverance to find Corax waiting for him, curious to meet this stranger who had landed alone on his world. The

Chapter Approval: Above Level 8 Eight-Five Six
Raven Guard, Progenitor Legion M11



Pre-Heresy Raven Guard Color Scheme



Chapter Insignia



Post-Heresy Raven Guard Color Scheme



Vetera



Vetera Personal Heraldry, "Ravenclaw"



Auto-Reactor Shoulder Guard Displaying the Chapter Insignia



Raven Guard Vetera Grenadier with Lightning Claws



Symbol Placement on Jump-Pack



Raven Guard Chapter Symbol

Thought for the Day: To strengthen the sword, you must first strengthen the shield.



Emperor spoke to Corax for a day and a night, but whatever passed between them is unrecorded. At dawn the following day, Corax accepted command of the Raven Guard Legion of Space Marines and took his place at the Emperor's side. One condition of Corax's acceptance was that the Emperor had to lend his assistance to bring peace to Kiavahr - peace through force of arms but peace nonetheless. Already reeling from their defeat on Deliverance and unable to muster a coherent force against the Raven Guard, the Tech-Guilds were broken, and the Adeptus Ministorum stepped into the void left by their destruction. Mineral production soon began again on Deliverance, under a much improved regime, and gradually the world of Kiavahr was rebuilt under the guidance of the Imperium. The dark tower that had once housed the slaves' oppressors now became the fortress of the Raven Guard and was renamed the Ravenspire.

The Great Crusade saw Corax lead the Raven Guard in some of the most stunning victories of that turbulent time. He had not forgotten the training he had received on Deliverance, and his talents for sabotage and precision planning were employed to great effect in the Emperor's Crusade. Planets thought impregnable fell to Corax's guile and the swift, deadly actions of the Raven Guard. Assassinations, covert operations behind enemy lines, and sabotage became the watchwords of the Legion, and in these areas, their skill was unmatched. Corax became a master at observing a planet's power structure and applying military pressure where needed to topple its leaders or cripple its military capabilities. The full force of the Raven Guard Legion was seldom required, but when it was, Corax would not hesitate to throw every warrior into battle.

Corax's Legion garnered such a fearsome reputation that Warmaster Horus requested its aid many times in his campaigns, and it is thought that it was thanks to the Raven Guard's assistance that Horus's tally of victories was so high. The Raven Guard's records are curiously reticent concerning this period of history, and Imperial historians suspect that the taciturn Corax did not like the more gregarious Horus and found him overly boastful and manipulative. It is rumored that, on one occasion, the two almost came to blows, and bloodshed was only averted when Corax removed his Legion from the Warmaster's command.

The two Primarchs were never to meet again, and when the Horus Heresy tore the galaxy apart in the first Inter-

AAJZ SOLARI FIFTH COMPANY CAPTAIN

The Captain of the Second Company of the Raven Guard is notorious for leading the assault squads into battle on a regular basis. A tall man, even for a Space Marine, Aajz's paper-white skin and ebony hair speak of his long years of service to his Chapter. Recruited from Deliverance itself, Captain Solari comes from the most ancient of families on the large moon: his ancestors descended from the original slaves. His ferocity and combat prowess are legendary in his Chapter, as is his disregard for formality.

Over his 23 years in his current commission, Solari's performance has been erratic but highly successful. His ability to work within any situation and meet the changing needs of the battlefield is unquestionable, but there have been times when Solari has left more to luck than tactical doctrine would dictate. At times, he has had brilliant successes, at others, disastrous failures. At his core, Solari is a gambler, willing to play the fates to win a battle, and only his track record has spared him the ignominy of a court martial.

Legionary war, the Raven Guard fought alongside the Iron Hands and the Salamanders. All three Legions were ordered to assault Horus's headquarters on the planet of Istvaan V and destroy it utterly. Four supporting Legions would be close on their heels, ready to reinforce the initial landings and consolidate the invasion.

Horus had turned his back on the Emperor but had lost none of the cunning that had earned him the title of Warmaster. The loyalist Legions were badly mauled on their initial landings, and casualties were appalling. The forces of the Great Betrayer were heavily fortified, and after fierce fighting, the loyalist Legions were forced to fall back to link up with their supporting Legions. The landing zones had been fortified by the Iron Warriors, and when the retreating troops reached the fortifications, they came under a withering hail of fire from their erstwhile allies. Unknown to the Legions on the planet, Horus had managed to corrupt four of the seven Legions sent against him. Caught between the enemy they were already fighting and a surprise attack, the loyalists were shattered, and barely a handful were able to escape Horus's trap and warn the Emperor of this wholesale betrayal.

His Legion shattered, Corax returned to Deliverance with orders to rebuild it as

Knowing where to land your blow so that it achieves the greatest damage with the minimum force is the key to victory in war.

Instructor Sergeant Alecpo,
Fourth Company

quickly as possible. It was a bleak time for the Primarch of the Raven Guard; the Imperium was teetering on the brink of collapse and desperately needed brave warriors, but he had none to give. A desperate situation called for

desperate measures, and Corax locked himself within the shadowed chambers of the Ravenspire's Librarian to pour over volumes of forgotten lore in search of a solution. His researches led him back to the earliest days of genetic manipulation, when accelerated Zygote-harvesting techniques were used to create the first enhanced warriors with which the Emperor had long ago pacified Terra. Corax realized that this process could be modified to produce full-grown Space Marines at a frightening rate. But the ancient tomes also warned of the terrible dangers involved and the unspeakable monsters that could result. Though he knew he risked destroying his Legion, he reluctantly ordered the Apothecaries to begin the process.

Of the Apothecaries' first creations, nothing is known for sure. The Raven Guard's records have been sealed with oaths and sigils of unspeakable power, and none of the members of the Chapter will speak of those blighted days. Accounts culled from other sources are few and far between, as the Raven Guard shunned the other Legions at this time and preferred to fight alone and unseen. One apocryphal tale is told by the Rune Priests of the Space Wolves. The so-called "Saga of the Weregeld" tells of ferocious monsters, drooling and almost insane with bloodlust, herded into combat by the battle brothers of the Raven Guard. Perhaps the Space Wolves' experiences with the curse of the Wulfen made them more sympathetic to the Raven Guard's plight, as there is no record of them reporting the use of such forbidden technology. Barely one in ten of these abominations could even hold a boltgun, but among these, there might be one in a hundred whose genetic structure was stable enough to develop into a full-fledged Space Marine.

Years passed, and the galaxy burned with war. Corax and his band of Space Marines gradually rebuilt their Legion

and played parts when they could. The Raven Guard's talent for operating in small squads behind enemy lines offset its lack of resources, and its skills in this aspect of warfare were fully incorporated into the Raven Guard combat doctrine. Corax's ability to see weak points in a defense and apply precise force allowed his troops to fight battles of their choosing and keep casualties to a minimum. The Raven Guard simply did not have the troops to operate in large-scale actions, and it was nearly a century after the Heresy ended before the Legion was able to deploy in meaningful numbers of full battle brothers. Corax had rebuilt his Legion but at a cost. The dungeons below the Ravenspire echoed with the howls of the Apothecaries' creations, bestial monstrosities who hungered for battle, and Corax agonized over what should be done with them. He decreed that none should discover the terrible price his Legion had paid in order to survive, and his final solution was to administer the Emperor's Peace to each and every failed creation personally and pray for their souls and his own as he did so.

Following the Heresy, Roboute Guilliman, Primarch of the Ultramarines

became the de facto head of the imperium's armed forces, and one of the first edicts in his holy tome, the *Codex Astartes*, was that the Space Marine Legions be split into smaller units known as Chapters. Among many of the Primarchs, there was resistance, but Corax welcomed the decision and knew that Guilliman's vision of the future was true. Thus, the Raven Guard were to give rise to three other Chapters: the Black Guard, the Reivers, and the Raptors.

Like everything in Corax's life, his ultimate fate is shadowed in darkness. It is said that following the break-up of the Legions and the re-establishment of Imperial rule to the galaxy, Corax locked himself in the highest tower of the Ravenspire and prayed to the Emperor for forgiveness for what he had done to his Legion. Whether he received the absolution he required no one will ever know, but a year to the day after he had entered the tower, Corax emerged, haggard and wild-eyed. He left Deliverance that very night on a course for the Eye of Terror, never to be seen again. He left but a single word as his valediction, "Nevermore."

Homeworld

Between them, Deliverance and Kiavahr produce enough ordnance and engines of war to almost equal the production of a forge world. The raw materials come from Deliverance's vast mineral wealth, and the production facilities of Kiavahr produce weapons and war machines of unparalleled craftsmanship.

The moon Deliverance is a barren and airless ball of rock covered in force domes and massive mining structures. The dark side of the moon glows with the constant production and movement of massive cargo ships traveling between the two worlds. The fortress of the Raven Guard, the Ravenspire, the huge, black tower once home to the Kiavahr overseers, is one of the largest natural structures on the planet. Unlike many other Chapters, the Raven Guard shares close ties with the planet's populace from which many of their initiates come, though not exclusively so. The people see the Space Marines as the physical manifestation of the Emperor's will and offer daily praise for their presence.

The planet Kiavahr is populated by billions of workers and craftsmen, with huge fabrication plants and hive cities covering its surface. The planet's atmosphere is highly toxic from centuries of pollution, and incidences of mutation are far higher than normal. This fact stretches the tolerance of the Adeptus Ministorum, but such is the quality and quantity of material that comes from the two worlds that more leeway is granted than would usually be the case.

Combat Doctrine

The Raven Guard follows the dictates of the *Codex Astartes* closely, though the Legion differs in the tactical application of its troops. The Raven Guard depends heavily on Scout forces able to act alone for extended periods of time and rapid reaction forces such as Assault Troops equipped with jump packs. Commonly, the Raven Guard will deploy Tactical squads in drop pods or Thunderhawks in response to intelligence gathered by their Scouts. The Chapter's excellence in covert operations makes engaging in a frontal battle seldom necessary. Where possible, the Raven Guard will use a precise application of force to cripple the enemy and avoid a protracted engagement.

Dreadnoughts of the Raven Guard, while rare, are also quite commonly deployed via drop pods. This approach

THE SAGA OF THE WEREGELD

Only on the darkest of nights do the Rune Priests of the Space Wolves tell the Saga of the Weregeld, a tale reaching back to the years of reconquest following the defeat of Horus's Traitor Legions. Over flickering fires, they tell of the storming of the Jarlephi Palace, one of the bloodiest battles to follow the victory on Terra. A force of Iron Warriors retreating from their defeat took refuge on the world of Sergatana VI and wrested control of the mighty fortress from the planet's rulers. Led by one of the Iron Warriors' greatest champions, the traitors turned the once-majestic palace into a nightmare assembly of bunkers, redoubts, and pillboxes. Orsamental gardens, once the envy of Paradisum itself, were scarred with miles of trenches and razorwire. More than a million men of the Imperial Guard laid siege to the palace, and the battles fought in the sprawling grounds of the palace were thankless and bloody. The traitors defended every meter of ground with ferocious tenacity. However, one by one, the gates leading to the inner keep fell, until only one last gate stood between the Space Wolves and final victory.

The Iron Warriors are masters of siegecraft, and for all their bravery, the Space Wolves could not capture the gate. Time and time again, two mighty champions of the Iron Warriors would hurl the greatest of the Space Wolves from the gateway, and it seemed nothing could break the defense of the traitors. As dawn broke on the hundredth day of the siege, warriors in black armor, their shoulder guards emblazoned with a white raven, arrived as if from thin air and assaulted the gateway with drooling and insane beasts headed before them. Horrifically misshapen, the monsters roared with howls of such mindless savagery that it chilled even the hearts of the Space Wolves who remembered the curse of the Wolves that existed within their own bodies. Nothing could halt the creatures, neither bullets nor blades, and the monsters swept through the gateway and killed anything that came within reach of their bloody claws. The Sons of Russ looked on, amazed as the beasts and the Raven Guard fought their way into the palace and broke the back of the Iron Warriors' defense. A bare handful of Iron Warriors escaped the slaughter, but many more died that day, torn to pieces by the Raven Guard's bestial allies.

With the battle over, the Raven Guard vanished as suddenly as it had arrived, leaving only the dismembered corpses of those they had slain. Only within the walls of the Fang would those Space Wolves present that day speak of what they had seen, and whether they felt pity or revulsion at the sight of the ferocious beasts that bore the unmistakable vestige of Humanity is not recorded.

has created a Chapter that can assemble its forces extremely rapidly and can react quickly to unexpected developments. When its numbers were limited during the days of the Horus Heresy, the Chapter's troops became experts in guerrilla warfare. This expertise persists to this day, and the Chapter very rarely utilizes heavily armored vehicles.

Organization

After the massacre on Istvaan V, the Raven Guard had to make do with older armor and equipment. The resources were simply not available to re-equip the troops. Even today, there is a higher percentage of ancient suits of armor in the Chapter than most others. The owners of these suits view themselves as blessed by the Primarch and fight to prove themselves his equal.

The Raven Guard's ability to deploy troops in vital locations is legendary, and its mastery of rapid troop movement has been studied by many other Chapters. In several documented cases, the precise application of force in the right place has quelled many rebellions before they truly began. However, the primary strength of the Raven Guard is the ease of its deployment. With most of the Chapter's Space Marines usually being deployed in drop pods or otherwise mobile, they can rapidly reassess a combat situation before engaging, which gives them the ability to deal effectively with a rapidly changing battlefield.

Beliefs

To the Raven Guard, the Emperor is a distant figure who is acknowledged as the founder and master of the galaxy but who is not accorded the level of worship common among other Chapters. Corax is revered as the Chapter's father and leader and is worshiped as a man capable of making tough choices when the need was great. The Chapter follows in his footsteps, and post-action sermons utilizing data recorded from battle are later compiled by the Chapter's warriors. Much of the Chapter's current tactical doctrine has evolved from meditations on past battles.

For the leaders of the Raven Guard, tactical prowess and personal initiative are seen as more important than mere might. The Raven Guard prefer a swift dagger to the heart over a protracted battle where possible, though if heavy assault is needed, the Chapter will not hold back. These beliefs cause tension with other Chapters, particularly the Blood Angels, who the Raven Guard see as brutish and clumsy.

Geneseed

The geneseed of the Raven Guard is far from stable, and a great deal of its gene-stock has become irreparably damaged, perhaps as a side effect of the accelerated gene-harvesting techniques employed many millennia ago. As a result, much of the Raven Guard's genetic material has to come from Terra, and the cycle of recruitment

for the Chapter is much slower than that of others. Few are capable of undergoing the transformation from normal human to Space Marine, and many die in training, thereby further limiting the Chapter's numbers.

Further deterioration has caused several of the unique Space Marine organs of the sons of Corax to cease functioning as they should, while others are not as effective as they once were. For example, the Zygote cultures required to grow the Mucranoid and Belcher's Gland do not exist, and a mutated Melanchromic Organ causes the skin of the Space Marine to grow paler after years of service. Eventually, each Raven Guard will be as white as Corax, and his hair and eyes will darken and become black as coal.

Battlecry

Specializing in covert operations and debilitating fast strikes, the Raven Guard do not have a battlecry as such. Instead, the Chapter's motto is simply "Victoribus aut Mortis."

From the darkness we strike - fast and lethal - and by the time our foes can react, darkness is there and nothing more.

Raven Guard saying

USING A RAVEN GUARD ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

A Raven Guard army is chosen from *Codex: Space Marines*, with the following exceptions and special rules. Note that all units in the army must be Raven Guard in order to use this list, not just a few.

Surgical Strike: The Raven Guard excels at drop pod and Thunderhawk deployment and drops almost directly on top of its target to bypass enemy defenses. Raven Guard squads not in a transport vehicle may deploy with the *Deep Strike* special scenario rule where allowed to do so by the mission. The Raven Guard player may reroll the dice to determine where these squads land and must accept the result of the second roll.

Rapid Reaction: The Scouts of the Raven Guard are trained to infiltrate, reconnoiter, and communicate enemy

positions to the main force. If there are any Raven Guard Scouts on the table at the beginning of the turn and a Reserves roll is made, the Raven Guard player may add +1 to the roll.

Limited Vehicles: Since the Horus Heresy, the Raven Guard has come to rely on the skills of its infantry and had never made use of armored vehicles to the extent of other Chapters. The Raven Guard may never choose more Heavy Support than Fast Attack choices.

Bitter: The Raven Guard harbors a tremendous hatred of the legions that betrayed it at Istvaan V and has on occasion allowed this hatred to cloud its famous caution and judgement. When fighting against Iron Warriors, Emperor's Children, World Eaters, or Death Guard Chaos Space Marine

armies, all Raven Guard models always hit models from these armies on 3+ in close combat.

Raven Guard Command Squad: In line with the Chapter's preferred methods of warfare, their leaders often take to the field equipped with jump packs and accompanied by Command squads likewise equipped.

If not mounted in a transport, members of a Command squad may be equipped with jump packs at the cost of +10 points per model. A Techmarine may not take a servo-arm if he is equipped with a jump pack.

If equipped with a jump pack, any member of the Command squad may be equipped with a pair of lightning claws at the cost of +30 points per model.

Index Astartes

First Founding



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

THE ENEMY WITHIN

The Alpha Legion
Space Marines Legion

by Graham Davey

The Alpha Legion uses secrecy, spy networks, and traitors to assail its enemies from as many different directions as possible in carefully orchestrated attacks. Hidden within the heart of the Imperium, the Alpha Legion coordinates cultist activities and launches full-scale terror attacks.

Origins

Following the Horus Heresy, thousands of records, archives, and libraries were destroyed to purge any mention, indeed any memory, of the traitors. Ten millennia later, there are now billions of Imperial citizens who remain unaware that the rebellion ever happened. However, a few tomes survived, mostly in the hands of those in high authority or heretics whose true loyalties remained undiscovered. It is from these works that historians and Inquisitors have gleaned their knowledge of those ancient times. Of course, sifting out the truth is never easy, because most books are copies of copies or simply forgeries filled with lies.

In the case of the Alpha Legion, reliable facts are even harder to come by, as the Legion was notoriously secretive. For example, unlike the home worlds of most of the First Founding Legions of the Adeptus Astartes, the Alpha Legion's home planet is unknown or nonexistent. The reason for this omission is unclear, but Inquisitor Kravin of the Ordo Malleus has recently unearthed an ancient journal that he claims provides an account of the first contact with and recovery of the Legion's Primarch. Kravin has estimated the veracity of this journal at 62.6% but has thus far refused to produce it for independent examination.

According to Kravin's claim, towards the end of the Great Crusade, an advance Patrol Cruiser of the Luna Wolves Legion, assigned to search for lost human worlds, entered an unnamed system. Swarming towards the vessel came a horde of small space ships of varying types, mainly one- and two-man Fighters. Despite the fact that the ships were of primitive design and apparently more than one origin, the attack was highly coordinated. Dozens of ships mobbed the Luna Wolves' Thunderhawks, while others braved the batteries of turret defense guns to shoot at the huge Cruiser. However, the weapons of the Fighters made little impression, and the attack soon broke off. The Luna Wolves' Cruiser gave chase, eager to show the puny attackers the power of the Adeptus Astartes. It was only after the first impact that the bridge crew realized that they had been lured into a minefield. Maneuvering to escape

resulted in two more explosions and serious damage to the engines that forced the Cruiser to halt in place until repairs could be made. The horde of Fighters renewed the attack and forced the badly outnumbered Thunderhawks into a desperate defense of the damaged Cruiser.

Two days later, the rest of the Luna Wolves' fleet arrived, summoned by the Cruiser's distress signal. The Legion's Primarch, Horus, furious at the crew's failure to deal with such insignificant attackers, was shuttled straight to the stricken Cruiser. He found the command deck in a state of high alert. The enemy had somehow managed to board the Cruiser and had split up to evade capture in the ship's endless corridors and service ducts. The enemy troops who had not already been found and eliminated now seemed to be converging on the bridge.

Horus waited for them. As five men burst onto the deck, he shot four of them through the head before they had a chance to act. Without pause a fifth shot rang out, but the last man was different. Over a foot taller than even the Luna Wolves, he had piercing green eyes and looked almost a match for Horus himself. Somehow, even at such close range, the man side-stepped quickly enough that the bolt shell only grazed his temple and exploded against the bulkhead behind. As the man charged forwards, a second shot slammed into his shoulder, but still he did not slow. More shots were fired by guards and bridge officers as well as Horus. The man staggered under multiple impacts but, incredibly, pressed on through the firestorm to launch himself at the Primarch. At the last instant, with his hands inches from Horus's throat, the man stopped. The two stared at each other for a long moment, before Horus started laughing. He had found the last Primarch.

The new arrival called himself Alpharius and claimed to have been traveling this area of space for many years. However, he remained tight-lipped as to where he had come from. Various worlds in that locale were subsequently brought into the Imperial fold, but Alpharius always denied that any of them were his home. The conglomeration of planets he had been leading was persuaded to join the Imperium with little bloodshed. The wounds Alpharius had suffered healed

quickly. However, Horus did not send his discovery straight back to Terra to meet the Emperor. Instead, he kept the Primarch with him for some months. Horus was most impressed with Alpharius's remarkable success against the Space Wolves' Cruiser – trapping it, boarding, and then penetrating right to the bridge. During this time, Horus allowed his newfound brother to take tactical command in the various actions that occurred. Alpharius was clearly just as impressed with Horus, with the huge martial power he wielded, and with his instincts of when and when not to use it.

Eventually, Alpharius was taken back to the epicenter of the ever-expanding

Imperium and reunited with the Emperor. There was the usual rejoicing, pomp, and circumstance, but records on Terra suggest that the two spent little time together. Alpharius was quickly sent to take command of his Legion, while the Emperor had many pressing affairs of state. The Alpha Legion, as it was now named, was the last of the Adeptus Astartes Legions to be created. With astounding prescience, the Emperor had ordered their founding just a few decades before. The new Space Marines were tall and strong, were reminiscent of their Primarch, and possessed a cunning intelligence.

Alpharius led his army, created in his image, to the outer reaches of the

Imperium and was eager to join battle and emulate the glories of the older Legions. His first campaigns were well planned and highly successful, and he worked to develop and mold his Legion's tactics. He argued that the best attack comes from many directions at once and advocated assaulting the foe on all sides in every way. He insisted on keeping options open and never relied on any one thing, person, or single victory to win the day. He was always prepared with a back-up plan, like a flanking force in perfect position. Alpha Legion infiltrators invariably struck behind enemy lines at just the right moment.

Alpharius added to this doctrine by

Chapter Approved. Access Level: 6 forty-two one

Alpha Legion, Progenitor Legion M31



Pre-Heresy Alpha Legion color scheme



Post-Heresy Alpha Legion color scheme



Alpha Legion Symbol



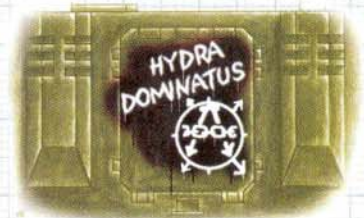
Alpha Legion shoulder pad iconography



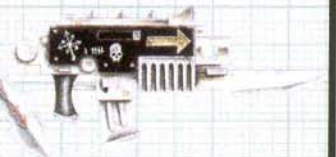
Post-Heresy Alpha Legion Space Marine with heavy bolter



Post-Heresy Alpha Legion Terminator



Example of Alpha Legion cult markings



Thought for the day: Knowledge is weakness.

seeking as many other advantages as he could. He would bargain for allies, encourage treachery within the enemy army, and develop a network of informers and spies within the populace. Underground rebel groups and activists would be contacted and persuaded to provide diversionary attacks, demonstrations, or bombings at agreed times. By the time a battle started, the Alpha Legion would have so many elements to its advantage that it was virtually impossible for them to lose. The Legion soon gained a reputation for devastatingly coordinated campaigns. While these methods took longer to execute than a simple frontal assault, they were far less costly in troops, which enabled Alpharius to spread his forces widely.

Most of the other Legions had taken planets, usually the worlds where their Primarchs had been found, to be their headquarters and bases of operations. The other Legions constructed glorious cathedral-like fortresses, and many had taken over governing their worlds and even the surrounding systems. But Alpharius clearly did not believe in this high-profile approach. He is thought to have established several bases but kept their locations hidden from everyone outside the Legion. Only the whereabouts of smaller staging posts and supply depots were made known, and even this information was highly restricted.

It is thought that Alpharius worked tirelessly to develop his officers and encourage them to think for themselves.

Alert - Plasma Furnace Overload
Imminent - Evacuate Immediately -
Alert

Emergency Warning Vox accidentally triggered throughout Hive Tempestora factory complex 2 months prior to the Third Invasion of Armageddon. Tank and Ordnance production was set back 5 days by the ensuing panic.

He instigated programs of training and constantly set challenges for his troops to overcome, even in the midst of battle, to force them to adapt and improvise. There are even documented occasions when, shortly before or during major offensives, the Primarch simply disappeared in order to assess how his Legion would perform without him.

Alpharius did not seek glory or honors for himself and rarely attended victory celebrations. Consequently, he never spent much time with the other Primarchs, and it was many years

before he met all of them. His first encounter with Roboute Guilliman of the Ultramarines was reputedly strained. Guilliman believed in rigid structure and hierarchy and had a firm battle doctrine from which his Legion never wavered. He was in the process of documenting the "correct" tactics and operation of a Space Marine force, tried and tested during his long years of command, and suggested that the young Alpha Legion should adopt this "Codex" behavior. However, this attitude was anathema to Alpharius's belief in initiative and adaptability, and a heated debate over tactics and ideology ensued. When it became clear that Alpharius would not bow to Guilliman's experience and superiority, the older Primarch pointed out the thousands of victories and battle honors his Legion had won and told his youngest brother that he could never hope to compare.

After that meeting, Alpharius pushed his Legion even harder and sought out

+++Course Correction. Battle Group Portentia to proceed to coordinates 22439.26775/GS/E [Quinox Sound], pending further orders. Command Authority Σ +++
- Falsified fleet movement instructions, uncovered following the complete destruction of Battle Group Portentia by unknown attackers, 145M41.

the most difficult challenges for his forces. He knew he could not equal the number of worlds conquered by the older Legions, for they had been founded centuries earlier, but he seemed determined to win their respect for his Legion's martial prowess.

On the world of Tesstra Prime, the population was violently resistant to the idea of Imperial rule. Alpharius deliberately delayed his assault a full week to allow the planet's armies to amass and dig in around the sprawling capital city. When battle commenced, there were close to a million soldiers arrayed against the Alpha Legion. However, the week had not been spent idly. The Space Marines had deployed such that they could attack from various directions and leave huge sections of the defensive line untouched. Just as the assault was launched, bombs detonated within the city demolished dozens of bridges and blocked major supply routes. The defending Tesstran commanders found themselves unable to move troops and supplies into the areas under attack or out of areas that were being ignored. The

divided forces tried to hold out against the relentless advance of the Alpha Legion, but the lack of ammunition and reinforcements made it a hopeless task. And, of course, while help could not be brought in, retreating soldiers found they could not get out fast enough either. Thousands ended up herded together down the few remaining escape routes and were cut to pieces in an endless rain of bolter shells. It was 2 days before enough of the defenders could be redeployed to mount a serious counterattack. However, officers in the Tesstran army had somehow been compromised, and these traitors betrayed details of the plan. The counterattack advanced into a trap and found itself beset by armored Space Marines on all sides. Within a week, the Tesstran forces had suffered 90% casualties. When asked why he had not simply seized the capital before the defending armies arrived, Alpharius replied, "It would have been too easy" (cf. Inq. file 3045621/M.30 [battle ethics]).

Heresy

His conduct in the battle for Tesstra invited censure from many quarters. Roboute Guilliman is recorded as having called it "a huge waste of time, effort, and the Emperor's bolt shells." However, concerns about alleged atrocities committed by the Night Lords Legion diverted attention away from the incident. Nevertheless, Alpharius was furious at the reaction to his Legion's masterful performance. Only Horus openly praised the manner in which the Alpha Legion had overcome an opposition that outnumbered them a hundred to one. Horus was the only other Primarch with whom Alpharius had any regular contact. The two appeared to respect each other greatly and are thought to have discussed tactics often.

At the start of the Heresy, the Warmaster's forces amassed on Istvaan V. The Emperor sent no fewer than seven Legions, fully one third of the entire Adeptus Astartes, to put down the rebellion. The initial wave consisted of three of those Legions - the Salamanders, the Iron Hands, and the Raven Guard. They were seriously mauled as they made planetfall and battled to secure safe landing zones. The second wave was made up of the remaining four Legions, and some sources name the Alpha Legion among them. After their initial landings, these "loyalists" attacked their allies instead of the rebels. Utterly betrayed and attacked on all sides, the three allegedly loyal Legions had no chance at all. Just five loyal Space Marines survived, bearing the precious gene-seed of many of their

fallen brethren. Given the average size of Legions at this time, the death toll must have reached 30,000, while rebel casualties on Istvaan are estimated at just a few thousand.

Inquisitor Kravin has observed that such a deceitful trap was strongly reminiscent of Alpharius's tactics and suggested that "he and Horus may have devised this brilliant plan together." Other scholars have made the same connection, though with rather less enthusiastic wording. Exactly when Alpharius chose to side

Despair, for thy doom is upon you. Give up hope, for all the might of your Imperial overlords cannot save you. Kneel before us, and we will spare every hundredth man and woman. Such is the mercy of Tchkrü-krerarr the Unstoppable, Exalted Champion of Darkness.

- Ultimatum delivered to Erwin Borstar, Planetary Governor of Attica Prime, in 022.M41, shortly before Chaos Space Marines raided Attica II and IV. Both were poorly defended, as large forces had been sent to reinforce the first planet at the insistence of Governor Borstar. Attica Prime was never attacked.

with the Warmaster is not clear. Certainly, he spent more time with Horus than he ever did with the Emperor. Perhaps there was an understanding between them right from the beginning.

However, it is not thought that Alpharius was blindly following Horus, for he seemed to have his own agenda. He relished every battle against loyalist Space Marines as the ultimate test of military skill. Again and again, the Alpha Legion proved it was the match of the other Legions. Alpharius's forces started going out of their way to find Space Marine opponents and inflicted stinging defeats on the loyalist White Scars at Tallarn, a Space Wolves company at Yarrant, and other Legions at dozens of smaller outposts. Well before the Warmaster's forces reached Terra, the Alpha Legion had become separated but continued to wage war on all that they came across. Even after the defeat of Horus on Terra, the Alpha Legion continued on unchecked, apparently inventing objectives and missions with absolutely no connection to the rebellion as a whole. They moved into the galactic east towards, whether by coincidence or design, the Ultramarines Legion. The Ultramarines had been posted on the

Eastern Fringe when the Heresy began and were racing back to the Segmentum Solar. They were enraged at the treachery of their brother Space Marines and the Warmaster's connivance to keep them too far away to affect the outcome. It is possible that Alpharius deliberately sought out the Ultramarines and that he wished to confront Roboute Guilliman in battle and prove the superiority of his tactics. Other theories suggest that the Ultramarines tracked down the Alpha Legion and seized the opportunity to be revenged on one of the Traitor Legions. However it came about, the two Space Marine Legions met in battle on the world of Eskrador.

First to arrive on the planet, Alpharius was able to choose his battleground, for he knew the Ultramarines would not rest until they had hunted the traitors down. The Alpha Legion deployed deep within a harsh mountain range at the pole of the planet. The mountains were riven with gullies, ravines, and high passes that would seriously hamper movement, especially for ground vehicles. Alpharius was convinced that the battle would be won by the side that overcame these problems the best through forward planning, coordinated air transport, and detachments coping independently of heavy support. Guilliman was a military commander with few peers. However, all the experience, lessons, and tactics he had accumulated over the centuries had been carefully documented, compiled and made accessible to the other Legions, as the Primarch wanted to improve the Emperor's armies as a whole. These records gave Alpharius the advantage, because he knew how the Ultramarines operated. Indeed, Guilliman's initial deployment followed exactly the doctrines set down in his own writings, and the Alpha Legion moved to trap them. But Guilliman chose the first nightfall to do something unexpected.

These men were no mindless, brainwashed Daemon worshipers like those we'd fought before, herded forward as gun fodder by their Traitor Space Marine masters. This group was trained, had been well equipped, and knew exactly what it was doing. The enemy appeared out of nowhere on both sides of the column and went straight for the heavy armor. Four of the main battle tanks had tracks blown off before enough infantry could dismount to stop them. Then the enemy fell back into the ruins of the city. It took us more than an hour to get the column rolling again. By the time we reached our rendezvous, the battle had already started.

- After action report 9331/rts/4. Filed by Colonel Johann Adronia.

Breaking his own rules of operation, he led a large portion of his forces with no lines of support or supply deep into the mountains and deployed by Thunderhawk, drop pod, and teleporter in the midst of the Alpha Legion. Guilliman's target was the enemy command center and none other than Alpharius himself.

The following account appears to be the personal log of a member of the Ultramarines strike force, probably a Sergeant. It is included in Inquisitor Kravin's diatribe *Lessons of Strife*, though other Inquisitors and representatives of the Ultramarines themselves have questioned its validity. The original document was purportedly discovered in a system Earth-ward of Eskrador.

[0411.0] *Our strike force numbered over 3,000 Space Marines, and despite the lack of heavy armor in support (due to our mode of arrival), we soon had the traitors' command center in disarray. There was no way the lightly armored buildings could stand up to our Devastators' firepower and a direct assault by the much honored and revered Ultramarine Dreadnoughts. Our enemies were outnumbered five to one and soon started to fall back up the mountain valley, probably to buy time for a relieving force to arrive (my Captain conjectured). However, knowing that the terrain would hamper the movement of reinforcements, we were zealous with the thought of revenge and pressed them hard. With perhaps 500 Space Marines remaining, the Alpha Legion force made a stand at the head of the valley. Their heavy weapons were deployed well, high on the mountainside, and felled many of our number as we fought upwards towards them, but their guns were too few and our resolve unswerving. As we closed upon the traitors, Alpharius himself led a counterattack and charged headlong back down the rocky slope with his bodyguard and slammed into our line. Not even Ultramarines could stand before a Primarch, and his powersword felled every noble Space Marine within reach. Our advance halted, and I was forced to recite the Canticle of Faith to steady my squad. But then an imposing figure appeared, and my heart was gladdened. Our great Lord and Primarch Roboute Guilliman himself strode forward, ignoring the melee around him, straight towards Alpharius. The two Primarchs stood before each other. They were equal in stature. Both were clad in shining power armor, and each wielded a glittering powersword. Where one was noble, the other was craven. Where*



one was loyal, the other was a betrayer. All other combat ceased as we watched them. There was a long pause, neither Primarch moving an inch, then both struck in an instant. Each sword made a single stroke and then both were still again. For a second the two great men stood facing, before Alpharius slumped to the ground.

Like every other Ultramarine on the field, I let out a loud cry of victory. Guilliman's plan had worked – the very heart of the enemy had been torn out. The remaining bodyguard fought on, but we fell on our adversaries with renewed vigor. When the last one had been cut down, we turned our attention to the rest of the Alpha Legion command. Trapped by the sheer mountains at the head of the valley, they had no escape from our bolter fire. We left no one alive.

The body of the dead Primarch was burned on a great pyre, and Lord Guilliman allowed us a moment of prayer and reflection on our success before issuing orders to move out and commence the destruction of the leaderless enemy army. We are fully confident that the task will be straightforward – the loss of its Primarch is something from which no Legion can recover. [END ENTRY]

[0413.4] The optimism engendered by our initial victory appears to have been misplaced. Since my last entry, we have ascertained that the Alpha Legion's command function was spread into numerous groups, and the loss of one apparently had minimal impact on their operational abilities - even though it was Alpharius who fell. What is more, our deep strike and the target's subsequent retreat has drawn our force well out of position, far from support. It has become clear that far from hunting out demoralized pockets of traitors, we were facing a superbly organized foe who is closing in on us from all sides. [END ENTRY]

[0413.9] We have sighted our Thunderhawk gunships overhead engaged in fierce battles with those of the Alpha Legion. Both Legions have, of course, very similar numbers of Thunderhawks, so the aerial battle seems to be a stand-off and leaves no chance of an air evacuation. Meanwhile, the enemy has launched several hit-and-run attacks on our strike force and caused numerous casualties. Lord Guilliman has commenced a retreat out of the mountains to link up with the rest of our ground troops. [END ENTRY]

[0414.9] We are being harassed and ambushed every step of the way. Groups of Eskrador natives, apparently bribed or coerced into aiding the traitors, have triggered rock slides to block our path and delay us. Communications with the rest of our Legion have been sporadic – our Techmarines think our communicators are being jammed. However, some dialogue has been possible, and a relieving force comprising most of our remaining ground forces is pushing into the mountains towards us. However, that too has apparently been under attack, and supply vehicles have been sabotaged. [END ENTRY]

[0420.5] After 5 grim days of intermittent fighting, we sighted the distinctive blue armor of our Ultramarine brethren advancing down a valley towards us. However, having approached into range our "rescuers" opened fire. A contingent of the Alpha Legion scum had disguised its heraldry and armor in order to spring a trap. Are there no depths to which these heretics will not sink? The utter dishonor that our erstwhile brothers have shown left me stunned. More of the Alpha Legion appeared to our rear and initiated the biggest attack from our enemies so far. With mountains to either side, we had little option but to stand our ground and fight for our lives. Losses were heavy and might have been total, were it not for the timely arrival of the real rescuing force. The reinforcements were in little better shape than our own beleaguered strike force, but the extra numbers allowed us to force a way through and establish a more defensible front line. [END ENTRY]

The account goes on to describe how, in the next week, Guilliman attempted a number of counterattacks to regain the initiative, but the Alpha Legion seemed to have prior knowledge of their every move. Either the Alpha Legion was not where the augurs suggested, or it had carefully planned ambushes waiting for the loyalists. Finally, the Ultramarines evacuated the planet surface and used their ships to bombard the traitors from orbit. Guilliman is recorded as having said he had no interest in righteous battle against such a dishonorable foe and that the Ultramarines were needed back on Terra. However, it seems hard to dispute the fact that the Ultramarines were soundly beaten by the Alpha Legion, despite the loss of Alpharius. Certainly, the deep ravines of the mountain range would have provided plenty of cover from the bombardment.

Exile

The months and years that followed were a chaotic time of regrouping,

rebuilding, and retribution for the Imperium. When Imperial forces returned to Eskrador, there was no sign of the Alpha Legion (although the entire native populace was purged to eradicate any taint of Chaos). However, it is thought that the majority of the Legion did not flee into the Eye of Terror with the other rebels and instead remained within the Imperium. Numerous secret bases were already in existence, and the Legion fragmented in order to hide itself in the midst of its enemies. Small forces kept up frequent attacks on military targets, especially those weakened by the carnage of the Heresy, and became a major problem for those trying to rebuild the shattered Imperium. The location and destruction of these groups became a priority, and the Inquisition and remaining loyalist Legions devoted considerable resources to this end. The last pockets of Alpha Legion forces were declared eradicated in a proclamation by the High Lords of Terra in M.32, but subsequent attacks proved this decree to be premature. Similar declarations were made in M.33 and as recently as M.39.

Home World

Alpharius never revealed the planet of his origin, and even the general area of

THE DAETHRYU PLAGUE

On the agri-world Daethryu Prime in 255.M4L, there was a sudden plague of Crixian Locusts, a species not usually found anywhere in the sector. They thrived in the warm climate of the planet, multiplied exponentially, decimated food crops, and caused widespread famine. There was a surge of anger and unrest among the populace directed at the authorities who appeared to be powerless to deal with the infestation. In a single week, riots broke out in every large population center, and much of the local army mutinied. A regiment of Mordian Iron Guard was dispatched to quell the uprising, but they were ambushed and all but destroyed as they disembarked from their transports by a force of Chaos Space Marines hidden around the spaceport. The complete loss of food exports from Daethryu caused major supply problems in the subsector over the following years and resulted in further unrest on other worlds, which hindered Imperial forces during subsequent Chaos incursions into the Segmentum Pacificus. Opinion is strongly divided as to how much of this disorder could have been orchestrated and how much was mere coincidence. However, it seems certain that the Alpha Legion was involved at some level.

his discovery is now lost to legend. His Legion never took a single world as their base and instead operated from various secret locations throughout the Imperium. Many of these bases have been uncovered and destroyed over the millennia following the Heresy, although often these outposts were deserted by the time they were found.

Combat Doctrine

Alpharius's doctrine was to attack the enemy in as many different ways as possible, all at the same time. How this axiom manifested in practice varied depending on the scale and location of the conflict. Tactics confirmed as having been employed by the Alpha Legion include flank attacks, tunneling to undermine or bypass defenses, teleportation or air drops behind enemy lines, diversionary attacks, infiltration, disguising troops and vehicles in enemy colors, disabling enemy transportation (both vehicles and routes), sabotage of fuel and ammunition dumps, poisoning of water and food supplies, atmospheric and ecological tampering, triggering of volcanic, seismic and tectonic activity, bribery and coercion of enemy troops (including officers) and Imperial officials,

enlisting enemy forces, impersonation of Imperial officers, distribution of propaganda to incite unrest and rebellion, organization of civilian riots and other anti-Imperial activity, sponsorship and supply of heretical cultist groups, and alliance with anti-Imperial military forces including other Traitor Legions and aliens. Generally, a number of these tactics will be employed in careful coordination, often resulting in labyrinthine secret plots.

It has been noted that due to its use of completely unorthodox tactics, the Alpha Legion is able to deploy smaller forces than might otherwise be necessary. Combat is regarded as only one part of their overall strategy.

Organization

Very little is known about the internal organization of the Alpha Legion. Alpharius placed a high value on secrecy, even before the Legion turned traitor, and captured Legionnaires have revealed little under interrogation. On occasions, there have been successful assassinations of members of the Legion thought to be high ranking officers, but their removal has had little visible effect on the Legion's operations.

The Legion's symbol, the hydra, is a multi-headed mythical beast that could

keep fighting even if one of its heads was cut off. This legend reflects the Alpha Legion's command structure as well as its doctrine of multiple attacks.

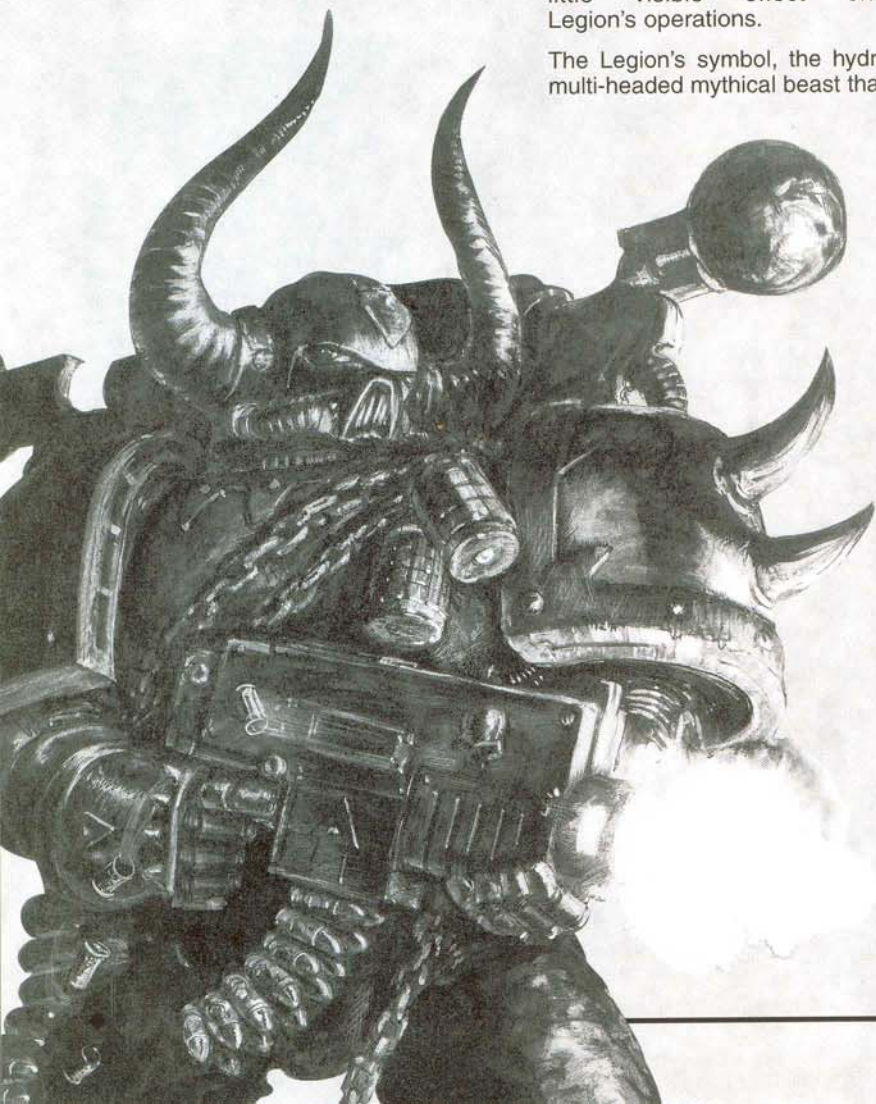
They know where you are. They know your every strength and weakness. They prepare for your actions before you even conceive of them. How can you ever hope to stop them?

- Extract from interrogation transcript [Subject: citizen 09.443.781.122illtorV. Suspected member of subversive group. Posthumously convicted 3154137.M41].

It is known that the Legion recruits, supplies, and organizes hundreds of cultist cells on Imperial worlds. These groups are not all crazed devotees of the Chaos Gods and insane Daemon-worshippers (although there are plenty of those). They are also highly organized, trained, and motivated groups who work to subvert the authorities, produce and spread propaganda, and, when called upon, undertake military action – usually in the form of bombings, sabotage, and riots. Such actions will generally form part of a larger Alpha Legion plan, e.g., to lure Imperial forces to a particular place by organizing a civil disturbance or to prevent the arrival of reinforcements by blowing up a bridge.

The question then arises; how does the Alpha Legion coordinate all its activities and communicate with these disparate cells? Inquisitor Kravin is not the only one to have claimed that the Alpha Legion achieves its communication through the use of so-called "operatives." These figures are apparently human, but may have undergone limited Space Marine psychohypnotic indoctrination to make them utterly loyal to the Legion and possibly even the implantation of some of the Adeptus Astartes organs (cf. Inq. post mortem file 27884710b). According to the claim, these operatives are the link between the cultist cells, travel about with impunity where a Space Marine would quickly draw attention, set up new groups, guide their agendas, and bring them instructions. During protracted campaigns, operatives may pose as enemy soldiers and gather intelligence or sabotage the enemy army. The existence of these operatives has not been proved, but few other explanations have been put forward.

While it is not officially acknowledged by the Adeptus of Terra, the Alpha Legion clearly remains a canker within the very heart of the Imperium.



Beliefs

Alpharius believed in planning and coordination. He always sought alternatives and multiple solutions to any given problem with different elements working together for the end result. These doctrines have been thoroughly embraced by the Legion as a whole and have proved effective, especially in the disparate and secretive way it now operates.

All Space Marine Legions set arduous tasks and trials for potential recruits, but prior to the Heresy, the Alpha Legion set these initiation tests for squads, not individuals. Squads had to succeed as a group or not at all – foolhardy heroics were frowned upon. The overall plan was paramount and more valuable than any one Space Marine. It is not known whether this practice is still carried out.

Gene-Seed

While the Alpha Legion does not reside in the Eye of Terror and therefore is not plagued by the warping effects of that maelstrom of insanity, there is still evidence of mutation in the gene-seed. If such a problem existed prior to the Heresy, it was kept concealed. Given the Legion's predilection for secrecy, that would not be surprising. During the

THE IKRILLA CONCLAVE

It has never been established if members of the Alpha Legion exhibit the same unnatural longevity as other Chaos Space Marines, who can apparently live for many thousands of years. This phenomenon is generally attributed to the Traitor Legions' existence in the Eye of Terror, where the laws of time and space do not apply. Thus, it would follow that the Alpha Legion should not be affected. However, if Alpha Legion Space Marines have more normal life spans, then one must ask how losses are replaced. In his address to the Ikrilla Conclave, an impassioned Inquisitor Kravin warned, "The only possible answer is that new Chaos Space Marines are being recruited and genetically modified somewhere within the Imperium. Yet Terra refuses to acknowledge there is even a serious threat! They are all around us – just look over your shoulder! Perhaps when you are attacked in your own cities, and murdered in your own homes, then you will see I am right."

Shortly after the conclave, Inquisitor Girreux publicly accused Kravin of consorting with traitors and conspiring to organize cultist uprisings on the worlds of Kartha IV, Kartha V, and Archos II in the Korren subsector (cf. Inq. file 7083662f/M.4I). Girreux challenged Kravin to appear for trial and face the evidence against him. However, Kravin's current whereabouts are unknown. Of course, this development has called into question the reliability of all Inquisitor Kravin's research, and as he was the leading scholar on the Alpha Legion's history and current activities, much of what was known about the traitors must now be considered a lie. If, as Girreux claims, Kravin has been compromised by those very traitors he sought to investigate, then everything he has said must be considered misinformation and propaganda invented by the Alpha Legion.

Lethe Ambush (cf. Gothic War Inq. file 237xii), mutated Alpha Legion Space Marines hid their warped body parts, not out of shame, but so they could reveal them as they attacked – adding horror and revulsion to the shock of their sudden assault.

Battle-Cry

Imperialistic cries of "For the Emperor!" and other similar cries are deliberately calculated to mock and infuriate foes who recognize them as traitors. Any of their victims who don't know the difference between an Imperial Space Marine and a Chaos Space Marine will simply think they have been betrayed.

USING AN ALPHA LEGION ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

An Alpha Legion force can be chosen from *Codex: Chaos Space Marines* with the following modifications.

Many Alpha Legion operations are planned to encourage and support cultist activity. The Alpha Legion may therefore make use of the Cultist army list entry below as a Troops selection on the force organization chart.

Chaos Cultists

Alpha-Legion-supported cults are trained to assault and secure key objectives to ensure that subsequent attacks by the Legion achieve complete surprise. Cultists are skilled combatants who combine stealth with close combat. Heavy weapons would slow them down so they are equipped with assault weaponry.

Daemons: The Alpha Legion cannot normally rely on Daemons remaining stable long enough for them to be useful, because they are so far from the Eye of Terror. However, when operating on a world where the Legion has secured the belief of Chaos cults, it will gladly add Daemons to the diversity of its attacks. As such, the Alpha Legion may include Daemon Packs, but only Cultist units may carry the Icons to summon them. Cultists may use Daemon Princes and Possessed Chaos Space Marines.

Infiltrators: Alpha Legionnaires can only bear the Mark of Chaos Undivided, and their veterans are renowned for their infiltration skills. Any Alpha Legion Chaos Space Marine in power armor (or Daemon armor) on foot may have the *Infiltrate* Veteran ability at a cost of +5 points for independent characters or +1 point per other model. The *Infiltrate* Veteran ability does not count toward their maximum number of Veteran abilities.

| | Pts/Model | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Sv |
|---------------|-----------|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|
| Chaos Cultist | 6 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 6+ |
| Cult Champion | +5 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 8 | 6+ |

Number/squad: A Chaos Cult consists of between 10 and 20 Chaos Cultists.

Weapons: Each model has a close combat weapon and either a laspistol or an autopistol.

Options: The entire squad may be armed with frag grenades for +1 point per model, and/or Krak grenades for +1 point per model, and/or meltabombs for +2 points per model.

A Chaos Cult may bear the Mark of Chaos Undivided for +1 point per model. If the Cult bears the Mark, then one member can carry a Chaos Icon at no additional cost.

Character: The Cult may be led by a Cult Champion for +5 points. The Cult Champion has access to the Chaos Army. He may have up to 10 points of items from the Weapons list.

SPECIAL RULES

A unit of Chaos Cultists serving the Alpha Legion must have one of the following Veteran abilities:

- Scouts – *Infiltrate* and *Move Through Cover*.
- Assassins – *Infiltrate* and *Furious Charge*.
- Saboteurs – *Infiltrate* and *Siege Specialists*.

There is no further points cost for these skills. See the Veteran Abilities special rules on p. 19 of *Codex: Chaos Space Marines* for more details on how the abilities work.



Index Astartes



A regular series focusing on the Imperium's finest warriors, the Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes.

**KNOW THINE
ENEMY**

The Relictors
Space Marine Chapter

by Graham McNeill
& Andy Hoare

Founded to guard against the threat of the Traitor Legions attacking from the Eye of Terror, the Relictors were once counted among the most stalwart defenders of Humanity. Chaos is insidious, however, and a sinister secret now lurks at the heart of the Chapter, a secret that almost destroyed it and now threatens its very existence.

Origins

Originally designated the Fire Claws, the Relictors were founded during the dark days of the Age of Apostasy, or so it is believed; records of events during that strife-torn period are notoriously ambiguous and difficult to uncover. One transcription of the Mythos Angelica Mortis suggests that the Fire Claws may have been one of the so-called Astartes Praesus Chapters, a founding intended to bolster the defenses around the Eye of Terror by deploying 20 or so newly formed Chapters at strategically vital points in the region. The Fire Claws' fortress-monastery was based on an ancient Ramilies Class Star Fort in geostationary orbit around the world of Torva Minoris, and the Chapter served as part of the Imperium's defenses against the forces of Chaos for nigh on 5 millennia.

The Fire Claws are listed in the annals of Imperial history on many occasions and have taken part in many glorious victories. Not least among those conflicts were the Purging of the Cult of the Inner Eye, the First Siege of Cocalus, and the Albrecht IV Landings. The Fire Claws were also part of the evacuation of the millions-strong crusade army of Warmaster Hendrik during his ill-fated expedition into the Wheel of Fire, far from the Eye of Terror.

In the middle of the 9th century of the 41st millennium, the Emperor's Tarot revealed the existence of a badly damaged space hulk emerging from the Warp near the forge world of Stygies in the Segmentum Obscurus. The Fire Claws mobilized to intercept it. The hulk, codified as the *Captor of Sin*, contained a renegade Warband led by a Tzeentchian Chaos Champion known as the Excoriator. The Fire Claws' Strike Cruisers crippled the vessel as it entered the Stygies system, and Terminator Assault Squads led by Librarian Decario and the shadowy figure of Inquisitor De Marche stormed the vessel. Realizing they were doomed, the renegades made their stand in the cavern-sized engine room where furious battle was joined and Decario and de Marche fought the Excoriator.

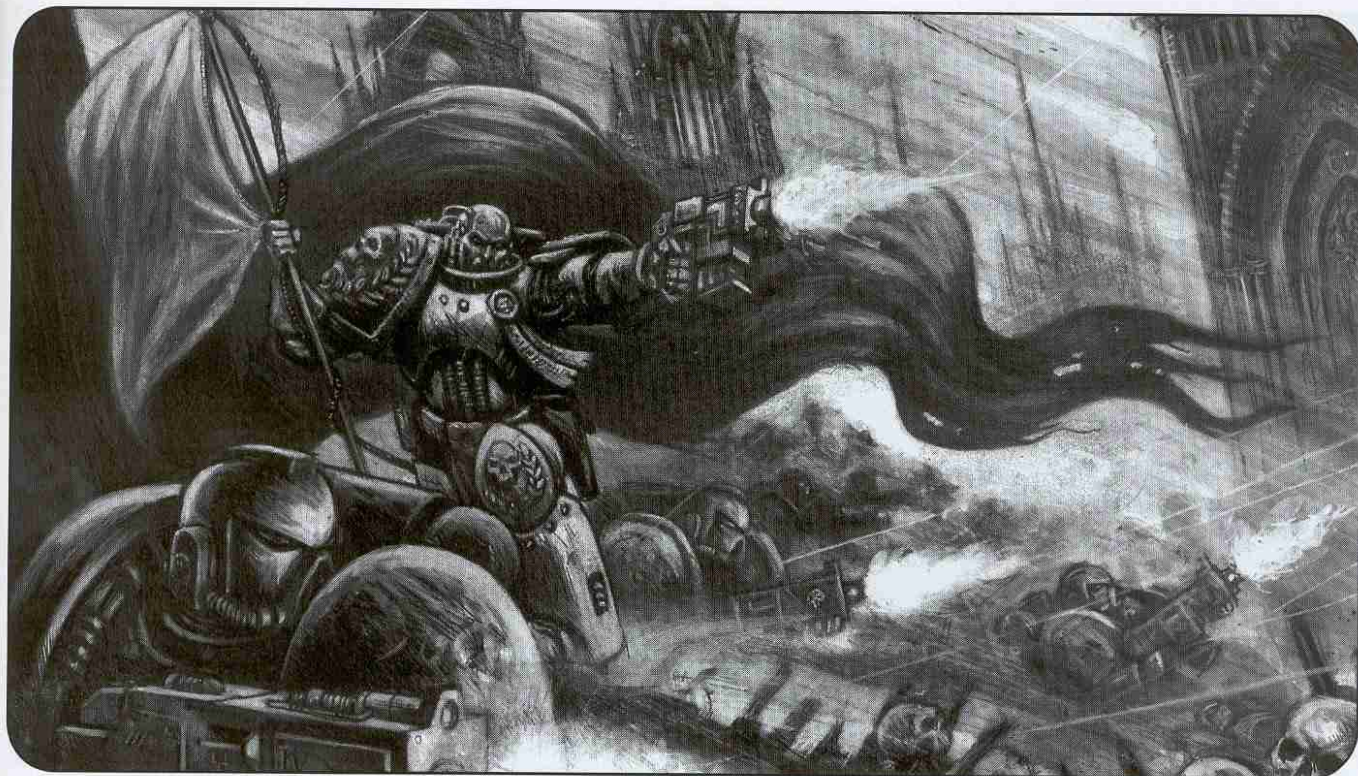
The Champion was a mighty warrior and carried a weapon forged in the heart of the Eye of Terror, a terrible Daemon Sword with the essence of a Greater Daemon bound in its unearthly steel. The Inquisitor hacked at the Champion

with his power axe, but the unnatural armor of the Excoriator was impervious to his blows. The Chaos Champion retaliated, his Daemon Weapon easily cutting through De Marche's armor and grievously wounding him. With another strike, the Excoriator shattered Decario's force sword and laid open his Terminator armor. Decario staggered but struck back with his power fist, ripping the Champion's sword arm from its socket in a welter of blood. Even mortally wounded and unarmed, the Champion fought with hideous ferocity, smashed the Librarian to the ground, and slaughtered four Terminators. Decario muttered a prayer to the Emperor, reached for the nearest weapon, and struck the Champion. The Excoriator's head left his shoulders. Decario realized that he had picked up the Daemon sword and killed the Champion with his own weapon.

Decario was filled with a sense of utter purpose as he wielded the Chaos sword and instinctively felt that it was a weapon that could be turned against his enemy. The wounded De Marche cautioned the Librarian to put the weapon down and that only he was trained to handle such artifacts. The Librarian handed the Inquisitor the weapon, and the Space Marines returned to their ship. They left behind an Adeptus Mechanicus team to search the hulk for any archeotech.

De Marche explained that he also believed that such weapons could be used to fight Chaos and should not be destroyed out of hand as was current Imperial policy. With the aid of Decario, De Marche was able to convince the Fire Claws' Chapter Master not to destroy the weapon, and under De Marche's guidance, the Fire Claws embarked on a crusade to explore the worlds around the Eye of Terror and uncover more such relics. Over the decades that followed, many such artifacts were discovered, and the Fire Claws Chapter became known as the Relictors.

However, it was only a matter of time before others discovered the Relictors' practice of using Chaos weapons in battle. A cell of Inquisitors backed up by the fleets of no less than four Chapters of Space Marines and an Emperor Class Battleship descended upon the Relictors' fortress-monastery and demanded their hand over De Marche and all recovered



Chaos artifacts or be destroyed. Faced with destruction, the Chapter had no choice but to obey. As penance for dealing with heretical weaponry, the Chapter was dispatched on a century-long penitent crusade. De Marche was taken by the Inquisitors and executed as a heretic.

As part of their crusade, the Relictors took part in the Third War for Armageddon. There, the Chapter was publicly criticized, as the majority of its warriors concentrated their efforts in the equatorial jungle, particularly in the region surrounding Angron's Monolith, despite repeated requests for assistance elsewhere.

Home World

Torva Minoris, the Relictors' home world, is situated in an area of the Segmentum Obscurus notorious for the intensity of the Warp storms afflicting it, and it is believed the world was trapped within such a storm throughout the early years of the Chapter's founding. A plague of Warp storms affected the Imperium during the Age of Apostasy, during which invasion and insurrection were rife. The area surrounding the Torva system was so ravaged by the taint of the storms that frequent pogroms are, to this day, carried out to ensure instances of mutation within the population do not rise above tolerable levels.

Torva Minoris is a satellite of the massive, blood red gas giant Torva Prime and is classified by the Administratum as a Feral world. The population consists of superstitious savages who worship the Relictors as

emissaries of the God-Emperor when the Chapter visits them, once a generation, to carry off the most promising young warriors to its "sky fortress." The tribes are known to revere the artifacts carried by the Space Marines as divine weaponry that can be wielded only by true and worthy servants of the Emperor, an attitude that has become a part of Chapter dogma.

The "sky fortress" is the Relictors' fortress-monastery, a massive Ramilies Class Star Fort that orbits Torva Minoris. Few emissaries are known to have returned from the fortress, but those few who survive speak of a monastery wreathed in perpetual gloom, where acolytes toil within locked cells to transcribe ancient, some say forbidden, texts as part of their training to become Brothers of the Chapter. One such report, recounted by the notorious Heretic Archivist of the Gethsemane Reclusium, tells of the existence of a chamber deep within the fortress, sealed behind stasis fields and protected by the most potent of wards. Exactly what is held within this chamber is unknown, but the account speaks of a miasma of evil that leaks through the meter-thick adamantium blast doors despite the safeguards. The Heretic Archivist's writings suggest that the original witness was driven insane by what he saw and died a slow, painful death within the torture chambers of the Ordo Malleus.

After the Inquisition censured the Relictors for the actions of Inquisitor de Marche, the Chapter lost its feudal rights to Torva Minoris, which meant that the Relictors could no longer recruit from its feral tribes. The Relictors were thus

forced to gather potential acolytes from among the populations they encountered during their penitent crusade. The Inquisition has ruled that no Adeptus Astartes Chapter may recruit from Torva Minoris, and it is believed the Ordo Malleus keeps a close watch on the world to ensure that this ruling is followed. The superstitious natives of Torva Minoris now believe the God-Emperor has forsaken them, and every year, their ceremonies of abasement grow more extreme in their attempts to atone for whatever fault has caused the emissaries of the Emperor to turn from them.



Combat Doctrine

The Relictors follow the Codex Astartes as far as overall organization is concerned, but it has been noted that they have strayed from approved doctrine in a number of other areas.

The major difference between the Chapter's combat doctrine and that of any other is in its use of captured enemy weapons. Many Chapters indulge in trophy taking, but the Relictors have in the past gone out of their way to capture, master, and utilize weapons taken from the forces of Chaos. Despite the evident consequences of Inquisitorial sanction, they are thought by some to be continuing this practice.

Another notable feature of the Chapter's doctrine is the inclusion of more Librarians than is usual, a feature some observers have attributed to the Relictors' proximity to the Eye of Terror. To date, the Inquisition has not acted on this information, though with the Chapter's recent conduct on Armageddon, it will doubtless be led to investigate further.

In terms of battlefield tactics, many Imperial Commanders who have fought beside the Chapter have voiced concerns about its behavior. It has been noted on many occasions that the Relictors will embark upon a specific course of action only if it meets some criterion of which only they are aware. It is obvious that they follow an agenda that only they are party to and will often fight alongside other Imperial forces only if that agenda may be furthered. This almost monomaniac pursuit of their own objectives was evident in the Chapter's actions at Armageddon, where it answered the general call to defend the world from the Ork invasion but ignored all specific instructions and requests, despite the fact that those orders originated from Commander Dante of the Blood Angels himself.

Organization

The Relictors conform, at first appearance, to the organization of a standard Codex Chapter, with 10 companies divided into a standard mix of Battle, Assault, Tactical, Devastator, and Scout Companies. However, in the

higher echelons of the Chapter, many differences become apparent. The Chapter's command ranks are gathered together in a group known as the Conclave, and every decision concerning the Chapter's deployment and operational doctrine is made here. Only those proven in combat and of guaranteed purity are permitted to rise to become members of the Conclave and privy to the true nature of the Chapter. As a warrior rises through the ranks, he is gradually initiated deeper into the Chapter's mysteries. When he is judged worthy to join the Conclave, the truth about the powerful weapons wielded by its senior officers is finally revealed. It is these warriors who, after many days praying and expunging all impurities from their souls, are permitted to carry the Chapter's Daemon weapons into battle. The Chapter's Librarians, which are much more numerous than those in a normal Chapter, screen potential initiates and reject all but the strongest candidates.

In battle, the Chapter fights with a balanced mixture of forces, appropriate to the given threat, and deviates little from standard battlefield operation. Only when members of the Conclave take to the field of battle do the Relictors become something much more sinister. Senior members of the Chapter employ the weapons of the enemy against them, and individual squads carry unholy artifacts and use the power of Chaos against its foul minions.

Beliefs

Central to the Relictors' ideology is the tenet that Chaos is not inherently evil but is merely a power that may be turned against those who wield it for evil. This belief manifests in the Chapter's use of captured Daemon Weapons but also extends to their increased reliance on Librarians. As a relatively new Chapter, the Relictors display a confidence of youth that borders on arrogance, as they believe that they have the strength of will and faith to resist the corruption of Chaos. They disdain those who lack the courage to use such artifacts and claim that Chaos is a weapon like any other. The evil that threatens the galaxy warrants the use of such weapons.

The Librarians and Chaplains of the Relictors teach that a warrior who is armored in faith can withstand the temptations of Chaos, and it is their belief that they possess sufficient faith to do so. They believe it is their sworn duty to hunt down such artifacts and study them so that they might better understand the enemy. This attitude has often caused disagreement between the Relictors and other, more conventional Imperial organizations, but thus far open conflict has been avoided.

ARTEKUS BARDANE - CHAPTER MASTER OF THE RELICTORS

A fierce warrior from the wilds of Torva Minoris, Artekus Bardane was the son of a battle chieftain and learned the art of war as soon as he could hold a sword. On Torva Minoris, a child learned to fight quickly or died, and this resulted in a warrior people, living a precarious existence plundering neighboring clans for sustenance. Bardane's confidence and courage allowed him to best his rivals easily, and he was chosen by the Librarians of the Relictors to become a Space Marine. Bardane quickly adapted to the ways of the Imperium and its weapons of war.

His supreme confidence - some would say overbearing arrogance - saw him rise rapidly through the ranks of the Chapter, and he accepted each new mystery revealed to him by the Conclave with ease. His skill in mastering the weapons and artifacts of Chaos led to his command of a company that penetrated deep into the Eye of Terror on a mission to hunt down and capture Chaos weaponry. On the world of Eidolon, Artekus defeated a mighty Champion of Slaanesh: took up his accursed weapon, a screaming flail of daemonic faces; and destroyed the fiend's Warband with the howling Daemon Weapon.

The Screaming Flail was placed in stasis at the heart of the Relictors' fortress-monastery, where it is kept until needed. Before wielding the Daemon Weapon, its bearer must spend many days in penitent fasting and prayer, purifying his soul and steeling his faith to

resist the whispered imprecations of the imprisoned Daemon within. Artekus Bardane continued to serve with great distinction, earned higher ranks, learned more of the Chapter's secrets, and unearthed more and more Chaos artifacts. After the destruction of the Cult of the Scarlet Vein, a bloody battle, which only Artekus survived, Bardane was finally elevated to the rank of Chapter Master at the recommendation of his predecessor, who was mortally wounded in the final battle against the Cult.

When the call for aid came from Armageddon, the Relictors mobilized their entire Chapter and set off for the system-spanning conflict. Artekus ordered his Captains to gather their warriors, and the entire Chapter journeyed to the war-torn world. Artekus led his men deep into the heart of the equatorial jungle, where he believed the greatest potential lay for the study of Chaos, given that the cursed monolith of Angron squatted in its haunted depths. All through the war for Armageddon, the Relictors remained within the depths of the jungle, famously refusing even the personal commands of Commander Dante of the Blood Angels. When the war on Armageddon drew to a close, the Librarians of the Relictors claimed to have had visions of a giant eye, dripping with blood, and Artekus immediately withdrew his Chapter from the war zone.

Following the Conclave's vision, Artekus began the journey towards the Eye of Terror.

Gene-Seed

The source of the Relictors' gene-seed is largely based on gene stock taken from the laboratorium on Mars and is thought to be composed of that grown from the Ultramarines and Dark Angels. If this is the case, then it would appear that the reluctance of the High Lords of Terra to sanction the usage of Dark Angels' gene-seed in the creation of new Chapters has relaxed somewhat. There are no recorded instances of unacceptable levels of mutation in the Relictors' gene-seed, though given their work with the powers of the Warp, the Apothecaries and Librarians maintain close watch on the purity of their Battle Brothers for any signs of aberration. It is rumored that zygotes that display mutation are allowed to mature before implantation into a host organism in order that the Apothecaries might better study the workings of Chaos on the flesh and how best to defeat it. The source and veracity of these rumors are unclear. In all likelihood, they are the product of a fevered imagination.

Battle-Cry

"Strength of will, courage of will!"

THE THIRD WAR FOR ARMAGEDDON

When the Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka led the largest Ork invasion in many centuries against the Hive world of Armageddon, the Relictors were among the first of the more than 20 Space Marine Chapters to rush to its aid. Commander Dante of the Blood Angels took overall command of the Chapters present, and each was used to the best of its abilities towards the goal of pushing back the millions-strong Ork horde.

Alone of all the Chapters, the Relictors did not acknowledge the authority of Commander Dante or of any other Imperial leader. Dante was far more forgiving in this regard than General Kurov and others, who publicly decried the Relictors as oath-breakers, after the majority of the Chapter spent most their time on Armageddon engaged in operations of their own in the vicinity of Angron's Monolith. The equatorial jungle in this area is dark and twisted. The only living creatures frequenting it are the Feral Ork tribes who were said to perform dark ceremonies beneath the gloomy jungle canopy.

As the first phase of the campaign drew to a close and the Season of Fire approached, a

cease fire of sorts was achieved, with both sides digging in to weather the coming storms. Many Space Marine Chapters withdrew, as their lightning attack style of warfare was of less relevance in this new stage of the war. First to withdraw were the Relictors, who, with no explanation whatsoever, emerged from the jungle, boarded their Thunderhawk gunships and simply left. Imperial Navy picket ships in orbit challenged them, and a violent confrontation between supposed allies was only narrowly avoided when Commander Dante ordered the pickets to stand down and allow the Relictors' ships to rendezvous with their fleet.

The next time the Relictors were seen was 1 month later, when they arrived at the orbital shipyards of Belis Corona and demanded a complete resupply of their entire fleet. After some tense altercations with officious Departamento Munitorum officials, the Chapter's demands were acceded to, and their ships were resupplied. With no further explanation, the Chapter left in the direction of the Cadian Gate.

Nothing has been heard of them since.

USING A RELICTORS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

A Relictors force is selected from *Codex: Space Marines*, with the following additions and amendments. You will also need *Codex: Chaos Space Marines* to use the wargear options.

SPECIAL RULES

Outcasts: A Relictors force may not take allies (such as DeathWatch, Assassins, etc), with the exception of Radical Daemonhunters from *Codex: Daemonhunters*.

DAEMON WEAPONS

One character in the army may be designated the bearer of a single Daemon Weapon at a cost of 25 points, which counts against his wargear limit. Note that the rule requiring a character to bear a specific Mark of Chaos is waived in this case. Daemon Weapons come in many forms. Their effects may vary a great deal, but the weapons described in *Codex: Chaos Space Marines* are a good cross-section and can be used to represent the type of weapon the Relictors might use. Roll a D6 before the game begins to determine what type of weapon he carries. Rules for these items can be found in *Codex: Chaos Space Marines*.

CHAOS RELICS

Just as the senior members of the Relictors bear Daemon Weapons to war, so too does the Chapter make use of captured banners, icons, and standards. Its members believe that the unholy powers bound within these relics can be turned upon their erstwhile masters. A single Standard Bearer (i.e., a member of a Command Squad) may be equipped with a Chaos standard, at the cost of +50 points. Roll on the following table before the game to determine which relic is available.

D6 ROLL WEAPON

- 1 Dark Blade
- 2 Dread Axe
- 3 Axe of Khorne*
- 4 Pandemic Staff
- 5 Needle of Desire
- 6 Warp Blade

D6 ROLL RELIC

- 1 Icon of Chaos Undivided**
- 2 Icon of Chaos Undivided**
- 3 Banner of Rage
- 4 Plague Banner
- 5 Rapturous Standard
- 6 Blasted Standard

*The Axe of Khorne counts as a Daemon Weapon in the hands of a Relictor.
 **The Icon of Chaos Undivided confers no Daemon Summoning ability, but any unit or model within 6" becomes Fearless.)

Index Astartes



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

EMPEROR'S
SHIELD

Space Marine Chapters
of the Armageddon War

Current Imperial reports estimate over twenty Space Marine Chapters present in the Armageddon sub-sector. Exact numbers cannot be confirmed as more Chapters are still arriving in response to General Kurov's call for reinforcements. The following report details some of the Space Marine Chapters' roles within this war-torn system.

Upon hearing of the invasion, the Blood Angels Third Company immediately re-routed to Armageddon. After the events of the Second War, Chapter Master Dante realised that it would be futile to deny Tycho his vengeance against the Orks. The Salamanders Chapter, also veterans of the last war, had sworn to defend Armageddon should the shadow of Ghazghkull ever again fall upon the planet's surface. Joined by the Storm Giants and Marines Malevolent, elements of these Chapters are stationed on the outskirts of Hive Tempestora in preparation to retake it from the Orks.

The Black Templars Chapter had embarked on a crusade some years earlier in an effort to eradicate the Orks' dominance of the Golgotha system. As the dire news of the massive Ork offensive spread, Marshal Actoan redirected his forces to Armageddon. Since then their numbers have been bolstered by two more Black Templars crusades. One of these is led by none other than High Marshal Helbrecht, Chapter Master of the Black Templars. Latest intelligence reports suggest that the combined crusades have stormed several Ork space hulks drifting across the Armageddon sector.

Tactical recommendations within the Index Astartes state the best form of defence is offence. In accordance with this, many of the Space Marine Chapters can be found taking the fight directly to the Orks. The Iron Champions are preparing for a massed drop pod assault on the Ork forces at Hive Volcanus. This is welcome news to the Celestial Lions Chapter, who have suffered heavy losses defending the hive and are reported to be down to a fraction of their original strength. The destroyed Hades Hive is once again the scene of heavy fighting. Space Marines from the Silver Skulls Chapter are engaged in fierce battles in an attempt to prevent Orks looting valuable metals from the shattered hive for use in the construction of their gargantuan war machines.

The Storm Lords have secured Death Mire to use as a major staging point for an assault deep into Ork-held territory. The renegade Hive of Acheron has also gained the attention of the Space Marines. Wolf Lord Logan Grimnar himself is leading the Space Wolves in a strike to depose the heretic von Strab and his corrupted Armageddon aristocracy. At this critical time in the conflict many of the Space Marine Chapters have yet to find strategic positions from which to bring their might to bear upon the Ork forces. The White Scars Chapter is manoeuvring its brotherhoods into tactical positions throughout the Deadlands. Their role in destroying a large contingent of Kult of Speed warbands is crucial. The Ork plan to cut off water supplies to the Imperial forces could prove disastrous. Huge numbers of Orks have landed virtually uncontested at drop sites within the Fire Wastes. In response to these threats the Black Dragons Chapter have coordinated a large squadron of Thunderhawk gunships to deploy their troops at the Ore mine on Phoenix island before the Orks can reach it.

The ravaged surface of Armageddon is but one of the locations in which the Orks have made substantial gains. The Exorcists, a fleet-based Chapter, are involved in fierce space battles around the warp jump points in an attempt to stem the flow of Ork reinforcements pouring into the sector. Dark Angels successor Chapter the Angels of Redemption can be found quelling the rebellion on the Ogryn mining world Monglor. Reports of an Eldar Craftworld sighted in this region are also being investigated by the Second Company of the Chapter.

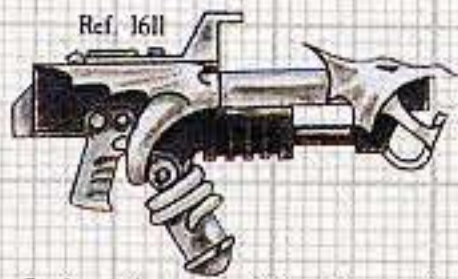
With more Chapters arriving all the time, the battle for Armageddon is still in its early stages. As many of the Imperial forces are in retreat it is up to the Space Marines to turn the tide.



IA. ref. 4236.erg/
Servitude studs



IA. ref. 6757/
5th Company



Ref. 1611
Index Astartes file. 7ng nfl
'Fire Drake' Incinerator unit



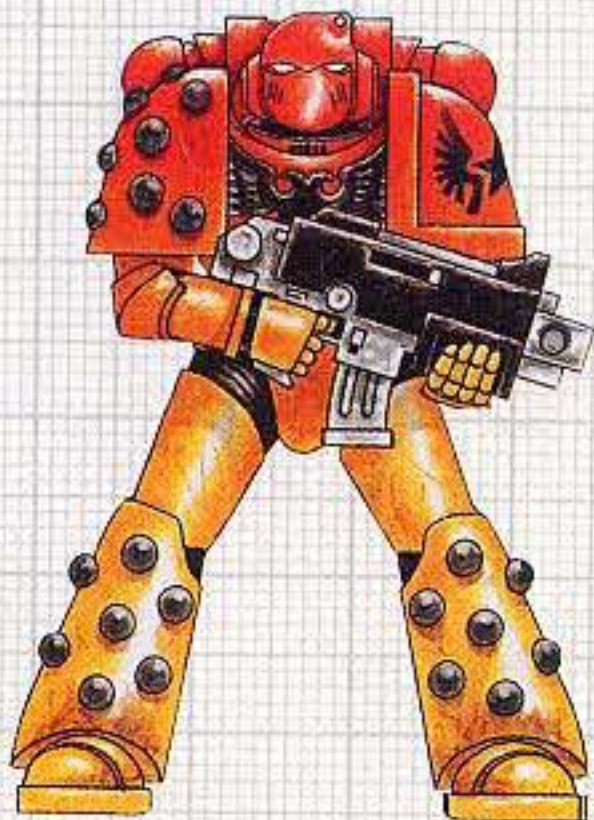
IA. ref. 356.6/
Chapter Icon



Thought for the day: Damnation is Eternal
Ref: 363M.37
Closed core backpack



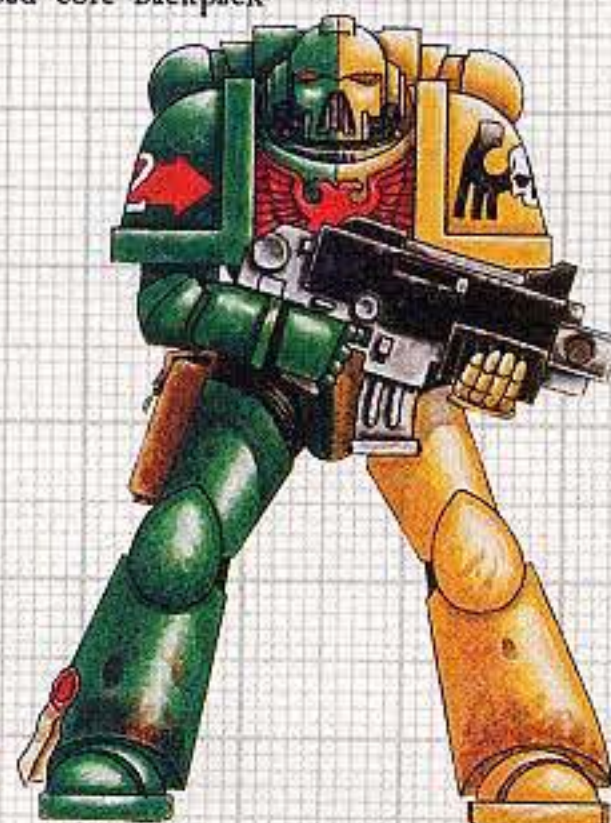
IA. ref. 247.56
Redemptor mark



Celebrants M.36-M.41



Black Dragons M.36



Angels of Redemption M.31



IA. ref. 3630/d/
Second company



IA. ref. 7565.iak/
Chapter Icon



Inq. record. 4539.1/BA
designation: Assault



Mk. IV Boltgun, Ultima pattern

IA. ref. wdx248



Inq. record. 4539.9/BA
designation: Devastator



Imp. ref. 555/ftp/mantle



Ref. 009.21/Promethean
cult markings
(cross.ref. Heretic Cults)

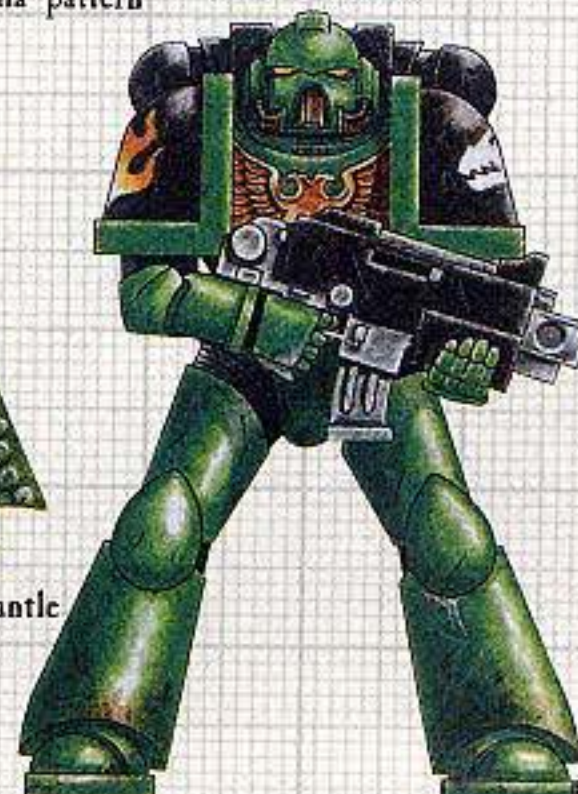
Inq. record 376.76
Battle Warzone
Tempehora
army badge



Blood Angels Progenitor Legion M.31



Inq. record. 4539.4/BA
designation: Honour Guard



Salamanders Progenitor Legion M.31



MkVII Helmet
with Osmotic
gill modification



IA. ref.
456/t/Chapter icon



Ref. 4657
Mk.I and Mk.III Crusade pattern Boltguns
with personal litany markings.

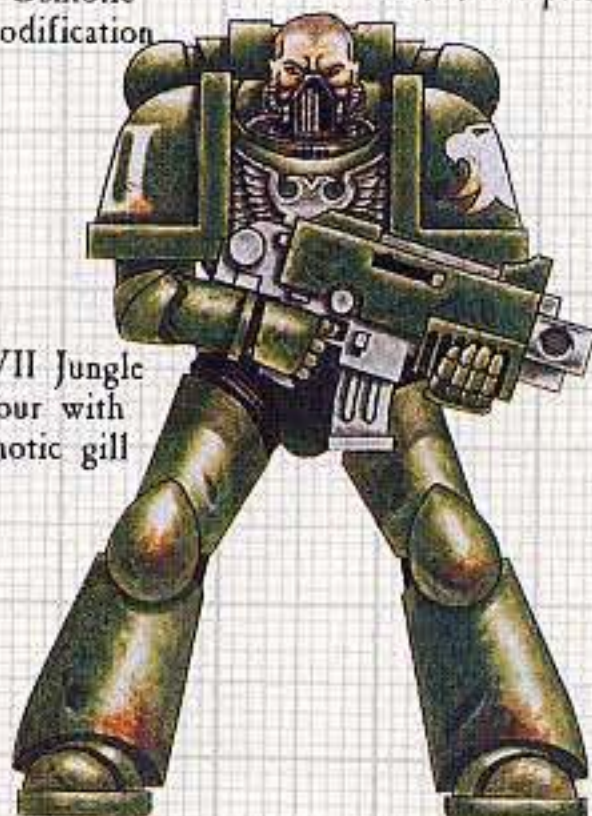


Ref: 345.5M35
Backpack



Imp. ref:
Xenon.six Mortifactors
Death cult markings

Mk.VII Jungle
armour with
Osmotic gill



Raptors M.31

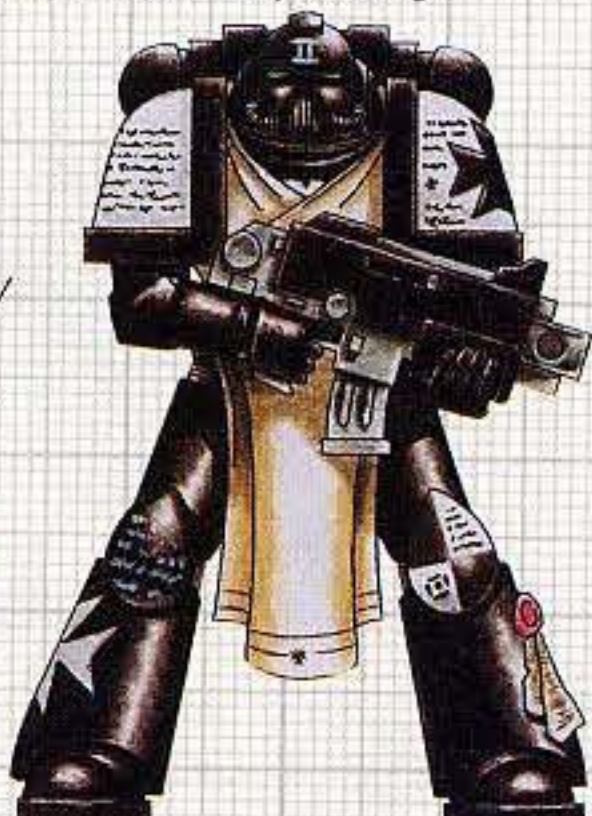
Imp. ref: Alpha.nine. Cerbera Base Relief Force



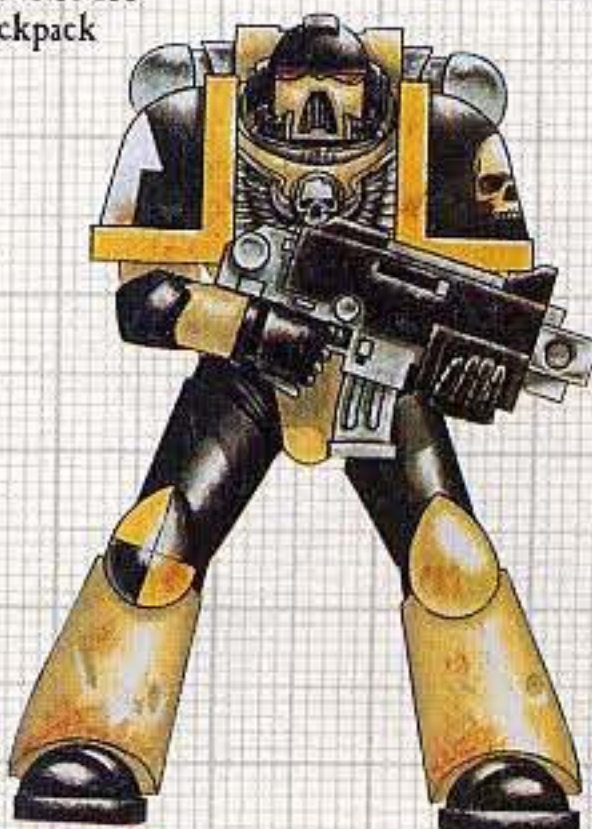
IA. ref. 356.8/f/
Chapter icon



IA. ref. 213/f/
Personal litany



Black Templars M.31
IA. ref. wdx249



Mortifactors M.40

Index Astartes: Emperors Shield

Chapter Approved. Access level: Σ four



Mk.VI Bolt pistol



Ref. 37Y.56/SL Chapter marking



Ref. 006/Tactical designation



Ref. 457.5



Ref. 567/IA/Storm



Imp. ref. 45629/Backpack reactor

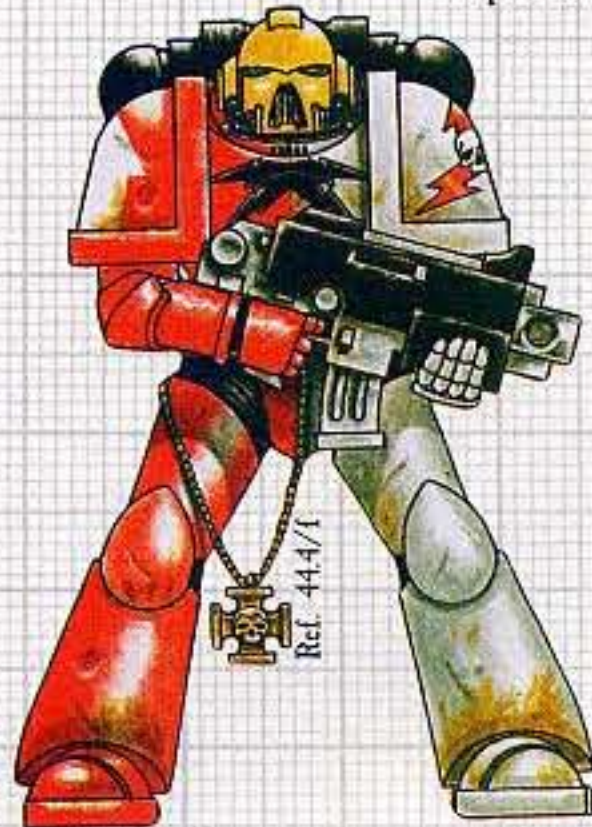


Ref/Ryza/1st co.



IA. 344/Omega

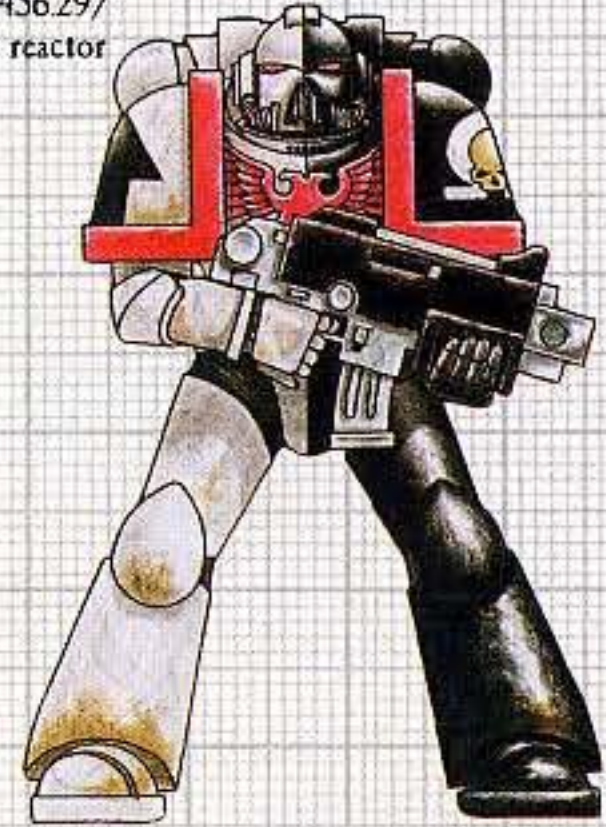
IA. ref. 31x.Veteran 1st co.



Storm Lords Chapter M.31



Storm Giants Chapter M.41
Imp Ref. Betafour. Votan Asteroid Belt



Omega Marines M.40



Mk.VII Grey Hunter Helmet

CI ref. wdx246



Space Wolves Progenitor Chapter M.31



Ref. 17a/3.21/Long Fang



Ref. 129.2s/Great Wolf marking

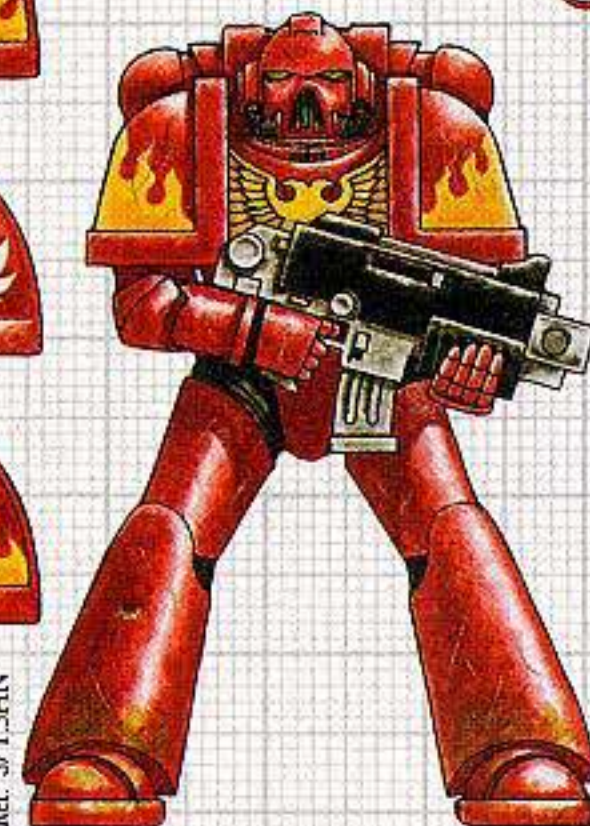


Ref. 45rc467/Wolf Totem

Ref. 19WR.6/Angels panoply (cross ref. IA. Iconography)



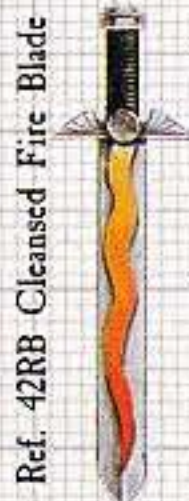
Ref. 37Y.5HIN



Angels of Fire M.36



Adept. Mech. ref. M37. Closed core backpack



Ref. 42RB Cleansed Fire Blade



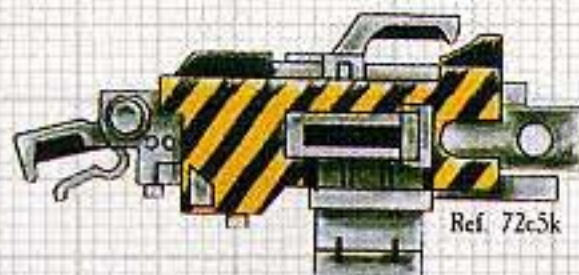
Mk.IV Fenris pattern power axe Frost blade



Mk.VII Modified Devastator helmet



Arm. file. 3698.5/Chapter icon (The Silver skull)



M.36 Heavy Bolter/Veteran markings



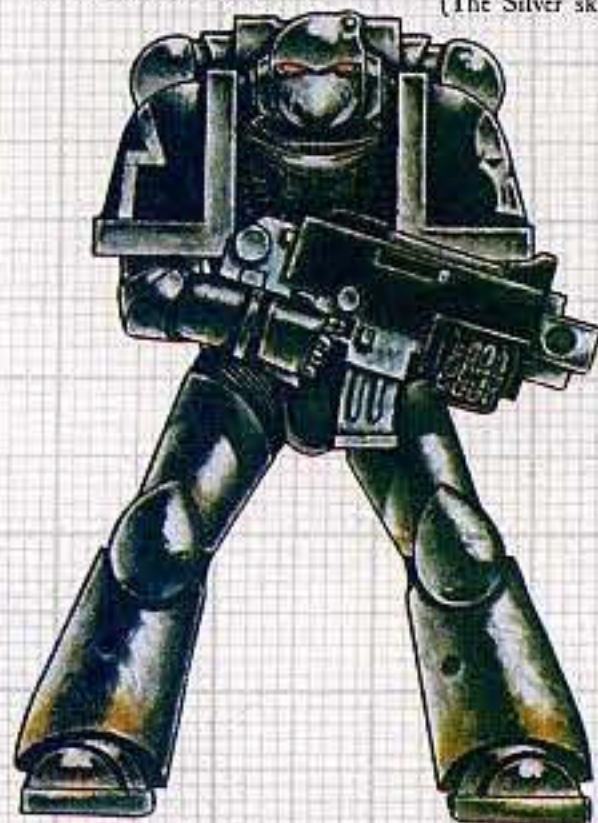
Arm. file. 43.5a/3rd Company variant



Mk.VII Helmet (Hard Vacuum modification)



Ref.34.5a/Relictor Penitence marking (Inq. report: classified)



Silver Skulls M.31



Marines Malevolent M.32



Mk.IX Phall pattern Bolt pistol

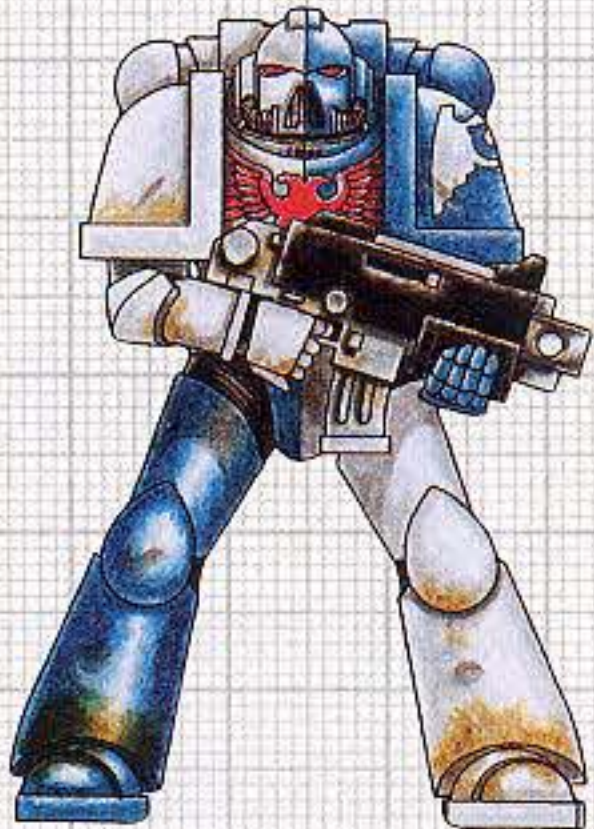
Ref. 13ng



Relictors M.36

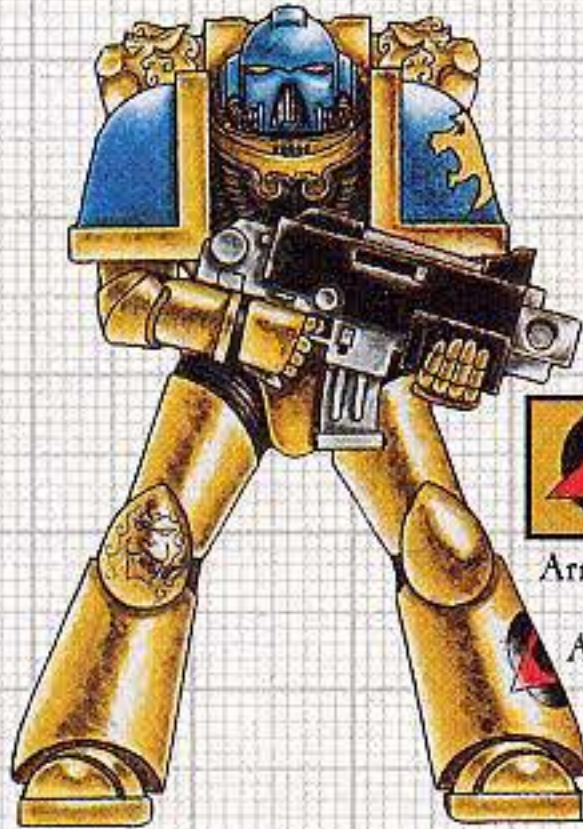
Thought for the day: Serve the Emperor today for tomorrow you may be dead.

IA ref. x24a/Chapter honour marking.



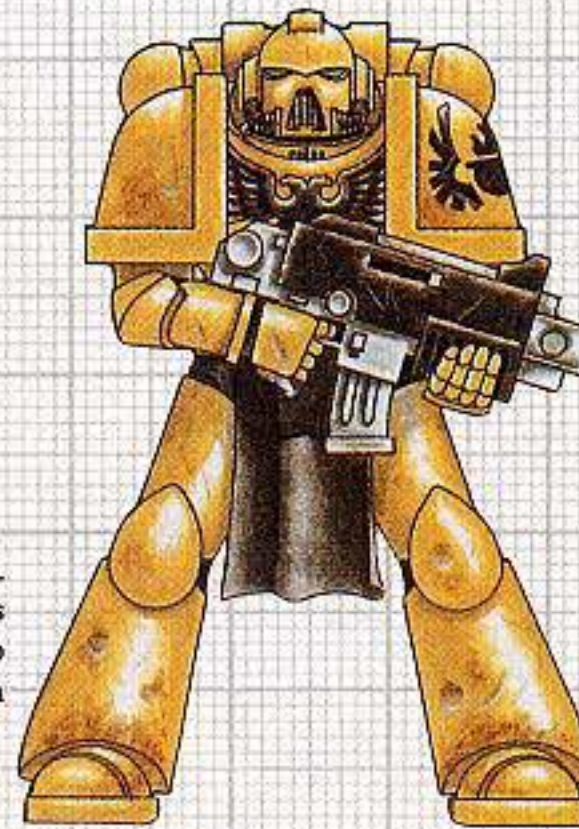
Sons of Guilliman M.33

Ref. 45.4a.56/Chapter icon.



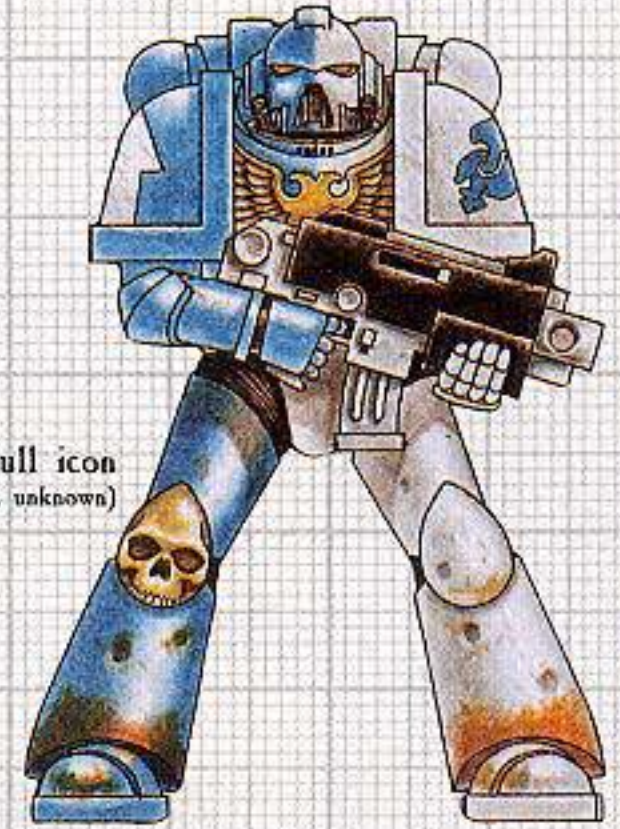
Celestial Lions M.38

Ref. 456/Eternal Vigilance crucible (cross ref. Death watch)



Angels of Vigilance M.40

IA ref.129.6/Chapter badge

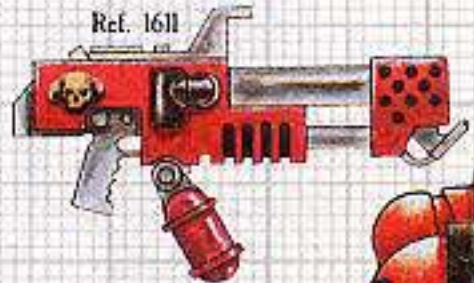


Angels Porphyr M.31

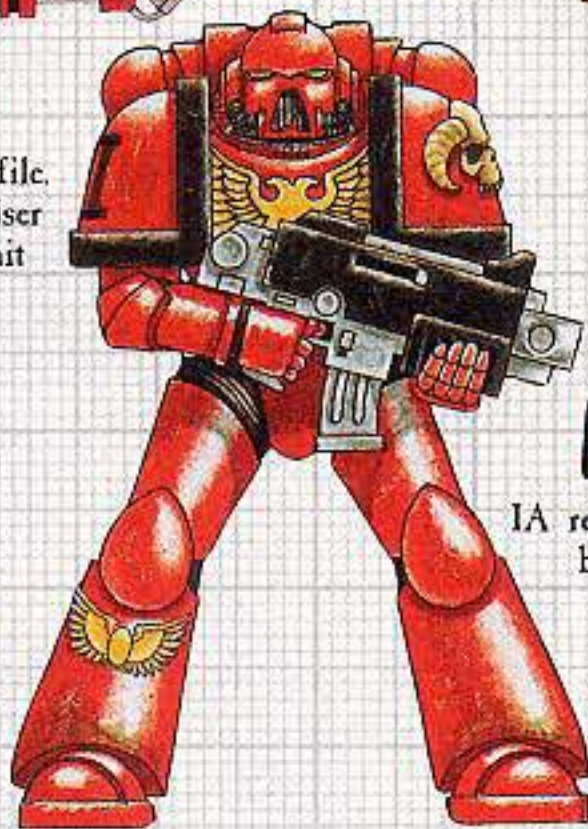


Arm. ref. M41. Fire Wastes Army Group North

Skull icon (ref. unknown)



Index Astartes file. 7ng nfl Chastiser Incinerator unit



Exorcists M.40

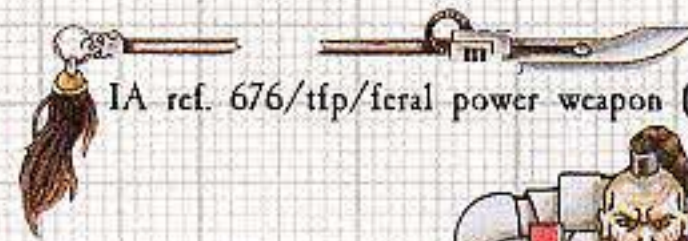


M.36 Backpack (closed core)



IA ref. Exorcist Chapter badge (7th Co.)

Inq. file. four.seven. Phoenix Redemption marking



IA ref. 676/terf/feral power weapon (damaged)



998 Godwyn pattern Bolter with assault attachment



IA ref. 45/t Ritual duelling Tulwar



White Scars Progenitor Legion M.31 Ravager with Torandor pelt honour gift



Imp ref. 39.55d Khan homage mark (cross.ref. Heretic Cults)



Ref. 456z. Attack bike markings

Ref. 56767 Armageddon campaign markings

Ref. 326.mrh/Ritual Power Sword



Imp ref. 459.pft/Ritual flaying knife (cross.ref. Heretic Cults)



IA ref. 543/f 5th Co.



Mk.VII Helmet (Devastator modification)



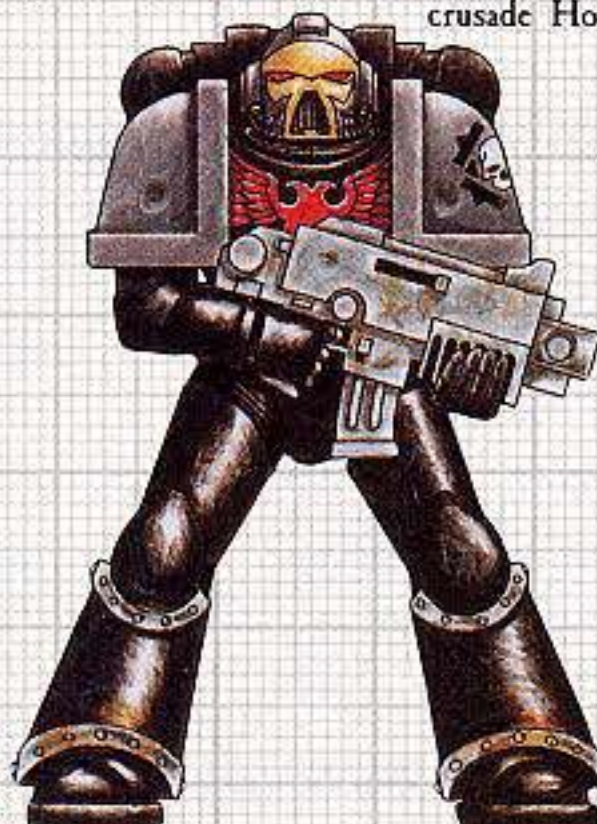
IA ref. 543/f Iron Champions Balur crusade Honourific

Imp ref. 795.rt/Chainaxe

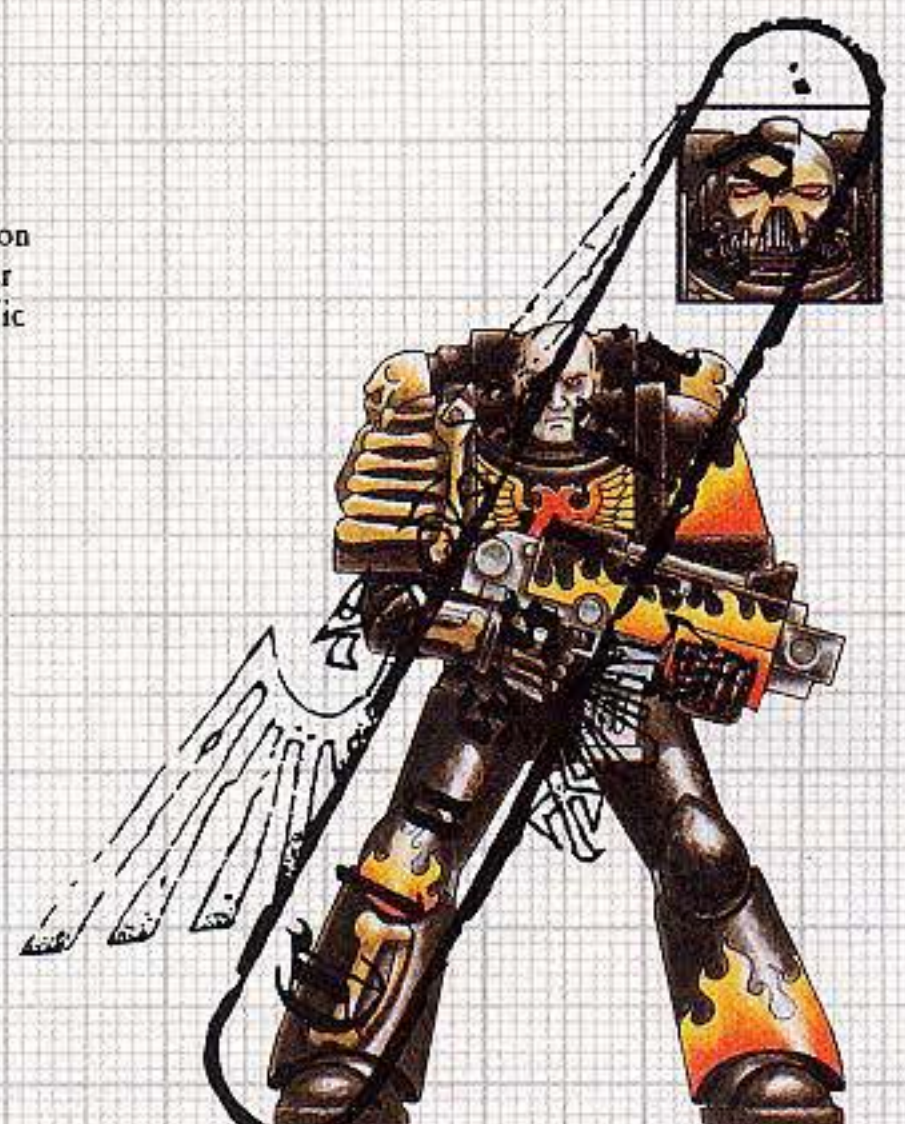


Imp ref. 354.siaf/Delta Nine army badge

Ref. 5644



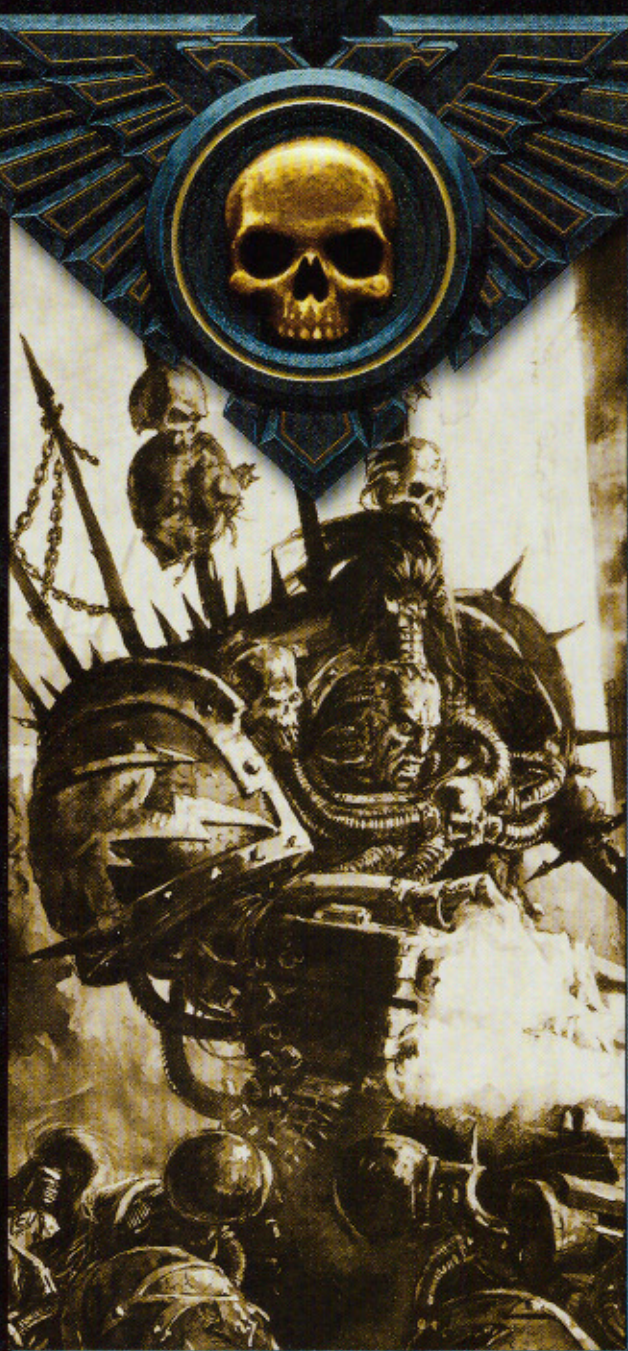
Iron Champions. Founding unrecorded



Chapter Unidentified

Flesh Tearers M.31 (cross ref. IA Blood Angels)

Index Astartes IV



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the Space Marines
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The Siege of Garesh is finally ended by Terminator Squad Gaius.



White Scars launch a lightning assault against the Black Legion.

FOREWORD

by Gav Thorpe



Greetings student of the superhuman warrior, and welcome to the fourth Index Astartes! This book is part of a series dedicated to the Space Marines of the 41st millennium – the elite genetically enhanced super-warriors created to free Humanity at the dawn of the Great Crusade. Once thought of as loyal to the point of incorruptibility, the very forces that freed Mankind went on to plunge the newborn Imperium into the terrifying civil war of

the Horus Heresy. The legions of Space Marines who followed Warmaster Horus into the worship of the Dark Gods of Chaos and turned against their Brother-Marines are also detailed here. Their fall into damnation remains a fearful demonstration of the seductive perils of Chaos and the need for vigilance amongst those still loyal to the Immortal Emperor who created them.

Index Astartes is a series of articles in White Dwarf magazine whose primary purpose is to catalogue and present the colour schemes and markings of the many Chapters of Space Marines throughout the history of the Imperium and even earlier. In addition, its contents provide insights into the workings and organisation of specific Chapters, Space Marine technology and accounts of their most remarkable battles.

Space Marines – and their corrupted counterparts, the Chaos Space Marines – have been one of the most powerful and popular images within the Warhammer 40,000 game universe since its earliest days. As well as strong imagery, it is the depth of history, the ancient traditions and the rivalries of the different Space Marine Chapters that has made them unique, and that's what we've gathered here for your entertainment and edification.

This laudable idea has rapidly grown into a monster, especially since we began the First Founding project to detail the 'primogenitor' Space Marine legions and their nigh-mythical Primarchs. This has been... entertaining as it has meant pulling together dozens of fragmentary references from Games Workshop publications over the last two decades and in some cases summarising entire books of background material into woefully few pages. We may revisit these again in the future to expand upon different aspects that have been, by necessity of space, edited or ignored.

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

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

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



Index Astartes IV



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Index Astartes

First Founding



SONS OF HORUS

The Black Legion
Space Marine Chapter

by Graham Davey

The Primarch of the Luna Wolves was the infamous Horus, first and greatest of all the Primarchs. His Legion conquered countless worlds during the Great Crusade before Horus betrayed the Emperor and led a violent rebellion that devastated the Imperium. The Luna Wolves are the only Space Marine Legion to have changed their name, becoming the Sons of Horus and finally the Black Legion.

Origins

The early history of the First Founding Space Marine Legions is largely lost to the relentless march of time. Accounts and details of those Legions that rebelled (and especially of the Arch-Traitor Horus himself) were further expunged from Imperial records after the Horus Heresy, to deny any knowledge of those events from the vulnerable minds of Imperial citizens. Indeed, only a select handful of powerful individuals know any of the truth and it is likely that none know it all. Such information that does exist is sketchy and anecdotal, and lies in ancient heretical tomes closely guarded by certain Inquisitors or handed down within the secret orders of the original Legions that remained loyal.

These records suggest that the Space Marines of the Luna Wolves Legion were created using human stock taken from the violent hive gangs inhabiting a planet called Cthonia. This planet allegedly existed in one of Earth's closest neighbouring systems. Being within reach even for non-warp spacecraft, Cthonia had been colonised, built upon, tunnelled and mined probably since the dawn of space travel. As such, all natural resources had been stripped away and used up millennia before, and the ancient mining technology had long since been rediscovered and removed by the Adepts of Mars. The planet that remained was largely redundant and abandoned, completely riddled with catacombs, crumbling industrial plants and exhausted mine-workings.

Fierce gangs inhabited the lawless depths of Cthonia, enjoying freedom from the rigours of Imperial citizenship; but at the time of the First Founding they provided an easy source of Human specimens whom nobody would miss. One report talks of so-called 'recruitment squads' rounding up thousands of gangers and shipping them away, chained together in the holds of prison-shuttles, to genolaboratories on Luna. Here they were modified using the genetic code of the Primarch Horus. It is more common for Space Marine genetic stock to be gleaned from feral or primitive worlds,

however after the usual hypnopsychological indoctrination process, the Luna Wolves recruits emerged as excellent and ferociously loyal specimens.

Horus

Information about Horus himself is even harder to uncover. It is thought that he was the first of the Primarchs to be recovered by the Emperor, having been cast much closer to Terra than the others, and was found at a much younger age. As a result, Horus was for many years the Emperor's only son, and there was a great affinity between them. The Emperor spent much time with his protégé, teaching and encouraging him. Horus was soon placed in command of the Luna Wolves Legion – ten thousand Space Marines created from his own genetic code. With these warriors to lead, Horus accompanied the Emperor for the first thirty years of the Great Crusade, and together they forged the initial expansion of the young Imperium.

The two fought together on many occasions. At the fortified city of Reillis, a Human settlement unwilling to accept the Emperor's beneficent will, the defending army used secret tunnels to infiltrate behind the besieging Imperial army and hundreds of shock troops swamped the command encampment. Unprepared and unarmoured, the Emperor and Horus fought back to back until a plasma blast stunned Horus and sent him staggering to the floor. The Emperor stood over the Primarch and refused to give ground until reinforcements arrived to drive their attackers back. On the Ork-infested planet of Gorro, Horus repaid the debt by hacking the arm from a huge, frenzied Greenskin warlord as it struggled to choke the Emperor's life out of him.

Then came the day that the Emperor divined the presence of a second Primarch in their proximity and immediately set out to find him, leaving Horus in temporary command of the massed Legions of the Great Crusade. While he rejoiced at the discovery of one of his brothers, Horus was determined that the Emperor would

always remain most proud of him, his first son.

As other Primarchs were discovered, the Emperor's time was pulled more and more in other directions and, while many of the other Legions now had their destined leaders, Horus was often given overall strategic command. It was a position he relished, proving himself time and again a consummate general, winning praise and decorations from the Emperor for his achievements and conquests. He had the approval and admiration of all the Space Marine Legions, including their Primarchs.

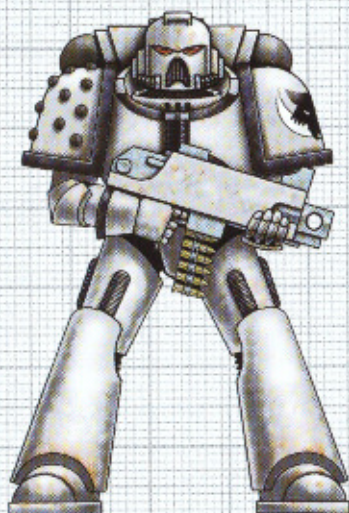
It is said that as well as being a great warrior and strategist, Horus was fiercely intelligent. He was charismatic, persuasive and had an innate understanding of psychology. He could read men in order to use their strengths or exploit their weaknesses. These skills made him a well-loved leader, but also allowed him to find non-military solutions when others would simply have attacked. On many worlds, a blunt explanation of the destructive might at his disposal and a day's parley with the planetary leaders was enough to bring them into the Imperial fold without

bloodshed. Horus always took trouble to follow the local Human customs and modes of greeting if he thought it would lessen the chance of a hostile reaction to his arrival. His practice of taking part in local rituals to establish ties for later exploitation soon became Imperial policy.

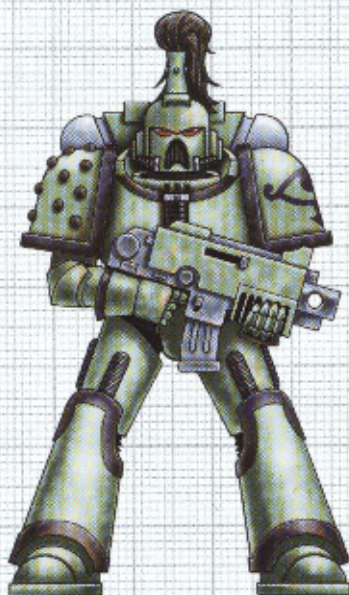
Horus was also skilled in getting the best out of the other Primarchs and their respective Legions. Many of them excelled in a particular style of fighting, and Horus encouraged this diversity and endeavoured to deploy them to war zones that would suit them best.

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Luna Wolves, Progenitor Legion M31



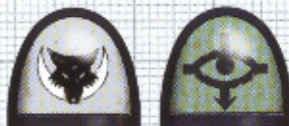
Pre-Heresy Luna Wolves colour scheme



Pre-Heresy Sons of Horus colour scheme
(renamed after Ullanor Crusade)



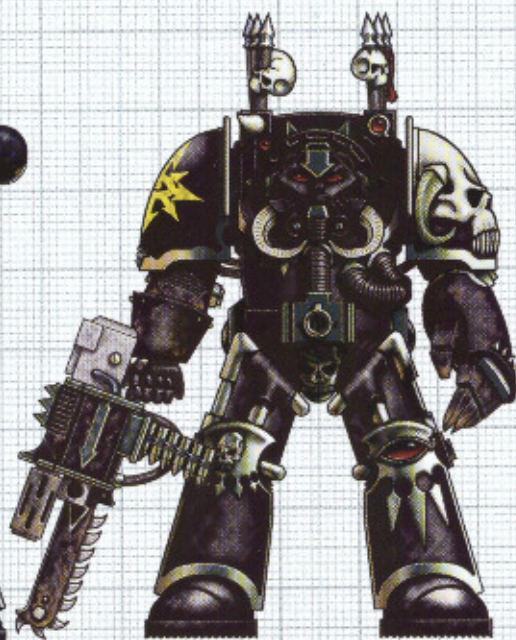
Luna Wolves Legion symbol



Pre-Heresy auto reactive shoulder plates
incorporating Legion iconography



Black Legion colour scheme
(Renamed for unknown reason)



Black Legion Terminator



Traitor Black Legion symbol



Auto reactive shoulder plates
incorporating blasphemous iconography

Thought for the day: The weak shall fall, the strong shall prevail.

If a sudden strike was needed, he would send the White Scars or the Night Lords. If a protracted campaign was expected, then the Death Guard or the Salamanders were used. When precise timing or covert operations were required, the Alpha Legion were favoured, and if simple ferocity was called for, other Legions were brought to the fore. Horus wielded the Space Marine Legions as a lesser commander would wield the squads of his army, positioning them so that each could perform to their advantages and win glory for all. There is also evidence that he sent dispatches detailing the World Eaters' most ferocious victories to the Blood Angels Legion and vice versa, presumably to foster a competitive rivalry. Likewise, it can be assumed that Horus was well aware of the feud between the Space Wolves and the Dark Angels. These two Legions were repeatedly deployed in joint actions, spurring them both on to greater military feats in order to outdo each other.

His own Legion had all the glory of being the greatest Primarch's personal guard, and they shared Horus' credo of fighting to be the best. Under his inspiring command, the Luna Wolves were always at the forefront of the latest campaign, pushing the boundaries of the Imperium ever wider, driving further and further into the galaxy and striving to conquer and liberate more worlds than the other Legions. In the Aartuo, Keskastine and Androv Systems, the Luna Wolves are known to have moved swiftly on to planet after planet as soon as the local armies had been subdued. The Ultramarines and the Iron Warriors, who were fighting alongside Horus' Legion at this time, were repeatedly left to mop up any final pockets of resistance and establish garrisons on the conquered worlds. The Luna Wolves officers apparently refused point blank to assign any troops to these duties, insisting that every man was required for the ongoing crusade. Further rebellion flared up on a number of the planets after the Luna Wolves had left, and it is believed that the Ultramarines Primarch Roboute Guilliman subsequently had words with Horus on the matter. At the time it seems that Horus pacified the Primarch by admitting that Guilliman was much better at this sort of thing than he was, however in his great work, the Codex Astartes – completed much later – Guilliman prescribed a much more thorough tactical doctrine for the suppression of a planet.

Heresy

The Ullanor Crusade saw Horus battling a huge Ork empire. At its conclusion, the Emperor declared it the greatest victory yet for his mighty Imperium and was said to bestow much praise upon the Luna Wolves and Horus, for their part in the campaign. The most notable reward was the renaming of the Legion. The Emperor sent word that henceforth they would be known as the Sons of Horus, in honour of their Primarch. Horus himself was given the title Warmaster – now officially supreme commander of the Emperor's forces. Despite these great honours, there is some suggestion that Horus was less than content. The wording of the Emperor's proclamation clearly claimed the glory of Horus' victories as his own. This was the usual rhetoric for such announcements – after all, the Primarchs were the sworn vassals of him and his Imperium. And yet in the Primarch's eyes, the Emperor now spent his time in safety at his palace on Terra while Horus won his Imperium for him. It seems likely that a deeply-rooted resentment had surfaced.

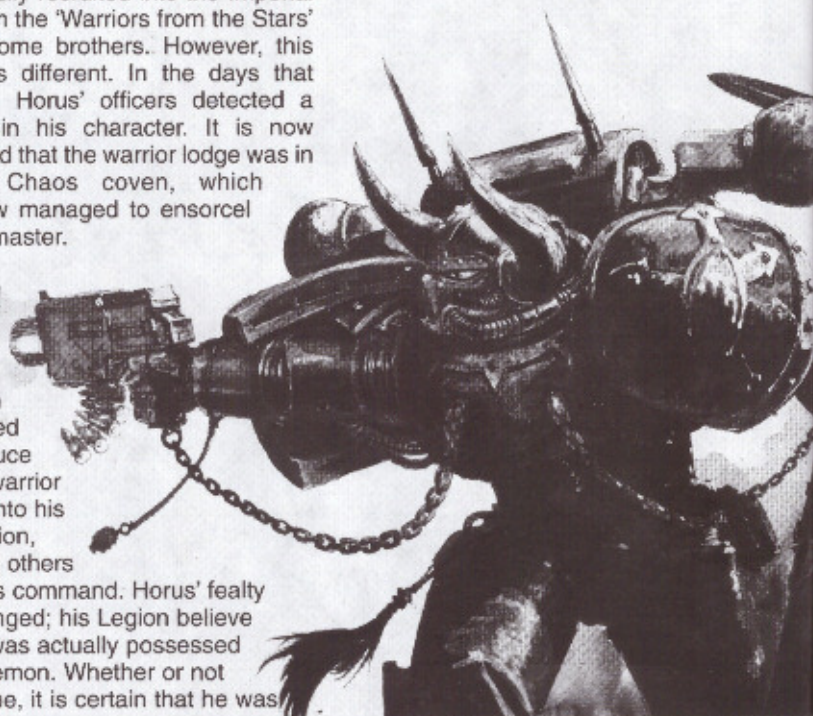
Before he could return to Terra to be officially invested with his new title, Horus apparently fell ill on a small feral world called Davin. During his convalescence, he took part in the induction ceremony of a warrior lodge on the planet. This was the Primarch's well-tried practice to develop ties with local populations – feral natives were more easily recruited into the Imperial fold when the 'Warriors from the Stars' had become brothers. However, this time was different. In the days that followed, Horus' officers detected a change in his character. It is now presumed that the warrior lodge was in fact a Chaos coven, which somehow managed to ensorcel the Warmaster.

The Primarch proceeded to introduce similar 'warrior lodges' into his own Legion, and then others under his command. Horus' fealty had changed; his Legion believe that he was actually possessed by a Daemon. Whether or not this is true, it is certain that he was

now allied body and soul to the powers of Chaos, and he had a new vision for the Imperium with himself at its head. Whether the events on Davin were planned by the gods of Chaos or just the work of an isolated group is unsure. Certainly a Primarch becoming ill was almost unheard of, and it would surely have required a virulent and unique ailment to affect him, perhaps indicating a greater conspiracy.

The Sons of Horus, already fiercely loyal and proud of their Warmaster, had no hesitation. They quickly renounced their oaths to the Emperor and started to worship Horus and his new gods. The corruption spread to every organisation with which Horus had dealings, including a division of the Adeptus Mechanicus, and from there to the Collegia Titanica and the Legio Cybernetica. The other Primarchs, Horus knew like brothers, and was already well practiced at motivating them. Appealing to their pride, martial prowess and courage, while playing upon past grudges and favours, the Warmaster gained the loyalty of fully half the Primarchs. The war that followed was the most terrible in the history of the Imperium, and came close to shattering it forever. Space Marines fought Space Marines and Titans fought Titans as Earth was invaded, and the Emperor's palace itself was besieged and breached.

History records that on the 55th day of the battle, overwhelming Imperial





THE ULLANOR CRUSADE

The Ullanor Sector was the domain of Ork Overlord Urlakk Urg. His empire was founded on dozens of conquered and enslaved Human planets. Knowing the Orks' love for battle, the Warmaster's tactics were to lure the Greenskin forces away from his real targets. Other Space Marine Legions were tasked to retake the outlying planets, supported by newly-raised Imperial Guard regiments. As the Ork armadas moved out to resist this invasion, the Luna Wolves fleet drove straight for the central system.

Drop pods crashed to the ground all around Urlakk's fortress-palace. Heavy shuttles deployed Land Raiders and Predators and armoured Space Marines advanced on the defences. Then, as hundreds of Orks rushed to join the battle on the perimeter walls, Horus and the entire Terminator-armoured 1st Company teleported directly to the foot of the great central tower. As the Luna Wolves blasted away the guards, mobs from the walls raced back to protect Urlakk. Horus left most of the Terminators to hold back the Orks and pushed on up the tower with just ten Space Marines at his side. At the pinnacle of the tower they found Urlakk in a grand chamber, accompanied by forty of the biggest Orks in his empire. Horus charged straight into the midst of the Nobs, slicing apart the muscled, green bodies with the twin lightning claws of his battle armour. The Terminators with him would not fire into the mêlée for fear of hitting their beloved Primarch, so they too crashed into the combat. Slowly they hacked a path through the mob until Horus faced Urlakk himself. The Overlord was an enormous Ork, but he was simply no match for the Primarch's skill and unnatural power. First crippling his enemy, Horus hefted Urlakk's broken body out onto the roof and threw it screaming from the battlements to fall far below amongst the horde of Orks still assaulting the lower levels.

The sudden demise of their mighty leader sent a panic through the Greenskin forces, which started to fall back from the Terminators. But the fleeing mobs found they had nowhere to run, as the outer walls had been breached by the attacking Luna Wolves, and the day turned into a slaughter. Back in the Overlord's chamber, Horus found every Ork and Terminator dead, apart from the gore-drenched Captain of the 1st Company, Abaddon, surrounded by crushed and broken bodies.

As word of his death spread, the Overlord's empire fragmented. The Imperial forces were able to destroy or drive out the remaining Orks and free the quadrant for Imperial rule within a year (naturally, the Luna Wolves claimed to have liberated substantially more worlds than their allies).

reinforcements approached. In a bid to slay the Emperor before it was too late, Horus lowered the shields around his battle barge, daring his creator to teleport on board. But it was Horus who was slain, and with him died the rebellion. It was a traumatic and devastating blow for the Sons of Horus. Everything they had ever fought for was lost. The Legion fell back immediately from the attack on the palace and fought their way back to their shuttles. This action alone is thought to have secured the enmity of all the other Traitor Legions. On board the battle barge, the Captain of the 1st Company led a furious counter-attack to drive the Imperials from the vessel, then fled into space with the Warmaster's body.

Exile

Along with the other rebel Legions, the Sons of Horus found refuge in the Eye of Terror, where they established a base from which to continue the

campaign against the Imperium. They constructed a fortress-tomb for the body of the Warmaster and even in death still revered him as their commander. Nobody was appointed in his place and the Captains of the Legion would offer sacrifices and pray for guidance in his shrine. In the following centuries they were the most active of the Traitor Legions, possibly trying to maintain their tradition of achieving more than the others, or perhaps seeking to atone for their moment of weakness on Terra. During this time they offered their worship to each of the Chaos gods in turn, willingly giving their bodies to possession by Daemons in emulation of their dead Primarch. However, with every change in loyalty, the Daemons of the rejected god retreated into the warp leaving their Space Marine hosts nothing more than discarded husks. The Legion grew fewer and fewer until it was threatened with extinction. Desperate experimentation and research by the Legion's Sorcerer-

Librarians finally uncovered a method of possession that did not destroy the mortal host.

Saved, but still numerically inferior, the Sons of Horus fought a series of bloody wars against the other Traitor Legions, vying for resources, power and superiority within the Eye of Terror. The culmination of the conflict was the destruction of the Legion's fortress by a combined force of their erstwhile allies, including the Emperor's Children. Worse still, the Warmaster's corpse was taken and there were subsequent reports that a being calling himself the Primogenitor was working with the Emperor's Children to clone the body. With their Primarch taken from them and defiled by their enemies, the remains of the Legion finally swore fealty to a new leader - Abaddon, Captain of the 1st Company.

Abaddon knew that the memory of the Warmaster shackled his Legion to the failures of the past, so his first edicts renounced the name of Horus and the ancient title of the Legion. Taking their last surviving battle barge, he led them in a lightning raid that destroyed the Warmaster's body and the whole cloning laboratory complex. For this action and in every subsequent sighting, each Space Marine's armour was painted black. Since this time, Abaddon's 'Black Legion' has raided the Imperium, sowing havoc and misery on every world it attacks.

Home World

The Legion's home world of Cthonia no longer exists, having apparently lost geo-structural integrity and broken apart into asteroids and debris during the centuries following the Heresy. Certainly the once ore-rich planet was riddled with mine workings right through to its dead core (in fact the numerous gangers that formed the population may originally have been imported as work teams to maintain the crumbling tunnels), however there is much conjecture that Cthonia was destroyed deliberately.

Since the destruction of their fortress in the Eye of Terror, the Black Legion is no longer based on any particular planet, instead stationed permanently on various spacecraft. They possess a single ancient battle barge from their original fleet, as well as other vessels commandeered or captured over the years. In particular, many Imperial Navy ships that rebelled during the

Horus Heresy now seem to be under Abaddon's command, along with newer vessels he has ordered constructed.

Combat doctrine

The Legion is a flexible fighting force, that can perform well and adapt quickly to any combat situation. It was trained to respond sharply and decisively to the tactical orders of its Warmaster and consequently the chain of command within the Legion was very efficient. This suffered significantly during the early years of exile when the Legion was leaderless, but Abaddon has done much to restore discipline, mainly through fear and horrendous violence inflicted on those that displease him. Horus' favoured doctrine of 'tearing the throat out of the enemy' by eliminating their high command in a swift strike, remains a well-used tactic.

Organisation

After the death of Horus, proper structure within the squads and companies disintegrated, and their later dispersal in various spacecraft further fragmented the Legion. Now warbands of virtually any size and composition can be found following Black Legion Champions – ranking officers from older times or newly emerged leaders who have won favour through their violent deeds. At times, such warbands rally together under the banner of a greater Champion or even Abaddon himself, for a major raid or incursion into the hated Imperium. However, loyalty to differing Chaos gods often leads to internal politics and conflict. Possession by Daemons is still considered highly favourable, and many members of the Legion have the honour of being hosts.

Beliefs

The overriding belief of the Legion prior to the Warmaster's demise was in the ultimate superiority of Horus and themselves. In continually seeking to prove themselves as the greatest Legion, they did indeed achieve most in terms of sheer numbers of worlds brought into the Imperial fold prior to the Heresy. Their defeat and exile was a crushing blow to the collective ego of the Legion. It has taken all the strength of character of their new commander, Abaddon, to restore the Legion's sense of pride and refocus on their ultimate goal – to overthrow everything which the false emperor of Mankind created.

Gene-seed

The Legion's gene-seed, prior to the incident on Davin, was reliably pure. However, following their corruption by Chaos, Space Marines started to exhibit random mutations, and it is likely that this taint goes right down to the gene-seed level. The regular practice of seeking Daemonic possession may also have accelerated the effect. However, such mutations are seen as

a mark of favour from the Chaos deities and are generally displayed with pride.

Battle-cry

Up until the destruction of Horus' body: "For the Warmaster!"

Following this event, the various warbands each use their own battle-cries. Warbands fighting for Abaddon use: "We are returned!"





ABADDON THE DESPOILER

by Graham McNeill

Leader of the apocalyptic Black Crusades and destroyer of worlds, Abaddon the Despoiler has caused the death of untold billions throughout the Gothic Sector and beyond.

It is said that the name of the Despoiler is a curse that blights the lips of those who speak it, bringing ill fortune and misery upon the poor unfortunate who gave voice to that damned name. It is not for nothing that Abaddon's name carries such power, for he was once a favoured servant of the Emperor before being cast down into the depths of madness and hatred. Once, Abaddon carried the Emperor's light to the darkest corners of the galaxy, bringing fire and steel to those who would not accept the manifest destiny of Mankind to rule the stars. Many thousands of years ago, Abaddon was a captain in the Luna Wolves, one of the greatest Legions of the Emperor's armies, but he treacherously betrayed their master and plunged Mankind into one of the most destructive wars ever to tear at the galaxy. Now that once-proud champion has sunk into an inescapable morass of bitterness, hatred and obsession.

The Luna Wolves fell under the command of the Primarch Horus, first among the Emperor's sons, and Abaddon commanded the First Company of the legion. Abaddon was a mighty hero and a warrior almost without peer. He marched at the forefront of the Emperor's Great Crusade, liberating world after world from alien oppression or the corruption of Chaos, and records of his feats of bravery and heroism filled entire halls of the legion's Librarius. He revered Horus as a god, venerating him above all others, and Horus, in turn, treated Abaddon as a favoured son, bestowing upon him all manner of honours and plaudits. It was even rumoured by some, perhaps jealous of Horus' favour, that Abaddon was in fact his clone-son, the result of the earliest primogenitor experiments. The truth of these rumours was never proven and whether even Abaddon himself knows is a secret kept only by him.

THE HORUS HERESY

As the Great Crusade continued, it seemed as though nothing could halt the expansion of the Emperor's realm and after the Luna Wolves' successes in the Ullanor Campaign, the Emperor declared it to be the greatest victory

yet achieved by any of his Primarchs. He bestowed the title Warmaster upon Horus and renamed the legion the Sons of Horus, in honour of its Primarch. He then bade him return to Terra to receive his battle honours. What happened next has been so clouded by myth and outright falsehood that the truth of the matter is unlikely ever to be known. For unknown reasons, the Warmaster Horus turned to Chaos and rebelled against the Emperor's rule while en route to Terra, beginning what historians have chosen to call the Horus Heresy. Whole swathes of the Imperial armed forces sided with Horus, from the Navy, divisions of the Collegia Titanica, factions of the Adeptus Mechanicus and entire regiments of the Imperial Guard. Even worse, a full nine Legions of Space Marines joined the Heresy, pitting brother against brother in a galaxy-wide civil war.

Abaddon was instrumental in the rebellion, tearing down what he had helped to build in the Great Crusade, smashing down the statues of the Emperor and defiling his temples in the name of his new masters, the gods of Chaos. The name of Abaddon became a byword for betrayal, second only to that of his Primarch, as the Sons of Horus advanced relentlessly towards Terra, defeating every foe that stood before them.

The fall of Horus is one of the greatest legends of the Imperium of Mankind and its telling would take many volumes of greater size than this. Suffice to say that the rebellion faltered at the cusp of victory when the Emperor took the fight to Horus on his own battle barge and, in a battle of such titanic proportions that only the most gifted storytellers may attempt its retelling, bested his once-favourite son. Fighting on another part of the mighty vessel, it is said that Abaddon felt the psychic backlash of his master's death and that the trauma of this calamitous event pushed Abaddon deeper into the pits of grief and madness than any mortal being should ever sink. Enraged with a deathly fury, Abaddon hacked and slaughtered his way to the bridge of the Warmaster's flagship, cutting down those Imperial warriors who yet remained on the vessel. He reclaimed the body of the fallen Horus, tearing the Warmaster's lightning claw from

his wrist and taking it for his own as a symbol of Horus' legacy. His howl of anguish echoed through the Immaterium, and the forces fighting below on Terra suddenly knew that their cause was lost.

As the Chaos forces withdrew from Terra and their fleets fled into the depths of space, Abaddon took command of the Warmaster's battle barge and escaped to the Eye of Terror in the galactic northwest. The scale of Abaddon's fury knew no bounds and entire systems were ravaged in his bitter flight from Imperial forces. Before he could be stopped, Abaddon's ship vanished into the Eye of Terror and disappeared from Imperial space, and many hoped that this would be the last of him. But the powers of Chaos are mindful of those pawns that may yet serve them and Abaddon was to return, many years later, more powerful than ever, at the head of his first 'Black Crusade'.

THE DESPOILER

Abaddon returned at the head of a vast army, laying waste to entire regions of space around the Eye of Terror in a devastating crusade that almost managed to break through into Imperial space. The noble champion of Humanity that Abaddon had once been had vanished forever, swallowed by the dark powers of Chaos, and he destroyed without mercy, killing every living thing before him. Where Horus had failed, he vowed that he would one day succeed. He would see the galaxy burn. And but for the combined might of the Imperial Titan Legions and several Chapters of Space Marines, he would have succeeded. Abaddon was driven back to the Eye of Terror, bringing to an end the first of his Black Crusades, but it would not be long until he returned. Each time Abaddon brought death and destruction on a massive scale to the Imperium, he made unnumbered pacts with the diabolic entities of the Warp in return for power beyond imagining. Led by a monstrous, golden messenger, Abaddon discovered the daemon weapon Drach'nyen beneath the Tower of Silence on Uralan and became nigh unstoppable.

The Chaos gods lavished unspeakable and inhuman strength upon their champion, investing him with powers beyond mortal ken, and he repaid them in blood. At El'Phanor, his forces assaulted the Citadel of the Kromarch; a fastness

built with all the cunning its designers could muster. It was pierced with but a single portal, a mighty gate of adamantium, fully three metres thick, but Abaddon cared not. He boasted that he would feast on the Kromarch's kin and led the charge of the gate himself. The Citadel was a masterpiece of military engineering and barely one in ten of Abaddon's warriors survived to reach the gate. To either side, enemy weapons prevented their retreat, but Abaddon laughed, raising his sword wreathed in black flames high above his head and smote the gate a blow that smashed it to splinters and shook the very foundations of the citadel. As Abaddon had promised, he and his warriors feasted upon the Kromarch.

On the bloody fields of Mackan, Abaddon sought out the Blood Angels and repaid them for the part

they played in the downfall of Horus. Leading a charge of berserk warriors towards the dug-in positions of the Sons of Sanguinius' heavy weapon squads, Abaddon and his warriors charged through a storm of gunfire that should surely have seen them all slain. But Abaddon clawed his way across the Blood Angels' barricades unharmed and he and his few surviving Berzerkers tore the beating hearts from their enemies' chests. When the inevitable counter-attack struck, the victorious Abaddon fought with such tenacity and ferocity that the Blood Angels were unable to reclaim the fallen bodies of their battle brothers. Abaddon had special reason to hate the Blood Angels – now they had one to hate him.



Index Astartes

First Founding



DARK APOSTLES

The Word Bearers
Space Marine Legion

by Graham McNeill
& Jeffrey Arp

While the vast majority of Chaos Space Marines are known for their unyielding bitterness towards the Imperium of Man, there are few who could match the depths of hatred of the Word Bearers. Armed with zealous faith in Chaos in all its myriad forms, the Word Bearers waged an unholy war against Man even before the Horus Heresy erupted.

Lorgar, Primarch of the Word Bearers Legion of Space Marines, was known as one of the most scrupulous and dedicated followers of the Imperial Cult. His zeal in persecuting the enemies of the Emperor was almost unmatched by any of his brother Primarchs and many were those who felt him to be the most devoted of the Primarchs. It was on the world of Colchis that his character was to be formed, one of the first worlds settled in Mankind's exploration of the stars. Its continental masses were dotted with strange, crumbling edifices, and no amount of exploration and research could fathom their purpose. Explorators at the time of the Great Crusade put the date of its first settlements somewhere around the 16th Millennium, though it is impossible to be certain. Imperial scholars and historians believe that the world of Colchis was once highly advanced technologically, but fell into anarchy during the turbulent time known as the Age of Strife and that its population regressed to the level of a feudal society.

Few records remain of the society that arose from the ashes of the Age of Strife, save those penned by Lorgar himself, and these are sealed in the deepest vaults of the Library Sanctus on Terra. Various fragments of these records are reproduced in the *Speculum Historiale*, the exhaustive history of the Great Crusade penned by the historian Carpinus. In his description of Colchis, Carpinus tells of a caste of priests calling themselves the Covenant who rebuilt the shattered society of Colchis on the promise that a great leader would one day come to deliver them from the darkness their world had descended into. With harsh religious observance, the Covenant's strict dogma became a gigantic, monolithic belief structure that permeated every facet of daily life on Colchis. Of Lorgar's coming, Carpinus speaks of a fiery comet smashing into the foremost temple of the Covenant bearing the infant Primarch, while Lorgar himself often made oblique references to his 'pilgrimage' to Colchis. Another tale tells of the arrival of a strange, golden-

skinned child at the doors of the Covenant's largest temple, asking to be schooled in their ways. The child was taken into the temple and given the name Lorgar, growing to manhood within its walls and quickly mastering the many tenets and codes of faith imposed by the Covenant. The truth of the matter will, in all likelihood, never be known, and though the answers may lie in the blasted words of the *Liber Malum*, its pages must never again be opened.

However it came to pass, Lorgar became a devout member of the Covenant, taking fiery words of faith to every corner of the globe, where the power of his oratory and charisma won him many supporters. He rose rapidly through the ranks and though the people of Colchis loved him, he had enemies within the Covenant who grew jealous of his popularity and challenge to their power. The *Speculum Historiale* speaks of a tale told by Lorgar to Konrad Curze, Primarch of the Night Lords, during the victory celebrations on Boraint following the defeat of the Arch-Heretic of Dulorth. Lorgar spoke of strange dreams and visions that afflicted him in his early years. In them he saw a mighty warrior in gleaming armour with a helm of bronze and a shining sword. A giant in blue robes with but a single, unblinking eye stood behind him, speaking of his lord's coming to Colchis and that Lorgar must be ready for him. Lorgar was convinced that this mighty warrior was the divine leader the Canticles of the Covenant had promised and, at the urging of Kor Phaeron, his closest friend, began spreading the word that their god would soon be amongst them. People flocked to hear his words and waves of popular support followed Lorgar wherever he preached. This was the opportunity Lorgar's enemies within the Covenant had been waiting for and they denounced him as a heretic, fearing the threat to the status quo and their power.

Lorgar's supporters rallied round him, fighting and killing the soldiers of the Covenant who came to arrest him. Lorgar himself fought with strength and passion for his cause, and each

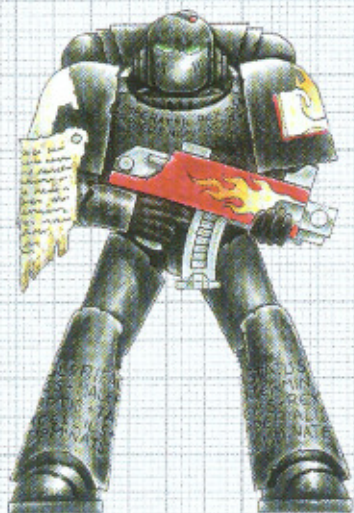
time the Covenant's warriors came for him, he slew them. His enemies had vastly underestimated the depth of belief in Lorgar's words and the Covenant split into two factions, each deeply opposed to the other's belief, and each believing that only they could save their people. A holy war of horrific proportions erupted, with more and more of the population forced to choose sides as the battles grew larger and spread across the planet. For six years the fighting raged across Colchis and many were the atrocities

carried out in the name of holy righteousness. Lorgar's supporters were outnumbered, but they were led by a Primarch, and his strength and power were beyond compare. Lorgar fought many battles, learning the ways of war with astounding rapidity. His inspired words roused his armies to undreamed of heights of courage and devotion, binding them to the promise of their saviour's coming, and the priests of the Covenant could do nothing to stop him. Eventually, Lorgar led his people to victory, storming the

temple he had trained in and killing all the priests within. With the end of the war, the people awaited the arrival of the divine being promised by Lorgar, and less than a year after the final battle, a mighty, sky-borne vessel descended to the temple on a trail of fire. The Apocrypha of Skaros tells that the Emperor and Magnus the Red descended to Colchis with two squads of Thousand Sons Space Marines, to meet its mighty war leader. Lorgar dropped to one knee, immediately recognising the Emperor from his

Inquisitor Axiom Level 6 size 1000x1000 and 600x600

Word Bearers, Progenitor Legion M31



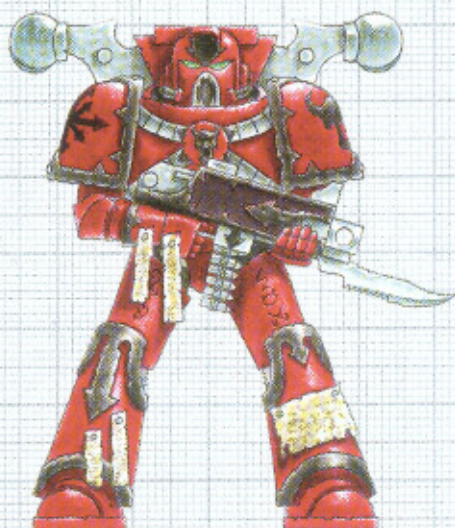
Pre-Heresy Word Bearers colour scheme



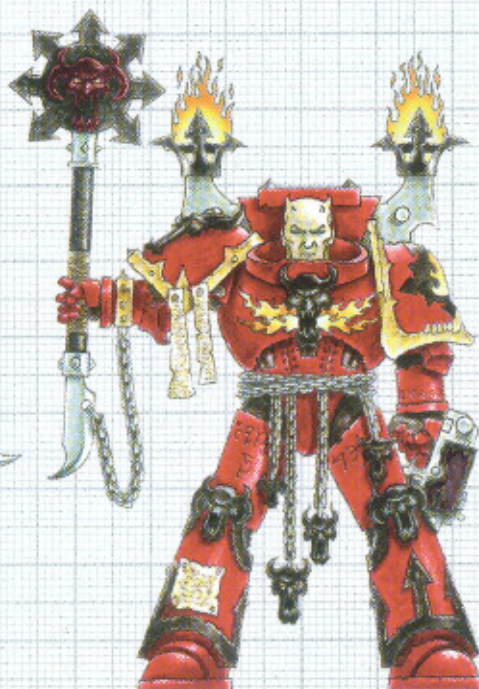
Tractor Word Bearers symbol



Auto reactive shoulder plates incorporating legion symbols



Word Bearers colour scheme



Word Bearers Chaplain [Dark Apostle]



Word Bearers helmet variants



Power fist featuring blasphemous iconography

Thought for the day: Only death is a true test of faith.



visions, and swore his undying fealty to him. Under Lorgar's rule, every facet of the Covenant's belief structure was devoted to the worship of the Emperor and the population of Colchis rejoiced, united behind their new and wondrous god.

The elaborate celebrations and pious displays of devotion lasted for many months, and recent translations of some of the more obscure passages within the *Speculum Historiale* infer that the delays enforced on the Great Crusade by the lengthy shows of fealty Lorgar offered chafed at the Emperor, who wished to resume the conquest of the galaxy as swiftly as possible. These same scholars cite later events in the Great Crusade as further proof of this, though others point out Carpinus' revisionist tendencies and claim that such interpretations are based on the venerable historian's hindsight. At the conclusion of the celebrations the Emperor offered Lorgar command of the Word Bearers and bade him take his best and bravest warriors to become Space Marines for his praetorian guard. Lorgar accepted the honour the Emperor offered him and decreed that he would leave Colchis and take his place at the Emperor's side. He appointed faithful followers to minister to his people in his absence, garbed himself in his battle gear and departed with the Emperor and Magnus.

Lorgar led his Legion throughout the glory years of the Great Crusade, setting out to eradicate and destroy all forms of blasphemy and heresy that threatened the Emperor's realm. All manner of ancient scrolls, books, artworks and icons were burned and smashed before the advancing ranks of the Legion. In their place, vast monuments and cathedrals, all dedicated to the Emperor, were erected upon the mounds of dead of those who had resisted conversion. The greatest Chaplains of the Legions produced enormous works on the divinity and righteousness of the Emperor, and Lorgar himself delivered countless speeches and sermons, converting millions to the Emperor with his words alone.

The progress of the Word Bearers was slow, but complete. None escaped the crozius or the bolter. Entire worlds were scoured of the living for their refusal to submit to the will of the Emperor. When the Emperor took note of Lorgar's slow advance across the stars, he personally reproached his

THE PURGING OF FORTREA QUINTUS

The world of Fortrea Quintus had been isolated from Imperial rule for several centuries, and when the leading edges of the Great Crusade reached the frontier of their system, the planet's monarchy was unwilling to submit itself to Imperial rule and had the Emperor's representatives executed. The Word Bearers were the nearest Legion, though were already heavily engaged in fighting Orks in the Chairak Nebula. Lorgar despatched two thousand warriors to Fortrea Quintus with orders that the planet be pacified within three months. The Word Bearers quickly established positions on the planet and found the populace to be living in abject poverty, while the corrupt and ruthless monarchy grew fat off their labours. A well-trained and disciplined army defended the planet's rulers, equipped with advanced weaponry and war-machines. Under the command of Captain Jarulek, the Word Bearers steadily pushed their enemies back, their captain rousing the populace with stirring speeches and fiery oratory. In ever-increasing numbers, the people of Fortrea Quintus joined Jarulek's march until his army numbered more than a million.

A month after the Word Bearers had landed, Captain Jarulek, together with his millions of new followers, launched his attack on the planetary ruler's last bastion, the Palace of Light. The casualties amongst the populace were horrendous, thousands dying every minute as they charged the defended walls, armoured bastions and labyrinthine trench systems of the main gates armed with little more than pistols and spears. As the carnage continued at the main palace gates, the Word Bearers attacked on another front, catching the defenders off guard and striking for the heart of the palace. Nothing could stand before them and Jarulek himself captured the planet's ruler, throwing him to the blood-maddened survivors of the battle at the gates. Fully 90% of the people who had joined Jarulek's march were dead, while barely a handful of Word Bearers had been killed. Following the victory, Jarulek began indoctrinal teachings among the populace and when Adepts of the Ministorum arrived to bring the word of the Emperor to Fortrea Quintus, they were horrified by the Word Bearers' careless use of the populace, but found the people as well versed in the faith of the Imperium as any loyal world could be.

[Historical note: Fortrea Quintus was later cleansed by the Blood Angels after the planet sided with Horus during the Heresy and the citizenry rose up to slaughter their Imperial leaders. It is widely believed that the Word Bearers corrupted the populace on the planet's initial capture.]

Primarch. He informed Lorgar that his purpose was not for faith, but for battle. The true mission of the Space Marines was to re-conquer and unify the galaxy under the banner of Imperium, not to waste precious time and resources in vast displays of fealty and piety.

Lorgar was stunned. Upon returning to his personal battleship, the *Fidelitas Lex*, the Primarch refused to speak to any of his lieutenants or chaplains. He removed his power armour and wore nothing but sackcloth, his golden skin greased with ash, his hair torn and dishevelled. He mourned the Emperor's command for a month, and the Legion of the Word Bearers stood idle and silent within the depths of space, waiting for a command, any command, to be issued by their Primarch.

The Master of Mankind did not remain ignorant of Lorgar's reaction. The Emperor was on the verge of once again reprimanding his tardy Primarch when news came that the Legion had suddenly renewed its campaign. Worlds now fell before the Word Bearers like ripe grain. The assaults were quick and devastating; no longer did Lorgar offer redemption or salvation to those he set his Legion against. The embittered Primarch offered only the sword, and in his wrath the holocausts were unnumbered. Pleased with what he saw as progress, the Emperor turned his eyes towards other matters. What he could not know is that he had already been betrayed.

The Word Bearers were the first Legion to be fully corrupted by Chaos. While it is true that Horus was the first of the Primarchs to be tainted, and his

KOR PHAERON - MASTER OF THE FAITH

Kor Phaeron was Lorgar's spiritual advisor on Colchis and the Primarch valued his counsel above all others. When the visions of the Emperor's arrival on Colchis plagued the young Primarch, it was Kor Phaeron who pressed him to take his prophecies to the people. First amongst Lorgar's followers, Kor Phaeron followed the Primarch through all his battles against the Covenant, lending him spiritual strength when it seemed there was no end in sight to the wars. Upon his elevation to a Space Marine, Kor Phaeron became Lorgar's second in command, leading the First Company of the Word Bearers. Even in a legion of zealots, Kor Phaeron stood out, and it was inevitable the Legion's chaplains would pick him for further devotional training. Immersed in religious study, Kor Phaeron's zeal rose to new heights and the warriors he led fought with ferocity unmatched by any of their brethren. Kor Phaeron advanced quickly through the Chaplaincy, the speed of his assimilation of holy texts beyond all mortal comprehension.

But a man such as Kor Phaeron should never have become a Space Marine. His ambition for power had led him as a child to the Covenant, and thence to Lorgar. As the Word Bearers sat becalmed in deep space, following the Emperor's rebuke of Lorgar's slow advance, it was Kor Phaeron who first gave voice to the idea that if the Emperor would not accept their worship, there were other beings in the galaxy who would. Kor Phaeron understood Lorgar's need for acceptance and he knew that the powers of Chaos turned no-one away. Kor Phaeron's quest for power had now led him to Chaos and as Lorgar brooded over the Emperor's reproach, Kor Phaeron worked subtle manipulations and whispered appeals to Lorgar's pride, slowly poisoning the Primarch against his former master.

Kor Phaeron became Master of the Faith and began the process of corrupting the entire Legion. With Lorgar embracing Chaos with gusto, it was not long before the Word Bearers were wholly dedicated to the Ruinous Powers. As before, Kor Phaeron was Lorgar's spiritual advisor and led contingents of the Word Bearers in some of their most devastating battles of the Horus Heresy. He was eventually defeated by the Ultramarines on Calth and forced to flee to the Maelstrom. The Ultramarines claim to have destroyed his battle barge in an engagement on the fringes of the Maelstrom, but such a claim is impossible to verify in this volatile region of space. However, the number of cults and uprisings believed to have been instigated by the Word Bearers in regions surrounding the Maelstrom makes it increasingly likely that Kor Phaeron survived and continues his evil calling to this day.

Sons of Horus were the first Legion to openly rebel, in truth it was the Word Bearers who were the first to fully embrace Chaos as an entire Legion. When the Emperor rebuked Lorgar's shows of devotion, the Primarch turned his gaze towards gods who would be more worthy of his dedication. In Chaos, Lorgar found what he was searching for. Beyond all mortal comprehension, the gods of Chaos welcomed, even demanded, worship. As such, they were initially generous with Lorgar, as his devotion to gods that accepted his worship unquestioningly was second to none. Lorgar's ego, however, would not allow him to become any single god's champion, instead preferring to worship Chaos in its myriad, infinite forms. The Word Bearers came to worship Chaos as a pantheon of countless gods and goddesses, dark

princes and ethereal powers that writhed and seethed in the haunted depths of the Immaterium.

Lorgar would later say that as he turned his faith to Chaos, a veil lifted from his eyes and he was able to see the Emperor for what he was; not his god at all, but an irreverent man who had failed to grasp that what Humanity needed above all else was religious domination, that could only be provided by godlike beings such as himself. The resultant submission and fealty to Chaos would allow Mankind to stave off the countless alien hordes that sought to overwhelm and destroy the young Imperium. At first, the Legion kept their new faith secret, unaware that Chaos had already tainted many of their brethren. Once Horus openly defied the Emperor, and his Legion renounced all ties to

Imperial authority, the Word Bearers openly cast their lot with the side of Chaos. The second Legion to spit on their oaths of loyalty, the Word Bearers, soon set upon the Legion they had come to despise the most, the Legion of Roboute Guilliman, the Ultramarines.

While the Emperor had chastised the Word Bearers, they watched with jealous hearts as he championed the Ultramarines as his finest warriors. When the Heresy erupted and the shackles of loyalty were cast off, the Word Bearers set upon the Sons of Ultramar with unbridled hatred. The Ultramarines were initially stunned, and Lorgar was able to push them back to Ultramar, the region of space that the Ultramarines govern and defend. It was upon the world of Calth that the final battle would take place. Famed for its orbital shipyards, Calth was a typical world of Ultramar. Its inhabitants were wealthy and generous, knowing little in the ways of want or fear. In many ways, theirs was a paradise, and as such it was not to last.

When the Word Bearers launched their attack against the Ultramarines, the strike against Calth was led by one of Lorgar's greatest champions, the former Master of the Faith, Kor Phaeron. This mighty champion swore to utterly destroy the planet, and was very nearly successful. From his personal battle barge, now renamed *Infidus Imperator*, Kor Phaeron directed a full-scale invasion of the Calth System. Calth's three sister planets were all destroyed, massive geo-nuclear strikes ripping them apart at the core. Its once gentle sun was laced with deadly metals and substances that increased the star's radiation output tenfold. Within a century after the Heresy's end, the final elements of Calth's atmosphere were burned off, the world left airless, its populace now dwelling in gigantic underground caverns. Upon its surface, the Word Bearers fought the Ultramarines to a standstill. The traitors held superiority in numbers, weaponry and brutality, but the Ultramarines would never give in. As driven as the warriors of Lord Kor Phaeron were, they could not dislodge the Ultramarines, many of whom had once called the planet home.

The war upon Calth was devastating and horrific. Ancient codes of warfare and martial conduct were broken and set aside by the Word Bearers as all

manner of death and destruction was unleashed. The Ultramarines were stunned by the millions of cultists the Word Bearers used as human shields and disgusted by the hordes of daemons unleashed as shock troops. The Word Bearers, in turn, had underestimated the tenacity and resolve of their hated foe. In the end, Lord Kor Phaeron was defeated when reinforcements from Macragge drove the Word Bearers from the surface of Calth. Kor Phaeron retreated all the way to the Maelstrom, a turbulent region of the galaxy where the Immaterium of Chaos seeps through into the material realm of the universe. The Ultramarines were victorious, and their leader, Brother Captain Ventanus, would one day set foot upon a broken Colchis, symbolically capturing the abandoned home world of the Legion that had once threatened to enslave Ultramar.

While Kor Phaeron set his men upon Calth, Lorgar was leading the rest of the Legion against Terra. The horrors of the battles there were beyond the comprehension of mortal beings and fill many vaults of the Library Sanctus. Lorgar helped smash down the realm of the master he had once served with the fanaticism of a zealot. Suffice to say, Horus was defeated, and the legions of Chaos were forced to flee. The Word Bearers were also forced to retreat to the Eye of Terror, and there they have remained, returning to the Imperium to raid, pillage, and destroy, awaiting the chance to reclaim what was once theirs.

As time passed and the atrocities carried out in the name of Lorgar rose to new heights, he was rewarded by his patrons with the gift of daemonhood. Now he truly was the equal of a god, and the birth scream of this newest daemon of Chaos was said by Astropaths to have echoed through the warp with triumphant vindication. From the Daemon-world of Sicarus, Lorgar watches over his Legion, directing its myriad wars and engagements, orchestrating the vast corruption from within that the Imperium suffers at the hands of his innumerable cults and covens. Unlike many of the other Traitor Legions, the Word Bearers have remained a unified, if loosely organised, Legion. Each of Lorgar's champions have become an amalgamation of brutal war leader and divinely inspired preacher of Chaos known as a Dark Apostle. Each is gifted an army

roughly equivalent to a Space Marine Chapter, known as a Host, and these armies have proven to be deadly raiding forces against the Imperium.

From the two primary bases of the Legion, the daemon world Sicarus and the factory-world of Ghalmek, located within the Maelstrom, the Word Bearers launch twisted wars of faith against the Imperium. On each world they attack, they plant the seeds of future corruption and an ever-expanding web of cults. Fortunately for the Imperium, the cults of the Word Bearers compete heavily with those of the Alpha Legion, a rivalry that has spread to the Legions themselves. Though the Alpha Legion and the Word Bearers have united several times to take part in the Black Crusades of Abaddon, they are more usually in states of bitter division and rivalry.

On the worlds they attack, the Word Bearers build huge monuments dedicated to their dark gods, and vast cathedrals are erected where the chants and prayers of the faithful intermingle with the screams of those being sacrificed in the name of Lorgar. The Word Bearers are the only Traitor Legion to still observe codes of religion in the form of their Dark Apostles, and under them have retained a strict regimen of blasphemous prayer and evil devotion that fills much of their time. All Word Bearers are expected to be thoroughly knowledgeable in ritual sacrifice, occult study, and decadent worship. In battle the Word Bearers are zealous in the extreme, marching forward under huge banners dedicated to Chaos in its myriad forms, reciting catechisms as they fight, and slaying the enemy for failing to follow the one true path to righteousness. Their war against the Imperium of Man is total, and it will not end until every icon of the Emperor who betrayed them lies shattered at their feet.

"We killed thousands, yet still they came. A living tide of traitors, herded by armoured giants in red armour like so much cattle into the teeth of our guns, chanting that damnable litany that infests my head still. They waded, knee deep in blood, yet still they came. All to the horrid cadence of pounding drums, a driving beat that stretched the nerves of my men to breaking point, and a droning mindless chant. Yet for all the cruel disregard their masters showed, every traitor died with a beatific smile upon his face..."

"Speak the words of Lorgar and you shall live forever in the glory of Chaos. Speak them not and every one of you shall die today."

Ultimatum made at the gates of Moergh IV prior to its destruction
by Kor Phaeron

Homeworld

Colchis was once a technologically advanced world that regressed to a feudal state during the Age of Strife. The arrival of Lorgar brought with it both a blessing and a curse. A blessing because it brought the world into the fold of the Imperium, a curse because his arrival signed the planet's death warrant many hundreds of years later. Under Lorgar's brief rule the planet prospered, but when the Emperor came to Colchis and put Lorgar in command of the Word Bearers, those he left behind allowed the world to fall into decline. When the Ultramarines took the fight to Colchis, they found a devastated world, its industry in ruins and its people clinging desperately to civilisation. Given Lorgar's treachery, the Inquisition ordered the planet to be cleansed and the Ultramarines battle barge, *Octavius*, bombarded Colchis with cyclonic torpedoes. The geological structure of Colchis was highly unstable and the resultant seismic activity split the planet apart. Nothing now remains of Colchis and where it once existed is still a closely guarded secret.

Combat Doctrine

The Word Bearers follow the words of their Dark Apostles with utter loyalty and faith in battle, and they in turn interpret the will of Lorgar by many and varied means. The means to win a battle may be contained within the entrails of a particular captive, a particular alignment of the stars or the

After action report 3445/rhf/9
Filed by Colonel Johann Adronia

pattern of cast bones. The Dark Apostles decree how the battle is to be fought and the warriors of the Host obey unquestioningly. Before battle, the Word Bearers gather in ritual prayer, chanting blasphemous hymns and forbidden doctrine to affirm their faith in the power of Chaos. Often these chants will be answered and it is common for the Word Bearers to fight alongside hideous daemonic entities that have made diabolical pacts with the Dark Apostles.

The Word Bearers then raise their damned standards high and march into battle beneath cursed icons, bellowing catechisms and canticles of hatred at their foe as hideous drums beat out a dolorous thunder. The relentless advance of the Word Bearers is a terrifying sight, as the monotonous chant and beat of drums can break even the strongest will. The night before battle, the enemy can hear dark mutterings emanating from all around, echoed in the pounding drums, stretching the nerve and

instilling every man with fear. The unshakeable belief of the Word Bearers that they alone can save the galaxy has seen them marching towards certain death, yet unwilling to take a single step backwards. Any victory won over the Word Bearers is only won at a terrible cost, as their attacks will only ever end when all are dead.

Organisation

Alone amongst the Legions of Chaos, the Word Bearers maintain a facsimile of their former discipline and faith. That faith has been corrupted beyond all recognition and their discipline now serves darker masters, but their organisation bears a twisted resemblance to their former glory. The various warbands of the Word Bearers, known as Hosts, are scattered throughout the Eye of Terror and the Maelstrom, each led by a mighty champion known as a Dark Apostle. These terrifying warriors fulfil the dual role of chaplain and commander. Veterans of a thousand times a thousand battles, these mighty champions of Chaos are the epitome of a warrior of Chaos. These blood-soaked killers make unspeakable pacts with the entities of the warp, ritually debasing the Crozius Arcanum that was once their symbol of office by binding a daemonic creature within its accursed form. They are a potent reminder that even the most revered champions of the Emperor can fall from grace.

Each Host varies enormously in size, ranging from the equivalent of a Space Marine Battle Company to a rare few that almost equal a Chapter in size. The organisational make-up of each Host differs wildly as well, and can change depending on the whims of the Dark Apostle that leads it. Often they will suddenly alter the hierarchy of their Host for reasons known only to themselves. The reason for these changes has continued to baffle Imperial tacticians, as they often result in unwieldy or tactically inflexible formations that appear to have no battlefield precedent. The Word Bearers themselves accept these changes without question and none dare question the Dark Apostle's methods. The most commonly occurring structure discovered is that roughly equating to a Space Marine company, with the Host broken down into units of about twelve warriors. Each is commanded by a champion of



the Word Bearers who strives to become as devout a war leader as the Dark Apostle in the hope of one day being chosen to succeed him on the occasion of his death.

Beliefs

Rooted in the beliefs of Lorgar himself, the Word Bearers are the heralds of a terrible new age of religious servitude. Only united behind the teachings of a god and offering the obeisance that such a god requires can the masses of Humanity be saved from the perils of alien menace and internal schism. There is only one power in the galaxy worthy of such submission, and that is the dark majesty of Chaos. Each warrior of the Word Bearers is a missionary bringing the darkness of Chaos with them, preaching the one true faith to those that will hear it and exterminating those who will not. Their belief is simple, tread the path of Chaos or die.

Gene-seed

The gene-seed of the Word Bearers was originally thought to be pure, but

events subsequent to the Horus Heresy revealed the weaknesses inherent in their genetic make-up. The Space Marines of the Word Bearers have a marked tendency towards dogged, unquestioning belief and stubbornness that verges on insanity. Since the Heresy, their gene-seed has become corrupted beyond redemption and those negative traits have been magnified to hideous proportions. The Word Bearers do not display a particular tendency towards mutation, though those who are gifted with such blessings of Chaos are much favoured amongst their Host.

Battle-cry

The Word Bearers do not seem to evince any one particular battle cry, favouring instead to march into battle chanting passages from their damned texts over and over. The Host's Dark Apostle chooses the exact passage before the battle, and each warrior chants in time with the beating of great drums, either carried into battle by the Word Bearers themselves, or channelled through the amplifiers on their suits of power armour.

From the fires of betrayal
Unto the blood of revenge
We bring the word of Lorgar
The Bearer of the Word
The Favoured Son of Chaos
All praise be given unto him
For those that would
not heed
We offer praise to those
who do
That they might turn their
gaze our way
And gift us with the
boon of pain
To turn the galaxy
red with blood
And feed the hunger
of the gods

Excerpted from the three hundred
and forty first Book of the
Epistles of Lorgar



Index Astartes

First Founding



PROMETHEAN WARRIORS

The Salamanders
Space Marine Chapter

by Graham McNeill
& Gav Thorpe

As one of the First Founding Chapters, the Salamanders' history goes back to the very birth of the Imperium. Salamanders Space Marines are raised from the populace of Nocturne, a deadly volcanic world. Such a world breeds hardy warriors, strong of constitution and single-minded in purpose – ideal recruits for the Adeptus Astartes.

Origins

Of all the Emperor's Primarchs, the legend of Vulkan is among the better known tales. The Promethean Opus (source of much Imperial knowledge of Vulkan) tells of a mighty comet blazing a trail of fire across the skies of the world of Nocturne during the Time of Trial, a period of great upheaval when the planet was wracked by massive earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Whether this was indeed the arrival of the Primarch or merely the herald of his arrival, none can say. The world of Nocturne was a harsh, volcanic place, a land of rocky crags and soaring, basalt mountains with little to offer its early colonists save the riches of its vast mineral deposits. For as long as anyone could remember, Eldar pirates had plagued the people of Nocturne, constantly pillaging the small settlements and enslaving their children. As a result Nocturne's people were hardy and practical, with little time for rest or leisure.

It is said in the Promethean Opus that the Primarch was found one morning by a blacksmith named N'bel as he entered the yard of his smithy. Whether as a babe in swaddling clothes or as an infant child is unclear, but the unknown child's presence in a smithy's yard was unusual enough for N'bel to bring him before the ruling council of his settlement. For many of the long, Nocturne years, the wise men had prophesied the arrival of a saviour, a warrior who would come to them from the heavens to rid them of the decadent Eldar. So it was that the people instantly recognised the greatness within the infant that N'bel had found. No one dared claim the Primarch as their own and thus it was decreed that N'bel take the Primarch in as his son and apprentice. The master smith named him Vulkan, after the first king of the salamanders, the giant lizards that roam the volcanic mountains of Nocturne.

Vulkan's growth was extraordinary. Within three years he was bigger and stronger than any man in the settlement, and his mind was sharper than any Nocturne-forged blade. He had rapidly learned all the skills of metalworking taught to him by N'bel, soon surpassing even his adopted father's renowned ability. It was Vulkan who taught the people of Nocturne the most hidden secrets of metals, the mysteries of pattern welding, metal folding, alloys and bonding, improving their already considerable skill at weapon-making and artifice.

The Opus tells that during Vulkan's fourth year, the Eldar came to his town, intent on raiding and pillaging. The people of his settlement had long become used to the Eldar's raids and had devised many ingenious methods of hiding from their attackers. Vulkan declared that he would hide from no-one and, over the pleas of the wise men, stood at the centre of his settlement with his smith's hammers crossed over his shoulders. Stirred by his courage, the men of the settlement rose from their hiding places in attics and cellars to stand beside Vulkan in defiance of their attackers. Vulkan stood at the forefront of the defence and single-handedly slew a hundred Eldar that day, wielding a huge blacksmith's hammer in each hand. The raiders fled from Vulkan's wrath and the story of the town's triumph spread rapidly across Nocturne. Soon the headmen of the seven most important settlements travelled to pay homage to Vulkan, praising him for his example in fighting the Eldar. They swore never again hide in fear, but to face their foes and crush them. It was decided to hold a huge gathering of the people of Nocturne to celebrate this great victory, including a massive contest of skill at arms and craftsmanship.

In a passage of the Opus known simply as 'The Outlander' there is the tale of how Vulkan came to be reunited with the Master of Mankind. It recounts that it was at the opening

ceremony of the celebrations that a stranger appeared at the gates to Vulkan's settlement. All he asked was to be allowed to take part in the contests and, though he would not say where he had come from, he was allowed to compete. His skin was pale and his garb outlandish, though all could see that he was a powerful figure. He announced to the gathered spectators that he could best any man in any contest. The gathered crowds laughed uproariously, believing that none could be more superior in intellect,

physique or skill than their superhuman leader. Vulkan and the stranger wagered that whoever lost was to swear eternal obedience to the victor.

The competitions lasted for eight days and included many feats of strength and endurance. At the anvil lift, even the strongest men could only hold an anvil above their head for an hour and a half, but Vulkan and the stranger carried the heavy anvil aloft for half a day before the judges declared the contest a draw

so that they could proceed to the next event. And so it was that they were almost equally matched in skill and strength. Occasionally one would slightly best the other, but when it came to the start of the final event, the salamander slaying, they were evenly matched. Each had a day and a night to forge a weapon with which to hunt down the largest salamander they could find. Whoever could bring back the heaviest carcass would win the wager and the eternal allegiance of the other.

Chapter Approved. Access Level 6 (wargame-only)

Salamanders, Progenitor Legion M31



Pre-Heresy Salamanders colour scheme



Salamanders colour scheme



Auto-reactive shoulder plate: Tactical squad markings



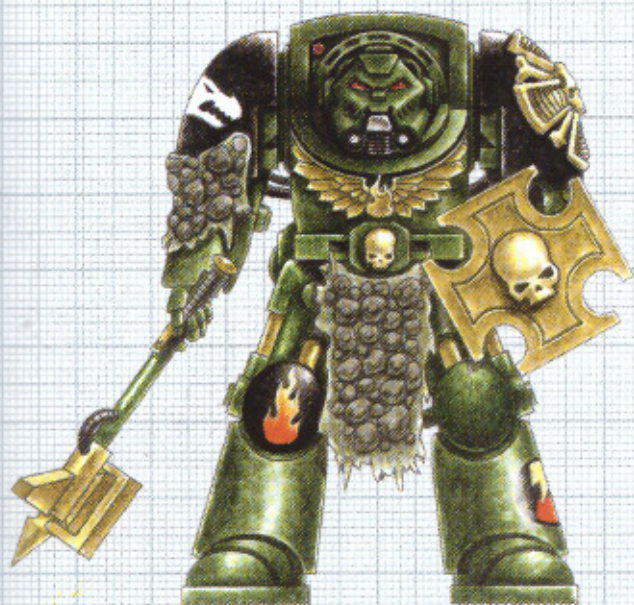
Auto-reactive shoulder plate: Chapter badge iconography



Auto-reactive shoulder plate: Honour Markings



Standard Imperial pattern meltagun (constructed locally)



Salamanders Veteran in Tactical Dreadnought Armour



Symbol of the Salamanders' First Company, the Firedrakes

The ringing of hammers on metal echoed across the volcanic hills for the whole day, neither man pausing for a moment to rest or refresh himself. As the Nocturne sun sank below the mountains, they watched the highest peaks for the fireplumes that gave sign of the giant salamanders. Vulkan boasted that he would climb to the summit of Mount Deathfire, where the largest firedrakes could be found, huge fire-breathing monsters weighing several tons. The stranger nodded in agreement and said that wherever Vulkan went, he would follow.

It is claimed that the two climbed the precipitous mountains with astounding speed, bounding from rock to rock, the stranger carrying a keen-edged blade, Vulkan with his immense silver-headed hammer held ready. They passed from sight, but soon the skies echoed to the clamour of battle, and the flames of the firedrakes licked the clouds of smoke that gathered over the volcanoes. Vulkan was to find his prey first, smashing its armoured head from its shoulders with a mighty sweep of his hammer. Further up the mountain, the stranger spied another, even mightier salamander than Vulkan's conquest and set off in pursuit. As Vulkan carried his prize

back to the settlement, ill fate beset him as Mount Deathfire erupted into violent life, hurling rocks and lava high into the air. He was flung from the edge of a precipice, where he clung for several hours by one hand, the other grimly holding the tail of the dead salamander. Vulkan was determined to keep his prize, no matter the cost. As the mountain continued to erupt, Vulkan knew he could not hold on much longer, yet still he refused to release his grip on the salamander.

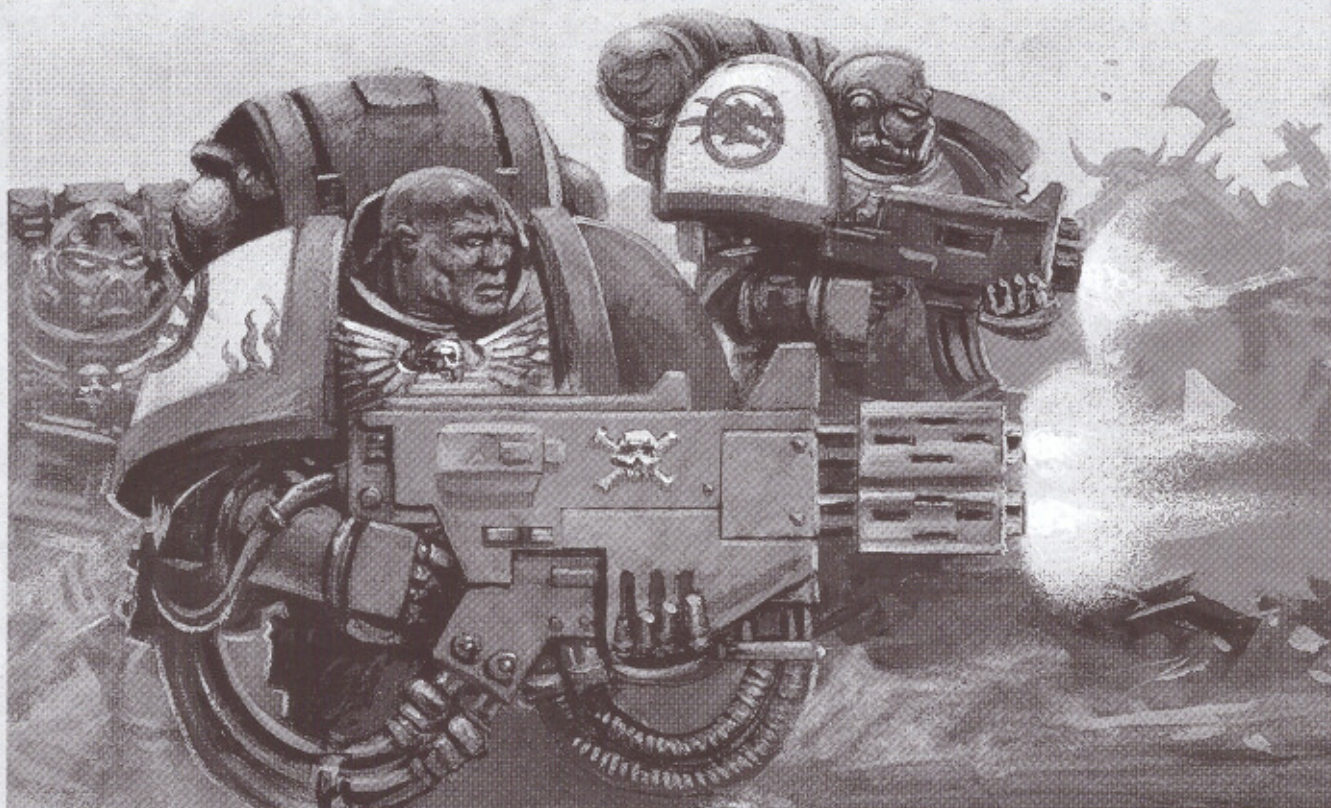
Just as Vulkan's grip was beginning to slip, the stranger appeared, calling his name from the other side of a wide lava flow. Vulkan answered the cry and could see that the stranger's prey was indeed larger than his own. By now even Vulkan's almost endless constitution was growing slim, weakened as he was by over a week of hard contest. His grip was shaking, and yet he was too proud to call for help. But it seemed that the stranger realised the Primarch's peril, and hurled the corpse of his salamander into the lava, making himself a bridge to cross. With great leaps the stranger hurled himself towards Vulkan, hauling the wearied Primarch from the edge of the abyss. Even as Vulkan felt himself being

pulled up by the stranger's strong arms, he saw the salamander's body being consumed by the lava and swept away.

When the two returned to the Primarch's settlement, it was the ruling of the judges that Vulkan had won, for the stranger had returned with no prize at all. The gathered throng cheered heartily, but were silenced by Vulkan. As they watched, he knelt on one knee and bowed his head to the stranger, saying that any man who valued life over pride was worthy of his service. The stranger bade Vulkan stand and threw off the illusion that had disguised his true form, revealing himself to be the Holy Emperor of Mankind. The people of Nocturne fell to their knees in awe and, from that day forth, their world was to become home to the Salamanders Legion, in memory of the mighty beasts that had united the Primarch and his Lord.

Homeworld

The Salamanders Chapter hails from a binary planetary system in the western reaches of the Ultima Segmentum. The two worlds, Nocturne and its oversized moon



Prometheus, circle each other in an erratic orbit, causing massive tectonic activity across the thin crust of Nocturne. The world is girded by chains of active volcanoes and rent apart by frequent earthquakes. Once every Nocturne year, some fifteen Terran years long, the two worlds approach so closely that Nocturne is almost torn asunder. Known as the Time of Trial, this period is marked by tidal waves sweeping across the rough seas, the ash and smoke from thousands of volcanoes blotting out the dim light of Nocturne's sun, and the ground gripped by constant earthquakes. Towns and villages are thrown into ruin, continents shift and a cold winter envelops the lands for the next quarter of a year, freezing the young and killing the majority of the livestock that can survive the normally harsh and hot climate of the planet.

Some would say that the people of Nocturne are mad to endure such conditions, but over hundreds of generations they have been moulded by their world into a hardy race. And Nocturne's Time of Trials brings great rewards too. The upheavals open up veins of precious gems and metals, uncovering vital ores for smelting. When the lava flows cool, they can be mined for other precious elements, pockets of gas that can be used to power engines, diamonds and other crystals valuable to the Adeptus Mechanicus for lasers and energy transmission systems. And this is how Nocturne survives, by trading its vast mineral wealth with other worlds, using its resources to bring in additional livestock, building materials and the few weapons that the Salamanders Space Marines cannot construct themselves.

The Chapter's fortress-monastery is based upon the giant moon, Prometheus. It is the only settlement on Prometheus and is little more than a spaceport linked to an orbital dock where the Chapter's strike cruisers and battle barges can be refitted and restocked. When not at war, the Chapter's warriors spend most of their time on Prometheus or living amongst the inhabitants of Nocturne. The Salamanders maintain very close links with their home world, mingling with the people rather than living aloof as many other Chapters do. The Salamanders are

THE THIRD WAR FOR ARMAGEDDON

When Chazghkull launched his new offensive against the Imperial forces on Armageddon, the Salamanders were one of the first Chapters to respond, sending a full six Companies to combat the Orks, including Chapter Master Tu'Shan personally leading his Firedrakes. The Salamanders launched several counter-attacks against the rock-forts landed by the Orks along the Hemlock River. Preferring the close-quarter fighting within the maze of crudely carved tunnels within the Roks to the long-range duels in the desert, the Salamanders made the Orks pay a high price for their audacity. By the start of the Season of Fire, at least nine Roks were destroyed by the Salamanders' attacks, killing untold thousands of Greenskins.

The Salamanders fought extensively throughout the campaign to protect the civilian population of Armageddon, unlike a number of other Chapters. Indeed it is rumoured that Tu'Shan himself came to blows with Captain Vinyard of the Marines Malevolent after it became known that his men had shelled a refugee camp while there were Orks within the perimeter. The majority of the Salamanders departed Armageddon following the Season of Fire, with only two companies remaining to protect the major population centres. A squad of the Chapter Master's own Firedrakes also left for Baal with the Blood Angels as an honour guard for the fallen Captain Tycho. The Chapter's Techmarines have been instrumental in repairing and rebuilding the infrastructure required to maintain such a vast amount of people and it is certain that they have saved many thousands of lives with these vital, but often overlooked duties.

the settlements' leaders, a source of inspiration and guidance for the Nocturne populace, and it is as much this position of authority and respect that young aspirants crave as the chance to become a legendary warrior of the Emperor.

Recruitment starts very young for the Salamanders, with a hopeful coming to work as an apprentice to a Salamander at the age of six or seven Terran years. They will then spend several more years learning the skills of the smith, as Vulkan did in his early life. From these apprentices, the most able will then be judged by the Chapter's Apothecaries and Chaplains and the worthy will be taken to Prometheus to undergo the bio-surgery required to make them into Space Marines. At various points in their adaptation and training, the young Scouts must endure the same trials and tests that Vulkan and the Emperor competed in, their final initiation culminating in them hunting down a salamander and slaying it.

Combat Doctrine

The Salamanders follow normal Space Marine tactical and strategic dogma, with a slight variation to compensate for their own physical and mental traits. They have a

preference for close-ranged firefights, using many melta and flamer weapons to smash armoured foes and burn whole swathes of lighter troops.

Coming from a society that places great prestige in craftsmanship and which has high regard for artisans, the Salamanders have access to, and can maintain, highly sophisticated forms of technology. This is most evident in the numbers of Terminators in their armies, as well as a greater proportion of artificer armour and master-crafted weaponry and is supplemented by regular trade with the Adeptus Mechanicus, made possible by Nocturne's abundant mineral resources.

Organisation

The Salamanders Chapter organisation was laid down when Vulkan swore allegiance to the Emperor. Each Company was founded from the seven greatest settlements of Nocturne, each commanded by a Captain from that settlement. This organisation is still true today, although ever since the disappearance of Vulkan some thousand years after the Legion's Founding, the Captain of the First Company has been given the role of

Chapter Master. This position is considered a regency by the Salamanders, who believe that one day Vulkan will return to lead the Chapter in a great campaign to conquer Chaos.

Each Company is slightly larger than a standard Codex Company, and squads were reorganised following Roboute Guilliman's writing of the Codex Astartes after the Great Heresy. The conditions on Nocturne are not conducive to training for high speed attack or using the anti-grav engines of Land Speeders, so the Chapter employs relatively few of these specialised fast attack units. The Apocrypha of Skaros lists the Salamander's Scout Company as one of the smallest known in any Chapter; the sparse population of Nocturne and the Salamanders' slow but meticulous selection process giving a low turnaround of new recruits.

The First Company is treated as a warrior cadre within the Headquarters itself, and forms the personal guard of the Chapter Master. They are known as the Firedrakes, after the largest of the salamander lizards that roam Nocturne. To enter the First Company, a warrior must be nominated by his Captain for the honour, and then must prove that such faith was well founded by slaying a firedrake. The Hall of the Firedrakes in the Chapter Monastery on Prometheus is hung with the hides from Firedrake salamanders slain as part of this trial.

Beliefs

The beliefs of the Salamanders are governed by the Promethean cult, which places great emphasis on self-reliance, loyalty and self-sacrifice. Much of this stems from the lessons learnt while training as a smith –

patience with relentless determination are highly valued mental characteristics.

The hammer and fire are important symbols in the teaching of the Promethean cult. Ritual scarring by branding and burning is commonplace amongst the battle brothers of the Salamanders, and trials of walking over burning coals and carrying red-hot metal bars are held frequently.

Gene-seed

As far as can be ascertained, the Salamanders' gene-seed appears to be stable and as yet uncorrupted. The reflexes of Salamanders Space Marines are not as fast as those of other Chapters, although still quick when suited in power armour. However, it is unknown whether this is due to a defect in the gene-seed, a result of their high gravity world, or comes about from the Chapter's doctrines against hastiness and impetuosity.

The Salamanders have never been great in number and were the smallest of the First Founding Legions. Perhaps it is for this reason that there seem to have been no Second Founding successor Chapters formed from the Salamanders, whilst the other Legions were broken down into several smaller fighting forces. Others point to the disaster at Istvaan V as reason for the lack of Second Founding Chapters (as many scholars believe the Salamanders to have been present at this infamous massacre). It is a matter of debate whether there have been Successor Chapters during subsequent Foundings, although it appears likely and many scholars point to similarities in the physique, markings and tactical dogma of Chapters such as the Storm Giants and Black Dragons. Recent questions regarding the purity of the Black Dragons' gene-seed has led to some Genetor-Biologis questioning the purity of their source zygotes, but the legacy and reputation of the Salamander has led to their detractors being openly ridiculed.

Battle-cry

"Into the fires of battle, unto the anvil of war!"

TU'SHAN - CHAPTER MASTER OF THE SALAMANDERS, REGENT OF PROMETHEUS

At the outset of the Second Armageddon War, Chapter Master Tu'Shan had only held his rank for three years. To do battle against Ghazghkull Thraka would be a hard test of his skills as a leader and strategist, and it was with no hesitation that the humble Tu'Shan agreed to follow Commander Dante of the Blood Angels. During the campaign, it was Tu'Shan who helped rally the scattered Imperial defenders. In battle, Tu'Shan and his Firedrakes were responsible for defending one of the few bridges across the Stygies River, against a thousand-strong Ork Speed Freck column, fighting continuously for three days and four nights. At the end of the campaign, Dante himself sought out the young Chapter Master and praised Tu'Shan in front of all of the Blood Angels. This was a supreme gesture – for the Salamanders no greater honour can be bestowed than the respect of one's brothers in arms.

He is known to have met Yarrick, and it is claimed that the two had an instant respect for each other. Yarrick heartily welcomed Tu'Shan's offer to once again defend Armageddon when Ghazghkull returned at the head of the mightiest Ork force ever seen. Tu'Shan fought throughout the warzones of Armageddon. At Hive Tempestora, Tu'Shan prevented the Orks from overrunning the Khatrin Water Purification Plant and condemning the hive's population to a slow death by dehydration. The hive ultimately fell, but Tu'Shan's actions allowed the majority of the hive's population to escape before the hive was captured. And as before, Tu'Shan's inspiring presence allowed the defenders to hold the vital Stygies bridge and prevent the Greenskins from crossing and reinforcing their forces elsewhere.





Index Astartes

First Founding



CLAWS OF THE RAVEN

The Raven Guard
Space Marines Legion

by Graham McNeill
& Erick Kilmer

The Raven Guard specialise in devastating strikes behind enemy lines, guerrilla warfare and rapid reaction to enemy manoeuvres. During the Great Crusade, the Raven Guard conquered countless worlds thought impregnable, by the precise application of force at an enemy's weakest point. At the outbreak of the Horus Heresy, the Raven Guard was almost destroyed, and only by employing the most desperate of measures, was the Legion saved.

Origins

Of the early history of the Raven Guard's Primarch Corax, very little is known for sure. The Raven Guard's own legends are vague concerning the pale skinned youth who was raised on the mineral rich, but desolate moon of Lycaeus. This moon orbited Kiavahr, a technologically advanced planet, its surface covered with sprawling machine shops and forge cathedrals. Lycaeus was exceedingly rich in mineral wealth and populated by exiles from the planet below who lived in crude force domes to protect them from the vacuum of space. The ruling Tech-Guilds of Kiavahr used the mineworkings on Lycaeus as a dumping ground for their worst criminals and those who could not meet their production-quotas. Heavily armed overseers ruled the moon from a dark mountain spire that towered above the mineworkings and it was, to all intents and purposes, a death sentence to be banished to Lycaeus.

Ancient, faded texts within the Chapter Librarius of the Raven Guard tell that the inhabitants of Lycaeus had long been the slaves of Kiavahr, working in the massive mines under armed guard in horrendous conditions. Accidents killed many of the workers and the polluted atmosphere took a heavy toll on the health of their children. Once condemned to a life in the mines, there was no escape and the slaves of Lycaeus prayed to the Emperor for a saviour. He came in the form of a child whose skin was as white as snow.

There are many stories concerning the discovery of Corax and the truth of the matter may never be known. One tale tells of a cave-in that claimed the lives of hundreds of slaves mining beneath a glacier and revealed a hidden chamber containing the infant Primarch. Another speaks of a fiery comet that broke apart on a massive mountain of iron and a child wreathed in ghostly light who walked unscathed from the rubble. Yet another talks of a dying warrior giant delivering the babe to the slaves and begging them to protect the infant from the Dark ones. Whatever the circumstances, the slaves of Lycaeus

took the white skinned babe with midnight black hair and named him Corax, which means 'the Deliverer'. They hid the infant from their jailers and raised him as one of their own. Within the space of a few years, when his abnormal maturation became obvious, the slaves rejoiced, seeing this as a sign of favour from the Emperor. They trained the young Primarch in all manner of skills, the varied backgrounds of the exiles giving Corax a thorough grounding in urban warfare, sabotage, demolition and killing. They taught him all the qualities they believed a general and leader would need and Corax learned at an astonishing rate, his strength, keen intellect and taciturn demeanour making him a quick and voracious learner.

From the earliest age, Corax had been told that it was his destiny to save the people of Lycaeus and as the years passed he began sowing the seeds that would bring about their freedom. With the slaves' limited resources, only the crudest of weapons could be fashioned and great stockpiles of these were hidden in secret caches throughout the mineworkings in key strategic points. Corax organised the slaves into storm squads, appointed competent leaders and drilled them thoroughly in their assigned tasks. He also began psychological warfare on their jailers, organising regular strikes and staging riots that stretched the garrison's resources thinly and sapped the guards' morale. Each event was choreographed to seem like a gradual build up of pressure and soon Lycaeus was a powder keg waiting to explode.

When the time came, Corax and his trained squads of slaves struck. Massive mining machines were driven through the streets and key security points. Sabotage teams armed with rock drills and las cutters were able to sever power lines, communications and life support to many of their enemies' strongpoints. One particular dome, home to a significant portion of Lycaeus' military might, was shut off completely, exposing its occupants to the hard vacuum of space. Simultaneously, Corax and a small group of his deadliest

warriors assaulted the fortress-like tower of their taskmasters, capturing it in a single night's fighting. After centuries of abuse, there could be no mercy for those who had kept the slaves in bondage and every prisoner taken was executed.

The Tech-Guilds of Kiavahr were shocked at the fall of Lycaeus and immediately despatched troops to crush the rebellion. The war was short and brutal. Sitting at the top of a long gravity-well, Corax's troops were able to bombard the planet from afar with cargo containers laden with crude atomic charges, laying waste to vast portions of Kiavahr's industrial landscape. When

troops from Kiavahr did land on the moon to fight, Corax was there with his hand-picked warriors. The raven-haired Primarch out-thought and outfought his enemies at every turn, surgical strikes decapitating the Kiavahr command structure, destroying their supply lines and keeping them on the defensive.

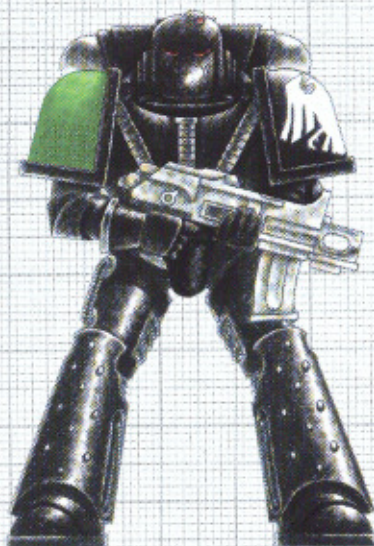
In the end, Corax was to prove victorious, and the Kiavahr troops withdrew as their planet's economy collapsed without the mineral resources of Lycaeus to plunder. Kiavahr descended into anarchy as the various Tech-Guild factions fought amongst themselves for control of the remaining materials still on the planet. The

celebrations on Lycaeus went on for many days and, in memory of their victory, the slaves renamed their home Deliverance.

The most complete record of the Great Crusade, the *Speculum Historiale*, has little to say on the matter of Corax's reuniting with the Emperor of Mankind. It is left to the Raven Guard's Librarians to recall how such a momentous event came about and, as always, there is much that is shrouded in mystery. It is said that during the victory celebrations, the Emperor descended to Deliverance to find Corax waiting for him, curious to meet this stranger who had landed alone on his world. The Emperor spoke

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Raven Guard, Progenitor Legion M31



Pre-Heresy Raven Guard colour scheme



Tactical Squad



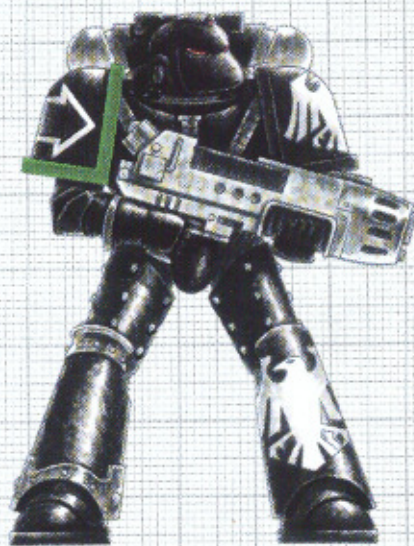
Assault Squad



Devastator Squad



Chapter Insignia



Post-Heresy Raven Guard colour scheme



Tactical Squad



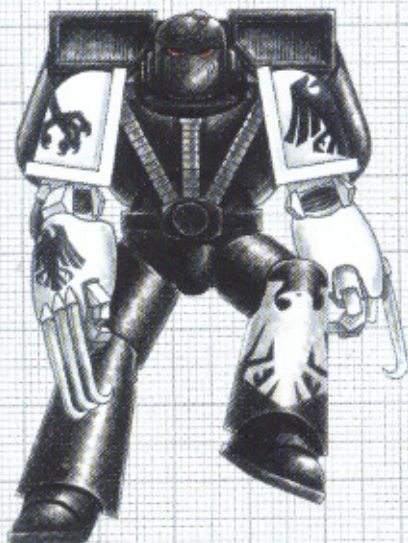
Assault Squad



Devastator Squad



Veteran



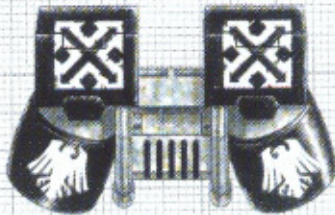
Raven Guard Veteran Commander with Lightning Claws



Veteran Personal heraldry, 'Ravenclaw'



Auto reactive Shoulder Guard, displaying the Chapter Insignia



Symbol placement on jump-pack



Raven Guard Chapter Symbol

Thought for the day: To strengthen the sword, you must first strengthen the shield



to Corax for a day and a night, but whatever passed between them is unrecorded. At dawn the following day Corax accepted command of the Raven Guard Legion of Space Marines and took his place at the Emperor's side. One condition of his acceptance was that the Emperor aid him in bringing peace to Kiavahr. Peace through force of arms, but peace nonetheless. Already reeling from their defeat on Deliverance and unable to muster a coherent force against the Raven Guard, the power of the Tech-Guilds was broken and the Adeptus Ministrorum stepped into the void left by their destruction. Mineral production soon began again on Deliverance, under a much improved regime, and gradually the world of Kiavahr was rebuilt under the guidance of the Imperium. The dark tower that had once housed the slaves' oppressors, now became the fortress of the Raven Guard and was renamed the Ravenspire.

The Great Crusade saw Corax lead the Raven Guard in some of the most stunning victories of that turbulent time. He had not forgotten the training he had received on Deliverance and his talents for sabotage and precision planning were employed to great effect in the Emperor's Crusade. Planets thought impregnable fell to Corax's guile and the swift, deadly actions of the Raven Guard. Assassinations, covert operations behind enemy lines and sabotage became the watchwords of the Legion and in these areas their skill was unmatched. Corax became a master at observing a planet's power structure and applying military pressure where needed to topple its leaders or cripple its military capabilities. The full force of the Raven Guard Legion was seldom required but, when it was, Corax would not hesitate to throw every warrior into battle.

Corax's Legion garnered such a fearsome reputation that Warmaster Horus requested their aid many times in his campaigns and it is thought that it was thanks to the Raven Guard's assistance that Horus' tally of victories was so high. The Raven Guard's records are curiously reticent concerning this period of history and Imperial historians suspect that the taciturn Corax did not like the more gregarious Horus, finding him overly boastful and manipulative. It is rumoured that on one occasion the two almost came to blows and bloodshed was only averted when Corax removed his Legion from the Warmaster's command.

The two Primarchs were never to meet again and when the Horus Heresy tore

AAJZ SOLARI 5TH COMPANY CAPTAIN

The Captain of the 2nd Company of the Raven Guard is notorious for leading the assault squads into battle on a regular basis. A tall man, even for a Space Marine, Aajz's paper white skin and ebony hair speak of his long years of service to his Chapter. Recruited from Deliverance itself, Captain Solari comes from the most ancient of families on the large moon, his ancestors descended from the original slaves. His ferocity and combat prowess are legendary in his Chapter, as is his disregard for formality.

During his twenty-three years in his current appointment, Solari's performance has been erratic, but hugely successful. While his ability to work within any given situation and meet the changing needs of the battlefield are unquestionable, there have been times where Solari has left more to luck than tactical doctrine would dictate. At times he has had brilliant success doing this, at other times near disastrous failure. At his core, Solari is a gambler, willing to play the fates to win a battle and only his proven track record has spared him the ignominy of a court martial.

the galaxy apart in the first Inter-Legionary war, the Raven Guard was fighting alongside the Iron Hands and the Salamanders. All three Legions were ordered to assault Horus' headquarters on the planet of Istvaan V and destroy it utterly. Four supporting Legions would be close on their heels, ready to reinforce the initial landings and consolidate the invasion.

Horus had turned his back on the Emperor, but had lost none of the cunning that had earned him the title of Warmaster. The loyalist Legions were badly mauled on their initial landings and casualties were appalling. The forces of the Great Betrayer were heavily fortified and, after fierce fighting, the loyalist Legions were forced to fall back to link up with their supporting Legions. The landing zones had been fortified by the Iron Warriors and when the retreating troops reached the fortifications, they came under a withering hail of fire from their erstwhile allies. Unknown to the Legions on the planet, Horus had managed to corrupt four of the seven Legions sent against him. Caught between the enemy they were already fighting and a surprise attack from behind, the loyalists were shattered and barely a handful were able to escape Horus' trap and warn the Emperor of this wholesale betrayal.

"Knowing where to land your blow, so that it achieves the greatest damage with the minimum force, is the key to victory in war."

Instructor Sergeant Alenpo,
4th Company

His Legion shattered, Corax returned to Deliverance with orders to rebuild it as quickly as possible. It was a bleak time for the Primarch of the Raven Guard; the Imperium was teetering on the brink of collapse and desperately needed

brave warriors, but he had none to give. A desperate situation called for desperate measures and Corax locked himself within the shadowed chambers of the Ravenspire's Librarian to pour over volumes of forgotten lore in search of a solution. His researches led him back to the earliest days of genetic manipulation, when accelerated zygote harvesting techniques were used to create the first enhanced warriors with which the Emperor had long ago pacified Terra. Corax realised that this process could be modified to produce full-grown Space Marines at a frightening rate. But the ancient tomes also warned of the terrible dangers involved and the unspeakable monsters that could result, and, though he knew he risked destroying his Legion, he reluctantly ordered the Apothecaries to begin the process.

Of the Apothecaries' first creations, nothing is known for sure. The Raven Guard's records have been sealed with oaths and sigils of unspeakable power and none of the Chapter, or its successors, will speak of those blighted days. Accounts culled from other sources are few and far between as the Raven Guard shunned the other Legions at this time, preferring to fight alone and unseen. One apocryphal tale is told by the Rune Priests of the Space Wolves, the so-called 'Saga of the Weregeld', which tells of ferocious monsters, drooling and almost insane with bloodlust, herded into combat by the battle brothers of the Raven Guard. Perhaps the Space Wolves' experiences with the curse of the Wulfen made them more sympathetic to the Raven Guard's plight as there is no record of them reporting the use of such forbidden technology. Barely one in ten of these abominations could even hold a bolt gun and yet amongst these there might be one in a hundred whose genetic structure was stable enough to develop into a fully fledged Space Marine.

Years passed and the galaxy burned with war. Corax and his band of Space Marines gradually rebuilt their Legion and played parts when they could. The Raven Guard's talent for operating in small squads behind enemy lines offset their lack of resources, and their skills in this aspect of warfare were fully incorporated into their combat doctrine. Corax's ability to see weak points in a defence and apply precise force, allowed his troops to fight battles of their choosing and keep casualties to a minimum. The Raven Guard simply hadn't the troops to operate in large scale actions and it was nearly a century after the Heresy had ended before the Legion was able to deploy in meaningful numbers of full battle brothers. Corax had rebuilt his Legion, but at a cost. The dungeons below the Ravenspire echoed with the howls of the Apothecaries' creations, bestial monstrosities who hungered for battle, and Corax agonised as to what should be done with them. He decreed that none should discover the terrible price his Legion had paid in order to survive and his final solution was to personally administer the Emperor's Peace to each and every one, praying for their, and his own, souls as he did so.

Following the Heresy, Roboute Guilliman, Primarch of the Ultramarines became the de facto head of the Imperium's armed forces and one of the first edicts in his holy tome, the Codex Astartes, was that the Space Marine Legions be split into smaller units known as Chapters. Amongst many of the Primarchs there was resistance, but Corax welcomed the decision, knowing that Guilliman's vision of the future was true. Thus the Raven Guard were to give rise to three other Chapters: the Black Guard, the Revilers and the Raptors.

Like everything in Corax's life, his ultimate fate is shadowed in darkness. It is said that following the break-up of the Legions and re-establishment of Imperial rule to the galaxy, Corax locked himself in the highest tower of the Ravenspire, praying to the Emperor for forgiveness for what he had ordered done to his Legion. Whether he received the absolution he required no-one will ever know, but a year to the day after he had entered the tower, Corax emerged, haggard and wild eyed. He left Deliverance that very night on a course for the Eye of Terror, never to be seen again, leaving but a single word as his valediction, 'Nevermore...'

Homeworld

Between them, Deliverance and Kiavahr produce enough ordnance and engines of war to almost equal the production of a Forge world. The raw materials come from Deliverance's vast mineral wealth and the production facilities of Kiavahr produce weapons and war machines of unparalleled craftsmanship.

The moon, Deliverance, is a barren and airless ball of rock covered in force domes and massive mining structures. The dark side of the moon glows with the constant production and movement of massive cargo ships travelling between the two worlds. The fortress of the Raven Guard, the Ravenspire, occupies the huge, black tower once home to the Kiavahr overseers and is one of the largest natural structures on the planet. Unlike many other Chapters, the Raven Guard share close ties with the planet's populace and take many of their initiates from them, though not exclusively so. The people see the Space Marines among them as the physical manifestation of the Emperor's will and offer daily praise for their presence.

The planet Kiavahr is populated by billions of workers and craftsmen, with huge fabrication plants and hive cities covering its surface. The planet's atmosphere is highly toxic from centuries of pollution and incidences of mutation are far higher than normal. This stretches the tolerance of the Adeptus Ministorum, but such is the quality and quantity of material that comes from the two worlds that more leeway is granted than would usually be the case.

Combat Doctrine

The Raven Guard follows the dictates of the Codex Astartes closely, though they do differ in the tactical application of their troops. The Raven Guard depends heavily on Scout forces able to act alone for extended periods of time, and rapid reaction forces such as jump pack equipped assault troops. Quite commonly, they will deploy their Tactical squads in drop pod manoeuvres or Thunderhawks in response to intelligence gathered by their Scouts. The Chapter's forte in covert operations means that they will rarely engage in a frontal battle unless no other option presents itself. Where possible, the Raven Guard will use precise application of force to cripple their enemy while avoiding a protracted engagement.

Dreadnoughts of the Raven Guard, while rare, are also quite commonly

THE SAGA OF THE WEREGELD

Only on the darkest of nights do the Rune Priests of the Space Wolves tell the Saga of the Weregeld, a tale reaching back to the years of reconquest following the defeat of Horus' Traitor Legions. Over flickering fires, they tell of the storming of the Jarelfhi Palace, one of the bloodiest battles to follow the victory on Terra. A force of Iron Warriors retreating from their defeat took refuge on the world of Scrgatama VI and wrested control of the mighty fortress from the planet's rulers. Led by one of the Iron Warriors' greatest champions, the traitors turned the once-majestic palace into a nightmare assembly of bunkers, redoubts and pillboxes. Ornamental gardens, once the envy of Prandium itself, were scarred with miles of trenches and razorwire. More than a million men of the Imperial Guard laid siege to the palace, and the battles fought in the sprawling grounds of the palace were thankless and bloody, the traitors defending every metre of ground with ferocious tenacity. But, one by one, the gates leading to the inner keep fell, until only one last gate stood between the Space Wolves and final victory.

But the Iron Warriors are masters of siegecraft and, for all their bravery, the Space Wolves could not capture the gate. Time and time again, two mighty champions of the Iron Warriors would hurl the greatest of the Space Wolves from the gateway, and it seemed nothing could break the defence of the traitors. But as dawn broke on the hundredth day of the siege, warriors in black armour, their shoulder guards emblazoned with a white raven, arrived as if from thin air and assaulted the gateway, herding drooling and insane beasts before them. Horrifically misshapen, the monsters roared with howls of such mindless savagery that it chilled even the hearts of the Space Wolves who remembered the curse of the Wulfen that existed within their own bodies. Nothing could halt the creatures, neither bullets nor blades, and they swept through the gateway, slaying anything that came within reach of their bloody claws. The Sons of Russ looked on, amazed as the beasts and the Raven Guard fought their way into the palace and broke the back of the Iron Warriors' defence. A bare handful of Iron Warriors escaped the slaughter, but many more died that day, torn to pieces by the Raven Guard's bestial allies.

With the battle over, the Raven Guard vanished as suddenly as they had arrived, leaving only the dismembered corpses of those they had slain. Only within the walls of the Fang would those Space Wolves present that day speak of what they had seen, and whether they felt pity or revulsion at the sight of the ferocious beasts, who bore the unmistakable vestige of Humanity, is not recorded.

deployed via drop pods. This approach leads to a Chapter which can assemble its forces extremely rapidly and can react quickly to unexpected developments. When their numbers were limited during the days of the Horus Heresy, the Chapter's troops became experts in guerrilla warfare, and this has carried on to the present day, with the Chapter very rarely utilising heavily armoured vehicles.

Organisation

After the massacre on Istvaan V, the Raven Guard had to make do with older armour and equipment. The resources were simply not available to re-equip them and even today there is a higher percentage of ancient suits of armour amongst the Chapter than most others. The owners of these suits view themselves as blessed by the Primarch and fight to prove themselves his equal.

The Raven Guard's ability to have troops in vital locations to wreak havoc is legendary, and their mastery of rapid troop deployment and squad level tactics has been studied by many other Chapters. In several well-documented cases, the precise application of force in the right place has led to a rebellion being stopped before it has truly begun. However, their primary strength in battle is their ease of deployment. With most of the Chapter's Space Marines usually being drop pod deployed, or otherwise mobile, they can rapidly reassess a combat situation immediately before engaging, which gives them the ability to deal effectively with a rapidly changing battlefield.

Beliefs

To the Raven Guard, the Emperor is a distant figure, acknowledged as their founder and master of the galaxy, but who is not accorded the level of worship common amongst other Chapters. Corax is revered as their father and leader, worshipped as a man capable of making tough choices when the need was great. The Chapter still follows in his footsteps and post-action sermons utilising data recorded from battle is later compiled and reviewed by the Chapter's warriors. Much of the Chapter's current tactical doctrine has evolved from meditations on past battles such as these.

For the leaders of the Raven Guard, tactical prowess and personal initiative is seen as more important than mere might. If there is the possibility of using a swift dagger to the heart instead of a drawn-out fight, the Raven Guard are the ones to find it, though if heavy assault is needed they will not hold back. These beliefs cause some tension between the Raven Guard and other Chapters, particularly the Blood Angels, who they see as brutish and clumsy.

Gene-seed

The gene-seed of the Raven Guard is far from stable and a great deal of their gene-stock has become irreparably damaged, perhaps as a side effect of the accelerated gene-harvesting techniques employed many millennia ago. As a result, much of their genetic material has to come from Terra and

therefore the cycle of recruitment for the Raven Guard is much slower than other Chapters. Few candidates for the Chapter prove able to sustain the transformation from a normal human into a Space Marine and many die early in training, further limiting the Chapter in numbers.

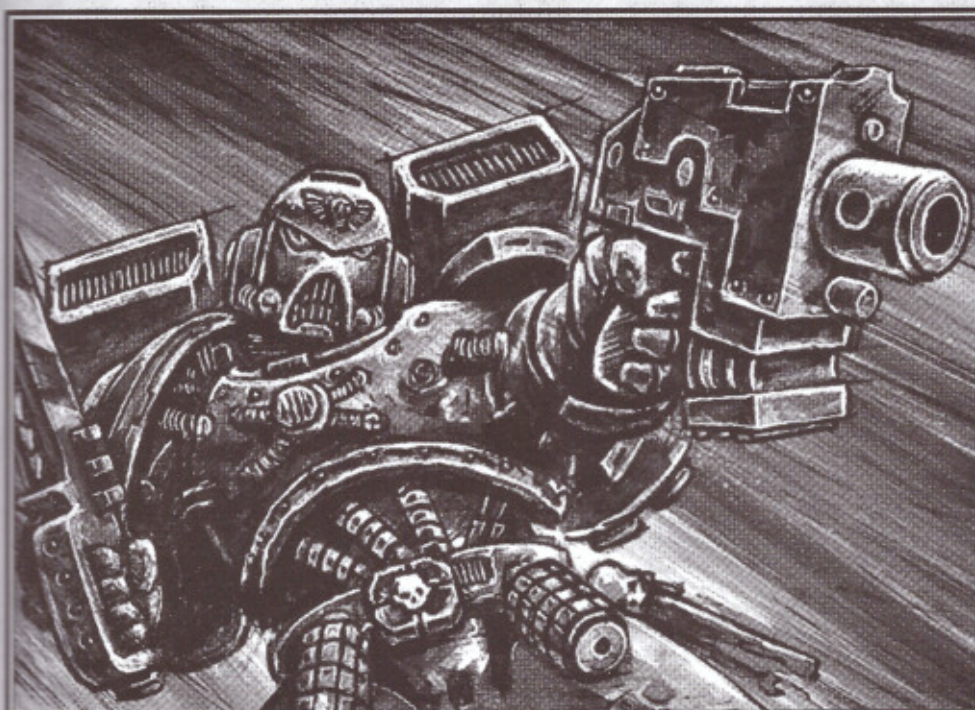
Further deterioration has meant that several of the unique organs of the Space Marines no longer function as they should among the sons of Corax, while others are not as effective as they once were. For example, the zygote cultures required to grow the Mucranoid and Betcher's Gland do not exist within the Raven Guard and the Melanchromic Organ has a unique mutation that, over the years of service, causes the skin of the Space Marine to grow paler and paler. Eventually they will be as white as their Primarch and their hair and eyes will darken, becoming black as coal.

Battle-cry

Specialising in covert operations behind enemy lines and debilitating fast strikes, the Raven Guard do not have a battlecry as such. Instead the Chapter's motto is simply 'Victorus aut Mortis.'

"From the darkness we strike; fast and lethal, and by the time our foes can react... darkness there and nothing more."

Raven Guard saying



"Violent aggression alone is not enough to win a war. Violence must be accompanied by intelligence as aggression must be tempered by purpose. There is no blow as ultimately destructive as that which is ultimately considered."

Captain Shrike

Index Astartes

First Founding



The Alpha Legion uses secrecy, spy networks and traitors to assail its enemies from as many different directions as possible in carefully orchestrated attacks. Hidden within the heart of the Imperium, it coordinates cultist activities and launches full-scale terror attacks.

Origins

Following the Horus Heresy, thousands of records, archives and libraries were destroyed to purge any mention, indeed any memory, of the traitors. Ten millennia later there are now billions of Imperial citizens who remain unaware that the rebellion ever happened. However, a few tomes survived, mostly in the hands of those in high authority or heretics whose loyalties still remained undiscovered. It is from these works that historians and Inquisitors have gleaned their knowledge of those ancient times. Of course, sifting out the truth is never easy, because most books are copies of copies or simply forgeries filled with lies.

In the case of the Alpha Legion, reliable facts are even harder to come by, as the legion was notoriously secretive. For example – unlike most of the First Founding Legions of the Adeptus Astartes, the Alpha Legion's home world is unknown. The reason for this omission is unclear, but Inquisitor Kravin of the Ordo Malleus has recently unearthed an ancient journal that he claims provides an account of the first contact with, and recovery of, the legion's Primarch. Kravin has estimated the veracity of this journal at 62.6%, but has so far refused to produce it for independent examination.

According to Kravin's claim, towards the end of the Great Crusade, an advance patrol cruiser of the Luna Wolves Legion entered an unnamed system, searching as ever for lost human worlds. Swarming towards it came a horde of small space ships, of varying types and appearances, mainly one and two-man fighters. Despite the ships being of primitive design and apparently from more than one origin, the attack was highly coordinated. Dozens mobbed the Luna Wolves' Thunderhawks, while others braved the batteries of turret defence guns to shoot at the huge cruiser. However, the weapons of the fighters made little impression and the attack soon broke off. The Luna Wolves cruiser gave chase, eager to show these puny attackers the power of the Adeptus Astartes. It was only after the first impact that the bridge crew realised they had been lured into a minefield. Manoeuvring to escape resulted in two more explosions and damaged the

engines seriously enough that the cruiser was forced to halt in place until repairs could be made. The horde of fighters renewed their attacks, leaving the outnumbered Thunderhawks hard-pressed to defend against them.

Two days later, the rest of the Luna Wolves fleet arrived, summoned by the cruiser's distress signal. The legion's Primarch, Horus, was shuttled straight to the stricken cruiser, furious at the crew's failure to deal with such insignificant attackers. He found the command deck in a state of high alert, for a small group of the enemy had somehow managed to board the cruiser. They had split up to evade capture in the ship's endless corridors and service ducts, and those that had not already been found and eliminated now seemed to be converging on the bridge.

Horus waited for them. As five men burst onto the deck, he shot four of them through the head before they even had a chance to act. Without pause the fifth shot rang out, but the last man was different. More than a foot taller even than the Luna Wolves Space Marines, he had piercing green eyes and looked almost a match for Horus himself. Somehow, even at such close range, the man side stepped fast enough that the bolt shell only grazed his temple and exploded against the bulkhead behind. As the man charged forwards, a second shot slammed into his shoulder, but still he did not slow. More shots were fired by guards and bridge officers as well as Horus. The man staggered under multiple impacts, but incredibly came on through the firestorm to launch himself at the Luna Wolves Primarch. Then at the last instant, with his hands inches from Horus' throat, the man stopped. The two stared at each other for a long moment, before Horus started laughing. He had found the last Primarch.

The new arrival called himself Alpharius, and claimed to have been travelling this area of space for many years. However, he remained tight-lipped as to where he had originated. Various worlds in that locale were subsequently brought into the Imperial fold, but Alpharius always denied that any of them was his home. The conglomeration of planets he had been leading was persuaded to join the

THE ENEMY WITHIN

The Alpha Legion
Space Marines Legion

by Graham Davey

Imperium with little further bloodshed. The wounds Alpharius had suffered healed quickly, but it seems that rather than sending his discovery straight back to Terra to meet the Emperor, Horus kept the Primarch with him for some months. Horus was most impressed with Alpharius' remarkable success against his cruiser – trapping it, boarding and then penetrating right to the bridge – and during this time he allowed his new found brother to take tactical command in the various actions that occurred. Alpharius was clearly just as impressed with Horus – with the huge martial power he wielded and with his instinct for when and when not to use it.

Eventually, Alpharius was taken back to the epicentre of the ever-expanding Imperium and reunited with the Emperor. There was the usual rejoicing, pomp and circumstance, but records on Terra suggest that the two spent little time together. Alpharius was quickly sent to take command of his legion, while the Emperor had many pressing affairs of state. The Alpha Legion, as it was now named, was the last of the Adeptus Astartes Legions to be created. With astounding prescience, the Emperor had ordered their founding just a few decades before. The new Space Marines were tall and strong, much reminiscent of their Primarch, and were possessed of a cunning intelligence.

Alpharius led his army, created in his image, to the outer reaches of the Imperium, eager to join battle and emulate the glories of the older legions. His first campaigns were well planned and highly successful, and he worked to develop and mould his legion's tactics. He advocated that the best attack comes from many directions at once, assaulting the foe on all sides, in every way. He insisted on having options open, never relying on any one thing, individual person or single victory to win the day. He was always prepared with a back-up plan, a flanking force was always in perfect position, and Alpha Legion infiltrators invariably struck behind enemy lines at just the right moment.

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Alpha Legion, Progenitor Legion M31



Pre-Heresy Alpha Legion colour scheme



Post-Heresy Alpha Legion colour scheme



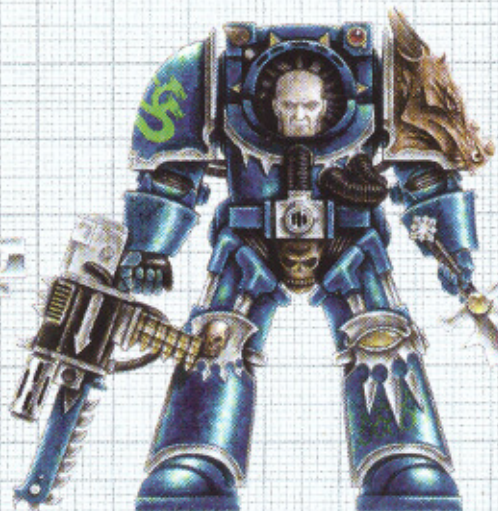
Alpha Legion Symbol



Alpha Legion shoulder pad iconography



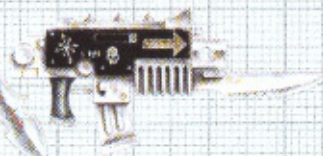
Post-Heresy Alpha Legion Space Marine with heavy bolter



Post-Heresy Alpha Legion Terminator



Example of Alpha Legion cult markings



Alpha Legion iconography applied to boltgun

Thought for the day: Knowledge is weakness.

Alpharius added to this doctrine by seeking as many other advantages as he could. He would bargain for allies, encourage treachery within the enemy army and develop a network of informers and spies within the populous. Underground rebel groups and activists would be contacted and persuaded to provide diversionary attacks, demonstrations or bombings at agreed times. By the time a battle started, the Alpha Legion would have so many factors to its advantage that it was virtually impossible to lose. The legion soon gained a reputation for devastatingly coordinated campaigns, and while these methods took longer to execute than a simple frontal assault, they were far less costly in troops, enabling Alpharius to spread his forces more widely.

Most of the other legions had taken planets to be their headquarters and base of operations, generally the worlds where their Primarchs had been found. They had constructed glorious cathedral-like fortresses and many had taken over government of their world and even the surrounding systems. But Alpharius clearly did not believe in this high profile approach. He is thought to have established several bases, but kept their locations hidden from everyone outside the legion. Only the whereabouts of smaller staging posts and supply depots were made known, and even this information was highly restricted.

... Alert... Plasma Furnace Overload
Imminent... Evacuate Immediately...
Alert...

- Emergency Warning Vox accidentally triggered throughout Hive Tempestora factory complex, two months prior to the Third Invasion of Armageddon. Tank and Ordnance production were set back five days by the ensuing panic.

It is thought that Alpharius worked tirelessly to improve and develop his officers, encouraging them to think for themselves and listening to their counsel. He instigated programmes of training, constantly setting challenges to overcome, even in the midst of battle, to force his troops to adapt and improvise. There are even documented occasions when, shortly before or during major offensives, the Primarch simply disappeared, in order to assess how his legion would perform without him.

Alpharius did not seek glory or honours for himself, and rarely attended victory celebrations. Consequently he never

spent much time with the other Primarchs and it was many years before he met all of them. His first encounter with Roboute Guilliman of the Ultramarines was reputedly strained. Guilliman believed in rigid structure and hierarchy, and had a firm battle doctrine that his legion never wavered from. He was in the process of documenting the 'correct' tactics and operation of a Space Marines force, tried and tested during his long years of command, and suggested that the young Alpha Legion should adopt this 'codex' behaviour. However, this attitude was anathema to Alpharius' belief in initiative and adaptability, and a heated debate over tactics and ideology ensued. When it became clear that Alpharius would not bow to his experience and superiority, Guilliman pointed out the thousands of victories and battle honours his legion had won, and told his youngest brother that he could never hope to compare.

---Course Correction. Battle Group Portentia to proceed to coordinates 22439-26775/GS/E [Quinox Sound], pending further orders. Command Authority Σ ---

- Falsified fleet movement instructions, uncovered following the complete destruction of Battle Group Portentia by unknown attackers, 145.M41.

After that meeting, Alpharius pushed his legion even harder, seeking out the most difficult challenges for his forces. He knew he could not equal the number of worlds conquered by the older legions, for they had been founded centuries earlier, but he seemed determined to win their respect for his legion's martial prowess.

On the world of Tesstra Prime, the population was violently resistant to the idea of Imperial rule. Alpharius deliberately delayed his assault a full week, allowing the planet's armies to amass and dig in around the sprawling capital city, and when battle commenced there was close to a million soldiers arrayed against the Alpha Legion. However, the week had not been spent idle. The Space Marines had deployed so they could attack from various directions, while leaving huge sections of the defensive line untouched. Just as the assault was launched, bombs detonated within the city demolished dozens of bridges and blocked major supply routes. The defending Tesstran commanders found themselves

unable to move troops and supplies into the areas under attack, or out of areas that were being ignored. The divided forces tried to hold out against the relentless advance of the Alpha Legion, but the lack of ammunition and reinforcements made it a hopeless task. And, of course, while help could not be brought in, retreating soldiers found they could not get out fast enough either. Thousands ended up herded together down the few remaining escape routes and were cut to pieces in an endless rain of bolter shells. It was two days before enough of the defenders could be redeployed to mount a serious counter-attack. However, officers in the Tesstran army had somehow been compromised and these traitors betrayed details of the plan. The counter-attack advanced into a trap, and found itself beset by armoured Space Marines on all sides. Within a week, the Tesstran forces had suffered ninety percent casualties. When he was asked why he had not simply seized the capital before the defending armies arrived, Alpharius replied "It would have been too easy." (cf. Inq. file 306621/M.30 [battle ethics])

Heresy

His conduct of the battle for Tesstra brought Alpharius censure from many quarters. Roboute Guilliman is recorded as having called it "a huge waste of time, effort and the Emperor's bolt shells". However, concerns about alleged atrocities committed by the Night Lords Legion diverted attention away from the incident. Nevertheless, Alpharius was furious at the reaction to his legion's masterful performance. Only Horus openly praised the manner in which the Alpha Legion had overcome opposition that outnumbered them a hundred to one. Horus was the only other Primarch whom Alpharius had any regular contact with. The two appeared to respect each other greatly, and are thought to have discussed tactics on more than one occasion.

At the start of the Heresy, the Warmaster's forces amassed on Istvaan V. The Emperor sent no fewer than seven legions, fully one third of the entire Adeptus Astartes, to put down the rebellion. The initial wave consisted of three of those legions - the Salamanders, the Iron Hands and the Raven Guard. They were seriously mauled as they made planetfall and battled to secure safe landing zones. This second wave was made up of the

remaining four legions, and some sources name the Alpha Legion among them. After their initial landings these 'loyalists' attacked their allies instead of the rebels. Utterly betrayed and attacked on all sides, the three allegedly loyalist legions had no chance at all. Just five loyal Space Marines survived the massacre, bearing the precious gene-seed of many of their fallen brethren. Given the average size of legions at this time, the death toll must have reached 30,000, while rebel casualties on Istvaan are estimated at just a few thousand.

"Despair for thy doom is upon you.
Give up hope for all the might of your
Imperial overlords cannot save you.
Kneel before us and we will spare every
hundredth man and woman. Such is the
mercy of Tchkrri-kterarr the
Unstoppable, Exalted Champion of
Darkness."

- Ultimatum delivered to Erwin Borstar,
Planetary Governor of Attica Prime, in
022.M4L, shortly before Chaos Space
Marines raided Attica II and IV. Both
were poorly defended as large forces had
been sent to reinforce the first planet, at
the insistence of Governor Borstar.
Attica Prime was never attacked.

Inquisitor Kravin has observed that such a deceitful trap was strongly reminiscent of Alpharius' tactics, suggesting that "he and Horus may have devised this brilliant plan together". Other scholars have made the same connection, though with rather less enthusiastic wording. Exactly when Alpharius chose to side with the Warmaster is not clear. Certainly he spent more time with Horus than he ever did with the Emperor. Perhaps there was an understanding between them right from the beginning.

However, it is not thought that Alpharius was blindly following Horus, for he seemed to have his own agenda. He relished every battle against loyalist Space Marines as the ultimate test of military skill. Again and again the Alpha Legion proved they were the match of the other legions. They started going out of their way to find Space Marine opponents, and inflicted stinging defeats on the loyalist White Scars at Tallarn, a Space Wolves company at Yarrant and other legions at dozens of smaller outposts. Well before the Warmaster's forces reached Terra, the Alpha Legion had become separated, but continued to wage war on all that they came across. Even after the defeat of Horus on Terra, the Alpha Legion continued on unchecked,

apparently inventing objectives and missions with absolutely no connection to the rebellion as a whole. They moved into the galactic east towards, whether by coincidence or design, the Ultramarines Legion. The Ultramarines had been posted on the Eastern Fringe when the Heresy began and were racing back to the Segmentum Solar, enraged at the treachery of their brother Space Marines and the Warmaster's connivance to keep them too far away to affect the outcome. It is possible that Alpharius deliberately sought out the Ultramarines, that he wished to confront Roboute Guilliman in battle and prove the superiority of his tactics. Other theories suggest that the Ultramarines tracked down the Alpha Legion, seizing the opportunity to be revenged on one of the Traitor Legions. But however it came about, the two Space Marine legions met in battle on the world of Eskrador.

First to arrive on the planet, Alpharius was able to choose his battleground, for he knew the Ultramarines would not rest until they had hunted the traitors down. The Alpha Legion deployed deep within a harsh mountain range, at the pole of the planet, riven with gullies, ravines and high passes that would seriously hamper movement, especially for ground vehicles. Alpharius was convinced that the battle would be won by the side which overcame these problems the best, through forward planning, coordinated air transport and detachments coping independently of heavy support. Guilliman was a military commander with few peers. However, all the experience, lessons and tactics he had accumulated over the centuries had been carefully documented, compiled and made accessible to the other legions, in the Primarch's desire to improve the Emperor's armies as a whole. Now this gave Alpharius the advantage because

"These were no mindless, brainwashed
Daemon-worshippers like those we'd
fought before, herded forward as gun-
fodder by their Traitor Space Marines
masters. This group was trained, well-
equipped and knew exactly what it was
doing. They appeared out of nowhere on
both sides of the column, and went
straight for the heavy armour. Four of the
main battle tanks had tracks blown off
before enough infantry could dismount to
stop them, and then they just fell back
into the ruins of the city. It took us more
than an hour to get the column rolling
again, and by the time we reached our
rendezvous, the battle had already started."

- After action report 9331/rts/4. Filed by
Colonel Johann Adronia.

he knew how the Ultramarines operated. Indeed, Guilliman's initial deployment followed exactly the doctrines set down in his own writings, and the Alpha Legion moved to trap them. But Guilliman chose the first nightfall to do something unexpected. Breaking his own rules of operation, he led a large portion of his forces deep into the mountains, deploying by Thunderhawk, drop pod and teleporter into the midst of the Alpha Legion with no lines of support or supply. Guilliman's target was the enemy command centre and none other than Alpharius himself.

The following account appears to be the personal log of a member of the Ultramarines strike force, probably a sergeant. It is included in Inquisitor Kravin's diatribe *Lessons of Strife*, though other Inquisitors and representatives of the Ultramarines themselves have questioned its validity. The original document was purportedly discovered in a system Earth-ward of Eskrador.

[0411.0] Our strike force numbered over three thousand Marines, and despite the lack of heavy armour in support (due to our mode of arrival), we soon had the traitors' command centre in disarray. There was no way the lightly armoured buildings could stand up to our Devastators' firepower and a direct assault by the much honoured and revered Ultramarines Dreadnoughts. Our enemies were outnumbered five to one and soon started to fall back up the mountain valley, probably to buy time for a relieving force to arrive (my Captain conjectured). But we were zealous with the thought of revenge and pressed them hard, knowing that the terrain would hamper the movement of reinforcements. With perhaps five hundred Space Marines remaining, the Alpha Legion force made a stand at the head of the valley. Their heavy weapons were deployed well, high on the mountainside, and felled many of our number as we fought upwards towards them - but their guns were too few and our resolve unswerving. As we closed upon the traitors, Alpharius himself led a counter-attack, charging headlong back down the rocky slope with his bodyguard and slamming into our line. Not even Ultramarines could stand before a Primarch, and his powersword felled every noble Space Marine within reach. Our advance halted and I was forced to recite the Cantic of Faith to steady my squad. But then an imposing figure appeared and my heart was gladdened. Our great Lord and Primarch Roboute Guilliman himself strode forward, ignoring the mêlée around him,



straight towards Alpharius. The two Primarchs stood before each other. They were equal in stature, both clad in shining power armour and each wielding a glittering powersword, but where one was noble the other was craven, where one was loyal the other was a betrayer. All other combat ceased as we watched them. There was a long pause, neither Primarch moving an inch, then both struck in an instant. Each sword made a single stroke and then both were still again. For a second the two great men stood facing, before Alpharius slumped to the ground.

Like every other Ultramarines Space Marine on the field, I let out a loud cry of victory. Guilliman's plan had worked – the very heart of the enemy had been torn out. The remaining bodyguard fought on but we fell on our adversaries with renewed vigour, and when the last one had been cut down, we turned our attention to the rest of the Alpha Legion command. Trapped by the sheer mountains at the head of the valley, they had no escape from our bolter fire. We left not one alive.

The body of the dead Primarch was burnt on a great pyre, and Lord Guilliman allowed us a moment of prayer and reflection on our success before issuing orders to move out and commence the destruction of the leaderless enemy army. We are fully confident that the task will be straightforward – the loss of its Primarch is something no legion can recover from. [END ENTRY]

[0413.4] The optimism engendered by our initial victory appears to have been misplaced. Since my last entry we have ascertained that the Alpha Legion's command function was spread into numerous groups, and the loss of one apparently had minimal impact on their operational abilities, even though it included Alpharius. What is more, our deep strike and the target's subsequent retreat has drawn our force well out of position, far from support. It has become clear that far from hunting out demoralized pockets of traitors, we were facing a superbly organised foe that is closing in on us from all sides. [END ENTRY]

[0413.9] We have sighted our Thunderhawks overhead, engaged in fierce battles with those of the Alpha Legion. Both legions have, of course, very similar numbers of Thunderhawks, so the aerial battle seems to be a stand-off, leaving no chance of an air evacuation. Meanwhile, the enemy has launched several hit-and-run attacks upon our strike force, causing numerous casualties, and Lord Guilliman has commenced a drive back out of the

mountains to link up with the rest of our ground troops. [END ENTRY]

[0414.9] We are being harassed and ambushed every step of the way. Groups of Eskrador natives, apparently bribed or coerced into aiding the traitors, have triggered rockslides to block our path and delay us. Communications with the rest of our legion have been sporadic – our Techmarines think they are being jammed – however some dialogue has been possible and a relieving force comprising most of our remaining ground forces is pushing into the mountains towards us. However, that too has apparently been under attack, and supply vehicles have been sabotaged. [END ENTRY]

[0420.5] After five grim days of intermittent fighting we sighted the distinctive blue armour of our Ultramarines brethren advancing down a valley towards us. However, having approached into range our 'rescuers' opened fire. A contingent of the Alpha Legion scum had disguised its heraldry and armour in order to spring a trap. Are there no depths to which these heretics will not sink? The utter dishonour that our erstwhile brothers had shown left me stunned. More of the Alpha Legion appeared to our rear, initiating the biggest attack from our enemies so far. With mountains to either side, we had little option but to stand our ground and fight for our lives. Losses were heavy, and might have been total, if it were not for the timely arrival of the real rescuing force. The reinforcements were in little better shape than our own beleaguered strike force, but the extra numbers allowed us to force a way through and establish a more defensible front line. [END ENTRY]

The account goes on to describe how in the next week Guilliman attempted a number of counter-attacks to regain the initiative, but the Alpha Legion seemed to have prior knowledge of their every move, and either were not where augurs suggested or had carefully planned ambushes waiting. Finally the Ultramarines evacuated the planet surface and used their ships to bombard the traitors from orbit. Guilliman is recorded as having said he had no interest in righteous battle against such a dishonourable foe and that they were needed back on Terra with all possible speed. However, it seems hard to dispute the fact that the Ultramarines were soundly beaten by the Alpha Legion, despite killing Alpharius. Certainly the deep ravines of the mountain range would have provided plenty of cover from the bombardment cannons.

Exile

The months and years that followed were a chaotic time of regrouping, rebuilding and retribution for the Imperium. When Imperial forces returned to Eskrador there was no sign of the Alpha Legion (although the entire native populace was purged to eradicate any taint of Chaos). However, it is thought that the majority of the legion did not flee into the Eye of Terror with the other rebels, instead remaining within the Imperium. Numerous secret bases were already in existence, and the legion fragmented in order to hide itself in the midst of its enemies. Small forces kept up frequent attacks on military targets, especially those weakened by the carnage of the Heresy, and became a major problem for those trying to rebuild the shattered Imperium. The location and destruction of these groups became a priority, and the Inquisition and remaining loyalist legions devoted considerable resources to this end. The last pockets of Alpha Legion forces were declared eradicated in a proclamation by the High Lords of Terra at the end of M.32, but subsequent attacks proved this to be untrue. Similar declarations were made during M.33 and as recently as M.39.

THE DAETHRYU PLAGUE

On the agri-world Daethryu Prime, in 255M41, there was a sudden plague of Crixian Locusts, a species not usually found anywhere in the sector. They thrived in the warm climate of the planet and multiplied exponentially, decimating food crops and causing widespread famine. At this point there was a surge of anger and unrest amongst the populace directed at the authorities who appeared to be powerless to deal with the infestation. In a single week riots broke out in every large population centre and much of the local army mutinied. A regiment of Mordian Iron Guard was dispatched to quell the uprising. But they were ambushed and all but destroyed as they disembarked from their transports by a force of Chaos Space Marines, hidden around the spaceport. The complete loss of food exports from Daethryu caused major supply problems in the sub-sector over the following years, resulting in further unrest on other worlds, and hindering Imperial forces during subsequent Chaos incursions into the Segmentum Pacificus. Opinion is strongly divided as to how much of this could have been orchestrated and how much was mere coincidence, but it seems certain that the Alpha Legion were involved at some level.

Homeworld

Alpharius never revealed the planet of his origin, and even the general area of his discovery is now lost to legend. His legion never took a single world as their base, instead operating from various secret locations throughout the Imperium. Many of these bases have been uncovered and destroyed over the millennia following the Heresy, although often they had been deserted by the traitors by the time they were found.

Combat Doctrine

Alpharius' doctrine was to attack the enemy in as many different ways as possible, all at the same time. What this meant in practice varied depending on the scale and location of the conflict. Tactics confirmed as having been employed by the Alpha Legion include flank attacks, tunnelling to undermine or bypass defences, teleportation or air drops behind enemy lines, diversionary attacks, infiltration, disguising troops and vehicles in enemy colours, disabling enemy transportation (both vehicles and routes), sabotage of fuel and ammunition dumps, poisoning of water and food supplies, atmospheric and ecological

tampering, triggering of volcanic, seismic and tectonic activity, bribery and coercion of enemy troops (including officers) and Imperial officials, enlisting into enemy forces, impersonation of Imperial officers, distribution of propaganda to incite unrest and rebellion, organisation of civilian riots and other anti-Imperial activity, sponsorship and supply of heretical cultist groups, alliance with anti-Imperial military forces including other Traitor Legions and aliens. Generally a number of these tactics will be employed in careful coordination, often resulting in labyrinthine secret plots.

It has been noted on numerous occasions that due to their employment of a large number of completely unorthodox tactics, the Alpha Legion are able to deploy smaller forces than might otherwise be necessary. Combat is only ever really regarded as part of their overall strategy.

Organisation

Very little is known about the internal organisation of the Alpha Legion. They placed a high value upon secrecy, even before they turned traitor, and captured Space Marines have revealed little under interrogation. On occasions there have been successful assassinations of members of the legion thought to be high ranking officers, but their removal has had little visible effect on their operations.

The legion's symbol, the hydra, is a multi-headed mythical beast which could keep fighting even if one of its heads was cut off. This legend seems to reflect the Alpha Legion's command structure, as well as echoing its doctrine of multiple attacks.

"They know where you are. They know your every strength and weakness. They prepare for your actions before you even conceive of them. How can you ever hope to stop them?"

- Extract from interrogation transcript [Subject: citizen 09.443.781.122iltrorV. Suspected member of subversive group. Posthumously convicted 3154137.M41].

It is known that the legion recruits, supplies and organises hundreds of cultist cells on Imperial worlds. These groups are not all crazed devotees of the Chaos gods and insane daemon-worshippers (although there are plenty of those). There are also highly organised, trained and motivated groups who work to subvert the authorities, produce and spread propaganda, and, when called upon, undertake military action - usually in the form of bombings, sabotage and inciting riots. Such action will generally form part of a larger Alpha Legion plan, for example luring Imperial forces to a particular place by organising a civil disturbance or preventing the arrival of reinforcements by blowing up a bridge.

The question then arises; how does the Alpha Legion coordinate all its activities and communicate with these disparate cells? Inquisitor Kravin is not the only one to have claimed that the Alpha Legion achieves this through the use of so-called 'operatives'. These figures are apparently human, but may have had limited Space Marine psycho-hypnotic indoctrination to make them utterly loyal to the legion and possibly even the implantation of some of the Adeptus Astartes organs (cf. Inq. post mortem file 27884710b). According to the claim, these operatives are the link between the cultist cells, travelling about with impunity where a Space Marine would quickly draw attention, setting up new groups, guiding their agendas and bringing them instructions. During protracted campaigns, they may be used to pose as soldiers, gathering intelligence or sabotaging the enemy army. The existence of these operatives has not been conclusively proved, but few other explanations have been put forward.

While it is not officially acknowledged by the Adeptus of Terra, the Alpha



Legion clearly remains a canker within the very heart of the Imperium.

Beliefs

Alpharius believed in planning and coordination, he always sought alternatives and multiple solutions to any given problem, with different elements working together for the end result. These doctrines have been thoroughly embraced by the legion as a whole, and have proved effective, especially in the disparate and secretive way they now operate.

All Space Marine legions set arduous tasks and trials for potential recruits, but prior to the Heresy, the Alpha Legion set these initiation tests for squads not individuals. Squads had to succeed as a group or not at all – foolhardy heroics were frowned upon. The overall plan was paramount and more valuable than any one Space Marine. It is not known if this practice is still carried out.

Gene-seed

While the Alpha Legion does not reside in the Eye of Terror, and therefore is not plagued by the warping effects of that maelstrom of insanity, there is still evidence of mutation in the gene-seed. If this was the case prior to the Heresy, it was

THE IKRILLA CONCLAVE

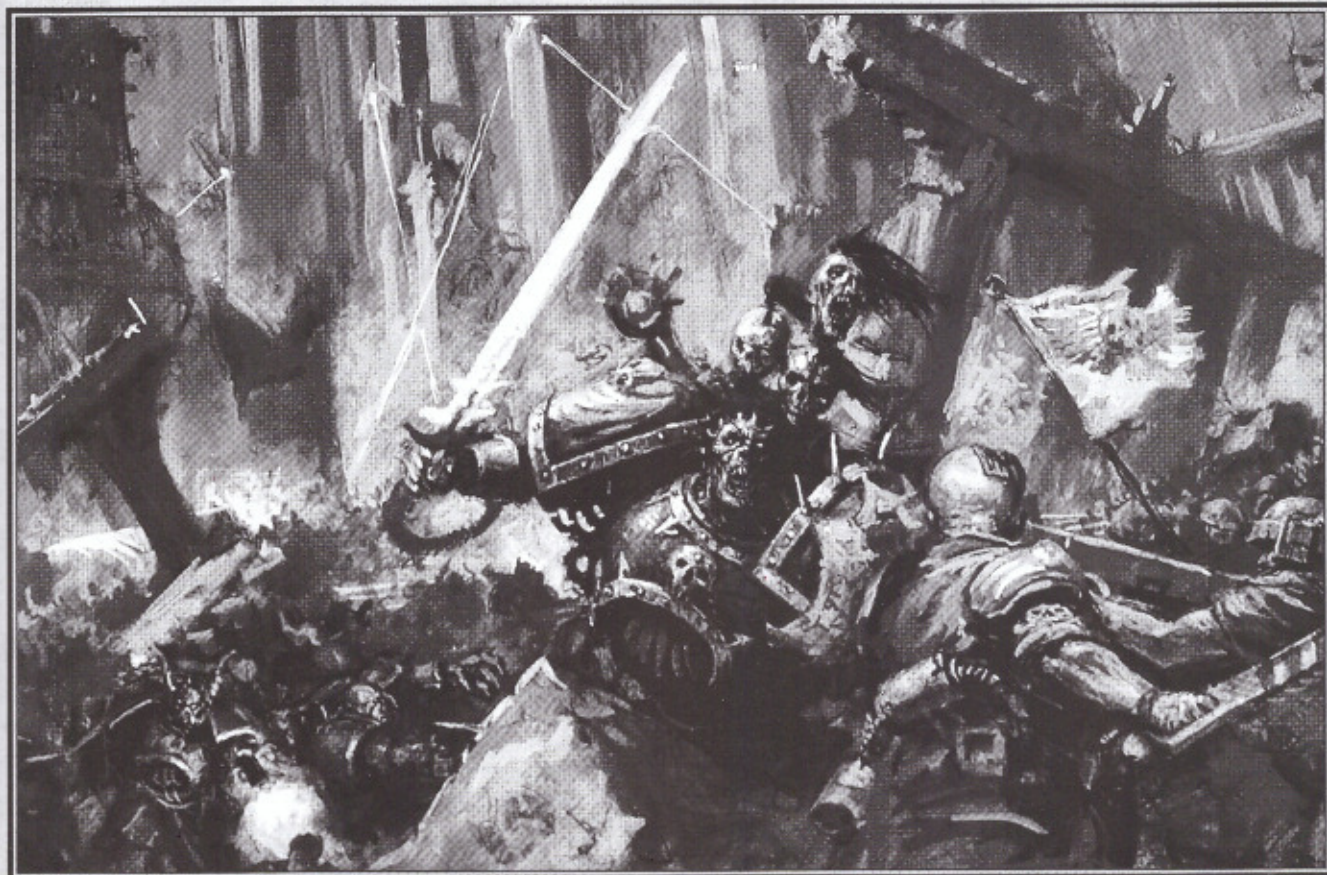
It has never been established if members of the Alpha Legion exhibit the same unnatural longevity as other Chaos Space Marines, who can apparently live for many thousands of years. This phenomenon is generally attributed to the Traitor Legions' existence in the Eye of Terror, where the laws of time and space do not apply, so it would follow that the Alpha Legion should not be affected. However, if Alpha Legion Space Marines have more 'normal' lifespans, then one must ask how losses are replaced. In his address to the Ikrilla Conclave, an impassioned Inquisitor Kravin warned, "the only possible answer is that new Chaos Space Marines are being recruited and genetically modified somewhere within the Imperium. And yet Terra still refuses to acknowledge there is even a serious threat! They are all around us – just look over your shoulder! Perhaps when you are attacked in your own cities, and murdered in your own homes, then you will see I am right."

Shortly after the conclave, Inquisitor Girreaux publicly accused Kravin of consorting with traitors and conspiring to organise cultist uprisings on the worlds of Kartha IV, V and Archos II in the Korren sub-sector (cf. Inq. file 7083662f/M.4f). Girreaux challenged Kravin to appear for trial and face the evidence against him, however Kravin's current whereabouts is unknown. Of course this development has called into question the reliability of all Inquisitor Kravin's research, and as he was the leading scholar on the Alpha Legion's history and current activities, much of what was known about them must now be considered a lie. If, as Girreaux claims, Kravin has been compromised by those very traitors he sought to investigate, then everything he has said must be considered mis-information and propaganda invented by the Alpha Legion.

kept concealed, but given the legion's predilection for secrecy that would not be surprising. During the Lethe Ambush (cf. Gothic War Inq. file 237xii), mutated Alpha Legion Space Marines hid their warped body parts, not out of shame, but so they could reveal them as they attacked – adding horror and revulsion to the shock of their sudden assault.

Battle-cry

Imperialistic cries of "For the Emperor!" and other similar cries are deliberately calculated to mock and infuriate foes who recognise them as traitors. Any of their victims who don't know the difference between an Imperial Space Marine and a Chaos Space Marine will simply think they have been betrayed.



Index Astartes



BLOODIED FIST

The Crimson Fists
Space Marine Chapter

by Andy Hoare

A Second Founding successor of the Imperial Fists, the Crimson Fists have maintained the proud traditions of their Progenitor Legion for ten millennia, battling the multitudinous enemies of the Imperium with a stoic ferocity for which they have become renowned. Though recently decimated by the Waaagh! of the infamous Ork Warlord, Snagrod, the Arch-Arsonist of Charadon, the noble battle-brothers fight on through their Chapter's darkest epoch, drawing on their proud spirit and 10,000 years of faithful service to the God-Emperor of Mankind.

Origins

The origins of the Crimson Fists lie at the end of the Horus Heresy. In the wake of the cataclysmic civil war that saw the arch-traitor Horus bring the Imperium to the very brink of ruin, those Space Marine Legions still loyal to the Emperor embarked upon a massive program of reorganisation and rebuilding. Roboute Guilliman, the Primarch of the Ultramarines Legion, presented his Codex Astartes – a tome of epic proportions that set out the future of the Legionnes Astartes as smaller units called Chapters, each formed from a parent Legion. A number of the Primarchs, including the Imperial Fists' Rogal Dorn, vehemently opposed Guilliman's plan, hailing it as detrimental to the security of the Imperium, and a grievous insult to the honour of his legion.

The matter came to a head when the Imperial Fists' strike cruiser *Terrible Angel* was fired upon by the Imperial Navy. To his eternal credit, Rogal Dorn relented rather than plunge the Imperium into another bitter, internecine war. As did his brother Primarchs, he divided his legion into three chapters: the die-hard followers of the Primarch retaining the livery and title of the Imperial Fists, the more zealous brethren becoming the Black Templars, and the more recently initiated and level-headed members, the Crimson Fists.

The newly-formed chapters were apportioned a battle barge, a number of strike cruisers and several rapid strike vessels from the Imperial Fists' extensive fleet, and struck out to forge a destiny all their own. Over the next ten millennia, the Crimson Fists would carve their name in the annals of the Imperium, proudly maintaining the legacy of Rogal Dorn and the Imperial Fists.

Taking pride of place within the Assimularum of the chapter's space-faring fortress-monastery, is a majestic hololith carving depicting the chapter's first Master, Alexis Polux. In this masterpiece, Polux is portrayed during the newly-formed chapter's first action, the Scourging of Uralek Prime, in

which the Crimson Fists fought and defeated a large force of Exodite Eldar who were attempting to eradicate the small Imperial colony recently founded upon that world. Polux was a giant of a man, whose physical strength belied a cold, rational and supremely logical mind. His character did as much to mould the future of the new chapter as the legacy of its Primarch Rogal Dorn, and his masterful and stoic defence of the colony serves to this day as a tangible example to new initiates of the chapter.

Polux fell eight centuries after the founding of the Crimson Fists, during the battle for an unnamed system, codified as HR8518. The system was occupied by a previously unknown alien race, who came to be referred to as the Scythians. These deviant xenos warrior monks made war using terrible venom-based weapons, and it was such a poisoned projectile that struck the Chapter Master in the temple and brought about his death. It is said he fought the deadly poison for many days before his superhuman physiology was finally overcome, though before he died he imparted his plan to repel the Scythians from HR8518 to his warriors. After his death, his forces enacted his plan, and the aliens were repulsed from the system after a short but extremely bloody campaign of xenocide from which the Scythians learned the true power of the Imperium. The xenos have since rarely engaged Imperial forces in open battle, preferring instead to mount stealthy raids and assassinations where their deviant, underhanded and dishonourable ways can prevail.

Homeworld

For nine thousand years, the Crimson Fists were a space-borne chapter, plying the space lanes of the Imperium aboard a fleet led by the gargantuan fortress-monastery *Rutilus Tyrannus*. They were a crusading chapter, in the same manner as the Imperial Fists and the Black Templars, though they maintained close ties with the Loki sector in Segmentum Tempestus, which is home to a number of feral

worlds from which the chapter draws new recruits. Segmentum Tempestus is infested by many Ork empires, and the chapter soon became expert in fighting these barbaric aliens.

It was after the glorious conclusion of the Voltigern Crusade in 745.M40 that the Crimson Fists were granted fiefdom over Rynn's World in the Loki sector. The sector had been threatened by a number of nascent Ork empires, and the Crimson Fists were able to attack each one in turn before any individual warlord could amass the strength to start a Waaagh! In the

aftermath of the crusade, these empires collapsed as warlord turned upon warlord, their ambitions stymied by their inability to present a unified threat to the Imperium. It was more than a thousand years before another Ork empire would threaten the Loki sector, in the form of the disastrous Waaagh! Snagrod.

Prior to Waaagh! Snagrod, Rynn's World was a pleasant agri-world, providing exotic foodstuffs to the Imperial nobility across the entire sector and beyond. The Crimson Fists built their fortress-monastery in the

inhospitable Hellblade Mountains, and though they retained feudal rights to the world, they allowed the hereditary governorship to remain in the hands of the local nobility. This very much follows Rogal Dorn's approach to worlds from which the Imperial Fists would recruit, allowing the chapter to concentrate on their own duties while the administration of their world is handled by those most qualified to do so.

Rynn's World's proximity to the chapter's primary source of recruitment, the feral world of Blackwater, made it an ideal homeworld. This allowed Crimson

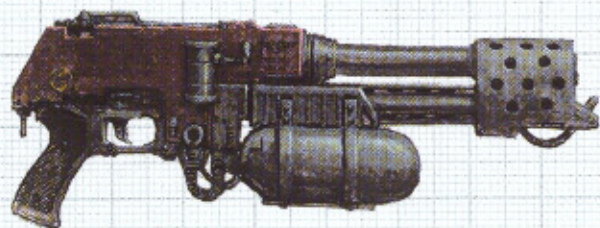
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Crimson Fists, Second Founding, M31



Above: Crimson Fists First Company Veteran Sergeant. Note seals and relics indicating bearer is in mourning for his fallen brothers, and artificer-made armour and power fist bearing heraldry of New Rynn City Guard.

Below: IA ref. 240.3/v/M&4 Astartes flamer unit. Note fuel flask in pre-injection, stowed position for safety during drop assault.



IA ref. 9932/x/
Auto-reactive ceramite shoulder guards bearing personal heraldry and devotional inscription (top) and standard Chapter icon (bottom).



IA ref.3218/s/
Veteran Sergeant's helmet bearing the Laureola Aurum.

Thought for the day: Pain is an illusion of the senses, despair an illusion of the mind.



Fists apothecaries and Chaplains to attend the annual 'Festival of the Bloodied Fist', during which the most promising of the feral worlds' young men would vie for the opportunity to join the mighty warriors from the stars. During the festival, the aspirants must undertake feats of great strength and courage, culminating with the Rite of the Dragon, in which the would-be Space Marine must track and kill one the ferocious swamp-dwelling Barb Dragons, killing it with only his bare hands in order to earn the right to become an aspirant. Each year, only a handful of young men get as far as this rite, and only one or two of these are likely to survive it, ensuring only the most courageous and resilient aspirants are accepted into the chapter.

With the destruction wrought by Snagrod, Rynn's World has much rebuilding to undertake. The Siege of New Rynn City was a protracted conflict that saw the city, and vast swathes of surrounding land, reduced to a barren, war torn wasteland. Now the conflict has been won, the surviving Crimson Fists are looking to their chapter's future, and the building of a new fortress-monastery.

Combat Doctrine

When the Imperial Fists Legion was divided into individual chapters, those brethren of a more moderate nature became the Crimson Fists – where many of their former brethren in the legion railed against the changes wrought by the implementation of the Codex Astartes, the Crimson Fists embraced them. As a result, the chapter has maintained the combat doctrine set down by Guilliman, training in all the aspects of war the Astartes may expect to undertake.

Throughout the chapter's long and glorious history, it has become noted for its expertise in fighting the many alien monstrosities that assail the Imperium of Man, in particular the Orks. While the Crimson Fists have never neglected training to fight any and all foes, it is true that they have proved a valuable asset to the Ordo Xenos, contributing many battle-brothers to secondment in the Kill-teams of the Deathwatch.

In the aftermath of the Battle of Rynn's World, the chapter has found itself severely depleted and unable to fight in the manner proscribed by the Codex Astartes. Throughout the war, Chapter Master Kantor was forced to field his squads as infiltrators and guerrilla troops, attacking specific, high-value targets rather than spearheading

massive assaults, as would most other chapters in such a conflict. With the resolution of the war, one of Kantor's primary aims has become the rebuilding of his chapter into a viable fighting force once more.

Organisation

As has been noted, the Crimson Fists have, since their founding ten millennia

ago, adhered rigidly to the precepts of the Codex Astartes. Following the Battle of Rynn's World, the chapter is committing all available resources into rebuilding this organisation.

True to their origins as a space-borne, crusading chapter, the Crimson Fists have traditionally maintained a large fleet of battle barges, strike cruisers and rapid strike vessels. Though the

Battle of Rynn's World saw these assets depleted enormously as Ork kroozers rampaged throughout the system, those vessels that survived the initial losses of the war proved invaluable in stalling the Ork invasion until the Imperial Navy could muster a response, reinforcing the Navy once they were in system, and in moving Kantor's small force around the warzones to make best use of its skills.

THE RYNN'S WORLD INCIDENT

In mid 989M41, the Ork warlord Snagrod the Arch-Arsonist of Charadon united the warring factions bordering the Loki sector, and launched the largest Waaagh! the Peryton 163 Cluster had seen in almost a millennium. The Arch-Arsonist's first target was the isolated Imperial colony of Badlanding.

The defenders of Badlanding were utterly unprepared for the invasion, and within days the only major strongpoint of resistance was the town of Krugerport, where the remnants of the Mordian 18th, 24th Lammaas and 49th Boros regiments put up a bold, but ultimately doomed, defence.

Confident that he had the world in his grasp, Snagrod put out incessant, ranting broadcasts, boasting that his next conquest would be Rynn's World, which lay only a few weeks warp travel from Badlanding. Chapter Master Kantor responded immediately, despatching the 4th Company under Captain Drakken to Badlanding to stall the Ork Waaagh! and determine its strength.

The battle of Krugerport was a tragic defeat for the Crimson Fists who found Waaagh! Snagrod to be far larger and more aggressive than any could have predicted. Only a handful of Space Marines survived the battle, though those that escaped were able to bring invaluable intelligence back to Rynn's World. Kantor ordered the immediate recall of those companies fighting away from Rynn's World, mobilised the Planetary Defence Force, and prepared for the inevitable invasion.

When the Waaagh! hit Rynn's World, it was with a force unparalleled by any other Ork invasion since those of Armageddon. As Ork drop ships and roks fell through the night sky, Kantor and his Command squad, along with a bodyguard of ten battle-brothers, were inspecting the outer defences of the Crimson Fists' fortress-monastery. Seeing the invasion was upon them, the small force prepared to return to their base, when the horizon was lit incandescent white. Night turned to day, and an instant later a blast wave struck the Marines, barrelling them to the ground. For long minutes the very air burned and howled like the gates to hell itself had been flung wide, before subsiding and leaving the night lit red by a distant conflagration.

The Crimson Fists' fortress-monastery had been destroyed. By infernal chance, a single warhead, launched from the Laculum battery, had faltered on its trajectory, falling from the edge of the stratosphere back towards the ground. One single missile should have proved insignificant to the mighty adamantium walls of the fortress-monastery, but this was not the case. The missile struck an unknown weak point, penetrating deep into the rock upon which the fortress stood. Its fuse set to burrow through the metres thick armoured hide of a starship before detonating deep within, the warhead bit through tens of metres of rock before striking the chapter's arsenal. The resultant explosion destroyed the stasis shields protecting ordnance capable of crippling a capital vessel, ripping the heart out of the mountain on which the fortress stood. The arsenal, the fortress-monastery of the Crimson Fists, the mountain, and an area half a mile wide were atomised in a heartbeat.

Kantor witnessed the destruction of his chapter from afar, but set aside his grief to consolidate what little power he still commanded. Going to ground, Kantor resolved to make for New Rynn City, where a small contingent of Crimson Fists stood beside the local militia. The trek to the city took ten days, and saw the small force lying low during the day to avoid the increasingly rapacious Ork hunter-killer-eater patrols. They marched throughout the night, never stopping for food or rest. On several occasions they ran into Ork invaders and were forced to fight their way through, but on the tenth day they reached New Rynn

City, to find it under siege by a massive force of the barbaric invaders. Skirting the edge of the enemy, Kantor led his men towards the only intact access to the city, an underzooom that crossed under the river Pakomac to the island on which the city stood. The gates of the underzooom were barricaded, and Kantor's force reached them scant moments before the invaders launched a near suicidal frontal assault upon them. To Kantor's great joy though, Crimson Fists manned the gates. Together, the two forces fought for hours to repel the endless tide of Orks that smashed into the barricades.

The Siege of New Rynn City was to grind on for eighteen months, but under the inspired leadership of Pedro Kantor, the Imperium won out against near impossible odds. The wider war would take many years to win, and many of the worlds of the Loki sector captured by Waaagh! Snagrod, including Badlanding, are lost, remaining in Ork hands to this day.



Index Astartes: Crimson Fists

Following the losses of the Rynn's World campaign, the chapter finds itself in the unusual position of having more specialists than battle-brothers. The chapter's fleet vessels are commanded by Techmarines under the Master of the Fleet, and a number of Apothecaries are also stationed aboard these ships. The presence of these experienced brothers is vital to the rebuilding of the chapter, for without the Techmarines' intricate knowledge of the workings of the

Machine God, the Crimson Fists could not remain a viable fighting force, and without the Apothecaries' knowledge of the complex process of creating new warrior brethren, the chapter would dwindle and disappear within a short span of years.

With the completion of the Rynn's World campaign, the Apothecaries have begun the long process of inducting new brethren. The process cannot be rushed however, for the Crimson Fists have a long and noble tradition to maintain, and to compromise on the quality and suitability of aspirants at such a critical juncture in the chapter's history could one day spell its doom.

A number of Scout squads have been accepted into the ranks of the newly re-

"Nothing ever assured me more that the Emperor truly watches over us than when I saw our Chapter Master return to us from death."

Sergeant Huron Grimm
at the Siege of New Rynn City

formed 10th Company, and these individuals are forging the future of the Crimson Fists with every battle they fight. They have already distinguished themselves in early actions against the Ork invaders, and are developing an abhorrence for the barbaric race beyond even that of a veteran of many xenos wars.

Beliefs

The Crimson Fists venerate the Emperor as the gene-father of the Adeptus Astartes, and Rogal Dorn as the Primarch of the Imperial Fists Legion. They maintain a strict calendar of holy days, one of the most sacred being the Day of Foundation, during which the entire chapter gathers to celebrate its creation. During the ceremony, extracts from the works of Alexis Polux are recited, as well as the words of Dorn himself. The chapter's greatest victories are remembered, and its boldest sacrifices commemorated.

In this way, the lessons of the chapter's history are passed down through the ages, ensuring the brethren learn from the actions of their ancestors. This sort of critical introspection is encouraged by the Codex Astartes, but actually practiced by very few Space Marine Chapters, whose pride will often preclude any admission that they have anything to learn from past mistakes, or indeed that their predecessors erred in any way.

In line with their ancestry, the Crimson Fists have been observed on occasion to follow the Imperial Fists' tradition of fielding a Champion of the Emperor. The chapter far less frequently than other Imperial Fists successors such as the Black Templars, but there have been a number of recorded instances when a battle-brother has been overcome with visions of the Emperor on the eve of battle, and taken up the Black Sword and donned the Armour of Faith to lead his brethren into righteous battle against the Emperor's foes. No instance of an Emperor's Champion being fielded has been recorded since the destruction of the



Crimson Fists' fortress-monastery on Rynn's World, and it is entirely likely that the ancient and sacred vestments of the office were lost forever in the destruction.

Gene-seed

The Crimson Fists draw their recruits from a number of feral worlds in the Loki sector, most notably the world of Blackwater. The natives of this world are renowned for their ferocity and courage, but are far from barbarous primitives. They are a noble people, whose lives are a daily struggle against adversity, and it is this stoic nature that makes them such ideal material for the Crimson Fists.

Being a successor chapter of the Imperial Fists Legion, the Crimson Fists share their genetic legacy with them, inheriting many of the characteristics of their Primarch, Rogal Dorn. The chapter's gene-seed is highly stable, though the Imperial Fists', and therefore, the Crimson Fists', genome is lacking the Betcher's gland that allows a Space Marine to spit acid, and the Sus-an membrane that allows him to enter a life-sustaining state of deep sleep.

The Imperial Fists are known to suffer from a deep-seated drive towards self-sacrifice and penance. They strive to master the self-inflicted punishment of the pain glove, and are notorious for their dogged pursuit of victory, even in the face of overwhelming odds. Perhaps because their initial membership was

The final destination on my pilgrimage to Rynn's World was my visit to the Jadeberry Hill Necropolis. Upon that blasted knoll is to be found hundreds of hand-carved headstones, each one a memorial to a fallen battle brother of the Crimson Fists. Each stone is engraved with the battle honours of a hero whose mortal remains will never be recovered, his body blasted to atoms by the fell hand of fate. I lingered at that bleak place for a day and a night, meditating upon the seeming futility of my own existence. Come the morn, I was struck by a revelation. Had not the Crimson Fists resolved to prevail in the face of utter defeat? If so, then I would strive to emulate their example. I am but a man, but I shall crane my neck to look upon the faces of giants.

Preface to chapter V, 'In the Footsteps of the Angels of Death', by Herak Sactorii.

drawn from the less extreme members of the Imperial Fists Legion, the Crimson Fists do not suffer from this headstrong impulse to anywhere near the degree of their progenitors. They are certainly every bit as noble, relentless and

dedicated, but have clearly conquered any urge they may have to prove their devotion in the fires of self-imposed penance.

The chapter only narrowly escaped extinction during the destruction of its fortress-monastery. According to the genitor-adepts of the Adeptus Mechanicus, a chapter reduced to less than a company of brethren has only a 20-25% chance of survival, for the failure rate of the progenoid gland will often preclude the successful harvesting of new gene-seed, resulting in an inability

to induct new brethren. It was only the chapter's superior gene-seed that saved it from extinction, for the Crimson Fists have been reduced to less than a company of brethren, yet seem more than capable of rebuilding their numbers – however it will take many decades before those numbers are at anything approaching full strength.

Battle-cry

Chaplain— "There is only the Emperor", brethren— "He is our shield and our protector".

CHAPTER MASTER KANTOR

Pedro Kantor has served as the master of the Crimson Fists for almost a century, and his record of service goes back another 250 years before he assumed that position. He first rose to prominence at the Battle of Melchitt Sound, where, as a sergeant, he led his squad in a boarding action against the Ork kill kroozer, the Growler. The kroozer was disabled by the attack, allowing the Crimson Fists' strike cruiser, the Crusader, to break the Ork battle line, scattering the alien fleet and winning the battle for the Imperium.

Kantor is a contemporary of the famous Captain Cortez, serving as the Captain of the 3rd Company while Cortez led the 4th, taking part in such celebrated victories as the Battle of Steel Cross, the Defence of Fortress Maladon and the Kardian Campaign. The two warriors rose through the ranks together, fighting side by side as brothers. Cortez' stubborn nature tempered by his friend's even-minded calm. Kantor reportedly grieved deeply when his compatriot disappeared fighting Eldar pirates in the Wheel of Fire, though Kantor,

like many of those who knew the Captain of the 4th Company harbours the belief that the notoriously invulnerable Captain lives on yet.

Faced with the destruction of the vast majority of his chapter at Rynn's World, Kantor was faced with a choice few Chapter Masters have ever had to make. He could lead the remnants of his decimated force in a vainglorious last stand, determined to slaughter as many of the enemy as possible before succumbing to their overwhelming numbers, or, as he chose, he could marshal his resources and deploy his remaining force in missions that favoured small, elite units, looking to the eventual rebuilding of the chapter. It has been noted that many Chapter Masters in his position would have chosen the former option, ensuring their chapter a place in legend rather than accept their virtual defeat. It is to Kantor's eternal credit, and is a mark of a leader of superior character that he made the choice he did, for the Imperium can ill afford the loss of such a chapter as the Crimson Fists.





DEEP STRIKE

Tactical Dreadnought Armour

by Graham McNeill

There are few instances where Space Marine power armour is not enough protection for a warrior, but when battle calls for durability and protection over agility, it is to the revered suits of Terminator armour that the Space Marines turn. Massively thick armour plates and powerful servo-muscles drive them, and only the best and bravest of a Space Marine Chapter may don these suits of ancient, holy armour. Graham McNeill takes an in-depth look at the origins and history of Terminators.

Space Marine power armour has a long and glorious history, having its origins in the long-forgotten time before the Emperor's unification of Mankind on Terra. Nothing is now known of this time, but it is speculated that the first suits of powered armour were worn by the techno-barbarians that fought alongside the Emperor as he battled to bring Terra under his rule. Over time, these suits of armour were refined and improved, becoming the earliest incarnations of Space Marine power armour.

The first suits of Space Marine power armour were developed from this armour and were said to have been worn by the first Space Marines as they fought to unite the planets of the solar system under the Emperor's control. Legend tells that once the Terran system was secure, and the process of rebuilding firmly in hand, the galactic conquest began. Faded techno-arcana of the Adeptus Mechanicus tell that even before the Age of Strife ended, the Emperor started to make provisions for his Great Crusade.

Part of these plans included the re-equipping of the Space Marine armies with a far more sophisticated fighting suit that historians have dubbed Crusade or Crusader armour. Alongside these developments, the Emperor initiated a program to develop a system of armour that would provide even greater protection than that offered by power armour.

TACTICAL DREADNOUGHT ARMOUR

Combining the technology of power armour and exo-armour developed for sealed environment suits used by starship crews forced to work in extremely hazardous situations, the development of Tactical Dreadnought armour was begun in order to provide the best protection possible for the Space Marines.

Exo-armour is constructed from heavy gauge plasteel plating, forming an armoured shell that can withstand even the colossal impact of high-speed orbital micro-debris. It is the only armour suitable for working inside the high-pressure casings of plasma reactor shields, or the extremely corrosive environments inside the holds of bulk chemical carriers. These same qualities, suitably enhanced, make Tactical Dreadnought armour virtually invulnerable to most weapons.

The development of Terminator armour,

as Tactical Dreadnought armour soon became known, was well underway by the time the Horus Heresy erupted, and these heavily armoured suits had become widely available by the time the traitor Warmaster struck.

According to fragmented records of the Adeptus Mechanicus, Terminator armour was originally designed to be the ultimate Space Marine power armour, and was envisioned to replace the older suits. However, as the Horus Heresy sucked the resources from the Imperium, Terminator suits became increasingly rare, for they were exceptionally difficult to create and maintain. In addition, in most battles their bulk became a disadvantage against the lighter power-armoured warriors who easily outmanoeuvred them.

However, the suits were highly sought after, and they were used to great effect in the countless bloody and short-ranged battles waged in cramped conditions, such as boarding actions in ship-to-ship engagements, hive cities and tunnel fighting. It was in these areas that Terminator armour excelled, and under these conditions that their bulk and sturdy frame serves best. Armoured with heavy sheets of plasteel and ceramite, Terminator armour contains a full exo-skeleton and a complex arrangement of fibre-bundle muscles that allow a warrior to fight with deadly skill in close quarters, where agility is secondary to protection.

In the same manner as power armour, Terminator armour contains its own independent power supply and fully enclosed life-support functions, though those incorporated in Terminator armour are more powerful and longer lasting. Suits of Terminator armour also carry teleport homers enabling them to teleport into battle with some degree of accuracy. The armour contains various augers and auspex, enabling the Space Marine to be fully aware of his environment, both externally and internally. These auspex monitor such things as radiation levels, proximity of biological entities and the life signals of the body, amongst others, just like power armour, though it is also installed with other devices designed solely for Tactical Dreadnought armour, including threat detectors and motion sensors.

In addition, the suit is fully equipped with a range of auto-senses and targeters, allowing the Space Marine to track his target with increased accuracy. Members

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

of a Terminator squad are linked to each other with pict-display units, allowing the Space Marines to see what their brother warriors see. All suits of Terminator armour are capable of this, but to avoid confusion, it is usual for only the Sergeant's armour to broadcast pict-signals.

VETERAN SPACE MARINES

A Chapter's First Company is known as the Veteran Company and contains its bravest and most heroic battle brothers. Many of the First Company will have risen to the rank of Veteran Sergeant before being inducted to the First Company, though less experienced Space Marines are often accepted into its ranks for performing acts of exceptional courage. These Space Marines are mighty heroes

whose legends have become part of the Chapter's history, and it is every warrior's ambition to become one of their Chapter's elite. The First Company is invariably the

most powerful Company in the Chapter, as many of its warriors are trained to take the field of battle wearing Terminator armour. All Space Marine Chapters maintain a

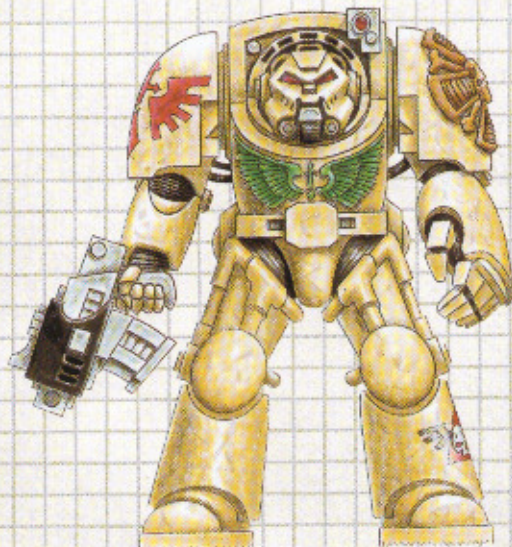
THE CRUX TERMINATUS

Each Terminator bears a badge upon his left shoulder guard that is made from stone and is said to incorporate fragments of the Emperor's armour. At the climax of the Horus Heresy, the Emperor personally led an attack upon the Warmaster's battle barge alongside his most trusted warriors. During the fierce fighting, the Emperor came face to face with Horus, who, in the battle that resulted, grievously wounded him. Following Horus' defeat, it is said that the Emperor decreed that his armour be taken off and melted down, and that the pieces be made into badges that all Terminators could wear in recognition of the service performed in the defeat of Horus. However, if this is true, then each suit of Terminator armour must only contain the most minuscule of fragments.

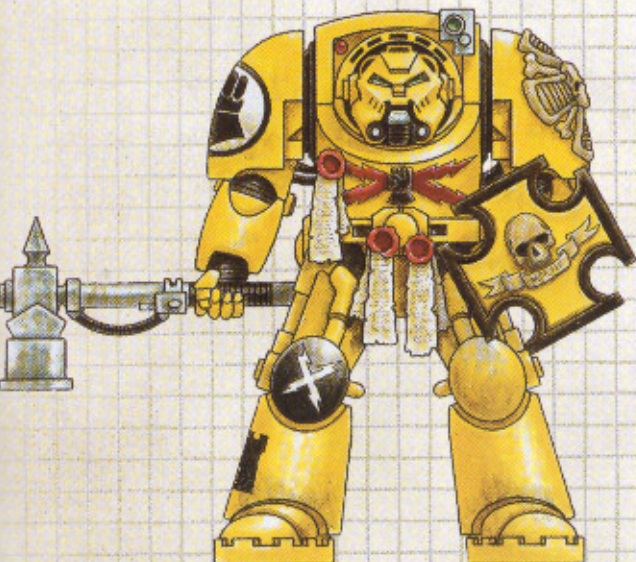
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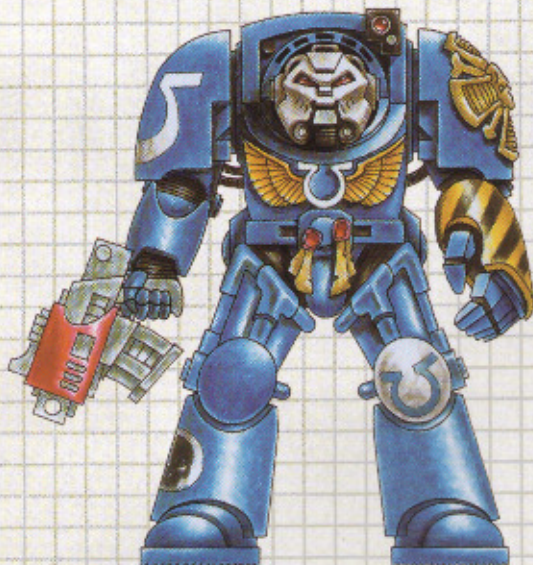
Black Templar Sword Brethren Terminator



Dark Angels Deathwing Terminator



Imperial Fist Assault Terminator



Ultramarines Terminator

Thought for the day: Faith is your shield



THE CRUX ARGENTUM

Elements of the Crux Terminatus, on the shoulder pad of a Terminator, can be adorned with additional ornamentation in recognition of acts of supreme valour. One such adornment is the Crux Argentum, a shoulder badge of silver and encrusted with gems, that is awarded to Space Marines who perform acts of valour above and beyond the call of duty.

number of suits of the revered and rightly feared Terminator armour and these are amongst a Chapter's most prized relics.

Squads of Terminators are most often employed in boarding actions or where the fighting is certain to be close and bloody. Terminators can also be equipped with a varied selection of weaponry that allows them to fight at longer ranges, but it is brutal assaults that they are primarily designed for. Suits of Terminator armour are rare and highly sought after, and as such, each Chapter carefully maintains the suits that it has. Incredibly ancient, the secrets of much construction have long since been lost and each one is revered by the Space Marines and lovingly maintained by the Chapter's Techmarines. The armour is often ancient, many of the older suits having been produced before the Horus Heresy. Although new suits are produced by the Adeptus Mechanicus, the production rate is so slow, and the demand for them so great, that each Chapter takes the utmost care of its precious remaining suits. Each suit of armour has a special place of honour within the First Company's Chapel and only warriors of the First Company and selected senior commanders may enter the armoury and don these holy artefacts. It requires rigorous training to be able to fight in Terminator armour and, once trained in its use, a Space Marine will be expected to perform above and beyond his brethren, acting as an example to the rest of the Chapter.

ARMAMENT

Terminator armour is designed to carry a variety of weapon fits, but the most common armament carried is a storm bolter and power fist. This configuration allows a Terminator to engage the enemy at long range while advancing and then to deliver a devastating assault with the deadly energies of a power fist – a weapon capable of tearing through the hull of a battle tank. Many Space Marines opt to carry a chain fist, similar in effect to a power fist, though equipped with a massively powerful chainblade attachment that can carve through the armoured bulkhead of a starship. Within each squad, one Space Marine is often designated a fire support role, and the massive, fibre-bundle muscles and suspensor fields allow a Terminator to carry a much heavier array of weaponry than his power-armoured brethren. Such warriors may carry the dreaded assault cannon to lay down a hail of heavy shells, a heavy flamer when the fighting is certain to be close and bloody, and the enemy closely packed, or the Cyclone missile launcher to engage heavily armoured targets at long range.

Certain squads of Terminators are also configured specifically for close combat, with no ranged weaponry whatsoever. These squads are most often teleported

Brother Sergeant Egil of the Space Wolves ducked behind the smoking, burnt-out shell of a Land Raider and slammed a fresh magazine into his bolter. The remains of his Blood Claw pack were spread throughout the blasted building, gore streaked and exhausted. Even with the filtering effect of his armour's auto senses, the noise of the battle was still deafening. He risked a glance around the side of the Land Raider. Thick clouds of choking black ash fell from a lacerated sky and the entire city was aflame. Massive explosions and the thunder of artillery obscured the battle and rendered even his acute senses useless. Egil spun round, raising his bolter to a firing position as he heard the crunch of heavy footsteps approaching behind him. The massive Terminator-armoured form of Brother Kaarlson of the Wolf Guard entered the building and Egil lowered his gun.

'Ready your men, sergeant. We take the fight to the traitors,' snarled the Wolf Guard. Even over the vox-unit's distortion and din of battle, the edge of feral anticipation in Kaarlson's voice was unmistakable. Egil nodded, passing the

word to his men. The green runes on his visor display blinked as the Space Wolves acknowledged his orders. Egil racked the slide on his bolter as the ground suddenly shook under a thunderous impact. The deep, rumbling crash sounded again, like an angry god's footsteps, and Egil looked up as a massive shadow swallowed them. Emerging from the smoke, like a vast beast from the sagas, a Night Gaunt Titan towered above them, its dark carapace silhouetted against the bloody sky.

Lights flared around the Titan's head as Imperial fire impacted on its void shields, but the enormous machine ignored them, lifting one huge leg ponderously from the ground. Egil could clearly hear the whine of its powerful actuators over the explosions. The gigantic war-machine's foot smashed aside buildings in its path and Egil realised with sick horror exactly where it would stamp down.

'Everybody up! Move!' he yelled and fired his jump pack as the shadow of the Titan's foot descended upon them. Egil powered through the air, heedless of the crack of small arms fire that burst around him, angling for the cover of a shattered

bunker. He landed badly and cursed as he fell to the rubble, looking back to see Kaarlson slowly lumbering through the ruins. He screamed his name as the mass of the Titan's foot smashed through the building and crashed down upon the Wolf Guard Terminator. Egil covered his head as the Titan's other foot swept above him, showering dust and debris. Howling with rage, he fired his bolter ineffectually at the Titan as it strode onwards, unheeding of the great warrior it had just killed.

Egil again reloaded his weapon, his thoughts filled with avenging the fallen Kaarlson. He looked over towards the flattened building and watched with astonishment as the rubble began to shift and heave. Massive chunks of plascrete and steel were pushed aside as Kaarlson pulled himself free of the debris. His Terminator armour had been gashed open in a dozen different places and his blood was splashed crimson against its grey, but he was alive. The Wolf Guard Terminator joined Egil in the ruins of the bunker and shouted, 'Like I said sergeant. Ready your men. We've wasted enough time already. We have a battle to win!'

into battle, where the enemy cannot engage them with long-range firepower before the Terminators attack. The most favoured configuration for these squads is either a pair of lightning claws – multiple, fist-mounted blades sheathed in lethal energy that can cut through armour and flesh with equal ease – or thunder hammer and storm shield. This latter configuration is usually employed when the enemy is likely to employ weaponry that may defeat even the formidable armour of a Terminator. A storm shield contains a small power field generator that can protect a warrior in close combat and is proof against even the most lethal close combat weapons. The thunder hammer is a deadly weapon that releases a terrific blast of energy upon impact and those it does not kill, vehicles and the living alike, are rendered virtually incapacitated.

DEPLOYMENT

Unlike Space Marines in power armour, Terminators are bulky and slow moving, their speed and agility sacrificed for better protection. As a result, methods had to be developed in order to allow them to reach the enemy in enough strength to prevail. Terminator armour is designed to allow its wearer to utilise the technology of teleportation and through this sometimes treacherous method of transport, Terminators may teleport right into the heart of the enemy battle lines. Although this method of transport can often be far



Within dark and forgotten places hide
the enemies of the Emperor.

You have been chosen to enter such
places and, protected by the best
armour the Adeptus Mechanicus can
provide, cleanse it.

Take with you your weapons, a valiant
heart and the Emperor's blessing,
and engage the enemy where it makes
its lair.

Acknowledge death as it approaches,
but do not succumb to its touch, for
your purpose is great.

You have proved yourselves to be
worthy of the status you now hold.

Every one of you standing here, all of
whom have declared allegiance to the
Emperor and take his will as your
guide, have shown your courage and
have been rewarded for it.

Those that stand before me,
I charge you now, go forth and
vanquish the foe.

Sermon made by Chaplain Hanius to Blood Angels
Terminator squads before the attack on Thain II

from accurate, it is often the best way to
get Terminators into the thick of the
fighting quickly. Teleportation is a barely
understood technology and many
Chapters of Space Marines – such as the
Space Wolves – have a healthy distrust of
such things and refuse to utilise it. For
Chapters like this, the more common

method of deployment for battle remains
the Land Raider battle tank.

The Land Raider is one of the most, if
not *the* most, powerful tank in the
Imperium's arsenal, able to withstand the
impact of a battle cannon with little or no
effect. These tanks were designed
primarily to enable Terminator squads to
travel in safety through the very worst
warzones and are equipped with frontal
assault ramps that deliver the warriors
within straight into the thick of the fighting.
In addition, the Land Raider is armed with
powerful lascannons and can act as
mobile fire support for the Terminators
once they have disembarked. There are
several Land Raider variants, but one of
the most common is the Land Raider
Crusader, a pattern developed by Marine-
Artificer Simagus during the Jerulas
Crusade of the Black Templars Chapter.
This crusade involved the besiegement of
many heavily fortified bastions of a hive
world and enabled the Sword Brethren
Terminators of the Black Templars to
penetrate the defences of their enemies
with relative ease. With an increased
transport capacity and weaponry designed
to inflict maximum casualties amongst
nearby infantry, many other Chapters
involved in similar engagements quickly
adopted this Land Raider pattern.

THE BATTLE FOR MACRAGGE

A great and terrible day for the
Ultramarines came upon the battle for their
homeworld, when the hammer blow of the
Tyranid hive fleet, *Behemoth*, smashed
through Ultima Segmentum. The final
battle against *Behemoth* was fought on the
surface of Macragge itself, while the
Ultramarines fleet battled the massive bio-
ships of the Tyranids in orbit. The key to

the defence of Macragge was the polar
defence fortresses, held by the veterans of
the First Company, Titans of the Legio
Praetor and the Ultramar Defence Auxilia.
Though the invaders paid in blood for
every yard gained, the defenders were
ultimately pushed back inside the
darkened, bloody corridors of the fortress.

In defence of their homeworld, the
warriors of the First Company displayed
heroism the likes of which has rarely been
seen since, dying to a man in the depths
of the fortress. Upon the defeat of the
Tyranid fleet, the Ultramarines descended
to the surface of Macragge and discovered
the carnage at the northern polar defence
fortress. The dead of the First Company
lay where they had fallen, mounds of
Tyranid corpses piled hundreds deep
around each warrior. Though the entire
company had been killed, they had broken
the back of the Tyranid invasion and given
the Ultramarines ultimate victory.

Such a grievous loss was almost too
much to bear and Marneus Calgar,
Chapter Master of the Ultramarines,
decreed that the Chapter Banner of the
Ultramarines would no longer be unfurled
until the First Company was returned to
full strength. Only now, two hundred and
fifty years after the defeat of hive fleet
Behemoth, has the banner been lifted from
its reliquary and is once again borne by
one of the Chapter Ancients.

THE DEFEAT OF ANGRON

The war-torn world of Armageddon has
known the tread of invaders many times,
most recently in the form of the Ork
Warlord, Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka's
second invasion. But Ghazghkull was not
the first, or even the greatest, threat to
Armageddon. Five hundred years before



that Ork was even born, the taint of Chaos came to Armageddon. Trouble had been brewing for some time, with riots and civil unrest spreading throughout the planet's main continental mass. On Armageddon Secundus, these revolts were quickly suppressed, but those on Armageddon Prime proved to be more difficult to eradicate. Imperial reinforcements could not easily reach Armageddon due to the presence of the Mid-Calvus CVII Warp storm and as the fighting continued, a vast space hulk appeared in orbit...

With the arrival of this space hulk, the rebels on Armageddon were revealed as cultists of the Ruinous Powers, and to make matters worse, the great space hulk contained the Daemon Primarch Angron. The fallen Primarch of the World Eaters was accompanied by hordes of daemons and frothing Berzerkers who hurled the warriors of the Imperium back in a tide of bloodletting. As the defenders rallied beyond the Chaeron River, reinforcements arrived in the shape of the Space Wolves Chapter of Space Marines, led by the Great Wolf himself, Logan Grimnar. But greater than that, the Chamber Militant of the Ordo Malleus, the Grey Knights, answered the defenders' cry for aid.

The Grey Knights, the fighting arm of the Daemonhunters, are a Space Marine Chapter whose entire existence is dedicated to the destruction of the daemonic, and while Angron's horde built great monoliths to their diabolical master, the Grey Knights attacked. Led by Brother-Captain Aurellian, a hundred Grey Knights in Terminator armour teleported into the field of battle, fighting their way through the enemy host until they came face-to-face with the fallen Primarch.

Guarded by a dozen of his most favoured Daemon Princes, Angron was nigh unstoppable, but the Grey Knight Terminators attacked without thought for their own safety or survival. Many brave warriors fell in battle, but one-by-one, the daemons accompanying Angron were slain, banished back to the Warp by the faith and power of the Grey Knights. The battle waxed furious on the bloody field of Armageddon, but at last, the Grey Knights defeated Angron and cast his essence back to the Warp. With the defeat of Angron, the daemonic horde soon vanished and, without the presence of the daemonic Primarch, the hordes of cultists were soon crushed beneath the might of the Imperial counter-attack. The aftermath of the First War for Armageddon was, however, to bear witness to some of the most terrible cruelty imaginable as the entire population of the planet was systematically rounded up and placed into forced labour camps and the planet repopulated so as to avoid the threat of any lingering taint of Chaos – a heinous act for which Logan Grimnar has never forgiven the Administratum.

THE DEATHWING

The Dark Angels, though one of the First Founding Chapters, differs from the Codex Astartes in a number of ways, most notably in the composition of the First and Second Companies. The First Company of the Dark Angels, known and feared as the Deathwing, is unique in that its veterans never take to the field of battle in power armour, but instead fight in bone-white Terminator armour. Originally the armour was black, but after a single squad of Terminators freed their homeworld from Genestealer infestation it was forever decreed that their armour would be white to honour their valour.



TERMINATORS



Captain Lysander



Ultramarine Cyclone Launcher



Chaplain Clausel and his Command squad prepare to defend the Hecatta Pass against the forces of Chaos.



Logan Grimnar leads his Wolf Guard Terminators against raiding Eldar.



Grey Knight Terminator



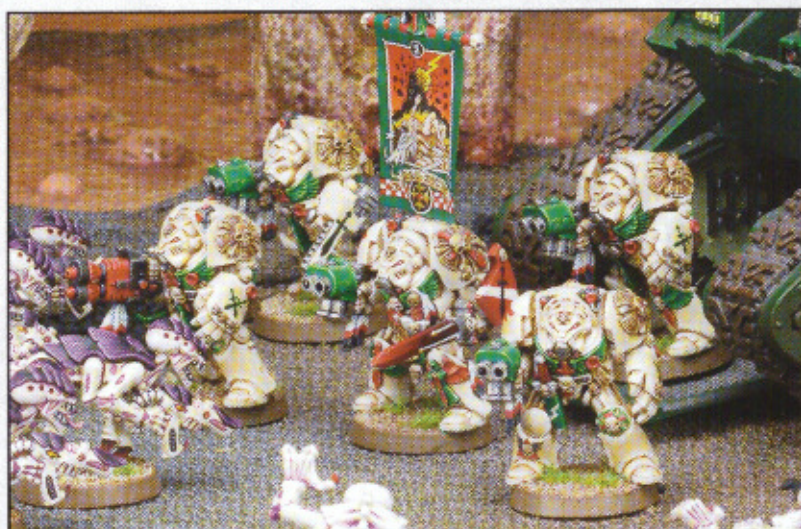
Terminators face Necrons in the claustrophobic tunnels of an ancient tomb.



An Ultramarines Terminator Squad lays down a withering barrage of fire.



Marneus Calgar



Deathwing Terminators spearhead an assault against the Tyranids.



Blood Angels Terminators defend their homeworld of Baal against Ork raiders.



ROGUE SONS

Renegade Space
Marine Chapters

by Andy Hoare



ORIGINS

The First Founding is an event of mythic proportions, shrouded in ten thousand years of legend, supposition and mystery, and even the details of the Second Founding are obscured by millennia of hearsay. Over the course of the long and bloody history of the Imperium as many as 1,000 Space Marine Chapters have been created, perhaps many more. No one person or administrative body has any means of determining the exact number, as the Imperium has suffered many periods of great turmoil, during which reliable records have been purged, revised, rescinded, destroyed in cataclysmic destruction or simply lost. In many cases, the only source of information regarding the Foundings, and many other aspects of the history of the Imperium, is to be found in myth and legend, which are taken, even by the most highly placed and informed men in the Imperium, as canon.

What is known, and whispered only in the safest of company, is that far more Space Marine Chapters have been created than are extant today. Many of these missing Chapters can be accounted for as having been lost in the Warp or having sustained irrecoverable losses in combat. Others still have vanished without trace.

The Ordo Malleus is responsible for maintaining the records regarding those Legions who turned traitor during the Horus Heresy, but the archives of the Ordo Hereticus contain details of Chapters other than those turned to Chaos with Horus: Space Marines who have turned renegade in the millennia since the Great Heresy ended.

The number of Chapters who have openly turned traitor can only be estimated, though some circumstances of such a rebellion can certainly be theorised.

Every world in the Imperium is home to a culture unique to itself, and the people of each world worship the Emperor in a manner informed by its own characteristics. For the Helio-Cultists of Limnus Epsilon, for example, the Emperor resides in their sun, his warriors coming every century to claim the best of the world's youth to fight at his side within the fiery heart of their star. To the Apocalites of the worlds bordering the Hell-Stars of the Garon Nebula, he is the bringer of merciful death, deliverance from the evil that stalks their worlds by night. To the feral natives of

Many miles beneath the Emperor's Palace on ancient Terra can be found repositories of knowledge so potentially damaging to the Imperium that they are sealed behind armoured portals capable of withstanding the most determined of attacks, and hexagrammic wards able to resist the strongest of psychic probes. One such library, accessible only to senior Inquisitors and the High Lords of Terra themselves, contains proof of the most terrible of crimes: treachery amongst the Emperor's most trusted Space Marines.

Miral, the Emperor was the great beast that stalked the dark places of their forests, and to the acid miners of Mordant he is the guiding spirit-light that keeps the all-encompassing darkness at bay.

Even within the ranks of the galaxy-spanning institution of the Adeptus Ministorum, no two clerics drawn from two different worlds share the same view of the nature of the god they worship. Theosophical debates rage between men divided in their understanding of the Emperor's divinity, yet utterly united in their worship of him, though even here, debate on occasion turns to division, and division to outright aggression.

As each world expresses its devotion to the Emperor in a unique manner, so too does each Space Marine Chapter revere him and his Primarchs in a manner unique to themselves. Many adore him not as a god, but as the founder and patron of the Space Marine Legions, while the beliefs of other Chapters may diverge yet further.

These deviations have on occasion led to friction and even open conflict between the Adeptus Astartes Chapters and the Adeptus Ministorum. Such a conflict is unlikely to arise from a simple difference of opinion, however, for no matter how abhorrent a member of the Ecclesiarchy may find the beliefs of a Space Marine Chapter, there is no denying that the Space Marines are the living embodiment of the Emperor's divine wrath, and their mandate is granted by the Emperor himself. Open conflict is more likely to arise from the actions of clerics overstepping the bounds of their authority, and it can only be assumed that insanity, treachery or worse – perhaps daemonic or alien intervention – would in most cases lay at the heart of the matter.

On occasion, it may be an Inquisitor who moves against a Chapter. Such action would only be considered in the most extreme of circumstances, as an entire Chapter of Space Marines is a foe that few armies could hope to challenge.

Upon declaring such a Chapter Excommunicatus, an Inquisitor will attempt to determine the root cause of the rebellion in order to gauge the potential obstacles to neutralising it. Should he suspect that Chaos lies at the heart of the matter, the Grey Knights may be mobilised. Should doctrinal heresy prove the immediate cause then the elite of the Adepta Sororitas may be the only force considered capable

of prosecuting a War of Faith against the wayward Chapter. On rare occasions, alien intervention may be suspected, and the highly skilled servants of the Ordo Xenos brought in to investigate. Such an event is of such import as to attract the attention of the High Lords of Terra themselves, and no Inquisitor would bring such accusations without very solid evidence indeed.

On other occasions, it may be sufficient for an Inquisitor to approach the Masters of other Chapters. To a Space Marine, the very notion of a brother exceeding his Emperor-given mandate is anathema, it is to disobey the direct word of the Emperor himself, and so a simple word in the ear of a Chapter Master may bring about the censure or outright subjugation of the chapter in question. Space Marine Chapter Masters and Inquisitors are individuals well placed to appreciate the devastating consequence of galaxy-wide sedition and rebellion, and have on many occasions worked in concert to quell such threats before any other authorities become aware of them.

Actually conducting an investigation and gaining evidence against a suspect Chapter is in most cases next to impossible. Even the most loyal of Chapters will be far from open with what they regard as prying outsiders. In the extremely rare instance of a Chapter actually reneging on its vows to the Golden Throne, no investigation will be necessary or possible: the evidence will be clearly visible and damning in the extreme.

It is not recorded exactly how many Chapters have been purged in this way, as all record of their existence will be expunged upon their defeat. It can be estimated however, that as many as a dozen Chapters may have been completely destroyed and subsequently deleted from the records, while a small number of others have been declared Excommunicatus, but are still at large in the galaxy.

The Badab Uprising demonstrated that there could in fact exist degrees of rebellion. Aside from the Astral Claws, three other Chapters rebelled against the rule of the Imperium during that conflict – the Lamenters, Executioners and the Mantis Legion. These Chapters simply found themselves on the wrong side of the conflict, and it would seem that hubris, rather than heresy, kept them fighting for over a decade. Many notable Chapters have found themselves under investigation or engaged in open conflict against other factions – in an area as large as the Imperium grievances and misunderstandings are seen to be unavoidable from time to time. The Chapters that sided with the Astral Claws at Badab were investigated after the war was resolved, and found to be free from treachery. Their homeworlds were forfeited



to the loyalist Chapters who fought against them, and the rebels sent on penitent crusades as punishments for their crimes.

Often, the progress of the fall of a Chapter goes unseen until the dramatic moment at which it is judged to have crossed the line and turned renegade. Often, the term is only relevant to outsiders, and a matter of judgement rather than objectivity. For example, a Space Marine Chapter may subjugate a rebel world, to be welcomed by the surviving populace as saviours and begged to rule over them. Such a situation is not without precedent, for the

Ultramarines rule an entire realm, but this is most definitely outside of the mandate of a Space Marine Chapter, and so the sin of pride may lead a Chapter down the road to ruin.



HOMEWORLDS

The original homeworld of a renegade Chapter will in many cases bear the brunt of Imperial retribution should the rebels choose to remain ensconced there. In the case of the Astral Claws (later renamed the Red Corsairs) the rebel Chapter attempted to consolidate its position at the

heart of its power base, turning their homeworld, and the entire Badab system, into an impenetrable fortress. Each world bristled with orbital defence stations and ground-based weapon silos. The high orbits were seeded with mines capable of seeking out invading vessels and crippling them beyond any hope of escape.

The Astral Claws held off the Imperium's reprisal for eleven years, three of which loyal forces spent prosecuting the gruelling sieges necessary to break the rebels' hold on their home system.

However, few such traitor Chapters attempt to defend their homeworld, often choosing instead to flee to regions where the Imperium's retribution can be avoided. As the Traitor Legions fled to the Eye of Terror after their defeat at Terra, so too have other rebels sought to establish themselves in areas of the galaxy where the Imperium may not easily follow. The Sons of Malice are such a Chapter, who were founded in order to guard the western marches of the Eye of Terror and who fled into the Eye itself after an Inquisitor of the Ordo Hereticus unveiled their gruesome heresy. After the battle at the Palace of Thorns, which saw the Astral Claws finally ousted from Badab, the survivors made for

the Maelstrom, a nearby area of space riven with naturally-occurring warp storms.

It is known that some renegades have established bases upon worlds hostile to human life, worlds on which only a Space Marine, with his enhanced physiology could hope to survive. The Steel Cobras – a Chapter whose worship of the Emperor as an animal-totem prompted a puritanical crusade against them led by a particularly bombastic Cardinal – are known to have established a base of operations deep beneath the ammonia seas of Tukaroe VII. Although the Imperium are aware of the renegade's existence, nothing short of an invasion by an entire Space Marine Chapter is considered likely to dislodge them from their fortified seabed bunkers. The only other option is Exterminatus, a fate that may still befall Tukaroe VII should the Adeptus Astartes refuse to assault their wayward kin. Other renegades choose a nomadic existence, plying forgotten space lanes aboard their battle barges and strike cruisers, far from Imperial Navy patrols. They survive by raiding, attacking shipping and backwater worlds in order to sustain their outcast existence and to satisfy their craving for bloodshed and revenge. Of the fate of a renegade Chapter's original

homeworld, one thing is certain. Those left behind after the rebels are dislodged will be made to pay for the crimes of their masters. Inquisitors have it within their power to quarantine entire planetary populations, and any suspected of sharing their masters' heresies are executed in very public displays of retribution. On occasion, entire worlds have been put to death, so deeply runs the taint of treachery.

In the case of the Sons of Malice, the grisly tendencies that caused their excommunication was found to be rooted in the barbaric practices of the native, feral world population of the Chapter's homeworld of Scelus. The native tribes were almost entirely eradicated by the Cadian 331st in a planet-wide campaign of genocide. Scelus was declared *Perdita* and stands to this day a stark example to any who would test the tolerance of the duly appointed representatives of the Holy Orders of the Emperor's Inquisition.

COMBAT DOCTRINES

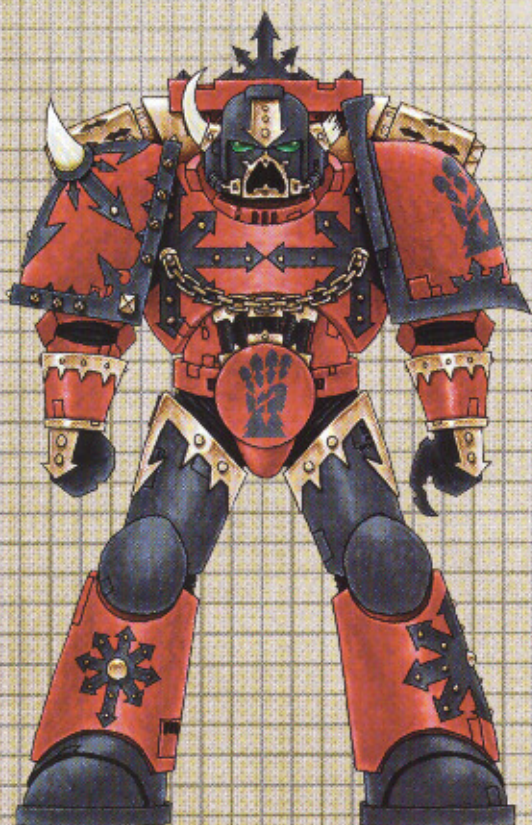
How and why those few Chapters who have rebelled fight depends in many cases on the character of the individual Chapter, and they often have no more or less in common with each other than the loyal Chapters do.

The Red Corsairs fight primarily as an expression of their twisted faith. As the rebel Chapter fled from the aftermath of the Siege of Badab, the hideously wounded Chapter Master Lufgt Huron made a terrible pact with the Ruinous Powers, pledging eternal service in return for the blessings and patronage of Chaos. Huron sold his soul and his Chapter to Chaos, renaming himself Huron Blackheart, and his Chapter the Red Corsairs in the process.

Though piratical in the extreme, the renegade master leads the Red Corsairs on savage attacks on Imperial shipping and outposts, not because they have any overriding need for plunder, but because the very act of looting the regions he was previously sworn to protect pleases Huron as much as it does his diabolic patrons.

Of the motivations of renegade Chapters, many observations and theories have been presented. Most have a need to replenish depleted arsenals, and those that have turned completely to Chaos raid in order to capture slaves to be sacrificed in whatever dark rituals they observe. Whether any renegades are actively seeking to replace fallen Brethren is a matter of debate, but it is known that some recruit or band together with human raiders. Another source of concern to the Imperium's authorities is that rebel Chapters may find a way of replenishing diminished gene-seed stocks, for this would conceivably make the renegades a threat for many centuries to come.

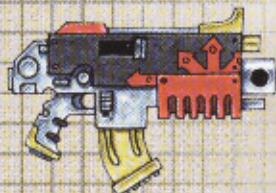
Inquisition Access Level: Ω sixty nine



Red Corsairs colour scheme (formerly the Astral Claws Chapter)



Shoulder plate Corrupted Red Corsairs marking



Corrupted Gadevya pattern bolter



Corrupted Astral Claws Chapter Icon

Thought for the day: You are either for the Emperor or you are his bitter foe

THE BADAB UPRISING

Badab is a system of worlds close to the galactic core. While well positioned to protect the Imperium from the unlikely event of alien invasion it is actually occupied by Imperial Space Marines because of its proximity to a giant permanent warp storm called the Maelstrom.

The Maelstrom is marked in the material universe by a huge nebula of gas and dust and it has long been supposed that an area of warp/real space overlap causes the two features to co-exist in this way. The insurmountable difficulties of patrolling or even navigating the Maelstrom mean it has become a refuge for deviants and heretics of all kinds. It is estimated that over 20 Ork empires and pirate kingdoms lurk within its sickly pall.

The Astral Claws Space Marine Chapter had been stationed at Badab for over three centuries keeping the south and western fringes of the Maelstrom secure. In 901M41, the Master of the Astral Claws and Lord of Badab, Luftig Huron, ordered the destruction of an Imperial investigation fleet as it entered orbit around Badab. Over 23,000 loyal servants of the Imperium were killed in the one-sided battle which followed. Gripped by an apparent fit of insanity Huron declared himself Tyrant of Badab and announced the system's secession from the Imperium.

Inquisitors quickly uncovered plentiful evidence of why Huron had attacked the fleet sent to Badab. The Adeptus Mechanicus had filed numerous complaints about the tardiness of the Astral Claws in submitting gene-seed for routine purity checks, the Chapter had amassed a huge debt of planetary tithes stretching back

over a century and a half. Huron's own evaluation reports betrayed ambition and a lust for power singularly inappropriate in the Master of a Space Marine Chapter. Worst of all he illustrated a lack of the absolute devotion to Mankind necessary in a lord of the Imperium.

The Tyrant of Badab, as Huron became known in Imperial history, staved off two punitive expeditionary forces in 902 and 903. After the second attack three other Chapters, the Mantis Warriors, Executioners and Lamenters, pledged their support to the Astral Claws and the rebellion escalated drastically. Imperial shipping, always at risk in the pirate infested systems around the Maelstrom, came under attack and communication was lost with outlying worlds. In 904 a ship belonging to the Fire Hawks was attacked and captured by the Mantis Warriors. The Fire Hawks retaliated immediately and soon five whole Chapters were involved in the fighting. The Marines Errant were recalled from the Eastern Fringes but they quickly found themselves fully occupied protecting Imperial ships in transit.

By 906 more loyal Space Marine Chapters had been brought in to stabilise the situation and the threat to Imperial shipping was more or less quashed. Ork incursions in the Ultima Segmentum in 907 necessitated the recall of several of the loyalist Chapters but these were replaced by additional naval squadrons from Segmentum Solar which continued to protect the shipping routes. Imperial forces began the task of besieging the heavily fortified worlds of Badab while additional Space Marine Chapters were brought in to investigate worlds occupied by the

Executioners and the Mantis Warriors.

The bulk of the Lamenters Chapter was caught in an ambush in 908 and surrendered after bloody ship to ship fighting. The loss of the Lamenters was a great blow to the Tyrant and the rest of the war devolved into a succession of close sieges as one renegade stronghold after another was battered into submission. The uprising came to an end in 912 with the fall of Badab and the final defeat of the Astral Claws.

With the rebellion over the Inquisition made an extensive investigation into the renegade Space Marine Chapters. They found slight evidence of heresy in the Chapter cults but these were not considered irredeemable. The Lamenters, the Mantis Legion and the Executioners were granted the Emperor's forgiveness subject to undertaking a hundred year crusade. The homeworlds of the Executioners and the Mantis Legion were forfeited to the victorious loyalist Chapters, along with the salvage rights to spacecraft damaged in the conflict and a proportion of the stolen cargoes which were recovered.

The Astral Claws were reported to be all but destroyed. A contingent of around two hundred fought their way through the Imperial blockade and escaped into the Maelstrom. The most corrupt elements from the other Chapters which had joined forces with the Tyrant of Badab soon followed after them. Nothing more was heard of these renegade Space Marines for many years afterwards. Of the fate of Imperial commander Luftig Huron, Master of the Astral Claws and Tyrant of Badab, nothing is known.

ORGANISATION

Most renegades retain the structure they maintained prior to their fall from grace, at least until such time as circumstances dictate a change. A recently rebelled force may resemble a loyalist one in almost every detail, although certain ranks may be absent. For example, most rebels will not have any Chaplains, as these stalwart defenders of the faith will have resisted the Chapters' fall to the last. In some cases, however, the Chaplains' unorthodox doctrines may in fact be the source of the rebellion. Others will not consider themselves rebels at all, as was the case when the Executioners sided with the Astral Claws, and so adhere to a more traditional Codex organisation, with every rank and position in attendance.

Chapters that have trodden the path to damnation for longer may well have degenerated further, deviating substantially

from the dictates of the Codex Astartes. Some may resemble the Traitor Legions, fighting alongside hideous creatures summoned from the Warp, or utilising Chaos cultists in their never-ending quest for revenge against the Imperium that they have abandoned. Most rebels will have suffered considerable losses at the hands of loyal forces, and in fact represent only the small number of survivors who escaped the Imperium's retribution. These forces form small warbands rather than Company (or Chapter) sized formations, and may find themselves fighting alongside other Chaos forces. The Damned Company of Lord Caustos is such a force, which, having been declared Traitor by an Inquisitor of the Ordo Hereticus, based on somewhat flimsy and circumstantial evidence, only later turned to the service of Chaos in order to survive in a galaxy ultimately hostile to them. Lord Caustos and his followers now sell their services to

any force that will provide them the equipment to continue their very existence.

The Red Corsairs are organised into a large fleet, able to deploy small, elite forces of renegade Space Marines supported by larger groups of human reavers. The Space Marines amongst the force are supremely proficient at the boarding actions favoured by the Chapter whose ship-to-ship fighting prowess is infamous. Huron Blackheart maintains a substantial fleet consisting of vessels captured over numerous engagements, ranging from a single Adeptus Astartes battle barge, a number of strike cruisers, many and varied escorts and a huge number of classes of interceptors and bombers. It is claimed that the vessel used now as Huron's command ship was salvaged after having been found drifting on the edge of the Maelstrom. Some claim the ship is a vessel formerly of the Word Bearers Traitor Legion, but few give such claims any credence.

KATHAL, ANARCH OF THE SONS OF MALICE

The Captain of the 1st Company of the Sons of Malice, Kathal was instrumental in the Chapter's fall from the Emperor's grace. Kathal and his company had successfully concluded the Cilix 225 campaign, in which three sub-oceanic hives in the rebellious Cilix system were scoured of the heretics who were threatening to depressurise them as an expression of their misguided devotion. The Company's prolonged victory celebrations, led by the murderous Kathal, were observed by Inquisitor Pietas, a senior member of the Ordo Hereticus, who was revolted at what she saw as practices verging on the cannibalistic. Pietas mobilised a strike force of Adepta Sororitas Celestians, who deployed from orbit aboard their drop pods, making planetfall in the midst of the Company at the height of the celebrations. The strike force found Kathal and his Company a horde of

fevered maniacs, having worked themselves into a state of animalistic barbarity over the course of their celebrations. Kathal's armour was splattered in gore, and blood ran from his mouth as he presided over the ceremony. Kathal and his brethren fell upon the strike force with a savagery the Inquisitor was utterly unprepared for.

The Celestians fought bravely, but their numbers were too few, and their faith, though strong, could not overcome the sheer fury of Kathal and his men. By the light of burning torches, Kathal cornered the Inquisitor, dragging her before his altar where she was ritually sacrificed. This heinous deed earned the Sons of Malice excommunication, and to this day they reside within the Eye of Terror, where they wage a hate-fuelled war against any they encounter, be they servants of the Imperium, or indeed, other followers of Chaos.

BELIEFS

The heart of a Chapter's fall is often to be found in the basis of its beliefs. Each Space Marine Chapter lives by its own dogma, and every aspect of its existence is informed by a combination of the Imperial Creed, Great Crusade lore, ever-evolving Chapter legend and native belief.

If a Chapter recruits exclusively from one specific culture, then a great many of the beliefs and traditions of that culture often find their way into Chapter doctrine. Many Chapters recruit from feral world populations, where the native warrior lifestyle and naked aggression provide the most promising Neophytes, and often these primitive beliefs will mingle with the Imperial Creed.

Over time, a Chapter's body of beliefs may change significantly, isolated as they are from the practices of other bodies. Were a subject of the Imperium to witness the initiation rituals or victory celebrations of any number of perfectly loyal, steadfast Chapters, he might recoil in horror, taking the Brethren for heretics. It is equally true that what may appear perfectly normal practices on one world would be viewed with outright disgust on another, and both would undoubtedly have their place within the panacea that is the worship of the God-Emperor of Mankind. And so, for one such as an Inquisitor to openly decry the religious practices of a Chapter as heretical, such practices must surely have gone way beyond the pale.

The Inquisitors of the Ordo Hereticus are undaunted, however, by the cloak of secrecy behind which many Chapters

worship, and have on several occasions attempted to investigate those they suspect of transgression. Often, the mere suggestion of heresy is enough to force a Chapter to defend itself, and many an Inquisitorial investigation fleet has found itself fired upon before it even began its enquiry. Most such incidents are covered up, or simply go unreported, but others lead to greater conflict. A very small number may lead to the Excommunication of the Chapter.

It is believed that all such renegades will, in time, turn to the service of the Ruinous Powers, though few have ever been found to be worshipping Chaos while still maintaining the pretence of loyalty to the rule of Terra. It has been posited that some weakness, predisposition or perhaps basic fallibility has instead made the Chapter liable to the temptations of Chaos, and it is only after this tendency has been revealed that the self-fulfilling prophecy is realised. This is a curse that the Inquisition must bear, for to identify the seed of treachery is to cultivate it, and thus nothing less than the complete destruction of the suspect Chapter will eradicate the taint of heresy.

But the cause of a Chapter's fall may not always be the fault of its spiritual beliefs. Other factors may lead the Chapter into conflict with other bodies. On occasion, dangerous individuals have gained positions of power and responsibility within a Chapter, individuals who perhaps should never have even been recruited, let alone attained rank.

Such men may suffer from flaws common to Humanity: pride, vanity or

anger for example. Instead of being led by a Chapter Master whose only consideration is service to Mankind, the Emperor and the Adeptus Astartes, the Chapter finds itself under the sway of a megalomaniac or an egotist who wields his power according only to the vagaries of his own ambition.

These men have caused deep schisms within their Chapters throughout the long history of the Imperium. Some have been thwarted by the actions of men nobler than themselves, and knowledge of the matter kept within the walls of the fortress-monastery. Others have led their Chapter into direct conflict with other bodies, and have paid the ultimate price for their folly.

When a Chapter fights and defeats the forces of Chaos, those brethren who witnessed the blasphemies of the Ruinous Powers are invariably affected in some way by what they have seen. When called upon to fight a Traitor Marine, a loyal brother is compelled to see himself reflected in the dark mirror of his former brethren's sin. The experience is one that can cause deep spiritual turmoil, and the Space Marine may spend many long nights in solitary vigil, praying to the Emperor for deliverance from the evil that befell the Traitor Legions.

The Chapter's Chaplains are always diligent in the aftermath of any battle fought against the minions of the Dark Gods, but still some taint may escape the rituals of purification and ablution. Should the stain of Chaos spread within the Chapter, drastic measures may be required in order to avoid the slow corruption of the entire force.

The same is true of those fighting against aliens. The spoor of the Xenos is a threat taken extremely seriously by a Chapter's Apothecaries, who must monitor the physiology of their charges throughout their exposure to alien environments and creatures. Countless alien species exist within the galaxy, despite the measures taken by the Imperium to cleanse the stars of their presence, and each has a biology unique to itself. Natural defences, poisons, native bacteria and viruses all threaten human dominion of the Emperor's domains. Some races have unique methods of attack or reproduction that may threaten the spiritual and physical integrity of a Chapter, such as psychic or genetic domination of a battle brother exposed to the aliens. Such instances can prove as dangerous as daemonic possession, and cause the tainted Chapter to pursue goals utterly inimical to its duties to the Imperium.

Such an incident was uncovered by the Ordo Xenos, when the Subjugators Chapter fought a protracted campaign against the alien cell-kin of the Technetium Belt. The unique reproductive cycle of the species made their complete eradication

very difficult to achieve. The cell-kin reproduced by viral dissemination, their DNA infecting the body of another creature where it would literally reshape the host in its own image. The Space Marines' enhanced genetic make-up proved largely resilient to this threat, but twenty of the brethren of the 3rd Company were lost in the early stages of the campaign, as they were slowly mutated into new, hideous forms. The Chapter's Apothecaries identified the threat, but too late to save those Battle Brothers affected by the cell-kins' infection. The infected Brethren that survived the conflict escaped, and are assumed to be at large in the galaxy to this day.

GENE-SEED

Every year, each Space Marine Chapter is required to surrender a portion of its gene-seed stocks to the Adeptus Mechanicus, who hold it in trust and maintain it on behalf of the High Lords of Terra, and, therefore, for the Emperor. There are thought to be perhaps only two locations in the entire Imperium considered secure enough to hold the gene-seed, which would represent the most priceless of targets should the Traitor Legions learn of them. There are very few obligations enforceable against the Adeptus Astartes, but this requirement is absolute. The reasons for this insistence upon regular examination and purity testing is rooted in the events of the Horus Heresy, and were borne out by the circumstances leading up to the Badab Uprising.

Lufgt Huron had reportedly refused to submit gene-seed samples to the Adeptus Mechanicus, and so seriously was this breach of Imperium High Law taken that an investigation fleet was dispatched to call him to account. The Astral Claws' attack on the fleet precipitated the war that followed, and in the eyes of many justified the policy of purity testing, and of the rigorous persecution of any who attempt to avoid it.

The gene-seed of a renegade Chapter may remain pure, particularly if the cause of the rebellion is doctrinal. Where Chaos or alien influence lies at the heart of the matter then mutation may set in, debasing the Chapter's gene pool more and more as time goes on. A Chapter serving Chaos may begin to manifest the same mutations as the Traitor Legions: limbs become distended tentacle-like appendages, hands become talons and other, more random transformations take hold. The Chaos Powers may bequeath their dubious 'gifts' upon their champions as they progress along the path to spawnhood or Daemonhood, and entire squads of possessors may take to the field.

Alien intervention may also lead to the degradation of a Chapter's gene-seed, as was the case with the Subjugators during

the Technetium Belt campaign, leading to permanent metamorphosis, random mutation or more subtle, but equally damaging, changes.

It is also the case that the processes utilised by the Adeptus Mechanicus to store and to cultivate tithed gene-seed from the Adeptus Astartes may become corrupted and imperfect. Though the particulars of a new Founding are shrouded in secrecy and arcane ritual, it is known that all of a new Chapter's genetic make-up is not always drawn from the seed of one 'donor' Chapter. Instead, a new Chapter may represent a genetic cocktail of the gene-seed of others, and although purity testing is rigorous in the extreme, it is perfectly possible that these disparate elements may react with one another at a later date, in ways quite unforeseeable by their creators, and so the seed of a potentially disastrous mutation or character flaw is sown.

Whatever the effect, the servants of the High Lords are always vigilant against the signs of mutation, and the Inquisition is keen to punish any such signs of deviancy. This puts them into conflict with a great many Chapters, not least among them the Blood Angels and Space Wolves Chapters whose gene-seed is known to be as flawed in some respects as it is undoubtedly superior in others. The long and proud history of these and other ancient Chapters has to date shielded them from the attentions of the Ordo

Hereticus, but other, less renowned Chapters may not be so immune to the Inquisition's scrutiny.

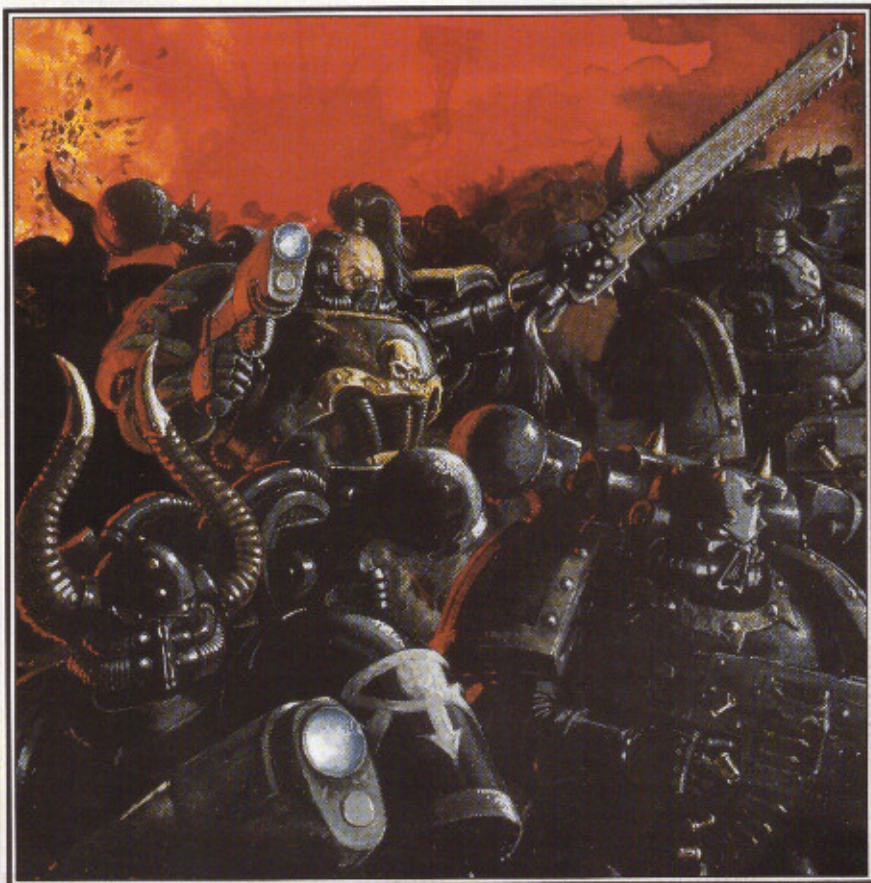
BATTLE CRY

In many instances the battle cries of renegade Chapters have gone unrecorded, due in part to the fact that so many eyewitness accounts have been suppressed, and the actual witnesses silenced.

The Red Corsairs are known to transmit a tirade of expletives and threats across all vox-caster frequencies as they ambush enemy ships and settlements. This is clearly intended to intimidate the target and put them at a psychological disadvantage from the moment the Corsairs launch their attack.

The Sons of Malice reportedly fight in utter silence, and those who have fought against them cite this as the prime source of the deeply disturbing aura surrounding the depraved brethren.

Other renegades may retain their original Chapter battle cries, at least until Chaos takes them utterly, seeing no reason to alter them, reasoning that it is the Imperium who is wrong and must change. Thus many of the catechisms of Space Marine dogma may still be heard uttered from the mouths of traitors; a source of great chagrin and sadness to the loyal Space Marines who must bear arms against their former brethren.





ARMoured HUNTER

The Space Marine
Predator

by Andy Hoare

The Predator is a variant of the Rhino armoured personnel carrier that sacrifices passenger capacity for superior armour and firepower. These vehicles have served the Adeptus Astartes since the dark days of the Horus Heresy, but were created long before the Emperor united Humanity and led the Great Crusade to reclaim the galaxy. Andy Hoare reveals the origins of this mainstay Space Marine tank.

Every Chapter of the Adeptus Astartes has at its disposal a large pool of armoured vehicles, ranging from the ubiquitous Rhino to the mighty Land Raider. These vehicles each fulfil a specific battlefield role set down by the Ultramarines Primarch Roboute Guilliman in his epic tome – the Codex Astartes. The Predator is a light tank, and its primary battlefield role is that of squad support. Wherever a squad of Space Marines is in need of mobile fire support, be it against enemy infantry or armour, the Predator is there to provide it.

Standard Template Constructs

The technology of the 41st Millennium is steeped in superstition and ritual. Most of the technological achievements utilised by Mankind are creations based not in the era of the Imperium, but in the dimly remembered Dark Age of Technology. During this period Man travelled to every corner of the galaxy, surviving on the remotest of worlds thanks to the Standard Template Construct: a system that evaluated local resources and produced the designs for any tool the colonists might require, from a ploughshare to a warp drive. One design that served the settlers well upon a myriad of worlds was the Rhino armoured personnel carrier, and the Predator is an STC variant of this highly versatile blueprint.

The Rhino is an extremely adaptable and open-ended design that features in-built compatibility with many standard weapon and drive systems. This means that it forms the basis for a number of other vehicles besides the Predator, including the Razorback, Immolator, Whirlwind and many specialised variants such as field medic units, command vehicles and armoured recovery vehicles. The ease with which the basic Rhino pattern can be upgraded to the Predator, and the interchangeability of components, makes the Predator almost as ubiquitous a tank as the Rhino is an armoured carrier.

The Earliest Predators

The Predator was first fielded during the Dark Age of Technology: the period of expansion that saw human settlers colonising vast swathes of the galaxy. During this age the Predator was instrumental in establishing Mankind's dominance upon an untold number of worlds. What little evidence that survives from this period is jealously guarded by

the Tech-Priests of the Adeptus Mechanicus, but it is theorised by those with access to the sealed archives that the Predator template was developed in response to Mankind's earliest contacts with the Ork race. Where the Rhino had served Mankind well in previous conflicts with lesser races, the brutal, close quarters method of warfare favoured by the newly discovered Orks required a different tactic altogether. The Predator was an ideal weapon against the Orks, who had few weapons that could penetrate its upgraded armour, and whose own armour offered no protection whatsoever against the tank's autocannon and heavy bolter armament.

The original Predators employed by the Emperor's forces were only slightly different to those employed today, and it is a testimony to the original design that it has changed so little over the course of 10,000 years. The first Predators were equipped with a small passenger-carrying capacity, but during the prolonged campaigns of the Great Crusade it became obvious that this meagre facility was of less importance than the ability to carry greater amounts of ammunition, especially if the vehicle in question was to be fitted with side sponsons. By the time of the Great Crusade, a great number of Standard Template Constructs had been lost, and it was another five millennia before the Razorback, a vehicle dedicated to the role of infantry fighting vehicle, was discovered. In the mean time, Imperial tactics sacrificed transport capacity for firepower, fielding Predators as light support vehicles alongside the Rhino armoured personnel carriers.

The Annihilator Variant

Today, those senior Tech-Adepts with access to such ancient texts as Wilhelm of Mantrioch's Liber Armourum believe that all of the Predators in service during the Dark Age of Technology were outfitted according to the pattern known today as the 'Destructor'. Armed with a turret-mounted autocannon, this was the pattern in use by the armies of the Emperor at the very dawn of the Imperium.

The 'Annihilator' variant, featuring a twin-linked, turret-mounted lascannon did not come into service until many millennia later, during the Skarath Crusade. That an established STC vehicle should be adapted is highly unusual in the

superstitious Imperium, where the Adeptus Mechanicus view anyone 'tinkering' with their technology as guilty of techno-heresy of the very worst kind.

At the height of this great push into Chaos infested worlds bordering the Eye of Terror, a Great Company of the Space Wolves Chapter found itself besieged by the combined armoured might of several Traitor Legions

The Space Wolves' commander had requested the aid of a contingent of his Chapter's Land Raiders, whose high-powered 'Godhammer' pattern lascannons would break the Traitors' ring of fortifications and armoured vehicles once and for all. However, a great tragedy befell the Chapter, as the mass conveyance vessel transporting the Land Raiders was inexplicably lost in the warp, leaving the force on the ground with little more than their man-portable lascannons with which to face the enemy armour.

The Space Wolves are renowned for their ingenuity and refusal to stand down from a seemingly impossible situation. The Iron Priests struck upon the idea of modifying their Predators to carry the lascannons employed by the Long Fang heavy weapon squads. The Iron Priests and Rune Priests consulted every portent and cast every augury they could conceive, until they were convinced that all the signs were favourable and the modifications should be made.

Strive to emulate the Predator. Let your soul be armoured with Faith, driven on the tracks of obedience, which overcome all obstacles, and armed with the three great guns of Zeal, Duty and Purity.

-The Commander of Armour's First Book of Indoctrinations-

The Space Wolves' breakout at the height of the Skarath Rebellion was the first battle in which the newly dubbed 'Annihilator' pattern Predator saw action, and it was an overwhelming success. The armoured column cut a swathe through the Traitors' Land Raiders and Dreadnoughts, who had been prepared for no more heavy weaponry than heavy bolters and autocannons to be employed against them.

In the wake of the battle, the Adeptus Mechanicus were outraged at the Iron Priests' methods, and branded them desecrators and blasphemers against the Machine God. However, when confronted with its undeniable success, the Tech-Adepts decided to instigate an inquiry to ascertain whether the new pattern should be accepted and enter production as a standard variant. The inquiry lasted for two centuries, during which time the Annihilator was subjected to an exhaustive series of trials and examinations. The Tech-Priests prayed to the Machine God and made their supplications to the spirits of all those Predators they modified. At the end of this

long and meticulous process they declared that the Ommissiah was in favour of the variant, and indeed that the facility to retrofit the vehicles with lascannons was an intentional feature of the original template.

After two centuries of investigation, the Adeptus Mechanicus pronounced that the Adeptus Astartes had the blessing of the Machine Cult to build the Predator Annihilator. The Space Marines had by this time already been using the new variant for one hundred and ninety years.

Construction

Most Space Marine Chapters have the facilities to construct their own armoured vehicles. These Chapters maintain a large forge in which its serfs, overseen by its Techmarines, produce all the ammunition, equipment and supplies required by the Chapter to fulfil its obligations and objectives.

The forge will produce large numbers of Rhino chassis, a small number of which will be earmarked to provide the basis for



Predators, Whirlwinds and other variant patterns. Only the finest chassis are used in the production of a Predator, and one is only selected once the Tech-Adepts of the Chapter have made the relevant supplications and are sure the omens for the vehicle's future are favourable. The entire process is carried out with the utmost reverence to the vehicle's machine spirit, and every precaution is taken to protect against ill fortune. Every 13th vehicle to be outfitted as a Predator is blessed and purified to an even greater degree, and every 666th is melted down, its constituent materials returning to the forge in a solemn ceremony resembling a state funeral as much as a sacrificial offering to the Machine God.

The Adepts name the Rhinos as they emerge from the forge, and those designated to become Predators receive a name that reflects its role as a protector of the Brethren, and a mighty opponent to the Chapter's enemies. The name is only chosen after the Emperor's Tarot has been consulted, and it is widely held that the machine's personality will adhere to its title. In battle, some vehicles are held to be utterly fearless in the attack, others stubborn in the defence. Vehicle crews hold that each vehicle is as individual as its name.

One advantage of the Rhino chassis is that, if absolutely necessary, it can be retrofitted to another variant with relative ease. During the Vern IV offensive in 140M.40 for example, the Death Spectres Chapter lost almost its entire pool of Predator Destructors when the Eldar of the Kabal of the Envenomed Thorn ambushed them. They were later forced to retrofit twelve Rhinos to Predators in response to the unexpected intervention in the conflict by the Eldar of the Void Dragons pirate fleet.

Chapter Organisation

All of the Predators owned by a Chapter are the responsibility of the Chapter's Master of the Forge. This officer, who is the most senior Techmarine within the

Chapter, commands the armoury, which includes all of the armoured vehicles that are not permanently attached to a Company.

A Chapter will on average own between 20 and 30 Predators. Most prefer an equal proportion of Annihilator and Destructor variants but some, such as the idiosyncratic Subjugators Chapter, exclusively maintain one model, in the case of the Subjugators, the Destructor.

The Master of the Forge is responsible for maintaining the vehicles in sufficient number and condition to meet the Chapter's commitments. When a task force is dispatched on a mission its commander will request a detachment of armoured vehicles from the armoury, and the Master of the Forge will issue him with those vehicles he considers suitable for the task in question. The Master and his staff consider the Predators their own charges, and consider any mistreatment at the hands of a force commander an unforgivable insult. Woe betide the commander who returns a Predator to the forge in any less state of repair than it was issued to him at the outset of a campaign.

The crews of Predators are Space Marines who specialise in the operation of armoured vehicles and, while not actually Techmarines, they are fully trained in the operation and maintenance of their vehicles. It is considered a great honour to crew a Predator, the only one greater being promotion to the custodian of a Land Raider.

Battlefield Roles

Upon the field of battle, the primary role of the Predator is as a mobile firebase acting in support of the Space Marines themselves as they undertake their mission. The Predator variant utilised for the mission will depend upon the foe they will be facing and the objective the force is attempting to achieve. The Destructor is considered the ideal tank to tackle light vehicles and large numbers of lightly armoured infantry, for instance, Orks or ill-

equipped human rebels. Against enemy tanks and armoured infantry, the Annihilator's lascannons will make a mockery of the thickest armour.

Many forces will field Predators specifically outfitted for a given mission as the side sponsons may be fitted with either heavy bolters or lascannons, irrespective of what pattern the turret mount adheres to. If the force commander was expecting to face a mix of lightly armoured infantry and heavily armoured vehicles, as is the case with Imperial Guard armies, an Annihilator fitted with heavy bolter side sponsons would provide an efficient mix of anti-infantry and anti-armour firepower.

The Battle For Tallarn

Ten thousand years ago the Imperium was gripped by the most destructive conflict in its long history. Warmaster Horus revealed his true allegiance to Chaos and the Traitor Legions were let loose in an orgy of destruction that engulfed the greater part of the Imperium and cost the lives of millions.

The Iron Warriors Traitor Legion was responsible for just such an act of destruction upon the world of Tallarn, a planet of unparalleled beauty. Lush tropical forests and warm blue seas covered the planet's surface and its people considered their world a paradise.

The Iron Warriors, for reasons known only to themselves, subjected the world to an utterly inhuman virus bombardment. The warheads of their missiles unleashed a strain of biological agent that killed every single living cell upon the surface of the world in a matter of weeks. So efficient was the virus that it even destroyed the bacteria that would ordinarily break down dead organic matter. The result was a world of lifeless slime; the remains of all plant and animal life reduced to an acrid, shapeless residue.

But some inhabitants had survived. Deep beneath the surface of Tallarn were sealed shelters, and as the survivors emerged to bear witness to the destruction wrought upon their world, the Iron Warriors struck. So inimical to life was the surface that the Tallarns were forced to fight within heavy protective suits, and at times even these offered no protection against the deadly viral strains running wild across the world. Infantry could play little part in the conflict and the war soon escalated into the largest tank battle of the Horus Heresy.

Imperial forces rushed to the world in response to the Iron Warriors' attack, and the Predators of the Imperial Fists and Iron Hands Legions were instrumental against those of the Traitors. Across

THE BAAL PREDATOR

The Blood Angels Chapter specialises in close quarter fighting, and although they are equipped to deal with as many tactical situations as any other Chapter, they maintain a Predator variant unique to themselves and their Successor Chapters. The Baal pattern Predator has been in service since the earliest days of the Great Crusade, where the template was discovered amidst the ruins of the fortress of the techno-heretic Lord de Ladit on the world of Atium III. It features a turret-mounted, twin-linked assault cannon, and the option of fitting sponson-mounted heavy flammers. This vehicle provides fire support at extremely close ranges, and is ideal for fighting large numbers of lightly armoured enemy in cover or in the built-up environs of a city. The Baal Predator complements the Blood Angels' combat doctrine perfectly, as it keeps pace with the assault of the bloodthirsty Sons of Sanguinius.

plains of slime and stinking mist the tanks clashed, fighting in formations hundreds or, at times, thousands strong. The armoured might of the Imperial Guard joined that of the loyalist Space Marines; an act of indescribable heroism as they lacked the sealed power armour that allowed Space Marine crew to survive should their vehicles be crippled. Many thousands of Imperial tanks were lost in the conflict as more forces joined the war for what was essentially a lifeless, worthless and dead world.

At length the Iron Warriors were repelled. No one can say why they attacked Tallarn, or why they put up such a fight in response to the Imperial counter-attack. What is known is that without the tank-busting armament, heavy armour and advanced life support systems of the Predator, the world would have remained in the hands of the Traitors, who would have been able to pursue whatever foul mission they had come to Tallarn to achieve.

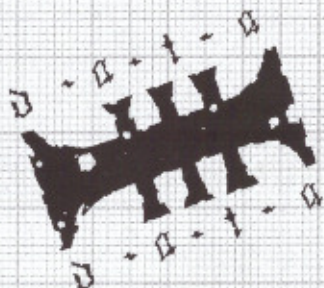
THE TILVIUS-LAND ENIGMA

At the end of the 36th Millennium, Chief Artisan Tilvius of the Adeptus Mechanicus set out upon his great expedition across the southern rim in search a functioning Standard Template Construct system. Although he was unsuccessful in locating the source of the rumours surrounding this priceless artefact, he did return to Mars with the hard copy data that led to the development of the Space Marine Razorback.

But Tilvius is said to have been searching for something more; and it is even said by some that he found it. For many millennia, the disciples of the Technoarchaeologist Archon Land, of which Tilvius was a senior member, have researched the many potential STC variants of their master's greatest discovery: the Land Raider. Their research has led to such innovations as the Prometheus and Helios pattern Land Raider variants. The inner circle of Land's descendants are said to have found evidence of a previously unknown armoured vehicle, one that bridges the gap between the comparatively light Predator, and the heavy assault vehicle that is the Land Raider. This evidence is said to lie within the very blueprint of the vehicles themselves: Tilvius and his brethren had discovered compatibilities and in-built system redundancies on a microscopic scale that could only be explained by the existence of a 'missing link'. The disciples of Land had essentially decoded the electronic 'genome' of the STC template: now all they have to do is prove such a vehicle exists. Their search has become their holy grail, but these obsessive Tech Priests are viewed by their fellows as little more than madmen.

PREDATOR

Models..... Patterns 3D to 7b. Primary patterns: Annihilator; Destructor; Baal.
 Forge world of origin..... Produced alongside Rhinos by Chapters with independent production capacity.

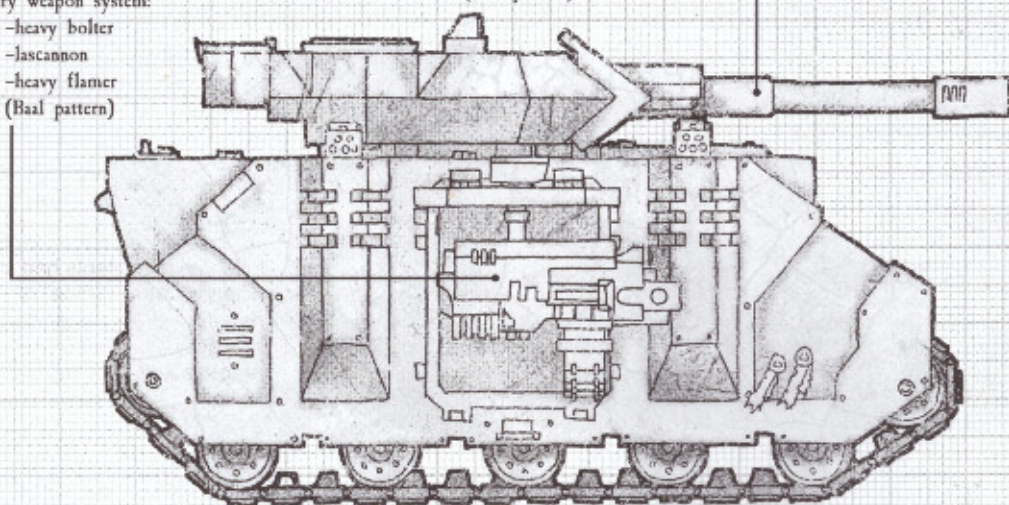


ARMAMENT

Variable configuration
 sponson-mounted
 secondary weapon system:
 -heavy bolter
 -lascannon
 -heavy flamer
 (Baal pattern)

ARMAMENT

Variable configuration turret-mounted main weapon system:
 autocannon (Destructor pattern)
 twin-linked lascannon (barrel requires replacement after 1000 firings) (Annihilator pattern)
 twin-linked assault cannon (Baal pattern)



Armour..... 30-65mm
 (Frontal glacis plate reinforced with
 10mm secondary thermoplas layer)
 Maximum speed..... 60 kph on road, 50 kph off-road
 Crew..... 2: Commander & Driver
 Passengers..... None (patterns 2D+)

Fording depth..... 1.20m
 Weight..... 39-44 tonnes dependent upon pattern
 Length..... 6.6m
 Height..... 4.4m including turret
 Hull width..... 5.9m
 Ground clearance..... 0.44m

Adeptus Astartes MK IVb

Predator

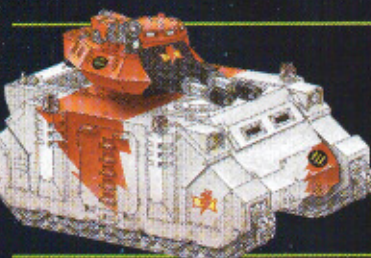
- Height: 4.4m including turret
- Length: 6.6m
- Hull width: 5.9m
- Weight (soldier): 39-44 tonnes dependent upon pattern
- Weight (fully laden): 42-46 tonnes dependent upon pattern
- Armour thickness:
 - Front hull: 65mm
 - Side hull: 55mm
 - Rear hull: 50mm
- Power Plant:
 - Output: 2,800 bhp
 - Engine type: Adaptable thermal combustion (4 independent units)
- Primary weapon systems:
 - Annihilator pattern: Turret-mounted twin-linked lascannon
 - Destructor pattern: Turret-mounted autocannon
 - Bal pattern: Turret-mounted twin-linked assault cannon
- Secondary weapon systems:
 - All patterns: Sponson-mounted lascannon
 - Sponson-mounted hunter-killer missile
 - Bal pattern: Sponson-mounted heavy flamer
- Auxiliary weapon systems:
 - Auxiliary integration point-mounted hunter-killer missile
 - Point-mounted storm bolter
- Road speed: 68 kph
- Cross-country speed: 50 kph
- Operational radius: 1,000 km
- Crew: 2 - commander/gunner and driver
- Passenger capacity: 0
- Ground clearance: 0.44m
- Maximum gradient climb: 6.5%
- Ground pressure: 10.8-12.2 psi dependent upon pattern
- Fording depth: 1.2m
- Trench crossing: 4m
- Vertical obstacle: 1.2m

1. Multi-layer armour (see panel cal/TSK/923001)
2. Pseudo-titanium cast alloy track links
3. Shielded view port with integral debris clearance mechanism
4. Adjustable attitude view port shielding
5. 15 megawatt quartz/helium shielded headlamp unit
6. Load bearing wheel
7. Mark II 'Maz' pattern D adaptable thermal combustor/reaction engine (1 of 4 independent drive units)
8. Adeptus Mechanicus seal to protect purity of combustible liquids
9. Exhaust stack
10. Armoured exhaust manifold
11. Armoured weapons access shuttering
12. Multi-configuration sponson mount
13. Slaved multi-spectral remote targeting surveyor
14. Sponson-mounted weapon system with ceramic/titanium bonded armour coving
15. Ammunition hopper
16. Shielded ammunition feed
17. Filtration system intake
18. Atmospheric filtration unit
19. Additional ammunition storage
20. Turret cradle hydraulic power unit
21. Cradle footplate (displaying heraldic device unique to Adeptus Astartes Dark Angels)
22. Mosphic commander/gunner's seat
23. Target acquisition/displays
24. Target rotation pedals
25. Fire motor control (note: some crew are hardwired directly to their vehicles as an act of contrition following failure, or as punishment for a transgression of Chapter law)
26. Weapon status panels
27. Primary weapon power packs
28. Disruptor/crystal stacks
29. Narrow band long range communication array



Ultramarines

The vehicle, designated 'Gadon', was commissioned following the loss of the Ultramarines' main jet Company at the Battle of Metrago. In retaliation, an enhanced version was produced from the dies of the Chapter's vehicle crew, and Gadon has earned the honour of being personally attached to the retinue of Company.



White Scars

The Primarch made of the White Scars Chapter are rarely faced with sponson-mounted weapons, they are equipped to provide heavy firepower in support of the Chapter's fast-moving bike and Blazer-mounted formations. Julek, whose long-range patrolling activities for their lord's vehicles, has commandeered this vehicle for as long as any Space Marine of the Tabur Brotherhood can remember.

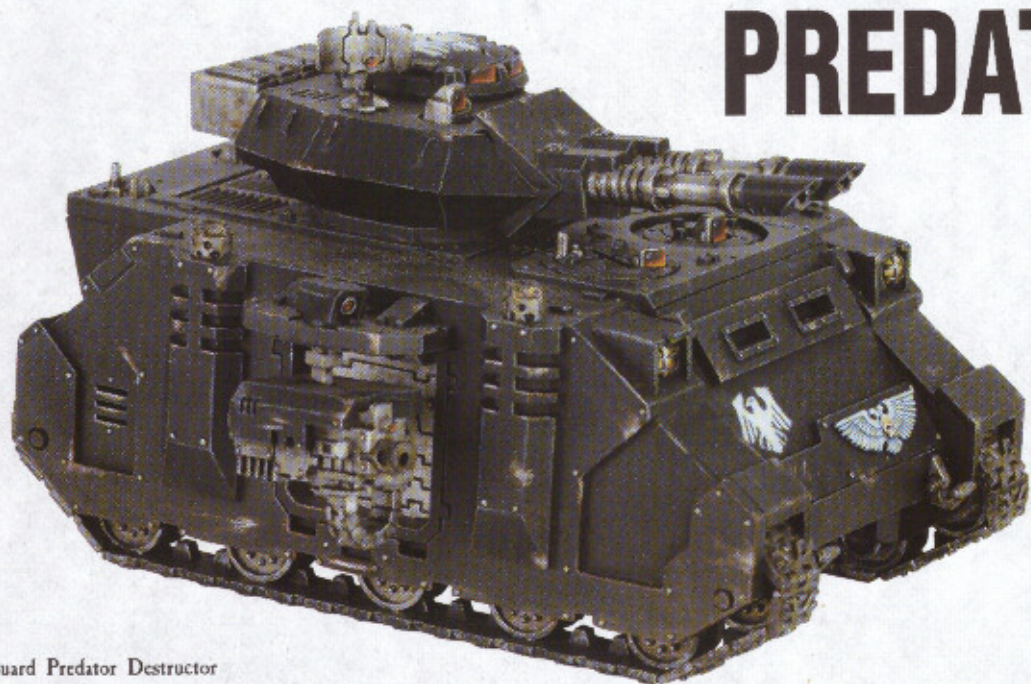


Salamanders

The use of flame as a vehicle layer is common amongst the vehicle crew of the Salamanders Chapter, and there are many potential meanings to be derived from the lines and pacing of the salamander. This vehicle, designated 'Necro', displays a flame pattern, indicating that its commander is both a veteran member of the Protection Coterie and a highly accomplished warrior.



PREDATORS



Raven Guard Predator Destructor



A Baal Predator of the Blood Angels Chapter breaks through the Black Legion's lines.



Predators of the Ultramarines and Iron Warriors duel under the desert sun.



Led by Captain Shrike, the Raven Guard reclaim the world of Nimbosa for the Emperor.



The Word Bearers summon Daemons from the Warp as they hit the Ultramarines' lines.

Index Astartes IV

Index Astartes IV is a compilation of articles from White Dwarf magazine. In it are detailed aspects of the Emperor's elite warriors, the mighty Space Marines, and their treacherous brethren, the Chaos Space Marines, in the kind of depth not possible in a normal Codex army book. Amidst these pages you can find tales of heroism and betrayal from the earliest days of the Imperium of Mankind – ancient legends which have been lost to Humanity over long ages of Imperial history. Chapter and Legion histories and colour schemes are detailed, to help with collecting and gaming using the Space Marine organisations within.

This fourth Index Astartes compilation includes the following articles:

- The Black Legion
- Word Bearers Legion
- Salamanders Chapter
- Raven Guard
- The Alpha Legion
- Crimson Fists Chapter
- Terminators
- Renegade Space Marine Chapters
- The Space Marine Predator

This is one of a series of supplements for the Warhammer 40,000 game. You will need a copy of Codex: Space Marines to make full use of the additional gaming material presented in this book.



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