

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 Canticle of the Travels, an epic poem of unknown origin that is still taught to Clan children at their parent's knee. He had stalked the great beast for days through the legendary Land of Shadows – the fearful land of the ancients, a place of great fear and mystery. This place, long since lost, was said to be a land of metal and stone relics of giant proportions, remnants of a forgotten age. The ghost-spirits of the clans are said to roam there once they leave the world of the living. The Canticle describes the monstrous creature as having skin made of living metal that was impervious to harm. Try as he might, Ferrus could not pierce the metal hide of the beast, his fists 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 Canticle

of Travels, but only in the Canticle is this explanation given as to how the metal came to be fused to his body.

He returned to the clans after his travels filled with new and wonderful ideas, which he taught to all who wished to learn. He created strange and powerful weapons and tools out of metal, shaping them with his living metal hands. He taught the clans such wonders that they never could have imagined possible. It was a time of greatness for the people of Medusa – the 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



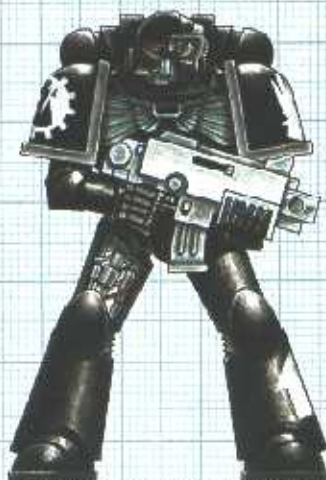
Iron Hands Chapter symbol



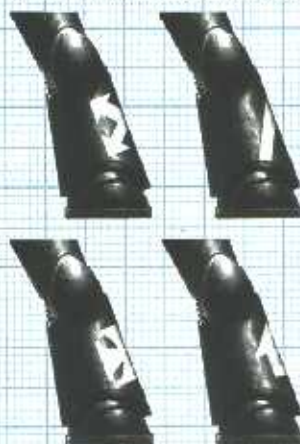
Shoulder plates showing clan markings



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

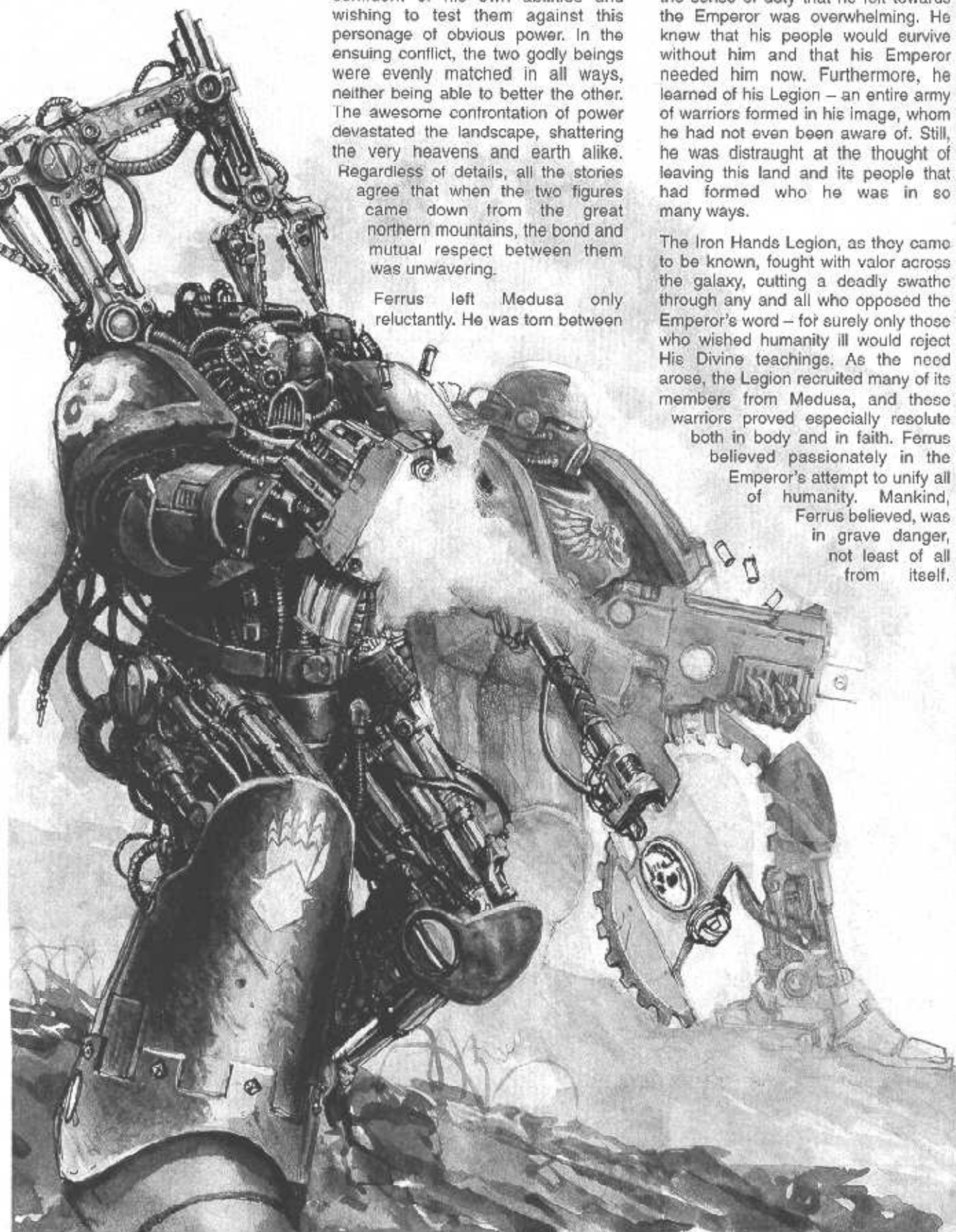
What actually occurred when the two Divine beings met is unknown. The myths surrounding the meeting of these two most powerful and heroic of figures revolve around a clash of wills

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 Scripturium 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.

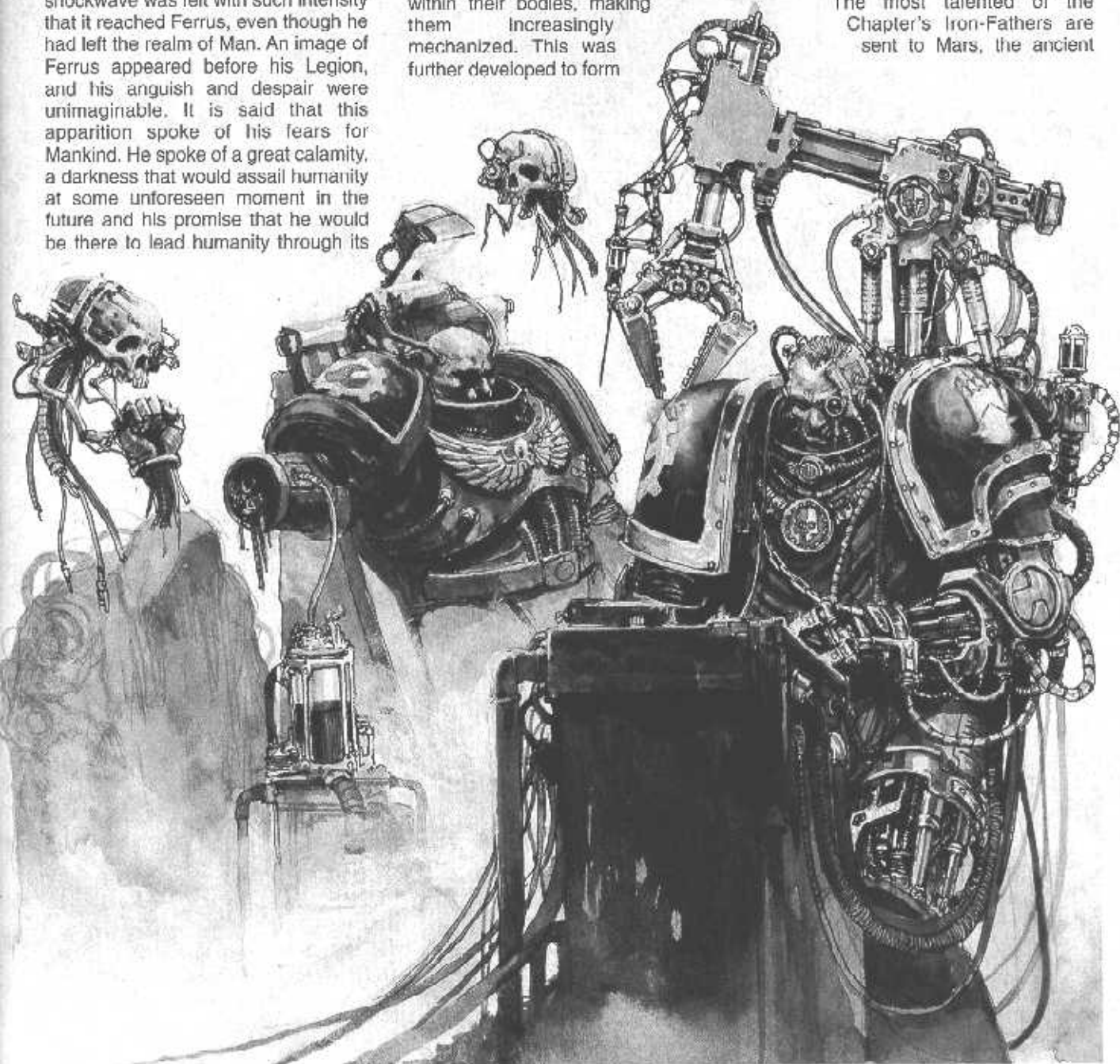
The actions of their Primarch, so the Iron Hands believe, implicitly warned against the weakness of the flesh. His clearly superior metallic hands have long been interpreted as a direct message of this to his Legion. The Iron Hands, therefore, follow their Primarch's example by gradually eliminating 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.

Daemons whispered sweet words of corruption into the ears of the assaulting Space Marines, but true to their beliefs not a single warrior was tempted. The Iron Hands fought with such ferocity and hatred that despite horrendous losses, they eradicated the foul presence within days. The rift was closed by the combined force of will of the Chapter Librarians, and the cleansing of the sub-sector continued.

After the fall of Shardenus, the rest of the sub-sector was quickly forced into submission, returning humbly to their faith in the Emperor. One after another, the worlds turned on their perverted overlords in mass rebellions. The Iron Hands executed one in every three citizens in an intensive mass cleansing, a punishment and warning to remain ever vigilant against the inherent dangers of weakness. In what has become typical fashion, the evidence of the unforgiving fury of the Iron Hands inspired a wave of devotion that spread before them. When the Chapter left Contqual, mere weeks after its arrival, they left a sub-sector whose surviving worlds were to become amongst the most devoted of all those within the Imperium.

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
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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.

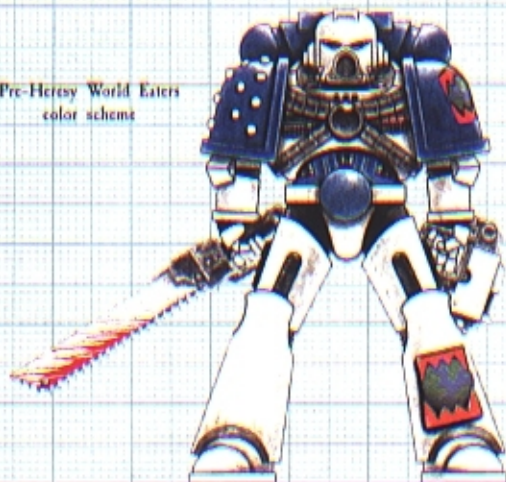
It was around this time that the Emperor came to this world, drawn by the psychic aura of the Primarch. The Emperor had observed Angron in secret from orbit for some time, watching with pride as he led the slaves in battle. Now he descended to the planet's surface, offering Angron leadership of the World 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

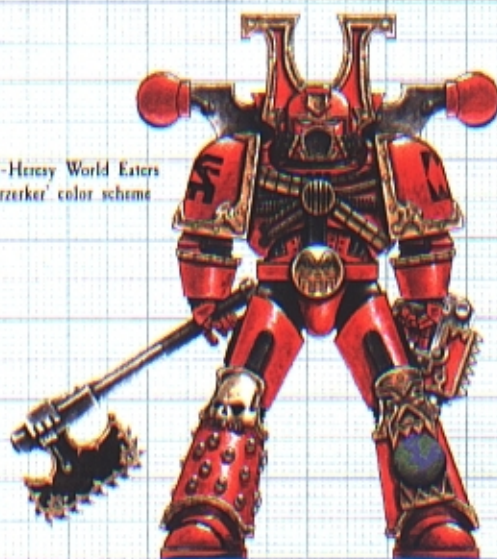
Imperial Access Level: Q-study only

World Eaters,
Progenitor Legion
M31

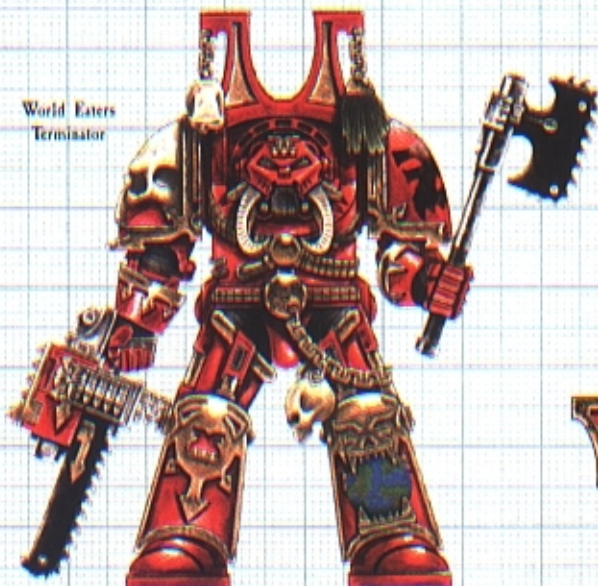
Pre-Heresy World Eaters
color scheme



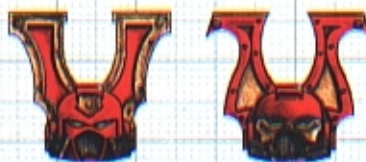
Post-Heresy World Eaters
'Berzerker' color scheme



World Eaters
Terminator



World Eaters Legion symbol



World Eaters 'Berzerker' helmet variants



World Eaters
'Berzerker' symbol

Thought for the day: Salvation lies in the blood of your enemy.

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for his abduction from the planet and what he saw as a betrayal of his martial honor.

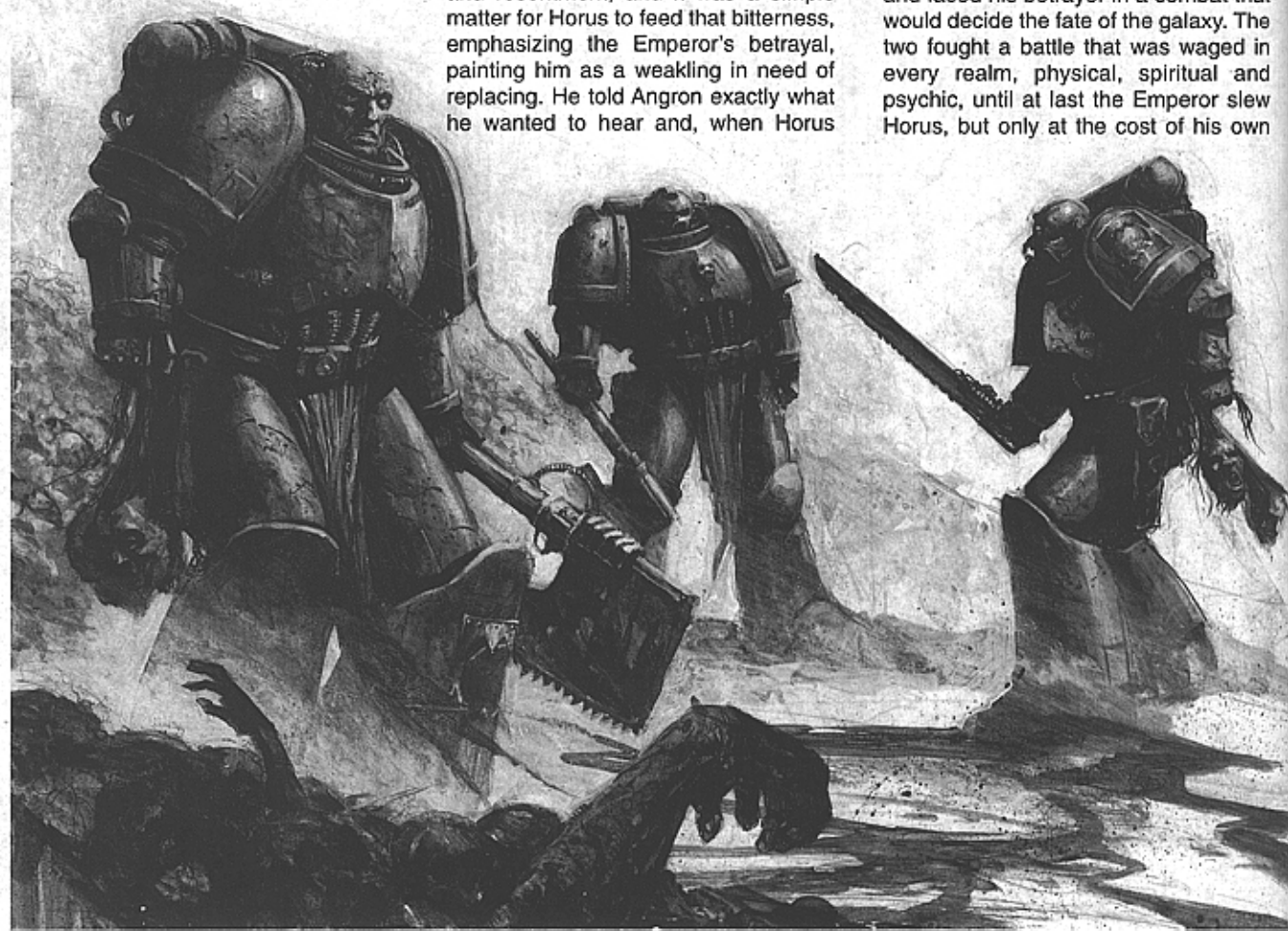
Knowing how effective at boosting a warrior's prowess the psycho surgery could be, Angron ordered the Techmarines of the World Eaters to duplicate the process, using the implants in his head as a template. However, the art of this technology's construction had long since been forgotten, and the early 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



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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-Gaia 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

Cosmath Crusade Marking
Crossfile/N.088x/L



Terminator
Veteran Sergeant

Veteran Sergeant

Veteran

Sergeant

Ultramarines-Helmet Variants

Thought for the day: like a sword in your hand.

Index Astartes First Founding: The Ultramarines

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 south-east in the Ultima Segmentum. Whereas most Chapters have their fortress monastery on a single world, the Ultramarines control no fewer than eight nearby systems.

Collectively these are known as Ultramar and, while each has its own government, armed forces and individual cultures, all look to the Ultramarines and Macragge for leadership.

The worlds surrounding Macragge are largely industrial in nature, and under Roboute Guilliman's guidance these worlds were 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 Ventris 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!"

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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.

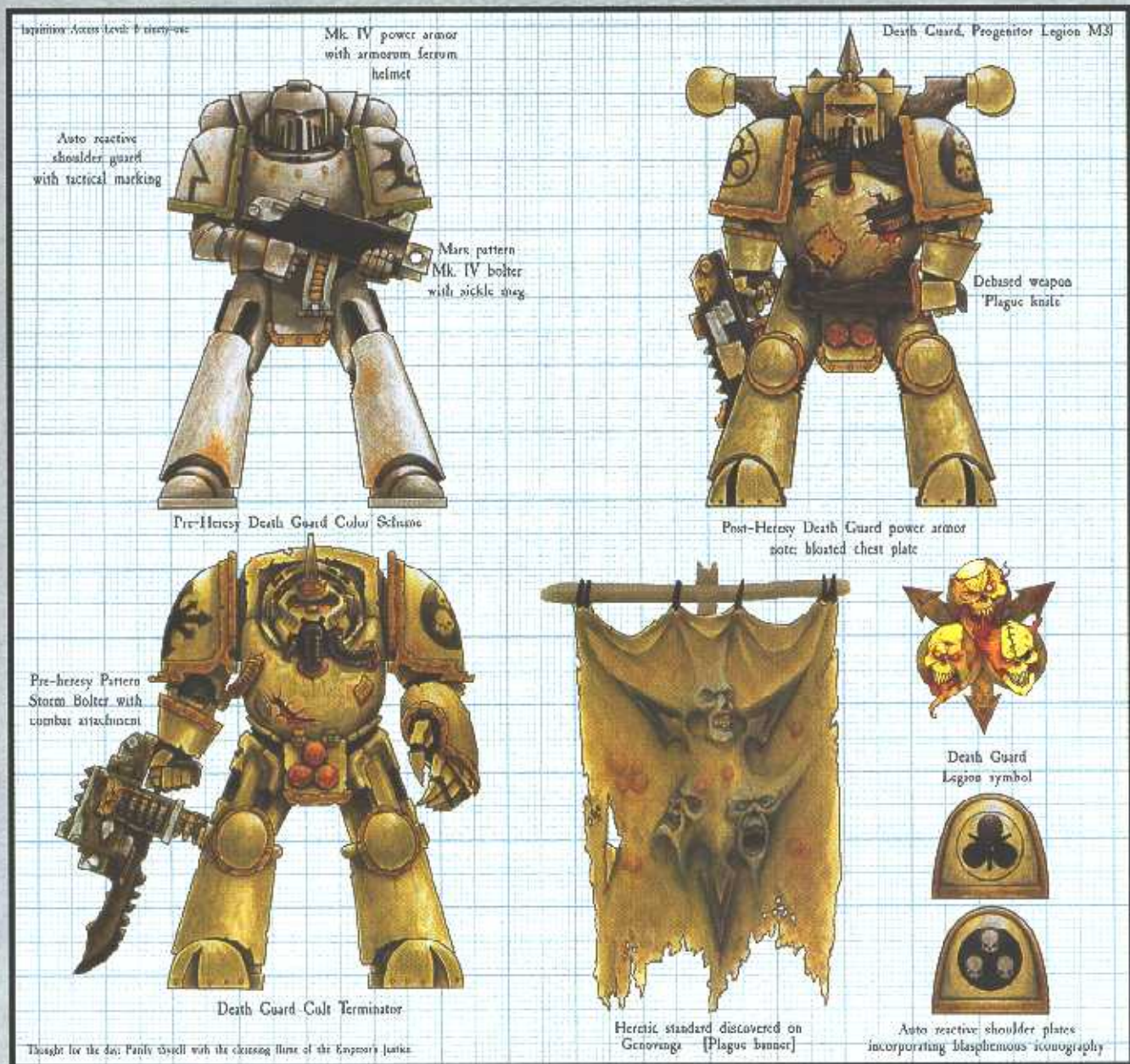
From the darkness came shambling dark things. A lesser lord led his corpse-like thralls into the settlement, taking with silent, remorseless strength those they could carry off for their master's dark purpose. The peasants

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 drafters 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,
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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.

Imperator: Astartes Level: 8 sixty-one

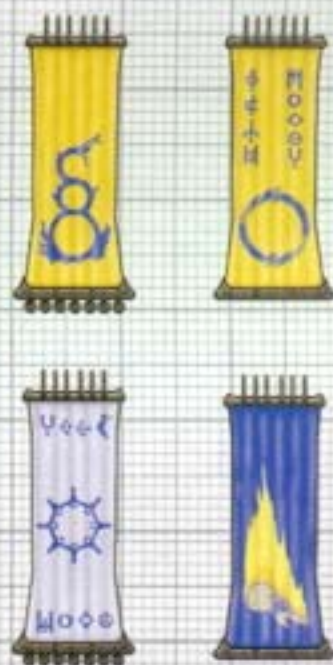
Thousand Sons, Progenitor Legion M31



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

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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.

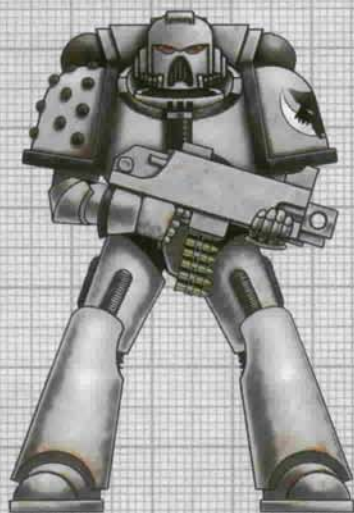
It is said that as well as being a great warrior and strategist, Horus was fiercely intelligent. He was charismatic, persuasive and had an innate understanding of psychology. He could read men in order to use their strengths or exploit their weaknesses. These skills made him a well-loved leader, but 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)



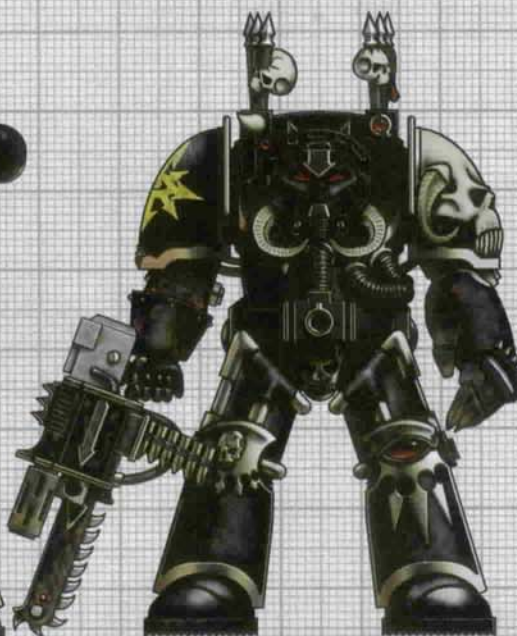
Luna Wolves Legion symbol



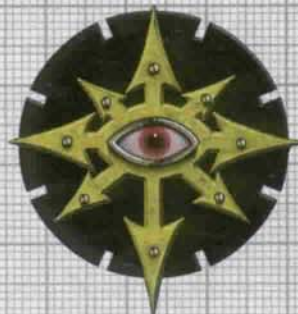
Pre-Heresy auto reactive shoulder plates
incorporating Legion iconography



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.

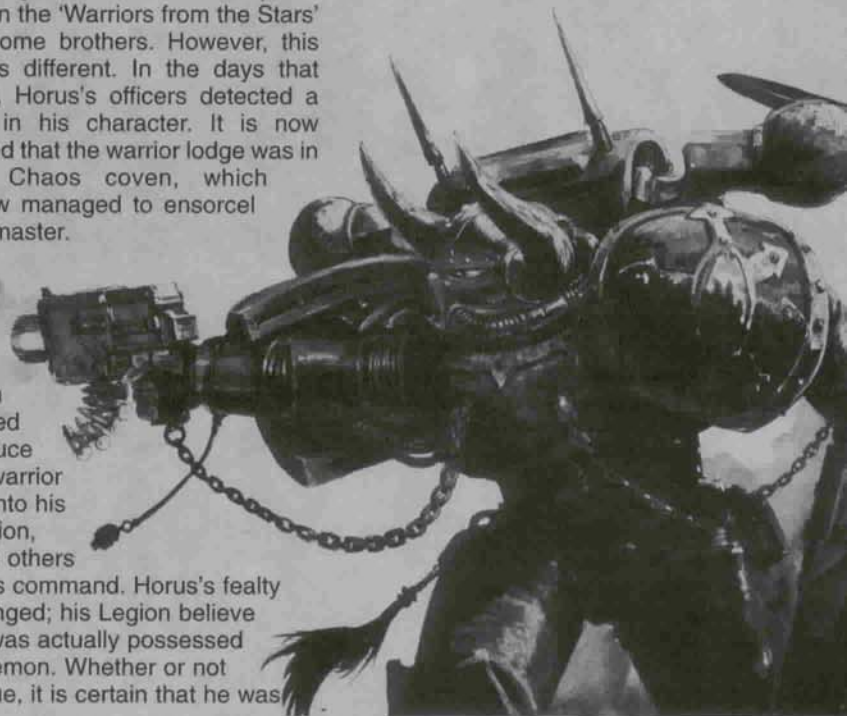
Before he could return to Terra to be officially invested with his new title, Horus apparently fell ill on a small feral world called Davin. During his convalescence, he took part in the induction ceremony of a warrior lodge on the planet. This was the Primarch's well-tried practice to develop ties with 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, Yaranat 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!"

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First Founding

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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



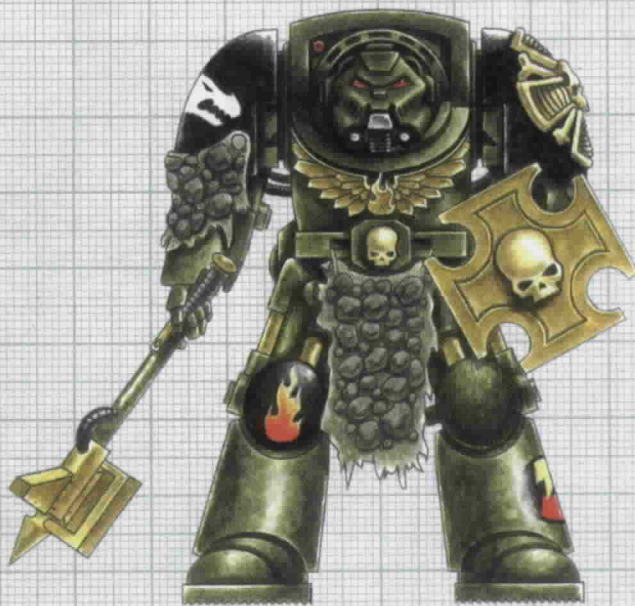
Auto-reactive shoulder plate: Chapter badge iconography



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 flamers on its side sponsons for +10 pts.



HEADQUARTERS

SALAMANDERS LIBRARIAN

PSYCHIC POWER

Fury of the Salamander: The Librarian draws on the legendary spirit of the Salamander to create a monstrous spectral incarnation of the beast. The monster charges forward trailing fiery sparks, burning all in its path. The Librarian uses this power in the Shooting phase instead of firing a weapon. Nominate a direction from the Librarian that the Salamander will move in, and draw a line 3D6" long in that direction. You cannot choose a line that might pass through a unit in close combat. Any model (friend or foe) that the line crosses over takes a S5 hit; normal saving throws are allowed. A unit suffering any casualties from this attack must take an immediate Morale check or fall back. If the unit passes the check but loses 25% or more of its models in that Shooting phase, it must still take the Morale check for casualties at the end of the phase as normal.

ELITES

SALAMANDERS TERMINATOR SQUAD

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Terminator	37	4	4	4	4	1	3	2	9	2+

Squad: The squad consists of one Salamanders Terminator Sergeant and between four and nine Salamanders Terminators. The Terminator armor's 2+ save and +1 Attack bonus have been included in the characteristics above.

Weapons: All models in the squad have either a storm bolter and power fist or a thunder hammer and storm shield.

Options: The Sergeant may replace his power fist for a power weapon. Up to two models may exchange their storm bolters for heavy flamers at +10 pts.

The Terminator Sergeant may have additional equipment from the Space Marines Armory.

SPECIAL RULE

Deep Strike: Salamander models wearing Terminator armor may *Deep Strike*.



TROOPS

SALAMANDERS TACTICAL SQUAD

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Salamander	15	4	4	4	4	1	3	1	8	3+
Veteran Sergeant	+15	4	4	4	4	1	3	2	9	3+

Squad: The squad consists of one Sergeant and between four and nine Salamanders Space Marines.

Weapons: All models are armed with a bolter. The Sergeant may replace his bolter with a bolt pistol and close combat weapon.

Options: One model in the squad may exchange his bolter with one of the following weapons: flamer at +6 pts, heavy bolter at +5 pts, missile launcher at +10 pts, multi-melta at +15 pts.

In addition, one other Space Marine in the squad may exchange his bolter with one of the following: flamer at +6 pts, meltagun at +10 pts, plasma gun at +6 pts.

The entire squad may be given frag grenades at an additional cost of +1 pt per model and Krak grenades at an additional cost of +2 pts per model.

The Sergeant may be upgraded to a Veteran Sergeant at an additional cost of +15 pts.

Transport Vehicle: The entire squad may be mounted in a Rhino at an additional cost of +50 pts or, if it numbers six or fewer models, a Razorback at +70 pts (see the Transport entry in *Codex: Space Marines* for upgrade options).

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 thinly and sapped the guards' morale. Each event was choreographed to seem like a gradual build up of pressure, and soon Lycaeus was a powder keg waiting to explode.

When the time came, Corax and his trained squads of slaves struck. Massive mining machines were driven through the streets and key security points. Sabotage teams armed with rock drills and las cutters were able to sever power lines, communications, and life support to many of their enemies' strong points. One particular dome, home to a significant portion of Lycaeus' military might, was shut off completely, exposing its occupants to the hard vacuum of space. Simultaneously, Corax and a small

group of his deadliest warriors assaulted the fortress-like tower of their taskmasters and captured it in a single night's fighting. After centuries of abuse, there could be no mercy for those who had kept the slaves in bondage, and every prisoner taken was executed.

The Tech-Guilds of Kiavahr were shocked at the fall of Lycaeus and immediately dispatched troops to crush the rebellion. The war was short and brutal. Sitting at the top of a long gravity well, Corax's troops were able to bombard the planet from afar with cargo containers laden with crude atomic charges that laid waste to vast portions of Kiavahr's industrial

landscape. When troops from Kiavahr did land on the moon to fight, Corax was there with his hand-picked warriors. The raven-haired Primarch out-thought and out-fought his enemies at every turn. Surgical strikes decapitated the Kiavahr command structure, destroyed the enemies' supply lines, and kept them on the defensive.

In the end, Corax was to prove victorious, and the Kiavahr troops withdrew as their planet's economy collapsed without the mineral resources of Lycaeus to plunder. Kiavahr descended into anarchy as the various Tech-Guild factions fought amongst themselves for control of the remaining

materials still on the planet. The celebrations on Lycaeus went on for many days, and in memory of their victory, the slaves renamed their home Deliverance.

The most complete record of the Great Crusade, *The Speculum Historiale*, has little to say on the matter of Corax reuniting with the Emperor of Mankind. It is left to the Raven Guard's Librarians to recall how such a momentous event came about, and as always, there is much that is shrouded in mystery. It is said that during the victory celebrations, the Emperor descended to Deliverance to find Corax waiting for him, curious to meet this stranger who had landed alone on his world. The

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 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 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



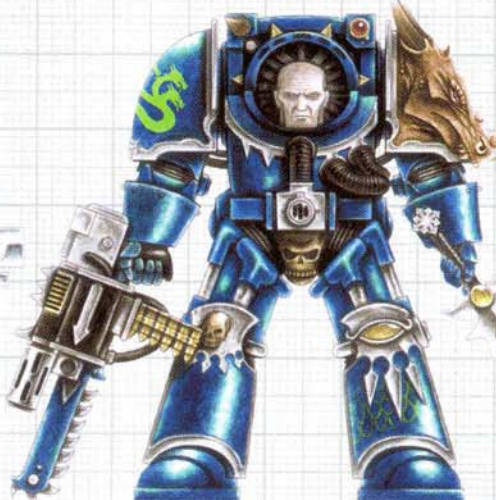
Alpha Legion Symbol



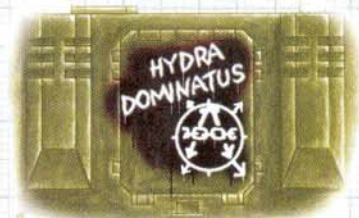
Alpha Legion shoulder pad iconography



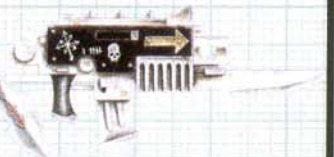
Post-Heresy Alpha Legion Space Marine with heavy bolter



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.

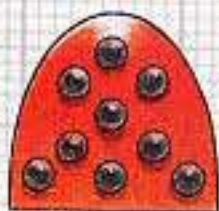
The Black Templars Chapter had embarked on a crusade some years earlier in an effort to eradicate the Orks' dominance of the Golgotha system. As the dire news of the massive Ork offensive spread, Marshal Actoan redirected his forces to Armageddon. Since then their numbers have been bolstered by two more 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.

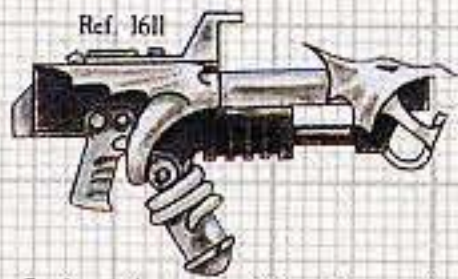
With more Chapters arriving all the time, the battle for Armageddon is still in its early stages. As many of the Imperial forces are in retreat it is up to the Space Marines to turn the tide.



IA. ref. 4236.erg/
Servitude studs



IA. ref. 6757/
5th Company



Ref. 1611
Index Astartes file. 7ng nfl
'Fire Drake' Incinerator unit



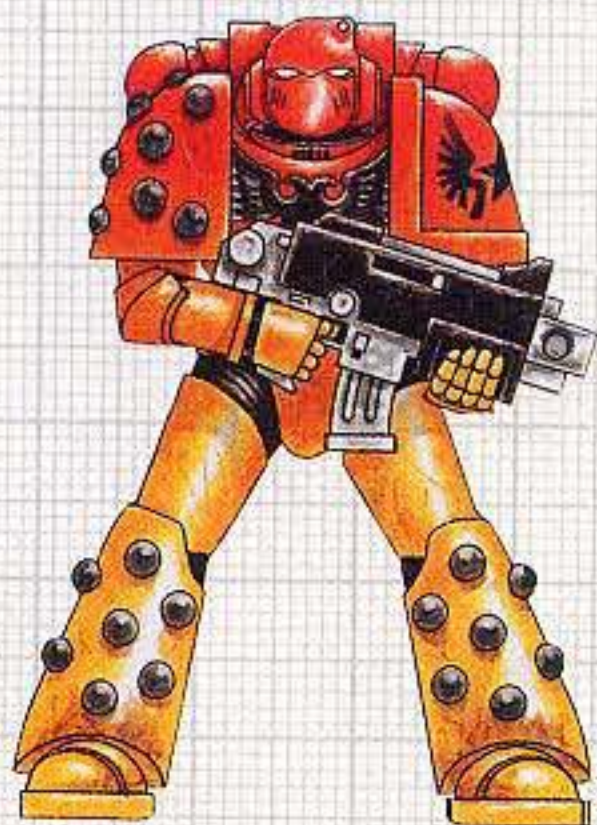
IA. ref. 356.6/
Chapter Icon



Ref: 363M.37
Closed core backpack



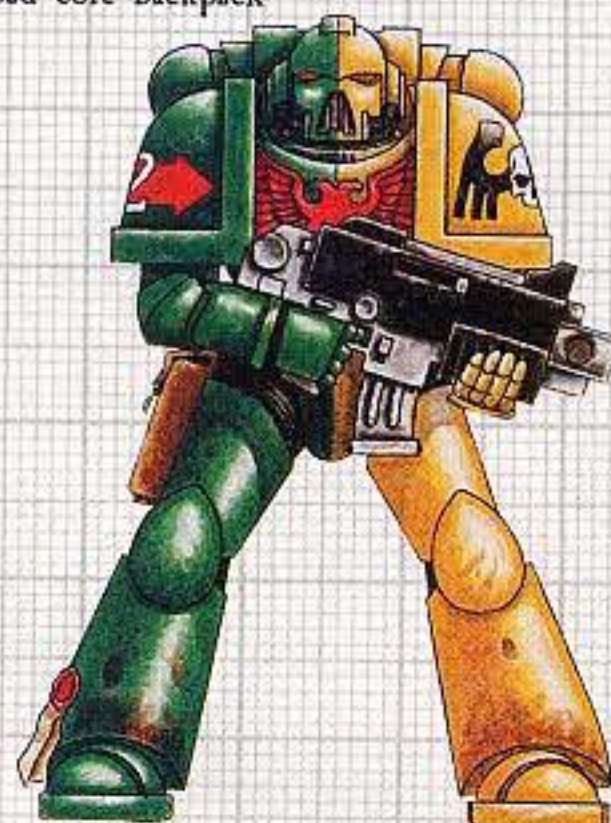
IA. ref. 247.56
Redemptor mark



Celebrants M.36-M.41



Black Dragons M.36



Angels of Redemption M.31



IA. ref. 3630/d/
Second company



IA. ref. 7565.iak/
Chapter Icon



Inq. record. 4539.1/BA
designation: Assault



Mk. IV Boltgun, Ultima pattern

IA. ref. wdx248



Ref. 009.21/Promethean
cult markings
(cross.ref. Heretic Cults)

Inq. record 376.76
Battle Warzone
Tempehora
army badge



Blood Angels Progenitor Legion M.31



Inq. record. 4539.9/BA
designation: Devastator



Imp. ref. 555/ftp/mantle



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.

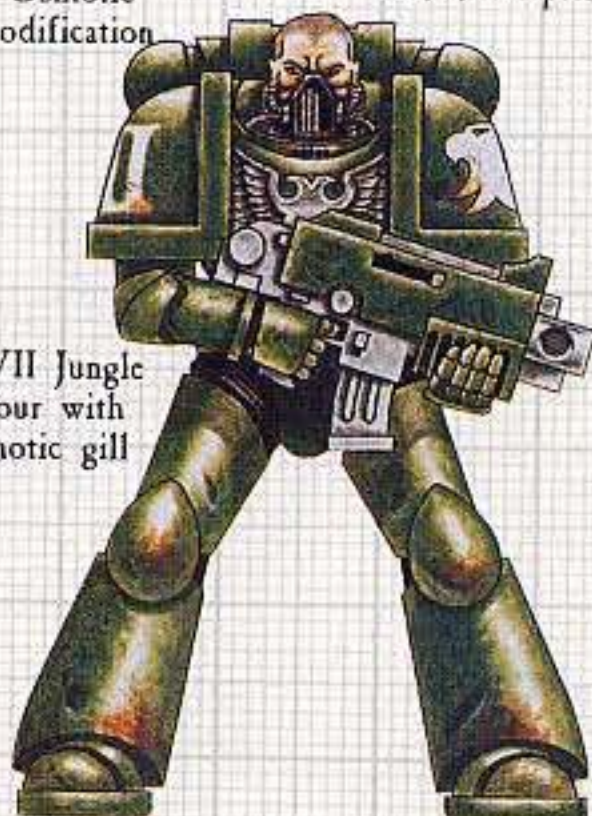


Ref: 345.5M35
Backpack



Imp. ref:
Xenon.six Mortifactors
Death cult markings

Mk.VII Jungle
armour with
Osmotic gill



Raptors M.31

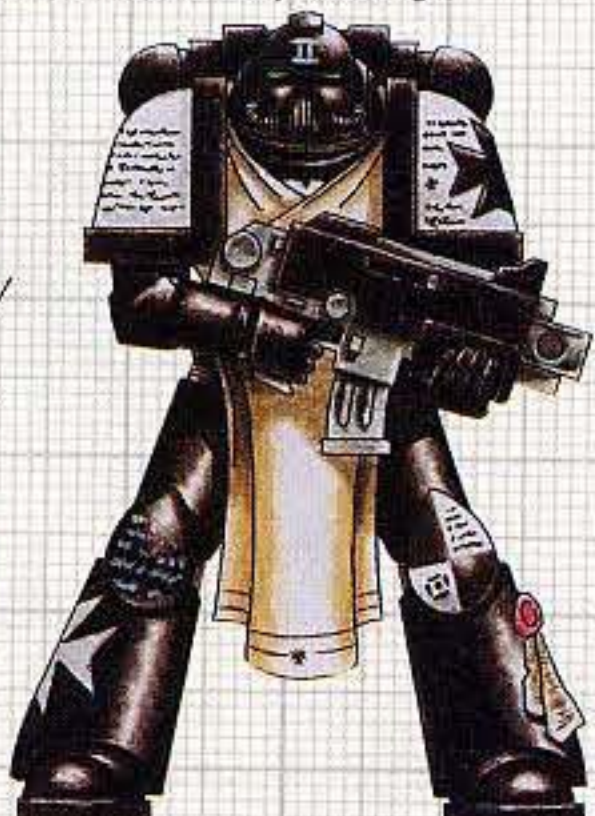
Imp. ref: Alpha.nine. Cerbera Base Relief Force



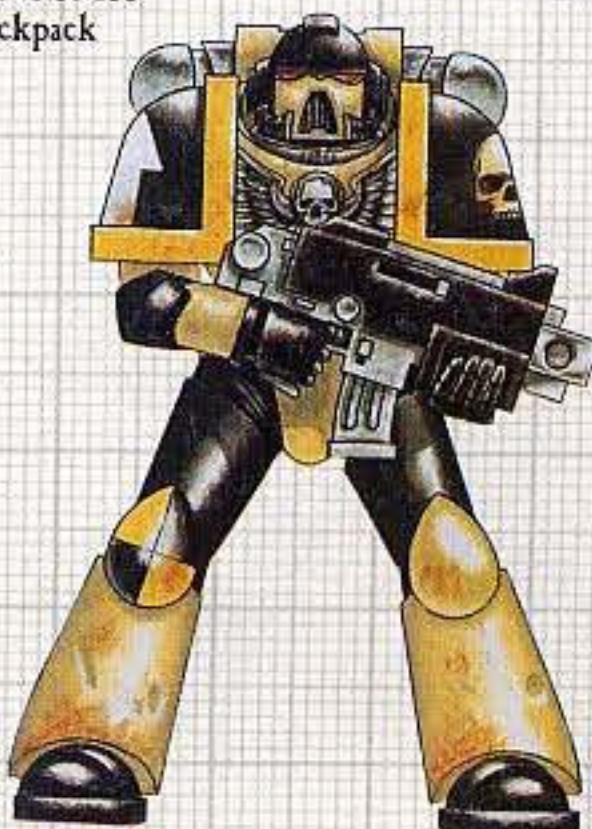
IA. ref. 356.8/f/
Chapter icon



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

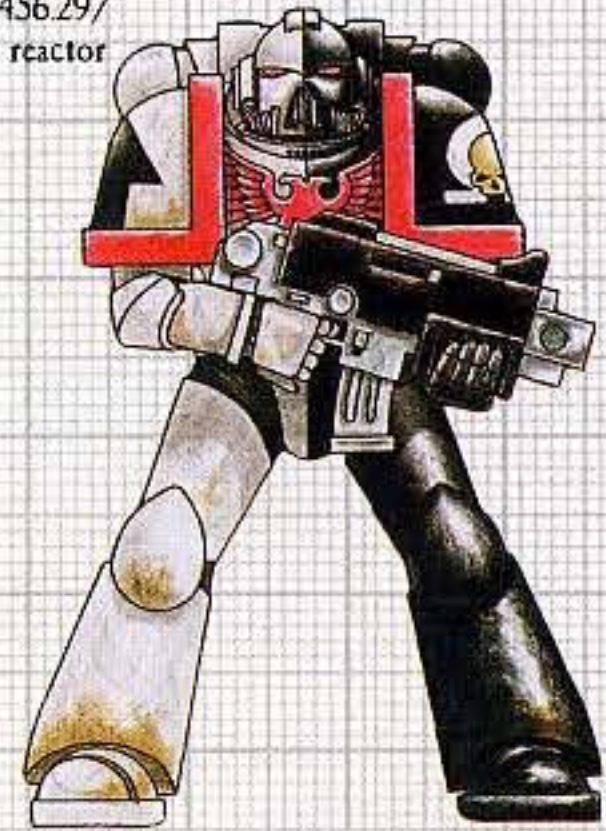
IA. ref. 31x.Veteran 1st co.



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

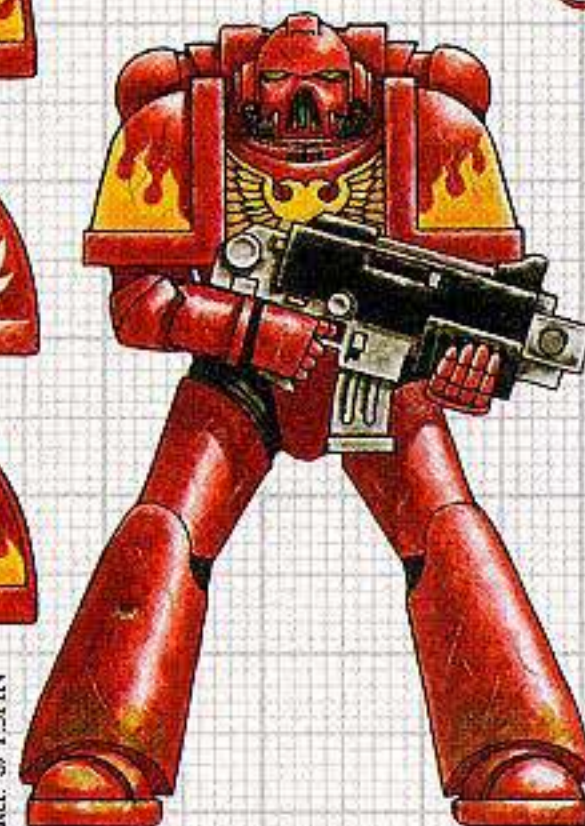


Ref. 45rc467/Wolf Totem

Ref. 19WR.6/Angels panoply (cross ref. IA. Iconography)



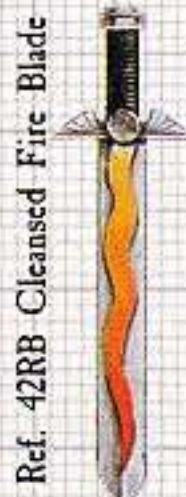
Ref. 37Y.5HIN



Angels of Fire M.36



Adept. Mech. ref. M37. Closed core backpack



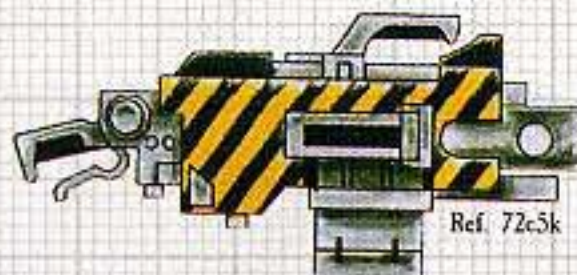
Ref. 42RB Cleansed Fire Blade



Mk.VII Modified Devastator helmet



Arm. file. 3698.5/Chapter icon (The Silver skull)



M.36 Heavy Bolter/Veteran markings



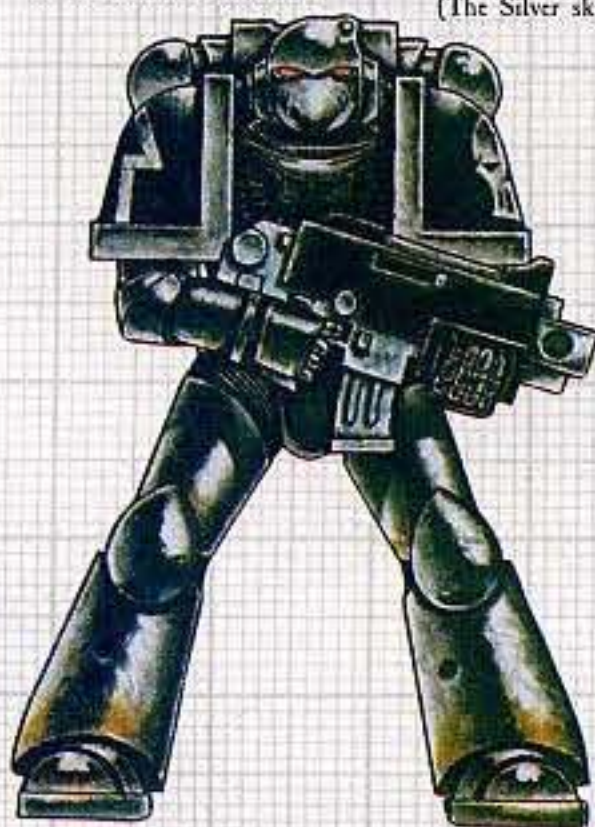
Arm. file. 43.5a/3rd Company variant



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

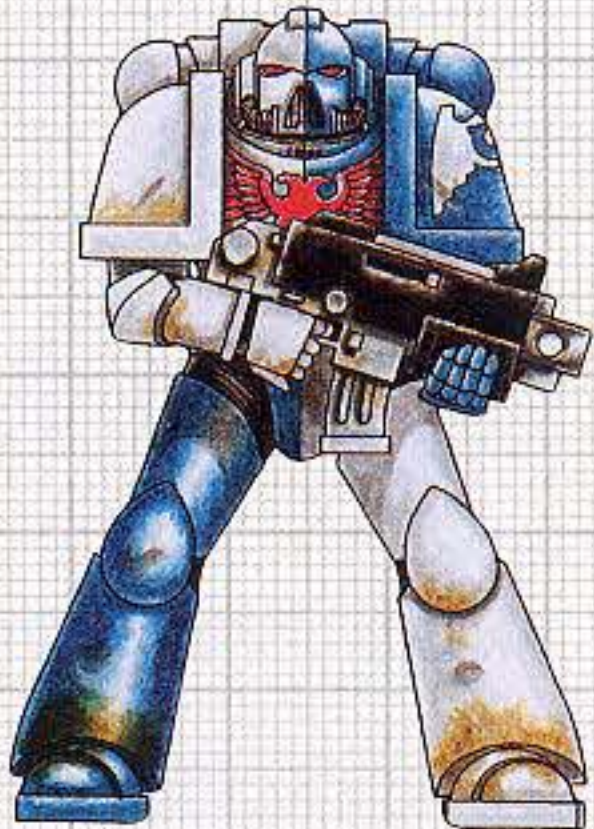
Ref. 13ng



Relictors M.36

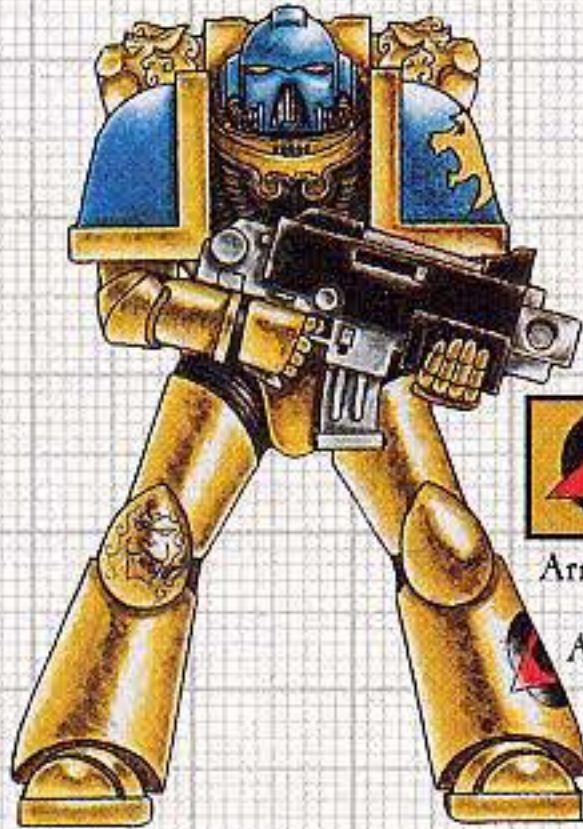
Thought for the day: Serve the Emperor today for tomorrow you may be dead.

IA ref. x24a/Chapter honour marking.



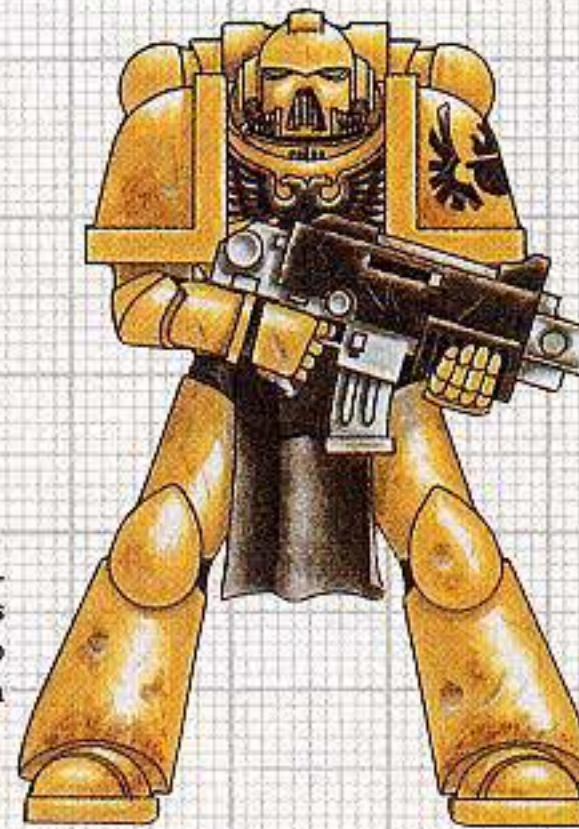
Sons of Guilliman M.33

Ref. 45.4a.56/Chapter icon.



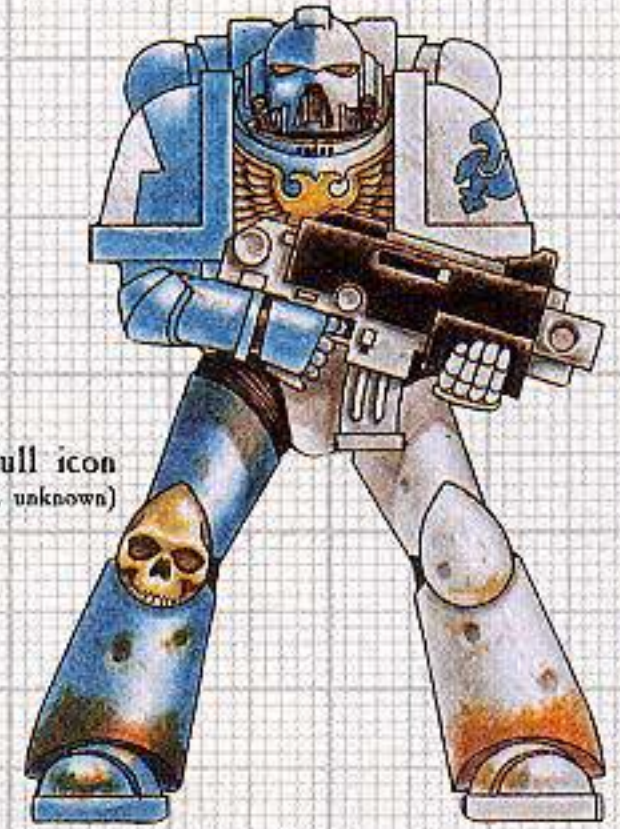
Celestial Lions M.38

Ref. 456/Eternal Vigilance crucible (cross ref. Death watch)



Angels of Vigilance M.40

IA ref.129.6/Chapter badge

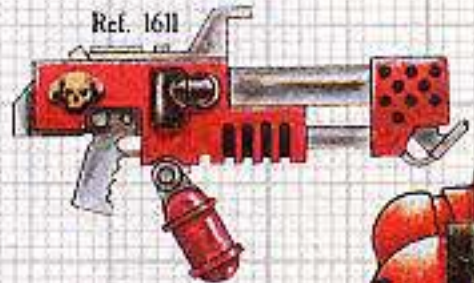


Angels Porphyry M.31

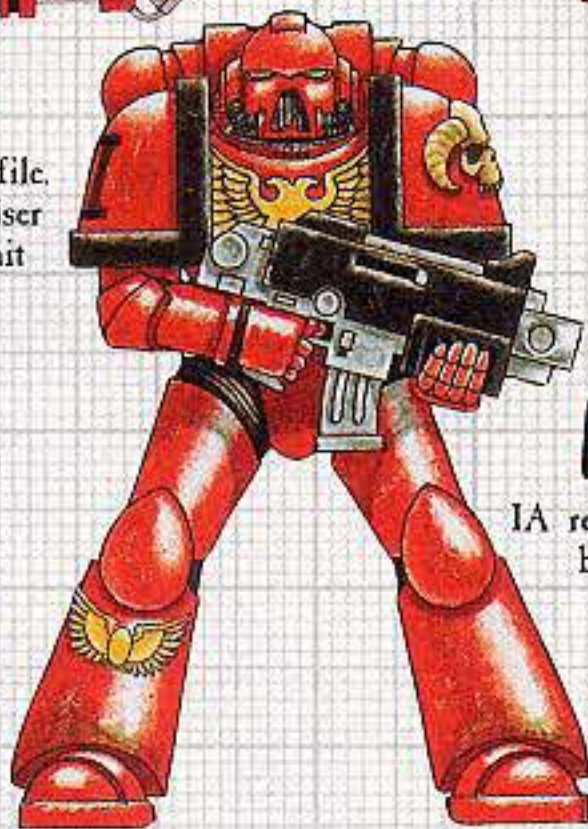


Arm. ref. M41. Fire Wastes Army Group North

Skull icon (ref. unknown)



Index Astartes file. 7ng nfl Chastiser Incinerator unit



Exorcists M.40

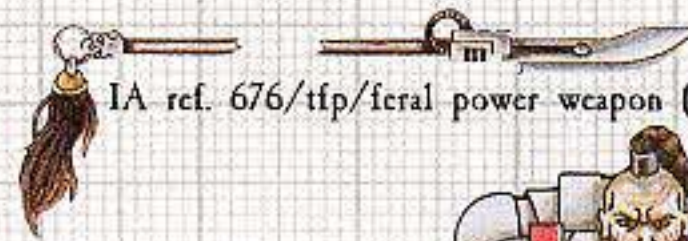
Inq. file. four.seven. Phoenix Redemption marking



M.36 Backpack (closed core)



IA ref. Exorcist Chapter badge (7th Co.)



IA ref. 676/7fp/feral power weapon (damaged)



998 Godwyn pattern Bolter with assault attachment



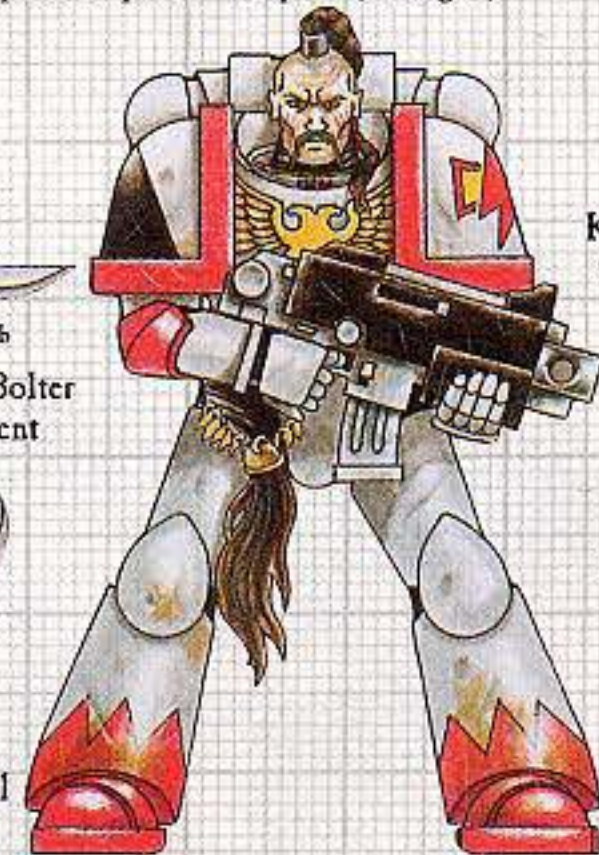
IA ref. 45/t Ritual duelling Tulwar



Imp ref. 39.55d Khan homage mark (cross.ref. Heretic Cults)



Ref. 456z. Attack bike markings



White Scars Progenitor Legion M.31 Ravager with Torandor pelt honour gift

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.



Imp ref. 795.rt/Chainaxe



Flesh Tearers M.31 (cross ref. IA Blood Angels)



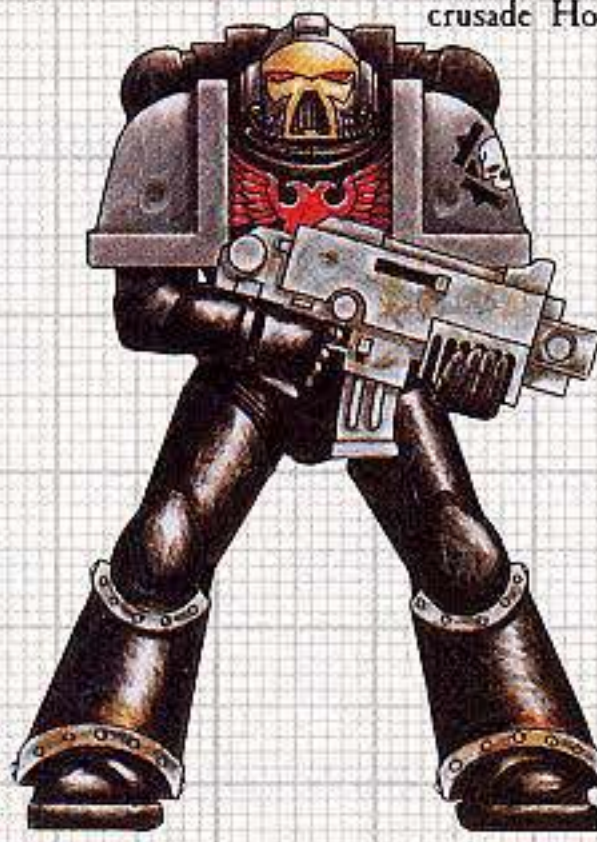
Imp ref. 354.siaf/Delta Nine army badge



Mk.VII Helmet (Devastator modification)

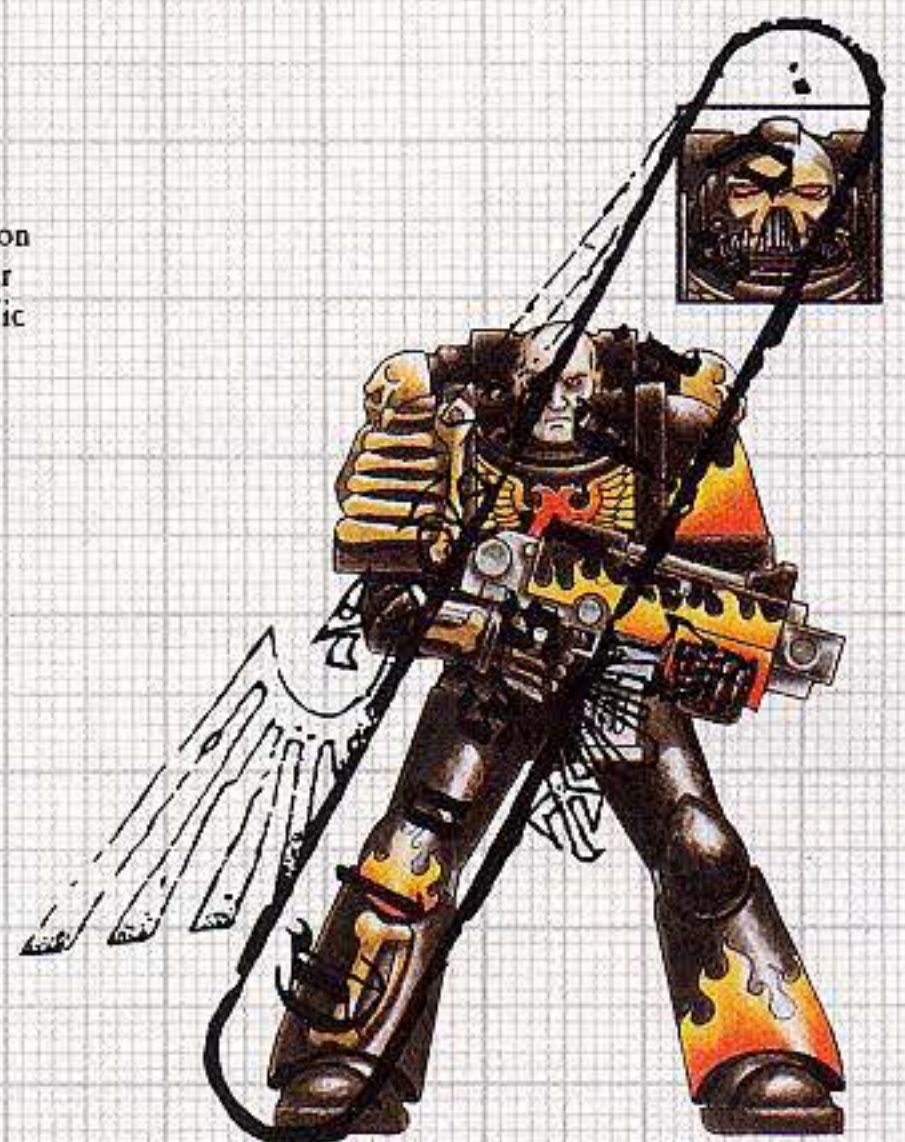


IA ref. 543/f Iron Champions Balur crusade Honourific



Ref. 5644

Iron Champions. Founding unrecorded



Chapter Unidentified