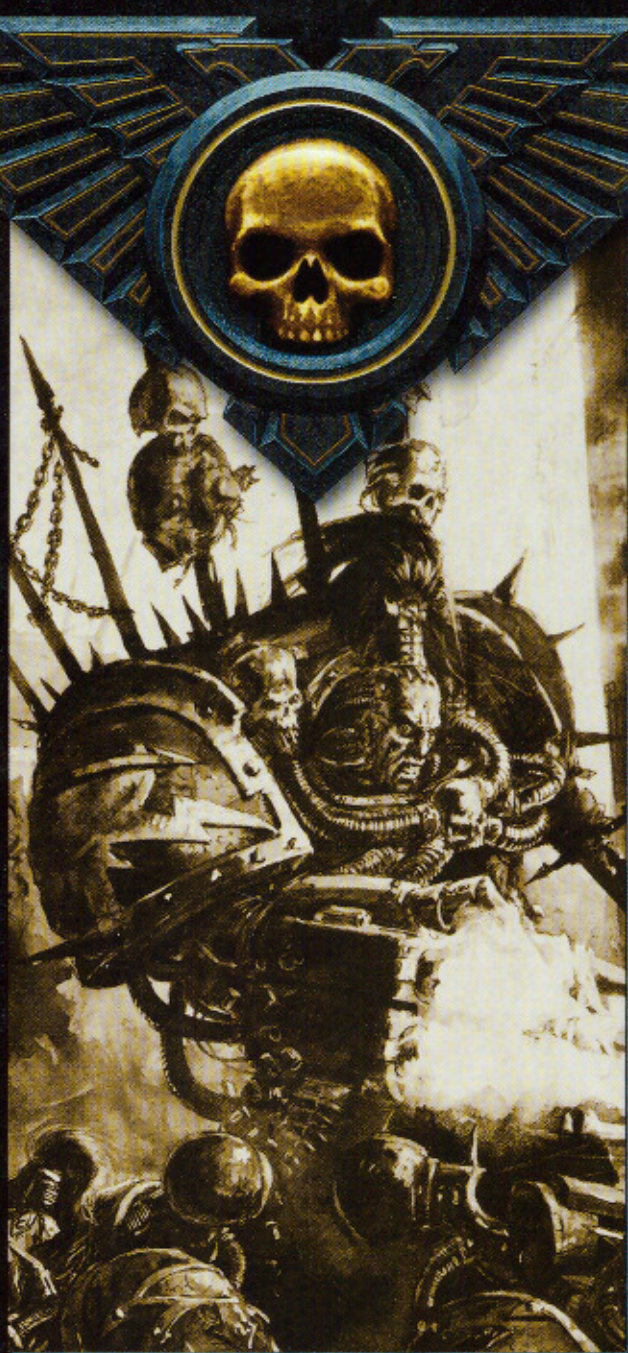


# Index Astartes IV



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

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The Siege of Garesh is finally ended by Terminator Squad Gaius.



White Scars launch a lightning assault against the Black Legion.

# FOREWORD

by Gav Thorpe



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

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

Index Astartes is a series of articles in White Dwarf magazine whose primary purpose is to catalogue and present the colour schemes and markings of the many Chapters of Space Marines throughout the history of the Imperium and even earlier. In addition, its contents provide insights into the workings and organisation of specific Chapters, Space Marine technology and accounts of their most remarkable battles.

Space Marines – and their corrupted counterparts, the Chaos Space Marines – have been one of the most powerful and popular images within the Warhammer 40,000 game universe since its earliest days. As well as strong imagery, it is the depth of history, the ancient traditions and the rivalries of the different Space Marine Chapters that has made them unique, and that's what we've gathered here for your entertainment and edification.

This laudable idea has rapidly grown into a monster, especially since we began the First Founding project to detail the 'primogenitor' Space Marine legions and their nigh-mythical Primarchs. This has been... entertaining as it has meant pulling together dozens of fragmentary references from Games Workshop publications over the last two decades and in some cases summarising entire books of background material into woefully few pages. We may revisit these again in the future to expand upon different aspects that have been, by necessity of space, edited or ignored.

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

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

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



# Index Astartes IV



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# Index Astartes

## First Founding



## SONS OF HORUS

The Black Legion  
Space Marine Chapter

by Graham Davey

The Primarch of the Luna Wolves was the infamous Horus, first and greatest of all the Primarchs. His Legion conquered countless worlds during the Great Crusade before Horus betrayed the Emperor and led a violent rebellion that devastated the Imperium. The Luna Wolves are the only Space Marine Legion to have changed their name, becoming the Sons of Horus and finally the Black Legion.

### Origins

The early history of the First Founding Space Marine Legions is largely lost to the relentless march of time. Accounts and details of those Legions that rebelled (and especially of the Arch-Traitor Horus himself) were further expunged from Imperial records after the Horus Heresy, to deny any knowledge of those events from the vulnerable minds of Imperial citizens. Indeed, only a select handful of powerful individuals know any of the truth and it is likely that none know it all. Such information that does exist is sketchy and anecdotal, and lies in ancient heretical tomes closely guarded by certain Inquisitors or handed down within the secret orders of the original Legions that remained loyal.

These records suggest that the Space Marines of the Luna Wolves Legion were created using human stock taken from the violent hive gangs inhabiting a planet called Cthonia. This planet allegedly existed in one of Earth's closest neighbouring systems. Being within reach even for non-warp spacecraft, Cthonia had been colonised, built upon, tunnelled and mined probably since the dawn of space travel. As such, all natural resources had been stripped away and used up millennia before, and the ancient mining technology had long since been rediscovered and removed by the Adepts of Mars. The planet that remained was largely redundant and abandoned, completely riddled with catacombs, crumbling industrial plants and exhausted mine-workings.

Fierce gangs inhabited the lawless depths of Cthonia, enjoying freedom from the rigours of Imperial citizenship; but at the time of the First Founding they provided an easy source of Human specimens whom nobody would miss. One report talks of so-called 'recruitment squads' rounding up thousands of gangers and shipping them away, chained together in the holds of prison-shuttles, to genolaboratories on Luna. Here they were modified using the genetic code of the Primarch Horus. It is more common for Space Marine genetic stock to be gleaned from feral or primitive worlds,

however after the usual hypnopsychological indoctrination process, the Luna Wolves recruits emerged as excellent and ferociously loyal specimens.

### Horus

Information about Horus himself is even harder to uncover. It is thought that he was the first of the Primarchs to be recovered by the Emperor, having been cast much closer to Terra than the others, and was found at a much younger age. As a result, Horus was for many years the Emperor's only son, and there was a great affinity between them. The Emperor spent much time with his protégé, teaching and encouraging him. Horus was soon placed in command of the Luna Wolves Legion – ten thousand Space Marines created from his own genetic code. With these warriors to lead, Horus accompanied the Emperor for the first thirty years of the Great Crusade, and together they forged the initial expansion of the young Imperium.

The two fought together on many occasions. At the fortified city of Reillis, a Human settlement unwilling to accept the Emperor's beneficent will, the defending army used secret tunnels to infiltrate behind the besieging Imperial army and hundreds of shock troops swamped the command encampment. Unprepared and unarmoured, the Emperor and Horus fought back to back until a plasma blast stunned Horus and sent him staggering to the floor. The Emperor stood over the Primarch and refused to give ground until reinforcements arrived to drive their attackers back. On the Ork-infested planet of Gorro, Horus repaid the debt by hacking the arm from a huge, frenzied Greenskin warlord as it struggled to choke the Emperor's life out of him.

Then came the day that the Emperor divined the presence of a second Primarch in their proximity and immediately set out to find him, leaving Horus in temporary command of the massed Legions of the Great Crusade. While he rejoiced at the discovery of one of his brothers, Horus was determined that the Emperor would

always remain most proud of him, his first son.

As other Primarchs were discovered, the Emperor's time was pulled more and more in other directions and, while many of the other Legions now had their destined leaders, Horus was often given overall strategic command. It was a position he relished, proving himself time and again a consummate general, winning praise and decorations from the Emperor for his achievements and conquests. He had the approval and admiration of all the Space Marine Legions, including their Primarchs.

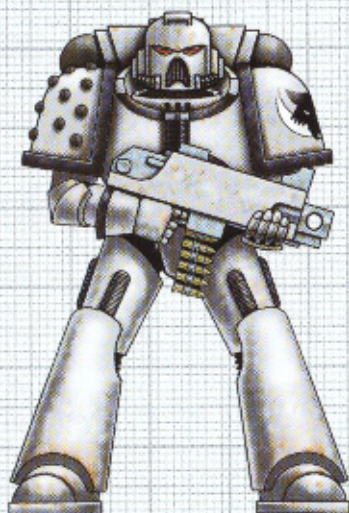
It is said that as well as being a great warrior and strategist, Horus was fiercely intelligent. He was charismatic, persuasive and had an innate understanding of psychology. He could read men in order to use their strengths or exploit their weaknesses. These skills made him a well-loved leader, but also allowed him to find non-military solutions when others would simply have attacked. On many worlds, a blunt explanation of the destructive might at his disposal and a day's parley with the planetary leaders was enough to bring them into the Imperial fold without

bloodshed. Horus always took trouble to follow the local Human customs and modes of greeting if he thought it would lessen the chance of a hostile reaction to his arrival. His practice of taking part in local rituals to establish ties for later exploitation soon became Imperial policy.

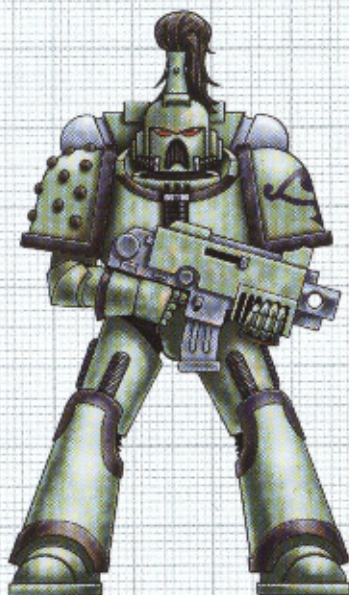
Horus was also skilled in getting the best out of the other Primarchs and their respective Legions. Many of them excelled in a particular style of fighting, and Horus encouraged this diversity and endeavoured to deploy them to war zones that would suit them best.

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Luna Wolves, Progenitor Legion M31



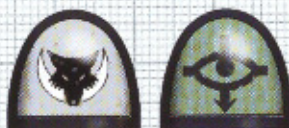
Pre-Heresy Luna Wolves colour scheme



Pre-Heresy Sons of Horus colour scheme  
(renamed after Ullanor Crusade)



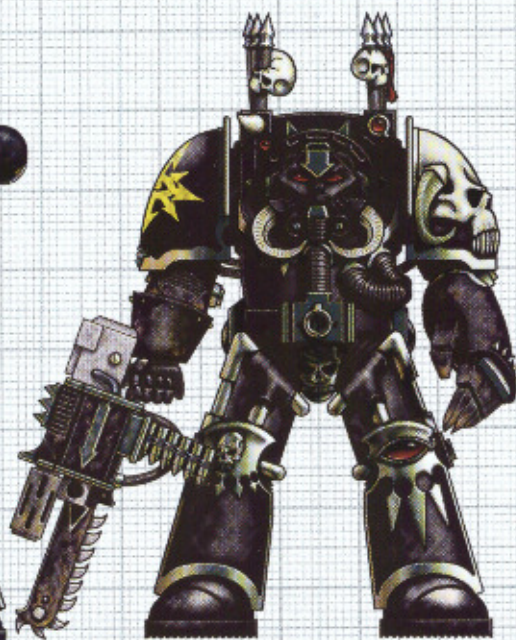
Luna Wolves Legion symbol



Pre-Heresy auto reactive shoulder plates  
incorporating Legion iconography



Black Legion colour scheme  
(Renamed for unknown reason)



Black Legion Terminator



Traitor Black Legion symbol



Auto reactive shoulder plates  
incorporating blasphemous iconography

Thought for the day: The weak shall fall, the strong shall prevail.

If a sudden strike was needed, he would send the White Scars or the Night Lords. If a protracted campaign was expected, then the Death Guard or the Salamanders were used. When precise timing or covert operations were required, the Alpha Legion were favoured, and if simple ferocity was called for, other Legions were brought to the fore. Horus wielded the Space Marine Legions as a lesser commander would wield the squads of his army, positioning them so that each could perform to their advantages and win glory for all. There is also evidence that he sent dispatches detailing the World Eaters' most ferocious victories to the Blood Angels Legion and vice versa, presumably to foster a competitive rivalry. Likewise, it can be assumed that Horus was well aware of the feud between the Space Wolves and the Dark Angels. These two Legions were repeatedly deployed in joint actions, spurring them both on to greater military feats in order to outdo each other.

His own Legion had all the glory of being the greatest Primarch's personal guard, and they shared Horus' credo of fighting to be the best. Under his inspiring command, the Luna Wolves were always at the forefront of the latest campaign, pushing the boundaries of the Imperium ever wider, driving further and further into the galaxy and striving to conquer and liberate more worlds than the other Legions. In the Aartuo, Keskastine and Androv Systems, the Luna Wolves are known to have moved swiftly on to planet after planet as soon as the local armies had been subdued. The Ultramarines and the Iron Warriors, who were fighting alongside Horus' Legion at this time, were repeatedly left to mop up any final pockets of resistance and establish garrisons on the conquered worlds. The Luna Wolves officers apparently refused point blank to assign any troops to these duties, insisting that every man was required for the ongoing crusade. Further rebellion flared up on a number of the planets after the Luna Wolves had left, and it is believed that the Ultramarines Primarch Roboute Guilliman subsequently had words with Horus on the matter. At the time it seems that Horus pacified the Primarch by admitting that Guilliman was much better at this sort of thing than he was, however in his great work, the Codex Astartes – completed much later – Guilliman prescribed a much more thorough tactical doctrine for the suppression of a planet.

### Heresy

The Ullanor Crusade saw Horus battling a huge Ork empire. At its conclusion, the Emperor declared it the greatest victory yet for his mighty Imperium and was said to bestow much praise upon the Luna Wolves and Horus, for their part in the campaign. The most notable reward was the renaming of the Legion. The Emperor sent word that henceforth they would be known as the Sons of Horus, in honour of their Primarch. Horus himself was given the title Warmaster – now officially supreme commander of the Emperor's forces. Despite these great honours, there is some suggestion that Horus was less than content. The wording of the Emperor's proclamation clearly claimed the glory of Horus' victories as his own. This was the usual rhetoric for such announcements – after all, the Primarchs were the sworn vassals of him and his Imperium. And yet in the Primarch's eyes, the Emperor now spent his time in safety at his palace on Terra while Horus won his Imperium for him. It seems likely that a deeply-rooted resentment had surfaced.

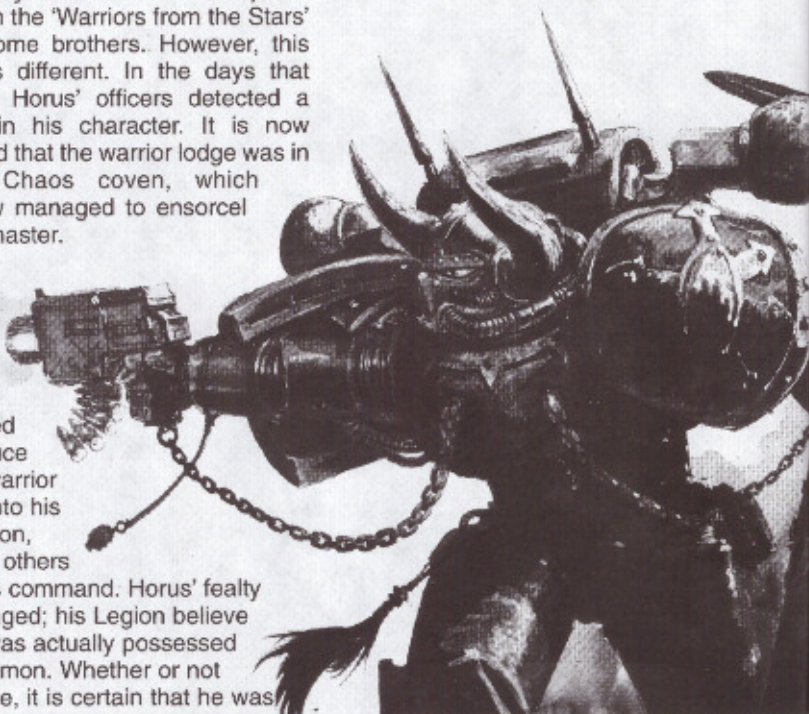
Before he could return to Terra to be officially invested with his new title, Horus apparently fell ill on a small feral world called Davin. During his convalescence, he took part in the induction ceremony of a warrior lodge on the planet. This was the Primarch's well-tried practice to develop ties with local populations – feral natives were more easily recruited into the Imperial fold when the 'Warriors from the Stars' had become brothers. However, this time was different. In the days that followed, Horus' officers detected a change in his character. It is now presumed that the warrior lodge was in fact a Chaos coven, which somehow managed to ensorcel the Warmaster.

The Primarch proceeded to introduce similar 'warrior lodges' into his own Legion, and then others under his command. Horus' fealty had changed; his Legion believe that he was actually possessed by a Daemon. Whether or not this is true, it is certain that he was

now allied body and soul to the powers of Chaos, and he had a new vision for the Imperium with himself at its head. Whether the events on Davin were planned by the gods of Chaos or just the work of an isolated group is unsure. Certainly a Primarch becoming ill was almost unheard of, and it would surely have required a virulent and unique ailment to affect him, perhaps indicating a greater conspiracy.

The Sons of Horus, already fiercely loyal and proud of their Warmaster, had no hesitation. They quickly renounced their oaths to the Emperor and started to worship Horus and his new gods. The corruption spread to every organisation with which Horus had dealings, including a division of the Adeptus Mechanicus, and from there to the Collegia Titanica and the Legio Cybernetica. The other Primarchs, Horus knew like brothers, and was already well practiced at motivating them. Appealing to their pride, martial prowess and courage, while playing upon past grudges and favours, the Warmaster gained the loyalty of fully half the Primarchs. The war that followed was the most terrible in the history of the Imperium, and came close to shattering it forever. Space Marines fought Space Marines and Titans fought Titans as Earth was invaded, and the Emperor's palace itself was besieged and breached.

History records that on the 55th day of the battle, overwhelming Imperial





## THE ULLANOR CRUSADE

The Ullanor Sector was the domain of Ork Overlord Urlakk Urg. His empire was founded on dozens of conquered and enslaved Human planets. Knowing the Orks' love for battle, the Warmaster's tactics were to lure the Greenskin forces away from his real targets. Other Space Marine Legions were tasked to retake the outlying planets, supported by newly-raised Imperial Guard regiments. As the Ork armadas moved out to resist this invasion, the Luna Wolves fleet drove straight for the central system.

Drop pods crashed to the ground all around Urlakk's fortress-palace. Heavy shuttles deployed Land Raiders and Predators and armoured Space Marines advanced on the defences. Then, as hundreds of Orks rushed to join the battle on the perimeter walls, Horus and the entire Terminator-armoured 1st Company teleported directly to the foot of the great central tower. As the Luna Wolves blasted away the guards, mobs from the walls raced back to protect Urlakk. Horus left most of the Terminators to hold back the Orks and pushed on up the tower with just ten Space Marines at his side. At the pinnacle of the tower they found Urlakk in a grand chamber, accompanied by forty of the biggest Orks in his empire. Horus charged straight into the midst of the Nobs, slicing apart the muscled, green bodies with the twin lightning claws of his battle armour. The Terminators with him would not fire into the mêlée for fear of hitting their beloved Primarch, so they too crashed into the combat. Slowly they hacked a path through the mob until Horus faced Urlakk himself. The Overlord was an enormous Ork, but he was simply no match for the Primarch's skill and unnatural power. First crippling his enemy, Horus hefted Urlakk's broken body out onto the roof and threw it screaming from the battlements to fall far below amongst the horde of Orks still assaulting the lower levels.

The sudden demise of their mighty leader sent a panic through the Greenskin forces, which started to fall back from the Terminators. But the fleeing mobs found they had nowhere to run, as the outer walls had been breached by the attacking Luna Wolves, and the day turned into a slaughter. Back in the Overlord's chamber, Horus found every Ork and Terminator dead, apart from the gore-drenched Captain of the 1st Company, Abaddon, surrounded by crushed and broken bodies.

As word of his death spread, the Overlord's empire fragmented. The Imperial forces were able to destroy or drive out the remaining Orks and free the quadrant for Imperial rule within a year (naturally, the Luna Wolves claimed to have liberated substantially more worlds than their allies).

reinforcements approached. In a bid to slay the Emperor before it was too late, Horus lowered the shields around his battle barge, daring his creator to teleport on board. But it was Horus who was slain, and with him died the rebellion. It was a traumatic and devastating blow for the Sons of Horus. Everything they had ever fought for was lost. The Legion fell back immediately from the attack on the palace and fought their way back to their shuttles. This action alone is thought to have secured the enmity of all the other Traitor Legions. On board the battle barge, the Captain of the 1st Company led a furious counter-attack to drive the Imperials from the vessel, then fled into space with the Warmaster's body.

### Exile

Along with the other rebel Legions, the Sons of Horus found refuge in the Eye of Terror, where they established a base from which to continue the

campaign against the Imperium. They constructed a fortress-tomb for the body of the Warmaster and even in death still revered him as their commander. Nobody was appointed in his place and the Captains of the Legion would offer sacrifices and pray for guidance in his shrine. In the following centuries they were the most active of the Traitor Legions, possibly trying to maintain their tradition of achieving more than the others, or perhaps seeking to atone for their moment of weakness on Terra. During this time they offered their worship to each of the Chaos gods in turn, willingly giving their bodies to possession by Daemons in emulation of their dead Primarch. However, with every change in loyalty, the Daemons of the rejected god retreated into the warp leaving their Space Marine hosts nothing more than discarded husks. The Legion grew fewer and fewer until it was threatened with extinction. Desperate experimentation and research by the Legion's Sorcerer-

Librarians finally uncovered a method of possession that did not destroy the mortal host.

Saved, but still numerically inferior, the Sons of Horus fought a series of bloody wars against the other Traitor Legions, vying for resources, power and superiority within the Eye of Terror. The culmination of the conflict was the destruction of the Legion's fortress by a combined force of their erstwhile allies, including the Emperor's Children. Worse still, the Warmaster's corpse was taken and there were subsequent reports that a being calling himself the Primogenitor was working with the Emperor's Children to clone the body. With their Primarch taken from them and defiled by their enemies, the remains of the Legion finally swore fealty to a new leader – Abaddon, Captain of the 1st Company.

Abaddon knew that the memory of the Warmaster shackled his Legion to the failures of the past, so his first edicts renounced the name of Horus and the ancient title of the Legion. Taking their last surviving battle barge, he led them in a lightning raid that destroyed the Warmaster's body and the whole cloning laboratory complex. For this action and in every subsequent sighting, each Space Marine's armour was painted black. Since this time, Abaddon's 'Black Legion' has raided the Imperium, sowing havoc and misery on every world it attacks.

### Home World

The Legion's home world of Cthonia no longer exists, having apparently lost geo-structural integrity and broken apart into asteroids and debris during the centuries following the Heresy. Certainly the once ore-rich planet was riddled with mine workings right through to its dead core (in fact the numerous gangers that formed the population may originally have been imported as work teams to maintain the crumbling tunnels), however there is much conjecture that Cthonia was destroyed deliberately.

Since the destruction of their fortress in the Eye of Terror, the Black Legion is no longer based on any particular planet, instead stationed permanently on various spacecraft. They possess a single ancient battle barge from their original fleet, as well as other vessels commandeered or captured over the years. In particular, many Imperial Navy ships that rebelled during the

Horus Heresy now seem to be under Abaddon's command, along with newer vessels he has ordered constructed.

### **Combat doctrine**

The Legion is a flexible fighting force, that can perform well and adapt quickly to any combat situation. It was trained to respond sharply and decisively to the tactical orders of its Warmaster and consequently the chain of command within the Legion was very efficient. This suffered significantly during the early years of exile when the Legion was leaderless, but Abaddon has done much to restore discipline, mainly through fear and horrendous violence inflicted on those that displease him. Horus' favoured doctrine of 'tearing the throat out of the enemy' by eliminating their high command in a swift strike, remains a well-used tactic.

### **Organisation**

After the death of Horus, proper structure within the squads and companies disintegrated, and their later dispersal in various spacecraft further fragmented the Legion. Now warbands of virtually any size and composition can be found following Black Legion Champions – ranking officers from older times or newly emerged leaders who have won favour through their violent deeds. At times, such warbands rally together under the banner of a greater Champion or even Abaddon himself, for a major raid or incursion into the hated Imperium. However, loyalty to differing Chaos gods often leads to internal politics and conflict. Possession by Daemons is still considered highly favourable, and many members of the Legion have the honour of being hosts.

### **Beliefs**

The overriding belief of the Legion prior to the Warmaster's demise was in the ultimate superiority of Horus and themselves. In continually seeking to prove themselves as the greatest Legion, they did indeed achieve most in terms of sheer numbers of worlds brought into the Imperial fold prior to the Heresy. Their defeat and exile was a crushing blow to the collective ego of the Legion. It has taken all the strength of character of their new commander, Abaddon, to restore the Legion's sense of pride and refocus on their ultimate goal – to overthrow everything which the false emperor of Mankind created.

### **Gene-seed**

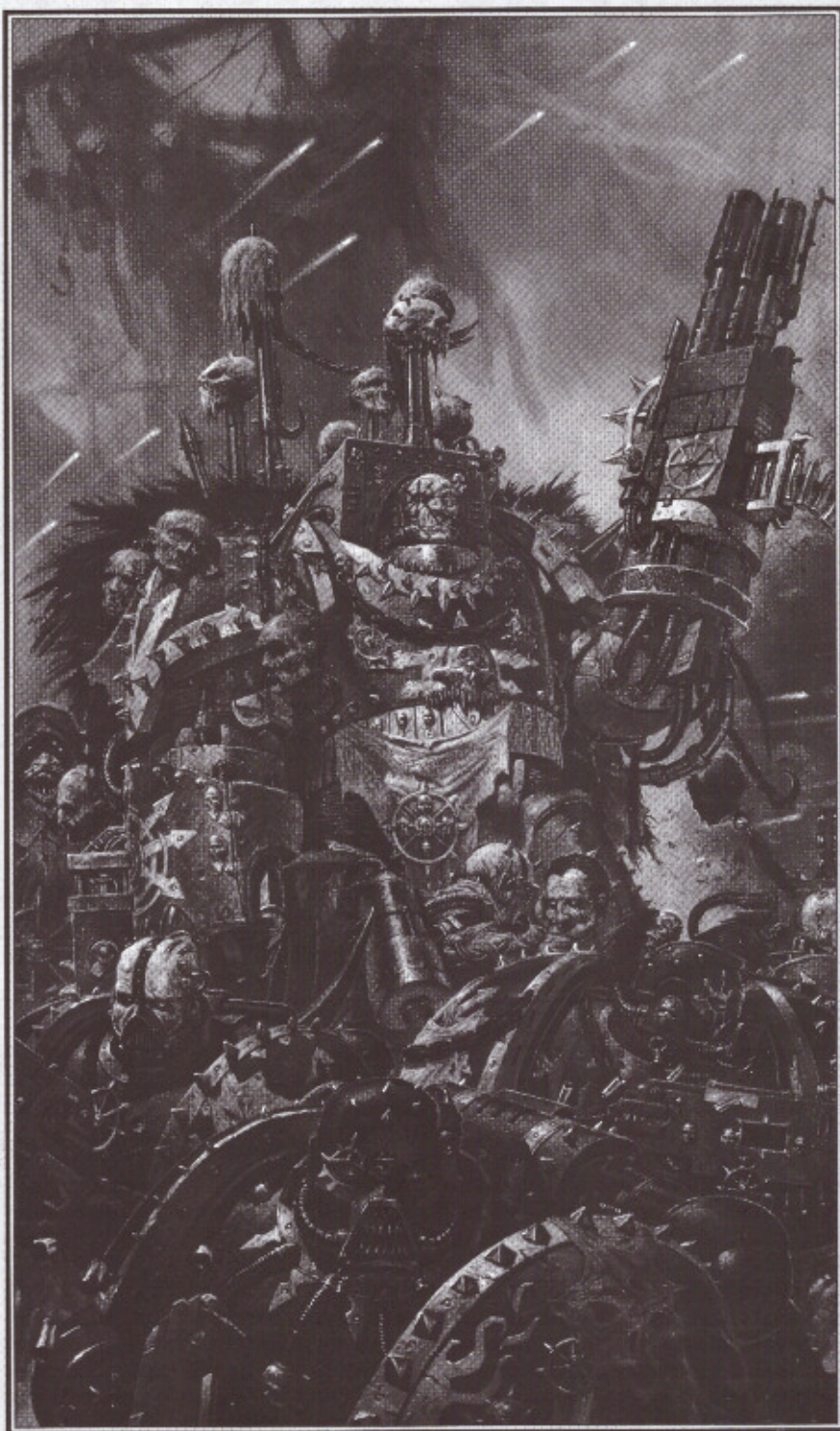
The Legion's gene-seed, prior to the incident on Davin, was reliably pure. However, following their corruption by Chaos, Space Marines started to exhibit random mutations, and it is likely that this taint goes right down to the gene-seed level. The regular practice of seeking Daemonic possession may also have accelerated the effect. However, such mutations are seen as

a mark of favour from the Chaos deities and are generally displayed with pride.

### **Battle-cry**

Up until the destruction of Horus' body: "For the Warmaster!"

Following this event, the various warbands each use their own battle-cries. Warbands fighting for Abaddon use: "We are returned!"





## ABADDON THE DESPOILER

by Graham McNeill

**Leader of the apocalyptic Black Crusades and destroyer of worlds, Abaddon the Despoiler has caused the death of untold billions throughout the Gothic Sector and beyond.**

It is said that the name of the Despoiler is a curse that blights the lips of those who speak it, bringing ill fortune and misery upon the poor unfortunate who gave voice to that damned name. It is not for nothing that Abaddon's name carries such power, for he was once a favoured servant of the Emperor before being cast down into the depths of madness and hatred. Once, Abaddon carried the Emperor's light to the darkest corners of the galaxy, bringing fire and steel to those who would not accept the manifest destiny of Mankind to rule the stars. Many thousands of years ago, Abaddon was a captain in the Luna Wolves, one of the greatest Legions of the Emperor's armies, but he treacherously betrayed their master and plunged Mankind into one of the most destructive wars ever to tear at the galaxy. Now that once-proud champion has sunk into an inescapable morass of bitterness, hatred and obsession.

The Luna Wolves fell under the command of the Primarch Horus, first among the Emperor's sons, and Abaddon commanded the First Company of the legion. Abaddon was a mighty hero and a warrior almost without peer. He marched at the forefront of the Emperor's Great Crusade, liberating world after world from alien oppression or the corruption of Chaos, and records of his feats of bravery and heroism filled entire halls of the legion's Librarius. He revered Horus as a god, venerating him above all others, and Horus, in turn, treated Abaddon as a favoured son, bestowing upon him all manner of honours and plaudits. It was even rumoured by some, perhaps jealous of Horus' favour, that Abaddon was in fact his clone-son, the result of the earliest primogenitor experiments. The truth of these rumours was never proven and whether even Abaddon himself knows is a secret kept only by him.

### **THE HORUS HERESY**

As the Great Crusade continued, it seemed as though nothing could halt the expansion of the Emperor's realm and after the Luna Wolves' successes in the Ullanor Campaign, the Emperor declared it to be the greatest victory

yet achieved by any of his Primarchs. He bestowed the title Warmaster upon Horus and renamed the legion the Sons of Horus, in honour of its Primarch. He then bade him return to Terra to receive his battle honours. What happened next has been so clouded by myth and outright falsehood that the truth of the matter is unlikely ever to be known. For unknown reasons, the Warmaster Horus turned to Chaos and rebelled against the Emperor's rule while en route to Terra, beginning what historians have chosen to call the Horus Heresy. Whole swathes of the Imperial armed forces sided with Horus, from the Navy, divisions of the Collegia Titanica, factions of the Adeptus Mechanicus and entire regiments of the Imperial Guard. Even worse, a full nine Legions of Space Marines joined the Heresy, pitting brother against brother in a galaxy-wide civil war.

Abaddon was instrumental in the rebellion, tearing down what he had helped to build in the Great Crusade, smashing down the statues of the Emperor and defiling his temples in the name of his new masters, the gods of Chaos. The name of Abaddon became a byword for betrayal, second only to that of his Primarch, as the Sons of Horus advanced relentlessly towards Terra, defeating every foe that stood before them.

The fall of Horus is one of the greatest legends of the Imperium of Mankind and its telling would take many volumes of greater size than this. Suffice to say that the rebellion faltered at the cusp of victory when the Emperor took the fight to Horus on his own battle barge and, in a battle of such titanic proportions that only the most gifted storytellers may attempt its retelling, bested his once-favourite son. Fighting on another part of the mighty vessel, it is said that Abaddon felt the psychic backlash of his master's death and that the trauma of this calamitous event pushed Abaddon deeper into the pits of grief and madness than any mortal being should ever sink. Enraged with a deathly fury, Abaddon hacked and slaughtered his way to the bridge of the Warmaster's flagship, cutting down those Imperial warriors who yet remained on the vessel. He reclaimed the body of the fallen Horus, tearing the Warmaster's lightning claw from

his wrist and taking it for his own as a symbol of Horus' legacy. His howl of anguish echoed through the Immaterium, and the forces fighting below on Terra suddenly knew that their cause was lost.

As the Chaos forces withdrew from Terra and their fleets fled into the depths of space, Abaddon took command of the Warmaster's battle barge and escaped to the Eye of Terror in the galactic northwest. The scale of Abaddon's fury knew no bounds and entire systems were ravaged in his bitter flight from Imperial forces. Before he could be stopped, Abaddon's ship vanished into the Eye of Terror and disappeared from Imperial space, and many hoped that this would be the last of him. But the powers of Chaos are mindful of those pawns that may yet serve them and Abaddon was to return, many years later, more powerful than ever, at the head of his first 'Black Crusade'.

### THE DESPOILER

Abaddon returned at the head of a vast army, laying waste to entire regions of space around the Eye of Terror in a devastating crusade that almost managed to break through into Imperial space. The noble champion of Humanity that Abaddon had once been had vanished forever, swallowed by the dark powers of Chaos, and he destroyed without mercy, killing every living thing before him. Where Horus had failed, he vowed that he would one day succeed. He would see the galaxy burn. And but for the combined might of the Imperial Titan Legions and several Chapters of Space Marines, he would have succeeded. Abaddon was driven back to the Eye of Terror, bringing to an end the first of his Black Crusades, but it would not be long until he returned. Each time Abaddon brought death and destruction on a massive scale to the Imperium, he made unnumbered pacts with the diabolic entities of the Warp in return for power beyond imagining. Led by a monstrous, golden messenger, Abaddon discovered the daemon weapon Drach'nyen beneath the Tower of Silence on Uralan and became nigh unstoppable.

The Chaos gods lavished unspeakable and inhuman strength upon their champion, investing him with powers beyond mortal ken, and he repaid them in blood. At El'Phanor, his forces assaulted the Citadel of the Kromarch; a fastness

built with all the cunning its designers could muster. It was pierced with but a single portal, a mighty gate of adamantium, fully three metres thick, but Abaddon cared not. He boasted that he would feast on the Kromarch's kin and led the charge of the gate himself. The Citadel was a masterpiece of military engineering and barely one in ten of Abaddon's warriors survived to reach the gate. To either side, enemy weapons prevented their retreat, but Abaddon laughed, raising his sword wreathed in black flames high above his head and smote the gate a blow that smashed it to splinters and shook the very foundations of the citadel. As Abaddon had promised, he and his warriors feasted upon the Kromarch.

On the bloody fields of Mackan, Abaddon sought out the Blood Angels and repaid them for the part

they played in the downfall of Horus. Leading a charge of berserk warriors towards the dug-in positions of the Sons of Sanguinius' heavy weapon squads, Abaddon and his warriors charged through a storm of gunfire that should surely have seen them all slain. But Abaddon clawed his way across the Blood Angels' barricades unharmed and he and his few surviving Berzerkers tore the beating hearts from their enemies' chests. When the inevitable counter-attack struck, the victorious Abaddon fought with such tenacity and ferocity that the Blood Angels were unable to reclaim the fallen bodies of their battle brothers. Abaddon had special reason to hate the Blood Angels – now they had one to hate him.



# Index Astartes

## First Founding



## DARK APOSTLES

The Word Bearers  
Space Marine Legion

by Graham McNeill  
& Jeffrey Arp

While the vast majority of Chaos Space Marines are known for their unyielding bitterness towards the Imperium of Man, there are few who could match the depths of hatred of the Word Bearers. Armed with zealous faith in Chaos in all its myriad forms, the Word Bearers waged an unholy war against Man even before the Horus Heresy erupted.

Lorgar, Primarch of the Word Bearers Legion of Space Marines, was known as one of the most scrupulous and dedicated followers of the Imperial Cult. His zeal in persecuting the enemies of the Emperor was almost unmatched by any of his brother Primarchs and many were those who felt him to be the most devoted of the Primarchs. It was on the world of Colchis that his character was to be formed, one of the first worlds settled in Mankind's exploration of the stars. Its continental masses were dotted with strange, crumbling edifices, and no amount of exploration and research could fathom their purpose. Explorators at the time of the Great Crusade put the date of its first settlements somewhere around the 16th Millennium, though it is impossible to be certain. Imperial scholars and historians believe that the world of Colchis was once highly advanced technologically, but fell into anarchy during the turbulent time known as the Age of Strife and that its population regressed to the level of a feudal society.

Few records remain of the society that arose from the ashes of the Age of Strife, save those penned by Lorgar himself, and these are sealed in the deepest vaults of the Library Sanctus on Terra. Various fragments of these records are reproduced in the *Speculum Historiale*, the exhaustive history of the Great Crusade penned by the historian Carpinus. In his description of Colchis, Carpinus tells of a caste of priests calling themselves the Covenant who rebuilt the shattered society of Colchis on the promise that a great leader would one day come to deliver them from the darkness their world had descended into. With harsh religious observance, the Covenant's strict dogma became a gigantic, monolithic belief structure that permeated every facet of daily life on Colchis. Of Lorgar's coming, Carpinus speaks of a fiery comet smashing into the foremost temple of the Covenant bearing the infant Primarch, while Lorgar himself often made oblique references to his 'pilgrimage' to Colchis. Another tale tells of the arrival of a strange, golden-

skinned child at the doors of the Covenant's largest temple, asking to be schooled in their ways. The child was taken into the temple and given the name Lorgar, growing to manhood within its walls and quickly mastering the many tenets and codes of faith imposed by the Covenant. The truth of the matter will, in all likelihood, never be known, and though the answers may lie in the blasted words of the *Liber Malum*, its pages must never again be opened.

However it came to pass, Lorgar became a devout member of the Covenant, taking fiery words of faith to every corner of the globe, where the power of his oratory and charisma won him many supporters. He rose rapidly through the ranks and though the people of Colchis loved him, he had enemies within the Covenant who grew jealous of his popularity and challenge to their power. The *Speculum Historiale* speaks of a tale told by Lorgar to Konrad Curze, Primarch of the Night Lords, during the victory celebrations on Boraint following the defeat of the Arch-Heretic of Dulorth. Lorgar spoke of strange dreams and visions that afflicted him in his early years. In them he saw a mighty warrior in gleaming armour with a helm of bronze and a shining sword. A giant in blue robes with but a single, unblinking eye stood behind him, speaking of his lord's coming to Colchis and that Lorgar must be ready for him. Lorgar was convinced that this mighty warrior was the divine leader the Canticles of the Covenant had promised and, at the urging of Kor Phaeron, his closest friend, began spreading the word that their god would soon be amongst them. People flocked to hear his words and waves of popular support followed Lorgar wherever he preached. This was the opportunity Lorgar's enemies within the Covenant had been waiting for and they denounced him as a heretic, fearing the threat to the status quo and their power.

Lorgar's supporters rallied round him, fighting and killing the soldiers of the Covenant who came to arrest him. Lorgar himself fought with strength and passion for his cause, and each

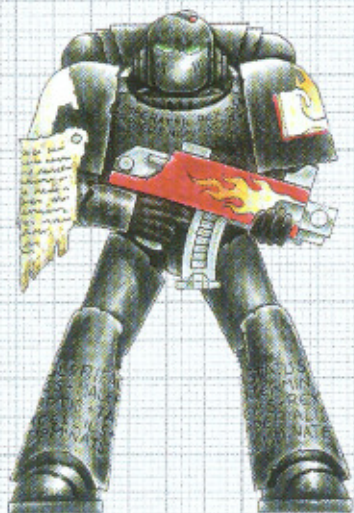
time the Covenant's warriors came for him, he slew them. His enemies had vastly underestimated the depth of belief in Lorgar's words and the Covenant split into two factions, each deeply opposed to the other's belief, and each believing that only they could save their people. A holy war of horrific proportions erupted, with more and more of the population forced to choose sides as the battles grew larger and spread across the planet. For six years the fighting raged across Colchis and many were the atrocities

carried out in the name of holy righteousness. Lorgar's supporters were outnumbered, but they were led by a Primarch, and his strength and power were beyond compare. Lorgar fought many battles, learning the ways of war with astounding rapidity. His inspired words roused his armies to undreamed of heights of courage and devotion, binding them to the promise of their saviour's coming, and the priests of the Covenant could do nothing to stop him. Eventually, Lorgar led his people to victory, storming the

temple he had trained in and killing all the priests within. With the end of the war, the people awaited the arrival of the divine being promised by Lorgar, and less than a year after the final battle, a mighty, sky-borne vessel descended to the temple on a trail of fire. The Apocrypha of Skaros tells that the Emperor and Magnus the Red descended to Colchis with two squads of Thousand Sons Space Marines, to meet its mighty war leader. Lorgar dropped to one knee, immediately recognising the Emperor from his

Inquisitor Axiom Level 6 size 1000x1000 and 600x600

Word Bearers, Progenitor Legion M31



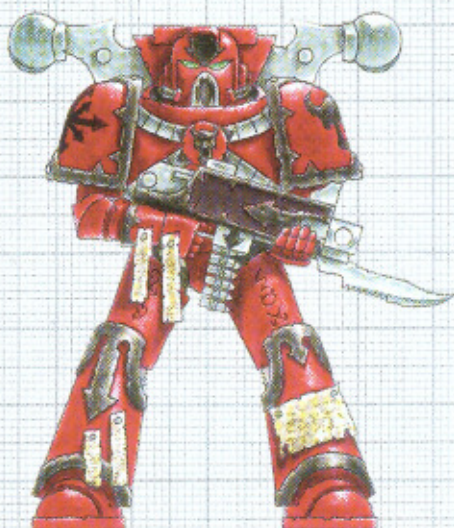
Pre-Heresy Word Bearers colour scheme



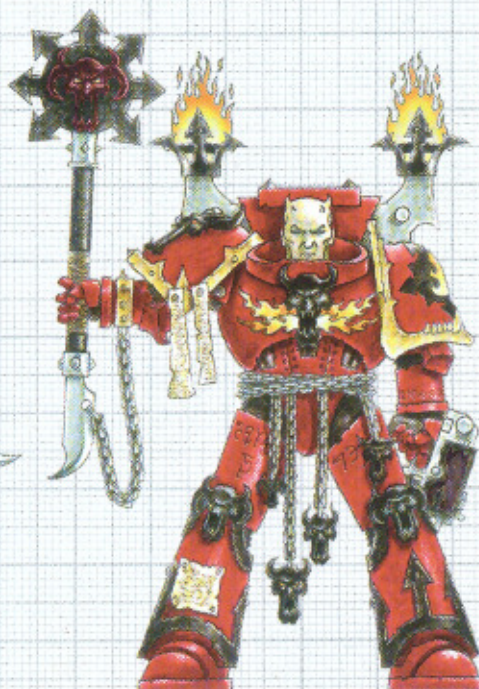
Tractor Word Bearers symbol



Auto reactive shoulder plates incorporating legion symbols



Word Bearers colour scheme



Word Bearers Chaplain ["Dark Apostle"]



Word Bearers helmet variants



Power fist featuring blasphemous iconography

Thought for the day: Only death is a true test of faith.



visions, and swore his undying fealty to him. Under Lorgar's rule, every facet of the Covenant's belief structure was devoted to the worship of the Emperor and the population of Colchis rejoiced, united behind their new and wondrous god.

The elaborate celebrations and pious displays of devotion lasted for many months, and recent translations of some of the more obscure passages within the *Speculum Historiale* infer that the delays enforced on the Great Crusade by the lengthy shows of fealty Lorgar offered chafed at the Emperor, who wished to resume the conquest of the galaxy as swiftly as possible. These same scholars cite later events in the Great Crusade as further proof of this, though others point out Carpinus' revisionist tendencies and claim that such interpretations are based on the venerable historian's hindsight. At the conclusion of the celebrations the Emperor offered Lorgar command of the Word Bearers and bade him take his best and bravest warriors to become Space Marines for his praetorian guard. Lorgar accepted the honour the Emperor offered him and decreed that he would leave Colchis and take his place at the Emperor's side. He appointed faithful followers to minister to his people in his absence, garbed himself in his battle gear and departed with the Emperor and Magnus.

Lorgar led his Legion throughout the glory years of the Great Crusade, setting out to eradicate and destroy all forms of blasphemy and heresy that threatened the Emperor's realm. All manner of ancient scrolls, books, artworks and icons were burned and smashed before the advancing ranks of the Legion. In their place, vast monuments and cathedrals, all dedicated to the Emperor, were erected upon the mounds of dead of those who had resisted conversion. The greatest Chaplains of the Legions produced enormous works on the divinity and righteousness of the Emperor, and Lorgar himself delivered countless speeches and sermons, converting millions to the Emperor with his words alone.

The progress of the Word Bearers was slow, but complete. None escaped the crozius or the bolter. Entire worlds were scoured of the living for their refusal to submit to the will of the Emperor. When the Emperor took note of Lorgar's slow advance across the stars, he personally reproached his

## THE PURGING OF FORTREA QUINTUS

The world of Fortrea Quintus had been isolated from Imperial rule for several centuries, and when the leading edges of the Great Crusade reached the frontier of their system, the planet's monarchy was unwilling to submit itself to Imperial rule and had the Emperor's representatives executed. The Word Bearers were the nearest Legion, though were already heavily engaged in fighting Orks in the Chairak Nebula. Lorgar despatched two thousand warriors to Fortrea Quintus with orders that the planet be pacified within three months. The Word Bearers quickly established positions on the planet and found the populace to be living in abject poverty, while the corrupt and ruthless monarchy grew fat off their labours. A well-trained and disciplined army defended the planet's rulers, equipped with advanced weaponry and war-machines. Under the command of Captain Jarulek, the Word Bearers steadily pushed their enemies back, their captain rousing the populace with stirring speeches and fiery oratory. In ever-increasing numbers, the people of Fortrea Quintus joined Jarulek's march until his army numbered more than a million.

A month after the Word Bearers had landed, Captain Jarulek, together with his millions of new followers, launched his attack on the planetary ruler's last bastion, the Palace of Light. The casualties amongst the populace were horrendous, thousands dying every minute as they charged the defended walls, armoured bastions and labyrinthine trench systems of the main gates armed with little more than pistols and spears. As the carnage continued at the main palace gates, the Word Bearers attacked on another front, catching the defenders off guard and striking for the heart of the palace. Nothing could stand before them and Jarulek himself captured the planet's ruler, throwing him to the blood-maddened survivors of the battle at the gates. Fully 90% of the people who had joined Jarulek's march were dead, while barely a handful of Word Bearers had been killed. Following the victory, Jarulek began indoctrinal teachings among the populace and when Adepts of the Ministorum arrived to bring the word of the Emperor to Fortrea Quintus, they were horrified by the Word Bearers' careless use of the populace, but found the people as well versed in the faith of the Imperium as any loyal world could be.

[Historical note: Fortrea Quintus was later cleansed by the Blood Angels after the planet sided with Horus during the Heresy and the citizenry rose up to slaughter their Imperial leaders. It is widely believed that the Word Bearers corrupted the populace on the planet's initial capture.]

Primarch. He informed Lorgar that his purpose was not for faith, but for battle. The true mission of the Space Marines was to re-conquer and unify the galaxy under the banner of Imperium, not to waste precious time and resources in vast displays of fealty and piety.

Lorgar was stunned. Upon returning to his personal battleship, the *Fidelitas Lex*, the Primarch refused to speak to any of his lieutenants or chaplains. He removed his power armour and wore nothing but sackcloth, his golden skin greased with ash, his hair torn and dishevelled. He mourned the Emperor's command for a month, and the Legion of the Word Bearers stood idle and silent within the depths of space, waiting for a command, any command, to be issued by their Primarch.

The Master of Mankind did not remain ignorant of Lorgar's reaction. The Emperor was on the verge of once again reprimanding his tardy Primarch when news came that the Legion had suddenly renewed its campaign. Worlds now fell before the Word Bearers like ripe grain. The assaults were quick and devastating; no longer did Lorgar offer redemption or salvation to those he set his Legion against. The embittered Primarch offered only the sword, and in his wrath the holocausts were unnumbered. Pleased with what he saw as progress, the Emperor turned his eyes towards other matters. What he could not know is that he had already been betrayed.

The Word Bearers were the first Legion to be fully corrupted by Chaos. While it is true that Horus was the first of the Primarchs to be tainted, and his

## KOR PHAERON - MASTER OF THE FAITH

Kor Phaeron was Lorgar's spiritual advisor on Colchis and the Primarch valued his counsel above all others. When the visions of the Emperor's arrival on Colchis plagued the young Primarch, it was Kor Phaeron who pressed him to take his prophecies to the people. First amongst Lorgar's followers, Kor Phaeron followed the Primarch through all his battles against the Covenant, lending him spiritual strength when it seemed there was no end in sight to the wars. Upon his elevation to a Space Marine, Kor Phaeron became Lorgar's second in command, leading the First Company of the Word Bearers. Even in a legion of zealots, Kor Phaeron stood out, and it was inevitable the Legion's chaplains would pick him for further devotional training. Immersed in religious study, Kor Phaeron's zeal rose to new heights and the warriors he led fought with ferocity unmatched by any of their brethren. Kor Phaeron advanced quickly through the Chaplaincy, the speed of his assimilation of holy texts beyond all mortal comprehension.

But a man such as Kor Phaeron should never have become a Space Marine. His ambition for power had led him as a child to the Covenant, and thence to Lorgar. As the Word Bearers sat becalmed in deep space, following the Emperor's rebuke of Lorgar's slow advance, it was Kor Phaeron who first gave voice to the idea that if the Emperor would not accept their worship, there were other beings in the galaxy who would. Kor Phaeron understood Lorgar's need for acceptance and he knew that the powers of Chaos turned no-one away. Kor Phaeron's quest for power had now led him to Chaos and as Lorgar brooded over the Emperor's reproach, Kor Phaeron worked subtle manipulations and whispered appeals to Lorgar's pride, slowly poisoning the Primarch against his former master.

Kor Phaeron became Master of the Faith and began the process of corrupting the entire Legion. With Lorgar embracing Chaos with gusto, it was not long before the Word Bearers were wholly dedicated to the Ruinous Powers. As before, Kor Phaeron was Lorgar's spiritual advisor and led contingents of the Word Bearers in some of their most devastating battles of the Horus Heresy. He was eventually defeated by the Ultramarines on Calth and forced to flee to the Maelstrom. The Ultramarines claim to have destroyed his battle barge in an engagement on the fringes of the Maelstrom, but such a claim is impossible to verify in this volatile region of space. However, the number of cults and uprisings believed to have been instigated by the Word Bearers in regions surrounding the Maelstrom makes it increasingly likely that Kor Phaeron survived and continues his evil calling to this day.

Sons of Horus were the first Legion to openly rebel, in truth it was the Word Bearers who were the first to fully embrace Chaos as an entire Legion. When the Emperor rebuked Lorgar's shows of devotion, the Primarch turned his gaze towards gods who would be more worthy of his dedication. In Chaos, Lorgar found what he was searching for. Beyond all mortal comprehension, the gods of Chaos welcomed, even demanded, worship. As such, they were initially generous with Lorgar, as his devotion to gods that accepted his worship unquestioningly was second to none. Lorgar's ego, however, would not allow him to become any single god's champion, instead preferring to worship Chaos in its myriad, infinite forms. The Word Bearers came to worship Chaos as a pantheon of countless gods and goddesses, dark

princes and ethereal powers that writhed and seethed in the haunted depths of the Immaterium.

Lorgar would later say that as he turned his faith to Chaos, a veil lifted from his eyes and he was able to see the Emperor for what he was; not his god at all, but an irreverent man who had failed to grasp that what Humanity needed above all else was religious domination, that could only be provided by godlike beings such as himself. The resultant submission and fealty to Chaos would allow Mankind to stave off the countless alien hordes that sought to overwhelm and destroy the young Imperium. At first, the Legion kept their new faith secret, unaware that Chaos had already tainted many of their brethren. Once Horus openly defied the Emperor, and his Legion renounced all ties to

Imperial authority, the Word Bearers openly cast their lot with the side of Chaos. The second Legion to spit on their oaths of loyalty, the Word Bearers, soon set upon the Legion they had come to despise the most, the Legion of Roboute Guilliman, the Ultramarines.

While the Emperor had chastised the Word Bearers, they watched with jealous hearts as he championed the Ultramarines as his finest warriors. When the Heresy erupted and the shackles of loyalty were cast off, the Word Bearers set upon the Sons of Ultramar with unbridled hatred. The Ultramarines were initially stunned, and Lorgar was able to push them back to Ultramar, the region of space that the Ultramarines govern and defend. It was upon the world of Calth that the final battle would take place. Famed for its orbital shipyards, Calth was a typical world of Ultramar. Its inhabitants were wealthy and generous, knowing little in the ways of want or fear. In many ways, theirs was a paradise, and as such it was not to last.

When the Word Bearers launched their attack against the Ultramarines, the strike against Calth was led by one of Lorgar's greatest champions, the former Master of the Faith, Kor Phaeron. This mighty champion swore to utterly destroy the planet, and was very nearly successful. From his personal battle barge, now renamed *Infidus Imperator*, Kor Phaeron directed a full-scale invasion of the Calth System. Calth's three sister planets were all destroyed, massive geo-nuclear strikes ripping them apart at the core. Its once gentle sun was laced with deadly metals and substances that increased the star's radiation output tenfold. Within a century after the Heresy's end, the final elements of Calth's atmosphere were burned off, the world left airless, its populace now dwelling in gigantic underground caverns. Upon its surface, the Word Bearers fought the Ultramarines to a standstill. The traitors held superiority in numbers, weaponry and brutality, but the Ultramarines would never give in. As driven as the warriors of Lord Kor Phaeron were, they could not dislodge the Ultramarines, many of whom had once called the planet home.

The war upon Calth was devastating and horrific. Ancient codes of warfare and martial conduct were broken and set aside by the Word Bearers as all

manner of death and destruction was unleashed. The Ultramarines were stunned by the millions of cultists the Word Bearers used as human shields and disgusted by the hordes of daemons unleashed as shock troops. The Word Bearers, in turn, had underestimated the tenacity and resolve of their hated foe. In the end, Lord Kor Phaeron was defeated when reinforcements from Macragge drove the Word Bearers from the surface of Calth. Kor Phaeron retreated all the way to the Maelstrom, a turbulent region of the galaxy where the Immaterium of Chaos seeps through into the material realm of the universe. The Ultramarines were victorious, and their leader, Brother Captain Ventanus, would one day set foot upon a broken Colchis, symbolically capturing the abandoned home world of the Legion that had once threatened to enslave Ultramar.

While Kor Phaeron set his men upon Calth, Lorgar was leading the rest of the Legion against Terra. The horrors of the battles there were beyond the comprehension of mortal beings and fill many vaults of the Library Sanctus. Lorgar helped smash down the realm of the master he had once served with the fanaticism of a zealot. Suffice to say, Horus was defeated, and the legions of Chaos were forced to flee. The Word Bearers were also forced to retreat to the Eye of Terror, and there they have remained, returning to the Imperium to raid, pillage, and destroy, awaiting the chance to reclaim what was once theirs.

As time passed and the atrocities carried out in the name of Lorgar rose to new heights, he was rewarded by his patrons with the gift of daemonhood. Now he truly was the equal of a god, and the birth scream of this newest daemon of Chaos was said by Astropaths to have echoed through the warp with triumphant vindication. From the Daemon-world of Sicarus, Lorgar watches over his Legion, directing its myriad wars and engagements, orchestrating the vast corruption from within that the Imperium suffers at the hands of his innumerable cults and covens. Unlike many of the other Traitor Legions, the Word Bearers have remained a unified, if loosely organised, Legion. Each of Lorgar's champions have become an amalgamation of brutal war leader and divinely inspired preacher of Chaos known as a Dark Apostle. Each is gifted an army

roughly equivalent to a Space Marine Chapter, known as a Host, and these armies have proven to be deadly raiding forces against the Imperium.

From the two primary bases of the Legion, the daemon world Sicarus and the factory-world of Ghalmek, located within the Maelstrom, the Word Bearers launch twisted wars of faith against the Imperium. On each world they attack, they plant the seeds of future corruption and an ever-expanding web of cults. Fortunately for the Imperium, the cults of the Word Bearers compete heavily with those of the Alpha Legion, a rivalry that has spread to the Legions themselves. Though the Alpha Legion and the Word Bearers have united several times to take part in the Black Crusades of Abaddon, they are more usually in states of bitter division and rivalry.

On the worlds they attack, the Word Bearers build huge monuments dedicated to their dark gods, and vast cathedrals are erected where the chants and prayers of the faithful intermingle with the screams of those being sacrificed in the name of Lorgar. The Word Bearers are the only Traitor Legion to still observe codes of religion in the form of their Dark Apostles, and under them have retained a strict regimen of blasphemous prayer and evil devotion that fills much of their time. All Word Bearers are expected to be thoroughly knowledgeable in ritual sacrifice, occult study, and decadent worship. In battle the Word Bearers are zealous in the extreme, marching forward under huge banners dedicated to Chaos in its myriad forms, reciting catechisms as they fight, and slaying the enemy for failing to follow the one true path to righteousness. Their war against the Imperium of Man is total, and it will not end until every icon of the Emperor who betrayed them lies shattered at their feet.

"We killed thousands, yet still they came. A living tide of traitors, herded by armoured giants in red armour like so much cattle into the teeth of our guns, chanting that damnable litany that infests my head still. They waded, knee deep in blood, yet still they came. All to the horrid cadence of pounding drums, a driving beat that stretched the nerves of my men to breaking point, and a droning mindless chant. Yet for all the cruel disregard their masters showed, every traitor died with a beatific smile upon his face..."

"Speak the words of Lorgar and you shall live forever in the glory of Chaos. Speak them not and every one of you shall die today."

Ultimatum made at the gates of Moergh IV prior to its destruction  
by Kor Phaeron

## Homeworld

Colchis was once a technologically advanced world that regressed to a feudal state during the Age of Strife. The arrival of Lorgar brought with it both a blessing and a curse. A blessing because it brought the world into the fold of the Imperium, a curse because his arrival signed the planet's death warrant many hundreds of years later. Under Lorgar's brief rule the planet prospered, but when the Emperor came to Colchis and put Lorgar in command of the Word Bearers, those he left behind allowed the world to fall into decline. When the Ultramarines took the fight to Colchis, they found a devastated world, its industry in ruins and its people clinging desperately to civilisation. Given Lorgar's treachery, the Inquisition ordered the planet to be cleansed and the Ultramarines battle barge, *Octavius*, bombarded Colchis with cyclonic torpedoes. The geological structure of Colchis was highly unstable and the resultant seismic activity split the planet apart. Nothing now remains of Colchis and where it once existed is still a closely guarded secret.

## Combat Doctrine

The Word Bearers follow the words of their Dark Apostles with utter loyalty and faith in battle, and they in turn interpret the will of Lorgar by many and varied means. The means to win a battle may be contained within the entrails of a particular captive, a particular alignment of the stars or the

After action report 3445/rhf/9  
Filed by Colonel Johann Adronia

pattern of cast bones. The Dark Apostles decree how the battle is to be fought and the warriors of the Host obey unquestioningly. Before battle, the Word Bearers gather in ritual prayer, chanting blasphemous hymns and forbidden doctrine to affirm their faith in the power of Chaos. Often these chants will be answered and it is common for the Word Bearers to fight alongside hideous daemonic entities that have made diabolical pacts with the Dark Apostles.

The Word Bearers then raise their damned standards high and march into battle beneath cursed icons, bellowing catechisms and canticles of hatred at their foe as hideous drums beat out a dolorous thunder. The relentless advance of the Word Bearers is a terrifying sight, as the monotonous chant and beat of drums can break even the strongest will. The night before battle, the enemy can hear dark mutterings emanating from all around, echoed in the pounding drums, stretching the nerve and

instilling every man with fear. The unshakeable belief of the Word Bearers that they alone can save the galaxy has seen them marching towards certain death, yet unwilling to take a single step backwards. Any victory won over the Word Bearers is only won at a terrible cost, as their attacks will only ever end when all are dead.

### Organisation

Alone amongst the Legions of Chaos, the Word Bearers maintain a facsimile of their former discipline and faith. That faith has been corrupted beyond all recognition and their discipline now serves darker masters, but their organisation bears a twisted resemblance to their former glory. The various warbands of the Word Bearers, known as Hosts, are scattered throughout the Eye of Terror and the Maelstrom, each led by a mighty champion known as a Dark Apostle. These terrifying warriors fulfil the dual role of chaplain and commander. Veterans of a thousand times a thousand battles, these mighty champions of Chaos are the epitome of a warrior of Chaos. These blood-soaked killers make unspeakable pacts with the entities of the warp, ritually debasing the Crozius Arcanum that was once their symbol of office by binding a daemonic creature within its accursed form. They are a potent reminder that even the most revered champions of the Emperor can fall from grace.

Each Host varies enormously in size, ranging from the equivalent of a Space Marine Battle Company to a rare few that almost equal a Chapter in size. The organisational make-up of each Host differs wildly as well, and can change depending on the whims of the Dark Apostle that leads it. Often they will suddenly alter the hierarchy of their Host for reasons known only to themselves. The reason for these changes has continued to baffle Imperial tacticians, as they often result in unwieldy or tactically inflexible formations that appear to have no battlefield precedent. The Word Bearers themselves accept these changes without question and none dare question the Dark Apostle's methods. The most commonly occurring structure discovered is that roughly equating to a Space Marine company, with the Host broken down into units of about twelve warriors. Each is commanded by a champion of



the Word Bearers who strives to become as devout a war leader as the Dark Apostle in the hope of one day being chosen to succeed him on the occasion of his death.

### **Beliefs**

Rooted in the beliefs of Lorgar himself, the Word Bearers are the heralds of a terrible new age of religious servitude. Only united behind the teachings of a god and offering the obeisance that such a god requires can the masses of Humanity be saved from the perils of alien menace and internal schism. There is only one power in the galaxy worthy of such submission, and that is the dark majesty of Chaos. Each warrior of the Word Bearers is a missionary bringing the darkness of Chaos with them, preaching the one true faith to those that will hear it and exterminating those who will not. Their belief is simple, tread the path of Chaos or die.

### **Gene-seed**

The gene-seed of the Word Bearers was originally thought to be pure, but

events subsequent to the Horus Heresy revealed the weaknesses inherent in their genetic make-up. The Space Marines of the Word Bearers have a marked tendency towards dogged, unquestioning belief and stubbornness that verges on insanity. Since the Heresy, their gene-seed has become corrupted beyond redemption and those negative traits have been magnified to hideous proportions. The Word Bearers do not display a particular tendency towards mutation, though those who are gifted with such blessings of Chaos are much favoured amongst their Host.

### **Battle-cry**

The Word Bearers do not seem to evince any one particular battle cry, favouring instead to march into battle chanting passages from their damned texts over and over. The Host's Dark Apostle chooses the exact passage before the battle, and each warrior chants in time with the beating of great drums, either carried into battle by the Word Bearers themselves, or channelled through the amplifiers on their suits of power armour.

From the fires of betrayal  
Unto the blood of revenge  
We bring the word of Lorgar  
The Bearer of the Word  
The Favoured Son of Chaos  
All praise be given unto him  
For those that would  
not heed  
We offer praise to those  
who do  
That they might turn their  
gaze our way  
And gift us with the  
boon of pain  
To turn the galaxy  
red with blood  
And feed the hunger  
of the gods

Excerpted from the three hundred  
and forty first Book of the  
Epistles of Lorgar



# Index Astartes

## First Founding



## PROMETHEAN WARRIORS

The Salamanders  
Space Marine Chapter

by Graham McNeill  
& Gav Thorpe

As one of the First Founding Chapters, the Salamanders' history goes back to the very birth of the Imperium. Salamanders Space Marines are raised from the populace of Nocturne, a deadly volcanic world. Such a world breeds hardy warriors, strong of constitution and single-minded in purpose – ideal recruits for the Adeptus Astartes.

### Origins

Of all the Emperor's Primarchs, the legend of Vulkan is among the better known tales. The Promethean Opus (source of much Imperial knowledge of Vulkan) tells of a mighty comet blazing a trail of fire across the skies of the world of Nocturne during the Time of Trial, a period of great upheaval when the planet was wracked by massive earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Whether this was indeed the arrival of the Primarch or merely the herald of his arrival, none can say. The world of Nocturne was a harsh, volcanic place, a land of rocky crags and soaring, basalt mountains with little to offer its early colonists save the riches of its vast mineral deposits. For as long as anyone could remember, Eldar pirates had plagued the people of Nocturne, constantly pillaging the small settlements and enslaving their children. As a result Nocturne's people were hardy and practical, with little time for rest or leisure.

It is said in the Promethean Opus that the Primarch was found one morning by a blacksmith named N'bel as he entered the yard of his smithy. Whether as a babe in swaddling clothes or as an infant child is unclear, but the unknown child's presence in a smithy's yard was unusual enough for N'bel to bring him before the ruling council of his settlement. For many of the long, Nocturne years, the wise men had prophesied the arrival of a saviour, a warrior who would come to them from the heavens to rid them of the decadent Eldar. So it was that the people instantly recognised the greatness within the infant that N'bel had found. No one dared claim the Primarch as their own and thus it was decreed that N'bel take the Primarch in as his son and apprentice. The master smith named him Vulkan, after the first king of the salamanders, the giant lizards that roam the volcanic mountains of Nocturne.

Vulkan's growth was extraordinary. Within three years he was bigger and stronger than any man in the settlement, and his mind was sharper than any Nocturne-forged blade. He had rapidly learned all the skills of metalworking taught to him by N'bel, soon surpassing even his adopted father's renowned ability. It was Vulkan who taught the people of Nocturne the most hidden secrets of metals, the mysteries of pattern welding, metal folding, alloys and bonding, improving their already considerable skill at weapon-making and artifice.

The Opus tells that during Vulkan's fourth year, the Eldar came to his town, intent on raiding and pillaging. The people of his settlement had long become used to the Eldar's raids and had devised many ingenious methods of hiding from their attackers. Vulkan declared that he would hide from no-one and, over the pleas of the wise men, stood at the centre of his settlement with his smith's hammers crossed over his shoulders. Stirred by his courage, the men of the settlement rose from their hiding places in attics and cellars to stand beside Vulkan in defiance of their attackers. Vulkan stood at the forefront of the defence and single-handedly slew a hundred Eldar that day, wielding a huge blacksmith's hammer in each hand. The raiders fled from Vulkan's wrath and the story of the town's triumph spread rapidly across Nocturne. Soon the headmen of the seven most important settlements travelled to pay homage to Vulkan, praising him for his example in fighting the Eldar. They swore never again hide in fear, but to face their foes and crush them. It was decided to hold a huge gathering of the people of Nocturne to celebrate this great victory, including a massive contest of skill at arms and craftsmanship.

In a passage of the Opus known simply as 'The Outlander' there is the tale of how Vulkan came to be reunited with the Master of Mankind. It recounts that it was at the opening

ceremony of the celebrations that a stranger appeared at the gates to Vulkan's settlement. All he asked was to be allowed to take part in the contests and, though he would not say where he had come from, he was allowed to compete. His skin was pale and his garb outlandish, though all could see that he was a powerful figure. He announced to the gathered spectators that he could best any man in any contest. The gathered crowds laughed uproariously, believing that none could be more superior in intellect,

physique or skill than their superhuman leader. Vulkan and the stranger wagered that whoever lost was to swear eternal obedience to the victor.

The competitions lasted for eight days and included many feats of strength and endurance. At the anvil lift, even the strongest men could only hold an anvil above their head for an hour and a half, but Vulkan and the stranger carried the heavy anvil aloft for half a day before the judges declared the contest a draw

so that they could proceed to the next event. And so it was that they were almost equally matched in skill and strength. Occasionally one would slightly best the other, but when it came to the start of the final event, the salamander slaying, they were evenly matched. Each had a day and a night to forge a weapon with which to hunt down the largest salamander they could find. Whoever could bring back the heaviest carcass would win the wager and the eternal allegiance of the other.

Chapter Approved. Access Level 6 (wargame-only)

Salamanders, Progenitor Legion M31



Pre-Heresy Salamanders colour scheme



Salamanders colour scheme



Auto-reactive shoulder plate: Tactical squad markings



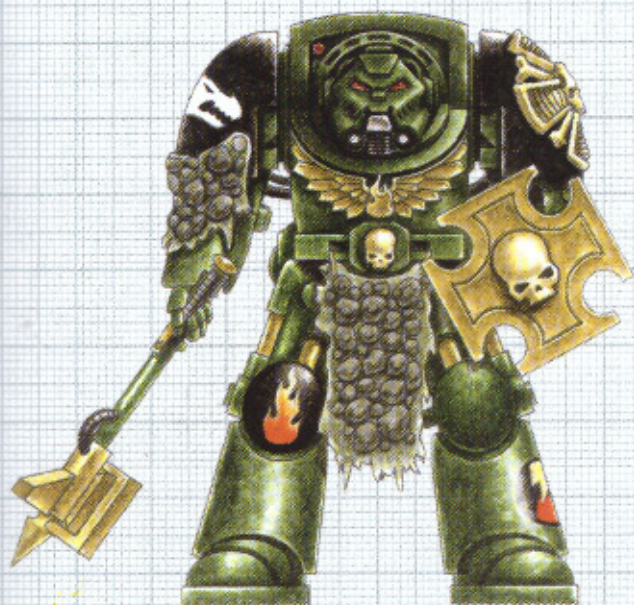
Auto-reactive shoulder plate: Chapter badge iconography



Auto-reactive shoulder plate: Honour Markings



Standard Imperial pattern meltagun (constructed locally)



Salamanders Veteran in Tactical Dreadnought Armour



Symbol of the Salamanders' First Company, the Firedrakes

The ringing of hammers on metal echoed across the volcanic hills for the whole day, neither man pausing for a moment to rest or refresh himself. As the Nocturne sun sank below the mountains, they watched the highest peaks for the fireplumes that gave sign of the giant salamanders. Vulkan boasted that he would climb to the summit of Mount Deathfire, where the largest firedrakes could be found, huge fire-breathing monsters weighing several tons. The stranger nodded in agreement and said that wherever Vulkan went, he would follow.

It is claimed that the two climbed the precipitous mountains with astounding speed, bounding from rock to rock, the stranger carrying a keen-edged blade, Vulkan with his immense silver-headed hammer held ready. They passed from sight, but soon the skies echoed to the clamour of battle, and the flames of the firedrakes licked the clouds of smoke that gathered over the volcanoes. Vulkan was to find his prey first, smashing its armoured head from its shoulders with a mighty sweep of his hammer. Further up the mountain, the stranger spied another, even mightier salamander than Vulkan's conquest and set off in pursuit. As Vulkan carried his prize

back to the settlement, ill fate beset him as Mount Deathfire erupted into violent life, hurling rocks and lava high into the air. He was flung from the edge of a precipice, where he clung for several hours by one hand, the other grimly holding the tail of the dead salamander. Vulkan was determined to keep his prize, no matter the cost. As the mountain continued to erupt, Vulkan knew he could not hold on much longer, yet still he refused to release his grip on the salamander.

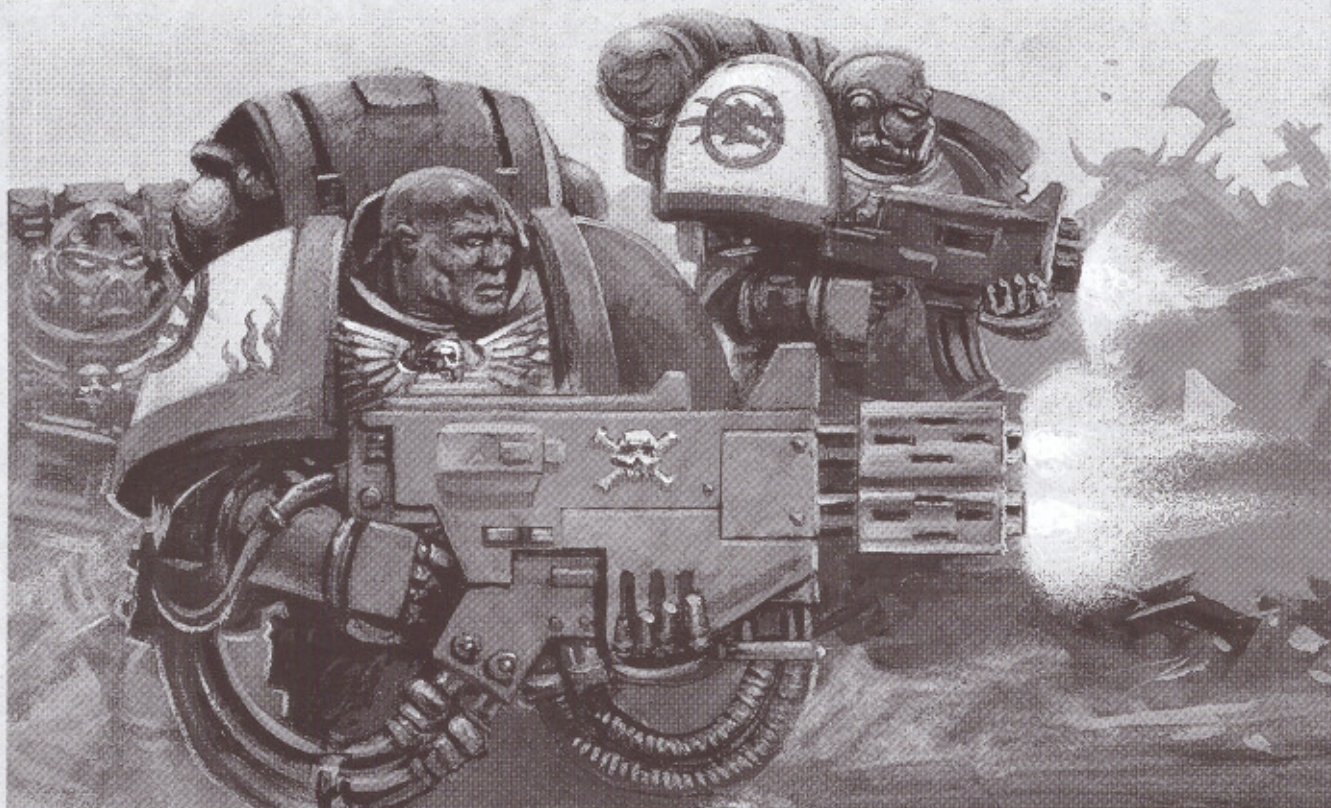
Just as Vulkan's grip was beginning to slip, the stranger appeared, calling his name from the other side of a wide lava flow. Vulkan answered the cry and could see that the stranger's prey was indeed larger than his own. By now even Vulkan's almost endless constitution was growing slim, weakened as he was by over a week of hard contest. His grip was shaking, and yet he was too proud to call for help. But it seemed that the stranger realised the Primarch's peril, and hurled the corpse of his salamander into the lava, making himself a bridge to cross. With great leaps the stranger hurled himself towards Vulkan, hauling the wearied Primarch from the edge of the abyss. Even as Vulkan felt himself being

pulled up by the stranger's strong arms, he saw the salamander's body being consumed by the lava and swept away.

When the two returned to the Primarch's settlement, it was the ruling of the judges that Vulkan had won, for the stranger had returned with no prize at all. The gathered throng cheered heartily, but were silenced by Vulkan. As they watched, he knelt on one knee and bowed his head to the stranger, saying that any man who valued life over pride was worthy of his service. The stranger bade Vulkan stand and threw off the illusion that had disguised his true form, revealing himself to be the Holy Emperor of Mankind. The people of Nocturne fell to their knees in awe and, from that day forth, their world was to become home to the Salamanders Legion, in memory of the mighty beasts that had united the Primarch and his Lord.

### Homeworld

The Salamanders Chapter hails from a binary planetary system in the western reaches of the Ultima Segmentum. The two worlds, Nocturne and its oversized moon



Prometheus, circle each other in an erratic orbit, causing massive tectonic activity across the thin crust of Nocturne. The world is girded by chains of active volcanoes and rent apart by frequent earthquakes. Once every Nocturne year, some fifteen Terran years long, the two worlds approach so closely that Nocturne is almost torn asunder. Known as the Time of Trial, this period is marked by tidal waves sweeping across the rough seas, the ash and smoke from thousands of volcanoes blotting out the dim light of Nocturne's sun, and the ground gripped by constant earthquakes. Towns and villages are thrown into ruin, continents shift and a cold winter envelops the lands for the next quarter of a year, freezing the young and killing the majority of the livestock that can survive the normally harsh and hot climate of the planet.

Some would say that the people of Nocturne are mad to endure such conditions, but over hundreds of generations they have been moulded by their world into a hardy race. And Nocturne's Time of Trials brings great rewards too. The upheavals open up veins of precious gems and metals, uncovering vital ores for smelting. When the lava flows cool, they can be mined for other precious elements, pockets of gas that can be used to power engines, diamonds and other crystals valuable to the Adeptus Mechanicus for lasers and energy transmission systems. And this is how Nocturne survives, by trading its vast mineral wealth with other worlds, using its resources to bring in additional livestock, building materials and the few weapons that the Salamanders Space Marines cannot construct themselves.

The Chapter's fortress-monastery is based upon the giant moon, Prometheus. It is the only settlement on Prometheus and is little more than a spaceport linked to an orbital dock where the Chapter's strike cruisers and battle barges can be refitted and restocked. When not at war, the Chapter's warriors spend most of their time on Prometheus or living amongst the inhabitants of Nocturne. The Salamanders maintain very close links with their home world, mingling with the people rather than living aloof as many other Chapters do. The Salamanders are

## THE THIRD WAR FOR ARMAGEDDON

When Chazghkull launched his new offensive against the Imperial forces on Armageddon, the Salamanders were one of the first Chapters to respond, sending a full six Companies to combat the Orks, including Chapter Master Tu'Shan personally leading his Firedrakes. The Salamanders launched several counter-attacks against the rock-forts landed by the Orks along the Hemlock River. Preferring the close-quarter fighting within the maze of crudely carved tunnels within the Roks to the long-range duels in the desert, the Salamanders made the Orks pay a high price for their audacity. By the start of the Season of Fire, at least nine Roks were destroyed by the Salamanders' attacks, killing untold thousands of Greenskins.

The Salamanders fought extensively throughout the campaign to protect the civilian population of Armageddon, unlike a number of other Chapters. Indeed it is rumoured that Tu'Shan himself came to blows with Captain Vinoyard of the Marines Malevolent after it became known that his men had shelled a refugee camp while there were Orks within the perimeter. The majority of the Salamanders departed Armageddon following the Season of Fire, with only two companies remaining to protect the major population centres. A squad of the Chapter Master's own Firedrakes also left for Baal with the Blood Angels as an honour guard for the fallen Captain Tycho. The Chapter's Techmarines have been instrumental in repairing and rebuilding the infrastructure required to maintain such a vast amount of people and it is certain that they have saved many thousands of lives with these vital, but often overlooked duties.

the settlements' leaders, a source of inspiration and guidance for the Nocturne populace, and it is as much this position of authority and respect that young aspirants crave as the chance to become a legendary warrior of the Emperor.

Recruitment starts very young for the Salamanders, with a hopeful coming to work as an apprentice to a Salamander at the age of six or seven Terran years. They will then spend several more years learning the skills of the smith, as Vulkan did in his early life. From these apprentices, the most able will then be judged by the Chapter's Apothecaries and Chaplains and the worthy will be taken to Prometheus to undergo the bio-surgery required to make them into Space Marines. At various points in their adaptation and training, the young Scouts must endure the same trials and tests that Vulkan and the Emperor competed in, their final initiation culminating in them hunting down a salamander and slaying it.

### Combat Doctrine

The Salamanders follow normal Space Marine tactical and strategic dogma, with a slight variation to compensate for their own physical and mental traits. They have a

preference for close-ranged firefights, using many melta and flamer weapons to smash armoured foes and burn whole swathes of lighter troops.

Coming from a society that places great prestige in craftsmanship and which has high regard for artisans, the Salamanders have access to, and can maintain, highly sophisticated forms of technology. This is most evident in the numbers of Terminators in their armies, as well as a greater proportion of artificer armour and master-crafted weaponry and is supplemented by regular trade with the Adeptus Mechanicus, made possible by Nocturne's abundant mineral resources.

### Organisation

The Salamanders Chapter organisation was laid down when Vulkan swore allegiance to the Emperor. Each Company was founded from the seven greatest settlements of Nocturne, each commanded by a Captain from that settlement. This organisation is still true today, although ever since the disappearance of Vulkan some thousand years after the Legion's Founding, the Captain of the First Company has been given the role of

Chapter Master. This position is considered a regency by the Salamanders, who believe that one day Vulkan will return to lead the Chapter in a great campaign to conquer Chaos.

Each Company is slightly larger than a standard Codex Company, and squads were reorganised following Roboute Guilliman's writing of the Codex Astartes after the Great Heresy. The conditions on Nocturne are not conducive to training for high speed attack or using the anti-grav engines of Land Speeders, so the Chapter employs relatively few of these specialised fast attack units. The Apocrypha of Skaros lists the Salamander's Scout Company as one of the smallest known in any Chapter; the sparse population of Nocturne and the Salamanders' slow but meticulous selection process giving a low turnaround of new recruits.

The First Company is treated as a warrior cadre within the Headquarters itself, and forms the personal guard of the Chapter Master. They are known as the Firedrakes, after the largest of the salamander lizards that roam Nocturne. To enter the First Company, a warrior must be nominated by his Captain for the honour, and then must prove that such faith was well founded by slaying a firedrake. The Hall of the Firedrakes in the Chapter Monastery on Prometheus is hung with the hides from Firedrake salamanders slain as part of this trial.

### **Beliefs**

The beliefs of the Salamanders are governed by the Promethean cult, which places great emphasis on self-reliance, loyalty and self-sacrifice. Much of this stems from the lessons learnt while training as a smith –

patience with relentless determination are highly valued mental characteristics.

The hammer and fire are important symbols in the teaching of the Promethean cult. Ritual scarring by branding and burning is commonplace amongst the battle brothers of the Salamanders, and trials of walking over burning coals and carrying red-hot metal bars are held frequently.

### **Gene-seed**

As far as can be ascertained, the Salamanders' gene-seed appears to be stable and as yet uncorrupted. The reflexes of Salamanders Space Marines are not as fast as those of other Chapters, although still quick when suited in power armour. However, it is unknown whether this is due to a defect in the gene-seed, a result of their high gravity world, or comes about from the Chapter's doctrines against hastiness and impetuosity.

The Salamanders have never been great in number and were the smallest of the First Founding Legions. Perhaps it is for this reason that there seem to have been no Second Founding successor Chapters formed from the Salamanders, whilst the other Legions were broken down into several smaller fighting forces. Others point to the disaster at Istvaan V as reason for the lack of Second Founding Chapters (as many scholars believe the Salamanders to have been present at this infamous massacre). It is a matter of debate whether there have been Successor Chapters during subsequent Foundings, although it appears likely and many scholars point to similarities in the physique, markings and tactical dogma of Chapters such as the Storm Giants and Black Dragons. Recent questions regarding the purity of the Black Dragons' gene-seed has led to some Genetor-Biologis questioning the purity of their source zygotes, but the legacy and reputation of the Salamander has led to their detractors being openly ridiculed.

### **Battle-cry**

"Into the fires of battle, unto the anvil of war!"

## **TU'SHAN - CHAPTER MASTER OF THE SALAMANDERS, REGENT OF PROMETHEUS**

At the outset of the Second Armageddon War, Chapter Master Tu'Shan had only held his rank for three years. To do battle against Ghazghkull Thraka would be a hard test of his skills as a leader and strategist, and it was with no hesitation that the humble Tu'Shan agreed to follow Commander Dante of the Blood Angels. During the campaign, it was Tu'Shan who helped rally the scattered Imperial defenders. In battle, Tu'Shan and his Firedrakes were responsible for defending one of the few bridges across the Stygies River, against a thousand-strong Ork Speed Freck column, fighting continuously for three days and four nights. At the end of the campaign, Dante himself sought out the young Chapter Master and praised Tu'Shan in front of all of the Blood Angels. This was a supreme gesture – for the Salamanders no greater honour can be bestowed than the respect of one's brothers in arms.



He is known to have met Yarrick, and it is claimed that the two had an instant respect for each other. Yarrick heartily welcomed Tu'Shan's offer to once again defend Armageddon when Ghazghkull returned at the head of the mightiest Ork force ever seen. Tu'Shan fought throughout the warzones of Armageddon. At Hive Tempestora, Tu'Shan prevented the Orks from overrunning the Khatrin Water Purification Plant and condemning the hive's population to a slow death by dehydration. The hive ultimately fell, but Tu'Shan's actions allowed the majority of the hive's population to escape before the hive was captured. And as before, Tu'Shan's inspiring presence allowed the defenders to hold the vital Stygies bridge and prevent the Greenskins from crossing and reinforcing their forces elsewhere.



# Index Astartes

## First Founding



## CLAWS OF THE RAVEN

The Raven Guard  
Space Marines Legion

by Graham McNeill  
& Erick Kilmer

The Raven Guard specialise in devastating strikes behind enemy lines, guerrilla warfare and rapid reaction to enemy manoeuvres. During the Great Crusade, the Raven Guard conquered countless worlds thought impregnable, by the precise application of force at an enemy's weakest point. At the outbreak of the Horus Heresy, the Raven Guard was almost destroyed, and only by employing the most desperate of measures, was the Legion saved.

### Origins

Of the early history of the Raven Guard's Primarch Corax, very little is known for sure. The Raven Guard's own legends are vague concerning the pale skinned youth who was raised on the mineral rich, but desolate moon of Lycaeus. This moon orbited Kiavahr, a technologically advanced planet, its surface covered with sprawling machine shops and forge cathedrals. Lycaeus was exceedingly rich in mineral wealth and populated by exiles from the planet below who lived in crude force domes to protect them from the vacuum of space. The ruling Tech-Guilds of Kiavahr used the mineworkings on Lycaeus as a dumping ground for their worst criminals and those who could not meet their production-quotas. Heavily armed overseers ruled the moon from a dark mountain spire that towered above the mineworkings and it was, to all intents and purposes, a death sentence to be banished to Lycaeus.

Ancient, faded texts within the Chapter Librarius of the Raven Guard tell that the inhabitants of Lycaeus had long been the slaves of Kiavahr, working in the massive mines under armed guard in horrendous conditions. Accidents killed many of the workers and the polluted atmosphere took a heavy toll on the health of their children. Once condemned to a life in the mines, there was no escape and the slaves of Lycaeus prayed to the Emperor for a saviour. He came in the form of a child whose skin was as white as snow.

There are many stories concerning the discovery of Corax and the truth of the matter may never be known. One tale tells of a cave-in that claimed the lives of hundreds of slaves mining beneath a glacier and revealed a hidden chamber containing the infant Primarch. Another speaks of a fiery comet that broke apart on a massive mountain of iron and a child wreathed in ghostly light who walked unscathed from the rubble. Yet another talks of a dying warrior giant delivering the babe to the slaves and begging them to protect the infant from the Dark ones. Whatever the circumstances, the slaves of Lycaeus

took the white skinned babe with midnight black hair and named him Corax, which means 'the Deliverer'. They hid the infant from their jailers and raised him as one of their own. Within the space of a few years, when his abnormal maturation became obvious, the slaves rejoiced, seeing this as a sign of favour from the Emperor. They trained the young Primarch in all manner of skills, the varied backgrounds of the exiles giving Corax a thorough grounding in urban warfare, sabotage, demolition and killing. They taught him all the qualities they believed a general and leader would need and Corax learned at an astonishing rate, his strength, keen intellect and taciturn demeanour making him a quick and voracious learner.

From the earliest age, Corax had been told that it was his destiny to save the people of Lycaeus and as the years passed he began sowing the seeds that would bring about their freedom. With the slaves' limited resources, only the crudest of weapons could be fashioned and great stockpiles of these were hidden in secret caches throughout the mineworkings in key strategic points. Corax organised the slaves into storm squads, appointed competent leaders and drilled them thoroughly in their assigned tasks. He also began psychological warfare on their jailers, organising regular strikes and staging riots that stretched the garrison's resources thinly and sapped the guards' morale. Each event was choreographed to seem like a gradual build up of pressure and soon Lycaeus was a powder keg waiting to explode.

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

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

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

troops from Kiavahr did land on the moon to fight, Corax was there with his hand-picked warriors. The raven-haired Primarch out-thought and outfought his enemies at every turn, surgical strikes decapitating the Kiavahr command structure, destroying their supply lines and keeping them on the defensive.

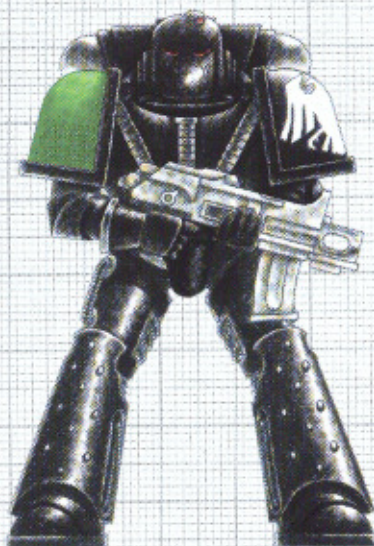
In the end, Corax was to prove victorious, and the Kiavahr troops withdrew as their planet's economy collapsed without the mineral resources of Lycaeus to plunder. Kiavahr descended into anarchy as the various Tech-Guild factions fought amongst themselves for control of the remaining materials still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

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

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

Chapter Approved. Action Level 0 eighty-four six

Raven Guard, Progenitor Legion M31



Pre-Heresy Raven Guard colour scheme



Tactical Squad



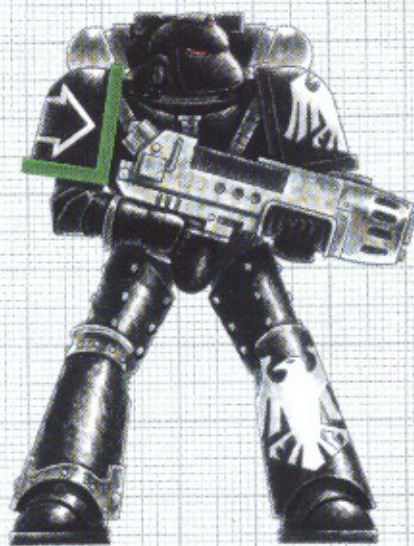
Assault Squad



Devastator Squad



Chapter Insignia



Post-Heresy Raven Guard colour scheme



Tactical Squad



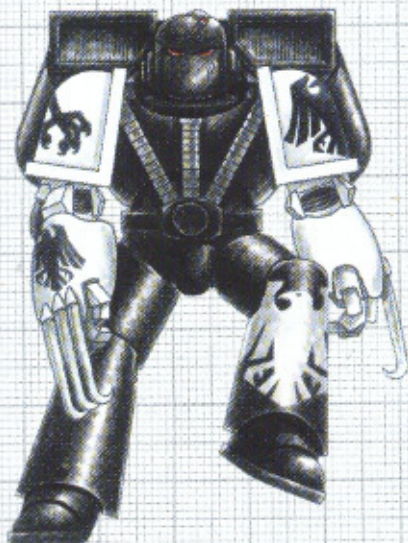
Assault Squad



Devastator Squad



Veteran



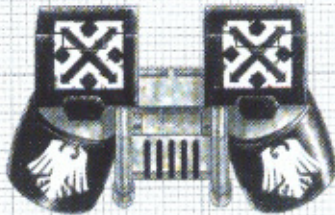
Raven Guard Veteran Commander with Lightning Claws



Veteran Personal heraldry, 'Ravenclaw'



Auto reactive Shoulder Guard, displaying the Chapter Insignia



Symbol placement on jump-pack



Raven Guard Chapter Symbol

Thought for the day: To strengthen the sword, you must first strengthen the shield



to Corax for a day and a night, but whatever passed between them is unrecorded. At dawn the following day Corax accepted command of the Raven Guard Legion of Space Marines and took his place at the Emperor's side. One condition of his acceptance was that the Emperor aid him in bringing peace to Kiavahr. Peace through force of arms, but peace nonetheless. Already reeling from their defeat on Deliverance and unable to muster a coherent force against the Raven Guard, the power of the Tech-Guilds was broken and the Adeptus Ministrorum stepped into the void left by their destruction. Mineral production soon began again on Deliverance, under a much improved regime, and gradually the world of Kiavahr was rebuilt under the guidance of the Imperium. The dark tower that had once housed the slaves' oppressors, now became the fortress of the Raven Guard and was renamed the Ravenspire.

The Great Crusade saw Corax lead the Raven Guard in some of the most stunning victories of that turbulent time. He had not forgotten the training he had received on Deliverance and his talents for sabotage and precision planning were employed to great effect in the Emperor's Crusade. Planets thought impregnable fell to Corax's guile and the swift, deadly actions of the Raven Guard. Assassinations, covert operations behind enemy lines and sabotage became the watchwords of the Legion and in these areas their skill was unmatched. Corax became a master at observing a planet's power structure and applying military pressure where needed to topple its leaders or cripple its military capabilities. The full force of the Raven Guard Legion was seldom required but, when it was, Corax would not hesitate to throw every warrior into battle.

Corax's Legion garnered such a fearsome reputation that Warmaster Horus requested their aid many times in his campaigns and it is thought that it was thanks to the Raven Guard's assistance that Horus' tally of victories was so high. The Raven Guard's records are curiously reticent concerning this period of history and Imperial historians suspect that the taciturn Corax did not like the more gregarious Horus, finding him overly boastful and manipulative. It is rumoured that on one occasion the two almost came to blows and bloodshed was only averted when Corax removed his Legion from the Warmaster's command.

The two Primarchs were never to meet again and when the Horus Heresy tore

## AAJZ SOLARI 5TH COMPANY CAPTAIN

The Captain of the 2nd Company of the Raven Guard is notorious for leading the assault squads into battle on a regular basis. A tall man, even for a Space Marine, Aajz's paper white skin and ebony hair speak of his long years of service to his Chapter. Recruited from Deliverance itself, Captain Solari comes from the most ancient of families on the large moon, his ancestors descended from the original slaves. His ferocity and combat prowess are legendary in his Chapter, as is his disregard for formality.

During his twenty-three years in his current appointment, Solari's performance has been erratic, but hugely successful. While his ability to work within any given situation and meet the changing needs of the battlefield are unquestionable, there have been times where Solari has left more to luck than tactical doctrine would dictate. At times he has had brilliant success doing this, at other times near disastrous failure. At his core, Solari is a gambler, willing to play the fates to win a battle and only his proven track record has spared him the ignominy of a court martial.

the galaxy apart in the first Inter-Legionary war, the Raven Guard was fighting alongside the Iron Hands and the Salamanders. All three Legions were ordered to assault Horus' headquarters on the planet of Istvaan V and destroy it utterly. Four supporting Legions would be close on their heels, ready to reinforce the initial landings and consolidate the invasion.

Horus had turned his back on the Emperor, but had lost none of the cunning that had earned him the title of Warmaster. The loyalist Legions were badly mauled on their initial landings and casualties were appalling. The forces of the Great Betrayer were heavily fortified and, after fierce fighting, the loyalist Legions were forced to fall back to link up with their supporting Legions. The landing zones had been fortified by the Iron Warriors and when the retreating troops reached the fortifications, they came under a withering hail of fire from their erstwhile allies. Unknown to the Legions on the planet, Horus had managed to corrupt four of the seven Legions sent against him. Caught between the enemy they were already fighting and a surprise attack from behind, the loyalists were shattered and barely a handful were able to escape Horus' trap and warn the Emperor of this wholesale betrayal.

"Knowing where to land your blow, so that it achieves the greatest damage with the minimum force, is the key to victory in war."

Instructor Sergeant Alenpo,  
4th Company

His Legion shattered, Corax returned to Deliverance with orders to rebuild it as quickly as possible. It was a bleak time for the Primarch of the Raven Guard; the Imperium was teetering on the brink of collapse and desperately needed

brave warriors, but he had none to give. A desperate situation called for desperate measures and Corax locked himself within the shadowed chambers of the Ravenspire's Librarian to pour over volumes of forgotten lore in search of a solution. His researches led him back to the earliest days of genetic manipulation, when accelerated zygote harvesting techniques were used to create the first enhanced warriors with which the Emperor had long ago pacified Terra. Corax realised that this process could be modified to produce full-grown Space Marines at a frightening rate. But the ancient tomes also warned of the terrible dangers involved and the unspeakable monsters that could result, and, though he knew he risked destroying his Legion, he reluctantly ordered the Apothecaries to begin the process.

Of the Apothecaries' first creations, nothing is known for sure. The Raven Guard's records have been sealed with oaths and sigils of unspeakable power and none of the Chapter, or its successors, will speak of those blighted days. Accounts culled from other sources are few and far between as the Raven Guard shunned the other Legions at this time, preferring to fight alone and unseen. One apocryphal tale is told by the Rune Priests of the Space Wolves, the so-called 'Saga of the Weregeld', which tells of ferocious monsters, drooling and almost insane with bloodlust, herded into combat by the battle brothers of the Raven Guard. Perhaps the Space Wolves' experiences with the curse of the Wulfen made them more sympathetic to the Raven Guard's plight as there is no record of them reporting the use of such forbidden technology. Barely one in ten of these abominations could even hold a bolt gun and yet amongst these there might be one in a hundred whose genetic structure was stable enough to develop into a fully fledged Space Marine.

Years passed and the galaxy burned with war. Corax and his band of Space Marines gradually rebuilt their Legion and played parts when they could. The Raven Guard's talent for operating in small squads behind enemy lines offset their lack of resources, and their skills in this aspect of warfare were fully incorporated into their combat doctrine. Corax's ability to see weak points in a defence and apply precise force, allowed his troops to fight battles of their choosing and keep casualties to a minimum. The Raven Guard simply hadn't the troops to operate in large scale actions and it was nearly a century after the Heresy had ended before the Legion was able to deploy in meaningful numbers of full battle brothers. Corax had rebuilt his Legion, but at a cost. The dungeons below the Ravenspire echoed with the howls of the Apothecaries' creations, bestial monstrosities who hungered for battle, and Corax agonised as to what should be done with them. He decreed that none should discover the terrible price his Legion had paid in order to survive and his final solution was to personally administer the Emperor's Peace to each and every one, praying for their, and his own, souls as he did so.

Following the Heresy, Roboute Guilliman, Primarch of the Ultramarines became the de facto head of the Imperium's armed forces and one of the first edicts in his holy tome, the Codex Astartes, was that the Space Marine Legions be split into smaller units known as Chapters. Amongst many of the Primarchs there was resistance, but Corax welcomed the decision, knowing that Guilliman's vision of the future was true. Thus the Raven Guard were to give rise to three other Chapters: the Black Guard, the Revilers and the Raptors.

Like everything in Corax's life, his ultimate fate is shadowed in darkness. It is said that following the break-up of the Legions and re-establishment of Imperial rule to the galaxy, Corax locked himself in the highest tower of the Ravenspire, praying to the Emperor for forgiveness for what he had ordered done to his Legion. Whether he received the absolution he required no-one will ever know, but a year to the day after he had entered the tower, Corax emerged, haggard and wild eyed. He left Deliverance that very night on a course for the Eye of Terror, never to be seen again, leaving but a single word as his valediction, 'Nevermore...'

## Homeworld

Between them, Deliverance and Kiavahr produce enough ordnance and engines of war to almost equal the production of a Forge world. The raw materials come from Deliverance's vast mineral wealth and the production facilities of Kiavahr produce weapons and war machines of unparalleled craftsmanship.

The moon, Deliverance, is a barren and airless ball of rock covered in force domes and massive mining structures. The dark side of the moon glows with the constant production and movement of massive cargo ships travelling between the two worlds. The fortress of the Raven Guard, the Ravenspire, occupies the huge, black tower once home to the Kiavahr overseers and is one of the largest natural structures on the planet. Unlike many other Chapters, the Raven Guard share close ties with the planet's populace and take many of their initiates from them, though not exclusively so. The people see the Space Marines among them as the physical manifestation of the Emperor's will and offer daily praise for their presence.

The planet Kiavahr is populated by billions of workers and craftsmen, with huge fabrication plants and hive cities covering its surface. The planet's atmosphere is highly toxic from centuries of pollution and incidences of mutation are far higher than normal. This stretches the tolerance of the Adeptus Ministorum, but such is the quality and quantity of material that comes from the two worlds that more leeway is granted than would usually be the case.

## Combat Doctrine

The Raven Guard follows the dictates of the Codex Astartes closely, though they do differ in the tactical application of their troops. The Raven Guard depends heavily on Scout forces able to act alone for extended periods of time, and rapid reaction forces such as jump pack equipped assault troops. Quite commonly, they will deploy their Tactical squads in drop pod manoeuvres or Thunderhawks in response to intelligence gathered by their Scouts. The Chapter's forte in covert operations means that they will rarely engage in a frontal battle unless no other option presents itself. Where possible, the Raven Guard will use precise application of force to cripple their enemy while avoiding a protracted engagement.

Dreadnoughts of the Raven Guard, while rare, are also quite commonly

## THE SAGA OF THE WEREGELD

Only on the darkest of nights do the Rune Priests of the Space Wolves tell the Saga of the Weregeld, a tale reaching back to the years of reconquest following the defeat of Horus' Traitor Legions. Over flickering fires, they tell of the storming of the Jarelfhi Palace, one of the bloodiest battles to follow the victory on Terra. A force of Iron Warriors retreating from their defeat took refuge on the world of Scrgatama VI and wrested control of the mighty fortress from the planet's rulers. Led by one of the Iron Warriors' greatest champions, the traitors turned the once-majestic palace into a nightmare assembly of bunkers, redoubts and pillboxes. Ornamental gardens, once the envy of Prandium itself, were scarred with miles of trenches and razorwire. More than a million men of the Imperial Guard laid siege to the palace, and the battles fought in the sprawling grounds of the palace were thankless and bloody, the traitors defending every metre of ground with ferocious tenacity. But, one by one, the gates leading to the inner keep fell, until only one last gate stood between the Space Wolves and final victory.

But the Iron Warriors are masters of siegecraft and, for all their bravery, the Space Wolves could not capture the gate. Time and time again, two mighty champions of the Iron Warriors would hurl the greatest of the Space Wolves from the gateway, and it seemed nothing could break the defence of the traitors. But as dawn broke on the hundredth day of the siege, warriors in black armour, their shoulder guards emblazoned with a white raven, arrived as if from thin air and assaulted the gateway, herding drooling and insane beasts before them. Horrifically misshapen, the monsters roared with howls of such mindless savagery that it chilled even the hearts of the Space Wolves who remembered the curse of the Wulfen that existed within their own bodies. Nothing could halt the creatures, neither bullets nor blades, and they swept through the gateway, slaying anything that came within reach of their bloody claws. The Sons of Russ looked on, amazed as the beasts and the Raven Guard fought their way into the palace and broke the back of the Iron Warriors' defence. A bare handful of Iron Warriors escaped the slaughter, but many more died that day, torn to pieces by the Raven Guard's bestial allies.

With the battle over, the Raven Guard vanished as suddenly as they had arrived, leaving only the dismembered corpses of those they had slain. Only within the walls of the Fang would those Space Wolves present that day speak of what they had seen, and whether they felt pity or revulsion at the sight of the ferocious beasts, who bore the unmistakable vestige of Humanity, is not recorded.

deployed via drop pods. This approach leads to a Chapter which can assemble its forces extremely rapidly and can react quickly to unexpected developments. When their numbers were limited during the days of the Horus Heresy, the Chapter's troops became experts in guerrilla warfare, and this has carried on to the present day, with the Chapter very rarely utilising heavily armoured vehicles.

## Organisation

After the massacre on Istvaan V, the Raven Guard had to make do with older armour and equipment. The resources were simply not available to re-equip them and even today there is a higher percentage of ancient suits of armour amongst the Chapter than most others. The owners of these suits view themselves as blessed by the Primarch and fight to prove themselves his equal.

The Raven Guard's ability to have troops in vital locations to wreak havoc is legendary, and their mastery of rapid troop deployment and squad level tactics has been studied by many other Chapters. In several well-documented cases, the precise application of force in the right place has led to a rebellion being stopped before it has truly begun. However, their primary strength in battle is their ease of deployment. With most of the Chapter's Space Marines usually being drop pod deployed, or otherwise mobile, they can rapidly reassess a combat situation immediately before engaging, which gives them the ability to deal effectively with a rapidly changing battlefield.

## Beliefs

To the Raven Guard, the Emperor is a distant figure, acknowledged as their founder and master of the galaxy, but who is not accorded the level of worship common amongst other Chapters. Corax is revered as their father and leader, worshipped as a man capable of making tough choices when the need was great. The Chapter still follows in his footsteps and post-action sermons utilising data recorded from battle is later compiled and reviewed by the Chapter's warriors. Much of the Chapter's current tactical doctrine has evolved from meditations on past battles such as these.

For the leaders of the Raven Guard, tactical prowess and personal initiative is seen as more important than mere might. If there is the possibility of using a swift dagger to the heart instead of a drawn-out fight, the Raven Guard are the ones to find it, though if heavy assault is needed they will not hold back. These beliefs cause some tension between the Raven Guard and other Chapters, particularly the Blood Angels, who they see as brutish and clumsy.

## Gene-seed

The gene-seed of the Raven Guard is far from stable and a great deal of their gene-stock has become irreparably damaged, perhaps as a side effect of the accelerated gene-harvesting techniques employed many millennia ago. As a result, much of their genetic material has to come from Terra and

therefore the cycle of recruitment for the Raven Guard is much slower than other Chapters. Few candidates for the Chapter prove able to sustain the transformation from a normal human into a Space Marine and many die early in training, further limiting the Chapter in numbers.

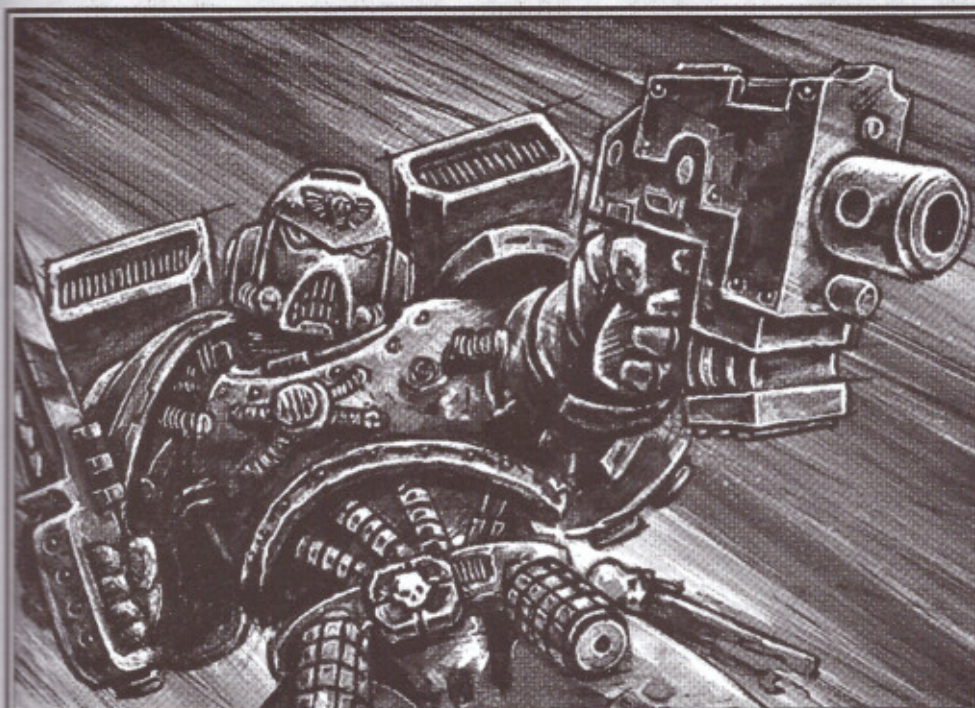
Further deterioration has meant that several of the unique organs of the Space Marines no longer function as they should among the sons of Corax, while others are not as effective as they once were. For example, the zygote cultures required to grow the Mucranoid and Betcher's Gland do not exist within the Raven Guard and the Melanchromic Organ has a unique mutation that, over the years of service, causes the skin of the Space Marine to grow paler and paler. Eventually they will be as white as their Primarch and their hair and eyes will darken, becoming black as coal.

## Battle-cry

Specialising in covert operations behind enemy lines and debilitating fast strikes, the Raven Guard do not have a battlecry as such. Instead the Chapter's motto is simply 'Victorus aut Mortis.'

"From the darkness we strike; fast and lethal, and by the time our foes can react... darkness there and nothing more."

Raven Guard saying



"Violent aggression alone is not enough to win a war. Violence must be accompanied by intelligence as aggression must be tempered by purpose. There is no blow as ultimately destructive as that which is ultimately considered."

Captain Shrike

# Index Astartes

First Founding



The Alpha Legion uses secrecy, spy networks and traitors to assail its enemies from as many different directions as possible in carefully orchestrated attacks. Hidden within the heart of the Imperium, it coordinates cultist activities and launches full-scale terror attacks.

## Origins

Following the Horus Heresy, thousands of records, archives and libraries were destroyed to purge any mention, indeed any memory, of the traitors. Ten millennia later there are now billions of Imperial citizens who remain unaware that the rebellion ever happened. However, a few tomes survived, mostly in the hands of those in high authority or heretics whose loyalties still remained undiscovered. It is from these works that historians and Inquisitors have gleaned their knowledge of those ancient times. Of course, sifting out the truth is never easy, because most books are copies of copies or simply forgeries filled with lies.

In the case of the Alpha Legion, reliable facts are even harder to come by, as the legion was notoriously secretive. For example – unlike most of the First Founding Legions of the Adeptus Astartes, the Alpha Legion's home world is unknown. The reason for this omission is unclear, but Inquisitor Kravin of the Ordo Malleus has recently unearthed an ancient journal that he claims provides an account of the first contact with, and recovery of, the legion's Primarch. Kravin has estimated the veracity of this journal at 62.6%, but has so far refused to produce it for independent examination.

According to Kravin's claim, towards the end of the Great Crusade, an advance patrol cruiser of the Luna Wolves Legion entered an unnamed system, searching as ever for lost human worlds. Swarming towards it came a horde of small space ships, of varying types and appearances, mainly one and two-man fighters. Despite the ships being of primitive design and apparently from more than one origin, the attack was highly coordinated. Dozens mobbed the Luna Wolves' Thunderhawks, while others braved the batteries of turret defence guns to shoot at the huge cruiser. However, the weapons of the fighters made little impression and the attack soon broke off. The Luna Wolves cruiser gave chase, eager to show these puny attackers the power of the Adeptus Astartes. It was only after the first impact that the bridge crew realised they had been lured into a minefield. Manoeuvring to escape resulted in two more explosions and damaged the

engines seriously enough that the cruiser was forced to halt in place until repairs could be made. The horde of fighters renewed their attacks, leaving the outnumbered Thunderhawks hard-pressed to defend against them.

Two days later, the rest of the Luna Wolves fleet arrived, summoned by the cruiser's distress signal. The legion's Primarch, Horus, was shuttled straight to the stricken cruiser, furious at the crew's failure to deal with such insignificant attackers. He found the command deck in a state of high alert, for a small group of the enemy had somehow managed to board the cruiser. They had split up to evade capture in the ship's endless corridors and service ducts, and those that had not already been found and eliminated now seemed to be converging on the bridge.

Horus waited for them. As five men burst onto the deck, he shot four of them through the head before they even had a chance to act. Without pause the fifth shot rang out, but the last man was different. More than a foot taller even than the Luna Wolves Space Marines, he had piercing green eyes and looked almost a match for Horus himself. Somehow, even at such close range, the man side stepped fast enough that the bolt shell only grazed his temple and exploded against the bulkhead behind. As the man charged forwards, a second shot slammed into his shoulder, but still he did not slow. More shots were fired by guards and bridge officers as well as Horus. The man staggered under multiple impacts, but incredibly came on through the firestorm to launch himself at the Luna Wolves Primarch. Then at the last instant, with his hands inches from Horus' throat, the man stopped. The two stared at each other for a long moment, before Horus started laughing. He had found the last Primarch.

The new arrival called himself Alpharius, and claimed to have been travelling this area of space for many years. However, he remained tight-lipped as to where he had originated. Various worlds in that locale were subsequently brought into the Imperial fold, but Alpharius always denied that any of them was his home. The conglomeration of planets he had been leading was persuaded to join the

## THE ENEMY WITHIN

The Alpha Legion  
Space Marines Legion

by Graham Davey

Imperium with little further bloodshed. The wounds Alpharius had suffered healed quickly, but it seems that rather than sending his discovery straight back to Terra to meet the Emperor, Horus kept the Primarch with him for some months. Horus was most impressed with Alpharius' remarkable success against his cruiser – trapping it, boarding and then penetrating right to the bridge – and during this time he allowed his new found brother to take tactical command in the various actions that occurred. Alpharius was clearly just as impressed with Horus – with the huge martial power he wielded and with his instinct for when and when not to use it.

Eventually, Alpharius was taken back to the epicentre of the ever-expanding Imperium and reunited with the Emperor. There was the usual rejoicing, pomp and circumstance, but records on Terra suggest that the two spent little time together. Alpharius was quickly sent to take command of his legion, while the Emperor had many pressing affairs of state. The Alpha Legion, as it was now named, was the last of the Adeptus Astartes Legions to be created. With astounding prescience, the Emperor had ordered their founding just a few decades before. The new Space Marines were tall and strong, much reminiscent of their Primarch, and were possessed of a cunning intelligence.

Alpharius led his army, created in his image, to the outer reaches of the Imperium, eager to join battle and emulate the glories of the older legions. His first campaigns were well planned and highly successful, and he worked to develop and mould his legion's tactics. He advocated that the best attack comes from many directions at once, assaulting the foe on all sides, in every way. He insisted on having options open, never relying on any one thing, individual person or single victory to win the day. He was always prepared with a back-up plan, a flanking force was always in perfect position, and Alpha Legion infiltrators invariably struck behind enemy lines at just the right moment.

Cluster Approved. Access Level 5. 5000-000.000.

Alpha Legion, Progenitor Legion M31



Pre-Heresy Alpha Legion colour scheme



Post-Heresy Alpha Legion colour scheme



Alpha Legion Symbol



Alpha Legion shoulder pad iconography



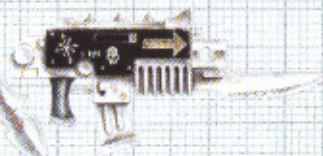
Post-Heresy Alpha Legion Space Marine with heavy bolter



Post-Heresy Alpha Legion Terminator



Example of Alpha Legion cult markings



Alpha Legion iconography applied to boltgun

Thought for the day: Knowledge is weakness.

Alpharius added to this doctrine by seeking as many other advantages as he could. He would bargain for allies, encourage treachery within the enemy army and develop a network of informers and spies within the populous. Underground rebel groups and activists would be contacted and persuaded to provide diversionary attacks, demonstrations or bombings at agreed times. By the time a battle started, the Alpha Legion would have so many factors to its advantage that it was virtually impossible to lose. The legion soon gained a reputation for devastatingly coordinated campaigns, and while these methods took longer to execute than a simple frontal assault, they were far less costly in troops, enabling Alpharius to spread his forces more widely.

Most of the other legions had taken planets to be their headquarters and base of operations, generally the worlds where their Primarchs had been found. They had constructed glorious cathedral-like fortresses and many had taken over government of their world and even the surrounding systems. But Alpharius clearly did not believe in this high profile approach. He is thought to have established several bases, but kept their locations hidden from everyone outside the legion. Only the whereabouts of smaller staging posts and supply depots were made known, and even this information was highly restricted.

... Alert... Plasma Furnace Overload  
Imminent... Evacuate Immediately...  
Alert...

- Emergency Warning Vox accidentally triggered throughout Hive Tempestora factory complex, two months prior to the Third Invasion of Armageddon. Tank and Ordnance production were set back five days by the ensuing panic.

It is thought that Alpharius worked tirelessly to improve and develop his officers, encouraging them to think for themselves and listening to their counsel. He instigated programmes of training, constantly setting challenges to overcome, even in the midst of battle, to force his troops to adapt and improvise. There are even documented occasions when, shortly before or during major offensives, the Primarch simply disappeared, in order to assess how his legion would perform without him.

Alpharius did not seek glory or honours for himself, and rarely attended victory celebrations. Consequently he never

spent much time with the other Primarchs and it was many years before he met all of them. His first encounter with Roboute Guilliman of the Ultramarines was reputedly strained. Guilliman believed in rigid structure and hierarchy, and had a firm battle doctrine that his legion never wavered from. He was in the process of documenting the 'correct' tactics and operation of a Space Marines force, tried and tested during his long years of command, and suggested that the young Alpha Legion should adopt this 'codex' behaviour. However, this attitude was anathema to Alpharius' belief in initiative and adaptability, and a heated debate over tactics and ideology ensued. When it became clear that Alpharius would not bow to his experience and superiority, Guilliman pointed out the thousands of victories and battle honours his legion had won, and told his youngest brother that he could never hope to compare.

---Course Correction. Battle Group Portentia to proceed to coordinates 22439-26775/GS/E [Quinox Sound], pending further orders. Command Authority Σ ---

- Falsified fleet movement instructions, uncovered following the complete destruction of Battle Group Portentia by unknown attackers, 145.M41.

After that meeting, Alpharius pushed his legion even harder, seeking out the most difficult challenges for his forces. He knew he could not equal the number of worlds conquered by the older legions, for they had been founded centuries earlier, but he seemed determined to win their respect for his legion's martial prowess.

On the world of Tesstra Prime, the population was violently resistant to the idea of Imperial rule. Alpharius deliberately delayed his assault a full week, allowing the planet's armies to amass and dig in around the sprawling capital city, and when battle commenced there was close to a million soldiers arrayed against the Alpha Legion. However, the week had not been spent idle. The Space Marines had deployed so they could attack from various directions, while leaving huge sections of the defensive line untouched. Just as the assault was launched, bombs detonated within the city demolished dozens of bridges and blocked major supply routes. The defending Tesstran commanders found themselves

unable to move troops and supplies into the areas under attack, or out of areas that were being ignored. The divided forces tried to hold out against the relentless advance of the Alpha Legion, but the lack of ammunition and reinforcements made it a hopeless task. And, of course, while help could not be brought in, retreating soldiers found they could not get out fast enough either. Thousands ended up herded together down the few remaining escape routes and were cut to pieces in an endless rain of bolter shells. It was two days before enough of the defenders could be redeployed to mount a serious counter-attack. However, officers in the Tesstran army had somehow been compromised and these traitors betrayed details of the plan. The counter-attack advanced into a trap, and found itself beset by armoured Space Marines on all sides. Within a week, the Tesstran forces had suffered ninety percent casualties. When he was asked why he had not simply seized the capital before the defending armies arrived, Alpharius replied "It would have been too easy." (cf. Inq. file 306621/M.30 [battle ethics])

### Heresy

His conduct of the battle for Tesstra brought Alpharius censure from many quarters. Roboute Guilliman is recorded as having called it "a huge waste of time, effort and the Emperor's bolt shells". However, concerns about alleged atrocities committed by the Night Lords Legion diverted attention away from the incident. Nevertheless, Alpharius was furious at the reaction to his legion's masterful performance. Only Horus openly praised the manner in which the Alpha Legion had overcome opposition that outnumbered them a hundred to one. Horus was the only other Primarch whom Alpharius had any regular contact with. The two appeared to respect each other greatly, and are thought to have discussed tactics on more than one occasion.

At the start of the Heresy, the Warmaster's forces amassed on Istvaan V. The Emperor sent no fewer than seven legions, fully one third of the entire Adeptus Astartes, to put down the rebellion. The initial wave consisted of three of those legions - the Salamanders, the Iron Hands and the Raven Guard. They were seriously mauled as they made planetfall and battled to secure safe landing zones. This second wave was made up of the

remaining four legions, and some sources name the Alpha Legion among them. After their initial landings these 'loyalists' attacked their allies instead of the rebels. Utterly betrayed and attacked on all sides, the three allegedly loyalist legions had no chance at all. Just five loyal Space Marines survived the massacre, bearing the precious gene-seed of many of their fallen brethren. Given the average size of legions at this time, the death toll must have reached 30,000, while rebel casualties on Istvaan are estimated at just a few thousand.

"Despair for thy doom is upon you.  
Give up hope for all the might of your  
Imperial overlords cannot save you.  
Kneel before us and we will spare every  
hundredth man and woman. Such is the  
mercy of Tchkrrii-krerarr the  
Unstoppable, Exalted Champion of  
Darkness."

- Ultimatum delivered to Erwin Borstar,  
Planetary Governor of Attica Prime, in  
022.M4L, shortly before Chaos Space  
Marines raided Attica II and IV. Both  
were poorly defended as large forces had  
been sent to reinforce the first planet, at  
the insistence of Governor Borstar.  
Attica Prime was never attacked.

Inquisitor Kravin has observed that such a deceitful trap was strongly reminiscent of Alpharius' tactics, suggesting that "he and Horus may have devised this brilliant plan together". Other scholars have made the same connection, though with rather less enthusiastic wording. Exactly when Alpharius chose to side with the Warmaster is not clear. Certainly he spent more time with Horus than he ever did with the Emperor. Perhaps there was an understanding between them right from the beginning.

However, it is not thought that Alpharius was blindly following Horus, for he seemed to have his own agenda. He relished every battle against loyalist Space Marines as the ultimate test of military skill. Again and again the Alpha Legion proved they were the match of the other legions. They started going out of their way to find Space Marine opponents, and inflicted stinging defeats on the loyalist White Scars at Tallarn, a Space Wolves company at Yarrant and other legions at dozens of smaller outposts. Well before the Warmaster's forces reached Terra, the Alpha Legion had become separated, but continued to wage war on all that they came across. Even after the defeat of Horus on Terra, the Alpha Legion continued on unchecked,

apparently inventing objectives and missions with absolutely no connection to the rebellion as a whole. They moved into the galactic east towards, whether by coincidence or design, the Ultramarines Legion. The Ultramarines had been posted on the Eastern Fringe when the Heresy began and were racing back to the Segmentum Solar, enraged at the treachery of their brother Space Marines and the Warmaster's connivance to keep them too far away to affect the outcome. It is possible that Alpharius deliberately sought out the Ultramarines, that he wished to confront Roboute Guilliman in battle and prove the superiority of his tactics. Other theories suggest that the Ultramarines tracked down the Alpha Legion, seizing the opportunity to be revenged on one of the Traitor Legions. But however it came about, the two Space Marine legions met in battle on the world of Eskrador.

First to arrive on the planet, Alpharius was able to choose his battleground, for he knew the Ultramarines would not rest until they had hunted the traitors down. The Alpha Legion deployed deep within a harsh mountain range, at the pole of the planet, riven with gullies, ravines and high passes that would seriously hamper movement, especially for ground vehicles. Alpharius was convinced that the battle would be won by the side which overcame these problems the best, through forward planning, coordinated air transport and detachments coping independently of heavy support. Guilliman was a military commander with few peers. However, all the experience, lessons and tactics he had accumulated over the centuries had been carefully documented, compiled and made accessible to the other legions, in the Primarch's desire to improve the Emperor's armies as a whole. Now this gave Alpharius the advantage because

"These were no mindless, brainwashed  
Daemon-worshippers like those we'd  
fought before, herded forward as gun-  
fodder by their Traitor Space Marines  
masters. This group was trained, well-  
equipped and knew exactly what it was  
doing. They appeared out of nowhere on  
both sides of the column, and went  
straight for the heavy armour. Four of the  
main battle tanks had tracks blown off  
before enough infantry could dismount to  
stop them, and then they just fell back  
into the ruins of the city. It took us more  
than an hour to get the column rolling  
again, and by the time we reached our  
rendezvous, the battle had already started."

- After action report 9331/rts/4. Filed by  
Colonel Johann Adronia.

he knew how the Ultramarines operated. Indeed, Guilliman's initial deployment followed exactly the doctrines set down in his own writings, and the Alpha Legion moved to trap them. But Guilliman chose the first nightfall to do something unexpected. Breaking his own rules of operation, he led a large portion of his forces deep into the mountains, deploying by Thunderhawk, drop pod and teleporter into the midst of the Alpha Legion with no lines of support or supply. Guilliman's target was the enemy command centre and none other than Alpharius himself.

The following account appears to be the personal log of a member of the Ultramarines strike force, probably a sergeant. It is included in Inquisitor Kravin's diatribe *Lessons of Strife*, though other Inquisitors and representatives of the Ultramarines themselves have questioned its validity. The original document was purportedly discovered in a system Earth-ward of Eskrador.

[0411.0] *Our strike force numbered over three thousand Marines, and despite the lack of heavy armour in support (due to our mode of arrival), we soon had the traitors' command centre in disarray. There was no way the lightly armoured buildings could stand up to our Devastators' firepower and a direct assault by the much honoured and revered Ultramarines Dreadnoughts. Our enemies were outnumbered five to one and soon started to fall back up the mountain valley, probably to buy time for a relieving force to arrive (my Captain conjectured). But we were zealous with the thought of revenge and pressed them hard, knowing that the terrain would hamper the movement of reinforcements. With perhaps five hundred Space Marines remaining, the Alpha Legion force made a stand at the head of the valley. Their heavy weapons were deployed well, high on the mountainside, and felled many of our number as we fought upwards towards them - but their guns were too few and our resolve unswerving. As we closed upon the traitors, Alpharius himself led a counter-attack, charging headlong back down the rocky slope with his bodyguard and slamming into our line. Not even Ultramarines could stand before a Primarch, and his powersword felled every noble Space Marine within reach. Our advance halted and I was forced to recite the Cantic of Faith to steady my squad. But then an imposing figure appeared and my heart was gladdened. Our great Lord and Primarch Roboute Guilliman himself strode forward, ignoring the mêlée around him,*



straight towards Alpharius. The two Primarchs stood before each other. They were equal in stature, both clad in shining power armour and each wielding a glittering powersword, but where one was noble the other was craven, where one was loyal the other was a betrayer. All other combat ceased as we watched them. There was a long pause, neither Primarch moving an inch, then both struck in an instant. Each sword made a single stroke and then both were still again. For a second the two great men stood facing, before Alpharius slumped to the ground.

Like every other Ultramarines Space Marine on the field, I let out a loud cry of victory. Guilliman's plan had worked – the very heart of the enemy had been torn out. The remaining bodyguard fought on but we fell on our adversaries with renewed vigour, and when the last one had been cut down, we turned our attention to the rest of the Alpha Legion command. Trapped by the sheer mountains at the head of the valley, they had no escape from our bolter fire. We left not one alive.

The body of the dead Primarch was burnt on a great pyre, and Lord Guilliman allowed us a moment of prayer and reflection on our success before issuing orders to move out and commence the destruction of the leaderless enemy army. We are fully confident that the task will be straightforward – the loss of its Primarch is something no legion can recover from. [END ENTRY]

[0413.4] The optimism engendered by our initial victory appears to have been misplaced. Since my last entry we have ascertained that the Alpha Legion's command function was spread into numerous groups, and the loss of one apparently had minimal impact on their operational abilities, even though it included Alpharius. What is more, our deep strike and the target's subsequent retreat has drawn our force well out of position, far from support. It has become clear that far from hunting out demoralized pockets of traitors, we were facing a superbly organised foe that is closing in on us from all sides. [END ENTRY]

[0413.9] We have sighted our Thunderhawks overhead, engaged in fierce battles with those of the Alpha Legion. Both legions have, of course, very similar numbers of Thunderhawks, so the aerial battle seems to be a stand-off, leaving no chance of an air evacuation. Meanwhile, the enemy has launched several hit-and-run attacks upon our strike force, causing numerous casualties, and Lord Guilliman has commenced a drive back out of the

mountains to link up with the rest of our ground troops. [END ENTRY]

[0414.9] We are being harassed and ambushed every step of the way. Groups of Eskrador natives, apparently bribed or coerced into aiding the traitors, have triggered rockslides to block our path and delay us. Communications with the rest of our legion have been sporadic – our Techmarines think they are being jammed – however some dialogue has been possible and a relieving force comprising most of our remaining ground forces is pushing into the mountains towards us. However, that too has apparently been under attack, and supply vehicles have been sabotaged. [END ENTRY]

[0420.5] After five grim days of intermittent fighting we sighted the distinctive blue armour of our Ultramarines brethren advancing down a valley towards us. However, having approached into range our 'rescuers' opened fire. A contingent of the Alpha Legion scum had disguised its heraldry and armour in order to spring a trap. Are there no depths to which these heretics will not sink? The utter dishonour that our erstwhile brothers had shown left me stunned. More of the Alpha Legion appeared to our rear, initiating the biggest attack from our enemies so far. With mountains to either side, we had little option but to stand our ground and fight for our lives. Losses were heavy, and might have been total, if it were not for the timely arrival of the real rescuing force. The reinforcements were in little better shape than our own beleaguered strike force, but the extra numbers allowed us to force a way through and establish a more defensible front line. [END ENTRY]

The account goes on to describe how in the next week Guilliman attempted a number of counter-attacks to regain the initiative, but the Alpha Legion seemed to have prior knowledge of their every move, and either were not where augurs suggested or had carefully planned ambushes waiting. Finally the Ultramarines evacuated the planet surface and used their ships to bombard the traitors from orbit. Guilliman is recorded as having said he had no interest in righteous battle against such a dishonourable foe and that they were needed back on Terra with all possible speed. However, it seems hard to dispute the fact that the Ultramarines were soundly beaten by the Alpha Legion, despite killing Alpharius. Certainly the deep ravines of the mountain range would have provided plenty of cover from the bombardment cannons.

## Exile

The months and years that followed were a chaotic time of regrouping, rebuilding and retribution for the Imperium. When Imperial forces returned to Eskrador there was no sign of the Alpha Legion (although the entire native populace was purged to eradicate any taint of Chaos). However, it is thought that the majority of the legion did not flee into the Eye of Terror with the other rebels, instead remaining within the Imperium. Numerous secret bases were already in existence, and the legion fragmented in order to hide itself in the midst of its enemies. Small forces kept up frequent attacks on military targets, especially those weakened by the carnage of the Heresy, and became a major problem for those trying to rebuild the shattered Imperium. The location and destruction of these groups became a priority, and the Inquisition and remaining loyalist legions devoted considerable resources to this end. The last pockets of Alpha Legion forces were declared eradicated in a proclamation by the High Lords of Terra at the end of M.32, but subsequent attacks proved this to be untrue. Similar declarations were made during M.33 and as recently as M.39.

### THE DAETHRYU PLAGUE

On the agri-world Daethryu Prime, in 255M41, there was a sudden plague of Crixian Locusts, a species not usually found anywhere in the sector. They thrived in the warm climate of the planet and multiplied exponentially, decimating food crops and causing widespread famine. At this point there was a surge of anger and unrest amongst the populace directed at the authorities who appeared to be powerless to deal with the infestation. In a single week riots broke out in every large population centre and much of the local army mutinied. A regiment of Mordian Iron Guard was dispatched to quell the uprising. But they were ambushed and all but destroyed as they disembarked from their transports by a force of Chaos Space Marines, hidden around the spaceport. The complete loss of food exports from Daethryu caused major supply problems in the sub-sector over the following years, resulting in further unrest on other worlds, and hindering Imperial forces during subsequent Chaos incursions into the Segmentum Pacificus. Opinion is strongly divided as to how much of this could have been orchestrated and how much was mere coincidence, but it seems certain that the Alpha Legion were involved at some level.

### Homeworld

Alpharius never revealed the planet of his origin, and even the general area of his discovery is now lost to legend. His legion never took a single world as their base, instead operating from various secret locations throughout the Imperium. Many of these bases have been uncovered and destroyed over the millennia following the Heresy, although often they had been deserted by the traitors by the time they were found.

### Combat Doctrine

Alpharius' doctrine was to attack the enemy in as many different ways as possible, all at the same time. What this meant in practice varied depending on the scale and location of the conflict. Tactics confirmed as having been employed by the Alpha Legion include flank attacks, tunnelling to undermine or bypass defences, teleportation or air drops behind enemy lines, diversionary attacks, infiltration, disguising troops and vehicles in enemy colours, disabling enemy transportation (both vehicles and routes), sabotage of fuel and ammunition dumps, poisoning of water and food supplies, atmospheric and ecological

tampering, triggering of volcanic, seismic and tectonic activity, bribery and coercion of enemy troops (including officers) and Imperial officials, enlisting into enemy forces, impersonation of Imperial officers, distribution of propaganda to incite unrest and rebellion, organisation of civilian riots and other anti-Imperial activity, sponsorship and supply of heretical cultist groups, alliance with anti-Imperial military forces including other Traitor Legions and aliens. Generally a number of these tactics will be employed in careful coordination, often resulting in labyrinthine secret plots.

It has been noted on numerous occasions that due to their employment of a large number of completely unorthodox tactics, the Alpha Legion are able to deploy smaller forces than might otherwise be necessary. Combat is only ever really regarded as part of their overall strategy.

### Organisation

Very little is known about the internal organisation of the Alpha Legion. They placed a high value upon secrecy, even before they turned traitor, and captured Space Marines have revealed little under interrogation. On occasions there have been successful assassinations of members of the legion thought to be high ranking officers, but their removal has had little visible effect on their operations.

The legion's symbol, the hydra, is a multi-headed mythical beast which could keep fighting even if one of its heads was cut off. This legend seems to reflect the Alpha Legion's command structure, as well as echoing its doctrine of multiple attacks.

"They know where you are. They know your every strength and weakness. They prepare for your actions before you even conceive of them. How can you ever hope to stop them?"

- Extract from interrogation transcript [Subject: citizen 09.443.781.122iltrorV. Suspected member of subversive group. Posthumously convicted 3154137.M41].

It is known that the legion recruits, supplies and organises hundreds of cultist cells on Imperial worlds. These groups are not all crazed devotees of the Chaos gods and insane daemon-worshippers (although there are plenty of those). There are also highly organised, trained and motivated groups who work to subvert the authorities, produce and spread propaganda, and, when called upon, undertake military action - usually in the form of bombings, sabotage and inciting riots. Such action will generally form part of a larger Alpha Legion plan, for example luring Imperial forces to a particular place by organising a civil disturbance or preventing the arrival of reinforcements by blowing up a bridge.

The question then arises; how does the Alpha Legion coordinate all its activities and communicate with these disparate cells? Inquisitor Kravin is not the only one to have claimed that the Alpha Legion achieves this through the use of so-called 'operatives'. These figures are apparently human, but may have had limited Space Marine psycho-hypnotic indoctrination to make them utterly loyal to the legion and possibly even the implantation of some of the Adeptus Astartes organs (cf. Inq. post mortem file 27884710b). According to the claim, these operatives are the link between the cultist cells, travelling about with impunity where a Space Marine would quickly draw attention, setting up new groups, guiding their agendas and bringing them instructions. During protracted campaigns, they may be used to pose as soldiers, gathering intelligence or sabotaging the enemy army. The existence of these operatives has not been conclusively proved, but few other explanations have been put forward.

While it is not officially acknowledged by the Adeptus of Terra, the Alpha



Legion clearly remains a canker within the very heart of the Imperium.

### Beliefs

Alpharius believed in planning and coordination, he always sought alternatives and multiple solutions to any given problem, with different elements working together for the end result. These doctrines have been thoroughly embraced by the legion as a whole, and have proved effective, especially in the disparate and secretive way they now operate.

All Space Marine legions set arduous tasks and trials for potential recruits, but prior to the Heresy, the Alpha Legion set these initiation tests for squads not individuals. Squads had to succeed as a group or not at all – foolhardy heroics were frowned upon. The overall plan was paramount and more valuable than any one Space Marine. It is not known if this practice is still carried out.

### Gene-seed

While the Alpha Legion does not reside in the Eye of Terror, and therefore is not plagued by the warping effects of that maelstrom of insanity, there is still evidence of mutation in the gene-seed. If this was the case prior to the Heresy, it was

## THE IKRILLA CONCLAVE

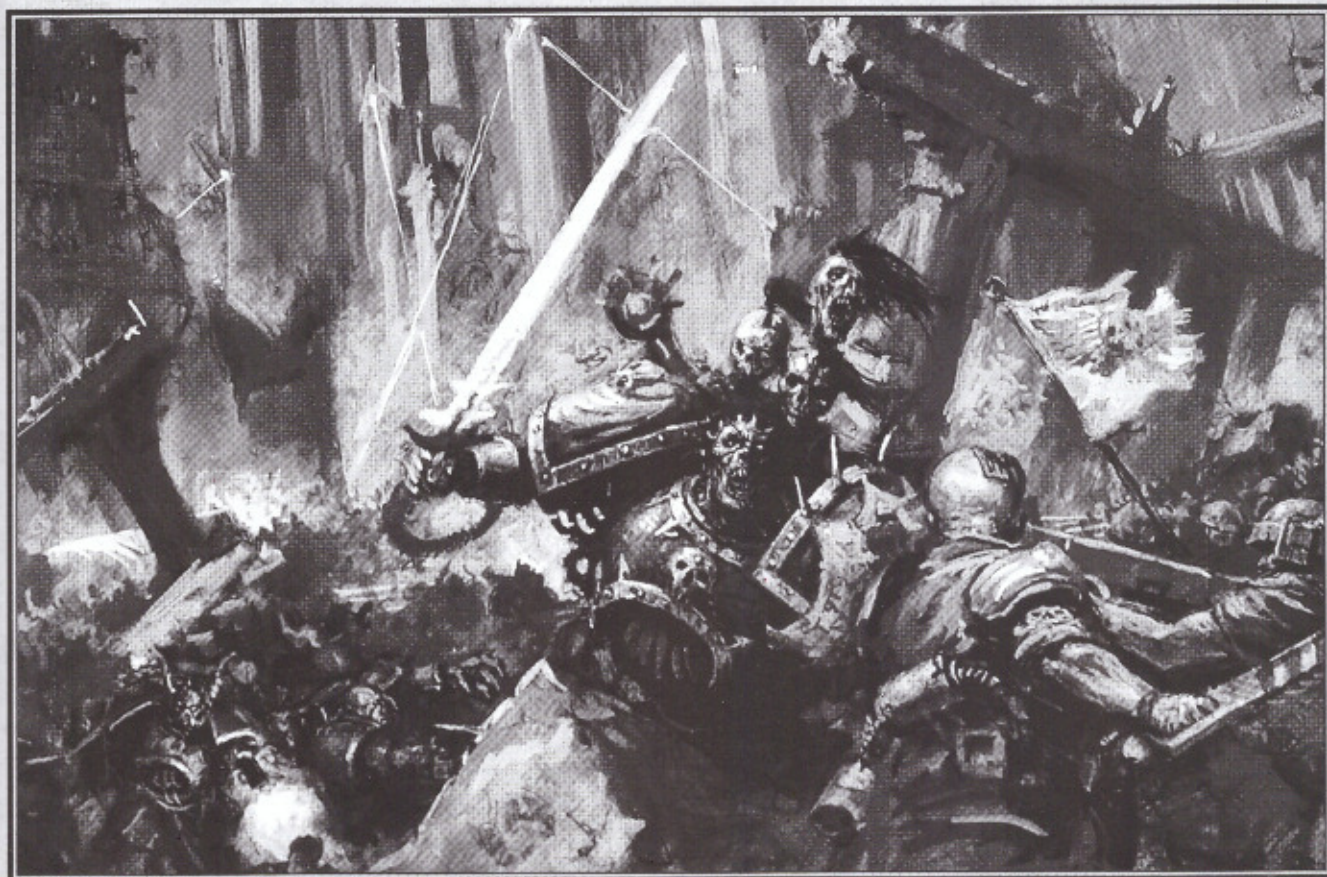
It has never been established if members of the Alpha Legion exhibit the same unnatural longevity as other Chaos Space Marines, who can apparently live for many thousands of years. This phenomenon is generally attributed to the Traitor Legions' existence in the Eye of Terror, where the laws of time and space do not apply, so it would follow that the Alpha Legion should not be affected. However, if Alpha Legion Space Marines have more 'normal' lifespans, then one must ask how losses are replaced. In his address to the Ikrilla Conclave, an impassioned Inquisitor Kravin warned, "the only possible answer is that new Chaos Space Marines are being recruited and genetically modified somewhere within the Imperium. And yet Terra still refuses to acknowledge there is even a serious threat! They are all around us – just look over your shoulder! Perhaps when you are attacked in your own cities, and murdered in your own homes, then you will see I am right."

Shortly after the conclave, Inquisitor Girreaux publicly accused Kravin of consorting with traitors and conspiring to organise cultist uprisings on the worlds of Kartha IV, V and Archos II in the Korren sub-sector (cf. Inq. file 7083662f/M.4f). Girreaux challenged Kravin to appear for trial and face the evidence against him, however Kravin's current whereabouts is unknown. Of course this development has called into question the reliability of all Inquisitor Kravin's research, and as he was the leading scholar on the Alpha Legion's history and current activities, much of what was known about them must now be considered a lie. If, as Girreaux claims, Kravin has been compromised by those very traitors he sought to investigate, then everything he has said must be considered mis-information and propaganda invented by the Alpha Legion.

kept concealed, but given the legion's predilection for secrecy that would not be surprising. During the Lethe Ambush (cf. Gothic War Inq. file 237xii), mutated Alpha Legion Space Marines hid their warped body parts, not out of shame, but so they could reveal them as they attacked – adding horror and revulsion to the shock of their sudden assault.

### Battle-cry

Imperialistic cries of "For the Emperor!" and other similar cries are deliberately calculated to mock and infuriate foes who recognise them as traitors. Any of their victims who don't know the difference between an Imperial Space Marine and a Chaos Space Marine will simply think they have been betrayed.



# Index Astartes



## BLOODIED FIST

The Crimson Fists  
Space Marine Chapter

by Andy Hoare

A Second Founding successor of the Imperial Fists, the Crimson Fists have maintained the proud traditions of their Progenitor Legion for ten millennia, battling the multitudinous enemies of the Imperium with a stoic ferocity for which they have become renowned. Though recently decimated by the Waaagh! of the infamous Ork Warlord, Snagrod, the Arch-Arsonist of Charadon, the noble battle-brothers fight on through their Chapter's darkest epoch, drawing on their proud spirit and 10,000 years of faithful service to the God-Emperor of Mankind.

### Origins

The origins of the Crimson Fists lie at the end of the Horus Heresy. In the wake of the cataclysmic civil war that saw the arch-traitor Horus bring the Imperium to the very brink of ruin, those Space Marine Legions still loyal to the Emperor embarked upon a massive program of reorganisation and rebuilding. Roboute Guilliman, the Primarch of the Ultramarines Legion, presented his Codex Astartes – a tome of epic proportions that set out the future of the Legionnes Astartes as smaller units called Chapters, each formed from a parent Legion. A number of the Primarchs, including the Imperial Fists' Rogal Dorn, vehemently opposed Guilliman's plan, hailing it as detrimental to the security of the Imperium, and a grievous insult to the honour of his legion.

The matter came to a head when the Imperial Fists' strike cruiser *Terrible Angel* was fired upon by the Imperial Navy. To his eternal credit, Rogal Dorn relented rather than plunge the Imperium into another bitter, internecine war. As did his brother Primarchs, he divided his legion into three chapters: the die-hard followers of the Primarch retaining the livery and title of the Imperial Fists, the more zealous brethren becoming the Black Templars, and the more recently initiated and level-headed members, the Crimson Fists.

The newly-formed chapters were apportioned a battle barge, a number of strike cruisers and several rapid strike vessels from the Imperial Fists' extensive fleet, and struck out to forge a destiny all their own. Over the next ten millennia, the Crimson Fists would carve their name in the annals of the Imperium, proudly maintaining the legacy of Rogal Dorn and the Imperial Fists.

Taking pride of place within the Assimularum of the chapter's space-faring fortress-monastery, is a majestic hololith carving depicting the chapter's first Master, Alexis Polux. In this masterpiece, Polux is portrayed during the newly-formed chapter's first action, the Scourging of Uralek Prime, in

which the Crimson Fists fought and defeated a large force of Exodite Eldar who were attempting to eradicate the small Imperial colony recently founded upon that world. Polux was a giant of a man, whose physical strength belied a cold, rational and supremely logical mind. His character did as much to mould the future of the new chapter as the legacy of its Primarch Rogal Dorn, and his masterful and stoic defence of the colony serves to this day as a tangible example to new initiates of the chapter.

Polux fell eight centuries after the founding of the Crimson Fists, during the battle for an unnamed system, codified as HR8518. The system was occupied by a previously unknown alien race, who came to be referred to as the Scythians. These deviant xenos warrior monks made war using terrible venom-based weapons, and it was such a poisoned projectile that struck the Chapter Master in the temple and brought about his death. It is said he fought the deadly poison for many days before his superhuman physiology was finally overcome, though before he died he imparted his plan to repel the Scythians from HR8518 to his warriors. After his death, his forces enacted his plan, and the aliens were repulsed from the system after a short but extremely bloody campaign of xenocide from which the Scythians learned the true power of the Imperium. The xenos have since rarely engaged Imperial forces in open battle, preferring instead to mount stealthy raids and assassinations where their deviant, underhanded and dishonourable ways can prevail.

### Homeworld

For nine thousand years, the Crimson Fists were a space-borne chapter, plying the space lanes of the Imperium aboard a fleet led by the gargantuan fortress-monastery *Rutilus Tyrannus*. They were a crusading chapter, in the same manner as the Imperial Fists and the Black Templars, though they maintained close ties with the Loki sector in Segmentum Tempestus, which is home to a number of feral

worlds from which the chapter draws new recruits. Segmentum Tempestus is infested by many Ork empires, and the chapter soon became expert in fighting these barbaric aliens.

It was after the glorious conclusion of the Voltigern Crusade in 745.M40 that the Crimson Fists were granted fiefdom over Rynn's World in the Loki sector. The sector had been threatened by a number of nascent Ork empires, and the Crimson Fists were able to attack each one in turn before any individual warlord could amass the strength to start a Waaagh! In the

aftermath of the crusade, these empires collapsed as warlord turned upon warlord, their ambitions stymied by their inability to present a unified threat to the Imperium. It was more than a thousand years before another Ork empire would threaten the Loki sector, in the form of the disastrous Waaagh! Snagrod.

Prior to Waaagh! Snagrod, Rynn's World was a pleasant agri-world, providing exotic foodstuffs to the Imperial nobility across the entire sector and beyond. The Crimson Fists built their fortress-monastery in the

inhospitable Hellblade Mountains, and though they retained feudal rights to the world, they allowed the hereditary governorship to remain in the hands of the local nobility. This very much follows Rogal Dorn's approach to worlds from which the Imperial Fists would recruit, allowing the chapter to concentrate on their own duties while the administration of their world is handled by those most qualified to do so.

Rynn's World's proximity to the chapter's primary source of recruitment, the feral world of Blackwater, made it an ideal homeworld. This allowed Crimson

Chapter Approved. Access Level:  $\Omega$  twelve

Crimson Fists, Second Founding, M31

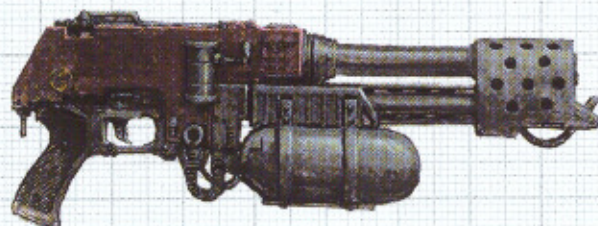


IA ref. 9932/x/  
Auto-reactive ceramite shoulder guards bearing personal heraldry and devotional inscription (top) and standard Chapter icon (bottom).



Above: Crimson Fists First Company Veteran Sergeant. Note seals and relics indicating bearer is in mourning for his fallen brothers, and artificer-made armour and power fist bearing heraldry of New Rynn City Guard.

Below: IA ref. 2403/v/M&4 Astartes flamer unit. Note fuel flask in pre-injection, stowed position for safety during drop assault.



IA ref.3218/s/  
Veteran Sergeant's helmet bearing the Laureola Aurum.

Thought for the day: Pain is an illusion of the senses, despair an illusion of the mind.



Fists apothecaries and Chaplains to attend the annual 'Festival of the Bloodied Fist', during which the most promising of the feral worlds' young men would vie for the opportunity to join the mighty warriors from the stars. During the festival, the aspirants must undertake feats of great strength and courage, culminating with the Rite of the Dragon, in which the would-be Space Marine must track and kill one the ferocious swamp-dwelling Barb Dragons, killing it with only his bare hands in order to earn the right to become an aspirant. Each year, only a handful of young men get as far as this rite, and only one or two of these are likely to survive it, ensuring only the most courageous and resilient aspirants are accepted into the chapter.

With the destruction wrought by Snagrod, Rynn's World has much rebuilding to undertake. The Siege of New Rynn City was a protracted conflict that saw the city, and vast swathes of surrounding land, reduced to a barren, war torn wasteland. Now the conflict has been won, the surviving Crimson Fists are looking to their chapter's future, and the building of a new fortress-monastery.

### Combat Doctrine

When the Imperial Fists Legion was divided into individual chapters, those brethren of a more moderate nature became the Crimson Fists – where many of their former brethren in the legion railed against the changes wrought by the implementation of the Codex Astartes, the Crimson Fists embraced them. As a result, the chapter has maintained the combat doctrine set down by Guilliman, training in all the aspects of war the Astartes may expect to undertake.

Throughout the chapter's long and glorious history, it has become noted for its expertise in fighting the many alien monstrosities that assail the Imperium of Man, in particular the Orks. While the Crimson Fists have never neglected training to fight any and all foes, it is true that they have proved a valuable asset to the Ordo Xenos, contributing many battle-brothers to secondment in the Kill-teams of the Deathwatch.

In the aftermath of the Battle of Rynn's World, the chapter has found itself severely depleted and unable to fight in the manner proscribed by the Codex Astartes. Throughout the war, Chapter Master Kantor was forced to field his squads as infiltrators and guerrilla troops, attacking specific, high-value targets rather than spearheading

massive assaults, as would most other chapters in such a conflict. With the resolution of the war, one of Kantor's primary aims has become the rebuilding of his chapter into a viable fighting force once more.

## Organisation

As has been noted, the Crimson Fists have, since their founding ten millennia

ago, adhered rigidly to the precepts of the Codex Astartes. Following the Battle of Rynn's World, the chapter is committing all available resources into rebuilding this organisation.

True to their origins as a space-borne, crusading chapter, the Crimson Fists have traditionally maintained a large fleet of battle barges, strike cruisers and rapid strike vessels. Though the

Battle of Rynn's World saw these assets depleted enormously as Ork kroozers rampaged throughout the system, those vessels that survived the initial losses of the war proved invaluable in stalling the Ork invasion until the Imperial Navy could muster a response, reinforcing the Navy once they were in system, and in moving Kantor's small force around the warzones to make best use of its skills.

## THE RYNN'S WORLD INCIDENT

In mid 989M41, the Ork warlord Snagrod the Arch-Arsonist of Charadon united the warring factions bordering the Loki sector, and launched the largest Waaagh! the Peryton 163 Cluster had seen in almost a millennium. The Arch-Arsonist's first target was the isolated Imperial colony of Badlanding.

The defenders of Badlanding were utterly unprepared for the invasion, and within days the only major strongpoint of resistance was the town of Krugerport, where the remnants of the Mordian 18th, 24th Lamma and 49th Boros regiments put up a bold, but ultimately doomed, defence.

Confident that he had the world in his grasp, Snagrod put out incessant, ranting broadcasts, boasting that his next conquest would be Rynn's World, which lay only a few weeks warp travel from Badlanding. Chapter Master Kantor responded immediately, despatching the 4th Company under Captain Drakken to Badlanding to stall the Ork Waaagh! and determine its strength.

The battle of Krugerport was a tragic defeat for the Crimson Fists who found Waaagh! Snagrod to be far larger and more aggressive than any could have predicted. Only a handful of Space Marines survived the battle, though those that escaped were able to bring invaluable intelligence back to Rynn's World. Kantor ordered the immediate recall of those companies fighting away from Rynn's World, mobilised the Planetary Defence Force, and prepared for the inevitable invasion.

When the Waaagh! hit Rynn's World, it was with a force unparalleled by any other Ork invasion since those of Armageddon. As Ork drop ships and roks fell through the night sky, Kantor and his Command squad, along with a bodyguard of ten battle-brothers, were inspecting the outer defences of the Crimson Fists' fortress-monastery. Seeing the invasion was upon them, the small force prepared to return to their base, when the horizon was lit incandescent white. Night turned to day, and an instant later a blast wave struck the Marines, barrelling them to the ground. For long minutes the very air burned and howled like the gates to hell itself had been flung wide, before subsiding and leaving the night lit red by a distant conflagration.

The Crimson Fists' fortress-monastery had been destroyed. By infernal chance, a single warhead, launched from the Laculum battery, had faltered on its trajectory, falling from the edge of the stratosphere back towards the ground. One single missile should have proved insignificant to the mighty adamantium walls of the fortress-monastery, but this was not the case. The missile struck an unknown weak point, penetrating deep into the rock upon which the fortress stood. Its fuse set to burrow through the metres thick armoured hide of a starship before detonating deep within, the warhead bit through tens of metres of rock before striking the chapter's arsenal. The resultant explosion destroyed the stasis shields protecting ordnance capable of crippling a capital vessel, ripping the heart out of the mountain on which the fortress stood. The arsenal, the fortress-monastery of the Crimson Fists, the mountain, and an area half a mile wide were atomised in a heartbeat.

Kantor witnessed the destruction of his chapter from afar, but set aside his grief to consolidate what little power he still commanded. Going to ground, Kantor resolved to make for New Rynn City, where a small contingent of Crimson Fists stood beside the local militia. The trek to the city took ten days, and saw the small force lying low during the day to avoid the increasingly rapacious Ork hunter-killer-eater patrols. They marched throughout the night, never stopping for food or rest. On several occasions they ran into Ork invaders and were forced to fight their way through, but on the tenth day they reached New Rynn

City, to find it under siege by a massive force of the barbaric invaders. Skirting the edge of the enemy, Kantor led his men towards the only intact access to the city, an underzooom that crossed under the river Pakomac to the island on which the city stood. The gates of the underzooom were barricaded, and Kantor's force reached them scant moments before the invaders launched a near suicidal frontal assault upon them. To Kantor's great joy though, Crimson Fists manned the gates. Together, the two forces fought for hours to repel the endless tide of Orks that smashed into the barricades.

The Siege of New Rynn City was to grind on for eighteen months, but under the inspired leadership of Pedro Kantor, the Imperium won out against near impossible odds. The wider war would take many years to win, and many of the worlds of the Loki sector captured by Waaagh! Snagrod, including Badlanding, are lost, remaining in Ork hands to this day.



## Index Astartes: Crimson Fists

Following the losses of the Rynn's World campaign, the chapter finds itself in the unusual position of having more specialists than battle-brothers. The chapter's fleet vessels are commanded by Techmarines under the Master of the Fleet, and a number of Apothecaries are also stationed aboard these ships. The presence of these experienced brothers is vital to the rebuilding of the chapter, for without the Techmarines' intricate knowledge of the workings of the

Machine God, the Crimson Fists could not remain a viable fighting force, and without the Apothecaries' knowledge of the complex process of creating new warrior brethren, the chapter would dwindle and disappear within a short span of years.

With the completion of the Rynn's World campaign, the Apothecaries have begun the long process of inducting new brethren. The process cannot be rushed however, for the Crimson Fists have a long and noble tradition to maintain, and to compromise on the quality and suitability of aspirants at such a critical juncture in the chapter's history could one day spell its doom.

A number of Scout squads have been accepted into the ranks of the newly re-

"Nothing ever assured me more that the Emperor truly watches over us than when I saw our Chapter Master return to us from death."

Sergeant Huron Grimm  
at the Siege of New Rynn City

formed 10th Company, and these individuals are forging the future of the Crimson Fists with every battle they fight. They have already distinguished themselves in early actions against the Ork invaders, and are developing an abhorrence for the barbaric race beyond even that of a veteran of many xenos wars.

### Beliefs

The Crimson Fists venerate the Emperor as the gene-father of the Adeptus Astartes, and Rogal Dorn as the Primarch of the Imperial Fists Legion. They maintain a strict calendar of holy days, one of the most sacred being the Day of Foundation, during which the entire chapter gathers to celebrate its creation. During the ceremony, extracts from the works of Alexis Polux are recited, as well as the words of Dorn himself. The chapter's greatest victories are remembered, and its boldest sacrifices commemorated.

In this way, the lessons of the chapter's history are passed down through the ages, ensuring the brethren learn from the actions of their ancestors. This sort of critical introspection is encouraged by the Codex Astartes, but actually practiced by very few Space Marine Chapters, whose pride will often preclude any admission that they have anything to learn from past mistakes, or indeed that their predecessors erred in any way.

In line with their ancestry, the Crimson Fists have been observed on occasion to follow the Imperial Fists' tradition of fielding a Champion of the Emperor. The chapter far less frequently than other Imperial Fists successors such as the Black Templars, but there have been a number of recorded instances when a battle-brother has been overcome with visions of the Emperor on the eve of battle, and taken up the Black Sword and donned the Armour of Faith to lead his brethren into righteous battle against the Emperor's foes. No instance of an Emperor's Champion being fielded has been recorded since the destruction of the



Crimson Fists' fortress-monastery on Rynn's World, and it is entirely likely that the ancient and sacred vestments of the office were lost forever in the destruction.

### Gene-seed

The Crimson Fists draw their recruits from a number of feral worlds in the Loki sector, most notably the world of Blackwater. The natives of this world are renowned for their ferocity and courage, but are far from barbarous primitives. They are a noble people, whose lives are a daily struggle against adversity, and it is this stoic nature that makes them such ideal material for the Crimson Fists.

Being a successor chapter of the Imperial Fists Legion, the Crimson Fists share their genetic legacy with them, inheriting many of the characteristics of their Primarch, Rogal Dorn. The chapter's gene-seed is highly stable, though the Imperial Fists', and therefore, the Crimson Fists', genome is lacking the Betcher's gland that allows a Space Marine to spit acid, and the Sus-an membrane that allows him to enter a life-sustaining state of deep sleep.

The Imperial Fists are known to suffer from a deep-seated drive towards self-sacrifice and penance. They strive to master the self-inflicted punishment of the pain glove, and are notorious for their dogged pursuit of victory, even in the face of overwhelming odds. Perhaps because their initial membership was

The final destination on my pilgrimage to Rynn's World was my visit to the Jadeberry Hill Necropolis. Upon that blasted knoll is to be found hundreds of hand-carved headstones, each one a memorial to a fallen battle brother of the Crimson Fists. Each stone is engraved with the battle honours of a hero whose mortal remains will never be recovered, his body blasted to atoms by the fell hand of fate. I lingered at that bleak place for a day and a night, meditating upon the seeming futility of my own existence. Come the morn, I was struck by a revelation. Had not the Crimson Fists resolved to prevail in the face of utter defeat? If so, then I would strive to emulate their example. I am but a man, but I shall crane my neck to look upon the faces of giants.

Preface to chapter V, 'In the Footsteps of the Angels of Death', by Herak Sactorii.

drawn from the less extreme members of the Imperial Fists Legion, the Crimson Fists do not suffer from this headstrong impulse to anywhere near the degree of their progenitors. They are certainly every bit as noble, relentless and

dedicated, but have clearly conquered any urge they may have to prove their devotion in the fires of self-imposed penance.

The chapter only narrowly escaped extinction during the destruction of its fortress-monastery. According to the genitor-adepts of the Adeptus Mechanicus, a chapter reduced to less than a company of brethren has only a 20-25% chance of survival, for the failure rate of the progenoid gland will often preclude the successful harvesting of new gene-seed, resulting in an inability

to induct new brethren. It was only the chapter's superior gene-seed that saved it from extinction, for the Crimson Fists have been reduced to less than a company of brethren, yet seem more than capable of rebuilding their numbers – however it will take many decades before those numbers are at anything approaching full strength.

### Battle-cry

Chaplain— "There is only the Emperor", brethren— "He is our shield and our protector".

## CHAPTER MASTER KANTOR

Pedro Kantor has served as the master of the Crimson Fists for almost a century, and his record of service goes back another 250 years before he assumed that position. He first rose to prominence at the Battle of Melchitt Sound, where, as a sergeant, he led his squad in a boarding action against the Ork kill kroozer, the Growler. The kroozer was disabled by the attack, allowing the Crimson Fists' strike cruiser, the Crusader, to break the Ork battle line, scattering the alien fleet and winning the battle for the Imperium.

Kantor is a contemporary of the famous Captain Cortez, serving as the Captain of the 3rd Company while Cortez led the 4th, taking part in such celebrated victories as the Battle of Steel Cross, the Defence of Fortress Maladon and the Kardian Campaign. The two warriors rose through the ranks together, fighting side by side as brothers. Cortez' stubborn nature tempered by his friend's even-minded calm. Kantor reportedly grieved deeply when his compatriot disappeared fighting Eldar pirates in the Wheel of Fire, though Kantor,

like many of those who knew the Captain of the 4th Company harbours the belief that the notoriously invulnerable Captain lives on yet.

Faced with the destruction of the vast majority of his chapter at Rynn's World, Kantor was faced with a choice few Chapter Masters have ever had to make. He could lead the remnants of his decimated force in a vainglorious last stand, determined to slaughter as many of the enemy as possible before succumbing to their overwhelming numbers, or, as he chose, he could marshal his resources and deploy his remaining force in missions that favoured small, elite units, looking to the eventual rebuilding of the chapter. It has been noted that many Chapter Masters in his position would have chosen the former option, ensuring their chapter a place in legend rather than accept their virtual defeat. It is to Kantor's eternal credit, and is a mark of a leader of superior character that he made the choice he did, for the Imperium can ill afford the loss of such a chapter as the Crimson Fists.





## DEEP STRIKE

### Tactical Dreadnought Armour

by Graham McNeill

There are few instances where Space Marine power armour is not enough protection for a warrior, but when battle calls for durability and protection over agility, it is to the revered suits of Terminator armour that the Space Marines turn. Massively thick armour plates and powerful servo-muscles drive them, and only the best and bravest of a Space Marine Chapter may don these suits of ancient, holy armour. Graham McNeill takes an in-depth look at the origins and history of Terminators.

Space Marine power armour has a long and glorious history, having its origins in the long-forgotten time before the Emperor's unification of Mankind on Terra. Nothing is now known of this time, but it is speculated that the first suits of powered armour were worn by the techno-barbarians that fought alongside the Emperor as he battled to bring Terra under his rule. Over time, these suits of armour were refined and improved, becoming the earliest incarnations of Space Marine power armour.

The first suits of Space Marine power armour were developed from this armour and were said to have been worn by the first Space Marines as they fought to unite the planets of the solar system under the Emperor's control. Legend tells that once the Terran system was secure, and the process of rebuilding firmly in hand, the galactic conquest began. Faded techno-arcana of the Adeptus Mechanicus tell that even before the Age of Strife ended, the Emperor started to make provisions for his Great Crusade.

Part of these plans included the re-equipping of the Space Marine armies with a far more sophisticated fighting suit that historians have dubbed Crusade or Crusader armour. Alongside these developments, the Emperor initiated a program to develop a system of armour that would provide even greater protection than that offered by power armour.

#### TACTICAL DREADNOUGHT ARMOUR

Combining the technology of power armour and exo-armour developed for sealed environment suits used by starship crews forced to work in extremely hazardous situations, the development of Tactical Dreadnought armour was begun in order to provide the best protection possible for the Space Marines.

Exo-armour is constructed from heavy gauge plasteel plating, forming an armoured shell that can withstand even the colossal impact of high-speed orbital micro-debris. It is the only armour suitable for working inside the high-pressure casings of plasma reactor shields, or the extremely corrosive environments inside the holds of bulk chemical carriers. These same qualities, suitably enhanced, make Tactical Dreadnought armour virtually invulnerable to most weapons.

The development of Terminator armour,

as Tactical Dreadnought armour soon became known, was well underway by the time the Horus Heresy erupted, and these heavily armoured suits had become widely available by the time the traitor Warmaster struck.

According to fragmented records of the Adeptus Mechanicus, Terminator armour was originally designed to be the ultimate Space Marine power armour, and was envisioned to replace the older suits. However, as the Horus Heresy sucked the resources from the Imperium, Terminator suits became increasingly rare, for they were exceptionally difficult to create and maintain. In addition, in most battles their bulk became a disadvantage against the lighter power-armoured warriors who easily outmanoeuvred them.

However, the suits were highly sought after, and they were used to great effect in the countless bloody and short-ranged battles waged in cramped conditions, such as boarding actions in ship-to-ship engagements, hive cities and tunnel fighting. It was in these areas that Terminator armour excelled, and under these conditions that their bulk and sturdy frame serves best. Armoured with heavy sheets of plasteel and ceramite, Terminator armour contains a full exo-skeleton and a complex arrangement of fibre-bundle muscles that allow a warrior to fight with deadly skill in close quarters, where agility is secondary to protection.

In the same manner as power armour, Terminator armour contains its own independent power supply and fully enclosed life-support functions, though those incorporated in Terminator armour are more powerful and longer lasting. Suits of Terminator armour also carry teleport homers enabling them to teleport into battle with some degree of accuracy. The armour contains various augers and auspex, enabling the Space Marine to be fully aware of his environment, both externally and internally. These auspex monitor such things as radiation levels, proximity of biological entities and the life signals of the body, amongst others, just like power armour, though it is also installed with other devices designed solely for Tactical Dreadnought armour, including threat detectors and motion sensors.

In addition, the suit is fully equipped with a range of auto-senses and targeters, allowing the Space Marine to track his target with increased accuracy. Members

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

of a Terminator squad are linked to each other with pict-display units, allowing the Space Marines to see what their brother warriors see. All suits of Terminator armour are capable of this, but to avoid confusion, it is usual for only the Sergeant's armour to broadcast pict-signals.

## VETERAN SPACE MARINES

A Chapter's First Company is known as the Veteran Company and contains its bravest and most heroic battle brothers. Many of the First Company will have risen to the rank of Veteran Sergeant before being inducted to the First Company, though less experienced Space Marines are often accepted into its ranks for performing acts of exceptional courage. These Space Marines are mighty heroes

whose legends have become part of the Chapter's history, and it is every warrior's ambition to become one of their Chapter's elite. The First Company is invariably the

most powerful Company in the Chapter, as many of its warriors are trained to take the field of battle wearing Terminator armour. All Space Marine Chapters maintain a

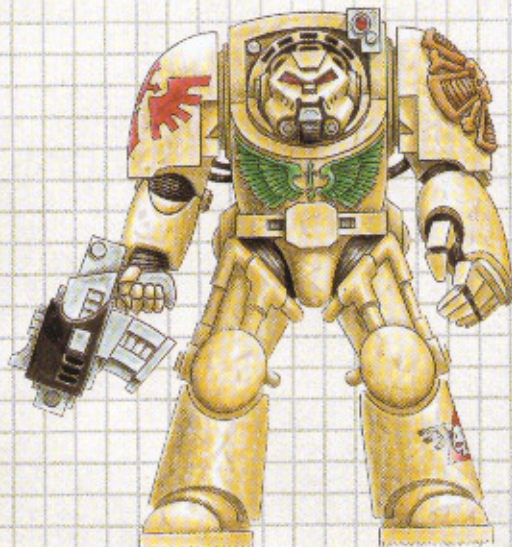
## THE CRUX TERMINATUS

Each Terminator bears a badge upon his left shoulder guard that is made from stone and is said to incorporate fragments of the Emperor's armour. At the climax of the Horus Heresy, the Emperor personally led an attack upon the Warmaster's battle barge alongside his most trusted warriors. During the fierce fighting, the Emperor came face to face with Horus, who, in the battle that resulted, grievously wounded him. Following Horus' defeat, it is said that the Emperor decreed that his armour be taken off and melted down, and that the pieces be made into badges that all Terminators could wear in recognition of the service performed in the defeat of Horus. However, if this is true, then each suit of Terminator armour must only contain the most minuscule of fragments.

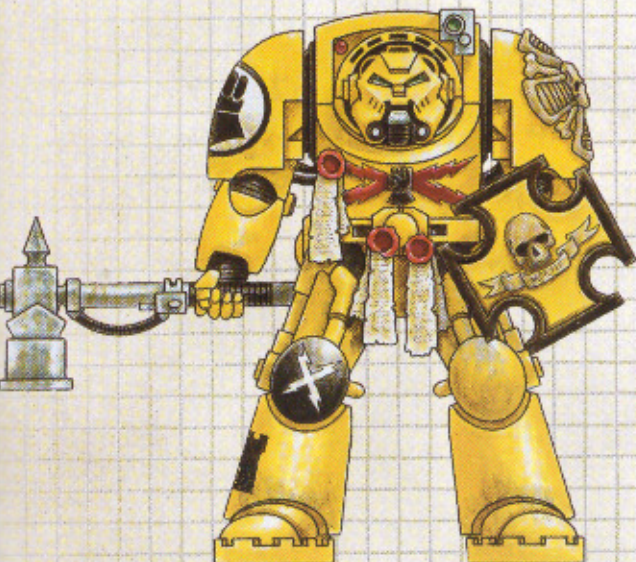
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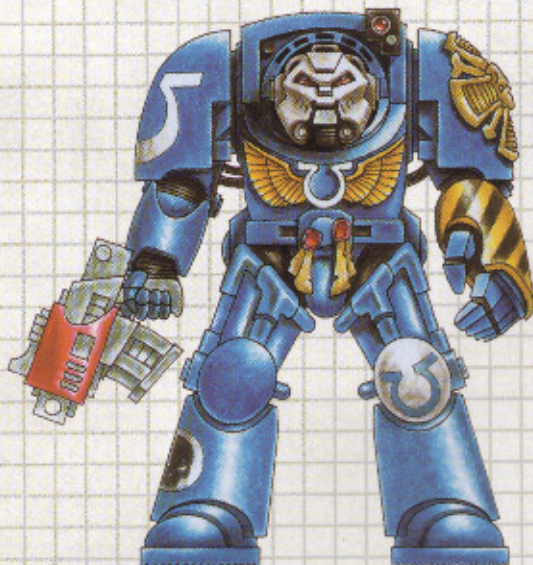
Black Templar Sword Brethren Terminator



Dark Angels Deathwing Terminator



Imperial Fist Assault Terminator



Ultramarines Terminator

Thought for the day: Faith is your shield



### THE CRUX ARGENTUM

Elements of the Crux Terminatus, on the shoulder pad of a Terminator, can be adorned with additional ornamentation in recognition of acts of supreme valour. One such adornment is the Crux Argentum, a shoulder badge of silver and encrusted with gems, that is awarded to Space Marines who perform acts of valour above and beyond the call of duty.

number of suits of the revered and rightly feared Terminator armour and these are amongst a Chapter's most prized relics.

Squads of Terminators are most often employed in boarding actions or where the fighting is certain to be close and bloody. Terminators can also be equipped with a varied selection of weaponry that allows them to fight at longer ranges, but it is brutal assaults that they are primarily designed for. Suits of Terminator armour are rare and highly sought after, and as such, each Chapter carefully maintains the suits that it has. Incredibly ancient, the secrets of much construction have long since been lost and each one is revered by the Space Marines and lovingly maintained by the Chapter's Techmarines. The armour is often ancient, many of the older suits having been produced before the Horus Heresy. Although new suits are produced by the Adeptus Mechanicus, the production rate is so slow, and the demand for them so great, that each Chapter takes the utmost care of its precious remaining suits. Each suit of armour has a special place of honour within the First Company's Chapel and only warriors of the First Company and selected senior commanders may enter the armoury and don these holy artefacts. It requires rigorous training to be able to fight in Terminator armour and, once trained in its use, a Space Marine will be expected to perform above and beyond his brethren, acting as an example to the rest of the Chapter.

### ARMAMENT

Terminator armour is designed to carry a variety of weapon fits, but the most common armament carried is a storm bolter and power fist. This configuration allows a Terminator to engage the enemy at long range while advancing and then to deliver a devastating assault with the deadly energies of a power fist – a weapon capable of tearing through the hull of a battle tank. Many Space Marines opt to carry a chain fist, similar in effect to a power fist, though equipped with a massively powerful chainblade attachment that can carve through the armoured bulkhead of a starship. Within each squad, one Space Marine is often designated a fire support role, and the massive, fibre-bundle muscles and suspensor fields allow a Terminator to carry a much heavier array of weaponry than his power-armoured brethren. Such warriors may carry the dreaded assault cannon to lay down a hail of heavy shells, a heavy flamer when the fighting is certain to be close and bloody, and the enemy closely packed, or the Cyclone missile launcher to engage heavily armoured targets at long range.

Certain squads of Terminators are also configured specifically for close combat, with no ranged weaponry whatsoever. These squads are most often teleported

**B**rother Sergeant Egil of the Space Wolves ducked behind the smoking, burnt-out shell of a Land Raider and slammed a fresh magazine into his bolter. The remains of his Blood Claw pack were spread throughout the blasted building, gore streaked and exhausted. Even with the filtering effect of his armour's auto senses, the noise of the battle was still deafening. He risked a glance around the side of the Land Raider. Thick clouds of choking black ash fell from a lacerated sky and the entire city was aflame. Massive explosions and the thunder of artillery obscured the battle and rendered even his acute senses useless. Egil spun round, raising his bolter to a firing position as he heard the crunch of heavy footsteps approaching behind him. The massive Terminator-armoured form of Brother Kaarlson of the Wolf Guard entered the building and Egil lowered his gun.

'Ready your men, sergeant. We take the fight to the traitors,' snarled the Wolf Guard. Even over the vox-unit's distortion and din of battle, the edge of feral anticipation in Kaarlson's voice was unmistakable. Egil nodded, passing the

word to his men. The green runes on his visor display blinked as the Space Wolves acknowledged his orders. Egil racked the slide on his bolter as the ground suddenly shook under a thunderous impact. The deep, rumbling crash sounded again, like an angry god's footsteps, and Egil looked up as a massive shadow swallowed them. Emerging from the smoke, like a vast beast from the sagas, a Night Gaunt Titan towered above them, its dark carapace silhouetted against the bloody sky.

Lights flared around the Titan's head as Imperial fire impacted on its void shields, but the enormous machine ignored them, lifting one huge leg ponderously from the ground. Egil could clearly hear the whine of its powerful actuators over the explosions. The gigantic war-machine's foot smashed aside buildings in its path and Egil realised with sick horror exactly where it would stamp down.

'Everybody up! Move!' he yelled and fired his jump pack as the shadow of the Titan's foot descended upon them. Egil powered through the air, heedless of the crack of small arms fire that burst around him, angling for the cover of a shattered

bunker. He landed badly and cursed as he fell to the rubble, looking back to see Kaarlson slowly lumbering through the ruins. He screamed his name as the mass of the Titan's foot smashed through the building and crashed down upon the Wolf Guard Terminator. Egil covered his head as the Titan's other foot swept above him, showering dust and debris. Howling with rage, he fired his bolter ineffectually at the Titan as it strode onwards, unheeding of the great warrior it had just killed.

Egil again reloaded his weapon, his thoughts filled with avenging the fallen Kaarlson. He looked over towards the flattened building and watched with astonishment as the rubble began to shift and heave. Massive chunks of plascrete and steel were pushed aside as Kaarlson pulled himself free of the debris. His Terminator armour had been gashed open in a dozen different places and his blood was splashed crimson against its grey, but he was alive. The Wolf Guard Terminator joined Egil in the ruins of the bunker and shouted, 'Like I said sergeant. Ready your men. We've wasted enough time already. We have a battle to win!'

into battle, where the enemy cannot engage them with long-range firepower before the Terminators attack. The most favoured configuration for these squads is either a pair of lightning claws – multiple, fist-mounted blades sheathed in lethal energy that can cut through armour and flesh with equal ease – or thunder hammer and storm shield. This latter configuration is usually employed when the enemy is likely to employ weaponry that may defeat even the formidable armour of a Terminator. A storm shield contains a small power field generator that can protect a warrior in close combat and is proof against even the most lethal close combat weapons. The thunder hammer is a deadly weapon that releases a terrific blast of energy upon impact and those it does not kill, vehicles and the living alike, are rendered virtually incapacitated.

## DEPLOYMENT

Unlike Space Marines in power armour, Terminators are bulky and slow moving, their speed and agility sacrificed for better protection. As a result, methods had to be developed in order to allow them to reach the enemy in enough strength to prevail. Terminator armour is designed to allow its wearer to utilise the technology of teleportation and through this sometimes treacherous method of transport, Terminators may teleport right into the heart of the enemy battle lines. Although this method of transport can often be far



Within dark and forgotten places hide  
the enemies of the Emperor.

You have been chosen to enter such  
places and, protected by the best  
armour the Adeptus Mechanicus can  
provide, cleanse it.

Take with you your weapons, a valiant  
heart and the Emperor's blessing,  
and engage the enemy where it makes  
its lair.

Acknowledge death as it approaches,  
but do not succumb to its touch, for  
your purpose is great.

You have proved yourselves to be  
worthy of the status you now hold.

Every one of you standing here, all of  
whom have declared allegiance to the  
Emperor and take his will as your  
guide, have shown your courage and  
have been rewarded for it.

Those that stand before me,  
I charge you now, go forth and  
vanquish the foe.

Sermon made by Chaplain Hanius to Blood Angels  
Terminator squads before the attack on Thuin II

from accurate, it is often the best way to  
get Terminators into the thick of the  
fighting quickly. Teleportation is a barely  
understood technology and many  
Chapters of Space Marines – such as the  
Space Wolves – have a healthy distrust of  
such things and refuse to utilise it. For  
Chapters like this, the more common

method of deployment for battle remains  
the Land Raider battle tank.

The Land Raider is one of the most, if  
not *the* most, powerful tank in the  
Imperium's arsenal, able to withstand the  
impact of a battle cannon with little or no  
effect. These tanks were designed  
primarily to enable Terminator squads to  
travel in safety through the very worst  
warzones and are equipped with frontal  
assault ramps that deliver the warriors  
within straight into the thick of the fighting.  
In addition, the Land Raider is armed with  
powerful lascannons and can act as  
mobile fire support for the Terminators  
once they have disembarked. There are  
several Land Raider variants, but one of  
the most common is the Land Raider  
Crusader, a pattern developed by Marine-  
Artificer Simagus during the Jerulas  
Crusade of the Black Templars Chapter.  
This crusade involved the besiegement of  
many heavily fortified bastions of a hive  
world and enabled the Sword Brethren  
Terminators of the Black Templars to  
penetrate the defences of their enemies  
with relative ease. With an increased  
transport capacity and weaponry designed  
to inflict maximum casualties amongst  
nearby infantry, many other Chapters  
involved in similar engagements quickly  
adopted this Land Raider pattern.

## THE BATTLE FOR MACRAGGE

A great and terrible day for the  
Ultramarines came upon the battle for their  
homeworld, when the hammer blow of the  
Tyranid hive fleet, *Behemoth*, smashed  
through Ultima Segmentum. The final  
battle against *Behemoth* was fought on the  
surface of Macragge itself, while the  
Ultramarines fleet battled the massive bio-  
ships of the Tyranids in orbit. The key to

the defence of Macragge was the polar  
defence fortresses, held by the veterans of  
the First Company, Titans of the Legio  
Praetor and the Ultramar Defence Auxilia.  
Though the invaders paid in blood for  
every yard gained, the defenders were  
ultimately pushed back inside the  
darkened, bloody corridors of the fortress.

In defence of their homeworld, the  
warriors of the First Company displayed  
heroism the likes of which has rarely been  
seen since, dying to a man in the depths  
of the fortress. Upon the defeat of the  
Tyranid fleet, the Ultramarines descended  
to the surface of Macragge and discovered  
the carnage at the northern polar defence  
fortress. The dead of the First Company  
lay where they had fallen, mounds of  
Tyranid corpses piled hundreds deep  
around each warrior. Though the entire  
company had been killed, they had broken  
the back of the Tyranid invasion and given  
the Ultramarines ultimate victory.

Such a grievous loss was almost too  
much to bear and Marneus Calgar,  
Chapter Master of the Ultramarines,  
decreed that the Chapter Banner of the  
Ultramarines would no longer be unfurled  
until the First Company was returned to  
full strength. Only now, two hundred and  
fifty years after the defeat of hive fleet  
*Behemoth*, has the banner been lifted from  
its reliquary and is once again borne by  
one of the Chapter Ancients.

## THE DEFEAT OF ANGRON

The war-torn world of Armageddon has  
known the tread of invaders many times,  
most recently in the form of the Ork  
Warlord, Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka's  
second invasion. But Ghazghkull was not  
the first, or even the greatest, threat to  
Armageddon. Five hundred years before



that Ork was even born, the taint of Chaos came to Armageddon. Trouble had been brewing for some time, with riots and civil unrest spreading throughout the planet's main continental mass. On Armageddon Secundus, these revolts were quickly suppressed, but those on Armageddon Prime proved to be more difficult to eradicate. Imperial reinforcements could not easily reach Armageddon due to the presence of the Mid-Calvus CVII Warp storm and as the fighting continued, a vast space hulk appeared in orbit...

With the arrival of this space hulk, the rebels on Armageddon were revealed as cultists of the Ruinous Powers, and to make matters worse, the great space hulk contained the Daemon Primarch Angron. The fallen Primarch of the World Eaters was accompanied by hordes of daemons and frothing Berzerkers who hurled the warriors of the Imperium back in a tide of bloodletting. As the defenders rallied beyond the Chaeron River, reinforcements arrived in the shape of the Space Wolves Chapter of Space Marines, led by the Great Wolf himself, Logan Grimnar. But greater than that, the Chamber Militant of the Ordo Malleus, the Grey Knights, answered the defenders' cry for aid.

The Grey Knights, the fighting arm of the Daemonhunters, are a Space Marine Chapter whose entire existence is dedicated to the destruction of the daemonic, and while Angron's horde built great monoliths to their diabolical master, the Grey Knights attacked. Led by Brother-Captain Aurellian, a hundred Grey Knights in Terminator armour teleported into the field of battle, fighting their way through the enemy host until they came face-to-face with the fallen Primarch.

Guarded by a dozen of his most favoured Daemon Princes, Angron was nigh unstoppable, but the Grey Knight Terminators attacked without thought for their own safety or survival. Many brave warriors fell in battle, but one-by-one, the daemons accompanying Angron were slain, banished back to the Warp by the faith and power of the Grey Knights. The battle waxed furious on the bloody field of Armageddon, but at last, the Grey Knights defeated Angron and cast his essence back to the Warp. With the defeat of Angron, the daemonic horde soon vanished and, without the presence of the daemonic Primarch, the hordes of cultists were soon crushed beneath the might of the Imperial counter-attack. The aftermath of the First War for Armageddon was, however, to bear witness to some of the most terrible cruelty imaginable as the entire population of the planet was systematically rounded up and placed into forced labour camps and the planet repopulated so as to avoid the threat of any lingering taint of Chaos – a heinous act for which Logan Grimnar has never forgiven the Administratum.

## THE DEATHWING

The Dark Angels, though one of the First Founding Chapters, differs from the Codex Astartes in a number of ways, most notably in the composition of the First and Second Companies. The First Company of the Dark Angels, known and feared as the Deathwing, is unique in that its veterans never take to the field of battle in power armour, but instead fight in bone-white Terminator armour. Originally the armour was black, but after a single squad of Terminators freed their homeworld from Genestealer infestation it was forever decreed that their armour would be white to honour their valour.



# TERMINATORS



Captain Lysander



Ultramarine Cyclone Launcher



Chaplain Clausel and his Command squad prepare to defend the Hecatta Pass against the forces of Chaos.



Logan Grimnar leads his Wolf Guard Terminators against raiding Eldar.



Grey Knight Terminator



Terminators face Necrons in the claustrophobic tunnels of an ancient tomb.



An Ultramarines Terminator Squad lays down a withering barrage of fire.



Marneus Calgar



Deathwing Terminators spearhead an assault against the Tyranids.



Blood Angels Terminators defend their homeworld of Baal against Ork raiders.



## ROGUE SONS

Renegade Space  
Marine Chapters

by Andy Hoare



### ORIGINS

The First Founding is an event of mythic proportions, shrouded in ten thousand years of legend, supposition and mystery, and even the details of the Second Founding are obscured by millennia of hearsay. Over the course of the long and bloody history of the Imperium as many as 1,000 Space Marine Chapters have been created, perhaps many more. No one person or administrative body has any means of determining the exact number, as the Imperium has suffered many periods of great turmoil, during which reliable records have been purged, revised, rescinded, destroyed in cataclysmic destruction or simply lost. In many cases, the only source of information regarding the Foundings, and many other aspects of the history of the Imperium, is to be found in myth and legend, which are taken, even by the most highly placed and informed men in the Imperium, as canon.

What is known, and whispered only in the safest of company, is that far more Space Marine Chapters have been created than are extant today. Many of these missing Chapters can be accounted for as having been lost in the Warp or having sustained irrecoverable losses in combat. Others still have vanished without trace.

The Ordo Malleus is responsible for maintaining the records regarding those Legions who turned traitor during the Horus Heresy, but the archives of the Ordo Hereticus contain details of Chapters other than those turned to Chaos with Horus: Space Marines who have turned renegade in the millennia since the Great Heresy ended.

The number of Chapters who have openly turned traitor can only be estimated, though some circumstances of such a rebellion can certainly be theorised.

Every world in the Imperium is home to a culture unique to itself, and the people of each world worship the Emperor in a manner informed by its own characteristics. For the Helio-Cultists of Limnus Epsilon, for example, the Emperor resides in their sun, his warriors coming every century to claim the best of the world's youth to fight at his side within the fiery heart of their star. To the Apocalites of the worlds bordering the Hell-Stars of the Garon Nebula, he is the bringer of merciful death, deliverance from the evil that stalks their worlds by night. To the feral natives of

Many miles beneath the Emperor's Palace on ancient Terra can be found repositories of knowledge so potentially damaging to the Imperium that they are sealed behind armoured portals capable of withstanding the most determined of attacks, and hexagrammic wards able to resist the strongest of psychic probes. One such library, accessible only to senior Inquisitors and the High Lords of Terra themselves, contains proof of the most terrible of crimes: treachery amongst the Emperor's most trusted Space Marines.

Miral, the Emperor was the great beast that stalked the dark places of their forests, and to the acid miners of Mordant he is the guiding spirit-light that keeps the all-encompassing darkness at bay.

Even within the ranks of the galaxy-spanning institution of the Adeptus Ministorum, no two clerics drawn from two different worlds share the same view of the nature of the god they worship. Theosophical debates rage between men divided in their understanding of the Emperor's divinity, yet utterly united in their worship of him, though even here, debate on occasion turns to division, and division to outright aggression.

As each world expresses its devotion to the Emperor in a unique manner, so too does each Space Marine Chapter revere him and his Primarchs in a manner unique to themselves. Many adore him not as a god, but as the founder and patron of the Space Marine Legions, while the beliefs of other Chapters may diverge yet further.

These deviations have on occasion led to friction and even open conflict between the Adeptus Astartes Chapters and the Adeptus Ministorum. Such a conflict is unlikely to arise from a simple difference of opinion, however, for no matter how abhorrent a member of the Ecclesiarchy may find the beliefs of a Space Marine Chapter, there is no denying that the Space Marines are the living embodiment of the Emperor's divine wrath, and their mandate is granted by the Emperor himself. Open conflict is more likely to arise from the actions of clerics overstepping the bounds of their authority, and it can only be assumed that insanity, treachery or worse – perhaps daemonic or alien intervention – would in most cases lay at the heart of the matter.

On occasion, it may be an Inquisitor who moves against a Chapter. Such action would only be considered in the most extreme of circumstances, as an entire Chapter of Space Marines is a foe that few armies could hope to challenge.

Upon declaring such a Chapter Excommunicatus, an Inquisitor will attempt to determine the root cause of the rebellion in order to gauge the potential obstacles to neutralising it. Should he suspect that Chaos lies at the heart of the matter, the Grey Knights may be mobilised. Should doctrinal heresy prove the immediate cause then the elite of the Adepta Sororitas may be the only force considered capable

of prosecuting a War of Faith against the wayward Chapter. On rare occasions, alien intervention may be suspected, and the highly skilled servants of the Ordo Xenos brought in to investigate. Such an event is of such import as to attract the attention of the High Lords of Terra themselves, and no Inquisitor would bring such accusations without very solid evidence indeed.

On other occasions, it may be sufficient for an Inquisitor to approach the Masters of other Chapters. To a Space Marine, the very notion of a brother exceeding his Emperor-given mandate is anathema, it is to disobey the direct word of the Emperor himself, and so a simple word in the ear of a Chapter Master may bring about the censure or outright subjugation of the chapter in question. Space Marine Chapter Masters and Inquisitors are individuals well placed to appreciate the devastating consequence of galaxy-wide sedition and rebellion, and have on many occasions worked in concert to quell such threats before any other authorities become aware of them.

Actually conducting an investigation and gaining evidence against a suspect Chapter is in most cases next to impossible. Even the most loyal of Chapters will be far from open with what they regard as prying outsiders. In the extremely rare instance of a Chapter actually renegeing on its vows to the Golden Throne, no investigation will be necessary or possible: the evidence will be clearly visible and damning in the extreme.

It is not recorded exactly how many Chapters have been purged in this way, as all record of their existence will be expunged upon their defeat. It can be estimated however, that as many as a dozen Chapters may have been completely destroyed and subsequently deleted from the records, while a small number of others have been declared Excommunicatus, but are still at large in the galaxy.

The Badab Uprising demonstrated that there could in fact exist degrees of rebellion. Aside from the Astral Claws, three other Chapters rebelled against the rule of the Imperium during that conflict – the Lamenters, Executioners and the Mantis Legion. These Chapters simply found themselves on the wrong side of the conflict, and it would seem that hubris, rather than heresy, kept them fighting for over a decade. Many notable Chapters have found themselves under investigation or engaged in open conflict against other factions – in an area as large as the Imperium grievances and misunderstandings are seen to be unavoidable from time to time. The Chapters that sided with the Astral Claws at Badab were investigated after the war was resolved, and found to be free from treachery. Their homeworlds were forfeited



to the loyalist Chapters who fought against them, and the rebels sent on penitent crusades as punishments for their crimes.

Often, the progress of the fall of a Chapter goes unseen until the dramatic moment at which it is judged to have crossed the line and turned renegade. Often, the term is only relevant to outsiders, and a matter of judgement rather than objectivity. For example, a Space Marine Chapter may subjugate a rebel world, to be welcomed by the surviving populace as saviours and begged to rule over them. Such a situation is not without precedent, for the

Ultramarines rule an entire realm, but this is most definitely outside of the mandate of a Space Marine Chapter, and so the sin of pride may lead a Chapter down the road to ruin.



## HOMEWORLDS

The original homeworld of a renegade Chapter will in many cases bear the brunt of Imperial retribution should the rebels choose to remain ensconced there. In the case of the Astral Claws (later renamed the Red Corsairs) the rebel Chapter attempted to consolidate its position at the

heart of its power base, turning their homeworld, and the entire Badab system, into an impenetrable fortress. Each world bristled with orbital defence stations and ground-based weapon silos. The high orbits were seeded with mines capable of seeking out invading vessels and crippling them beyond any hope of escape.

The Astral Claws held off the Imperium's reprisal for eleven years, three of which loyal forces spent prosecuting the gruelling sieges necessary to break the rebels' hold on their home system.

However, few such traitor Chapters attempt to defend their homeworld, often choosing instead to flee to regions where the Imperium's retribution can be avoided. As the Traitor Legions fled to the Eye of Terror after their defeat at Terra, so too have other rebels sought to establish themselves in areas of the galaxy where the Imperium may not easily follow. The Sons of Malice are such a Chapter, who were founded in order to guard the western marches of the Eye of Terror and who fled into the Eye itself after an Inquisitor of the Ordo Hereticus unveiled their gruesome heresy. After the battle at the Palace of Thorns, which saw the Astral Claws finally ousted from Badab, the survivors made for

the Maelstrom, a nearby area of space riven with naturally-occurring warp storms.

It is known that some renegades have established bases upon worlds hostile to human life, worlds on which only a Space Marine, with his enhanced physiology could hope to survive. The Steel Cobras – a Chapter whose worship of the Emperor as an animal-totem prompted a puritanical crusade against them led by a particularly bombastic Cardinal – are known to have established a base of operations deep beneath the ammonia seas of Tukaroe VII. Although the Imperium are aware of the renegade's existence, nothing short of an invasion by an entire Space Marine Chapter is considered likely to dislodge them from their fortified seabed bunkers. The only other option is Exterminatus, a fate that may still befall Tukaroe VII should the Adeptus Astartes refuse to assault their wayward kin. Other renegades choose a nomadic existence, plying forgotten space lanes aboard their battle barges and strike cruisers, far from Imperial Navy patrols. They survive by raiding, attacking shipping and backwater worlds in order to sustain their outcast existence and to satisfy their craving for bloodshed and revenge. Of the fate of a renegade Chapter's original

homeworld, one thing is certain. Those left behind after the rebels are dislodged will be made to pay for the crimes of their masters. Inquisitors have it within their power to quarantine entire planetary populations, and any suspected of sharing their masters' heresies are executed in very public displays of retribution. On occasion, entire worlds have been put to death, so deeply runs the taint of treachery.

In the case of the Sons of Malice, the grisly tendencies that caused their excommunication was found to be rooted in the barbaric practices of the native, feral world population of the Chapter's homeworld of Scelus. The native tribes were almost entirely eradicated by the Cadian 331st in a planet-wide campaign of genocide. Scelus was declared *Perdita* and stands to this day a stark example to any who would test the tolerance of the duly appointed representatives of the Holy Orders of the Emperor's Inquisition.

## COMBAT DOCTRINES

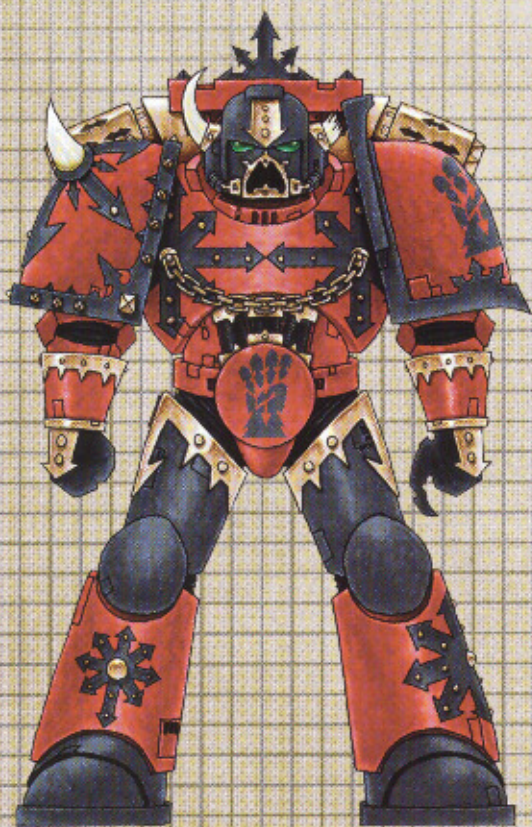
How and why those few Chapters who have rebelled fight depends in many cases on the character of the individual Chapter, and they often have no more or less in common with each other than the loyal Chapters do.

The Red Corsairs fight primarily as an expression of their twisted faith. As the rebel Chapter fled from the aftermath of the Siege of Badab, the hideously wounded Chapter Master Lufgt Huron made a terrible pact with the Ruinous Powers, pledging eternal service in return for the blessings and patronage of Chaos. Huron sold his soul and his Chapter to Chaos, renaming himself Huron Blackheart, and his Chapter the Red Corsairs in the process.

Though piratical in the extreme, the renegade master leads the Red Corsairs on savage attacks on Imperial shipping and outposts, not because they have any overriding need for plunder, but because the very act of looting the regions he was previously sworn to protect pleases Huron as much as it does his diabolic patrons.

Of the motivations of renegade Chapters, many observations and theories have been presented. Most have a need to replenish depleted arsenals, and those that have turned completely to Chaos raid in order to capture slaves to be sacrificed in whatever dark rituals they observe. Whether any renegades are actively seeking to replace fallen Brethren is a matter of debate, but it is known that some recruit or band together with human raiders. Another source of concern to the Imperium's authorities is that rebel Chapters may find a way of replenishing diminished gene-seed stocks, for this would conceivably make the renegades a threat for many centuries to come.

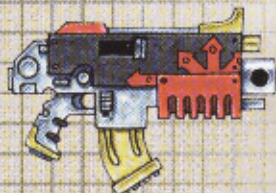
Inquisition Access Level: Ω sixty nine



Red Corsairs colour scheme (formerly the Astral Claws Chapter)



Shoulder plate Corrupted Red Corsairs marking



Corrupted Gadevyn pattern bolter



Corrupted Astral Claws Chapter Icon

Thought for the day: You are either for the Emperor or you are his bitter foe

## THE BADAB UPRISING

**B**adab is a system of worlds close to the galactic core. While well positioned to protect the Imperium from the unlikely event of alien invasion it is actually occupied by Imperial Space Marines because of its proximity to a giant permanent warp storm called the Maelstrom.

The Maelstrom is marked in the material universe by a huge nebula of gas and dust and it has long been supposed that an area of warp/real space overlap causes the two features to co-exist in this way. The insurmountable difficulties of patrolling or even navigating the Maelstrom mean it has become a refuge for deviants and heretics of all kinds. It is estimated that over 20 Ork empires and pirate kingdoms lurk within its sickly pall.

The Astral Claws Space Marine Chapter had been stationed at Badab for over three centuries keeping the south and western fringes of the Maelstrom secure. In 901M41, the Master of the Astral Claws and Lord of Badab, Luftig Huron, ordered the destruction of an Imperial investigation fleet as it entered orbit around Badab. Over 23,000 loyal servants of the Imperium were killed in the one-sided battle which followed. Gripped by an apparent fit of insanity Huron declared himself Tyrant of Badab and announced the system's secession from the Imperium.

Inquisitors quickly uncovered plentiful evidence of why Huron had attacked the fleet sent to Badab. The Adeptus Mechanicus had filed numerous complaints about the tardiness of the Astral Claws in submitting gene-seed for routine purity checks, the Chapter had amassed a huge debt of planetary tithes stretching back

over a century and a half. Huron's own evaluation reports betrayed ambition and a lust for power singularly inappropriate in the Master of a Space Marine Chapter. Worst of all he illustrated a lack of the absolute devotion to Mankind necessary in a lord of the Imperium.

The Tyrant of Badab, as Huron became known in Imperial history, staved off two punitive expeditionary forces in 902 and 903. After the second attack three other Chapters, the Mantis Warriors, Executioners and Lamenters, pledged their support to the Astral Claws and the rebellion escalated drastically. Imperial shipping, always at risk in the pirate infested systems around the Maelstrom, came under attack and communication was lost with outlying worlds. In 904 a ship belonging to the Fire Hawks was attacked and captured by the Mantis Warriors. The Fire Hawks retaliated immediately and soon five whole Chapters were involved in the fighting. The Marines Errant were recalled from the Eastern Fringes but they quickly found themselves fully occupied protecting Imperial ships in transit.

By 906 more loyal Space Marine Chapters had been brought in to stabilise the situation and the threat to Imperial shipping was more or less quashed. Ork incursions in the Ultima Segmentum in 907 necessitated the recall of several of the loyalist Chapters but these were replaced by additional naval squadrons from Segmentum Solar which continued to protect the shipping routes. Imperial forces began the task of besieging the heavily fortified worlds of Badab while additional Space Marine Chapters were brought in to investigate worlds occupied by the

Executioners and the Mantis Warriors.

The bulk of the Lamenters Chapter was caught in an ambush in 908 and surrendered after bloody ship to ship fighting. The loss of the Lamenters was a great blow to the Tyrant and the rest of the war devolved into a succession of close sieges as one renegade stronghold after another was battered into submission. The uprising came to an end in 912 with the fall of Badab and the final defeat of the Astral Claws.

With the rebellion over the Inquisition made an extensive investigation into the renegade Space Marine Chapters. They found slight evidence of heresy in the Chapter cults but these were not considered irredeemable. The Lamenters, the Mantis Legion and the Executioners were granted the Emperor's forgiveness subject to undertaking a hundred year crusade. The homeworlds of the Executioners and the Mantis Legion were forfeited to the victorious loyalist Chapters, along with the salvage rights to spacecraft damaged in the conflict and a proportion of the stolen cargoes which were recovered.

The Astral Claws were reported to be all but destroyed. A contingent of around two hundred fought their way through the Imperial blockade and escaped into the Maelstrom. The most corrupt elements from the other Chapters which had joined forces with the Tyrant of Badab soon followed after them. Nothing more was heard of these renegade Space Marines for many years afterwards. Of the fate of Imperial commander Luftig Huron, Master of the Astral Claws and Tyrant of Badab, nothing is known.

## ORGANISATION

Most renegades retain the structure they maintained prior to their fall from grace, at least until such time as circumstances dictate a change. A recently rebelled force may resemble a loyalist one in almost every detail, although certain ranks may be absent. For example, most rebels will not have any Chaplains, as these stalwart defenders of the faith will have resisted the Chapters' fall to the last. In some cases, however, the Chaplains' unorthodox doctrines may in fact be the source of the rebellion. Others will not consider themselves rebels at all, as was the case when the Executioners sided with the Astral Claws, and so adhere to a more traditional Codex organisation, with every rank and position in attendance.

Chapters that have trodden the path to damnation for longer may well have degenerated further, deviating substantially

from the dictates of the Codex Astartes. Some may resemble the Traitor Legions, fighting alongside hideous creatures summoned from the Warp, or utilising Chaos cultists in their never-ending quest for revenge against the Imperium that they have abandoned. Most rebels will have suffered considerable losses at the hands of loyal forces, and in fact represent only the small number of survivors who escaped the Imperium's retribution. These forces form small warbands rather than Company (or Chapter) sized formations, and may find themselves fighting alongside other Chaos forces. The Damned Company of Lord Caustos is such a force, which, having been declared Traitor by an Inquisitor of the Ordo Hereticus, based on somewhat flimsy and circumstantial evidence, only later turned to the service of Chaos in order to survive in a galaxy ultimately hostile to them. Lord Caustos and his followers now sell their services to

any force that will provide them the equipment to continue their very existence.

The Red Corsairs are organised into a large fleet, able to deploy small, elite forces of renegade Space Marines supported by larger groups of human reavers. The Space Marines amongst the force are supremely proficient at the boarding actions favoured by the Chapter whose ship-to-ship fighting prowess is infamous. Huron Blackheart maintains a substantial fleet consisting of vessels captured over numerous engagements, ranging from a single Adeptus Astartes battle barge, a number of strike cruisers, many and varied escorts and a huge number of classes of interceptors and bombers. It is claimed that the vessel used now as Huron's command ship was salvaged after having been found drifting on the edge of the Maelstrom. Some claim the ship is a vessel formerly of the Word Bearers Traitor Legion, but few give such claims any credence.

## KATHAL, ANARCH OF THE SONS OF MALICE

The Captain of the 1st Company of the Sons of Malice, Kathal was instrumental in the Chapter's fall from the Emperor's grace. Kathal and his company had successfully concluded the Cilix 225 campaign, in which three sub-oceanic hives in the rebellious Cilix system were scoured of the heretics who were threatening to depressurise them as an expression of their misguided devotion. The Company's prolonged victory celebrations, led by the murderous Kathal, were observed by Inquisitor Pietas, a senior member of the Ordo Hereticus, who was revolted at what she saw as practices verging on the cannibalistic. Pietas mobilised a strike force of Adepta Sororitas Celestians, who deployed from orbit aboard their drop pods, making planetfall in the midst of the Company at the height of the celebrations. The strike force found Kathal and his Company a horde of

fevered maniacs, having worked themselves into a state of animalistic barbarity over the course of their celebrations. Kathal's armour was splattered in gore, and blood ran from his mouth as he presided over the ceremony. Kathal and his brethren fell upon the strike force with a savagery the Inquisitor was utterly unprepared for.

The Celestians fought bravely, but their numbers were too few, and their faith, though strong, could not overcome the sheer fury of Kathal and his men. By the light of burning torches, Kathal cornered the Inquisitor, dragging her before his altar where she was ritually sacrificed. This heinous deed earned the Sons of Malice excommunication, and to this day they reside within the Eye of Terror, where they wage a hate-fuelled war against any they encounter, be they servants of the Imperium, or indeed, other followers of Chaos.

## BELIEFS

The heart of a Chapter's fall is often to be found in the basis of its beliefs. Each Space Marine Chapter lives by its own dogma, and every aspect of its existence is informed by a combination of the Imperial Creed, Great Crusade lore, ever-evolving Chapter legend and native belief.

If a Chapter recruits exclusively from one specific culture, then a great many of the beliefs and traditions of that culture often find their way into Chapter doctrine. Many Chapters recruit from feral world populations, where the native warrior lifestyle and naked aggression provide the most promising Neophytes, and often these primitive beliefs will mingle with the Imperial Creed.

Over time, a Chapter's body of beliefs may change significantly, isolated as they are from the practices of other bodies. Were a subject of the Imperium to witness the initiation rituals or victory celebrations of any number of perfectly loyal, steadfast Chapters, he might recoil in horror, taking the Brethren for heretics. It is equally true that what may appear perfectly normal practices on one world would be viewed with outright disgust on another, and both would undoubtedly have their place within the panacea that is the worship of the God-Emperor of Mankind. And so, for one such as an Inquisitor to openly decry the religious practices of a Chapter as heretical, such practices must surely have gone way beyond the pale.

The Inquisitors of the Ordo Hereticus are undaunted, however, by the cloak of secrecy behind which many Chapters

worship, and have on several occasions attempted to investigate those they suspect of transgression. Often, the mere suggestion of heresy is enough to force a Chapter to defend itself, and many an Inquisitorial investigation fleet has found itself fired upon before it even began its enquiry. Most such incidents are covered up, or simply go unreported, but others lead to greater conflict. A very small number may lead to the Excommunication of the Chapter.

It is believed that all such renegades will, in time, turn to the service of the Ruinous Powers, though few have ever been found to be worshipping Chaos while still maintaining the pretence of loyalty to the rule of Terra. It has been posited that some weakness, predisposition or perhaps basic fallibility has instead made the Chapter liable to the temptations of Chaos, and it is only after this tendency has been revealed that the self-fulfilling prophecy is realised. This is a curse that the Inquisition must bear, for to identify the seed of treachery is to cultivate it, and thus nothing less than the complete destruction of the suspect Chapter will eradicate the taint of heresy.

But the cause of a Chapter's fall may not always be the fault of its spiritual beliefs. Other factors may lead the Chapter into conflict with other bodies. On occasion, dangerous individuals have gained positions of power and responsibility within a Chapter, individuals who perhaps should never have even been recruited, let alone attained rank.

Such men may suffer from flaws common to Humanity: pride, vanity or

anger for example. Instead of being led by a Chapter Master whose only consideration is service to Mankind, the Emperor and the Adeptus Astartes, the Chapter finds itself under the sway of a megalomaniac or an egotist who wields his power according only to the vagaries of his own ambition.

These men have caused deep schisms within their Chapters throughout the long history of the Imperium. Some have been thwarted by the actions of men nobler than themselves, and knowledge of the matter kept within the walls of the fortress-monastery. Others have led their Chapter into direct conflict with other bodies, and have paid the ultimate price for their folly.

When a Chapter fights and defeats the forces of Chaos, those brethren who witnessed the blasphemies of the Ruinous Powers are invariably affected in some way by what they have seen. When called upon to fight a Traitor Marine, a loyal brother is compelled to see himself reflected in the dark mirror of his former brethren's sin. The experience is one that can cause deep spiritual turmoil, and the Space Marine may spend many long nights in solitary vigil, praying to the Emperor for deliverance from the evil that befell the Traitor Legions.

The Chapter's Chaplains are always diligent in the aftermath of any battle fought against the minions of the Dark Gods, but still some taint may escape the rituals of purification and ablution. Should the stain of Chaos spread within the Chapter, drastic measures may be required in order to avoid the slow corruption of the entire force.

The same is true of those fighting against aliens. The spoor of the Xenos is a threat taken extremely seriously by a Chapter's Apothecaries, who must monitor the physiology of their charges throughout their exposure to alien environments and creatures. Countless alien species exist within the galaxy, despite the measures taken by the Imperium to cleanse the stars of their presence, and each has a biology unique to itself. Natural defences, poisons, native bacteria and viruses all threaten human dominion of the Emperor's domains. Some races have unique methods of attack or reproduction that may threaten the spiritual and physical integrity of a Chapter, such as psychic or genetic domination of a battle brother exposed to the aliens. Such instances can prove as dangerous as daemonic possession, and cause the tainted Chapter to pursue goals utterly inimical to its duties to the Imperium.

Such an incident was uncovered by the Ordo Xenos, when the Subjugators Chapter fought a protracted campaign against the alien cell-kin of the Technetium Belt. The unique reproductive cycle of the species made their complete eradication

very difficult to achieve. The cell-kin reproduced by viral dissemination, their DNA infecting the body of another creature where it would literally reshape the host in its own image. The Space Marines' enhanced genetic make-up proved largely resilient to this threat, but twenty of the brethren of the 3rd Company were lost in the early stages of the campaign, as they were slowly mutated into new, hideous forms. The Chapter's Apothecaries identified the threat, but too late to save those Battle Brothers affected by the cell-kins' infection. The infected Brethren that survived the conflict escaped, and are assumed to be at large in the galaxy to this day.

## GENE-SEED

Every year, each Space Marine Chapter is required to surrender a portion of its gene-seed stocks to the Adeptus Mechanicus, who hold it in trust and maintain it on behalf of the High Lords of Terra, and, therefore, for the Emperor. There are thought to be perhaps only two locations in the entire Imperium considered secure enough to hold the gene-seed, which would represent the most priceless of targets should the Traitor Legions learn of them. There are very few obligations enforceable against the Adeptus Astartes, but this requirement is absolute. The reasons for this insistence upon regular examination and purity testing is rooted in the events of the Horus Heresy, and were borne out by the circumstances leading up to the Badab Uprising.

Lufgt Huron had reportedly refused to submit gene-seed samples to the Adeptus Mechanicus, and so seriously was this breach of Imperium High Law taken that an investigation fleet was dispatched to call him to account. The Astral Claws' attack on the fleet precipitated the war that followed, and in the eyes of many justified the policy of purity testing, and of the rigorous persecution of any who attempt to avoid it.

The gene-seed of a renegade Chapter may remain pure, particularly if the cause of the rebellion is doctrinal. Where Chaos or alien influence lies at the heart of the matter then mutation may set in, debasing the Chapter's gene pool more and more as time goes on. A Chapter serving Chaos may begin to manifest the same mutations as the Traitor Legions: limbs become distended tentacle-like appendages, hands become talons and other, more random transformations take hold. The Chaos Powers may bequeath their dubious 'gifts' upon their champions as they progress along the path to spawnhood or Daemonhood, and entire squads of possessors may take to the field.

Alien intervention may also lead to the degradation of a Chapter's gene-seed, as was the case with the Subjugators during

the Technetium Belt campaign, leading to permanent metamorphosis, random mutation or more subtle, but equally damaging, changes.

It is also the case that the processes utilised by the Adeptus Mechanicus to store and to cultivate tithed gene-seed from the Adeptus Astartes may become corrupted and imperfect. Though the particulars of a new Founding are shrouded in secrecy and arcane ritual, it is known that all of a new Chapter's genetic make-up is not always drawn from the seed of one 'donor' Chapter. Instead, a new Chapter may represent a genetic cocktail of the gene-seed of others, and although purity testing is rigorous in the extreme, it is perfectly possible that these disparate elements may react with one another at a later date, in ways quite unforeseeable by their creators, and so the seed of a potentially disastrous mutation or character flaw is sown.

Whatever the effect, the servants of the High Lords are always vigilant against the signs of mutation, and the Inquisition is keen to punish any such signs of deviancy. This puts them into conflict with a great many Chapters, not least among them the Blood Angels and Space Wolves Chapters whose gene-seed is known to be as flawed in some respects as it is undoubtedly superior in others. The long and proud history of these and other ancient Chapters has to date shielded them from the attentions of the Ordo

Hereticus, but other, less renowned Chapters may not be so immune to the Inquisition's scrutiny.

## BATTLE CRY

In many instances the battle cries of renegade Chapters have gone unrecorded, due in part to the fact that so many eyewitness accounts have been suppressed, and the actual witnesses silenced.

The Red Corsairs are known to transmit a tirade of expletives and threats across all vox-caster frequencies as they ambush enemy ships and settlements. This is clearly intended to intimidate the target and put them at a psychological disadvantage from the moment the Corsairs launch their attack.

The Sons of Malice reportedly fight in utter silence, and those who have fought against them cite this as the prime source of the deeply disturbing aura surrounding the depraved brethren.

Other renegades may retain their original Chapter battle cries, at least until Chaos takes them utterly, seeing no reason to alter them, reasoning that it is the Imperium who is wrong and must change. Thus many of the catechisms of Space Marine dogma may still be heard uttered from the mouths of traitors; a source of great chagrin and sadness to the loyal Space Marines who must bear arms against their former brethren.





## ARMoured HUNTER

The Space Marine  
Predator

by Andy Hoare

The Predator is a variant of the Rhino armoured personnel carrier that sacrifices passenger capacity for superior armour and firepower. These vehicles have served the Adeptus Astartes since the dark days of the Horus Heresy, but were created long before the Emperor united Humanity and led the Great Crusade to reclaim the galaxy. Andy Hoare reveals the origins of this mainstay Space Marine tank.

Every Chapter of the Adeptus Astartes has at its disposal a large pool of armoured vehicles, ranging from the ubiquitous Rhino to the mighty Land Raider. These vehicles each fulfil a specific battlefield role set down by the Ultramarines Primarch Roboute Guilliman in his epic tome – the Codex Astartes. The Predator is a light tank, and its primary battlefield role is that of squad support. Wherever a squad of Space Marines is in need of mobile fire support, be it against enemy infantry or armour, the Predator is there to provide it.

### Standard Template Constructs

The technology of the 41st Millennium is steeped in superstition and ritual. Most of the technological achievements utilised by Mankind are creations based not in the era of the Imperium, but in the dimly remembered Dark Age of Technology. During this period Man travelled to every corner of the galaxy, surviving on the remotest of worlds thanks to the Standard Template Construct: a system that evaluated local resources and produced the designs for any tool the colonists might require, from a ploughshare to a warp drive. One design that served the settlers well upon a myriad of worlds was the Rhino armoured personnel carrier, and the Predator is an STC variant of this highly versatile blueprint.

The Rhino is an extremely adaptable and open-ended design that features in-built compatibility with many standard weapon and drive systems. This means that it forms the basis for a number of other vehicles besides the Predator, including the Razorback, Immolator, Whirlwind and many specialised variants such as field medic units, command vehicles and armoured recovery vehicles. The ease with which the basic Rhino pattern can be upgraded to the Predator, and the interchangeability of components, makes the Predator almost as ubiquitous a tank as the Rhino is an armoured carrier.

### The Earliest Predators

The Predator was first fielded during the Dark Age of Technology: the period of expansion that saw human settlers colonising vast swathes of the galaxy. During this age the Predator was instrumental in establishing Mankind's dominance upon an untold number of worlds. What little evidence that survives from this period is jealously guarded by

the Tech-Priests of the Adeptus Mechanicus, but it is theorised by those with access to the sealed archives that the Predator template was developed in response to Mankind's earliest contacts with the Ork race. Where the Rhino had served Mankind well in previous conflicts with lesser races, the brutal, close quarters method of warfare favoured by the newly discovered Orks required a different tactic altogether. The Predator was an ideal weapon against the Orks, who had few weapons that could penetrate its upgraded armour, and whose own armour offered no protection whatsoever against the tank's autocannon and heavy bolter armament.

The original Predators employed by the Emperor's forces were only slightly different to those employed today, and it is a testimony to the original design that it has changed so little over the course of 10,000 years. The first Predators were equipped with a small passenger-carrying capacity, but during the prolonged campaigns of the Great Crusade it became obvious that this meagre facility was of less importance than the ability to carry greater amounts of ammunition, especially if the vehicle in question was to be fitted with side sponsons. By the time of the Great Crusade, a great number of Standard Template Constructs had been lost, and it was another five millennia before the Razorback, a vehicle dedicated to the role of infantry fighting vehicle, was discovered. In the mean time, Imperial tactics sacrificed transport capacity for firepower, fielding Predators as light support vehicles alongside the Rhino armoured personnel carriers.

### The Annihilator Variant

Today, those senior Tech-Adepts with access to such ancient texts as Wilhelm of Manrioch's Liber Armourum believe that all of the Predators in service during the Dark Age of Technology were outfitted according to the pattern known today as the 'Destructor'. Armed with a turret-mounted autocannon, this was the pattern in use by the armies of the Emperor at the very dawn of the Imperium.

The 'Annihilator' variant, featuring a twin-linked, turret-mounted lascannon did not come into service until many millennia later, during the Skarath Crusade. That an established STC vehicle should be adapted is highly unusual in the

superstitious Imperium, where the Adeptus Mechanicus view anyone 'tinkering' with their technology as guilty of techno-heresy of the very worst kind.

At the height of this great push into Chaos infested worlds bordering the Eye of Terror, a Great Company of the Space Wolves Chapter found itself besieged by the combined armoured might of several Traitor Legions

The Space Wolves' commander had requested the aid of a contingent of his Chapter's Land Raiders, whose high-powered 'Godhammer' pattern lascannons would break the Traitors' ring of fortifications and armoured vehicles once and for all. However, a great tragedy befell the Chapter, as the mass conveyance vessel transporting the Land Raiders was inexplicably lost in the warp, leaving the force on the ground with little more than their man-portable lascannons with which to face the enemy armour.

The Space Wolves are renowned for their ingenuity and refusal to stand down from a seemingly impossible situation. The Iron Priests struck upon the idea of modifying their Predators to carry the lascannons employed by the Long Fang heavy weapon squads. The Iron Priests and Rune Priests consulted every portent and cast every augury they could conceive, until they were convinced that all the signs were favourable and the modifications should be made.

Strive to emulate the Predator. Let your soul be armoured with Faith, driven on the tracks of obedience, which overcome all obstacles, and armed with the three great guns of Zeal, Duty and Purity.

-The Commander of Armour's First Book of Indoctrinations-

The Space Wolves' breakout at the height of the Skarath Rebellion was the first battle in which the newly dubbed 'Annihilator' pattern Predator saw action, and it was an overwhelming success. The armoured column cut a swathe through the Traitors' Land Raiders and Dreadnoughts, who had been prepared for no more heavy weaponry than heavy bolters and autocannons to be employed against them.

In the wake of the battle, the Adeptus Mechanicus were outraged at the Iron Priests' methods, and branded them desecrators and blasphemers against the Machine God. However, when confronted with its undeniable success, the Tech-Adepts decided to instigate an inquiry to ascertain whether the new pattern should be accepted and enter production as a standard variant. The inquiry lasted for two centuries, during which time the Annihilator was subjected to an exhaustive series of trials and examinations. The Tech-Priests prayed to the Machine God and made their supplications to the spirits of all those Predators they modified. At the end of this

long and meticulous process they declared that the Ommissiah was in favour of the variant, and indeed that the facility to retrofit the vehicles with lascannons was an intentional feature of the original template.

After two centuries of investigation, the Adeptus Mechanicus pronounced that the Adeptus Astartes had the blessing of the Machine Cult to build the Predator Annihilator. The Space Marines had by this time already been using the new variant for one hundred and ninety years.

### Construction

Most Space Marine Chapters have the facilities to construct their own armoured vehicles. These Chapters maintain a large forge in which its serfs, overseen by its Techmarines, produce all the ammunition, equipment and supplies required by the Chapter to fulfil its obligations and objectives.

The forge will produce large numbers of Rhino chassis, a small number of which will be earmarked to provide the basis for



Predators, Whirlwinds and other variant patterns. Only the finest chassis are used in the production of a Predator, and one is only selected once the Tech-Adepts of the Chapter have made the relevant supplications and are sure the omens for the vehicle's future are favourable. The entire process is carried out with the utmost reverence to the vehicle's machine spirit, and every precaution is taken to protect against ill fortune. Every 13th vehicle to be outfitted as a Predator is blessed and purified to an even greater degree, and every 666th is melted down, its constituent materials returning to the forge in a solemn ceremony resembling a state funeral as much as a sacrificial offering to the Machine God.

The Adepts name the Rhinos as they emerge from the forge, and those designated to become Predators receive a name that reflects its role as a protector of the Brethren, and a mighty opponent to the Chapter's enemies. The name is only chosen after the Emperor's Tarot has been consulted, and it is widely held that the machine's personality will adhere to its title. In battle, some vehicles are held to be utterly fearless in the attack, others stubborn in the defence. Vehicle crews hold that each vehicle is as individual as its name.

One advantage of the Rhino chassis is that, if absolutely necessary, it can be retrofitted to another variant with relative ease. During the Vern IV offensive in 140M.40 for example, the Death Spectres Chapter lost almost its entire pool of Predator Destructors when the Eldar of the Kabal of the Envenomed Thorn ambushed them. They were later forced to retrofit twelve Rhinos to Predators in response to the unexpected intervention in the conflict by the Eldar of the Void Dragons pirate fleet.

### Chapter Organisation

All of the Predators owned by a Chapter are the responsibility of the Chapter's Master of the Forge. This officer, who is the most senior Techmarine within the

Chapter, commands the armoury, which includes all of the armoured vehicles that are not permanently attached to a Company.

A Chapter will on average own between 20 and 30 Predators. Most prefer an equal proportion of Annihilator and Destructor variants but some, such as the idiosyncratic Subjugators Chapter, exclusively maintain one model, in the case of the Subjugators, the Destructor.

The Master of the Forge is responsible for maintaining the vehicles in sufficient number and condition to meet the Chapter's commitments. When a task force is dispatched on a mission its commander will request a detachment of armoured vehicles from the armoury, and the Master of the Forge will issue him with those vehicles he considers suitable for the task in question. The Master and his staff consider the Predators their own charges, and consider any mistreatment at the hands of a force commander an unforgivable insult. Woe betide the commander who returns a Predator to the forge in any less state of repair than it was issued to him at the outset of a campaign.

The crews of Predators are Space Marines who specialise in the operation of armoured vehicles and, while not actually Techmarines, they are fully trained in the operation and maintenance of their vehicles. It is considered a great honour to crew a Predator, the only one greater being promotion to the custodian of a Land Raider.

### Battlefield Roles

Upon the field of battle, the primary role of the Predator is as a mobile firebase acting in support of the Space Marines themselves as they undertake their mission. The Predator variant utilised for the mission will depend upon the foe they will be facing and the objective the force is attempting to achieve. The Destructor is considered the ideal tank to tackle light vehicles and large numbers of lightly armoured infantry, for instance, Orks or ill-

equipped human rebels. Against enemy tanks and armoured infantry, the Annihilator's lascannons will make a mockery of the thickest armour.

Many forces will field Predators specifically outfitted for a given mission as the side sponsons may be fitted with either heavy bolters or lascannons, irrespective of what pattern the turret mount adheres to. If the force commander was expecting to face a mix of lightly armoured infantry and heavily armoured vehicles, as is the case with Imperial Guard armies, an Annihilator fitted with heavy bolter side sponsons would provide an efficient mix of anti-infantry and anti-armour firepower.

### The Battle For Tallarn

Ten thousand years ago the Imperium was gripped by the most destructive conflict in its long history. Warmaster Horus revealed his true allegiance to Chaos and the Traitor Legions were let loose in an orgy of destruction that engulfed the greater part of the Imperium and cost the lives of millions.

The Iron Warriors Traitor Legion was responsible for just such an act of destruction upon the world of Tallarn, a planet of unparalleled beauty. Lush tropical forests and warm blue seas covered the planet's surface and its people considered their world a paradise.

The Iron Warriors, for reasons known only to themselves, subjected the world to an utterly inhuman virus bombardment. The warheads of their missiles unleashed a strain of biological agent that killed every single living cell upon the surface of the world in a matter of weeks. So efficient was the virus that it even destroyed the bacteria that would ordinarily break down dead organic matter. The result was a world of lifeless slime; the remains of all plant and animal life reduced to an acrid, shapeless residue.

But some inhabitants had survived. Deep beneath the surface of Tallarn were sealed shelters, and as the survivors emerged to bear witness to the destruction wrought upon their world, the Iron Warriors struck. So inimical to life was the surface that the Tallarns were forced to fight within heavy protective suits, and at times even these offered no protection against the deadly viral strains running wild across the world. Infantry could play little part in the conflict and the war soon escalated into the largest tank battle of the Horus Heresy.

Imperial forces rushed to the world in response to the Iron Warriors' attack, and the Predators of the Imperial Fists and Iron Hands Legions were instrumental against those of the Traitors. Across

### THE BAAL PREDATOR

The Blood Angels Chapter specialises in close quarter fighting, and although they are equipped to deal with as many tactical situations as any other Chapter, they maintain a Predator variant unique to themselves and their Successor Chapters. The Baal pattern Predator has been in service since the earliest days of the Great Crusade, where the template was discovered amidst the ruins of the fortress of the techno-heretic Lord de Ladri on the world of Atium III. It features a turret-mounted, twin-linked assault cannon, and the option of fitting sponson-mounted heavy flammers. This vehicle provides fire support at extremely close ranges, and is ideal for fighting large numbers of lightly armoured enemy in cover or in the built-up environs of a city. The Baal Predator complements the Blood Angels' combat doctrine perfectly, as it keeps pace with the assault of the bloodthirsty Sons of Sanguinius.

plains of slime and stinking mist the tanks clashed, fighting in formations hundreds or, at times, thousands strong. The armoured might of the Imperial Guard joined that of the loyalist Space Marines; an act of indescribable heroism as they lacked the sealed power armour that allowed Space Marine crew to survive should their vehicles be crippled. Many thousands of Imperial tanks were lost in the conflict as more forces joined the war for what was essentially a lifeless, worthless and dead world.

At length the Iron Warriors were repelled. No one can say why they attacked Tallarn, or why they put up such a fight in response to the Imperial counter-attack. What is known is that without the tank-busting armament, heavy armour and advanced life support systems of the Predator, the world would have remained in the hands of the Traitors, who would have been able to pursue whatever foul mission they had come to Tallarn to achieve.

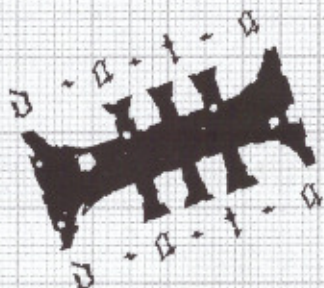
## THE TILVIUS-LAND ENIGMA

At the end of the 36th Millennium, Chief Artisan Tilvius of the Adeptus Mechanicus set out upon his great expedition across the southern rim in search a functioning Standard Template Construct system. Although he was unsuccessful in locating the source of the rumours surrounding this priceless artefact, he did return to Mars with the hard copy data that led to the development of the Space Marine Razorback.

But Tilvius is said to have been searching for something more; and it is even said by some that he found it. For many millennia, the disciples of the Technoarchaeologist Archon Land, of which Tilvius was a senior member, have researched the many potential STC variants of their master's greatest discovery: the Land Raider. Their research has led to such innovations as the Prometheus and Helios pattern Land Raider variants. The inner circle of Land's descendants are said to have found evidence of a previously unknown armoured vehicle, one that bridges the gap between the comparatively light Predator, and the heavy assault vehicle that is the Land Raider. This evidence is said to lie within the very blueprint of the vehicles themselves: Tilvius and his brethren had discovered compatibilities and in-built system redundancies on a microscopic scale that could only be explained by the existence of a 'missing link'. The disciples of Land had essentially decoded the electronic 'genome' of the STC template: now all they have to do is prove such a vehicle exists. Their search has become their holy grail, but these obsessive Tech Priests are viewed by their fellows as little more than madmen.

## PREDATOR

Models..... Patterns 3D to 7b. Primary patterns: Annihilator; Destructor; Baal.  
 Forge world of origin.....Produced alongside Rhinos by Chapters with independent production capacity.

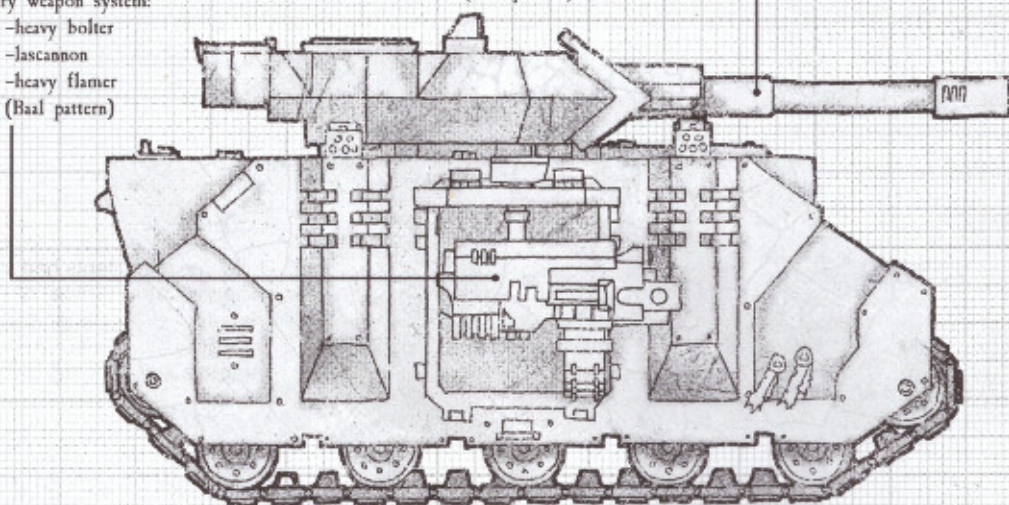


### ARMAMENT

Variable configuration  
 sponson-mounted  
 secondary weapon system:  
 -heavy bolter  
 -lascannon  
 -heavy flamer  
 (Baal pattern)

### ARMAMENT

Variable configuration turret-mounted main weapon system:  
 autocannon (Destructor pattern)  
 twin-linked lascannon (barrel requires replacement after 1000 firings) (Annihilator pattern)  
 twin-linked assault cannon (Baal pattern)



Armour..... 30-65mm  
 (Frontal glacis plate reinforced with  
 10mm secondary thermoplas layer)  
 Maximum speed..... 60 kph on road, 50 kph off-road  
 Crew..... 2: Commander & Driver  
 Passengers..... None (patterns 2D+)

Fording depth.....1.20m  
 Weight.....39-44 tonnes dependent upon pattern  
 Length.....6.6m  
 Height.....4.4m including turret  
 Hull width.....5.9m  
 Ground clearance.....0.44m

# Adeptus Astartes MK IVb

## Predator

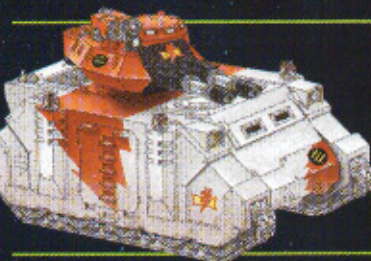
- Height: ..... 4.4m including turret
- Length: ..... 6.6m
- Hull width: ..... 5.9m
- Weight (soldier): 39-44 tonnes dependent upon pattern
- Weight (fully laden): 42-46 tonnes dependent upon pattern
- Armour thickness:
  - Front hull: ..... 65mm
  - Side hull: ..... 55mm
  - Rear hull: ..... 50mm
- Power Plant:
  - Output: ..... 2,800 bhp
  - Engine type: ..... Adaptable thermal combustion  
..... (4 independent units)
- Primary weapon systems:
  - Annihilator pattern: ..... Turret-mounted twin-linked lascannon
  - Destructor pattern: Turret-mounted autocannon
  - Bal pattern: Turret-mounted twin-linked assault cannon
- Secondary weapon systems:
  - All patterns: ..... Sponson-mounted lascannon
  - Sponson-mounted hunter-killer bolter
  - Bal pattern: ..... Sponson-mounted heavy flamer
- Auxiliary weapon systems: Auxiliary integration point-  
..... mounted hunter-killer missile  
..... Point or auxiliary integration  
..... point-mounted storm bolter
- Road speed: ..... 68 kph
- Cross-country speed: ..... 50 kph
- Operational radius: ..... 1,000 km
- Crew: ..... 2 - commander/gunner and driver
- Passenger capacity: ..... 0
- Ground clearance: ..... 0.44m
- Maximum gradient climb: ..... 6.5%
- Ground pressure: 0.8-1.22 psi dependent upon pattern
- Fording depth: ..... 1.2m
- Trench crossing: ..... 4m
- Vertical obstacle: ..... 1.2m

1. Multi-layer armour (see panel cal/TSK/923001)
2. Pseudo-titanium cast alloy track links
3. Shielded view port with integral debris clearance mechanism
4. Adjustable attitude view port shielding
5. 15 megawatt quartz/helium shielded headlamp unit
6. Load bearing wheel
7. Mark II 'Maz' pattern D adaptable thermal combustor/reaction engine (1 of 4 independent drive units)
8. Adeptus Mechanicus seal to protect purity of combustible liquids
9. Exhaust stack
10. Armoured exhaust manifold
11. Armoured weapons access shuttering
12. Multi-configuration sponson mount
13. Slaved multi-spectral remote targeting surveyor
14. Sponson-mounted weapon system with ceramic/titanium bonded armour coving
15. Ammunition hopper
16. Shielded ammunition feed
17. Filtration system intake
18. Atmospheric filtration unit
19. Additional ammunition storage
20. Turret cradle hydraulic power unit
21. Cradle footplate (displaying heraldic device unique to Adeptus Astartes Dark Angels)
22. Moshpit commander/gunner's seat
23. Target acquisition/displays
24. Target rotation pedals
25. Fire motor control (note: some crew are hardwired directly to their vehicles as an act of contrition following failure, or as punishment for a transgression of Chapter law)
26. Weapon status panels
27. Primary weapon power packs
28. Disruptor/crystal stacks
29. Narrow band long range communication array



### Ultramarines

The vehicle, designated 'Gadon', was commissioned following the loss of the Ultramarines' main jet Company at the Battle of Metrago. Its crewmembers are veteran veterans promoted from the elite of the Chapter's vehicle crews, and Gadon has earned the honour of being personally attached to the retinue of Company.



### White Scars

The Predator tank of the White Scars Chapter are rarely fitted with sponson-mounted weapons; they are equipped to provide heavy firepower in support of the Chapter's fast-moving bike and Blazer-mounted formations. Julek, whose long-range patrolling activities for their lord's warband, has commanded this vehicle for as long as any Space Marine of the Tabou Brotherhood can remember.



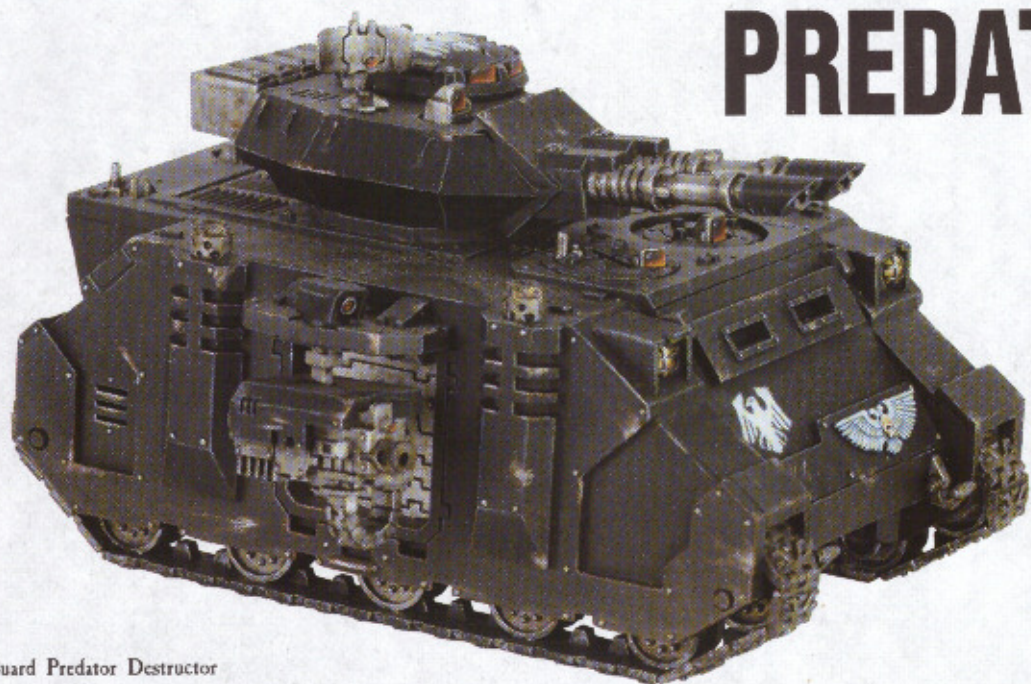
### Salamanders

The use of flame as a vehicle layer is common amongst the vehicle crews of the Salamanders Chapter, and there are many potential meanings to be derived from the lines and pacing of the adornment. This vehicle, designated 'Nexus', displays a flame pattern around the turret weapon mount, indicating that its commander is both a veteran member of the Protection Coterie and a highly accomplished warrior.





# PREDATORS



Raven Guard Predator Destructor



A Baal Predator of the Blood Angels Chapter breaks through the Black Legion's lines.



Predators of the Ultramarines and Iron Warriors duel under the desert sun.



Led by Captain Shrike, the Raven Guard reclaim the world of Nimbosa for the Emperor.



The Word Bearers summon Daemons from the Warp as they hit the Ultramarines' lines.

# Index Astartes IV

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

This fourth Index Astartes compilation includes the following articles:

- The Black Legion
- Word Bearers Legion
- Salamanders Chapter
- Raven Guard
- The Alpha Legion
- Crimson Fists Chapter
- Terminators
- Renegade Space Marine Chapters
- The Space Marine Predator

This is one of a series of supplements for the Warhammer 40,000 game. You will need a copy of Codex: Space Marines to make full use of the additional gaming material presented in this book.



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