

IMPERIAL ARMOUR

VOLUME FOUR - THE ANPHELION PROJECT



WARHAMMER

WARHAMMER
40,000

EXPANSION





The Warhammer Vault exists to preserve the rich lore and background of Warhammer 40,000 and Warhammer Age of Sigmar. As such, outdated game scenarios and unit rules have been removed from this publication.

IMPERIAL ARMOUR

VOLUME FOUR
THE ANPHELION PROJECT
SECOND EDITION

Forge World®

WARHAMMER
40,000®

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ORDO HERETICUS DEPARTAMENTO ANALYTICUS
RESTRICTED ARCHIVE



-ACCESS WARNING-

DATA CONTENTS

{{GOLD-OMEGA}}

CLEARANCE

-EXITUS IN EXTREMIS-

COMPILED INQUISITOR

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ORDO

{{HERETICUS}}

CONCLAVE

{{BAKKA}}

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ORDO XENOS DEPARTAMENTO ANALYTICUS RECORD

094-01665-875-0152
DAR:04/06
AID:.....

TRANSMITTED:..... Conclave of Har TELEPATHIC DUCT:..... Terminus Kaleb
RECEIVED:..... Astropath Zarneck REF:..... Ordo Xenos/454228290/HV
DESTINATION:..... Inquisitor Solomon Lok AUTHOR:..... Inquisitor-Lord Varius
MISSION TIME:..... 8080850.M41

By the Authority of the Immortal Emperor of Mankind, this mission briefing (and any transcript thereof) is classified information for the eyes of Ordo Xenos Inquisitor Solomon Lok (or his duly appointed deputies) only.

Priority Grade: Omega-Absolutum

Re: Beta Anphelion IV

As of 8071850.M41, routine astropathic communications with the research facility on Beta Anphelion IV were broken off mid-transmission. Repeated efforts to re-establish contact with the facility's command complex have failed. It is a matter of some urgency that contact is restored, and to this end an investigation team is to be assembled, under your command, and dispatched to the Anphelion system in order that this matter be investigated and resolved.

It is my suspicion that the facility at Beta Anphelion IV has been the location of proscribed and heretical activity by radical elements within the Adeptus Mechanicus Departamento Biologis. The holy guidance of the Emperor's Tarot would indicate such. Because of the potentially high-risk nature of this mission, the following forces have been assigned to your command for the duration:

- ++ Cadian 266th Regiment (see attachment). Redeployment orders have been transmitted and confirmed.
- ++ Special Unit Assignment: Detachment D-99 (see attachment). Redeployment orders have been transmitted and confirmed.
- ++ Adeptus Mechanicus Biologis Exploritas team, led by Magos Biologis Arthon – seconded for the mission's duration from Forge World Gryphonne IV.

Communications have been forwarded to the Adeptus Astartes Red Scorpions battle barge *Auel's Bane*, requesting assistance. This request has been approved and a strike force has been assigned to the mission.

The transport vessel *Cephestus* has also been seconded to your authority. This is an unmarked freighter, under the command of Captain Mordin. Your taskforce should embark for the Anphelion system no later than 8101850.M41, and make best course to rendezvous with the Red Scorpions battle barge in the Urphir III system enroute. From there the *Cephestus* will head for the Anphelion system, estimated time of arrival – 8194850.M41. The operation is to begin no later than 8200850.M41.

Attached with this mission briefing is an Exploritas survey of the system and, in particular, the fourth moon of Beta Anphelion. I advise you study it closely; all available information has been submitted. Special notice should be made to the highly dangerous and prohibited nature of the work believed to have been undertaken on Beta Anphelion IV, and the extremely hostile climate all forces will be exposed to for the duration of this mission. Extreme caution should be exercised at all times.

On arrival at the target location, it is imperative that the reasons for the loss of communications are investigated and proof is obtained that dangerous and unsanctioned research had been taking place on Beta Anphelion IV. All efforts should be made to recover any specimens and data from the facility as evidence against those who have strayed from the Emperor's light.

These orders are effective immediately.
The Emperor's Will guides you.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: "My Will be Done"



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DESTINATION:.....Inquisitor-Lord Varius AUTHOR:.....Inquisitor Solomon Lok
MISSION TIME:.....8082850.M41

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Re: Beta Anphelion IV

Receipt of new orders confirmed.

ORDO
{{HERETICUS}}


This communiqué is by request of further information regarding the nature of the threat on Beta Anphelion IV.

CONCLAVE
{{BAKKA}}

Your orders refer to *'the potentially high-risk nature of this mission'* and *'that dangerous and unsanctioned research had been taking place on Beta Anphelion IV'*, but do not illuminate any further as to exactly what these entail. I must request further information so that the nature of the threat I am to encounter is clear to me and I can plan to combat it accordingly. I can only assume that by the inclusion of an Adeptus Astartes strike force, the threat rating is Extreme.

I will proceed on the basis of the current mission briefing until I receive your response.

Inquisitor Solomon Lok


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THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: "The Worst is yet to Come"

+++ANPHELION SYSTEM SURVEY ANALYSIS+++

Segmentum: Tempestus

Sector: Barbarus

Sub-sector: Urphir

System: Anphelion. Three planets (Alpha, Beta & Gamma). None inhabited.

Survey History: The first recorded survey of the Anphelion system (AN-4511-3086) was conducted in M35 by Rogue Trader Count Van Meer during his ill-fated expedition through the Ordon Rift.

Summary: Twin low-density, hydrogen/helium rich gas giants. Single ice world. No indigenous life within system.

Planets

Inner Planets: Alpha Anphelion – Gas giant

Beta Anphelion – Gas giant

Outer Planet: Gamma Anphelion – Ice world, no atmosphere.

Satellites: Alpha Anphelion – 3

Beta Anphelion – 4

Gamma Anphelion – 0

Asteroids: Two significant asteroid belts separate Alpha Anphelion from the system's star, and Beta Anphelion from Gamma Anphelion. At this time, no survey has been made of these asteroid belts for mineral resources.

Comets: Two Class Three Major/Two Class Four Minor currently passing through star system – Threat Level <19/Ω.

++Beta Anphelion IV++



++BETA ANPHELION IV++

Parent Planet Composition: Beta Anphelion – Type R hydrogen/helium gas giant.

Satellite Designation: Fourth moon of Beta Anphelion.

Size: Equatorial distances 1,600 km

Gravity: .99 G

Population: Indigenous lifeforms – Zero. Research facility supports approximately 1,500 personnel.

Duration: The moon's high speed of rotation makes for comparatively short days, but its orbit around its parent planet means it predominantly receives reflected sunlight, with only short periods of direct sunlight.

Orbit: Distance of the orbital ellipse varies between 270,000 km at its perigee to 310,000 km at its apogee. All of Beta Anphelion's satellites maintain a retrograde orbit, travelling in the opposite direction to the parent planet's rotation. This suggests that the satellites were originally large astral bodies that have become trapped in Beta Anphelion's gravitational pull.

Climate Classification: Cold/exotic. Ammonia-based.

Mean Surface Temperature: -2°C to +4°C

Tropospheric Composition: Nitrogen 78%, Oxygen 19%, Argon 1%, Ozone 0.8%, Ammonia 0.2% and Carbon Dioxide 0.2%.

Climate: Cool to very cold. Beta Anphelion IV's climate is highly changeable, depending upon its position relative to its star and parent planet.

The moon's orbital ellipse exposes it to short periods of direct sunlight, when the mean temperature rises dramatically to approximately 5°C-10°C. Exact temperature is dependant upon the moon's relative distance from its star, based upon the parent planet's position on its own orbital route. Reflected light from the nearby gas giant exposes half the moon to weak sunlight, maintaining its dayside temperature at around 2°C. The short nightside period caused by the moon's own rotation sees the temperature drop to significantly below 0°C. During this period, unaugmented humans without specialised cold-weather protective equipment must remain indoors.

Climatic Regions

Polar Ice Caps: The satellite's southern and northern polar ice caps are large ice fields formed from a frozen water/ammonia slurry, a by-product of the ammonia swamps that nearly cover the moon and geothermic activity. The polar ice caps are in a state of permafrost with temperatures falling as low as -100°C. Both regions are totally hostile to most forms of life.

Ammonia Swamps: Approximately 70% of the moon's surface is covered in shallow ammonia swamps. These are formed by submarine geothermic activity (active hydrothermal vents) spewing super-heated nitrogen-rich gases into the depths of the moon's water table to form an aqueous solution of nitrogen and hydrogen (ammonia).

Jungles: On the moon's drier high ground, the naturally occurring ammonia in the atmosphere breaks down to produce highly fertile nitrogen deposits. These form the vital nutrients and the components of proteins, nucleic



acids and other cellular constituents suitable for plant life and its supporting bacteria, enabling them to flourish. The moon's ammonia-based flora exist in rich organic compounds that act like fertiliser, allowing plant life to flourish in areas that are not too saturated. On Beta Anphelion IV, the higher ground is commonly covered in this dense jungle-like flora.

Climatic Phenomenon: Ammonia clouds.

Mists and fogs are formed when the moon's rotation, and its distance from the parent planet and its star, cause a rise in air pressure. The resulting fluctuations in air temperature then cause liquid ammonia to turn to gas, and falling temperatures cause atmospheric water vapour to condense. The two mingle forming a low-lying heavy fog, with the distinctive sharp, penetrating odour of ammonia. These low-lying mists can form and evaporate within the space of a few hours.

Clouds are formed on the moon in the same fashion, but are effectively huge fog banks, which can take several days to dissipate. Within the fog, ammonia concentrations regularly rise to toxic levels, and personnel must wear full protective suiting and respirator equipment. Prolonged exposure to the corrosive vapour will cause skin irritation and scorching of the eyes. Inhalation will cause burning to the throat and lungs, and prolonged exposure will eventually result in death due to respiratory tract failure.

Flora: The moon has a wide variety of ammonia-based flora, which flourish on the highly fertile nitrogen-rich soil. The flora's amino acids are formed on liquid ammonia and cesium based salts, which replace the potassium and sodium based salts of standard life forms. From this exotic bio-chemistry trees, vines and bushes have evolved which do not

photosynthesise to the same extent as other flora. They are exposed to very little sunlight or heat, and as a result do not contain the chemicals required to create the lush green canopies seen on other jungle worlds. Instead, the flora is generally very dark, being predominantly grey, black and brown in colour, and lacks an abundance of leaf growth – algae and vine growth being more common. To untrained eyes, the flora of Beta Anphelion IV would look long dead, shrivelled and decaying. In fact it is incredibly hardy, surviving in low temperatures and thriving on the heavy ammonia-rich fogs and cloud systems which feed it.

Fauna: No native fauna has been recorded.

Economy: None.

Society: Indigenous – None. The research facility includes Overseers, Magos, Technicians, Servitors, Menials and a garrison of 300 men.

Water Supply: Water is present in large quantities in the atmosphere and surface water (heavily polluted with ammonia) is available from the moon's swamplands. This water can easily be processed and purified for human consumption. Part of the research facility's infrastructure includes a water purification plant.

Principal Export: None.

Anphelion Research Facility: The moon's surface is dominated by a research facility with large areas enclosed by a network of force field generators. These are containment areas for the facility's primary experiments. The containment field network is controlled from the central command complex and powered by a series of force field generator stations.



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AID:.....

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TRANSMITTED:..... Anphelion System TELEPATHIC DUCT:..... Terminus Kaleb
RECEIVED:..... Astropath Aylor REF:..... Ordo Xenos/454228290/HV
DESTINATION:..... Inquisitor-Lord Varius AUTHOR:..... Inquisitor Solomon Lok
MISSION TIME:..... 8194850.M41

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*Being the official report and journal of Inquisitor Solomon Lok
as recorded by the loyal Autosavant Wassily*

ORDO
{{HERETICUS}}

Cephestus, Anphelion system.

CONCLAVE
{{BAKKA}}

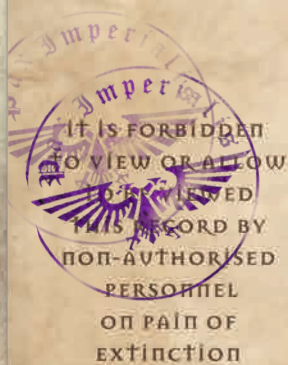
By the Emperor's mercy, the *Cephestus* has delivered us safely through the perils of the Immaterium to the Anphelion system, and preparations for the investigation into the fate of those stationed upon Beta Anphelion IV have begun.

Despite repeated attempts, the *Cephestus* has failed to make contact with the control centre on Beta Anphelion IV. From this I must conclude that the facility is no longer inhabited or has rebelled entirely. My Tarot readings indicate that we will find no survivors. As a matter of caution we are treating the moon's surface, and any occupants we do locate, as extremely hostile.

In conjunction with Adeptus Astartes Commander Culln, the Red Scorpions 1st Company Veterans, even as I dictate, are donning their Tactical Dreadnought armour and completing their arming rituals. Their Thunderhawk gunship is prepared, armed and ready to transport them to the surface, and the squads have completed their tactical briefings and made their plans for securing the facility. As commander of the expedition I have requested final approval of all operations, something to which Commander Culln has reluctantly consented, although we have at least agreed that the Red Scorpions' first mission is to search the control complex and landing fields, and secure them for our subsequent landings.

As well as the Space Marines, the other commanders within my force have also been briefed. Major Durra (commander, special detachment D-99) will follow the Space Marine forces to the ground, with the 266th Cadian Regiment providing perimeter security once Magos Biologis Arthon's team and my own retinue relocate to the surface.

I do not expect this operation to last longer than your original two-day plan, during which time the *Cephestus* has orders to withdraw to the system's outer reaches.



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THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: "Fear Runs as Deep as the Mind Allows"



MISSION TIME: 8198850.M41

LOCATION: Anphelion Base Command Complex

TEMPERATURE: 2°C

VISIBILITY: 100 m – Falling

AMMONIA READING: 0.17% – Low

The armoured bulk of the Red Scorpions Terminators descended from the Thunderhawk's front ramp into the cold darkness and fog of Beta Anphelion IV, illuminated only by the gunship's landing lights and their Tactical Dreadnought armour's integral spotlights. Each heavy metallic footfall was deadened by the thick white fog, and helmet comms crackled into life as storm bolters and assault cannon swept the surrounding jungle for targets.

"Squad Raum, deploy right. Squad Rael, deploy left. Squad Darak, with me," ordered Commander Culln.

The three squads moved out, one after another, manoeuvring with well-rehearsed coordination as they approached the command complex's outer buildings. Emerging through the fog, the Terminators identified an entrance and closed in. All was silent. All was still. The base seemed deserted. No lights shone. No machinery hummed or whirred. There was no sign of power or life.

At the sealed doorway his battle-brothers stood sentry whilst Sergeant Darak activated his chainfist. With an angry growl the adamantium-tipped blades roared into life, a whirring blur as the white lightning of its power field crackled in coruscating patterns about it. The metal of the doorway screamed its resistance in a shower of sparks, and the din shattered the silence as the chainfist sliced deep, clean through the door. Four seconds... five seconds... six seconds passed as the sergeant cut a new entrance for his squad. With a resounding clang the door fell inwards, revealing only a pitch-black corridor beyond.

"Squad Darak, advance. Brother Dayn, take point," ordered Commander Culln, and without a word his squad moved out in response. Brother Dayn's assault cannon nosed through

the still smoking doorway as he stepped into the command complex. The other squad members followed behind in single file, the corridor being just wide enough to accommodate one of the massive armoured suits at a time. Cautiously they moved forwards, checking every corner and doorway as they advanced.

Inside, the Terminator squads secured their entry, corridor-by-corridor, room-by-room, with only their spotlights to guide them through the near impenetrable gloom. Slowly, methodically and with the practised ease of decades in combat, they advanced in search of the control centre. Without any power supply each door had to be noisily cut down, but nothing within stirred. The Terminator sergeant's in-built auspexes remained clear. No contact.

The three veteran squads moved deeper into the control complex, until Commander Culln and Squad Darak located the command centre. It too was deserted; no lights blinked on the control panels. Culln checked the air's purity, his visor display flickering to show the chemical breakdown of the air sample. *"Air is within breathable parameters,"* he announced as he broke his helmet seal with a repressurising hiss and lifted it off. The air was dank and cold, with the faint taste of ammonia, but it was nothing his enhanced metabolic system couldn't cope with. Culln's communicator crackled into life.

"All stations, Raum. Garrison sector secured. No contact, but there are signs of combat. Blast doors have been sealed. There is some impact damage, and also what could be corrosive damage. There was a fight here, but no signs of bodies. Over."

"Culln confirms. Raum, hold your position. Culln to Rael. Sergeant, confirm your location and status."

"Commander, we have swept the lower level. No contact. This facility is deserted. Squad standing by. Over."

"Confirmed. Raum, secure the perimeter. Rael, regroup at the command centre."



Brother Dayn, veteran Space Marine of the Red Scorpions Chapter, 1st Company, Squad Darak. During deployment on Beta Anphelion IV he was accredited with forty-two confirmed kills.

RED SCORPIONS TERMINATOR

1. Terminator Armour

Brother Dayn wears a suit of Indomitus pattern Tactical Dreadnought armour, otherwise known as Terminator armour. Originally, exo-armour was developed for workers operating inside the high pressure casings of plasma reactor shields or in the extremely corrosive environments inside the holds of bulk chemical transports. It was the suit's survivability (suitably augmented by Chapter armourers with extra systems) that created this near invulnerable combat armour.

In many ways a Terminator suit has much in common with power armour, only it is of far heavier construction. Made from heavy gauge plasteel covered in a layer of shaped adamantium and bonded plasteel plates, and coated in a ceramite ablative layer, a Terminator suit can withstand even the colossal impacts of high speed orbital debris. The survivability of Terminator armour makes it best suited to the most dangerous missions, such as Zone Mortalis operations including tunnel fighting and boarding actions, and also building-to-building combat, where a squad's short-range firepower makes them all but unstoppable.

Terminator armour is rare. Most Chapters retain a few suits, and even the vaunted Deathwing (the Dark Angels Chapter's 1st Company) can only boast around one hundred functioning suits. Each suit is a revered item with a long history of previous wearers and is regarded as the holiest of a Chapter's relics. A Space Marine that has completed Terminator training will be an honoured battle-brother, a veteran of many campaigns and, as such, upon his death his wargear becomes sacred.

All Terminators bear the Crux Terminatus on their left shoulder pad, the honour badge that marks them out as the Chapter's most experienced warriors. Legend has it that within each crux is bound a tiny fragment of the suit of battle armour worn by the Emperor during the Siege of Terra, in his fight against the arch-Traitor Horus. Other insignia includes the Chapter badge on the right shoulder pad, and the company number (1st Company) on the left knee pad.

2. Helmet

Like power armour, the suit's helmet contains its combat systems. Referred to as auto-senses, features include thought-activated comms-augers, bio-status readouts, full diagnostic and self repair functions, a vox amplifier, audio filters, and auto-reactive photo lenses to prevent the dazzling effect of sudden light bursts. Once the wearer is plugged into his suit (a long procedure which requires the aid of several tech-adepts), the suit's visor also displays tactical information such as maps, way-point markers, a compass and targeting reticules, and provides access to all of the suit's systems.

3. Assault Cannon

This is a motorised, multi-barrel, self-loading gun which, driven by an internal motor, can pour out thousands of shells. Carried by Terminators for rapid room and corridor clearance, it is a weapon with a deservedly fearsome reputation.



The weapon's barrels are forged of a tempered ceramite alloy, which is resistant to the heat generated by the fast spinning motor and the wear of the thousands of shells being fired through the barrels. Despite their heat resistance, the barrels are disposable and standard Codex practice is for them to be replaced after each mission. The assault cannon is not the most reliable of weapons, problems with motor failure and its high speed ammunition feed rate result in it being prone to jamming. Its effectiveness, however, has meant that these problems are generally overlooked.

The weapon fires a fixed cartridge round with a dense metallic core covered in a non-metallic sheath, with an adamantium tip for armour penetration. This gives stable flight ballistics at the short ranges the weapon is employed at, and keeps the rounds small for increased ammunition capacity.

When included in a Terminator suit, the weapon will have gyroscopic stabilisation, along with recoil compensators built into the suit, to assist the gunner in keeping the weapon on target.

4. Chainfist

Brother Dayn's second weapon is his chainfist. This is a modified power fist, used for cutting through heavy bulkheads or reinforced airlocks.

The weapon has adamantium teeth in a 70 cm cutting blade, and is optimised with vibration compensators, automatic tensioning and an acceleration drive for extra cutting power, should it be required.

The chainfist itself contains a small energy field generator. When activated, it wreaths the glove and blade in a crackling power field. This field disrupts anything hit at a molecular level, greatly assisting with enemy armour penetration.



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*Being the official report and journal of Inquisitor Solomon Lok
as recorded by the loyal Autosavant Wassily.*

Anphelion Base. Beta Anphelion IV

The initial investigation force has secured the base's control complex.

There has been no contact with the facility's personnel, and the control complex was found to be deserted. All power had been shut down, including the complex's force field generator grid that I can only surmise formed containment areas within the base. There were some signs of combat, but no bodies have been found, and the facility remains intact.

I have transferred to the surface to take direct command there. Descending via Arvus Lighter I have had my first sight of Beta Anphelion IV. From orbit much of the moon is swathed in clouds. Breaking the cloud layer I was faced with a gloomy landscape of matted and decaying vegetation. Upon landing, I can confirm the surface is dark, dank and strangely silent. This is no fecund jungle, but a dreary place of dead plant matter where ammonia-rich mists shroud all in a cold, silencing blanket. Even when directly exposed to the sun and ground temperature rises above zero, the higher clouds diffuse the light, leaving us in a perpetual gloom. This lasts until the moon's orbit returns us to utter darkness.

Harmful levels of ammonia have been detected as the mists rise, and all troops with exterior duties have been issued chem-augers and are under orders to carry respirators at all times. These are to be worn when ammonia readings reach hazardous levels.

Orders have now been issued to all Imperial Guard commanders to begin their own landing operations, and priority has been given to Detachment D-99. Captain Mordin of the *Cephestus* is overseeing unloading operations, and the first landing craft will arrive on schedule.

I have set my team to work on finding detailed plans of the facility as aspects of our location remain unknown to me, and tactical planning for further operations will depend upon finding a schematic of the base. It seems this facility consists of a large command complex, now secured, with an attached landing field.

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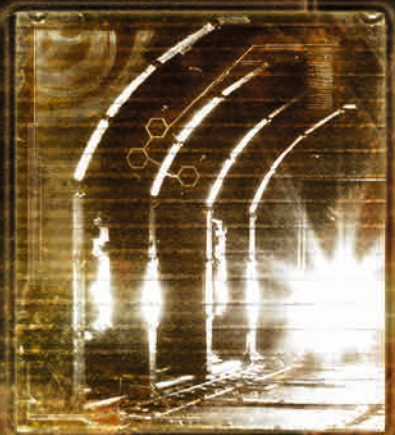
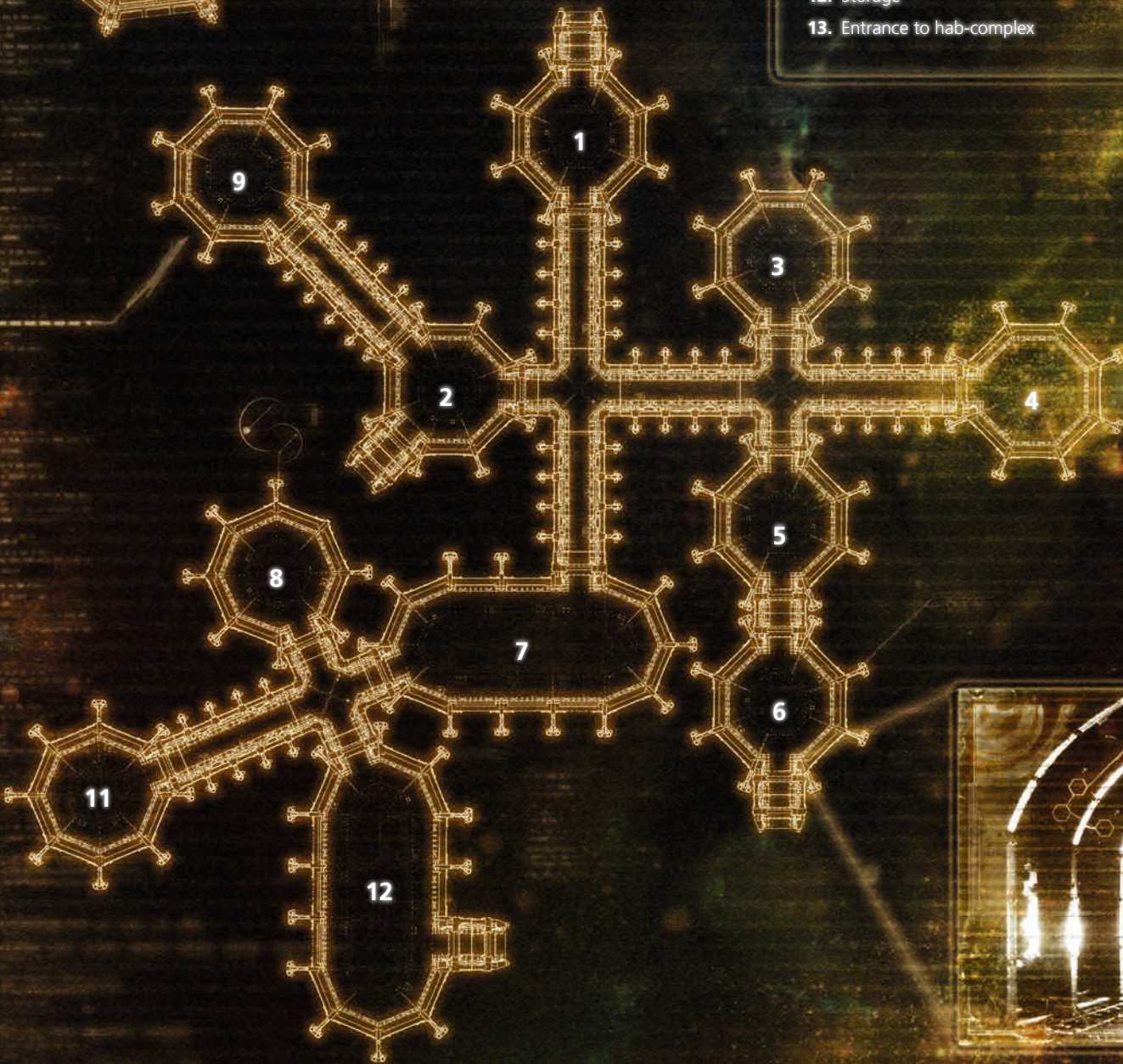
THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: "Peace is Not in our Vocabulary"

ANPHELION BASE

CENTRAL CONTROL COMPLEX

COMMAND FACILITY

1. Officio Administratum
2. Archive
3. Medicae room
4. Defence battery
5. Comms room
6. Containment fence control room
7. Command centre
8. Datacore
9. Aeronautica Strategium
10. Landing pad
11. Defence battery
12. Storage
13. Entrance to hab-complex





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DESTINATION:..... Inquisitor-Lord Varius AUTHOR:..... Inquisitor Solomon Lok
MISSION TIME:..... 8200850.M41

-EXITUS IN EXTREMIS-

COMPILED INQUISITOR
{{DELETED}}

Being the official report and journal of Inquisitor Solomon Lok as recorded by the loyal Autosavant Wassily.

ORDO
{{HERETICUS}}

Anphelion Base. Beta Anphelion IV

Magos Biologis Arthon has submitted his preliminary report based on the information recovered from the facility's datacore. The following is a brief synopsis:

CONCLAVE
{{BAKKA}}

Since 745.M41, the threat of the Tyranid hive fleets has been continually growing. Losses have been extreme, and the demand for manpower has strained even the Departamento Munitorum's vast resources in affected regions. Projections indicate that such heavy losses are unsustainable in the long term. Whilst the Tyranids may be halted, the indirect effect for the Imperium's rule in other segmentums could be disastrous. More efficient ways of defeating the Tyranid threat needed to be sought and Anphelion base was set up to investigate possible solutions.

A series of covert Inquisitorial research facilities were established (see Ordo Xenos Order 56579-XX823, classified Absolutum-Ultra) to study Tyranid genetic material and the race's super-evolutionary traits in a controlled environment. Ways of interfering in the Tyranids' ability to rapidly evolve, adapt and overcome new threats have been sought, with the experiments leading to new anti-Tyranid biological weapons technology. The first successful outcome was the development of mutagenic acids, now deployed in hellfire bolter rounds by the Adeptus Astartes.

A large part of the surface of the moon has been set aside to function as a research facility. There are three principal laboratory facilities and a central control complex, along with other smaller outposts, which provide support to the main laboratories (such as power generators, water pumps and purifiers, equipment storage facilities, etc).

A network of energy field generators also envelop large areas of the moon's surface, providing containment zones for the experiments. Within these are three principal areas, coded Alpha, Beta and Omega, as well as smaller subsidiary isolation zones. The containment field network is controlled from its own central control complex and powered via energy field generator stations.

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ON PAIN OF
EXTINCTION

[Report extract ends]

I now see the potential peril that my forces and I are in. Swift action is needed to save ourselves if, as I now suspect, there are Tyranids indeed present on this moon.

With the information now at my disposal, my first priorities are:

i/ To re-activate the containment fences as these represent our most effective defence, and they should keep the enemy at bay long enough for me to complete the mission's objective.

ii/ Begin operations to search the laboratory facilities with all haste. Commander Culln has already begun the transfer of his forces from the command complex to Laboratory Area Delta.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: "Faith without Deeds is Worthless"

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ORDO HERETICUS DEPARTAMENTO ANALYTICUS
RESTRICTED ARCHIVE



-ACCESS WARNING-

ORDO XENOS DEPARTAMENTO ANALYTICUS RECORD

094-01665-875-0132
DAR-04/06
AID:.....

DATA CONTENTS

{{GOLD-OMEGA}}

CLEARANCE

TRANSMITTED:..... Beta Anphelion IV

TELEPATHIC DUCT:..... Terminus Kaleb

RECEIVED:..... Astropath Aylor

REF:..... Ordo Xenos/454228290/HV

DESTINATION:..... Inquisitor-Lord Varius

AUTHOR:..... Inquisitor Solomon Lok

MISSION TIME:..... 8200850.M41

-EXITUS IN EXTREMIS-

COMPILED INQUISITOR

{{DELETED}}

ORDO

{{HERETICUS}}

CONCLAVE

{{BAKKA}}

The plan of action is as follows:

i/ Further investigations have revealed that the generators for each of the force field fences have been deactivated. This event is inexplicable to me as they appear undamaged, but it must have led to the loss of the entire facility. All four of the generatorum will need reactivating as they provide the power required to maintain the impenetrable force field barriers. It will be Detachment D-99's first task. I have issued orders for them to take and hold the generators long enough for servitors to restart the system.

ii/ Meanwhile, the Red Scorpions will begin the process of investigating the laboratory sites. As yet all three bases remain a mystery, it is probable that hidden within these sites is the valuable research data that this base has collected. The Space Marines will sweep each site systematically in a search and destroy operation. Once secured, Imperial Guard troops will move in and form a new protective garrison, whilst the Space Marines move on to the next site. With the Cadians in position, Magos Biologis Arthon's Exploritas team can begin the process of collating any useful data and specimens.

Culln and his 1st Company veterans will again lead the way, with his tactical squads arriving via Thunderhawk as a second wave of reinforcements. Whilst the search and destroy operation is underway, a company of Cadians will move overland to the first laboratory site in an armoured convoy of Chimeras. Only once the Cadians are in position, will the Magos Biologis follow. In all, I expect each operation to take no longer than eight hours (standard Terran time). The entire operation will therefore take 24 hours.

I continue to plan for a two-day deployment on this perilous moon, time enough to search all the laboratory facilities, recover any surviving experimental data and embark back on to the *Cephestus*. After two days I will gladly abandon Beta Anphelion IV, and submit a request for Exterminatus to deny the Tyranids the resources they are undoubtedly already extracting from this worthless ball of rock.

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THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: "An Eye for an Eye"



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RESTRICTED ARCHIVE



-ACCESS WARNING-

ORDO XENOS DEPARTAMENTO ANALYTICUS RECORD

094-01665-875-0132
DAR-04/06
AID:.....

DATA CONTENTS
{{GOLD-OMEGA}}
CLEARANCE

TRANSMITTED:.....[Classified] TELEPATHIC DUCT:.....Terminus Kaleb
RECEIVED:.....Astropath Zarneck REF:.....Ordo Xenos/454228290/HV
DESTINATION:.....Inquisitor Solomon Lok AUTHOR:.....Inquisitor-Lord Varius
MISSION TIME:.....8200850.M41

-EXITUS IN EXTREMIS-

COMPILED INQUISITOR
{{DELETED}}

Re: Beta Anphelion IV

After receiving your report, I urge you to move quickly as your mission is now in a position of utmost danger. Recovery of any useful evidence remains your priority.

ORDO
{{HERETICUS}}

I have, with all haste, dispatched the Inquisitorial cruiser *Fearless Resolve* to the Anphelion system along with reinforcements. The vessel's captain will be under your command upon arrival in orbit, and should you still feel it necessary, the Exterminatus order has already been signed and sealed, and is onboard. Upon completion of your mission, purge this menace forever from the face of the galaxy.

CONCLAVE
{{BAKKA}}

Unfortunately, given the nature of the Immaterium I can give no approximate time for the cruiser's arrival, but hope that the simple knowledge that aid is already on its way will strengthen yours and your men's resolve.

It is imperative that you continue to keep me fully informed.

As ever, we strive only to fulfil the Emperor's Will.

Inquisitor-Lord Varius

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EXTINCTION



THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: "Fear is the Beginning of Wisdom"

MISSION TIME: 8200850.M41

LOCATION: Anphelion Base Laboratory Complex Delta

TEMPERATURE: 0°C

VISIBILITY: 800 m

AMMONIA READING: 0.2% – Medium

"Rael. Contact. Enemy movement, 200 metres and closing."

The sudden communication from Sergeant Rael got the attention of everybody in Culln's force.

"Raum. I confirm commander. Contact is closing fast."

"Enemy to the front. All squads move to engage,"

Commander Culln instructed, and before he had finished the command, Sergeant Darak was on the move, his men directly behind him.

Over the comms-net all heard the familiar sound of storm bolters opening fire – the distinctive thump of the rounds launching, followed a split second later by the crump of explosive warheads detonating.

"Rael. I see them, commander. Identified as Genestealers, closing from the east, 100 metres. Numbers unknown. Squad engaging. For the Emperor!" Behind Sergeant Rael's brief report was the sound of battle. The assault cannon sounded like the tearing of fabric as it opened fire, and the battle-brothers of Squad Rael unleashed a wall of weapons fire that cut the Tyranids down like crops before the scythe. The jungle was torn to shreds by the explosive rounds which splintered trees, set smouldering fires within the damp undergrowth and blasted Genestealers into pulp as the armour penetrating rounds punched through their chitinous carapaces to explode within. It was carnage, and in a few seconds it was over.

"Rael. Targets eliminated. Falling back sir."

"Raum. Auspex reads multiple contacts. Squad engaging."

Now it was Squad Raum's turn, and the firing flared across the vox-net again as his men blasted at the new enemy. More Genestealers were coming. They were closing in from every direction, and the Red Scorpions Terminators fell back to the laboratory buildings, fighting all the way, storm bolter barrels steaming from the heat of firing. Inside the complex, Culln organised his five battle-brothers to cover all the entrances.

At the western doorway Brother Dayn watched down the blacked-out corridor as the first creatures reached the sealed blast door, claws impacting outside, buckling the plasteel and gouging huge rends as they battered their way through. For just living flesh and muscle, the power in their claws was formidable. In a frenzied attack, the huge door was torn apart like it was made of parchment. As the Genestealers tore through, Dayn engaged his assault cannon's motor, the weapon's six barrels spinning into a blur. The first Genestealers were leaping through now. With a brief litany to the weapon's spirit – *"Death to the foes of the Emperor!"* – he pressed the trigger. The assault cannon roared, loosing a torrent of rounds that turned the first Genestealer in the doorway into a fine mist of blood and ichor. The second, third and fourth also died as they leapt forwards. Immediately, more were at the doorway, scrambling inside, heedless of the certain death that awaited within. Dayn fired a second sustained burst, and a third. The Genestealers died, arms and claws flailing as if in defiance as the rounds shredded through them.

Again and again Dayn fired, the ammunition counter on his helmet display struggled to keep up as the assault cannon sprayed a stream of shells into the swarm. The runes turned from green to orange to red as his ammunition ran low, the weapon's barrels glowing red-hot. The corridor between Brother Dayn and the door was a slaughterhouse of steaming, shredded xenos. The ammunition-warning rune blinked – less than fifty rounds remained. Dayn stepped backwards, less than two seconds worth of firing. He couldn't hold out much longer. Once his ammunition was gone, he would have to activate his power fist and charge. The Genestealers' claws may have torn the blast door apart, but his adamantium and ceramite armour plating would resist longer, keeping him alive long enough to take some of the creatures with him.

Then the Genestealers' furious attack stopped. As the smoke and steam cleared, the Genestealers were gone. Had they realised there was no entrance to be gained here, only destruction, and scurried away to find another way in?

Meanwhile outside, Squads Rael and Raum were fighting their way back to the laboratory complex, pounding across the soft ground, blasting left and right as they lumbered along as fast as their bulky armour would allow. Sergeant Raum brought up the rear of his squad, sweeping behind his men with



short bursts of fire at their foe as the Genestealers launched themselves from their cover, sprinting out of the darkness with ferocious speed. Even the veteran sergeant's well-honed reactions were no match for the bio-engineered killing-machines of claws and bone.

Unseen from his right a Genestealer pounced, all raking claws and exposed fangs as it barrelled the sergeant over. Its claws dragged across his armour, furiously scrambling for purchase on the adamantium plates. The sergeant fought back, his power fist crackling lightning as he grasped for the Genestealer's head. Already a second, third and fourth Genestealer were closing in for the kill. Raum's groping fist caught the first Genestealer. Its head in his grasp, the crushing fingers of his weapon squeezed hard. The resistance of the Genestealer's hardened bones made the servos squeal, before the bones cracked and the Genestealer's skull burst like an over-ripe fruit, splattering Raum with blood and brains. He staggered to his feet, only in the time for the second Genestealer to impact him square in the chest, and both fell backwards in a mass of arms, legs and claws.

Brother Vjalka turned to see his sergeant grappling on the ground. He took aim, blasted the closest Genestealer in half with a burst of weapons fire, and ran back to aid his squad leader. The swarm was closing in all around them now, claws and fangs bared. Vjalka launched himself at another Genestealer, swinging his power fist in an arcing left hook that punched the creature off its feet with bone splintering force. As he did so another Genestealer struck, driving its claw directly at his visor. The creature's powerful blow shattered it and drove onwards into the Terminator's face, smashing his cheekbone and gouging the flesh from his face. Disoriented by the vicious wound, his helmet filling with blood, a second crushing blow blind-sided the Space Marine. Brother Vjalka stumbled and fell, wildly firing his storm bolter as he did, but the Genestealers were upon him. Wounded and disorientated, they savagely tore him apart.

Nearby, the Genestealers were also overwhelming Sergeant Raum, and in a rain of blows his armour eventually cracked. Pinned to the ground, but fighting hard with the last of his strength, the sergeant struggled bravely before the Genestealers' claws also ripped him apart.

On his helmet display Commander Culln watched the biometric read-outs of Sergeant Raum and Brother Vjalka flat line. His first casualties of the mission. They had died honourably, as every Space Marine must, and would soon join the Emperor. There would be no time for litanies to the dead for now though as first he must take vengeance for their deaths.

Despite their losses the Terminators regrouped, and directed by Commander Culln they mounted a stout defence, holding back the Genestealers until they withdrew back into the jungle's darkness. After the din of battle, silence descended once again. In all, Culln had lost two battle-brothers to the sudden and ferocious attack, and four more were wounded, one seriously.

Commander Culln called down the rest of his strike force. He needed reinforcing and a chance to rearm. Minutes later the Thunderhawks emerged through the ammonia-tainted clouds to touch down, disgorging squads of Space Marines along with their Dreadnought, Brother Halar. Behind them followed the transporters, Rhinos and Razorbacks carried under their bellies. The Red Scorpions quickly strengthened their hold on the laboratory complex. The Tyranids would not have gone far, and no doubt at this very moment they were gathering their strength for a new attack. It was now a race against time – the containment fences were desperately needed.

MISSION TIME: 8200850.M41

LOCATION: Anphelion Base Command Complex

TEMPERATURE: 2°C

VISIBILITY: 900 m

AMMONIA READING: 0.18% – Low

Whilst the Space Marines began their operation to search the three laboratory complexes, it was vital that the containment fence network be reactivated. No one knew how many Tyranids might be lurking out there in the swamps and jungle, although Lok had estimated it was not likely to be many, with the moon only housing enough Tyranids as samples for experimentation, but even so, without the containment fences, Beta Anphelion IV would rapidly become a death trap for anybody out on the surface.

Inquisitor Lok had ordered the Drop Troops to see that the power grid was restarted. They would need to secure all four power generators and reactivate them. To assist each platoon he detailed a technical servitor, pre-programmed with all the information it needed, to accompany the Drop Troops. From the command centre, Major Durra and the Inquisitor would oversee the operation.

The Drop Troops had to move quickly, for every minute lost was a chance for the Tyranids to close in. Major Durra briefed his men. There would be one platoon detailed to capture each generator and a servitor they needed to restart the power grid would accompany each platoon. Each platoon would also move forward, once they were on the ground, under the cover of a Vulture gunship, added protection for when they undoubtedly encountered the enemy.

After a hurried briefing, the four platoons lifted off and eased out into the gloom, vanishing from sight as each craft was embraced by the encircling mists. Moving low and slow over the canopy, flying in close formation, each platoon headed for its objective. From each Valkyrie heavy bolter barrels protruded from the open side doorways, each door gunner scanning the ground for the enemy.

The journey to the target was brief, but in his transport Lieutenant Jurev had time to once again rehearse the plan of attack in his mind. When the aircrew confirmed they were over the target, his men would rappel down and surround the generator building, supported by a Sentinel squadron to keep any lurking enemy at bay. Meanwhile his own command squad and the technomat servitor (a highly augmented half-machine, half-man that currently sat inert and lifeless in the



corner) would touch down close to the generator building and move swiftly inside. It had to assess any damage and work fast to get the generator operational. The Emperor alone knew what horrors were waiting down there for Jurev and his men, but the longer his platoon stayed on the ground, the greater the danger would become. Major Durra had emphasised that this was to be a rapid operation – drop in, get the job done, and quickly get out, back to the relative safety of the control complex.

Through his helmet Jurev could listen to the comms traffic as the pilots and crew talked over their link. He could also hear Major Durra, overseeing the entire operation from back at the control complex.

By the time the Valkyries had dropped down over the jungle for their final approach, the Vulture gunship was already closing in on the target and taking up position for its attack run, should the ground troops request its firepower. Each gunship was fully laden with rockets and autocannon, as the short distance to their target meant that additional fuel tanks were unnecessary. The Vulture would remain on-call for the duration of the operation, like a protective angel hovering over Lieutenant Jurev's men. Following the drop the Vulture would circle, awaiting targets, whilst the Valkyries climbed away and circled at a safe distance, to await the mission-complete evacuation order.

++ COMBAT LOG ARCHIVES ++

- + Red Scorpions Chapter +
- + Anphelion Incident +
- + 8200850.M41 +

Xenos Contacts:.....Estimated in excess of 1,000

Strike Force Status:...Ammunition Reserves – Low
Fortification – Compromised
Reinforcements – Unavailable

Situation:Optimal

Enemy Contact

Confirmed: Corporaptor Hominis
[Genestealer]

Enemy Contact

Confirmed: Corporaptor Hominis
[Genestealer]

Operational Command Centre

Commander Culln
Veteran-brother Kalim
Kill ratio 29-0

Primary Defence Station

Veteran-brother Neahn
Veteran-brother Yanelr
Kill ratio 42-0

Negative Bio-functions Returns

Brother Sergeant Raum
Veteran-brother Vjallea
Kill ratio 51-2

Primary Defence Station

Veteran-brother Rael
Kill ratio 29-0

Primary Defence Station

Veteran-brother Dayn
Kill ratio 52-0

Operational Reserve

Brother Sergeant Darale
Veteran-brother Saban
Kill ratio 46-0

Primary Defence Station

Veteran-brother Thain
Kill ratio 23-0

Enemy Contact

Confirmed: Corporaptor Hominis
[Genestealer]

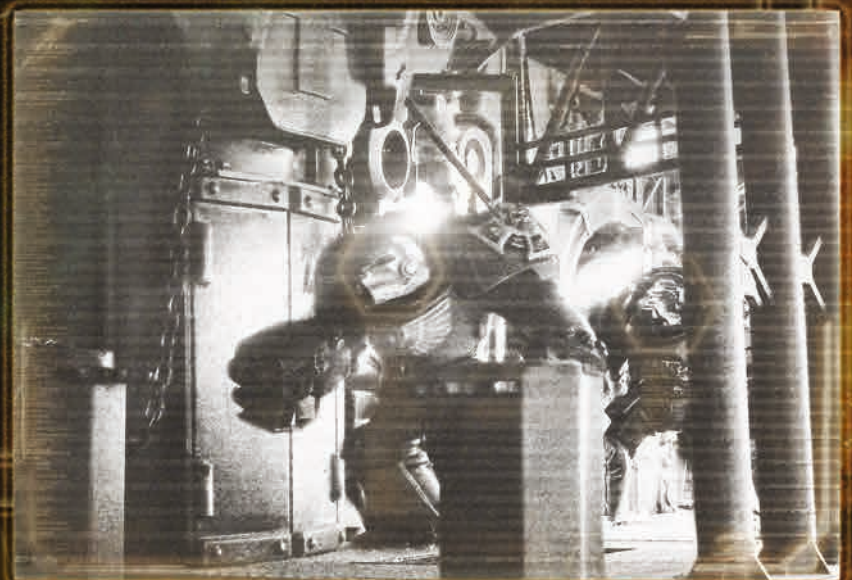
ANPHELION BASE

LABORATORY COMPLEX DELTA

LANDING SITE & CONTROL CENTRE



1. Base central control room
2. Comms room
3. Defence batteries
4. Generatorum control room
5. Landing pads
6. Officio Administratum
7. General storage
8. Aeronautica Strategium
9. Medicae room
10. Barracks complex entrance



MISSION TIME: 8200850.M41

LOCATION: Generatorum IV

TEMPERATURE: 2°C

VISIBILITY: 600 m

AMMONIA READING: 0.2% – Medium

The Valkyries flared to a halt at about 30 metres altitude and the rappel ropes spiralled down to the ground below. From both doors, one after another, the Drop Troops leapt onto the ropes and slid downwards. Friction heat burned through the troopers' jump gloves, warming their palms before they impacted hard on the ground and rolled away. During the deployment the platoon was vulnerable, so speed was of the essence. Squads regrouped to the calls of their sergeants, instructions yelled through the howl of engines from overhead. They fanned out as men grasped for their weapons and scurried to take cover. Three Sentinels then plunged to the ground, their grav-chutes cushioning the impact on their legs. Pistons extended and the Sentinels unfurled to their full height as their pilots ran quick system checks, then activated their weaponry.

The jungle floor was dark, dank and acrid with the stench of ammonia. Boots pounded into the soggy ground as the lasguns' inbuilt flashlights cut through the gloom. Sergeants flicked on their surveyor units, short-range tracker devices built into their helmets to seek for possible enemy targets. For the moment, all was clear. The chem strips on their uniforms read safe, but many retained their respirator units anyway, avoiding the noxious atmosphere for as long as possible.

Then, as the squads and Sentinels formed their defensive perimeter, Lieutenant Jurev's Valkyrie swooped down behind them, the rear ramp already dropping as the craft hovered low, its powerful jet engines blasting the jungle floor into a swirl of mud and debris. The command squad leapt the final metre or so onto the ground, along with the servitor. Lieutenant Jurev indicated the way to the generator house and set off at a flat run, his men directly behind him.

In a scene replicated at each of the generator sites, the squads deployed and prepared for battle. As they did so, the Tyranids had not remained inactive. Already long, slender claws and fanged maws that oozed poisonous bile were being flexed in readiness for attack. As one the Tyranids moved with startling speed to react to D-99's incursion.

It was as if they knew, by some strange force of precognitive power, that the generator sites would be important to the humans, and they had not left them unguarded. Invisible sentries had been waiting in the undergrowth close by and now moved stealthily into positions to strike.

The first Jurev knew about the Tyranid attack was a sudden penetrating scream that echoed off the trees and through the vines, then slowly died in a strangled gurgle. Suddenly the comms-net was alive with shouted reports. Men were down. Firing started, the rapid staccato snap, snap of lasguns from left and right. The lieutenant called his vox-caster to him and grabbed the handset to raise his air support. His men were under attack, as yet from exactly what or where was unclear, but the firing was growing in intensity. The explosion of a grenade

sounded in the distance. Then, as if out of nowhere, the Tyranids were ambushing his perimeter squads. The vox-net became a chaos of shouted reports and calls for aid. As battle intensified, Jurev gathered his men at the generator building and ordered a lascutter to work against the sealed doorway. "Cut the door," he cried, and with a blinding flash the lascutter powered into life. The trooper worked it over the door, turning it into molten metal as he cut a bright, smouldering path around the doorway. After maybe fifteen seconds, the door panel fell inwards with a resounding clang on the metal floor inside.

Jurev indicated a squad member to go first, and watched him duck into the darkness within. He then pushed the sluggish techno-servitor through the blackened, steaming entrance. Urgently, torch beams flickered around to check the corners for lurking enemies. In the darkness there was an explosion of movement, the swish of air as a claw slashed downwards with inhuman speed. Ahead of the lieutenant, Trooper Radric screamed. Jurev opened fire, as did the squad member next to him. Las blasts impacted on the metal walls and ricocheted in crazy patterns. He couldn't see if he had hit anything or not, and fired again just in case. Was the creature still in there? Kneeling now, the lieutenant carefully scanned the darkness. Something moved, blindingly fast, but before he could react a deafening blast of heat beside him sent Jurev sprawling. He felt his skin singe. With a roar of super-heated air the meltagun hit, and whatever it was lurking in the darkness died, turning into a slimy pile of oozing ichor by temperatures that could melt plasteel in a fraction of second. Jurev lit a flare and tossed it in to reveal the scene. Trooper Radric had been ambushed by a Lictor. Its claw had punched a hole clean through his guts and made a gaping wound in his back that was spraying blood on the ground. To Jurev, Radric already looked dead – pale, in shock, his eyes unblinking. The Lictor had taken the full force of the meltagun hit at point-blank range. Its toxic remains steamed, filling the room with a foul stench. Unaware and uncaring of the horrible scene within, the servitor went quickly to work, locking the multiple cables augmented into its body to the power generator's control console, and the panel flickered into life.

Outside, the battle was in full effect. The sound of the Vulture gunship overhead became a roar as its rockets and cannon shredded the jungle below with weapons fire. The veteran Drop Troopers were fighting hard, but their foe was well-camouflaged. Something swift, silent and almost invisible had pounced, all claws and fangs, rending two men into bloody pieces before anybody had seen it. Nothing had registered on the squad sergeant's surveyor helmet. Then came the Gaunts, bounding out of the darkness, scythe-like talons raking the air in front as they charged. They had emerged from their subterranean brood nests, eager to kill. Surveyors were suddenly swamped with targets. The Drop Troopers fired, illuminating the jungle with lasgun fire and the muzzle flash of shotguns. Fearless and without pause the Gaunts leapt forward, and the men shot them down.

This foe, brutal and single-minded, would never back down. Victory here could only be won by those willing to fight and die to the last. It was ugly, but the men of D-99 had all fought the Tyranids before and what they faced now came as no surprise. There would be no quarter given here; no tactical withdrawals,



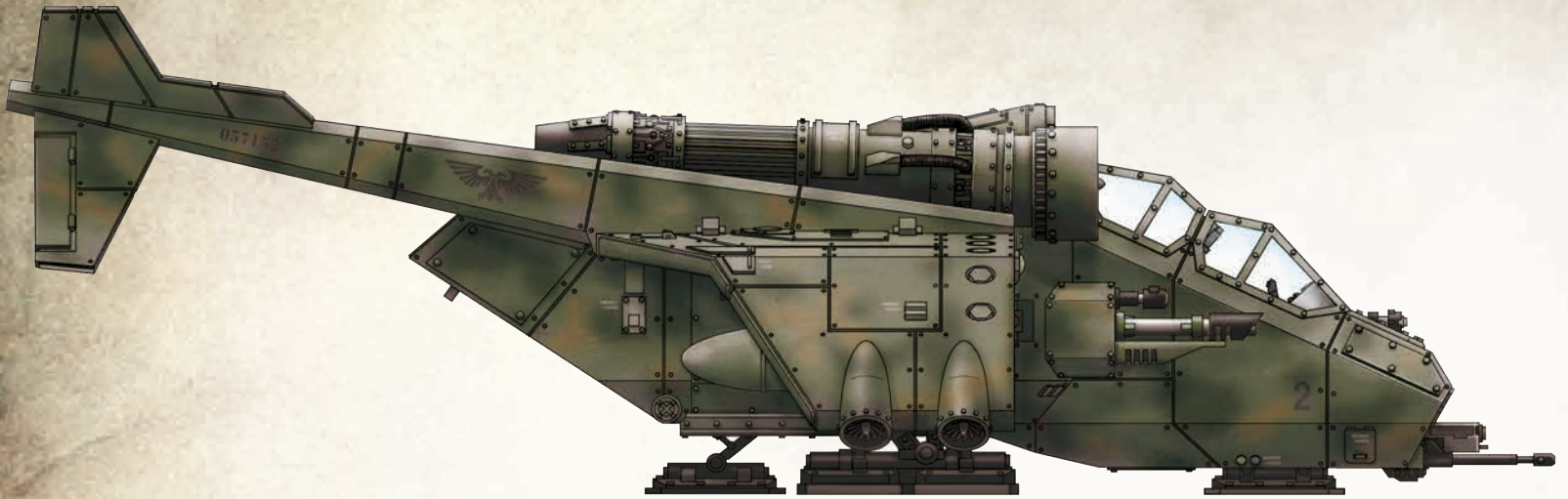
no surrenders, only death, until either one side or the other had nothing left standing. That was the mindset that the men who faced the Tyranids had to have, and Lieutenant Jurev's platoon had all seen it before. Lesser men would have turned and run in fear, but not them. They killed and killed again, with lasgun, shotgun and grenade, whilst overhead their Vulture air cover launched volley after volley into the swarms. Volleys that felled trees with the force of their explosions, the rounds kicking up dirt and creating a shock wave that knocked the Tyranid Gaunts off their feet. With grim resolution, Detachment D-99 attacked the jungle itself until the tide turned and the Tyranid swarms stopped coming.

Meanwhile, the servitor completed its programming and the power generator station came to life again. Power began to hum and fizz through the vast network of cables. Dial needles twitched and moved, indicating to Lieutenant Jurev that the power grid, in this sector at least, was up and running again. The servitor disconnected itself from the console and with its strange mechanical voice announced, *"Programme complete."* With his men hard-pressed, it was all Jurev needed to hear. It

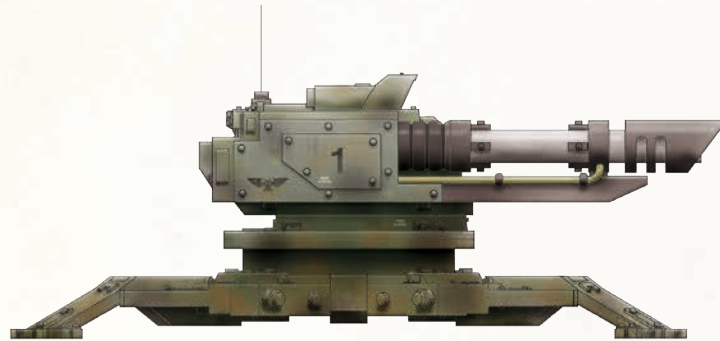
was time to leave before any more of them died. *"All squads, all squads. Fall back on my position for immediate withdrawal and evacuation."*

The Valkyries also heard the order and banked down to meet the men now retreating back to the landing zone. Emerging from the jungle the battle-scarred survivors – some walking wounded, other dragging badly injured casualties – made for the now approaching Valkyries. Covered by the Sentinels and the still fit survivors, Lieutenant Jurev's men embarked into their craft, which lifted off one by one. Once airborne, Lieutenant Jurev called through to Major Durra to report that his mission had been successful. The power generator was online again and the containment fence in this sector could be reactivated.

Back in the command complex, the Inquisitor's team were awaiting that confirmation. Confirmation was received from each platoon in turn, and one by one all the generators were working again. They immediately set about the task of reactivating the containment fences. It would keep the Tyranids out, and was their best defence against this enemy.



Valkyrie airborne assault carrier of Detachment D-99. This aircraft was destroyed by Tyranid spore mines during combat operations.



Tarantula sentry gun deployed by Detachment D-99. The detachment was forced to rely on such weapons due to their limited manpower.



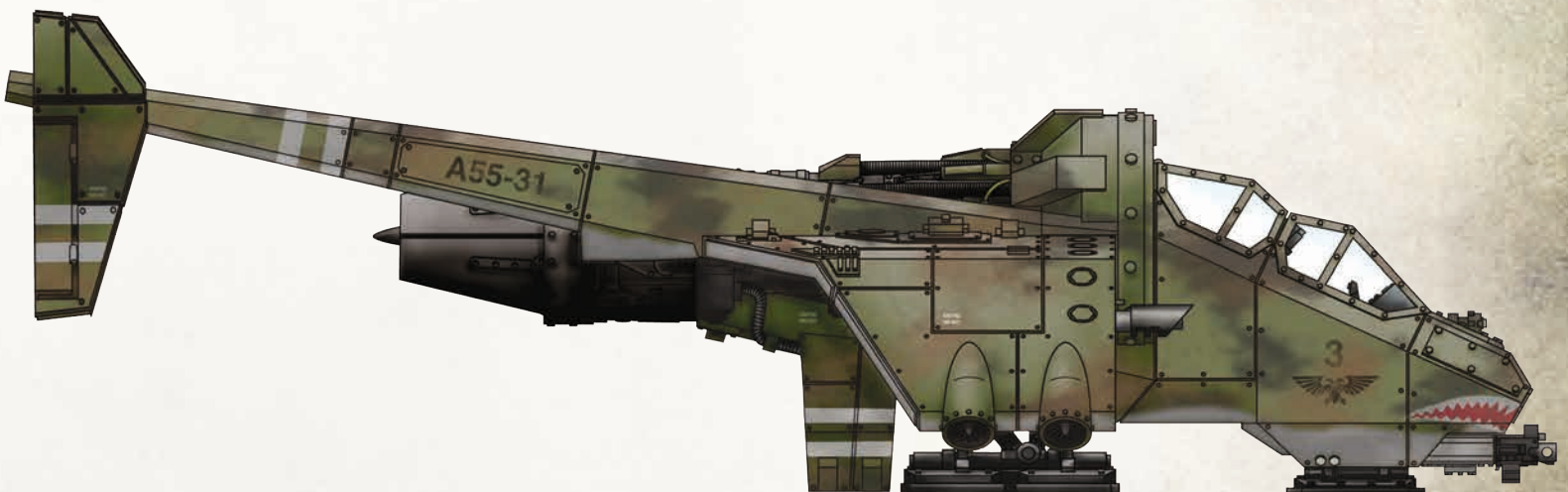
Detachment D-99 Drop Sentinel. This vehicle was outfitted with a multi-melta to combat the larger Tyranid organisms.



Valkyrie airborne assault carrier of Detachment D-99. These aircraft proved invaluable in rapidly re-deploying the surgically enhanced D-99 veterans.



Cyclops remote controlled demolition vehicle. Despite repeated attempts to employ these vehicles to stem Tyranid assaults, Detachment D-99 eventually abandoned the few remaining Cyclops in their armoury.



Vulture gunship attached to special detachment D-99. This aircraft is responsible for the only confirmed airborne kill of a Tyranid Harridan during the Anphelion incident.

DETACHMENT D-99 VETERAN

1. Armour and Helmet

This Inquisitorial inducted Veteran wears the standard pattern armour and Type 5 pressure helmet issued to Imperial Guardsmen recruited on the planet of Elysia. The basic helmet incorporates pressure equalizing ear protectors for high altitude grav-drops, as well as a short-range comms receiver, and a reflective flash suppression visor. It is constructed of reinforced plasteel with extra plates added to the front. This makes the helmet heavy and uncomfortable for the wearer, but affords good protection.

A variant of the Type 5 pressure helmet incorporates a data display screen, used by some squad sergeants for displaying tactical data and information relayed from scanner units. The screen fits over the visor and one eye.

The Veteran's body armour is constructed of lightweight synthi-plast to help reduce the Veteran's overall encumbrance. The underarm air hose line runs to his respirator (not visible here) from a small oxygen supply – this is required for high altitude drops where oxygen is in limited supply. It can also be employed as a standard respirator unit for a short period. The back plate includes the locator unit for the Veteran's grav-chute, and this has a fast release mechanism so that a grav-chute can be quickly discarded on landing. During the Beta Anphelion IV deployment the unit did not use grav-chutes, instead being deployed directly from their Valkyrie transports via rappelling lines.

The left shoulder pad bears a broad red stripe, the mark of a Veteran. The right shoulder pad bears the platoon number (not visible here). His helmet has numerous scratch marks added, recording each drop survived – a common practice amongst Elysian Drop Troopers. He also has three Tyranid claws as trophies from previous battles – Detachment D-99 had seen combat against Tyranids on numerous occasions before deployment to Beta Anphelion IV.

2. Clothing

This Veteran wears a PT-38 jumpsuit in mid-green, which is made of hardwearing synthi-canvas with impact pads on the upper leg and upper arms. The jumpsuit is worn with a thermal liner to prevent heat loss at high altitudes, but also proves useful in Beta Anphelion IV's cold climate.

The company patch (modified by the inclusion of the Inquisitorial 'I' since the unit was inducted into the service of the Ordo Xenos) is sewn onto the left arm.

The Veteran's heavy jump boots provide extra ankle protection upon landing and his jump gloves provide protection during free fall from windburn.

3. Weapons

This Veteran's main weapon is his Accatran pattern MkI plasma gun. This bulky squad support weapon fires highly energised hydrogen along a linear magnetic accelerator. The super-heated plasma explodes on impact, with devastating results. This pattern includes a bipod for stable firing when prone. The more common MkII version of this weapon has been modified to include a carrying handle.

Plasma guns are infamously unreliable, suffering from many overheating problems, and this Veteran has equipped himself with a secondary weapon in case of this – a sawn-off shotgun. This weapon is not standard issue and is the sort of illegally manufactured weapon common to street gangs and criminals on many planets. Officers of Detachment D-99 ignore such breaches of standard procedure.

As a last resort, the Veteran also carries a standard issue combat knife. Used for close combat, it has a 40 cm blade.

4. Webbing

Drop Troopers are required to carry more equipment than most other Imperial Guardsmen – missions often result in them being dropped behind enemy lines where resupplying is difficult. This Veteran carries within his distinctive Elysian 68 pattern webbing his canteen and three belt pouches, each containing an extra plasma flask. The backpack fits onto the back plate, hanging around the grav-chute locator. The haversack and large pouches carry personal items, spare equipment such as weapon clearing tools, a mess kit and rations and the like. Other heavier items, such as demolition charges, can be carried in place of the haversack. Squad medics carry a medi-kit version of the haversack.





Veteran Lohgan, plasma gunner of 1st Squad, seconded to Inquisitor Solomon Lok. Trooper Lohgan was killed in action on Beta Anphelion IV.



ORDO HERETICUS DEPARTMENTO ANALYTICUS
RESTRICTED ARCHIVE



-ACCESS WARNING-

DATA CONTENTS

{{GOLD-OMEGA}}

CLEARANCE

-EXITUS IN EXTREMIS-

COMPILED INQUISITOR

{{DELETED}}

ORDO

{{HERETICUS}}

CONCLAVE

{{BAKKA}}

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ANALYTICUS

ORDO XENOS DEPARTMENTO ANALYTICUS RECORD

094-01665-875-0132
DAR:04/06
AID:.....

TRANSMITTED:..... Beta Anphelion IV TELEPATHIC DUCT:..... Terminus Kaleb
RECEIVED:..... Astropath Aylor REF:..... Ordo Xenos/454228290/HV
DESTINATION:..... Inquisitor-Lord Varius AUTHOR:..... Inquisitor Solomon Lok
MISSION TIME:..... 8201850.M41

*Being the official report and journal of Inquisitor Solomon Lok
as recorded by the loyal Autosavant Wassily.*

Anphelion Base. Beta Anphelion IV

We have successfully reactivated the containment fences. All generatorum are now working, and a garrison of Cadians has been posted at each site for additional security.

The Tyranids are present on Beta Anphelion IV in, as yet, unknown numbers. One of Magos Biologis Arthon's tasks is, via the research found in the facility's datacore, to estimate the size of the infestation, although I suspect the Tyranids have attacked us with their full strength and been repulsed with heavy losses. The containment fence will keep them at bay until the conclusion of the mission.

At Laboratory Area 1 the Red Scorpions have cleared the laboratory complex, and the Cadian 4th Company are on their way to garrison the site. Resistance was reported to be intense, but Commander Culln has proven himself to be a courageous and able commander.

Cadian troops, now on the moon's surface in force, are also constructing a strong perimeter defence about the command complex, using Hellhound flame thrower tanks to clear lines of fire. They have been digging-in their heavy weapons and sentry guns so that should the fence fail, these will be our second line of defence, and each is capable of inflicting withering losses on our foe. I am now confident that the situation is in hand and all sites will soon be secure.

In addition, two Cadian companies are preparing to leave to garrison Areas Gamma and Theta, once Commander Culln reports those sites are cleared.

A summary of Magos Biologis Arthon's first findings follows:

The Tyranid Threat on Beta Anphelion IV

Submitted by Biologis Magos Arthon

(Based upon information recovered from Datacore 7520-0984)

It seems that the project on Beta Anphelion IV had been successful, initially at least. Within the containment areas the Tyranids had been allowed to develop, and a few experimental samples had been released and observed. What had then happened within the containment areas had surprised all present. From only a few initial organisms their numbers soon started to multiply rapidly, and their racial strains began to diversify with astounding speed, but only into related genus. Even the local flora had been affected, exhibiting alarming new features such as poisonous spines and accelerated growth. In Containment Area Alpha, the vines grew with such speed around the containment fence generators that they had to be culled with flamers to prevent damage.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: "Truth is Subjective"



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-ACCESS WARNING-

DATA CONTENTS

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CLEARANCE

-EXITUS IN EXTREMIS-

COMPILED INQUISITOR

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CONCLAVE

{{BAKKA}}



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ORDO XENOS DEPARTMENTO ANALYTICUS RECORD

094-01665-875-0152
DAIR:04/06
AID.....

TRANSMITTED:..... Beta Anphelion IV TELEPATHIC DUCT:..... Terminus Kaleb
RECEIVED:..... Astropath Aylor REF:..... Ordo Xenos/454228290/HV
DESTINATION:..... Inquisitor-Lord Varius AUTHOR:..... Inquisitor Solomon Lok
MISSION TIME:..... 8201850.M41

Within Containment Area Alpha the Tyranids had initially shown rampant aggression, smaller creatures attacking the fence on numerous occasions, but were repulsed with heavy losses each time. When a sample taken from the area was noted to show what was believed to be the beginning of wing development, the entirety of Area Alpha was immolated, and all samples within destroyed. By this time over two hundred creatures were recorded from an initial sample of just three specimens.

In Area Beta, little was seen of the test subjects and observation towers reported very few sightings. Those samples taken from the area were found to be in a predominantly dormant state, as if hibernating.

Area Gamma was similarly quiet, until a catastrophic failure of the containment fence (cause still unknown) allowed the test specimens to escape.

It was these creatures, having appeared to carefully bide their time, that suddenly appeared en masse, overran the defences of Laboratory Gamma and killed all the personnel there. What happened next must be a matter of pure speculation, as there were no survivors found of the unfortunate incident.

[End Report]

Adjunct

Mission Time: 8201850.M41

Cadian commanders at both the command complex and Laboratory Area Delta report that their perimeters have come under attack. The containment fences have remained intact and proven to be an impenetrable barrier to the Tyranids, which came under heavy fire and quickly withdrew out of range of the garrison's weapons.

These weak attacks support further my theory that the Tyranids have expended their main strength, and now realise that further attacks are futile whilst the containment fences remain in place.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: "Defeat is Never an Option"



ORDO HERETICUS DEPARTMENTO ANALYTICUS
RESTRICTED ARCHIVE



-ACCESS WARNING-

DATA CONTENTS

{{GOLD-OMEGA}}
CLEARANCE



COMPILED INQUISITOR
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ORDO

{{HERETICUS}}

CONCLAVE

{{BAKKA}}



ORDO XENOS DEPARTMENTO ANALYTICUS RECORD

094-01665-875-0132
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AID:.....

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RECEIVED:..... Astropath Zarneck REF:..... Ordo Xenos/454228290/HV
DESTINATION:..... Inquisitor Solomon Lok AUTHOR:..... Inquisitor-Lord Varius
MISSION TIME:..... 8201850.M41

This is an auto-responsive message...

Inquisitor-Lord Varius is unavoidably detained at the moment, but will give your report his full attention as soon as he is able. Until then, he leaves matters in your capable hands.

Praise the Emperor.

"Ignorance is Strength"

MISSION TIME: 8201850.M41
LOCATION: Anphelion Base Laboratory Complex Delta
TEMPERATURE: 1°C
VISIBILITY: 1,300 m
AMMONIA READING: 0.12% – Very Low

The Cadian 4th were on the move, loaded up inside and hanging onto the outside, of their Chimera carriers. With supporting Sentinels leading the way they moved out, engines gunning them through the tangled jungles and churning through the shallow swamplands, headlights and spotlights illuminating the gloom ahead as the Guardsmen inside were jostled overland. The going was slow, but the column forced its passage through the entangling vines. Wherever a path could not be forced by dozer blades, a Hellhound flame thrower tank simply incinerated the foliage to clear the way.

By the time the Cadians linked up with the Space Marines' remaining security outpost, the fighting was long over. The Cadians rolled in and debussed to take over, posting men around the perimeter and deploying heavy weapons teams with good fields of fire. Also on approach was Magos Biologis Arthon and his servitors. The squat, square-nosed Arvus Lighter emerged from the darkness, landing lights flashing as it set down. The cargo ramp opened and out strode the Magos with his retinue of servitors just behind. As they did so, Cadian troops rushed in behind them to grab the extra supply crates of heavy bolter and missile launcher ammunition inside that the transport had been carrying. Magos Arthon immediately moved to begin an analysis of the laboratory's datacore and recover any surviving xenos specimens, to be returned for further investigation.

MISSION TIME: 8202850.M41

LOCATION: Anphelion Base Laboratory Complex Theta

TEMPERATURE: 2°C

VISIBILITY: 1,200 m

AMMONIA READING: 0.14% – Low

At Laboratory Area Theta, Commander Culln's surviving Terminators began as before, deploying from a Thunderhawk gunship and sweeping the deserted corridors and rooms for any sign of human survivors or Tyranids. Behind the Terminator vanguard followed the tactical squads of 6th Company.

"Darak to Culln. Commander, I have a reading. Movement at 300 metres. Advancing to make contact."

Sergeant Darak led his squad into the laboratory complex first. He paused as he watched the auspex readings – the enemy was ahead of him. He moved on, storm bolter at the ready. Behind him the bulk of his men advanced, power servos whining with each heavy footfall of their Terminator armour. The door ahead was sealed.

The sergeant's chainfist made short work of the doorway. Beyond lay a bio-laboratory, and in the centre was a macabre operating table, complete with a cluster of remote cutting arms. The walls were lined with stasis tanks, cylindrical flasks inside which dead Tyranid specimens were suspended. He shone his suit's light over the tanks – revealing embryonic forms of Tyranids, shrivelled lesser versions of their lethal adult equivalents. Several of the tanks were cracked and empty.

"Some samples may have escaped," he alerted his squad. *"Reading is at 100 metres."* His suit's auspex was tracking the target; it was coming their way.

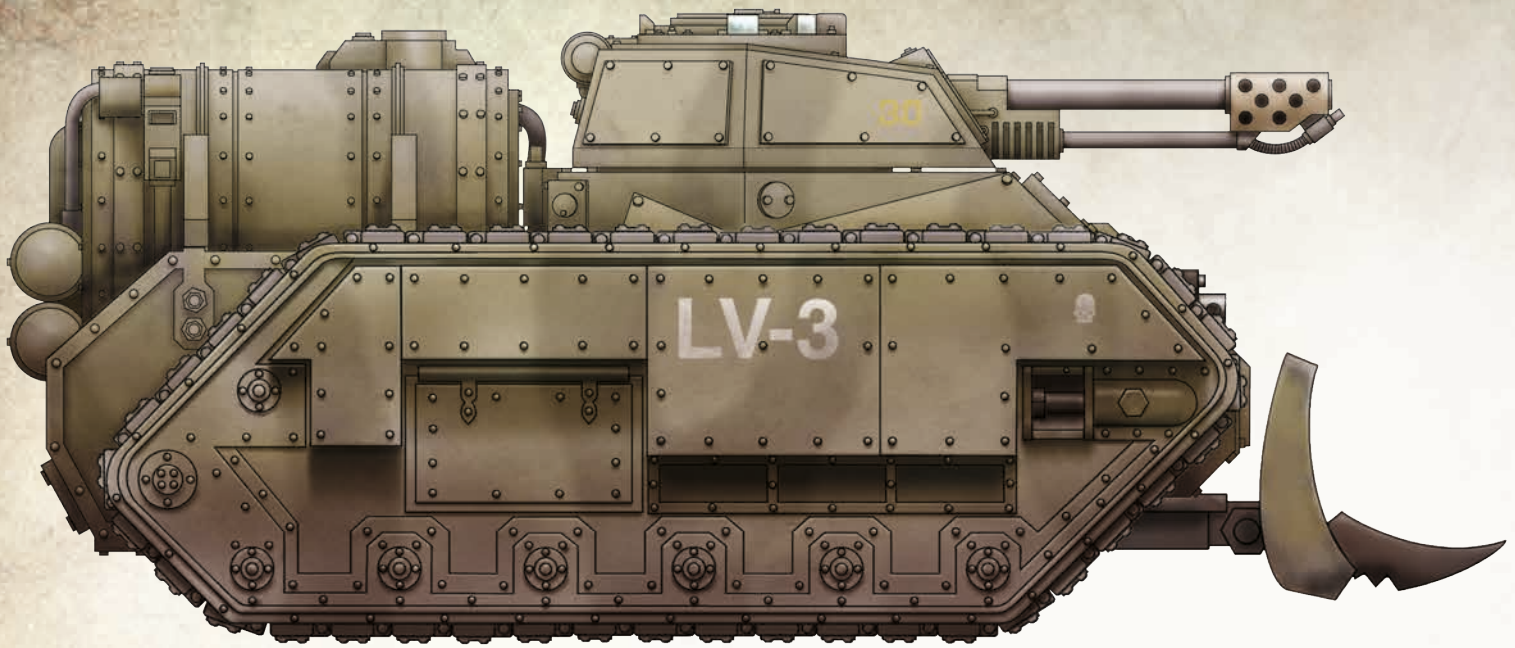
"Brothers Njans and Malek, get the western door. Dayn, you are rearguard. Zakir, with me." The sergeant advanced across the room to another doorway, wedged the blade of his chainfist into the gap and levered it hard open. Before him the corridor was black. His suit light showed a crossroads ahead. *"Readings at 60 metres."* He stepped forward again, moving purposefully, Brother Zakir at his shoulder. Forty metres. They were getting closer. Thirty metres. Twenty metres. He reached the junction of corridors and swung his heavy suit round to cover left. Zakir covered right. Still no targets. His suit's light illuminated the corridor, but the grilled metal floor was gone, instead there was just a black hole leading downwards. Ten

metres. The enemy was right on them, they would appear at any moment. *"They're below us!"* Darak warned at the last second.

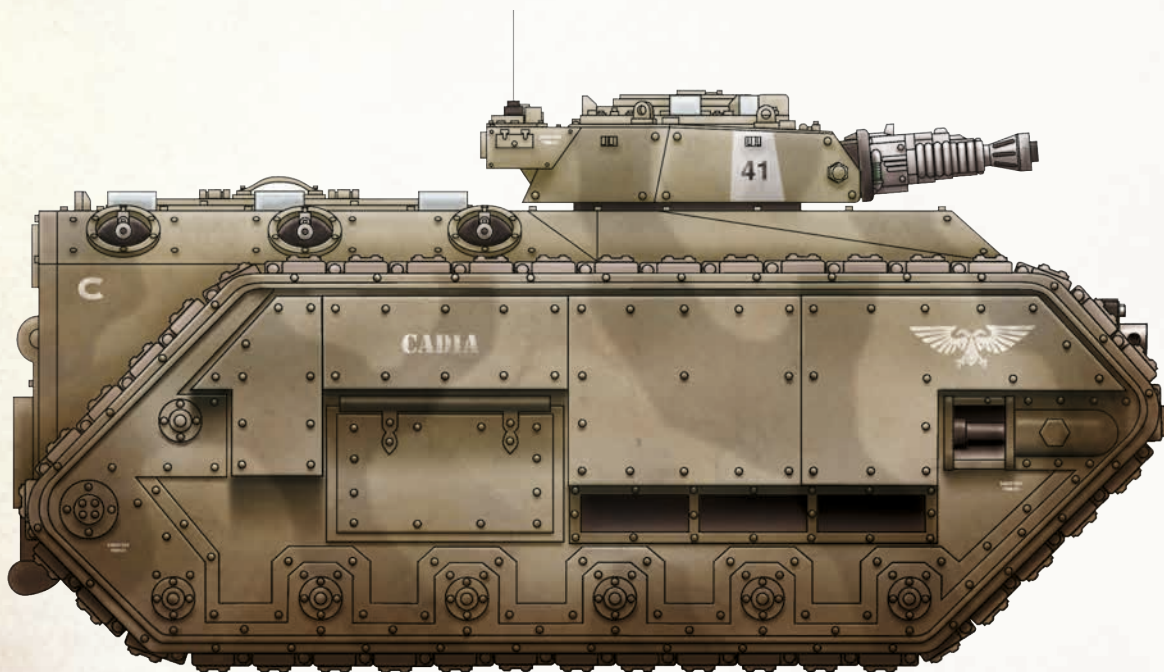
Zakir fired first, a short burst of bolts roared and detonated. In the darkness ahead something screamed and died. He fired again. The dark hole ahead of Sergeant Darak was a sudden explosion of movement, claws and arms flashing in his spotlight beam. At this range Darak couldn't miss. He fired a sustained burst downwards and felt the micro-explosions buffet the air. There were more creatures coming. He fired again, but there were too many.

"Back to the laboratory," he ordered Zakir, who stepped backwards, walking with precise strides as he fell back. At the doorway Brother Malek appeared, the barrel of his heavy flamer levelled on the corridor. Meanwhile Sergeant Darak fell back himself. He fired another long burst, then another as the emerging Genestealers flung themselves at him. Blood and bile splashed over his armoured suit. Suddenly a Genestealer leapt down onto the sergeant from where it had been clambering along the ceiling above his aim point. The impact of claws on adamantium screeched and echoed. Instantly, a second Genestealer pounced. Darak fired the last of his ammunition, stumbling under the weight of the Genestealer now clinging to him, trying to prise open his armour. A third creature leapt at him, pounding a blow square into his chest plate that left him reeling against the wall.

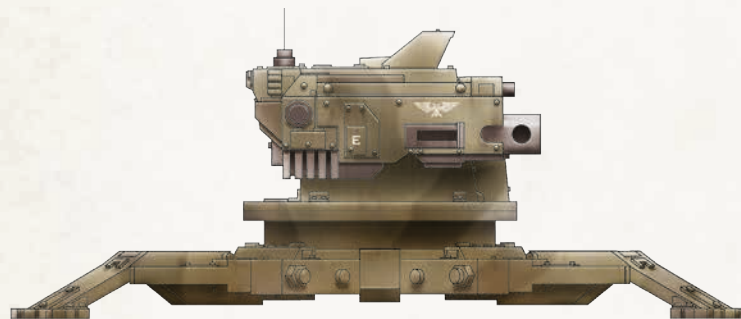
Zakir stepped past Malek in the doorway and the air in the corridor was suddenly an inferno. Roaring orange flames engulfed the corridor, incinerating the Genestealers and spilling burning fuel all over Sergeant Darak. Despite the intense furnace-like heat Darak was safe inside his armour, it would resist the flames long enough for him to escape the Genestealer's clutches. He threw the flaming, blackened body of the Genestealer off his shoulders and stepped past Malek into the laboratory room. His armour was still alight in places, but it would not burn for long, even the paint was fire retardant for just such an eventuality.



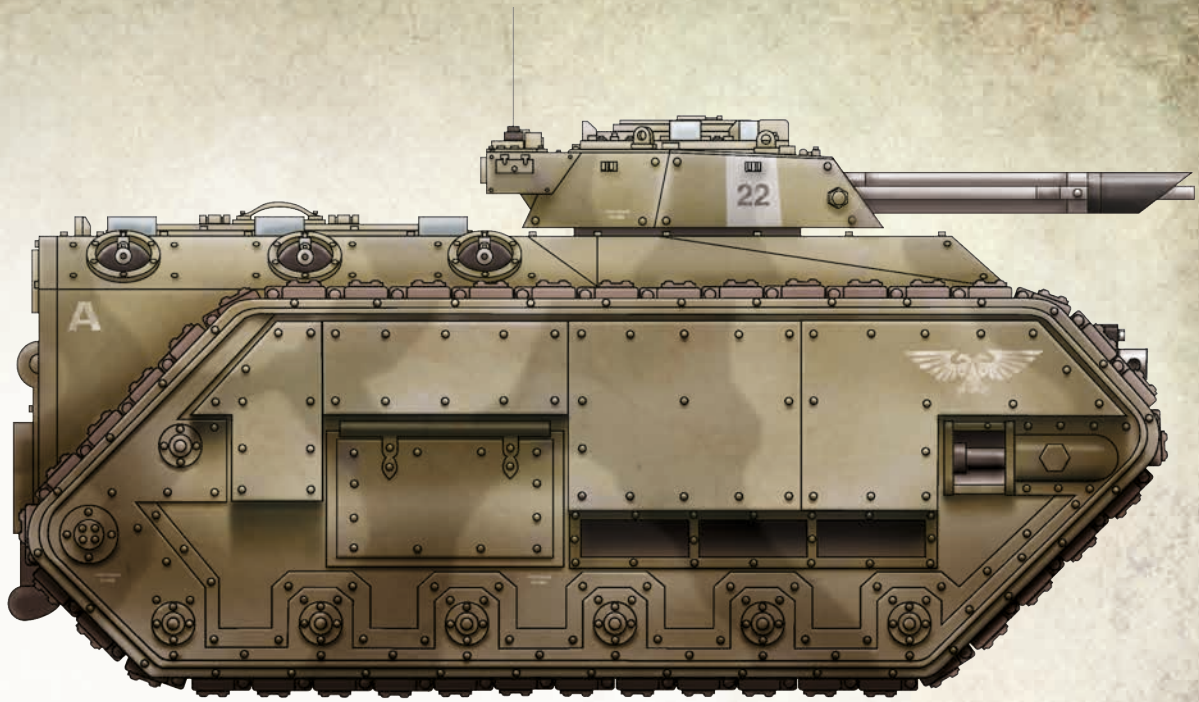
Graia pattern Hellhound flame-thrower tank of the Cadian 266th Regiment. The larger promethium capacity of the Graia pattern vehicle allowed the Cadian regiments to repulse increasingly more intense and larger Tyranid attacks.



Chimera armoured carrier of the Cadian 266th Regiment. Many of the 266th's vehicles were fitted with flamer weapons in an attempt to combat the Tyranid threat.

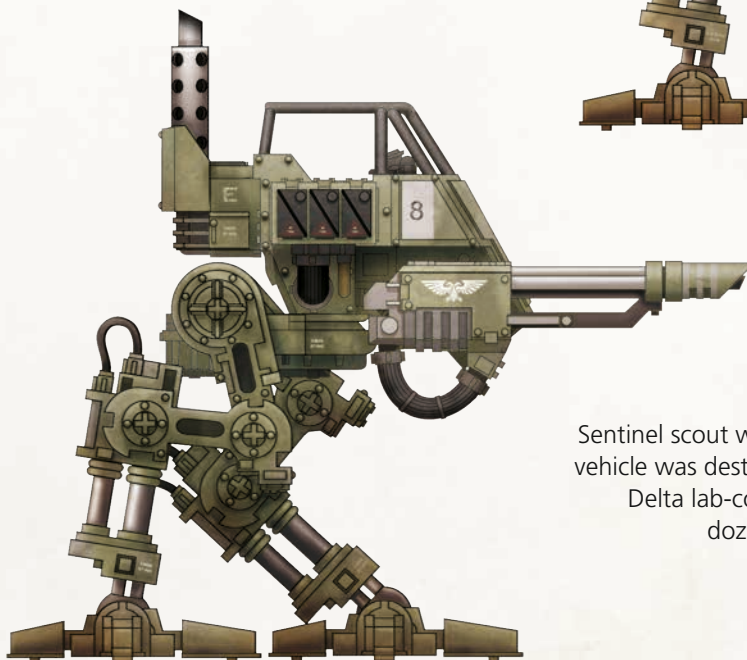
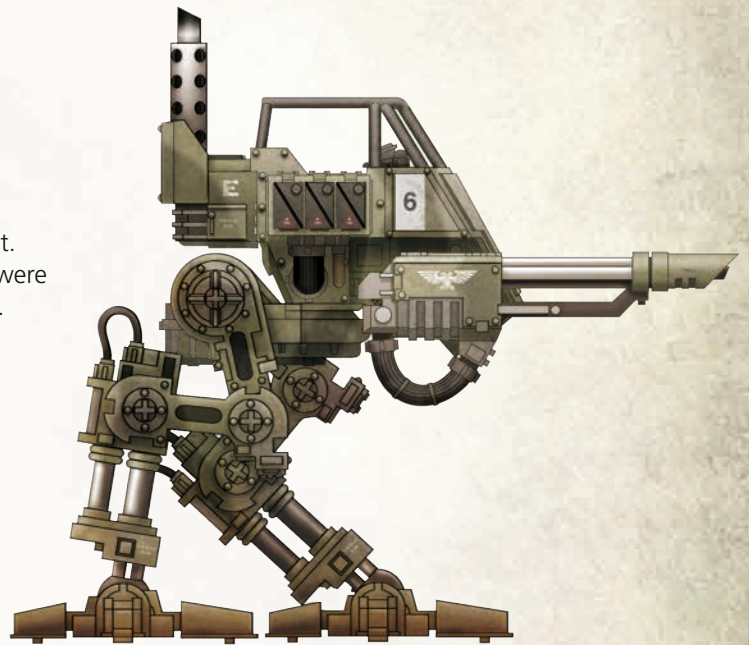


Tarantula sentry gun with heavy bolters. These weapons were used extensively to supplement the Anphelion lab-complexes' damaged defence weapons arrays.



Chimera armoured carrier of the Cadian 266th Regiment. Destroyed during the initial Tyranid attacks, these lightly armoured vehicles proved easy prey for Tyranid Carnifexes and Hierodules.

Sentinel scout walker, 266th Cadian Regiment. Instead of their usual scout role, these vehicles were often pressed into action as assault vehicles.



Sentinel scout walker, 266th Cadian Regiment. This vehicle was destroyed in the Tyranid assaults on the Delta lab-complex, overrun after crushing dozens of smaller Tyranids.

The whole episode hadn't even phased the veteran sergeant. "Hold them here," he ordered Brothers Malek and Zakir, who sprayed the burning smoke-filled corridor with more fire to keep the Genestealers at bay.

"Darak to Culln. Commander, the enemy have attacked in force in this sector. Request reinforcements. We are holding them at..." he glanced down at the sign on the doorway, now lying on the floor where it had fallen after his chainfist had cut through it, *"...Laboratory Theta-two."*

"Culln confirms, sergeant," came the distant crackling reply. *"Hold your position. Squad Rael will move up through Laboratory Theta-three and approach the crossroads from the east. Once they are in position, your squad is to advance again and you will have the enemy trapped between you. Clear the sector then report in. Over."*

"Darak confirms, commander. Over." He flipped the ammunition catch on his storm bolter and the weapon's empty magazine hit the floor with a clang. Darak immediately replaced it with a new one, and turned to his men, *"Hold these two doorways until I give the order to advance."*

The Red Scorpions Terminators, supported by their power armoured brethren of 6th Company, methodically swept the laboratory complex room by room, corridor by corridor, destroying the lurking Genestealer broods. Within minutes, all three of the laboratory facilities were reported clear of enemies and secured.

Whilst the Space Marines and Imperial Guard were on the move, so were the Tyranids. Deep in the jungles, the Hive Mind had stirred them to action. Unknown to the men of the 4th Cadian Company, their convoy had been spotted and the xenos beasts were now closing in behind them.

So far the containment fences had kept the Tyranids out, but the Hive Mind had not sat idle whilst the Imperial forces completed their mission. On Beta Anphelion IV, the Tyranids' response to being imprisoned was simple. Secretly, in dark recesses deep in the swamplands, hidden in underground brood nests, the Tyranids had begun to evolve to counter their imprisonment. It had taken time, but the distant Hive Mind which controlled them was patient, very patient. It had the infinite patience of an alien race that had spanned the intergalactic void, of a hungry hunter that knew easy prey would soon be in reach. Now, where once had grown weapon-carrying limbs or razor sharp claws, there grew wings.

MISSION TIME: 8202850.M41

LOCATION: Anphelion Base Laboratory Complex Delta

TEMPERATURE: 1°C

VISIBILITY: 500 m

AMMONIA READING: 0.21% – Medium

Central to the defence of the laboratory perimeter was 4th Company's long-range ground surveyor unit and searchlight teams. To combat the problems of fighting in darkness, the regiment had deployed a number of ground-mounted searchlights with which to illuminate the surrounding jungle,

making targeting any attacking Tyranids far easier. To detect Tyranids as they approached, the regiment was equipped with long-range ground surveyors. This equipment, manned by the company's command unit, was much like a squad-level surveyor often carried by sergeants and junior officers, except with a far longer range. It would make approaching the Guardsmen's perimeter undetected that much harder.

During the Tyranid attack on the Red Scorpions, 4th Company's surveyor's screen suddenly filled with multiple enemy contacts. As if from nowhere, a swarm of Tyranids had appeared from Containment Area C1. The alarm was raised. Guardsmen scrambled to man their weapons, jumping into their weapon pits or behind sandbags, lasguns at the ready, whilst the searchlights came on, criss-crossing the area with beams that lit the jungle in pools of white light. At the same time mortars fired a volley of flares in a high arcing trajectory into the sky, the illumination rounds exploding in a bright light.

Illuminated by the flares, flying just above the canopy, came swarms of Gargoyles swooping down over the containment fence. In the blink of an eye, the Tyranids were inside the perimeter. Heavy weapons and sentry guns started to fire, but too late, the Tyranids were already upon the Guardsmen, dropping down to savage them with claws and fangs. Captain Ryesk was in shock. The fence was active, but it was worthless.

Behind the swarming Gargoyles came much larger winged Tyranid Shrikes, dropping down amongst the Guardsmen's positions; living weapons spitting acid and bile, raking left and right with poisonous clawed talons. Then behind them came the looming shadow of a Hive Tyrant, its massive leathery wings beating as it dropped to the ground, powerful talons lashing out to eviscerate two hapless Guardsmen in one sweep. It roared its triumph into the sky, summoning more creatures to it.

The light from the flares faded. In the darkness confusion reigned as some of the men tried to stand and fight. Others fled. But most died screaming. Captain Ryesk saw his entire company wiped out in under five minutes. The containment field had not saved them at all, the Tyranids had already evolved beyond that defence.

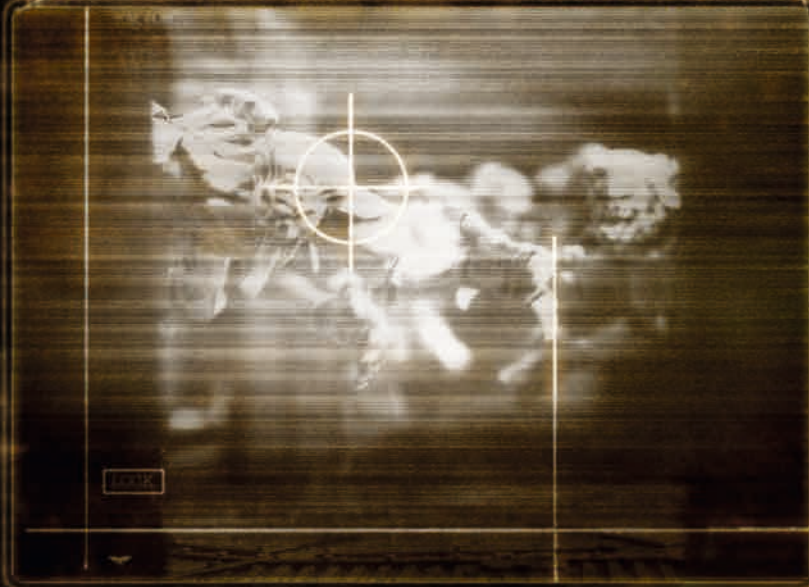
The Cadian Guardsmen broke, running for their lives as fast as they could, back to the apparent safety of the laboratory complex. But it was too late. More Gargoyles had already landed behind them, cutting off their retreat. To his right a Hellhound flame tank exploded, sending burning wreckage and white-hot promethium raining down all around them. Men were on fire, human torches screaming as they stumbled clear, their uniforms aflame.

Fire from the Tyranid bio-weapons was criss-crossing the complex, living ammunition that screamed through the air and upon impact burrowed into the skin. Captain Ryesk, desperately waving his sword and laspistol to rally his fleeing men, felt a round hit him square in his carapace chest plate. The impact forced all the air out of him. With horror he saw the acidic round eating away at his armour. His chest was

ANPHELION BASE

LABORATORY COMPLEX THETA

LABORATORY FACILITY



- KEY**
- 1. Officio Administratum and main entrance
 - 2. Laboratory control room
 - 3. Laboratory preparation area
 - 4. Surgical dissection room
 - 5. Sample holding area
 - 6. Decontamination room
 - 7. Laboratory control room
 - 8. Bio-hazard sealed laboratory
 - 9. Secure datacore and archive
 - 10. Laboratory back-up generatorum



already burning from the heat, it felt like he was on fire. "Get it off!" he screamed to nobody in particular as he fumbled with the support straps. Too late. The ammunition had cut through the armour and into his flesh. Blood boiling up in the captain's throat spilled forth from his nose and mouth. He collapsed backwards convulsing with pain, trying to scream in agony, but only spewing a fountain of blood until his torso was drenched in it. Contorted in excruciating pain, he died as the burrowing creature ate into his heart.

Others died just as grimly or worse. It was a slaughter perpetuated by an enemy incapable of mercy. Those who ran locked themselves inside the laboratories, but it would not take long for the Tyranids outside to break in.

Biologis Arthon looked up from his magnatrop viewer as the door to the laboratory was thrown open. A bleeding, mud-spattered Guardsman, half crazed with fear, fell inside. Outside Arthon could hear the sounds of battle; he had been so engrossed in his studies he hadn't even noticed the fighting. "What is the meaning of this intrusion?" he demanded, his voice a rasping electronic hiss through his vox-implant. Another Guardsman followed the first. "Get back to your stations," Arthon ordered. The Guardsmen babbled something about '...being under attack', '...being overrun', '...everybody dead'. Suddenly, all the lights went out, plunging everything into pitch darkness. Someone screamed. Arthon recalibrated his bionically augmented eyes to infra-vision and at the doorway, where the Guardsmen had just been stood, was a

looming monster. Wings folded behind it, claws and fangs already drenched in blood, it roared a challenge. With a quick sweep of its claw the last Guardsman flew across the room, crashing into the machinery and leaving a bloody stain as his body fell. The Shrike ducked through the doorway, hissing as it locked the Biologis in its gaze. Backing away, Arthon fumbled for his laspistol. The creature stalked in after him, barging aside laboratory equipment that crashed to the floor. The Biologis drew his pistol. Too late, a long, thin claw flicked out, impaling him through the stomach. The claw wrenched him off his feet, the Biologis choking on his last breath as the creature lifted him closer. Face to face with the winged Tyrannid Warrior, the Biologis could smell its acrid stench, feel its cold breath from its fang-filled maw. Its eyes were black pits, cold lifeless orbs that betrayed no emotion or intelligence. Like a servitor it was just a machine, designed only for killing. For a brief moment the creature stared back, inspecting him. Then, with a flick of its claw, flung the two separate halves of the Biologis across the room, screeching with a sound that might, in another race, have been considered triumph.

Their heavy weapons abandoned or destroyed, 4th Company had been all but annihilated by the surprise aerial attack. Inquisitor Lok and Colonel Schakir tried to raise 4th Company and Biologis Arthon to find out what was happening, but the vox-net was a jumble of garbled cries for help. Then it was silent, just static. The company was gone, and the Biologis with them. Both commanders knew that Laboratory Complex Delta had been lost; there would be no survivors.



ORDO HERETICUS DEPARTAMENTO ANALYTICUS
RESTRICTED ARCHIVE



-ACCESS WARNING-

DATA CONTENTS
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CLEARANCE

-EXITUS IN EXTREMIS-

COMPILED INQUISITOR
{{DELETED}}

ORDO
{{HERETICUS}}

CONCLAVE
{{BAKKA}}

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ORDO XENOS DEPARTAMENTO ANALYTICUS RECORD

094-01665-875-0132
DAR:04/06
AID:.....

TRANSMITTED:.....Beta Anphelion IV TELEPATHIC DUCT:.....Terminus Kaleb
RECEIVED:.....Astropath Aylor REF:.....Ordo Xenos/454228290/HV
DESTINATION:.....Inquisitor-Lord Varius AUTHOR:.....Inquisitor Solomon Lok
MISSION TIME:.....8202850.M41

*Being the official report and journal of Inquisitor Solomon Lok
as recorded by the loyal Autosavant Wassily.*

Anphelion Base. Beta Anphelion IV

Our situation on Beta Anphelion IV has deteriorated. Enemy attacks at the first laboratory facility have resulted in the complete loss of the Cadian 4th. Unbeknown to me in any of my previous encounters with the Tyranids, they have shown the ability to evolve flight. This has rendered the containment fences totally ineffective and my remaining forces are now exposed to the full horror of the Tyranid threat.

It is also my duty to report that during the surprise attack Magos Biologis Arthon and his team were lost. No contact has been made with them since and I must commend their souls to the Emperor. The loss of this team has severely jeopardised this mission, as without them I am no longer able to fully analyse the data recovered.

Astropath Zarneck reports that communications are becoming less reliable. This may be because of unforeseen actions of the Warp, but I fear it has more to do with as yet unencountered higher synapse Tyranids on Beta Anphelion IV strengthening their connection to the greater Hive Mind.

These three developments have forced me to reconsider both my position here and the continued validity of this mission. I have not yet ordered an evacuation, but have initiated the process should it become necessary. The *Cephestus* has been re-called to orbit in order that a swift evacuation can be made.

Commander Culln has completed his search and destroy operation at Laboratory Complex Theta, and more Cadian troops are now in place to defend that site. In anticipation of further attacks, I have ordered the Red Scorpions back to the command complex to bolster its defences. I expect their return shortly. In the meantime, those scouting forces that have returned have confirmed that the Tyranid presence is increasing within the vicinity of this base.

I shall endeavour to recover what data and specimens I can without the Biologis' aid, until such time as evacuation becomes prudent.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: "Cowards Die Many Times. The Brave Die but Once"

WINGED HIVE TYRANT

Tyranicii Praefectus Avius

Wings manifesting on Hive Tyrants are believed to be a mutation of the more common genus strain, and are not often seen. It is thought that these winged creatures evolve only as an immediate response to their environment and that the wings have replaced the creature's upper limb set and are not additional to the standard Tyranid six-limb physiology.

Other physiological features of winged Hive Tyrants are broadly similar to other Tyranid creatures, with regard to carapace and skeletal thickness, and muscle density. The Hive Tyrant's thickest protection is its head crest, covering the creature's enlarged synaptic cortex. This complex synapse network is highly receptive to the directives of the greater Hive Mind, itself the manifestation of the gestalt consciousness of all the Tyranid creatures within range. The Hive Mind is greater than the sum of all its parts, but as a collective intellect the loss of any single creature has little overall effect on it. The Hive Tyrant's synapse acts as a focus or nexus for this intellect, rapidly processing its whims and desires, and disseminating them to others in the vicinity. Using this power, the Hive Tyrant can effectively control the actions of other lesser creatures around it.

The creature's main offensive weapons are its two claws. These long (220 cm) scything blades of hardened chitin, are capable of cutting a man in half or penetrating up to 25 cm of heavy gauge plasteel. They are augmented with small toxin sacs around the lower end of the claw, which excrete poison along the blade. This poison is a paralytic neurotoxin that quickly renders its target inactive. Other weapons are present in its mouth, with 20 cm fangs and a barbed tongue. This tongue has been found to deliver corrosive pathogens straight into a target's bloodstream. Other secondary weapons include spines and barbs, which the creature can rake with in all directions. This creature's long whip-like tail isn't a weapon (although other examples have been identified with weaponised tails), it is purely for balance and control during flight.

The colouring of this creature is typical of the xenos on Beta Anphelion IV. Muted, mottled grey-greens and brown carapaces prevail, providing excellent camouflage amongst the native flora. This is unlikely to have been a coincidence, and it is a drastic change from the original samples imported to the research base. Tyranids in general display a wide variety of colouring – the reasons for this are unknown, but are likely to be related to the genetic material a swarm was spawned from.



This illustration shows a winged Hive Tyrant, as encountered at Laboratory Complex Delta.





ORDO HERETICUS DEPARTAMENTO ANALYTICUS
RESTRICTED ARCHIVE



-ACCESS WARNING-

DATA CONTENTS
{{GOLD-OMEGA}}
CLEARANCE

-EXITUS IN EXTREMIS-

COMPILED INQUISITOR

{{DELETED}}



{{HERETICUS}}

CONCLAVE

{{BARKA}}



ORDO XENOS DEPARTAMENTO ANALYTICUS RECORD

094-01665-875-0132
DAR:04/06
AID:.....

TRANSMITTED:.....[Classified] TELEPATHIC DUCT:.....Terminus Kaleb
RECEIVED:.....Astropath Zarneck REF:.....Ordo Xenos/454228290/HV
DESTINATION:.....Inquisitor Solomon Lok AUTHOR:.....Inquisitor-Lord Varius
MISSION TIME:.....8203850.M41

This is an auto-responsive message...

Inquisitor-Lord Varius is unavoidably detained at the moment, but will give your report his full attention as soon as he is able. Until then, he leaves matters in your capable hands.

Praise the Emperor.

"Ruthlessness is the Kindness of the Wise"

MISSION TIME: 8203850.M41
LOCATION: Anphelion Base Command Complex
TEMPERATURE: -2°C
VISIBILITY: 200 m
AMMONIA READING: 0.26% – High

At the main control complex, the men from D-99 stood watch over the perimeter defences. The report of the surprise attack at Laboratory Complex Delta meant everybody was already on full alert. All knew it would not be long before the winged Tyranid swarm descended upon them too. Eyes and weapons scanned the skies for the first signs of an attack. Their surveyor units, for the moment, still reading all clear.

However, it was not from above that the expected attack came. The Hive Mind would not be so easily predicted as to repeat the same trick. It knew that a new attack would be expected, but not one from below. The key to the humans' defence was their containment fence, and it must be destroyed.

Without warning, the ground below the Guardsmen began to shudder. The moment of confusion ended with the earth below their fleet exploding upwards, followed by the fangs

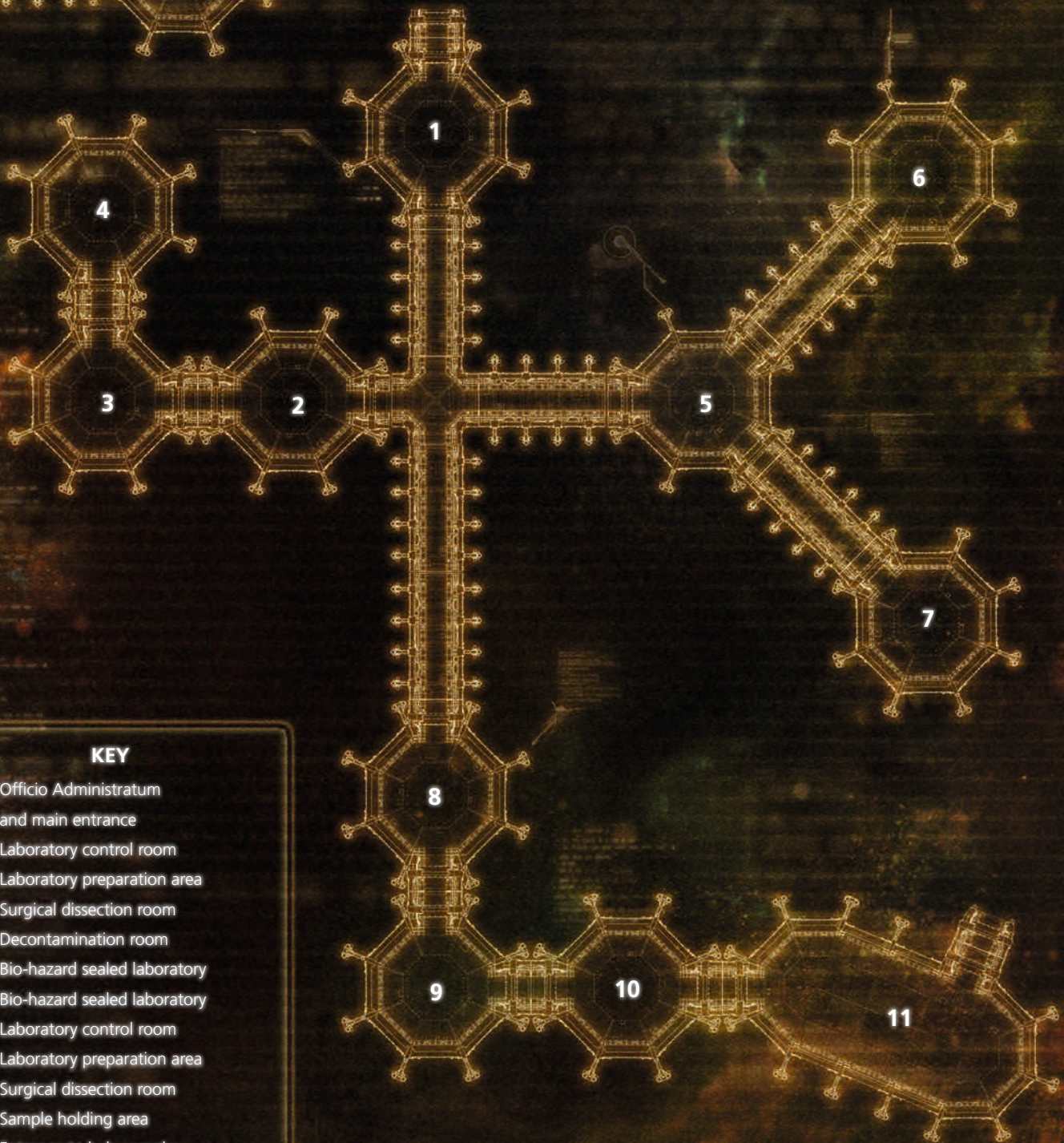
and claws of a Ravener. The first Guardsman hit was lifted clear into the sky, arms and legs flailing as he fell into a bloody heap. Another Ravener, and then another, exploded upwards in a whirl of scything claws. The Guardsmen opened fire as the Ravener brood tore into them. As one brood emerged from the ground, a Drop Trooper darted forwards and slung a heavy demolition charge at it. As the creatures freed themselves from the ground the charge exploded in a fountain of earth, hunks of flesh and a red mist of blood as the Ravens were torn apart. Now the creatures were sliding across the ground on their powerfully muscular tails, deathspitters and spinefists belching living ammunition.

Again the Tyranids were upon them before the Guardsmen could bring heavy weapons to bear. Again the Hive Mind was one step ahead. Suddenly the Ravens were everywhere; men were fighting for their lives, their well-prepared defences thrown into chaos in an instant. But D-99 quickly regrouped and poured the weapons fire of lasguns, plasma guns and meltaguns at their slithering attackers. The Ravens flung themselves at the Guardsmen – many died screaming as claws tore them apart or bio-ammunition ate through their flesh, but the steaming, fetid corpses of the Ravens also littered the battlefield. The surprise attack was being repulsed.

ANPHELION BASE

LABORATORY COMPLEX DELTA

LABORATORY FACILITY



KEY

1. Officio Administratum and main entrance
2. Laboratory control room
3. Laboratory preparation area
4. Surgical dissection room
5. Decontamination room
6. Bio-hazard sealed laboratory
7. Bio-hazard sealed laboratory
8. Laboratory control room
9. Laboratory preparation area
10. Surgical dissection room
11. Sample holding area
12. Entrance to hab-complex



At the containment fence's control room, Sergeant Orosz's squad had found cover beside a sentry gun and were pouring fire into the advancing Raveners. The sergeant aimed his underslung grenade launcher, fired and saw the krak grenade impact, its small intense explosion tearing the creature limb from limb. The Raveners had stopped coming now, but still the ground below them shook with powerful vibrations, like an earthquake, which quickly intensified. Orosz's men were being tossed left and right as the floor of the building buckled, bent and then splintered. The forelimbs of a huge beast emerged, great claws which swept from side to side, smashing the sentry gun to pieces. One Drop Trooper was cut clean in two, his upper torso hitting the back wall and leaving a bloody stain. The others ducked clear and ran.

A Trygon smashed its way upwards, lasgun rounds ricocheting harmlessly off its chitinous carapace. The control room was a mass of sparks and fires as the panels were shattered. Sergeant Orosz backed away, still shooting until his lasgun's power cell was empty. On the perimeter, the electronic hum of the power field suddenly died. The fence sparked then failed.

As suddenly as they had attacked, the Ravener brood was gone. Survivors slithered away back down into the tunnels they had made, leaving the bodies of their own dead upon the floor, their raid complete. Inquisitor Lok grabbed his weapons and raced towards the attack, but arrived too late. The containment fence's control centre was a smoking ruin, smashed beyond repair by the Trygon's claws. The men of

Detachment D-99 lay scattered all about – some wounded were still crawling towards safety and calling out for aid, but most had been torn into sticky wet piles of offal. The containment fence was gone. The Inquisitor knew that now they would feel the full strength of the Tyranids, and he also knew he did not have the men to stop them. He had to act now or they were all going to die here.

MISSION TIME: 8203850.M41

LOCATION: Anphelion Base Command Complex

TEMPERATURE: -2°C

VISIBILITY: 300 m

AMMONIA READING: 0.26% – High

"Enemy contact closing fast," the surveyor controller warned over the vox-net. In response the Cadian gunners rechecked their weapons and the base's reactivated defence turrets swivelled into position as new enemy targets approached fast. On the landing fields crews were at work rearming and refuelling the Valkyries and Vultures, preparing them for their next mission.

They saw the enemy too late as they skimmed out of the mists, flying low over the jungle and the defunct remains of the containment fence. Huge leathery wings drove them towards their human targets, great scythe-like claws glistening under their long serpentine torsos as the Harridans swooped in.



ORDO HERETICUS DEPARTMENTO ANALYTICUS
RESTRICTED ARCHIVE



-ACCESS WARNING-

DATA CONTENTS

{{GOLD-OMEGA}}

CLEARANCE

-Exitus in Extremis-

COMPILED INQUISITOR

{{DELETED}}

ORDO

{{HERETICUS}}

CONCLAVE

{{BAKKA}}



ORDO XENOS DEPARTMENTO ANALYTICUS RECORD

094-01665-875-0132
DAR:04/06
AID:.....

TRANSMITTED:..... **Beta Anphelion IV** TELEPATHIC DUCT:..... **Terminus Kaleb**
RECEIVED:..... **Astropath Aylor** REF:..... **Ordo Xenos/454228290/HV**
DESTINATION:..... **Inquisitor-Lord Varius** AUTHOR:..... **Inquisitor Solomon Lok**
MISSION TIME:..... **8203850.M41**

*Being the official report and journal of Inquisitor Solomon Lok
as recorded by the loyal Autosavant Wassily.*

Anphelion Base. Beta Anphelion IV

The containment fence has been destroyed, I must now order the evacuation of my forces from the moon. There is nothing to be gained by remaining here and so I shall regroup my full strength at the central command complex until the *Cephestus* is in position or the promised Inquisitorial cruiser and reinforcements arrive. I must defend the landing fields if there is to be any hope of escape.

"Truth is the most Terrible of Burdens"

The autocannon opened fire, explosive rounds detonating about the targets as they banked and dived. As the fire streaked overhead the men on the ground scattered, running for cover. The first Harridan swooped just over the landscape, its claws flashing out to smash into a Valkyrie with a blow so powerful and fast it severed both the tail booms as the craft was flipped over.

A second Harridan struck, smashing craft apart with its claws, left and right. The grounded craft were defenceless. Valkyries and Vultures began to burn as fuel and ammunition ignited. Their first attack run complete, the two Harridans banked away, climbing high as the autocannon turrets tracked them, still barking out streams of shells. Soon, the creatures swiftly turned and raced down again in a headlong dive, screaming as they attacked all below them.

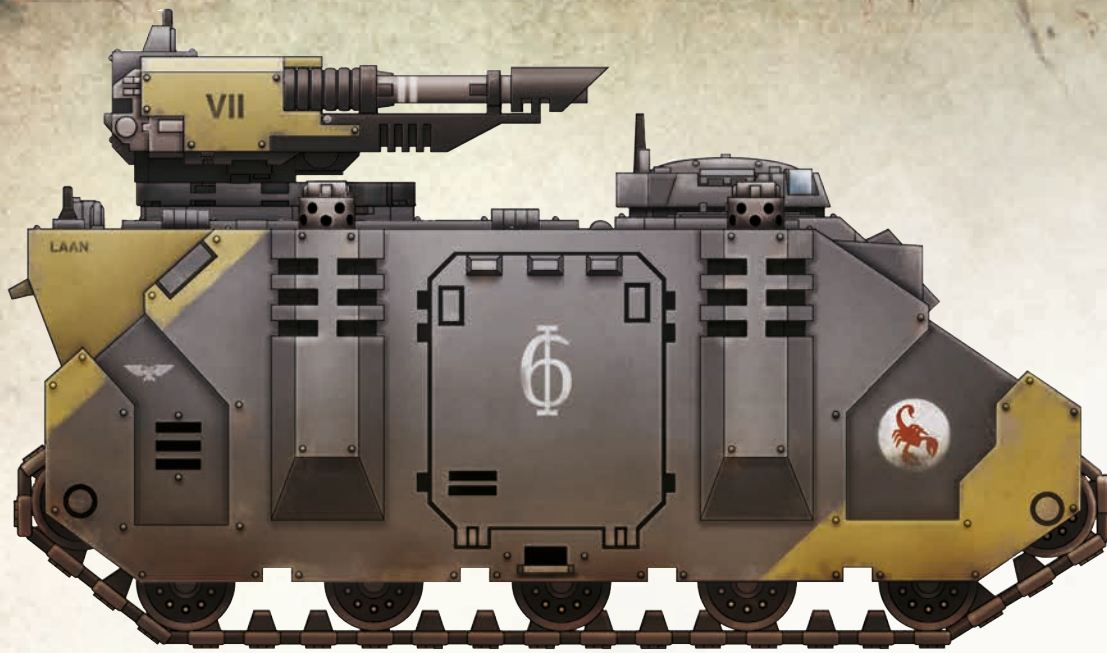
The second fly-past caused as much devastation as the first. Craft were wrecked beyond use as the Harridans criss-crossed the landing field. As one creature dived down again, the autocannon on the base found their range. Shells impacted, gouting blood from the creature which screamed in pain as it lashed out. More rounds hit, tearing through its wings and torso. Seriously wounded the Harridan banked again and in one last reckless act of destruction, dived headlong into the landing field, crashing into the ground, claws still slashing in a suicidal attempt to wreak more destruction. Amidst burning and smashed craft the Harridan finally came to a rest, autocannon rounds still hammering into its corpse.

As fast as the attack had come, it was over. Their raid complete, the Harridans climbed away into the sky. Behind them the landing field was a scene of utter devastation, smashed and crippled craft were scattered about, the flames were spreading and engulfing all they touched. Shocked, the survivors emerged from their cover. Some of the craft might be salvageable, but the sudden attack had left most as smouldering wreckage.

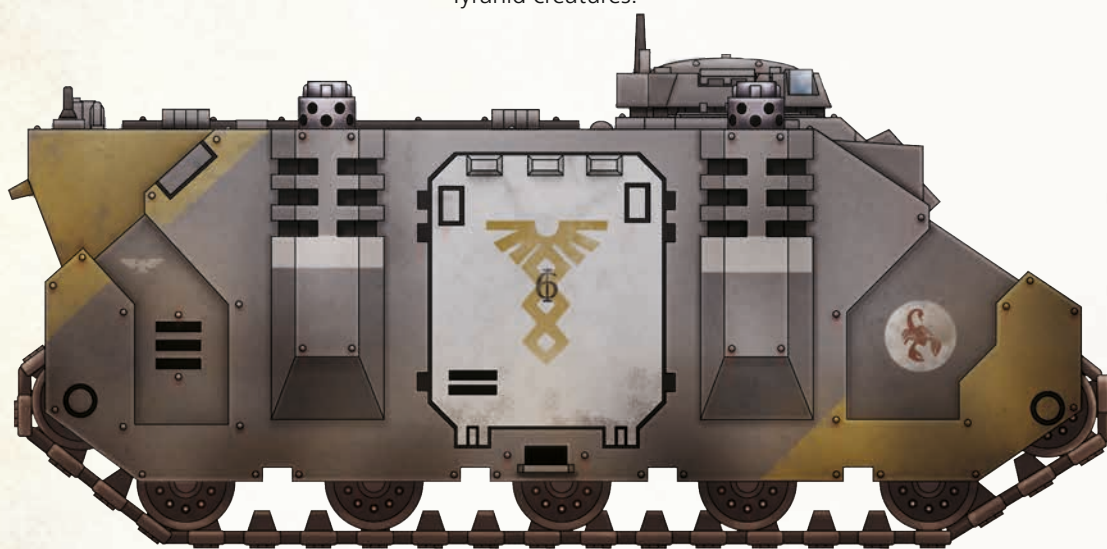
MISSION TIME: 8203850.M41
LOCATION: Anphelion Base Laboratory Complex Theta
TEMPERATURE: 0°C
VISIBILITY: 700 m
AMMONIA READING: 0.19% – Medium

Commander Culln's search and destroy missions were complete, but the situation on the ground had changed, and the loss of Laboratory Area Delta and the Biologis team had invalidated much of his men's work. Receiving the communication to withdraw back to the command centre to regroup with the rest of the force, Culln quickly re-embarked onto the Thunderhawk with his men for the short journey back.

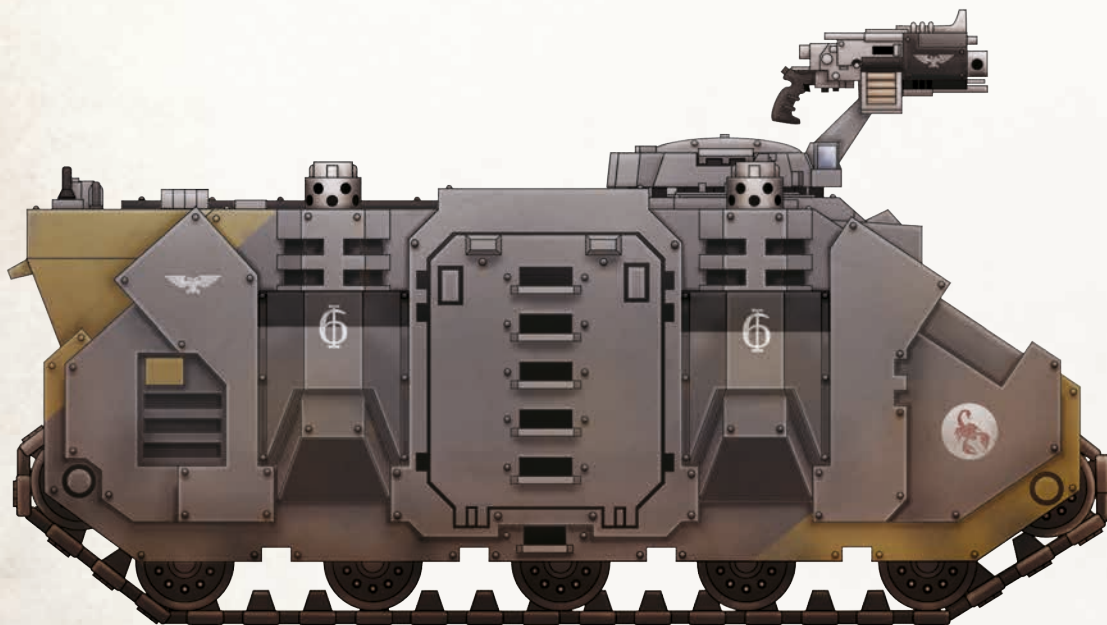
As Commander Culln's Thunderhawk raced through the gloomy atmosphere, the crew suddenly found themselves flying into a dark tangled cloud. Thousands of spore mines, drifting at altitude with long tentacles trailing grotesquely behind them, were all around them like great fetid balloons full of acid, bloated and ready to explode. The craft jolted



Mars pattern Razorback of the Red Scorpions Chapter. Razorbacks provided mobile firepower to support the Red Scorpions' efforts to bring down the largest of the Tyranid creatures.



Red Scorpions Mars pattern Rhino. This vehicle has been seconded to the service of the Chapter's Apothecarion, whose members were charged with leaving none of the honoured dead for the Tyranids to consume.



Mars pattern Rhino of the Red Scorpions Chapter. The Red Scorpions used these vehicles offensively to clear paths through the Rippers swarms that often confronted the Space Marines' attacks.



suddenly as a large spore mine exploded close by and set off a chain reaction. One after another the drifting spores detonated, sending bio-acid and shrapnel spraying out, tearing into the craft's hull and melting its armour plating. The Thunderhawk's airframe was rocked hard, and rocked again as one after another the cloud's spores spontaneously exploded. The pilot banked to dive out of the cloud but with the spores' long tentacles slapping against the nose and windscreen as the airborne mines homed in, their escape was not certain. The Thunderhawk was their prey, and driven by some unknown force the spore mines gave chase, exploding all too close. Their assault was relentless.

As the control complex tracked the Thunderhawk's position, they received an emergency distress call. The message was garbled and the voices heavily hidden by a static haze – the Thunderhawk had been badly damaged and its pilot was going to attempt a crash landing.

The Thunderhawk's warning beacons blared as the heavy gunship plunged towards the swamps below. The pilot and co-pilot wrestled to regain control, but their ship was critically damaged. They were going down too fast. The spore mine explosions had damaged the engines and large sections of the tail had been torn away. Losing power, altitude and control,

the pilot and co-pilot fought with the flight controls. The co-pilot managed to shut down its reactor, reducing power in an attempt to slow their descent; the pilot was barely able to get the Thunderhawk's nose up, aiming for a flat landing as, engines screaming, the gunship raced towards the ground.

In a massive cascade of muddy swamp water, over 100 tonnes of heavily armed and armoured drop ship plunged nose-first into the swamps. Crashing through trees and tearing up the vines, the stricken aircraft ploughed through the water on its belly. Wings and weapons were torn off in the impact, and restraining harnesses buckled and broke, sending all inside crashing to the floor.

MISSION TIME: 8203850.M41

LOCATION: Anphelion Base Command Complex

TEMPERATURE: 3°C

VISIBILITY: 800 m

AMMONIA READING: 0.15% – Low

"Odds are there will be no survivors from the crash. Sending more men out to look for them is condemning those men to death as well. It is a fool's errand. I will not sanction any rescue mission. Our priority must be our survival until an evacuation can be effected. We must complete the mission."

Apothecary Rael glowered at the Inquisitor barring his way. *"We will not leave our brothers to rot in this place. Dead or alive, they must return to the Chapter. The Chapter must have its dues,"* the Space Marine growled his response, and before the Inquisitor could answer, snapped his helmet into place.

"This mission is under my command. You, and your brothers, are under my authority. The power of the Emperor is vested in me. Dare you gainsay the word of an Inquisitor?" warned Lok.

The Apothecary simply ignored him, flicking his comms channel open, *"Squads Rael and Avna rendezvous on me."* He called his men to him, brushing past the Inquisitor as he left. The argument was over.

Lok let the Space Marine go, but not without a final warning, *"You and your Chapter have not heard the last of this insubordination!"* The blast door slid shut behind the Space Marine as he stepped out into the darkness.

Apothecary Rael's men moved to their vehicles and marched onboard. The Thunderhawk's locating beacon was giving off a weak signal, but it was enough for them to home-in on. Once all were onboard, the convoy of Razorbacks and Rhinos headed off into the jungle.

MISSION TIME: 8204850.M41
LOCATION: The Vicinity of Containment Area Omega
TEMPERATURE: 0°C
VISIBILITY: 600 m
AMMONIA READING: 0.19% – Medium

Super-heated engines steamed in the water as the mud and spray cleared. After the violence of the impact, everything was again quiet and still. Slowly a side door cracked open and from within emerged the Space Marines that had survived the crash landing. The Thunderhawk's thick armoured belly plates had taken the brunt of the crash. They had buckled and were torn, but had protected the Space Marines within.

The survivors emerged into the dark and forbidding jungle. Helmet lights flickered on. The jungle here was strange, the seemingly dead plants had become twisted with new growths of long sharp spines. Close by, several huge Tyranid bio-structures had thrust their way upwards from the ground. Another spire-like plant was lazily billowing clouds of small spores into the air. The jungle itself was changing; it too had become infected by the Tyranids. Their strange, twisted biology was taking over the moon and evolving it to their own needs.

Culln immediately ordered the twisted plant life destroyed with a flame thrower, whilst the surviving flight crew engaged the emergency beacon and tried to raise their battle-brothers on the comms-net. The locating beacon silently flashed out the Thunderhawk's location, but the comms had been reduced to a pile of sparking wires and broken fuses in the impact. Other battle-brothers were at work cutting their Dreadnought, Brother Halar, free from the wreckage. He had survived the crash, but was trapped inside the forward hold. Gradually, the Space Marines managed to open the hold's front ramp and the Dreadnought was freed.

Commander Culln knew it would not take the Tyranids long to find them. Fifteen Space Marines and one Dreadnought. How long could they expect to survive in this Tyranid-infested hellhole? Regardless, Culln was determined to make it long enough for a rescue mission to reach them. He organised a defence of the crash site, whilst the flight crew set about salvaging what they could from the wreckage.

MISSION TIME: 8204850.M41
LOCATION: The Vicinity of Containment Area Omega
TEMPERATURE: 0°C
VISIBILITY: 700 m
AMMONIA READING: 0.19% – Medium

The journey of ten kilometres would not take long, but the jungle terrain made the going difficult. Despite this, Apothecary Rael's convoy smashed through the undergrowth at a furious pace, tracks churning up the muddy ground as the Razorbacks and Rhinos wallowed through the wet swamplands. With less than a kilometre to go, he watched the Rhino's control screen as the locator beacon's flashing light drew ever closer. Still no communication with the Thunderhawk or his commander, and the auspex read-out now showed multiple targets just ahead. The armoured convoy raced into the battle, weapons blazing.

MISSION TIME: 8204850.M41
LOCATION: The Vicinity of Containment Area Omega
TEMPERATURE: 0°C
VISIBILITY: 700 m
AMMONIA READING: 0.19% – Medium

At the crash site Commander Culln, Brother Halar and their men were surrounded. The Tyranids hadn't taken long to find them and they were cautiously closing in for the kill. Culln checked his ammunition counter one last time – it wasn't enough. When the Tyranids came, the fight would be short and brutal, and he did not expect to live long, but he would take as many of the Tyranids with him as he could. He would tear them apart with his own power-gauntleted hands until the last of his strength was spent. After two hundred years of service, today the Emperor would finally embrace him. He did not fear death, he welcomed it. He feared nothing and without fear, death had no meaning.

Off to his right, a boltgun sounded. A burst of weapons fire ripped through the surrounding undergrowth, followed by the drumbeat of rapid explosions. His final hour had begun. He saw Brother Halar, knee deep in swampy water wade forwards, his inferno cannon lit and aimed.

Culln placed the sighting reticule of his helmet display on the closest target, Gaunts sliding through the undergrowth, and opened fire. The storm bolter barked and roared, its bolt rounds cutting into a Gaunt and exploding within, tearing the creature apart in a fountain of flesh and blood. He fired again, then again. The crescendo of battle rose about him. Halar's inferno cannon roared a flaming jet of burning promethium into the jungle, Gaunts screeched as the flames shrivelled them into blackened husks. The Dreadnought waded forwards again as the survivors pounced on him. His power fist



Scythed Hierodule, designated 'Barbarus'. This creature was eventually slain by Inquisitor Lok, after being wounded by lascannon fire.



Trygon, designated 'Omega-3'. This creature led the assault on Lab-complex Alpha and was only destroyed by concentrated heavy weapons fire.



ORDO HERETICUS DEPARTMENTO ANALYTICUS
RESTRICTED ARCHIVE



-ACCESS WARNING-

DATA CONTENTS
{{GOLD-OMEGA}}
CLEARANCE

-EXITUS IN EXTREMIS-

COMPILED INQUISITOR
{{DELETED}}

ORDO
{{HERETICUS}}

CONCLAVE
{{BAKKA}}

IT IS FORBIDDEN
TO VIEW OR ALLOW
TO BE VIEWED
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PERSONNEL
OF THE
OFFICE OF
EXTINCTION

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ORDO HERETICUS
DEPARTMENTO
ANALYTICUS

ORDO XENOS DEPARTMENTO ANALYTICUS RECORD

094-01665-875-0132
DAR:04/06
AID:.....

TRANSMITTED:.....Beta Anphelion IV. TELEPATHIC DUCT:.....Terminus Kaleb
RECEIVED:.....Astropath Aylor. REF:.....Ordo Xenos/454228290/HV
DESTINATION:.....Inquisitor-Lord Varius. AUTHOR:.....Inquisitor Solomon Lok
MISSION TIME:.....8204850.M41

*Being the official report and journal of Inquisitor Solomon Lok
as recorded by the loyal Autosavant Wassily.*

Anphelion Base. Beta Anphelion IV

I write this with great urgency.

Our situation worsens by the hour. It is clear to me now that we are facing a Tyranid threat far greater than could have been imagined from what little briefing was provided. From a few samples we have ascertained that this moon is now infested with Tyranids of all genus types.

Commander Culln is out of contact, his Thunderhawk having crashed in the jungle after coming under attack. Against my orders a rescue mission has been launched; I have little hope that there will be any survivors of this folly.

Laboratory Area Gamma has come under sustained attack. The Cadian garrison force there is encircled and cannot break out. There is no relief force I can send to aid them, and soon they too will be overrun.

Most of the Elysians' Vultures and Valkyries have been destroyed. The remaining strength of my force is now trapped at the command complex.

To aggravate matters further, I have received communication from the captain of the *Cephestus* that he has received new orders, from a higher authority than mine own. There has been a delay in my orders for an evacuation reaching him and thus, for the moment, he has left us stranded. Captain Mordin shall face the full wrath of the Inquisition for this incompetence. It is a matter of utmost urgency that this confusion be rectified and an evacuation begun.

I feel I must press you for news regarding the promised reinforcements.

[Addendum]

Ground surveyor units report that the Tyranids are massing for an overwhelming attack. We will not survive long.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: "If you believe you can win, you can win. Faith is necessary before any victory"



ORDO HERETICUS DEPARTAMENTO ANALYTICUS
RESTRICTED ARCHIVE



-ACCESS WARNING-

DATA CONTENTS
{{GOLD-OMEGA}}
CLEARANCE

-EXITUS IN EXTREMIS-

COMPILED INQUISITOR

{{DELETED}}



ORDO

{{HERETICUS}}



ORDO XENOS DEPARTAMENTO ANALYTICUS RECORD

094-01665-875-0132
DAR:04/06
AID:.....

TRANSMITTED:.....[Classified] TELEPATHIC DUCT:.....Terminus Kaleb
RECEIVED:.....Astropath Zarneck REF:.....Ordo Xenos/454228290/HV
DESTINATION:.....Inquisitor Solomon Lok AUTHOR:.....Inquisitor-Lord Varius
MISSION TIME:.....8205850.M41

It is with deep regret that I must inform you that the reinforcements I had ordered to your aid have had to be re-called as a matter of utmost urgency. I can no longer offer any assistance in this matter and trust only in the Emperor to deliver you from your terrible predicament.

Praise the wisdom of the Emperor.

"No One is Innocent"

caught one Gaunt and crushed it effortlessly. Others bounced off the Dreadnought's great weight as it clubbed left and right.

From the jungle behind the Gaunts came the shadow of a far larger creature. Huge and powerfully built, four long claws extending from its squat, ugly torso, the Carnifex roared a challenge at the Dreadnought and charged forwards, head lowered. The sudden impact of the two leviathans shook the ground. The Carnifex's claws scythed down, smashing into Brother Halar, its barbs tearing away armour plates, but the Dreadnought withstood the blows, grasping forwards with his own power fist, servos screaming as he caught a claw, Halar wrenched it backwards hard and tore the limb away whole. The Carnifex staggered, gushing blood and ichor from its wound. Brother Halar didn't pause but barrelled forwards, meeting the Carnifex's ferocity with his own. His power fist hammered into the Carnifex again, smashing bone and splintering its armoured carapace. It was a blow that would have halted a charging battle tank, but the beast would not die. Grievously wounded, its claws sliced hard into the Dreadnought. One blow struck Halar's right arm, severing his inferno cannon and causing the ammunition to detonate. A fireball rose above the mêlée as ignited promethium sprayed from the ruptured fuel tanks. Heedless, the two great war machines grappled on, still hammering blows at each other as the inferno engulfed them.

Commander Culln could see the titanic clash of adamantium and steel against flesh and hardened bone. Both were mortally wounded and on fire. The Dreadnought staggered, tottering backwards as if he might fall as blow after blow pummelled into him. The commander was powerless to intervene; already another wave of Tyranids was massing.

Brother Halar knew his systems were failing, his responses were growing slower, and the complex life support systems that kept him alive inside his armoured sarcophagus were badly damaged. But the Carnifex was also dying, weakened by its wounds and the flames that had engulfed the two of them. Halar levelled his storm bolter and opened fire at point-blank range, round after explosive round ripping into his foe. The Carnifex lunged through the bolter rounds, ignorant of the damage each shell was causing as they blew chunks of armoured chitin and flesh away. With its last strength it drove a long claw at the Dreadnought's sarcophagus, puncturing the front glacis, barbs ripping deep into its inner workings. Impaled, Brother Halar staggered, then fell as the weight of the creature pushed him backwards. The Carnifex also toppled forwards, locked in a deathly embrace. Crashing into the swampy water both came to rest, dead. Brother Halar was gone, and Commander Culln knew the end for all of them was near.

SCYTHED HIERODULE

Sica Hierodule Domitor

After first contact with the Tyranid race on the Exploritas outpost of Tyran, and their subsequent attack (designated as Hive Fleet Behemoth), the Imperium began to realise the true nature of the threat they faced from the Tyranids. Mainly due to the work of Inquisitor Kryptman, it was realised that Hive Fleet Behemoth had only been the vanguard of a far larger invasion. The Tyranids, after long eons, had crossed the inter-galactic void and arrived in vast numbers with the single objective of consuming and incorporating all the genetic material in this galaxy into their own genepool. Savage, merciless and driven by an insatiable desire to feed, the Tyranids would stop at nothing in their hunger for new genetic material. Mankind faces a war of annihilation against the Tyranids.

Since the first engagements, the Tyranids have constantly sought to evolve to overcome the Imperium's defences and weapons. The Hierodules were first encountered during the defence of Hamman's World, where their huge bulk and thick armour allowed them to wade through heavy fire and smash the Planetary Defence Force's strongpoints. It is thought that the Hierodule is broadly equivalent to the Imperium's own super-heavy tanks, and fulfils a similar role, deployed into the heart of a battle where it can inflict maximum damage whilst absorbing heavy enemy fire.

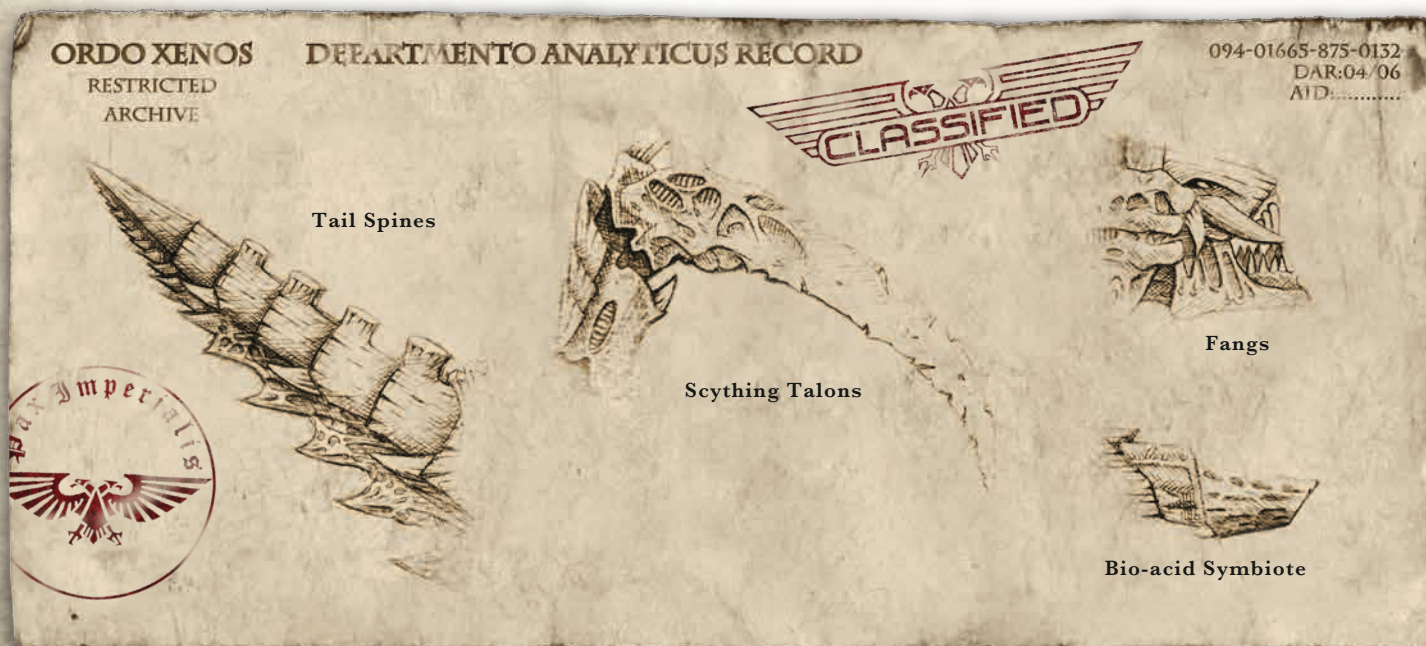
Physically, the Hierodule is a massive creature, standing almost five metres tall and fourteen metres long, in excess of twenty-five tonnes of armoured, muscled bulk. Notable physiological features (many of which were first confirmed by Magos Biologis Salik at the New Hallefuss research station) include the creature's external carapace, with its elongated and thickened head crest. A study across the various Tyranid genera has identified that carapace thickness increases exponentially with body mass – the thickest carapaces belonging to the largest creatures.

Internal skeleton density also increases in line with the external, allowing the body's inner structure to support the extra weight

gain. This gives the Hierodule (and indeed all Tyranids) a unique internal and external skeletal system, allowing little in the way of space for internal organs, but making it exceptionally resistant to damage. The internal skeleton is composed of a dense, silicate rich material, which is both strong and flexible. Salik's important research work led to the identification of weak points on Tyranid creatures, information that the Ordo Xenos saw fit to distribute to Imperial Guard High Commanders to assist troops on the battlefield with targeting. According to Salik's hypothesis, the weak points on the Hierodule should be its eyes and mouth, and the rear and lower sides of the head. Significant damage to those areas should result in catastrophic failure of the creature's central nervous system, and a rapid death.

This Hierodule will have fewer internal organs than is commonly understood. No discernible liver, kidneys or digestive tract exist. Hierodules have no need for them as they do not eat for sustenance. Instead, the space is used for extra muscle mass and adrenaline or toxin secreting glands, further enhancing the Hierodule as a pure biological fighting machine. The creature's main offensive weapons are its four claws. These long (approximately 330 cm) scything blades of hardened chitin are easily capable of penetrating up to 40 cm of heavy gauge plasteel at the charge. Its secondary weapon system is a symbiote creature, a parasite that lives off the host organism. This creature excretes a potent organic acid as a natural defensive response to enemies in close proximity.

The Hierodule's other weapons include a fanged mouth. With multiple fangs up to 43 cm in length, it is easily capable of tearing a man to shreds with a single well-aimed snap of its jaws. It also has numerous spines and barbs all over its head, thorax and tail, which are extremely effective as the creature barges its way through a crowd, causing lacerations without the creature making a deliberate attack.





This illustration shows a Scythed Hierodule, as encountered at Laboratory Complex Theta.

MISSION TIME: 8205850.M41

LOCATION: Anphelion Base Command Complex

TEMPERATURE: 1°C

VISIBILITY: 500 m

AMMONIA READING: 0.3% – High

“Surveyor readings are off the scale, Lord,” reported the Guardsman gravely as he peered at the surveyor screen, a growing look of alarm on his face.

Lok knew what was coming. Out there, in the jungle, the Tyranids were massing and soon they would come to finish him off. Their raids had weakened his defences, but he had to hold on in case an evacuation could be effected. Whoever had issued the *Cephestus* with new instructions had made a terrible mistake, and if he escaped from this death trap, he would see they paid for it.

For now, however, he looked to his defences. His inventory of men made for solemn reading. Half of D-99 had been eliminated. The Space Marines had disobeyed his orders and were now pursuing their own agenda – another matter that would need punishing upon his return. The Cadians had also taken heavy losses; three companies had already been annihilated, the others had all taken some severe losses. In all his force now comprised no more than three hundred men. Yet they must hold out.

Just then he heard the first sounds of weapons fire, the clear snap of lasgun shots and the heavy bark of the base’s autocannon defence turrets. The enemy were coming. Inquisitor Lok levelled his bolt pistol and took careful aim into the jungle. He saw a Gaunt’s snarling face, its weapon convulsing and spitting maggot-like shells. Squeezing the trigger he felt the heavy pistol recoil as the shell launched, and watched as the Gaunt’s head was pulped by the micro-explosion of the warhead. He took aim and fired again.

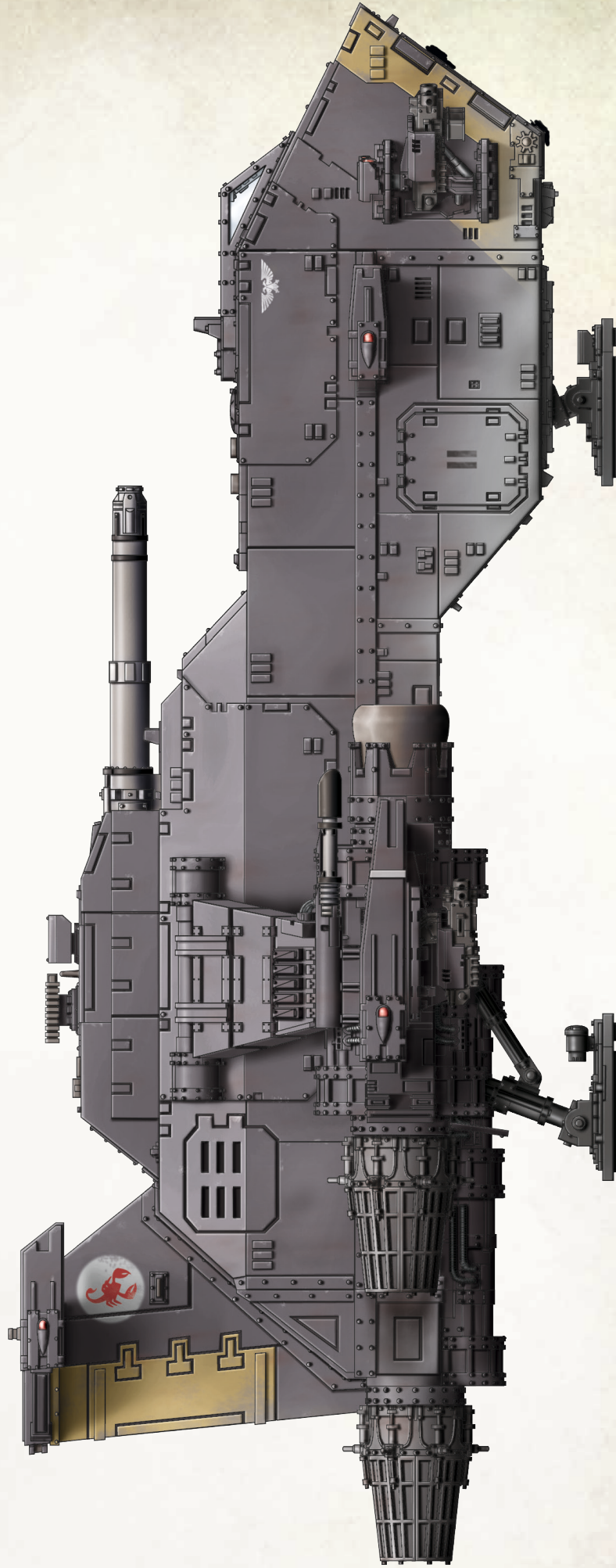
The Tyranids came on in hordes. Gaunts first, wave after wave of the creatures, baring their fangs, filling the air with screaming bio-ammunition. From their defensive positions in gun pits and behind sandbags, the Guardsmen —Cadians and D-99— side by side, returned fire. This was just the start, a probe to see where his defences were strongest. They would look for a weak spot and attack in strength there. Wherever that attack came, Inquisitor Lok would be, holding the line for all the Guardsmen to see.

The Elysians showed remarkable courage. As the Gaunts closed in some leapt up, combat knives in hand, and rushed them back, screaming like banshees. It was rash and no training manual ever taught such foolhardy bravery when fighting Tyranids, but it was effective. He saw one man grappling with a Termagant, plunging his knife repeatedly into its torso as it writhed on the floor, tail lashing. The man staggered clear, covered in his own blood and the bile of the beast he had just butchered, then launched himself at another.

From all around the perimeter the Cadian heavy weapons opened fire, the smoky trail of missile launchers lancing into the undergrowth to explode, heavy bolters rattling off a stream of shells. The Tyranids were dying, but they did not stop. They came on, more and more of them, swarms of Rippers seething over the ground, and now Lok could see the looming shapes of larger creatures beyond – Tyranid Warriors, perhaps even a Hive Tyrant. They returned fire.

Running to a new firing position he leapt into a sandbagged weapons pit, only to find the crew inside dead. Their heavy bolter was still hissing and melting from some corrosive venom that had splashed over it. The first gunner was little more than a heap of sticky entrails and bone, the venom having eaten him away. The second man was still recognisable, but his skull was exposed where his face had been scorched off. Ignoring the sickening sight and stench, the Inquisitor emptied his magazine, tossed a frag grenade into the mass of Rippers, reloaded then opened fire again.





One of three Thunderhawk gunships deployed by the Red Scorpions Chapter during the Anphelion incident. This Thunderhawk, *Heart of Fury*, was disabled by Tyranid bio-weaponry and crashed into the jungles of Anphelion while carrying Commander Culln and many of his brethren.

To his left he saw a Hellhound rumble slowly into place, grinding the soft ground to mud, engine throbbing and belching fumes. Its turret slowly rotated to take aim at the jungle tree line. Lok felt the heat wave hit him as the inferno cannon fired. A stream of flaming promethium arced out, splashing the foliage with fiery liquid. The jungle burned brightly in the gloom. He saw flaming Tyranid creatures charge forwards, heedless of the fire that was engulfing them. Others fell dead, shrivelled by the intense heat. The Hellhound fired again, playing a stream of promethium across the tree line to become a flaming wall.

From the jungle's cover, the burning vines were suddenly flung apart as a massive bulky form charged forwards through the flames. It was huge – six metres tall, all talons, tusks and claws. It ran forward through a storm of lasgun fire, and smashed headlong into the front of the Hellhound. The armoured vehicle, dwarfed by its attacker, was lifted clear off the ground by the impact and the beast's massive claws punched down, clean through the front glacis to where the driver would be sat. From the turret hatch the vehicle's commander bailed out, jumping clear as the beast struck again and again. It seemed unstoppable. They had to fall back and give themselves more room. Lok gave the order over the comms-net and shouted out for all to follow him. The Guardsmen rose from their firing positions and joined him in a sprint back towards the buildings, still firing left and right as they ran. Looking over his shoulder he saw the monstrous creature discard the Hellhound like a child's toy, highly volatile liquid leaking from its ruptured fuel tank. The still-smouldering beast screamed a challenge and lumbered on.

The Inquisitor and his ragged bunch of survivors clustered around a doorway. The Hierodule was coming straight for them. He aimed again and squeezed off a stream of bolts which exploded, chipping away lumps of carapace, but the beast did not even break its stride. Lok drew his power sword and thumbed the tiny power field generator in the weapon's pommel into life, which throbbed and crackled with power. *"With me,"* he instructed the Guardsmen around him, preparing to charge. As he did so, the creature staggered sideways under the impact. The blinding beam of a lascannon slashed through the darkness, striking the creature and burning through its thick armoured plates. It roared, either in pain or frustration. Beyond it, he saw the headlights of a Razorback approaching, its turret weaponry locked onto the monster in front of him. The lascannon fired again, and this time the creature staggered, then collapsed in a spray of bile and ichor. Lok seized his chance. He leapt forwards and plunged his power sword point first into the stricken leviathan's head. The power field sparked lightning as the sword thrust deep. The Hierodule writhed and then died as Lok ducked clear of its flailing claws.

The Red Scorpions had returned. A column of armoured transports, Rhinos and Razorbacks, came roaring into the perimeter. Space Marines debussed by squads, boltguns blazing as they did so. The Razorbacks' heavy weapons targeted the larger creatures. Amongst them the Inquisitor could see Commander Culln, still issuing orders and

directing weapons fire. The Space Marines easily turned the tide of the battle, driving the Tyranids back into the jungles with the ferocity of their sudden counter-attack. Soon the creatures had withdrawn, but they would not be far away – like a predator staying close to its prey herd. The timely arrival of the Space Marines had bought his forces some much needed respite. The first Tyranid assault had been repulsed, but others would soon follow.

MISSION TIME: 8206850.M41

LOCATION: Anphelion Base Command Complex

TEMPERATURE: 1°C

VISIBILITY: 800 m

AMMONIA READING: 0.24% – High

"My authority now supersedes yours, Lord Inquisitor."

Commander Culln stood upon the ramp of his Thunderhawk gunship. Behind him a Thunderhawk transporter was raising two Razorbacks on its loading claws, the last of the Red Scorpions strike force to be loaded.

"My orders are to evacuate the moon's surface. The situation here means my priorities have changed. My men are no longer at your command. We are not expendable assets," Culln betrayed no emotions. He had received new orders and they would be followed. The Inquisitor's anger at his decision to evacuate had not swayed him for a second. He felt no pity.

Inquisitor Lok was furious. *"This is treachery, commander. Your strike force still has a mission to complete. The authority of the Emperor is vested in me, I am a bearer of the Inquisitorial Mandate. The Conclave of Har will hear of this base treachery, and you and your Chapter will face the severest of retributions. In the name of Emperor, I command your men to stand fast."*

"Your mission is irrelevant," Culln declared and turned and walked up the ramp. Inside the Thunderhawk, his men were awaiting his order to launch. Powerless to intervene, Lok watched as the nose ramp slammed closed, and the gunship's engine pitch rose. The Thunderhawk lifted off, the engines boomed and it rocketed skywards into the void. It was soon out of sight.

Lok surveyed the base as the tired, wounded, shallow-eyed Guardsmen dug-in around his shrinking perimeter. He knew now that he had been betrayed, not just by the Red Scorpions, but also by some higher power still. His authority had been undermined, and now it seemed he was to be sacrificed on Beta Anphelion IV. He trudged back to the control centre, resigned to his fate. All that was left to do was make a final log entry although he doubted it would ever reach the Conclave's Advocate Judge. The Shadow in the Warp was so dense now, Astropath Zarneck was unsure if anything was getting through. It was worth a last try, if only because the Conclave would at least learn of his fate and retribution could be taken against those who had plotted against him.



MISSION TIME: 8207850.M41
LOCATION: Anphelion Base Command Complex
TEMPERATURE: 1°C
VISIBILITY: 200 m
AMMONIA READING: 0.32% – Very High

Even as he finished his dictation to Autosavant Wassily, the Inquisitor heard the faint sound of weapons firing. The Tyranids were attacking again. As an Inquisitor of the Ordo Xenos it was his sworn duty to purge the galaxy of any alien threat to Mankind. He would do so with his dying breath. He drew his power sword from its scabbard. *"Sign off the log entry with 'Death to the xenos',"* he instructed his scribe and made for the exit.

Outside fog had gathered about the base, lending the battle a strange, surreal, detached air. Respirator-faced Guardsmen emerged from the thick white blanket like ghosts to scurry by. Searchlight beams reflected against a white wall of swirling vapours before disappearing whilst lasgun blasts made the fog bank glow from the inside, like a living entity. He felt the first slight burning sensation of the ammonia in his throat and pulled his own helmet into place again.

At the perimeter Lok ducked behind the wreckage of a Valkyrie, destroyed on its landing pad. A squad of Cadians were crouching close by, firing into the jungle. The screams and cries of the Tyranid monsters they hit echoed through

the fog. As he watched, a brood of Hormagaunts bounded from the undergrowth with dazzling speed, straight at them. Their reckless charge was cut down by lasgun blasts, but more followed. He took aim, his last clip of bolt pistol ammunition already loaded, adding his own shots to the Cadians' firepower.

Behind the Hormagaunts came taller Tyranid Warriors, stalking out of the jungle on their back limbs, erect above the heads of the smaller Gaunts. Still further back something large and heavy was crashing through the jungle. Its footfalls made the ground tremble. The skeins of drifting fog parted long enough for Inquisitor Lok to see the approaching Hierophant that towered above the trees on long spiny limbs, its huge ugly head full of fangs which dripped bile and mandibles that gleamed with acid. The bio-titan was massive. How could it have avoided detection?

"All fire! Target the bio-titan," he ordered, directing the weapons fire of his remaining squads. Their las blasts simply glanced off its carapace, but the Cadians' lascannon blew huge, smouldering chunks out of the beast. It roared and smashed its way towards them. Lok ducked behind some sandbags and reached to his belt. From it he pulled all six Krak grenades he had stashed there, and quickly bound them together. Heavy weapons fire was slashing over his head as the bio-titan came closer. Lok pulled out his power sword once more and prepared himself for one last heroic effort. The creature was so tall it easily passed over the top of him. Looking up he saw its hideous

maw drooling poison, clouds of spores spewing from rends in its thick armoured plates. Leaping to his feet, Lok aimed the krak grenade bundle. As he did, long stringy tendrils lashed out from the bio-titan's belly, barbed hooks slashing at him. He parried hard with his sword, cutting two tendrils clean off. A third hooked him and with effortless force, flipped him sideways through the air. He hit the ground, dropping his sword and grenades as the bio-killer stamped down hard, trying to impale him with its clawed feet. Lok rolled away just in time, grasping for the grenades. As he did so another lascannon impact rocked the creature, great gobettes of rank blood and ichor rained down on the Inquisitor, his armour sizzling as the acid burned. Seizing the chance he grabbed the grenade bundle, and with his last remaining strength stuffed it between two of the creature's chitin plates. As he did so, the lash whip tendrils slashed out again. Wounded, Lok fell, sprawling in the mud. He tried to crawl but could not move. Above him the bio-titan loomed – and then it was gone. The massive explosion ripped away the underside of the creature, spilling its slimy internal entrails out in a torrent of bile. Its legs buckled and with a last strangled scream the bio-titan collapsed, dead.

Exhausted and in tremendous pain, Lok lay in the mud looking skywards. His beautiful, ornate armour was rent and torn; acid had burned clean through in places. His helmet had been

torn off, and his body was ruined and broken. As Lok tried to pull himself up, two Cadians ran to his aid. With their help he staggered to his feet, coughing up blood, his face singed and melted. He looked down for his power sword. Lacking the strength to wield it, it might at least act as a prop. "Lord?" one Guardsman inquired. Lok looked up. Both men were looking past him, into the sky. He dared to hope. Was the rescue ship coming? Had reinforcements arrived? Would they survive?

Painfully, the Inquisitor turned to look. Appearing through the fog he saw two more bio-titans approaching. Lok was amazed. The Hive Mind had evolved its forces so quickly. From just a few experimental samples the Tyranids had grown out of control, evolving and re-evolving into new forms it knew would defeat its foe. It had been a mistake to think the Hive Mind could ever be tamed. It would never submit like some whipped captive animal; it thirsted for prey, it needed to kill and consume. In those final moments, as the Tyranid swarms broke in and the last of his men died around him, Inquisitor Lok saw the full horror of the truth. The Tyranids could not be stopped. There could be no victory for the Imperium in this war. In his last moments, as the bio-killers closed in, Lok felt cold-hearted despair. This small force stood for all of Mankind, and like it they would inevitably be annihilated. Mankind would fight on regardless, but it was already doomed.



ORDO HERETICUS DEPARTAMENTO ANALYTICUS
RESTRICTED ARCHIVE



-ACCESS WARNING-

DATA CONTENTS
{{GOLD-OMEGA}}
CLEARANCE

-EXITUS IN EXTREMIS-

COMPILED INQUISITOR
{{DELETED}}

ORDO
{{HERETICUS}}



ORDO XENOS DEPARTAMENTO ANALYTICUS RECORD

094-01665-875-0132
DAR:04/06
AID:.....

TRANSMITTED:..... Beta Anphelion IV TELEPATHIC DUCT:..... Terminus Kaleb
RECEIVED:..... Astropath Aylor REF:..... Ordo Xenos/454228290/HV
DESTINATION:..... Inquisitor-Lord Varius AUTHOR:..... Inquisitor Solomon Lok
MISSION TIME:..... 8206850.M41

Being the official report and journal of Inquisitor Solomon Lok as recorded by the loyal Autosavant Wassily.

Anphelion Base. Beta Anphelion IV

The first Tyranid attack has been repulsed, barely. Losses are again heavy, my force is reduced to just one hundred and twenty able bodied men.

Still no contact from the *Cephestus*, although repeated attempts have been made to contact the vessel. The betrayal runs deeper still. Commander Culln has begun his own evacuation operation, and as I dictate this entry we are to be abandoned to our fate. On whose orders? For what reasons? I do not know.

How long we can hold out, I cannot say. We will fight to the last. Hours, days, it matters not, for without assistance death is now certain. I can hear weapons fire. They are coming again.

This is the final entry in this log. The Emperor knows I was His loyal servant until the end.

Death to the xenos.



ORDO HERETICUS DEPARTAMENTO ANALYTICUS
RESTRICTED ARCHIVE



-ACCESS WARNING-

DATA CONTENTS
{{GOLD-OMEGA}}
CLEARANCE

-EXITVS IN EXTREMIS-

COMPILED INQUISITOR
{{DELETED}}

ORDO
{{HERETICUS}}

CONCLAVE
{{BAKKA}}

IT IS FORBIDDEN
TO VIEW OR ALLOW
TO BE VIEWED
THIS RECORD BY
NON-AUTHORISED
PERSONNEL
ON PAIN OF
EXTINCTION



PRODUCT OF
ORDO HERETICUS
DEPARTAMENTO
ANALYTICUS

ORDO XENOS DEPARTAMENTO ANALYTICUS RECORD

094-01665-875-0132
DAR:04/06
AID:.....

TRANSMITTED:..... [Classified] TELEPATHIC DUCT:..... [Classified]
RECEIVED:..... [Classified] REF:..... OrdoXenos/454228290/HV
DESTINATION:..... [Classified] AUTHOR:..... Inquisitor-Lord Varius
MISSION TIME:..... 8211850.M41

The completion of my latest operation on Beta Anphelion IV signals the end of this experimental phase of the Anphelion Project.

It was with great satisfaction that I signed the Exterminatus order for Beta Anphelion IV. The facility had long ago proved ineffective for the purposes it was established for. Experiments to reverse the super-evolutionary traits of the Tyranids had all ended in abject failure. It fell to me to close down the base and purge the garrison. Instead, I turned the facility to a far better use. My agent on Beta Anphelion IV arranged for the sabotage of the containment fence, thus exposing the facility's inhabitants to the Tyranids and providing the perfect testing ground for our 'Anphelion Project'. The sacrifice of the 1,500 strong garrison was a necessary step to attain our far greater objective, and a small price to pay in the war for Mankind's very survival.

The demise of Inquisitor Solomon Lok not only eliminated a potential political rival (and I believe a dangerous puritan with contacts amongst the outlawed Vindictas faction within the Ordo Xenos), but provided us with much needed evidence before we proceed to the next phase of the project. In death, Lok has served the Emperor's (and our own) purposes well.

The forces I selected for deployment onto Beta Anphelion IV have provided me with all the data I require to move to the next phase of the Anphelion Project. Progenoid samples and data I have requested and received from the Master of the Apothecary of the Red Scorpions Chapter have been analysed in detail. Given the strike force's excellent performance during the project, I believe the Chapter's gene-seed is perfectly suited to be the basis of our proposed new Founding. The Chapter's gene-seed has proved to be remarkably untainted, retaining 94% of all zygote functions. My Biologis' only concern being to regulate the over-active Betcher's Gland common to the entire Chapter, and adapt the Omophagea's activity to better suit the new Chapter's future role.

The data the Chapter has provided will help to sway the members of the Conclave that the founding of new Chapters is now a step closer to being realised. These Red Scorpions' Successor Chapters would form the core of a supreme fighting force, to be placed at our disposal, with the specific mission of halting and then annihilating forever the Tyranid race.

It is my firm belief that so far our efforts to halt the advance of this alien menace have been hampered by restrictive bureaucracy and an overly pessimistic analysis of the nature of the enemy. The Tyranid foe is defeatable, as I proved by my operations on Dantris IV. It will only take the single-minded will of a leader able to take the necessary actions, and given the necessary resources. The Inquisitorial Representative on Holy Terra has twice denied me the right to lift the ban on the founding of new Space Marine Chapters. With the aid of the Red Scorpions gene-seed, adapted to better resist the effects of the Hive Mind, I believe our new Chapters would prove the greatest bulwark against the hated alien.

Reports of the actions of special detachment D-99 have also interested me greatly. Since Dantris IV was saved, the possibility of creating new Imperial Guard regiments using the experimental techniques I first sanctioned on that world, and which have again proved so effective on Beta Anphelion IV, also moved a step closer. With regiments of such troops at our command, we could launch a Crusade to recapture those worlds lost to the Behemoth and, in time, eventually drive the hive fleets to extinction.

For this is our divinely inspired purpose, let nothing stand in our way...

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: "The Ends Justify the Means."

+++ RE: ANPHELION PROJECT +++

++ ORDO HERETICUS: NEW INVESTIGATION ++

++ ADDENDUM ++

- + This Astropathic transmission was intercepted and decrypted by the Ordo Hereticus Sanctum Telepathica, and brought to the attention of the Officio of the Inquisitorial Representative on Bakka. +
- + By direct order of the Inquisitorial Representative, Inquisitor-Lord Varius (lately Advocate Judge to the Conclave of Har, Count of Dantris, Cleanser of Dumansca) has been placed under investigation by the Ordo Hereticus upon suspicion of exceeding his Inquisitorial Mandate with regard to the above named 'Anphelion Project'. +
- + Further investigations are also to be made into the actions of the Red Scorpions Chapter with regard to this matter. +
- + Lord Varius' unsound methods represent a threat to the stability of the Emperor's rule, and can only be tolerated whilst he continues to produce excellent results against the Tyranid hive fleets (see related files on the Dantris IV campaign and the Cleansing of Dumansca). For the time being, his access to proscribed biologis-data regarding the Tyranids continues to be useful in the on-going fight, but remains the most damning evidence of his heresy should action need to be taken against him. +
- + Lord Varius' continued close surveillance, and the uncovering and identifying of his allied faction is a matter of priority for the Ordo Hereticus. Further action awaits the Representative's sanction before being forwarded to the Officio Assassinorum's Callidus temple on Terra. +
- + As a precautionary measure, Lord Varius' death warrant has been prepared, but remains unsigned until such time as he outlives his usefulness to this our bless'd Imperium. +





