

Index Astartes II



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

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



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

FOREWORD

by Andy Chambers, Warhammer 40,000 Overfiend



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Handwritten signature: H. P. P. C.

Index Astartes II



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Index Astartes

First Founding



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

Origins

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WOLVES OF FENRIS

The Space Wolves
Space Marine chapter

by Phil Kelly

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

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

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

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

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

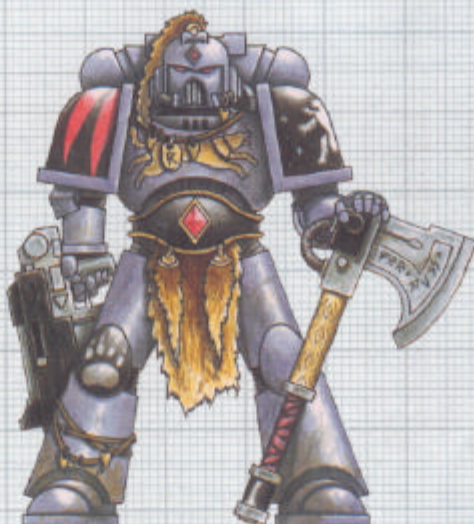
that, how to speak. The Primarch matured quickly, absorbing knowledge at an incredible rate. He also showed a natural aptitude for weaponry, in addition to being unmatched in unarmed combat. Quick to roar with laughter or bellow tunelessly in song, the Primarch slowly realised that he was more human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

Chapter Approved. Access Level: 8+ notes.

Space Wolves, Progenitor Legion M.31



Pre-Heresy Codex colour scheme of grey power armour



Contemporary Space Wolves colour scheme



Space Wolves Chapter icon



Wolf totem artifact



Shoulder plate Long Fang markings



Shoulder plate Grey Hunter markings



Shoulder plate Logan Grimnar's Great Company



Shoulder plate Ben Redmar's Great Company markings



Shoulder plate Ragnar Blackmane's Great Company markings



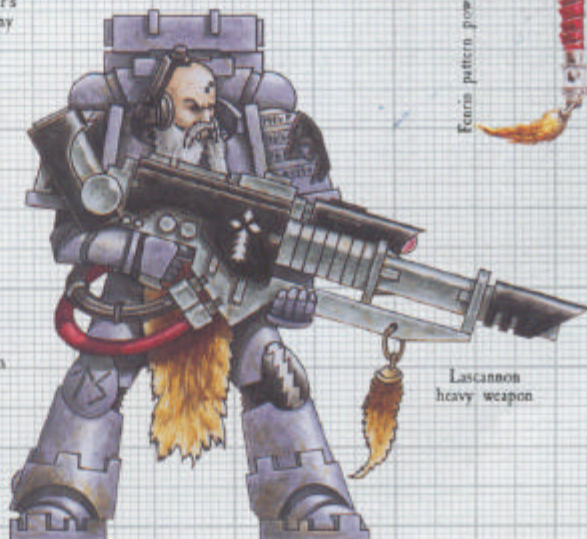
Fenris pattern power axe 'Frost Blade'



Fenris pattern chainsword



Space Wolves Wolf Priest



Space Wolves Long Fang

Lascannon heavy weapon

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Horus Heresy

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The giant moved far faster than a being of such size might. Smashing his fist into Russ's chest with force enough to splinter his breastplate, pushing slivers of ceramite into Russ's heart.

But the Wolf-King was undaunted. Grabbing the giant's arm as Magnus reared back for another blow, Russ was brought near to the giant's face, and kicked him squarely in the eye. Magnus's roar of pain shattered the sky above, and thick black blood began to rain from the heavens.

Russ took his chance, and grabbed his blinded foe about the waist. Lifting the Cyclops clean off the ground, teeth grinding in a grimace of pain, The Wolf-King broke the Cyclops' back. The Thousand Sons, seeing their Primarch broken and cast down, turned and fled.

But as Russ raised the Frostblade Mjølner to deliver the killing blow, Magnus gasped a word of power and sank into the iridescent ground."

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

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

The Disappearance of Russ

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Home World

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

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

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

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

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

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

Organisation

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

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

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

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

Gene-seed

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

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

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

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

Beliefs

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

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

Combat Doctrine

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Battle-cry

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



SPACE WOLVES



Venerable Dreadnought
painted by
Neil Thomason



Blood Claw Bikers roar into action.



A Predator Annihilator levels its lascannons at the advancing Necrons.



Wolf Lord by Anthony Warrington



A pack of Space Wolf Grey Hunters



Logan Grimnar leads a unit of Wolf Guard Terminators.



Wolf Lord by Darren Latham



Grey Hunters scour the mountains for their prey.



Long Fangs lay down a withering hail of fire.



Forge World
Space Wolf
painted by
Franz Sander

Index Astartes

First Founding



EMPEROR'S FIST

The Imperial Fists
Space Marine Chapter

by Pat Haines

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

Origins

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

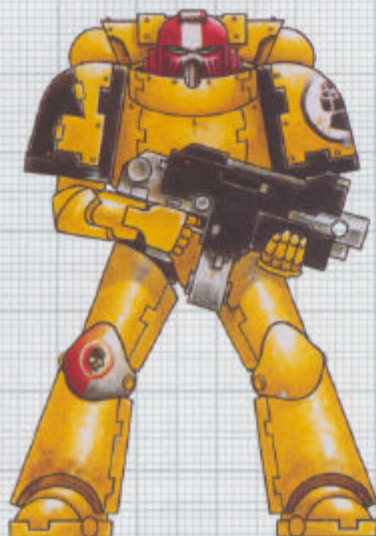
military unit with none of the civil responsibilities that came with having a home world.

The Horus Heresy

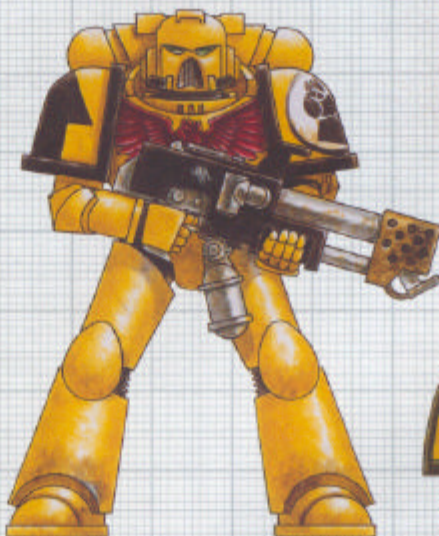
When the drop site massacres on Istvaan revealed the full extent of Horus' treachery, the Emperor, accompanied by the faithful Rogal Dorn, was on Terra, determined to prevent Horus claiming the throne of the Imperium without a challenge. Along with the White Scars and the Blood Angels, the Imperial Fists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

Chapter Approved. Artist: David S. Brown

Imperial Fists Chapter, Progenitor Legion M:31



Pre-Heresy Imperial Fist in Crusade armour



Contemporary Imperial Fists Codex power armour



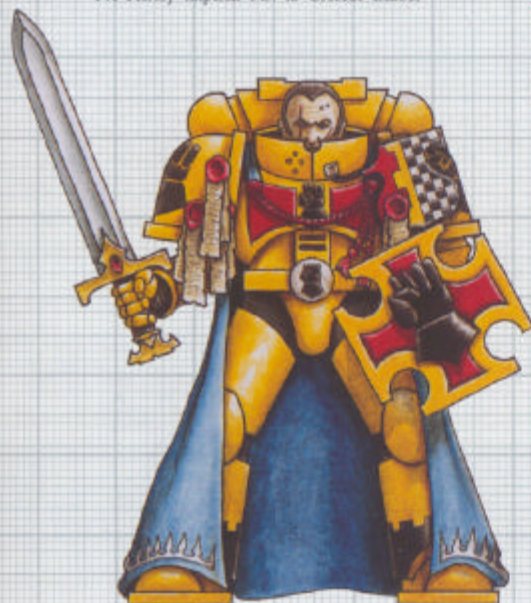
Imperial Fists Chapter symbol



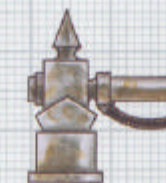
Auto-reactive
shoulder plate:
Tactical squad
markings



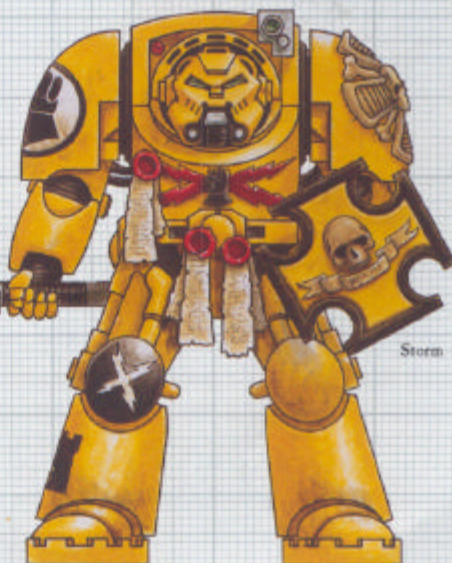
Auto-reactive
shoulder plate:
Chapter badge
iconography



Imperial Fists 5th Company Captain



Thunder Hammer
Close combat weapon



Storm shield

Imperial Fists Veteran in Tactical Dreadnought armour

Thought for the day: The end justifies the means.

CHAPTER MASTER VLADIMIR PUGH

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

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

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

The Iron Cage

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

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

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

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

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

The New Imperium

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

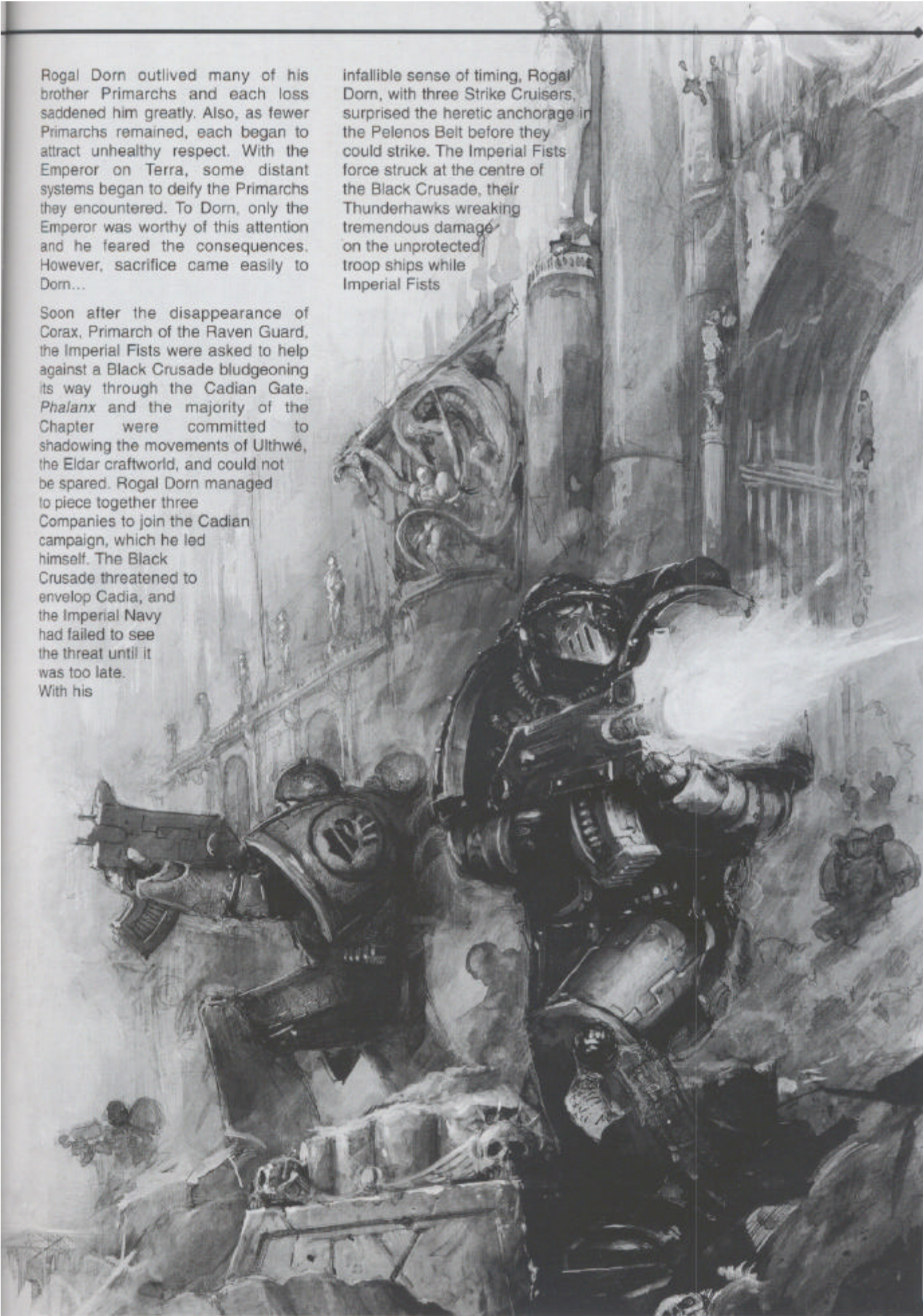
CHAPLAIN LO CHANG

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

Gene-seed.

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

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

Teachings of Rhetoricus

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

Through this ordeal, the miscreant learns to



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

"Pain is the wine of communion with heroes."

Teachings of Rhetoricus

Combat Doctrine

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

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

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

Alongside the Ultramarines, the Imperial Fists have become the

LIBRARIAN FRANZ GRENSTEIN

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

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

Battle-cry

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

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

USING AN IMPERIAL FISTS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

The Imperial Fists are selected using Codex Space Marines.

SPECIAL RULES

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

SIEGE MASTERS

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

Fortifications: Siege Masters receive +1 Armour Penetration

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

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

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

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

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

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

IMPERIAL FISTS



Imperial Fists Dreadnought



Imperial Fists Land Speeder



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



Imperial Fists Captain
by Pierre-Adrien Heckler



Imperial Fists Bikers sally forth from their fortifications.

HEAVY METAL

SPACE MARINES

SHOWCASE

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

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



Captain Leonatus

Proteus



Cloten



Tranio



Index Astartes

First Founding



BRINGERS OF DARKNESS

The Night Lords
Space Marine Chapter

by Phil Kelly

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

Origins

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

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

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

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

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

The Purging of Nostramo Quintus

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Dark King

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

Imperialis Aeron: Level 12 (nearly right)

Night Lords Legion, Progenitor Legion M.31



Shoulder plate:
Night Lords
Legion symbol



Shoulder plate:
Chaos Undivided
icon



Terror Night Lords Legion symbol



Pre-Heresy Night Lords colour scheme



Corrupted Night Lords colour scheme



Night Lords Legion Chaos Champion



Night Lords Legion 'Raptor'

Pre-Heresy Hammer
Crossfile/1839z/A



Night Lords
helmets with
terror markings

Thought for the day: Violence begins repression.

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

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

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

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

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

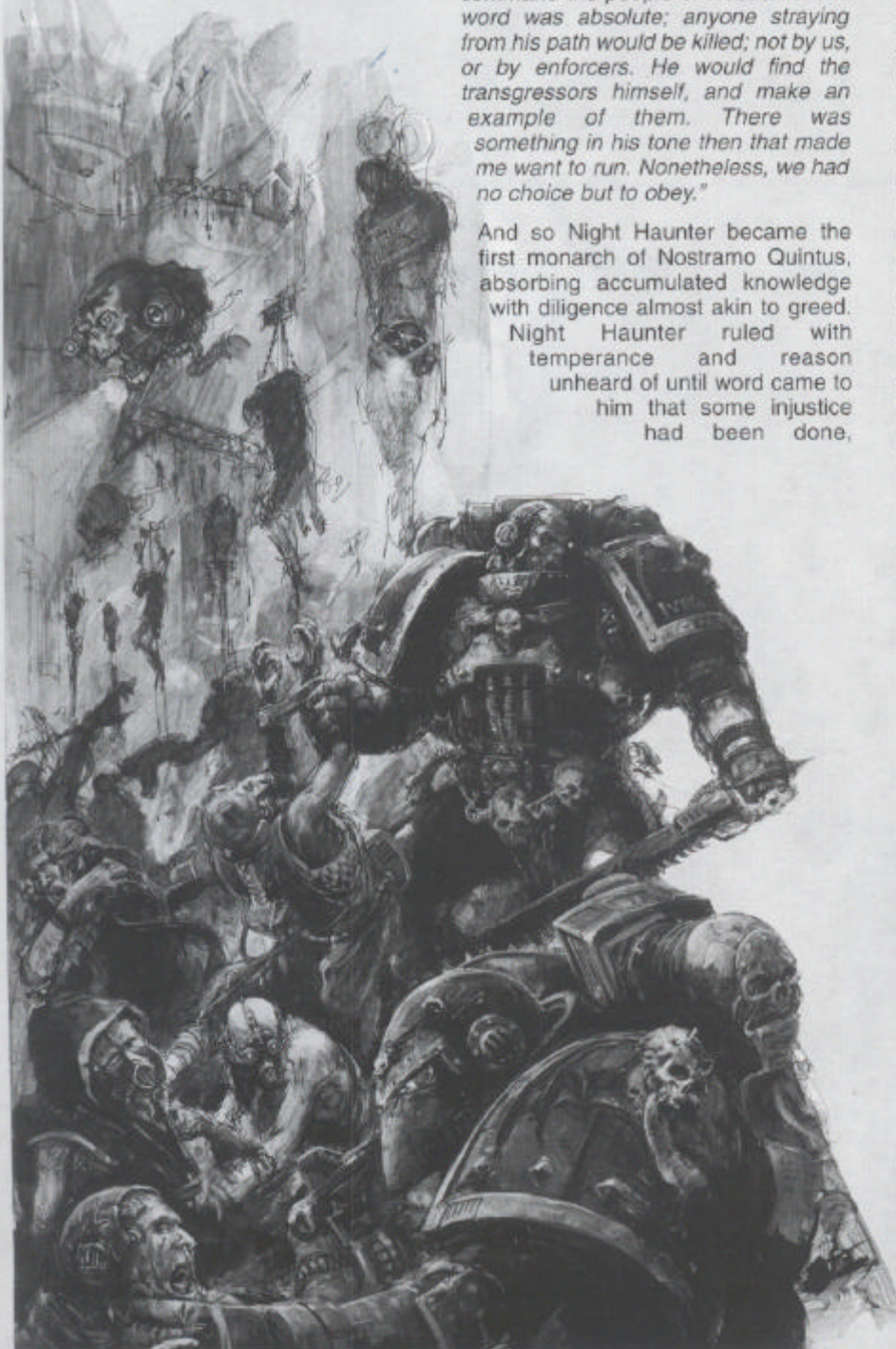
whereupon he alone would hunt the offender through empty streets until exhaustion forced his quarry to collapse. He would then proceed to mutilate his prey, although not beyond recognition. This unpredictable pattern of benevolent wisdom and hideous vengeance ushered the shocked populace into new realms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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Fall of Nostramo

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

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

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

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

*- Night Hunter,
Primarch of the Night Lords*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Horus Heresy

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

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

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

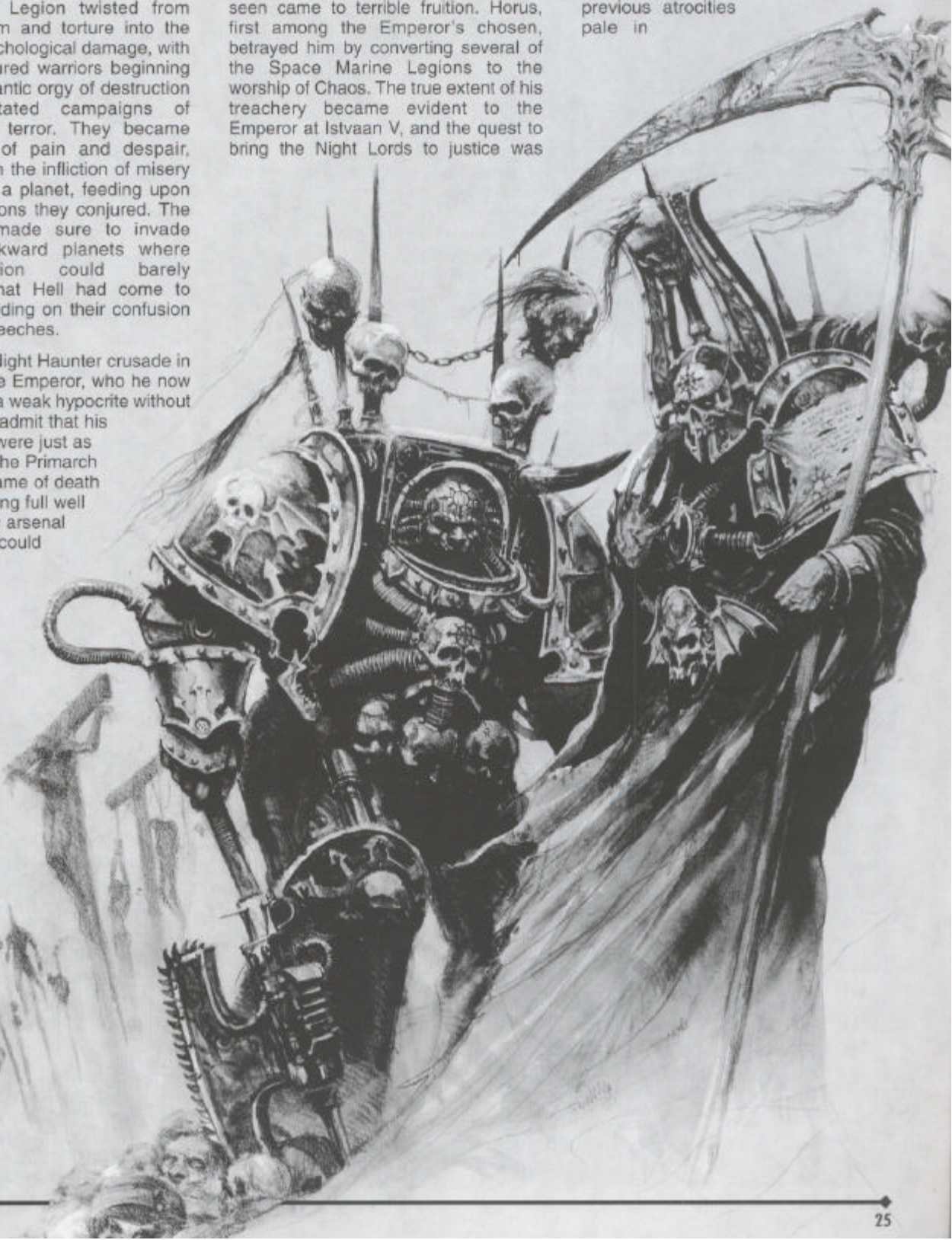
No longer did Night Haunter crusade in the name of the Emperor, who he now denounced as a weak hypocrite without the courage to admit that his own doctrines were just as extreme. Now the Primarch fought in the name of death and fear, knowing full well how the horrific arsenal at his disposal could aid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

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

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

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

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



THE CULLING OF GRENDDEL'S WORLD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Home World

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

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

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

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

Combat Doctrine

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

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

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

Beliefs

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

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

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

Gene-seed

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

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

Battlecry

"We have come for you!"

NIGHT LORDS



Night Lords Icon Bearer



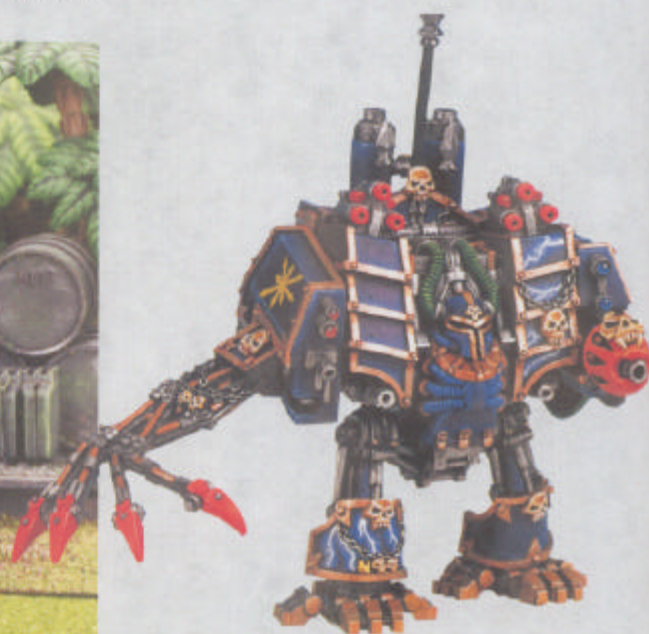
Night Lords Chaos Space Marine squad



Night Lords Chosen Terminators



A Night Lords Aspiring Champion leads his troops into battle.



Dreadnought with Plasma Cannon and close combat weapon



'EAVY METAL CHAOS SPACE MARINES SHOWCASE

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

Index Astartes

First Founding



ANGELS OF DEATH

The Blood Angels
Space Marine Chapter

by Phil Kelly

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

Origins

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Allegedly, the tribe ate well that night.

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

inspiring awe and devotion from the lesser beings beneath.

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

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

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

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

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

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

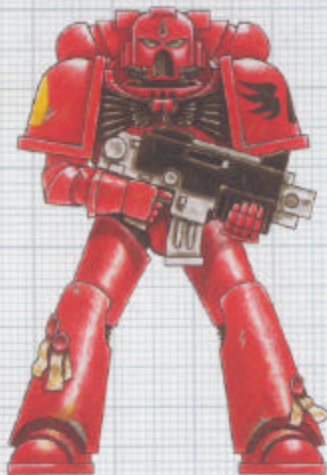
Sanguinius soon rose to the pinnacle of society upon Baal Secundus, and under his leadership, the pure-blooded Baalite tribes soon united against the

Chapter Approved. Access Level: M. Entry right

Blood Angels Legion, Progenitor Legion M.31



Pre-Heresy Blood Angels colour scheme



Contemporary Blood Angels Codex power armour



Tactical Marine helmet colour



Devastator Marine helmet colour



Chapter symbol



Assault Marine helmet colour



Honour Guard helmet colour



Inferno pistol



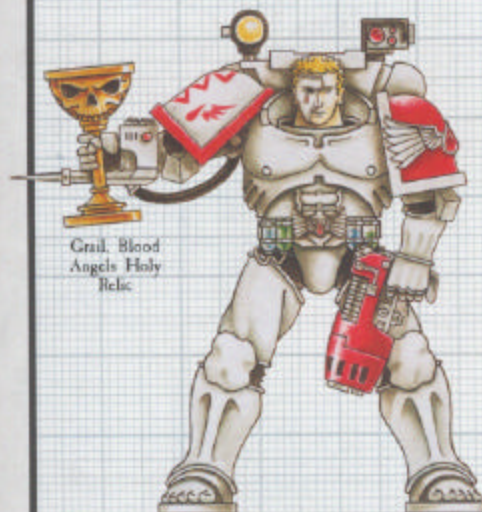
3rd Company shoulder plate: Chapter badge iconography



3rd Company Sergeant shoulder plate: Chapter badge iconography

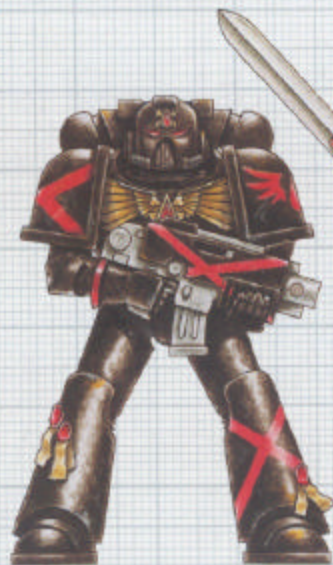


2nd Company shoulder plate: Chapter badge iconography

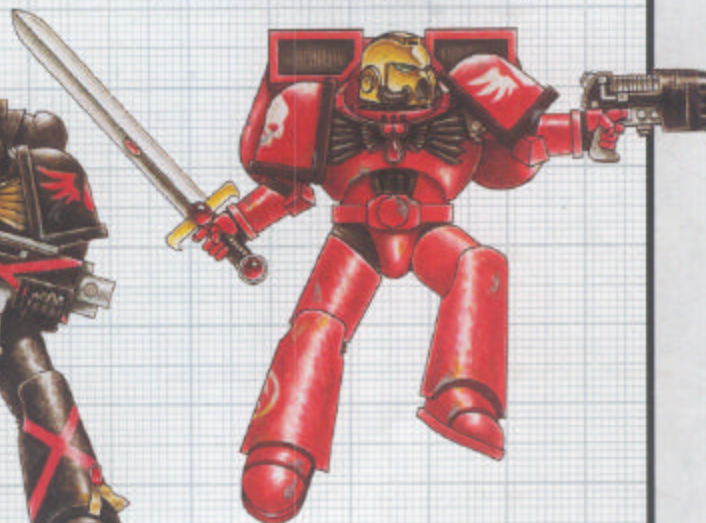


Chalice, Blood Angels Holy Relic

Blood Angels Sanguinary Priest



Blood Angels Death Company Space Marine



Blood Angels Honour Guard Assault Marine

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Angels of the Blood

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE DEATH COMPANY

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

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

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

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

The Horus Heresy

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

defences around his ship. At the speed of thought, the Emperor was aboard the hellish craft, Sanguinius close behind him.

It is known that Sanguinius was gifted with the power of foretelling, able to see visions of what lay ahead. His soul was pure, and the prophecies he spoke of inevitably came to be. It can thus be surmised that he knew full well he was going to his doom when he confronted the Warmaster, and yet he went without hesitation. Whether this act was prompted by fatalism or loyalty to the Emperor is a point debated by many Imperial theologians lacking in faith, however there is no doubt in the minds of the Blood Angels. They maintain that he walked into the lion's den out of duty, knowing full well what the outcome would be.

And thus it is that the Blood Angels alone know the details of their Primarch's fate. The sacrifice of their founder is echoed in the soul of every one of their number, and their souls burn with troubled dreams of Sanguinius's death. These inherited memories are so powerful that the Blood Angels are known to lapse into a fugue state known as the Black Rage, experiencing horrific visions of death and pain that they share with Sanguinius himself.

It is true that as a Blood Angel ages, as he sees more bloodshed and battle, he becomes more and more prone to the onset of the Black Rage. Chaplain Lestrallio, a great and tragic martyr of the Blood Angels, instigated a method that enabled those unfortunate few who fell into the Rage when the Chapter was in deep space to be of service nonetheless. The Lestrallio Procedure involves giving oneself to the Sanguinary Priests when all attempts at stemming the Black Rage have been unsuccessful, and there are no enemies for the victim to slaughter in the throes of a heroic death. The volunteer is restrained, shackled in adamantium often at the cost of many Blood-Servitors, and brought into the bowels of the craft. There, in the darkness of the ship's Apothecarion, he is encouraged to talk of what he sees around him, his visions echoing those witnessed by Sanguinius within the unholy depths of Horus's battle barge.

The following account is an excerpt from the descriptions of Chaplain Lestrallio himself, recorded by a Blood Servitor in 2432053.M36. It remains the longest recorded example of the visions granted by the Black Rage, a testament to Lestrallio's great strength of will.

"It's dark... aagh! It burns! The taint is so strong... the smell... rot, foul rot and death... it's hot. So hot... I feel my feathers singe, furling against me to avoid touching the walls, the walls... this is Hell... thorns, spines pushing through wet flesh <subject goes into spasm> <subject screams in rage> What's that... What's that!? So fast! Aaaaah! For the Emperor! Die! DIE!"
<subject falls still, mutters unintelligibly, possibly a prayer>

"Where is he, where is he, you cannot stop me foul CHAOS FILTH! AAAGH!"
<subject spasms, gnashes teeth> "curse this light..."

"Burn! BURN! All of you! <indecipherable> the walls, there are no walls, this tunnel made of flesh, rotted flesh, bursting underfoot, bleeding, the stench of pus...<subject screams, then calms>

"I will find you, coward."
<six seconds pass, subject's eyes open>

"I name you Traitor! Face me! For the Emperor! FOR THE EMPEROR!"



At this point, after a violent spasm that lasted longer than any before and nearly shook his body to pieces, Chaplain Lestrallio died of massive physiological trauma. This is a regrettable side effect of the Lestrallio Procedure, but one deemed fitting by many among the Blood Angels.

From the collated results of these experiments, it is possible to draw conclusions from the valuable evidence provided by those suffering the Black Rage. Sanguinius is thought to have undergone unimaginable psychic damage at the hands of the Warmaster who, it is believed by many Blood Angels, could not best him in personal combat.

Horus, in his limitless malice, made sure that Sanguinius's death was the most painful and foul that the boundless evils in his service could administer. The Warmaster's psychic assault echoed not just throughout space, but also throughout time, resonating in the souls of his children. The Primarch's sacrifice is thought to have kept Horus occupied long enough for the Emperor to reach the traitor in the very depths of his lair, where the Emperor eventually bested him at a terrible cost. The pain inflicted upon the Primarch was so total that every one of his sons carries the echo imprinted deep within their soul to this day.

And so it was that the Blood Angels came to bear their blood-curse, and they bear it still.

Home World

In ancient days Baal and its moons all had earth-like atmospheres. Several Explorator teams, equipped with state-of-the-art rad-suits, have studied Baal's moons in some detail. Beneath their blackened crusts was a wealth of information, as the strata bear very different patterns to what was originally expected. It was concluded that Baal itself was always a world of red rust deserts, but its moons could potentially have been paradises for mortal men, where folk concentrated on art and science rather than survival and conquest. The surface of Baal is dotted with ruined edifices, incredible monuments that must have been constructed with incredible skill to have stood the test of time. It is obvious that the people of Baal spent their time creating mighty monuments, carving the mountains themselves into statues of their rulers and their gods. Thus the Imperium was able to build a

picture of life on Baal through architectural remains.

It is still unknown as to what exactly happened to change this idyllic state of affairs, a cause of great consternation among Imperial historians. All that is certain is that the cataclysmic and fearful events that changed the face of Baal forever happened at roughly the end of the Dark Age of Technology. The moons of Baal suffered terribly. Evidence of ancient weapons both viral and nuclear have been found, perhaps accounting for the incredible rad-count of the moons. The strata of these planets include plains of blackened glass and vast tracts of polluted desert. What were once seas became poisoned lakes of toxic sludge, now covered in layers of pallid dust. The folk of the system must have died in their millions. But somehow humanity has prevailed. The populace became scavengers, picking the bones of their own once-great civilisation. Without their now characteristic rad-suits many must have perished still, growing sickly and feeble as the atmosphere was radically altered. It is theorised by many Imperial scholars that in the dark time that followed the collapse of all order, some became worse than scavengers, and turned to cannibalism.

One side effect from the ensuing radioactive atmosphere was inevitable, however. In time, the accumulated chemical and radioactive toxins that built up in the survivors' bodies led to them devolving into mutants, shambling parodies of the men their forefathers had once been. The disintegration of society can be seen depicted at the Lasquo Caves of Baal Primus, grotesque images of mutants and madmen butchering the more wholesome members of the populace, drawn in ancient blood onto the parched walls.

But, as we know from the Baalite Scripture, there were some who held on to their humanity and preserved some semblance of sane behaviour, forming tribes the like of which adopted Sanguinius upon his descent. But these were the embattled few, as a new and savage culture evolved amid the ruins of the old. The only social unit left was the tribe. For human and mutant cannibal alike, the only folk they could rely on were their own kin.

The folk of the Baal system became nomads, shifting from place to place, picking the ruins clean, warring to preserve the spoils they had gathered. The tribes fought constant wars. Webs

of alliances shifted constantly. Extinction awaited the slow and the weak. Where once the moons had been close to paradise, now they were close to hell.

For the few surviving humans, life must have been a constant struggle to exist. For a long time it must have seemed that Baalite humanity was doomed, and soon there would only be an endless desert ruled over by the feuding mutant tribes. Although we can only guess as to when, the miracle of Sanguinius's descent onto the planet introduced a new hope into a barren world.

Organisation

Although the Blood Angels share much of their organisation with their brother Space Marines, adhering in many ways to the precepts of the Codex Astartes, there are notable exceptions. The Blood Angels have several specialist units they do not share with any Chapter other than their successors; the Angels Vermilion, Angels Sanguine, Angels Encarmine, Blood Drinkers and Flesh Tearers. It is worth noting that, unlike the others mentioned here, the Blood Drinkers are strict followers of the Codex Astartes. Their markings are similar to those of the Ultramarines chapter.

Perhaps the most notable exception that the Blood Angels exhibit in their ranks is a preponderance of close combat troops. The chance to become one of the Blood Angels' Assault Marines is much sought after, as it is in close combat that these Space Marines can exorcise the ghosts of their ancestral memory. Even Devastator squads, those entrusted with the duties of fire support, have been known to run towards the enemy in an attempt to engage them in close combat (cf. the Trachesai Massacre, 230.M34).

The members of the Blood Angels 1st Company fight as assault troops when not equipped as Terminators, rather than as tactical squads as is the case with many of their brother Chapters. The entire 8th Company is dedicated to close combat, many of their members being amongst the finest assault troops in the Imperium. Those Space Marines not equipped with jump packs often make use of Land Speeders and Bikes to support their brethren. The 10th Company, consisting of a variable number of Scout squads, is unusual in that its members are extremely aggressive. They work their way into forward positions, infiltrating enemy positions

and relishing every opportunity they can take to close quarters and tear their enemies apart in a storm of blood. The other companies of the Blood Angels conform to the structure established by the Codex Astartes, although many of their Rhinos are customised with over-charged engines so that their passengers can reach the front line with haste. (Note: No doubt this straying from the precepts set out in the Rhino STC has an adverse effect on the vehicle as a whole). Specialist squads are distinguished by the colour of their helmets: Tactical squads are marked in red, Devastator squads in blue and Veteran Assault squads in yellow.

The Blood Angels Headquarters division includes a number of ranks that are not found in any other Chapter, reflecting their unique nature and organisation. These include the Sanguinary Priests, custodians of the holy blood of Sanguinius. It has been known for a Sanguinary Priest to

administer a potent blood transfusion to a battle brother with his Exsanguinator, even in the midst of combat.

Another exception to standard Codex organisation is the inclusion of squads of Honour Guard, the high elite of the close assault cadres of the Blood Angels and the bodyguard of their most revered heroes. These warriors take the place of the usual command squad, and may include a Standard Bearer or Sanguinary Priest. It is said by some that few more formidable units exist in the entire pantheon of the Adeptus Astartes. The members of the Honour Guard are denoted by their helmets, marked in shining gold, a sign of hope for their allies and despair for their foes.

The Blood Angels are also famous for the Furioso pattern Dreadnought, a design perfected by the Chapter's Lord of the Forges many millennia ago to grant the opportunity of slaking the blood lust of Space Marine heroes even when their bodies are broken beyond salvation. The mighty twin power claws of the Furioso are a match for any opponent, and are capable of tearing open the adamantium hide of a Land Raider when the Furioso is gripped by battle-lust.

Finally, and perhaps most notably, the organisation of the Blood Angels is often disrupted by those who suffer from the Black Rage. These

unfortunates are formed into the infamous Death Company. Alas, there is no way to predict exactly how this phenomenon will affect the Chapter's organisation until the battle itself.

Combat Doctrine

The companies of the Blood Angels generally fight as one would expect from a disciplined force of the Adeptus Astartes. The 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th are Battle Companies, and these four companies form the main battle lines and generally bear the brunt of the fighting. The specialist companies are kept in reserve and only deployed when necessary.

However, these Companies cannot be relied upon to fight in the structured, disciplined way of the Imperial Fists or the Dark Angels, for the strength of their genetic curse can turn even the most taciturn veteran into a berserker, wishing only to rend his enemy apart and slake his overriding thirst for battle. The Black Rage can possess any and all Blood Angels during the heat of battle, be they a Devastator squad or the driver of a Vindicator. As such, it is always uncertain as to whether a Blood Angels contingent will hold a position. It is just as likely that they will run screaming forward in an attempt to rip the enemy limb from limb with their bare hands. This has in the past led to the total massacre of the Blood Angels' foes on unnumbered occasions. Possibly one of the most famous of these was the Battle at Hive Tempestora, where the Blood Angels assaulted en masse with such undaunted ferocity that their charge smashed apart the enemy line, enabling them to establish a beachhead in a situation considered

hopeless by Imperial tacticians. It is said that the fanatical zeal of the Blood Angels also enabled them to achieve the impossible throughout the Armageddon campaign. This unpredictability makes them extremely unpopular with other Imperial commanders, but

the Blood Angels care not. They know that their constant struggle against the Black Rage makes them stronger, not weaker.

Battlecry

"By the blood of Sanguinius!"



Beliefs

Sanguinius was a visionary. During his early life he desired to lead his people to a new and better life. When he joined the Great Crusade he transferred this vision to a greater arena, but did not abandon it. He wanted a better life for all Mankind and an end to the strife brought on by the collapse of human civilisation during the Dark Age of Technology.

We have established that the outlook of Sanguinius did much to shape his Chapter. There is a mystical streak to many of the Blood Angels' doctrines, and also a strong belief that things can be changed for the better. After all, the process of transforming a scavenger into a tall, proud and handsome warrior is living proof of this tenet.

This belief can be seen in everything the Blood Angels do; they strive for perfection. Their works of art are things of beauty and symmetry. Their martial disciplines are practised unceasingly. Their doctrines are permeated with a sense of mortality and the fallen greatness of Man.

Physically the Blood Angels are among the longest lived of all the Space Marine Chapters. One of the peculiarities of their gene-seed is that it has vastly increased the lifespan of those who possess it, so it is not uncommon for Blood Angels to reach a thousand years of age. Indeed, the current Chapter Master, Commander Dante, has lived for nearly 1,100 years. These vastly extended lifespans allow the Blood Angels to perfect their techniques in art as well as in war. They have centuries in which to perfect the disciplines to which they turn their minds, and this accounts for the fact that Blood Angels' armour and banners are among the most ornate ever produced.

Perhaps the strangest of all the Chapter's traits was witnessed by Inquisitor Garillion on his sojourn to the fortress monastery on Baal in 1929734.M40. The Blood Angels have a habit of sleeping whenever possible in the sarcophagi used to create them. They apparently believe that in this timeless slumber, they are one step closer to Sanguinius, and seek to gain some insight into the psyche of their forefather. While the Blood Angels sleep in their sarcophagi their blood is cleansed and purified. The Chapter thus hopes to slow the long process of possible genetic degeneration until a permanent solution for the Black Rage can be found.

Nevertheless, it is clear to any who study the martial record of the Blood Angels that they enforce the Emperor's will with a fervour and zeal that equals or exceeds that of any other Chapter. In fact, these records point to the fact that the Blood Angels are responsible for many of the Imperium's successful actions, and that the number of aliens and heretics they have killed in the name of the Emperor is beyond count.

Gene-seed

This Chapter, once among the most blessed of all the Chapters, now shuns the company of the other Adeptus Astartes where possible. Some Imperial officers have reported suspicions that they are afflicted by a terrible thirst, a craving for blood, which paranoid scholars claim may be the first signs of a descent into Chaos. It is known that the Blood Angels themselves spend much of their time seeking a cure for their condition, but surely this does not mean that they are a Chapter trying in vain to keep the insidious tendrils of Chaos from their very blood.

The trials of their inheritance may well be the Blood Angels' greatest salvation, for it brings with it a humility and understanding of their own failings which make them the most truly noble of the Adeptus Astartes.

The fate of those unfortunates overtaken completely by their Primarch's legacy is known only to the Chapter itself. There are tales of a secret chamber within the Fortress Monastery on Baal, and of howling cries that demand the blood of the living. Unsurprisingly, none are willing to say for certain what secrets lie hidden in this haunted, desolate place.

There have been incidents when the Blood Angels have been stationed on distant worlds, where members of the local population have gone missing only to turn up later drained of blood (Rukh's Paradise, Amerialla Belt, Q34/9/4503/RT/Ultima Segmentum, 6569347.M36). It is possible that this is the work of cultists seeking to discredit the Chapter. It may even be that some of the more superstitious local citizens have taken to offering up sacrifices to their god-like visitors. However, those Imperial historians possessed of dark and fervent imaginations claim it is possible that these folk have been killed by Blood Angels overcome by an unholy thirst.

Some among those who entertain such unwholesome beliefs say that it

is because Sanguinius was more touched by Chaos than the other infant Primarchs. They cite the fact that he possessed wings – an obvious mutation – to support their case. Their argument runs that the gene-seed which was extracted from him was flawed even before the first Blood Angels were created, and thus terrible consequences were preordained.

At the time when the First Founding Chapters were created, the Emperor himself oversaw the process of transferring gene-seed from Primarch to Space Marine. However, since the Emperor's interment in the Golden Throne, each Chapter has had a different method of controlling and managing the change. The Blood Angels originally practised Exsanguination, a process initially triggered by injecting aspirants with tiny samples of the Primarch's blood. Alas, this process ground to a halt after Sanguinius's death, but fortuitously some of his blood was kept in the relic known as the Red Grail. This living blood, even possessed of such incredible power, could not last for long in an unprotected state. Thus it was that the vitae of their dead Primarch was injected into the veins of the Sanguinary Priests. They became living hosts to the power of their Primarch. Even today, drinking the blood of the assembled Sanguinary Priests from the Red Grail is part of the ritual used in inducting new Blood Angels Priests. In turn, it is from these custodians of the pure lineage that the blood given to aspirants is taken.

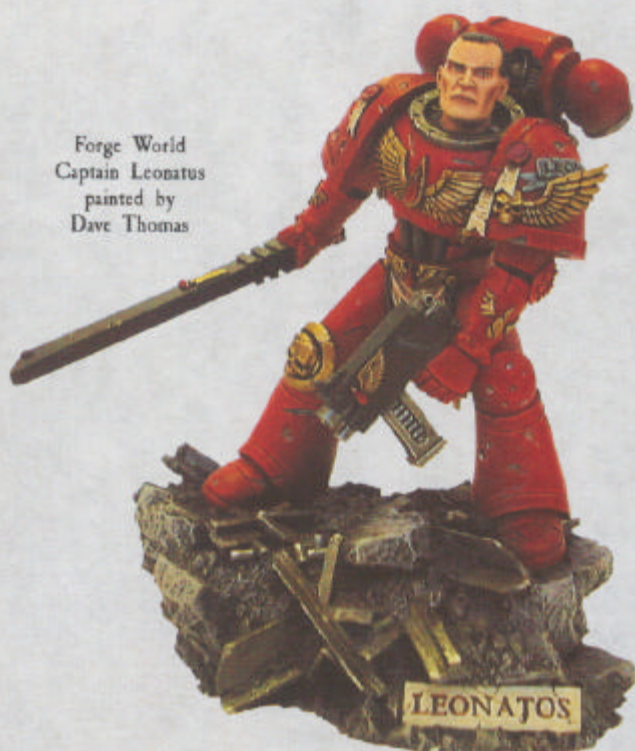
It is possible that over the countless generations since the time of the Heresy, the cells within the blood of the Sanguinary Priests have mutated, slowly at first, but more quickly in recent years. As it is, the blood used in the induction of the aspirants to the Chapter is technically vulnerable to degeneration. It is theorised by some that errors in replication have resulted in the Blood Angels' development of a genetic flaw.

There are very few records of the occurrence of genetic instability in the early years of the Imperium, or throughout the long millennia during which the Blood Angels were shaped. In the present day, however, it is for their unstoppable thirst for battle that the Blood Angels are considered unstable. Their fearsome reputation precludes them from many alliances with other Imperial forces. Thus it is that the curse has spread like a cancer not only through the Blood Angels' body and psyche, but also through their honour.

BLOOD ANGELS



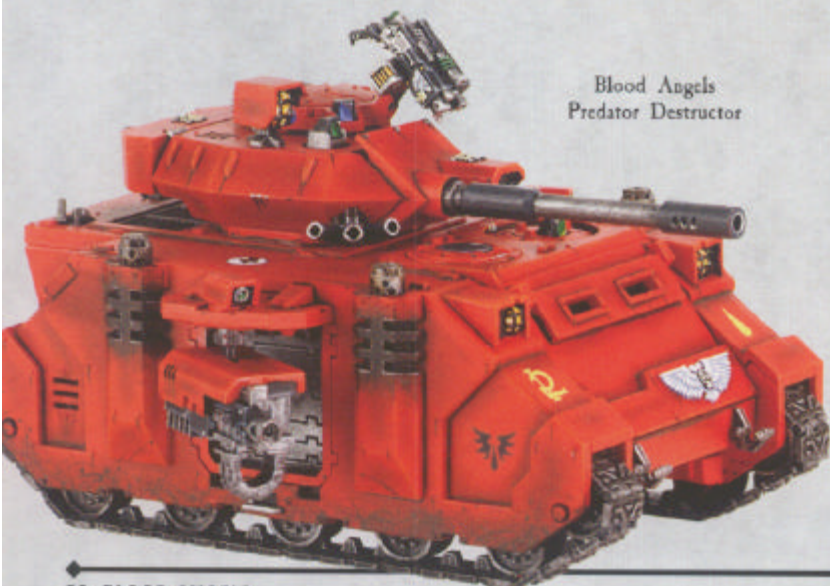
Furioso Dreadnought



Forge World
Captain Leonatus
painted by
Dave Thomas



Blood Angels Tactical Squad



Blood Angels
Predator Destructor



Chief Librarian Mephiston



Captain Tycho refuses to concede defeat at Hive Tempestora.



Blood Angels go over the top against Black Legion Chaos Space Marines



Company Standard Bearer



A Land Raider unloads its deadly cargo into the Chaos battle lines.

Index Astartes



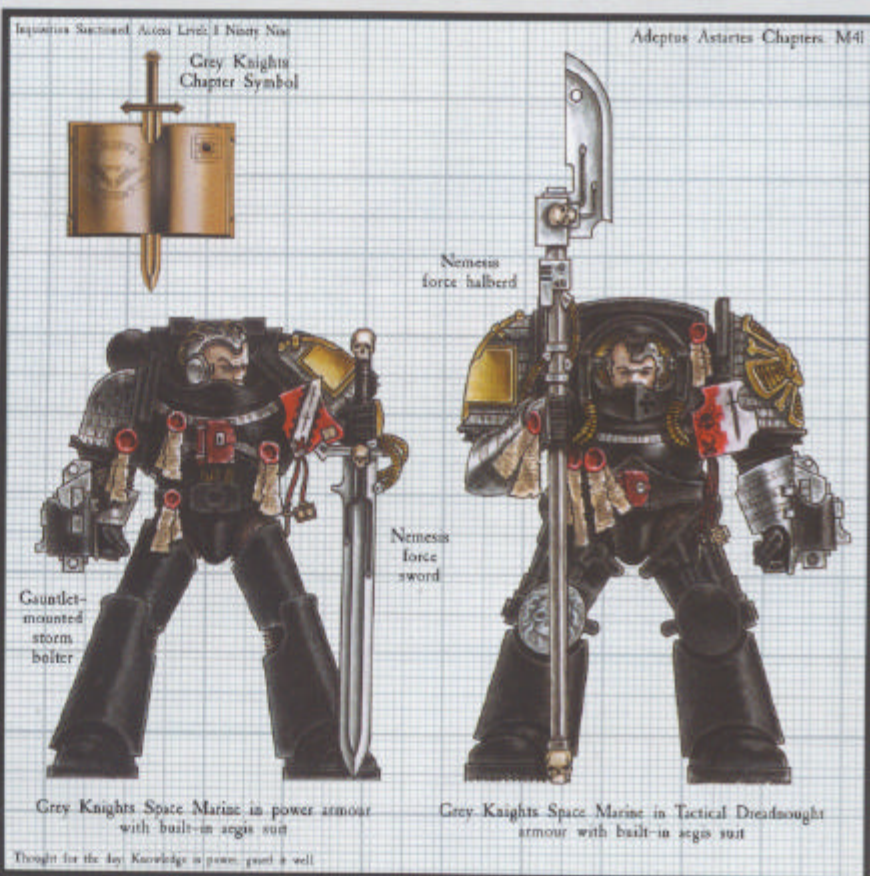
The Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes are the mightiest warriors in the Imperium and their fury in battle is legendary. Few can stand against the might of a Space Marine Chapter and the foes of Mankind tremble at their name. But there are alien races whose evil is beyond human understanding and beings that exist outside the realm of realspace that seek to plunge Humanity into the realm of Chaos. To face such foes demands warriors whose hearts and souls are trained to withstand extremes of pain and terror, whose faith in the Emperor is as unwavering as it is strong. Since the dawn of the Imperium, two brotherhoods of specially trained Space Marines have fought these foes and defeated them. They are the Deathwatch and the Grey Knights.

The Grey Knights

Founded in great secrecy around the time of the Second Founding (although this is uncertain), the Grey Knights are amongst the most highly specialised defenders of Humanity in existence. Uniquely amongst the Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes, the Grey Knights Chapter has no antecedents, having been created from specifically engineered gene-seed. Legend has it that the Emperor himself ordered the creation of this unique Chapter to form a force designed to fight the dread creatures of Chaos, though, of course, this is impossible to verify. Following the awesome scale of bloodshed during the Horus Heresy, the necessity for such a force was clear. Designated

Chapter 666, the Grey Knights are permanently attached to that most secretive of organisations, the Ordo Malleus. The Ordo Malleus is only ever spoken of in whispers and though its stated purpose is to keep watch on the Inquisition itself, its true purpose is far more sinister, the destruction of the daemonic.

The Grey Knights form the main fighting strength of the Ordo Malleus and, traditionally, its Chapter Master is a member of the Inner Conclave of the Inquisition. The men of the Grey Knights are no ordinary warriors. Plucked from the fiercest warrior cultures on a dozen different worlds, only the bravest and strongest youths are selected for the training. Aspirants are taken to the Chapter's base on



PURGE THE UNCLEAN

The Grey Knights & Deathwatch Chapters


by Graham McNeill

Saturn's moon, Titan, where they undergo arduous tests of faith, strength, endurance and courage that break all but the strongest warriors. Those few that survive the tests are then implanted with the gene-seed that will transform them into superhuman Space Marines. Now the aspirants are ready to begin their real training.

The most advanced bio-engineering and psycho-surgery is utilised to condition the Grey Knights into warriors of great prowess. The six hundred and sixty six Rituals of Detestation enable the Space Marines of the Grey Knights to face terrifying foes without fear and withstand pain that would cripple a 'normal' Space Marine. Their lives are filled with ritual, meditation and self-denial, designed to strengthen the mind and steel the soul against the horrors of the daemonic. The Chapter's warriors are heavily conditioned to resist the whispered seductions of Chaos and the honeyed lies of daemonic creatures. These precautions are vital and, thus far, have proven to be effective, as not a single Grey Knight has faltered in battle or become a pawn of the Dark Powers.

It is through unprotected psykers that daemonic creatures can gain entry to the material universe and it is for this reason that the Grey Knights are screened to exclude all but the most resilient psykers. The strongest and purest of these psykers are then trained until they reach a level of mastery that equals the powers of Librarians of the Adeptus Astartes. Those who distinguish themselves in battle may be elevated to the honoured position of the Grey Knights 1st Company and take to the field of battle in modified Tactical Dreadnought armour, more commonly known as Terminator armour, with bolt weaponry incorporated into the gauntlets. The Librarians of the Grey Knights are taught to combine their abilities in a gestalt power that far exceeds anything they could achieve alone. The Grey Knights fight in baroque, heavily ornamented suits of armour with the Chapter's symbol, a sword through a tome, prominently displayed. They fight with the finest equipment and weapons the Imperium can manufacture, mighty sigil-encrusted swords and halberds. These warriors alone can stand before the might of a Greater Daemon with any hope of banishing it back to the Immaterium from whence it came.

The millennia the Grey Knights have spent in battle against the forces of darkness has furnished them with



blasphemous knowledge, painstakingly pieced together by the Inquisitors of the Ordo Malleus. This damned collection of knowledge is gathered together on Titan in the Librarium Daemonica, a gloomy repository of ancient tomes, crumbling parchments and data crystals that groans under the weight of the psychic evil that dwells within its walls. This is one of the most heavily guarded locations in the Imperium, and the threat of such knowledge falling into the wrong hands is taken very seriously by the Grey Knights. Each warrior of the Grey Knights carries a copy of the sacred Liber Daemonica, the holy battle rites of the Chapter, in a ceramite case on his breastplate and it is this which symbolises a Grey Knight's most potent weapon; an unshakeable faith in the Divine Emperor. The book contains the essential tenets of lore culled from the Librarium Daemonica by psychically monitored servitors. These servitors are permanently wired to toxin dispensers that can be activated immediately should some daemonic entity attempt to force a passage into real space through the servitor's brain.

The threat of Chaos permeates the entire galaxy and while the Chapter maintains a fortress-monastery on Titan, much of its strength is scattered

The Daemon has many forms. You must know them all. You must tell the Daemon from his disguise and root him out from the hidden places. Trust no one. Trust not even yourself. It is better to die in vain than to live in abomination. The zealous martyr is praised for his valour; the craven and the unready are justly abhorred.

Excerpted from the
First Book of Indoctrinations

across the Imperium. Guided by the finest Navigators of the Navis Nobilite and conveyed by the fastest ships produced by the Adeptus Mechanicus, the Grey Knights stand ready to meet the foul minions of Chaos wherever they may strike. Typically, the warriors of these forces have trained together for their entire lives and the bonds of loyalty and honour that bind them are stronger than adamantium. Every Grey Knight is ready to lay down his life to ensure the safety of the Imperium and should that sacrifice be necessary, it is the fervent wish of all those who fall to be transported back to Titan and buried in the hallowed crypts beneath their fortress. A great basalt wall in the heart of the monastery is carved with the names of all those who have fallen in defiance of evil and, though no one outside the Chapter will ever know of their bravery, some of the Imperium's greatest heroes lie buried on Titan.

The Deathwatch

On uncounted battlefields, the servants of the Emperor must wage war against the vileness of alien creatures. Often the first, last and only line of defence against these abominations are mysterious figures in black powered armour who fight the aliens with preternatural skill and dedication. With the battle over, these figures vanish as quickly as they arrived, leaving no trace of the creatures they fought or that they were even there at all. These men are the Imperium's highly trained alien fighters. They are the Deathwatch.

The Deathwatch forms the Chamber Militant of the Ordo Xenos, the branch of the Inquisition tasked with the study, containment and, in most cases, extermination of alien races. However, it is not a single unified Chapter in the same way as the Grey Knights of the Ordo Malleus. The Space Marines of the Deathwatch are drawn from many different Chapters, all of which have sworn sacred oaths to maintain specially trained alien fighters and stand ready to deploy them at a moment's notice. These warriors are drawn together as and when needed to combat alien menace whenever and wherever it rears its ugly head.

From the furthest corners of the galaxy to the very heart of the Segmentum Solar, there exist alien races that threaten the continued existence of Humanity. Every Space Marine Chapter and Imperial Guard regiment stands ready to fight these races, but the Deathwatch has been specially trained to fight aliens since its inception, thousands of years ago. Many such alien races, such as the C'tan and Necrontyr have lain dormant for thousands or even millions of years and the Deathwatch stand sentinel over their worlds, ready to fight should they awake once more. More dangerous than the most violent of Orks, these races were ancient before humans crawled from the oceans and their evil is beyond measure.

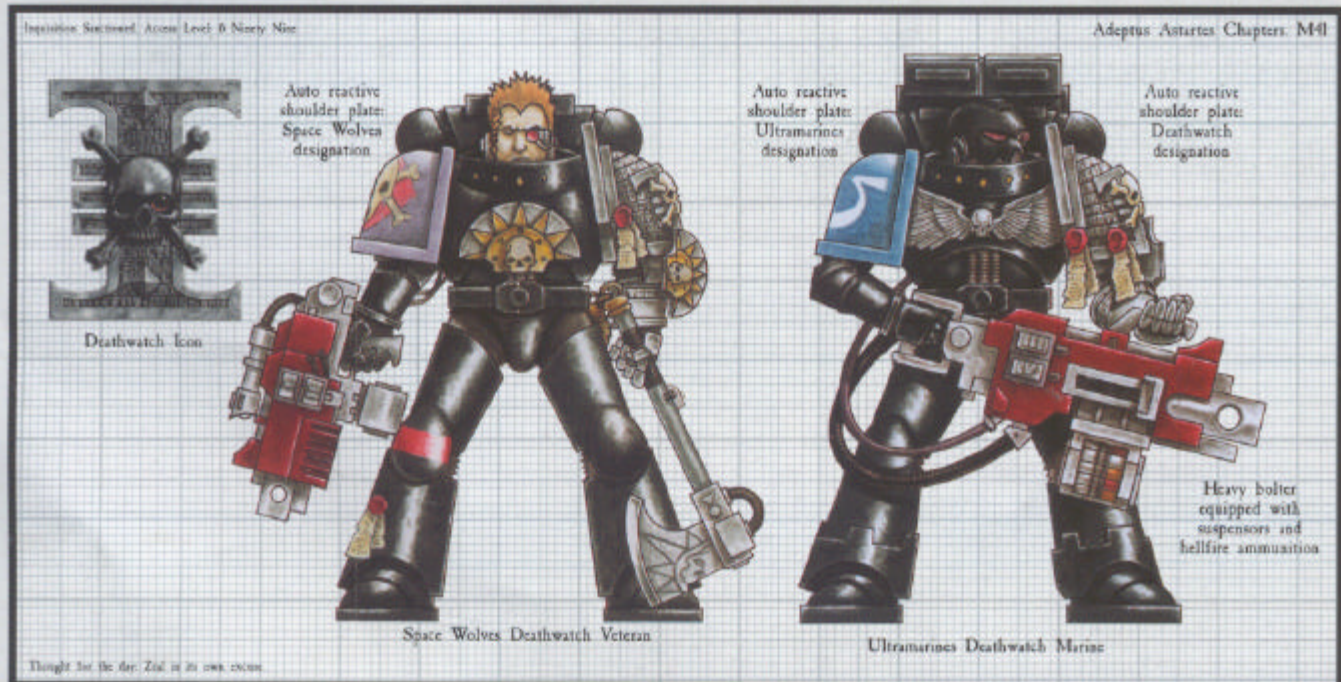
To guard against the return of these ancient alien races, lonely fortresses orbit desolate worlds on the edge of the galaxy where Deathwatch Space Marines maintain a constant vigil. In

CATECHISM OF THE XENO

To be Unclean
That is the Mark of the Xenos
To be Impure
That is the Mark of the Xenos
To be Abhorred
That is the Mark of the Xenos
To be Reviled
That is the Mark of the Xenos
To be Hunted
That is the Mark of the Xenos
To be Purged
That is the fate of the Xenos
To be Cleansed
For that is the fate of all Xenos

Extract from the
Third Book of Indoctrinations

addition to this, secret bases are scattered throughout the Imperium, providing staging posts from where the Deathwatch can launch their missions. The Chapters from which the Deathwatch draws its members are constantly ready to despatch their alien fighters if called upon by a member of the Ordo Xenos. The warriors who have been given the honour of becoming a member of the Deathwatch ritually repaint their armour in the black of the Deathwatch, leaving a single shoulder plate bare to



signify their Chapter of origin. A Space Marine's armour is never completely obscured by the Deathwatch colours as to do so would dishonour the armour's spirit and no warrior would be willing to run such a risk. Each warrior may also bear the Icon of the Deathwatch on his other shoulder plate and it is a great honour to be chosen. Once in the employ of the Deathwatch, there is no set length of service and its members will remain together for as long as its commander deems necessary. Each Space Marine can serve for a discreet period of time or a particular mission, which, in itself, may take many years. With the completion of their service, the Space Marines are free to return to their Chapter, their oaths of loyalty fulfilled.

As well as the destruction of aliens, the Deathwatch are also charged with the recovery and study of alien artefacts and technology. Though distasteful in

the extreme, members of the Inquisition are forced to study the heretical artefacts of the foes they must fight, and there are none more qualified to retrieve such items than the Deathwatch. Occasionally it becomes necessary to use the technology of alien races and, though such an undertaking is never entered into lightly, its use against aliens themselves is a pleasing irony. The Adeptus Mechanicus is always eager to profit from the Deathwatch's victories and the C'tan phase sword employed by the Callidus temple of assassins, was recovered by members of the Deathwatch from a long-dead Necrontyr world.

In battle, each team normally comes under the authority of an Ordo Xenos Inquisitor, but, in some exceptional cases, a Deathwatch Captain or Librarian may assume command if circumstances dictate. Their authority is absolute and none dare question their word. The commander of a Deathwatch detachment may freely requisition forces and equipment without a word of complaint being raised against him. The Deathwatch

Do not ask, 'Why kill the alien?'
rather, ask, 'Why not?'

Battle Brother Artemis

have access to the very best equipment, both Imperial and alien, and are trained to the highest standards.

There are many ways an Ordo Xenos kill-team can see action alongside regular Imperial forces. It may be that the team has uncovered an alien threat too great for it to deal with alone and needs the backup of a larger, more conventional force. Such was the case when a kill-team under the command of Inquisitor Reynaard discovered an alien worshipping cult on the world of Mandall IV. It was believed that the cult was localised to a particular district of the capital city, but when righteous retribution descended upon the blasphemers, the entire population of the city turned upon the kill-team. Reynaard and the Space Marines barely managed to escape with their lives and later returned at the head of over half a million soldiers. To ensure the destruction of the cult, Reynaard's forces laid waste to the city, leaving no trace that it had ever existed and killed every living creature within its walls.

Situations may also arise where an army of the Imperium has encountered a foe it is ill-equipped to fight and the Ordo Xenos dispatches

a kill-team to provide support or purge the battlefield of alien contamination. The ravages of the K'nib in the Donorian Sector was halted by a Deathwatch kill-team commanded by Battle Brother Artemis himself following a request for aid from the colonel of the Kaslon Imperial Guard regiment. Artemis slew the Alcyde of the K'nib on Assumptus V and ended their incursions into Imperial space (though official records credit the Kaslon regiment with this victory). However it comes about, the support of an Ordo Xenos kill-team is always welcomed by Imperial commanders facing an alien threat.

He who allows the alien to live,
shares its crime of existence.

Inquisitor Apollyon



Index Astartes



RIGHTEOUS ZEAL

The Black Templars
Space Marine Chapter

by Gav Thorpe

The history of the Black Templars can be traced back to the Imperial Fists defence of the Emperor's Palace during the Horus Heresy. After the Traitor Legions had been defeated it was decided that the loyal Space Marines should be split into smaller Chapters. Rogal Dorn, Primarch of the Imperial Fists, reluctantly agreed and so the Black Templars were created. Since this time the Black Templars have been on the greatest and longest crusade the Imperium has ever known to prove their loyalty to the Emperor.

Origins

At the birth of the Imperium, during the Great Crusade, the Warmaster Horus was possessed by the Dark Gods of the Warp and declared himself rightful ruler of the Imperium. Along with Horus, nearly half the Space Marine Legions revolted against the Emperor's leadership, and from amongst their ranks arose warriors who were so wholly devoted to the Gods they became Champions – infused with the energy of Chaos, mighty warriors many times more powerful even than a Space Marine. Even as Horus's forces assaulted the Imperial Palace at the end of the Heresy, Rogal Dorn chose a warrior from amongst the ranks of his Imperial Fists to be the Emperor's Champion. Brother Sigismund, finest of the warriors of Terra, was given the best armour and weapons and swore a holy duty to seek out the Champions of Chaos and slay them. And so he did, counting fully two dozen of the warped creatures in his bloody tally before Horus was defeated and the Traitor Legions fled to the Eye of Terror.

At the end of the Heresy, the Primarch Roboute Guilleman of the Ultramarines Legion devised a military organisation that would spread the power of the Legiones Astartes, Imperial Navy and Imperial Army across the galaxy, so no longer would one individual wield the power of an entire Legion again. For the Space Marines, these rules were laid down in the Codex Astartes, a mighty tome that also dealt with unit organisation, markings, tactical doctrine and all other aspects of the Marines' structure. Rogal Dorn, Primarch of the Imperial Fists, responsible for the defence of Terra itself, refused to have his Legion broken down into much smaller Chapters, stating that it was his sacred duty to protect the Emperor and he could not afford to split his forces across the Imperium. Dorn called Guilleman a coward, for his Legion had not participated in the defence of the Imperial Palace, while the Ultramarines' Primarch accused Dorn

of being a rebel and a heretic for refusing the dictates within his Codex Astartes.

Dorn would not relent, and neither would Guilleman; Leman Russ of the Space Wolves and Vulkan of the Salamanders agreed with Dorn for they too did not want their Legions scattered to the corners of the galaxy, but Ferrus Mannus, Primarch of the Iron Hands and Corax of the Raven Guard backed the Ultramarines. In the gulf left after the near-death of the Emperor, it seemed the Space Marines were destined to tear themselves apart in bloody conflict. When the Imperial Fists began to be violently persecuted for their supposed heresies, and the strike cruiser *Terrible Angel* was fired upon by the Imperial Navy, it was almost inevitable that once more internecine war would engulf the Space Marines and the Imperium. But, even as the newly formed Chapters and the old Legions were preparing for battle, Dorn relented. He agreed to the formation of two new Chapters from his Legion – the Crimson Fists and the Black Templars would join the Imperial Fists Chapter. He chose Champion Sigismund to lead the Black Templars and the Chapter took upon themselves the black and white panoply of his armour.

Sigismund had been chosen as the Emperor's Champion for his fervent faith in the Emperor and his undying devotion to mankind. Seeing the strife that currently beset the Legiones Astartes, and the suspicion in which he and his battle brothers were held, he determined that a gesture of supreme faith was needed. As High Marshal of the Black Templars, Sigismund declared that after leaving Terra, he would prove his loyalty, never resting in the prosecution of his duties against the enemies of the Emperor. It is an oath that every subsequent High Marshal has renewed, and so the greatest and longest Space Marine crusade was begun. It has continued unbroken for ten thousand years.

Home world

The Black Templars have no single home world, instead they live in their Crusade fleets, upon many battle barges, strike cruisers and other craft such as training vessels and gigantic forgeships. The Black Templars establish Chapter Keeps on every world they conquer or reclaim for the Emperor. The main purpose of the Chapter Keeps is to recruit new Space Marines from the population, and to act as staging posts for mustering the Crusades together. These Chapter Keeps are sizeable, with chambers to accommodate two to three Companies of Space Marines, but are far smaller than the Fortress Monasteries of other Chapters. However, there have been hundreds of Chapter Keeps established over the millennia, some of which are still standing, others which have fallen into ruin and disrepair and are no longer manned.

The High Marshal himself has his own battle barge, the *Eternal Crusader*, and he can travel from Crusade to Crusade lending his military genius and spiritual guidance to those under his command. The *Eternal Crusader* is gigantic, even for a battle barge, having been expanded and refitted over ten thousand years, with extra docking facilities for escort ships, additional launch bays for shuttles and Thunderhawks, as well as

accommodation for twice as many Space Marines than a normal battle barge.

Combat doctrine

The Black Templars have continued in the style of their founder, Sigismund, in preferring close combat to ranged warfare. Face-to-face with his enemy, a Space Marine can earn honour and respect and be sure that his foe is truly vanquished.

This is further emphasised by the fanaticism of Black Templars battle brothers, whose righteous anger makes them impatient and headstrong. They will drive towards the foe relentlessly, their own casualties only serving to spur them on faster, hungry for vengeance on the slayers of their brethren.

As part of their dedication to the Emperor, the Black Templars swear fell oaths of faith and protection. Before a battle, it is customary to renew one of these vows to the Emperor, the type of vow made focusing the thoughts of the Initiates on a particular aspect of their duties, encouraging extreme bravery, ruthlessness or sacred revulsion at the foe.

Organisation

The Black Templars are a fleet-based Chapter. They are rarely assembled as

a Chapter, but instead are divided into a number of Crusades at any one time. Each Crusade is led by a Marshal, while the High Marshal is responsible for monitoring the progress of all the current Crusades.

There usually numbers three or more Crusades at any one time – their history shows that during the Treachery of Dalmark there were as many as fourteen Crusades fighting across the Segmentum Solar. The size of a Crusade can also vary widely, sometimes as few as fifty to one hundred Marines, sometimes the equivalent of several Companies from a Codex Chapter. Only the Black Templars themselves have even the roughest idea how many Black Templars Space Marines there are, but it is obvious that they are far more numerous than most conventional Chapters, although dispersed over a much wider area. If certain accounts are taken to be true, then they could even be as strong as five to six thousand Battle-Brethren in total, a force which in the present Imperium would be all but unstoppable if ever gathered in a single place.

The larger Crusades are often broken down by their Marshal into Fighting Companies, led by Sword Brethren given the additional honorific of 'Castellan'. Whether such Companies exist or not, individual squads are

Chapter Approved. Access Level: G1000

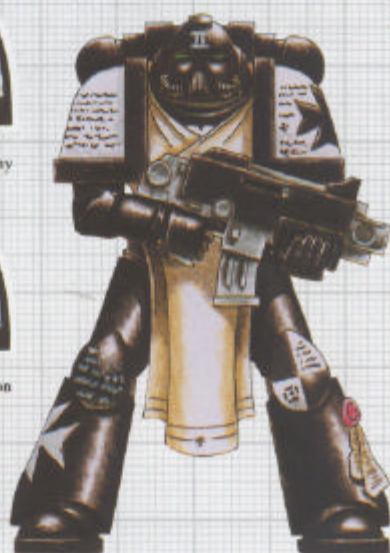
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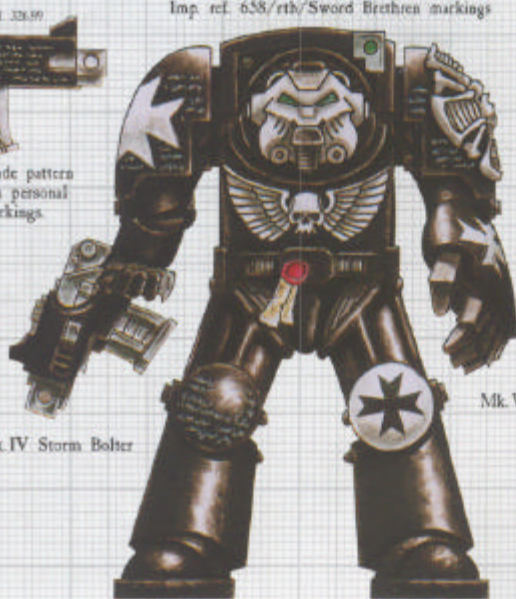
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356.8/L/Chapter icon



Mk.VII Adeptus Astartes Power Armour



Mk.III Crusade pattern
Boltgun with personal
Titany markings



Mk.IV Adeptus Astartes Tactical Dreadnought Armour

Mk.IV Storm Bolter

Mk.VI Power fist

THE EMPEROR'S CHAMPION



Ever since Sigismund was elevated to the rank of first High Marshal of the Black Templars, there are others who have risen to take his place as Emperor's Champion. The practice of having an Emperor's Champion has spread to other Chapters, but it is enshrined most strongly within the dogma of the Black Templars.

Each Crusade nominally has an Emperor's Champion, but in practice there is actually one for every fighting force. On the eve of battle, one amongst the Space Marine host will receive a vision from the Emperor and present himself to the Chaplains. They will anoint him as the Emperor's Champion, and he will be gifted with the best weapons and armour in the force. Although the actual weapon and armour may change, these are always known as the Black Sword and the Armour of Faith. In battle, it is the duty and honour of the Emperor's Champion to seek out the champions of the enemy and challenge them to single-combat, just as Sigismund first did at the Battle of the Emperor's Palace. Although few foes have specific champions, it is usually sufficient for the Emperor's Champion to kill any enemy leader, as well as anyone else who is unlucky enough to cross his path. It is considered a bad omen for the Emperor's Champion to fall, and if he does so, it is the duty of his fellow Brethren to bear his body from the field of battle and reclaim the Armour of Faith and the Black Sword.

gathered and dispersed in a fairly ad-hoc fashion, and Initiates will fight together regularly out of familiarity and comradeship rather than any imposed organisation.

Another pronounced break from the doctrines of the Codex Astartes by the Black Templars is the manner in which new recruits are trained. The Chapter Keeps recruit a few individuals each year who may be suitable to become Space Marines. Those found acceptable by the Chapter Keeps are given the initial implants that will eventually change the Neophytes into fully-fledged Space Marines. When roughly two dozen recruits are ready for additional bio-engineering and the start of their training, they are transported to one of the Crusade fleets. Here certain Battle Brothers of the Chapter, or Initiates as they are properly known, will each accept one of the recruits to be their Neophyte. It is the responsibility of the Initiate to train his Neophyte in the art of war and the rituals of the Black Templars, overseen by the Chaplains. During this time the

Neophytes will undergo the remaining surgery to implant all of the specially grown organs that turn them into Space Marines. The Neophytes act as servants to their master, waiting on them at the great banquets and seeing to domestic chores; whilst on the battlefield the Initiate teaches their young pupil through example. This means that the Black Templars have no dedicated Scout Company, instead the Neophytes are spread across the entire Chapter, gaining valuable experience in a wide variety of combat situations and receiving personal attention and tuition from the Initiates.

The greatest warriors of a Crusade are inducted into the Marshal's household, in what would be the equivalent of the 1st Veteran Company of a Codex Chapter. Known as the Sword Brethren, these hardened fighters receive additional training, particularly in the use of Terminator armour, and are no longer responsible for the training of Neophytes. When a Marshal dies, or is elected by the other Marshals to succeed a dead High



Marshal, it is one of the Sword Brethren who will take his place. This is decided by ritual combat, during which all who contest the right to lead the Crusade will battle one another with various weapons, as well as pitting their strategic and tactical prowess against one another. The winner earns the right to be Marshal, upon approval by the High Marshal (there's has only ever been one incident of the High Marshal not approving), and the Sword Brethren will swear new oaths of loyalty.

Beliefs

All Space Marines are renowned for their fervent dedication, but the extremity of the Black Templars' faith is often described as fanatical, even rabid! They lust to crush the enemies of mankind; they have absolutely no tolerance of heretics, mutants, psykers, aliens or any other abomination against the Emperor. For ten thousand years they have crusaded to prove their loyalty, and this creed has become so embedded

in their doctrines that they are utterly ruthless towards anyone or anything perceived as a threat to the Emperor. They will mercilessly wipe out the populations of worlds to expunge the sin of heresy, while the mere presence of a witch on a battlefield drives them into a rage of hate and vengeful bloodletting.

Gene-seed

The Black Templars' gene-seed is derived from the Imperial Fists, second only in stability and purity to that of the Ultramarines. It has been supposed by some that slight flaws in the hormonal organs of the Black Templars may make them slightly overactive, thus explaining their reputation for being quick to anger. However, this seems unlikely and the trait is more likely down to the fanatical nature of the Black Templars creed.

Chapter Motto

"No Pity! No Remorse! No Fear!"

THE LAND RAIDER CRUSADER



Marine-Artificer Simagus constructed the first Crusader pattern Land Raiders during the Jerulas Crusade, to aid the Black Templars in the numerous sieglements they had to fight reconquering the hive world. Other Chapters requested information regarding the Crusaders' remodelling as the tales of their successes spread, and in 763.M39 the Crusader pattern became officially recognised by the Techpriests of Mars (a mere formality, since it is estimated the design had spread to nearly three quarters of the Chapters by this time). The Crusader is a line-breaking tank, built and armed to plough into the enemy, and is particularly useful against foes who are entrenched or occupying other highly defensible positions. It has an expanded troop capacity and its special frag charges allow it to disgorge a sizeable squad of Space Marines or Terminators into the heart of their adversaries. The most common Crusader pattern has the specially designed Hurricane bolter arrays in its sponsons (originally constructed by Simagus from scavenged Rhino bolters), its heavy bolters replaced with assault cannons (taken from Dreadnoughts in the Jerulas Crusade) and a multi-melta on a pintle mount (Land Speeders proved too lightweight for the heavy fighting in the hives).



BLACK TEMPLARS



Dreadnought armed with twin-linked lascannons



The Emperor's Champion delivers righteous justice.



A Land Raider Crusader and Rhino storm the barricades.



Black Templar Marshal
painted by Thomas Barse



Black Templars disembark from their drop pod.



Led by their Chaplain, Black Templar Assault Marines charge in.



Black Templars Marshal

Emperor's Champion
painted by Darren Latham



Black Templar Command Squad



Black Templars engage the Eldar under covering fire from a nearby Dreadnought.

✱ THE DONIAN CRUSADE ✱ (985.M39)

The Donian Crusade began c.985.M39 to combat the swelling Ork population sweeping through the Donian sector and surrounding wilderness space in the southern Segmentum Pacificus. The original Marshal, Brother Austein, was killed in fighting on Nickel V and was succeeded by Marshal Wernher c.988. The Crusade lasted for roughly 17 years before the High Marshal declared it successful, Wernher moving to becoming Marshal of the Thangdrun Crusade.

✱ MARSHAL'S HOUSEHOLD ✱

Marshal Wernher
 Brother Tomas, Champion of the Emperor
 Chaplains Augustin and Leuter
 Crusade Banner Bearer Tonis
 Household Banner Bearer Eckehart
 2 Techmarines
 4 Apothecaries
 34 Sword Brethren
 14 suits of Tactical Dreadnought armour
 4 Dreadnoughts
 7 Land Raiders (2 Phobos pattern,
 3 Demos pattern, 2 Crusader pattern)
 3 Rhinos

2 Predator Destructors
 3 Predator Annihilators
 3 Razorbacks
 1 Whirlwind

FLEET ASSETS¹

Battle barge *Sigismund's Light*
 Forgeship *Heracles*
 Strike cruiser *Dorn's Sword*
 3 Rapid strike vessels
 19 Thunderhawk gunships

✱ FIGHTING COMPANIES ✱

FIGHTING COMPANY HEINMAN

Castellan Heinman
 Banner Bearer Kiesel
 2 Techmarines
 2 Apothecaries
 145 Initiates
 34 Neophytes
 2 Dreadnoughts
 3 Land Raiders (2 Demos pattern,
 1 Crusader pattern)
 7 Rhinos
 2 Predator Destructors
 6 Razorbacks
 3 Whirlwinds
 17 Jump packs

FIGHTING COMPANY LAZARUS

Castellan Lazarus
 Banner Bearer Balthasar
 3 Techmarines
 2 Apothecaries
 171 Initiates
 56 Neophytes
 3 Dreadnoughts
 2 Crusader pattern Land Raiders
 11 Rhinos
 3 Predator Destructors
 2 Predator Annihilators
 7 Razorbacks
 5 Vindicators

FIGHTING COMPANY GOTCHALCUS

Castellan Lazarus Gotchalculus
 Banner Bearer Hildebrandt
 1 Techmarine
 1 Apothecary
 87 Initiates
 41 Neophytes
 3 Rhinos
 7 Land Speeders
 24 Combat bikes
 12 Scout bikes
 4 Attack bikes
 34 Jump packs

Note: The figures here are estimates made at the time the Crusade gathered. There are no records of non-combat personnel such as Servitors, Apprenta and so on.

The Crusade was later joined by the strike cruiser *Apocalypse* and at least 6 more rapid strike vessels. The number of Space Marines on board these vessels is unknown.

THE BLACK TEMPLARS

After the Great Heresy, Rogal Dorn, Primarch of the Imperial Fists, resisted attempts to break up his Legion, but when the Imperial Fists began to be persecuted as heretics, Dorn relented. To prove his loyalty to the Emperor, the first High Marshal of the Black Templars, Sigismund, assembled a massive war fleet and began the greatest Space Marine crusade in the history of the Imperium. It has lasted for 10,000 years.

The Black Templars are a fleet-based Chapter, with many battle barges, strike cruisers and

other craft, such as training vessels and gigantic forgeships. They are rarely assembled as a Chapter but instead are divided into a number of Crusades, each one numbering several hundred Space Marines. Each Crusade is led by a Marshal, while the High Marshal is responsible for monitoring the progress of all the current Crusades.

The Black Templar Chapter has no single homeworld which they can call their own. Instead, they establish Chapter Keeps on every world which they conquer or reclaim

for the Emperor. The main purpose of these Chapter Keeps is to recruit new Space Marines from amongst the finest warriors of the native population. Chapter Keeps also perform an important role as staging posts for mustering the Crusades together.

Note: The following rules are taken from Codex: Armageddon. You will need Codex: Space Marines to use these rules fully.

SPECIAL RULES

RIGHTEOUS ZEAL: Whilst most Space Marines under heavy fire or facing difficult odds in close combat will fall back, ready to counter-attack, the Black Templars will hurl themselves at the enemy with even greater determination and fervent anger. If a Black Templars unit ever has to fall back, it will not fall back. Instead, the unit heads towards the nearest enemy unit. The distance of this special move is the same as a fall back move would be, so most units advance 2D6" and this is halved if they go through difficult terrain (or is 3D6" for units with jump packs, etc). If this movement takes the unit into contact with an enemy unit, the Black Templars count as making a sweeping advance, with all the benefits and disadvantages that this entails; they count as assaulting, enemy units yet to shoot can still target them and unengaged enemy models may assault them.

Designer's note: Morale checks for shooting casualties are taken at the end of the Shooting phase, but this rule has been included to cover any Morale checks that may occur in the Shooting phase (like the Salamanders' new psychic power).

In close combat, Black Templars automatically pass any Morale checks they have to make. Black Templars may never use the optional voluntarily fall back rules.

PURITY SEALS: All Black Templars characters have purity seals for no extra points cost. Black Templars units may also be given purity seals, at +2 pts per model. Neophytes may not be given purity seals. If one model with purity seals is still alive in the unit then the entire unit gains the benefits. Due to the Righteous Zeal rules given above, purity seals allow the squad to roll an extra dice and discard one dice of your choice for their movement towards the enemy, rather than for fall back moves as is normally the case.

MIXED ARMOUR: Black Templars squads often have models with different armour saves. The normal casualty removal rules for shooting are slightly altered to take this into account.

When removing casualties for a unit with mixed armour saves, the Black Templars player must use the armour save of the majority type of model in the unit. So, if there are more Initiates than Neophytes, use their 3+ armour save, but if the Neophytes outnumber the Initiates, use the 4+ saving throw. If there is an equal number of Neophytes and Initiates, use the Initiates' 3+ save. Casualties must be taken from the troop type whose armour save you used; for example, if you save using the Initiates' armour, casualties must come from the Initiates first.

VOWS: The Black Templars must swear one of the following vows before a battle. Choose which vow your army has sworn after you've determined the mission but before either army sets up. Vows don't affect Black Templar vehicles unless noted.

Accept Any Challenge, No Matter The Odds.

Any unit in the Black Templars army must assault the enemy if they are in range at the start of the Assault phase and they must make an advance move if they win a combat, if they would normally be allowed to do so. In close combat, the Black Templars always hit on a roll of 3+, regardless of their opponent's WS (this vow has no effect against vehicles without a WS). Neophytes in a unit hit normally. If only Neophytes remain in a unit, they are not bound by this vow. Dreadnoughts in the army are bound by this vow.

Uphold The Honour Of The Emperor.

The Black Templars are convinced that the Emperor will protect them and refuse to skulk behind cover like cowards. Black Templars units may not count cover for saving throws or when assaulted. However, such is their faith in themselves that they shrug off even the most severe wounds, so gain a 6+ invulnerable saving throw. Neophytes may count cover as normal but do not gain the invulnerable save.

Suffer Not The Unclean To Live.

When rolling to wound in close combat, Black Templars add +1 to their dice roll (ie, if you need a 4+ to wound then a 3+ will succeed). A roll of 1 always fails to wound. The Black Templars need to summon their holy strength, so strike at -1 to their Initiative. Neophytes strike and wound normally.

Be Pure In Mind, Body And Soul.

Of all deviants, Black Templars abhor witches and warlocks the most. The faintest sign of heretical psychic power drives them into a violent fervour. This vow affects all Black Templars units, including vehicles. If there is an enemy psyker on the table at the start of the Black Templars' first Move phase, the Black Templars must make an additional move towards the enemy before their normal movement. The distance moved is 2D6" (roll for each unit) and each unit must move the full distance, ending the move closer to the enemy than when they started, if possible. After this initial surge forwards, units may make their normal move without restriction. All units count as moving that turn when resolving their shooting (vehicles count as moving under 6", unless they move over 6" during their normal movement). The Black Templars only get this extra move in the first turn of the game.

BLACK TEMPLARS ARMY LIST

Black Templars use the following units from Codex: Space Marines and from the new entries below. Note that, with the exception of the Command Squad, Black Templars units don't have Veteran Sergeants.

HEADQUARTERS	1 Emperor's Champion (Doesn't use up any choices on the Force Organisation chart); Black Templars Marshal; Chaplain; Command Squad*
ELITES	Terminator Squad; Terminator Assault Squad; Dreadnought; Space Marines Veteran Squad
TROOPS	Black Templars Squad
FAST ATTACK	Black Templars Assault Squad; Black Templars Bike Squadron; Attack Bike Squadron; Land Speeder Squadron; Land Speeder Tornado; Land Speeder Typhoon
HEAVY SUPPORT	Predator Annihilator; Predator Destructor; Vindicator; Land Raider; Land Raider Crusader; Whirlwind

* May exchange bolters for bolt pistol & close combat weapon.

HEADQUARTERS

1 EMPEROR'S CHAMPION

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Emperor's Champion	105	5	4	4	4	2	5	2	9	2+

The Emperor's Champion must be taken in a Black Templars army even if both players have agreed not to use special characters.

Wargear: Artificer armour, Terminator honours (bonus included above), purity seals, iron halo, master-crafted bolt pistol, the *Black Sword*. The Champion cannot be bought extra equipment.

SPECIAL RULES

The Black Sword: The *Black Sword* can be used with one or two hands. If used as a single-handed weapon it's treated as a power weapon with +1 Strength, and may be used in addition to the Champion's bolt pistol. If used as a double-handed weapon it counts as being a power fist.

Challenge: At the start of any Assault phase that the Champion is in combat, he may issue a challenge. Your opponent must choose an enemy character to fight him, who is involved in the same close combat as the Champion but doesn't have to be in base contact with him. A challenge can't be refused. Move the models into base contact and fight out the close combat as normal. No other models may attack the Champion or his opponent during a challenge. The outcome of the challenge decides the outcome of the close combat that the Champion and his opponent are involved in; only the wounds they inflict on each other are used to determine which side has won. Wounds inflicted by other models in this combat are not used to work out the result of the combat.

Always an Independent Character: The Emperor's Champion always fights as an independent character and so may never be accompanied by a Command squad.

BLACK TEMPLARS MARSHAL

	Pts/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Marshal	45	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	9	3+
High Marshal	60	5	5	4	4	3	5	3	10	3+

Options: The Marshal may have any equipment allowed from the Space Marine Armoury.

SPECIAL RULES

Independent Character: If unaccompanied, a Marshal counts as an independent character.

Command Squad: The Marshal may be accompanied by a Command squad, see the entry in Codex: Space Marines. A Marshal and his Command squad count as a single HQ choice.



What is your life?

My honour is my life.

What is your fate?

My duty is my fate.

What is your fear?

My fear is to fail.

What is your reward?

My salvation is my reward.

What is your craft?

My craft is death.

What is your pledge?

My pledge is eternal service.

TROOPS

BLACK TEMPLARS SQUAD

	Pts/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Initiate	15	4	4	4	4	1	4	1	8	3+
Neophyte	11	3	3	4	4	1	4	1	7	4+

Squad: The squad consists of between 5 and 10 Initiates. In addition, up to 5 Neophytes may be included in the unit.

Weapons: Initiates are armed with either bolt pistols and close combat weapons, or bolters (all Initiates must be armed the same way, they can't mix weaponry). Neophytes are armed with either shotguns, or bolt pistols and close combat weapons (Neophytes may mix their weaponry).

Options: One Initiate may be armed with one of the following weapons: power weapon and bolt pistol at +10 pts; power fist and boltpistol at +15 pts; heavy bolter at +5 pts; missile launcher at +10 pts; lascannon at +15 pts; plasma cannon at +15 pts; multi-melta at +15 pts.

One other Initiate may exchange his normal armament with one of the following weapons: flamer at +6 pts; meltagun at +10 pts; plasma gun at +6 pts.

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

Transport: If ten or less models, the squad may be mounted in a Rhino for +50 pts or, if it has 6 or less models, a Razorback at a cost of +70 pts (see Codex: Space Marines for upgrades).

FAST ATTACK

BLACK TEMPLARS ASSAULT SQUAD

	Pts/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Initiates	25	4	4	4	4	1	4	1	8	3+

Squad: The squad consists of between 5 to 10 Initiates.

Weapons: Bolt pistol, close combat weapon, frag grenades. Each model has a jump pack.

Options: The entire squad may be equipped with krak grenades at +2 pts per model and melta bombs at +4 pts per model.

Up to two models in the squad may either exchange their bolt pistol with a plasma pistol for +5 pts, or may exchange their close combat weapon with a power weapon for +10 pts, or a power fist for +15 pts. Any model may exchange its bolt pistol for a storm shield for +3 pts.

SPECIAL RULE

Deep Strike: Black Templar models equipped with jump packs may *Deep Strike*.

BLACK TEMPLARS BIKE SQUADRON

	Pts/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Initiate Biker	35	4	4	4	4(5)	1	4	1	8	3+
Neophyte Biker	25	3	3	4	4(5)	1	4	1	7	4+

Squad: The squadron consists of between 3 and 5 Initiates. In addition, you may also include up to 3 Neophytes. All models are mounted on Space Marine bikes.

Weapons: Each bike is fitted with twin-linked bolters. Each rider is armed with a bolt pistol.

Options: Up to two Initiates in the squad may exchange their bolt pistol for one of the following: flamer at +3 pts; meltagun at +10 pts; plasma gun at +6 pts; power weapon at +10 pts.

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

"Your honour is your life. Let none dispute it."

Captain Navarre of the Black Templars 4th Crusade.



Black Templars do not have Scout squads. Instead, Initiates 'adopt' a Neophyte to train, teaching them their skills and educating them in battlecraft. In return, a Neophyte must serve their Initiate, attending to their day-to-day needs and waiting on them at the Chapter feasts.



As with the other Black Templar battle-brethren, bike squads also have a duty to train Neophytes in their particular battle skills. In contrast, ancient tradition forbids Assault squads from taking Neophytes, as these units are usually in the thickest of the fighting and suffer the heaviest losses. Such risks cannot be taken with the Chapter's future warriors before they are fully trained.





A The Crusader variant of the Land Raider was developed by the Black Templars during the Jerulas Crusade, to aid them in the numerous sieges which they had to fight in order to reconquer the hive world. As news of the Crusaders' success spread, other Space Marine Chapters requested information regarding their remodelling of the Land Raider, and in 763.M39 the Crusader pattern became approved by Mars (not that this had stopped many Chapters using it beforehand). The Crusader is designed to smash into the enemy lines, disgorging the Space Marines into the heart of their adversaries. Its numerous short-ranged weapons allow the Crusader to weaken the enemy before the assault is launched and to provide a torrent of firepower to support its cargo once they are in combat.

HEAVY SUPPORT

LAND RAIDER CRUSADER

	Points	Front Armour	Side Armour	Rear Armour	BS
Crusader	255	14	14	14	4

Type: Tank

Crew: Space Marines

Weapons: The Land Raider Crusader is armed with two 'hurricane' pattern bolters, a twin-linked assault cannon and a multi-melta. The Crusader is also equipped with frag assault launchers.

Options: The Crusader may have the following vehicle upgrades: dozer blades at +5 pts; hunter-killer missile at +15 pts; pintle-mounted stormbolter at +10 pts; searchlight at +1 pt; smoke launchers at +3 pts.

Transport: Note that a Land Raider Crusader may only be taken as a Heavy Support choice, never a transport option. Due to the extra space created by removing the large generators required for the lascannons, a Crusader has an increased carrying capacity. A Crusader may carry up to 15 Space Marines or 8 Space Marine Terminators. Note that it may still only carry one squad and independent characters (ie, you can't put a ten-man squad and a five-man squad inside at the same time).

Availability for other Space Marine Chapters: Other Space Marine Chapters may take Crusader pattern Land Raiders, but their greater rarity outside the Black Templars Chapter means that other Chapters are limited to having a maximum of only one.

SPECIAL RULES

Extra Armour: All Land Raider Crusaders have additional armour plating to ensure that they can reach the enemy with their transported squad intact. A Crusader counts as having the extra armour vehicle upgrade, so it treats any 'Crew Stunned' result on the damage tables as a 'Crew Shaken' result instead.

'Hurricane' bolters: Each 'hurricane' bolter counts as three twin-linked boltguns. The Crusader may always fire its 'hurricane' bolters, regardless of how far it has moved or what other weapons it is firing.

Frag Assault Launchers: The front of the Crusader is studded with explosive charges, designed to hurl shrapnel into the enemy as the troops inside charge out along the assault ramp. Any unit which assaults on the same turn it disembarks from the Crusader counts as having frag grenades.



HIGH MARSHAL HELBRECHT

Helbrecht exemplifies the qualities of stubbornness and unswerving loyalty to the Emperor that are the marks of the Black Templar Chapter. He was elected High Marshal in 989.M41, and is currently leading the Black Templars as they storm Ork space hulks in the Armageddon system.

Weapons fire strobed through the dark corridors of the hulk. The cacophony of shrapnel and ricochets ringing against rust-spotted bulkheads was like the foundry of a mad god. The Initiates covering the doors out of the generator room were engaged in a fierce firefight with the Orks outside, soon the alien scum would amass enough strength to rush the handful of Black Templars opposing them. High Marshal Helbrecht turned to the Techmarine kneeling beside the heavy thermic charge they had brought aboard.

"How much longer Brother Hexil?" He shouted over the roar of weapons.

Techmarine Hexil did not look up from the fine adjustments he was making as he replied "The weapon's spirit was offended by the rough treatment it suffered on arrival High Marshal. If its containment loop is not realigned by the proper supplications it will fail to consume itself and grow to the correct size for full devastation."

"Try to hurry Brother, we don't have much..."

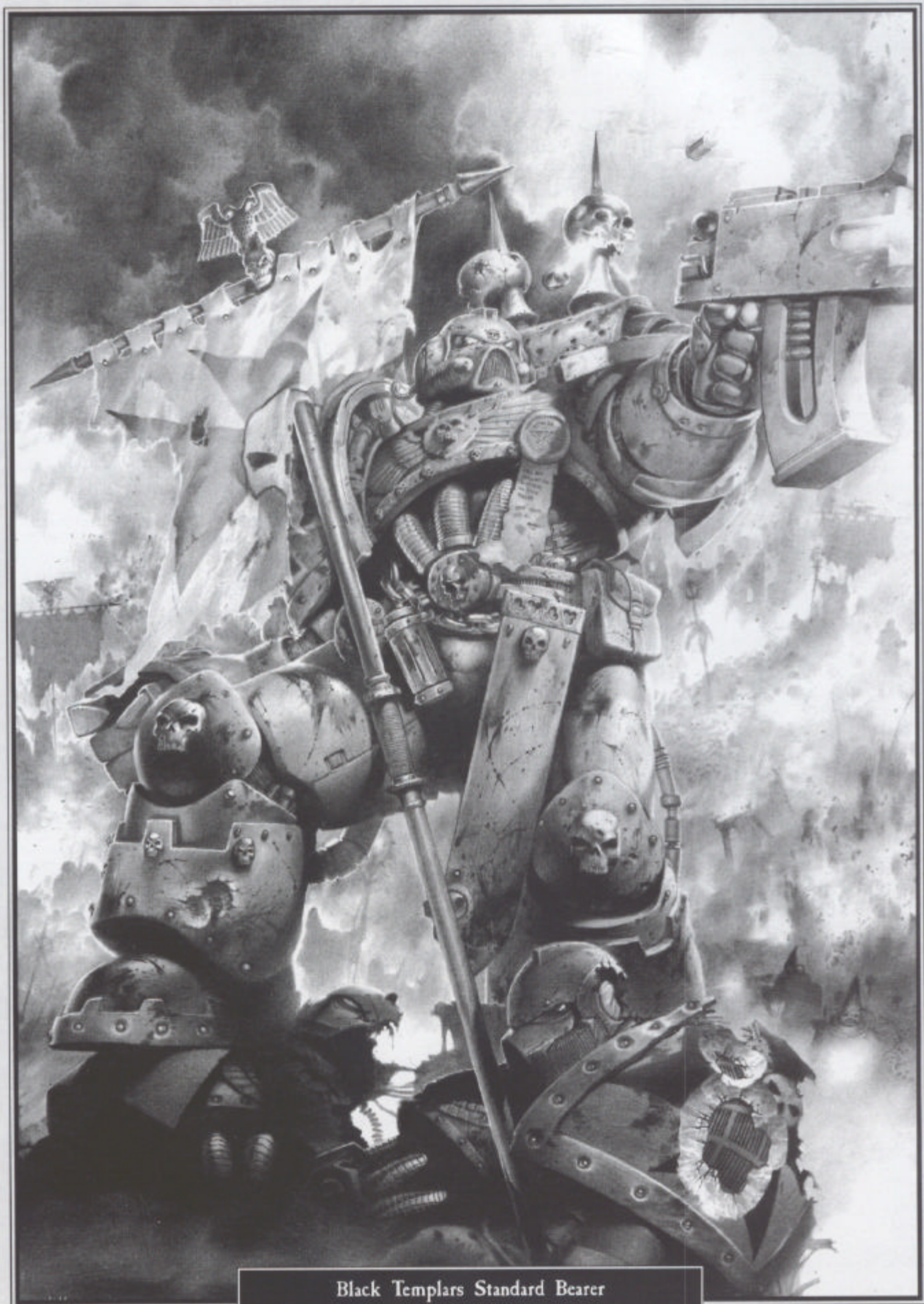
The High Marshal was distracted by a sudden increase in the firing at one of the doors. Howls and yells announced an Ork attack was imminent. He crossed to it in three quick strides, just in time to meet the aliens' rush. A huge Ork leader crashed through the doorway and eviscerated an Initiate with a thrust beneath his breastplate. Helbrecht parried its next blow and countered with a swing perfectly timed to catch his foe off balance from his missed attack. The glittering energy field of his ancient power sword slashed through the Orks' neck with barely a hint of resistance and the great Ork fell clutching spasmodically at the stump of its neck.

Helbrecht leapt forward into the lesser Orks behind, hacking and slashing with little finesse but horrible effectiveness. Limbs and heads flew apart. In seconds the doorway was filled with twitching corpses. Brother Mikael came up with his flamer and the surviving Orks were driven back down the corridor by a wall of flames.

"The charge is prepared" called Brother Hexil.

Helbrecht instantly switched comm-channels with a nerve impulse. "High Marshal" to Light of Purity, immediate recovery - code blue."

The Templars moved to the centre of the chamber and were teleported to the waiting strike vessel in a blinding flash of light. Seconds later, the thermic charge blasted a new crater in the flank of the Ork space hulk.



Black Templars Standard Bearer
by Kev Walker



FOR THE EMPEROR

Space Marine Chaplains

by Anthony Reynolds

Space Marine Chaplains are the spiritual leaders of the Adeptus Astartes. They accompany their brother Space Marines into battle, chanting liturgies and exhorting them to great feats of bravery. They are terrifying and sinister figures, garbed in black ceramite power armour, and wearing their death's head masks. Ferocious and devoted, they are inspirational Space Marines who are found wherever the fighting is thickest. They lead their brethren from the fore, and perceive battle as the highest form of worship in the galaxy. The Chaplains rejoice in the slaughter of their enemies, rendering praise to the Emperor and to the founder of their Chapter as they fight.

Chaplains and the Ecclesiarchy

"Rejoice! Let the glory of battle envelop us! Let our enemies fear us, for we are the Emperor's wrath!"

*Chaplain Remataan,
Imperial Fists Chapter*

For over ten thousand years the Ecclesiarchy has been a powerful organisation within the Imperium. The Imperial Cult preached by the Ecclesiarchy, also known as the Ministorum, has become the sole official religion within the Imperium, and it wields tremendous power. Its influence is enormous, and the followers of the Ministorum are zealous and unwavering in their belief and faith. The Ecclesiarchy is notoriously xenophobic and aggressive towards any perceived taint within Humanity. Any deviancy from the teachings of the Imperial Cult is dealt with harshly. Persecutions are frequent throughout the Imperium as the Ecclesiarchy attempts to maintain its powerful position, stamping out any cults and religions that could threaten its authority.

The Cults of the Space Marines were formed long before the Ecclesiarchy became a powerful force within the Imperium, and they hold to their beliefs stubbornly, disdaining the fanatical ravings of the Ministorum. Their ideology features fundamental theological differences from the teachings of the Ecclesiarchy. The main point of contention between the Space Marines and the Ecclesiarchy occurs in how they perceive the Emperor. To the Ecclesiarchy, the Emperor is a god, the most divine being, the Saviour of Mankind and its eternal guardian. The Space Marines revere the Emperor as a brilliant, inspired man, but a man nonetheless. This forms a major schism between the two organisations.

Some amongst the Ecclesiarchy see the Space Marines as dangerous, heretical deviants, and certainly Wars of Faith have been fought for far less. However, the Space Marines are unfailingly loyal to the Emperor, even if they do not recognise his divinity. At the same time, the Space Marines are to

be revered for they share aspects of their genetic structure with the Emperor himself. An uneasy truce has developed between the Adeptus Astartes and the Ministorum, though occasional disputes shatter this wary peace.

The Chaplains of the Space Marine Chapters are gifted with their sacred Rosarius by the Ecclesiarchy in recognition of the link between the two organisations, though this is little more than a symbolic gesture of peace between them. Most commonly, this powerful protective amulet is worn around the neck in the form of an ornate cross, and it is sometimes referred to as their 'soul armour', capable of protecting them even from a direct hit by a lascannon.

Codex Roles within the Chapter

"At battle's end, speak the Liturgy in a clear voice. Respect the bravery of the living. Give the Rite of Passage to the fallen. Honour the battle gear of the dead. To do all this with reverence, even when exhausted by battle and weary from the field, is the duty of the Chaplain. It is his burden and his satisfaction."

*Interrogator-Chaplain Islah,
Dark Angels Chapter*

Space Marine Chaplains are important figures within the Chapter, and they are well respected by their Brother Marines. They have a strong bond with the other members of the Chapter, featuring heavily within the daily lives of the Space Marines from an early stage. They are one of the first faces encountered when new recruits join the Chapter as neophytes, and it is the Chaplains who preside over their indoctrination. The Chaplains teach them of the Chapter's cult beliefs, and direct them in memorising the various hymnals and liturgies that they are required to know. Though notoriously strict and fiery individuals, they are also renowned for their sense of duty and responsibility for their Brother Marines. They fight with inspired passion and belief, ever watchful for the well-being of their comrades.

The Chaplains are the spiritual leaders of their brethren, and guide the Space Marines in the oaths of loyalty sworn to the Chapter. Praise is rendered to the Emperor and the Primarch for the inception and existence of the Adeptus Astartes, although the way each is perceived varies from Chapter to Chapter. The Emperor is recognised as their founder and the saviour of Humanity, but is most often regarded as an awe-inspiring man by the Adeptus Astartes. Some Chapters worship their Primarch as a god or demi-god, while others praise them as superior, yet mortal beings, mighty heroes from an age long past.

The central shrine where prayer and worship is conducted is called the Reclusium, and it lies within the Chapter's fortress monastery. It is a

place of particular cultural and spiritual reverence. This most holy place contains ancient artefacts and relics of particular significance, often holding fragments of the Primarch's armour, as well as the battle gear of heroic figures from the Chapter's history. Company and Chapter standards hang from its hallowed walls. The Chaplains lead their sermons within the vast Reclusium, rousing the Space Marines with their passionate exhortations. The battle barges and strike craft of the Chapter's fleet also hold towering cathedrals within their armoured halls, enabling Space Marines to confirm their devotions when far from the Chapter's Fortress Monastery. Indeed the majority of the Chapter is often scattered across the galaxy, fighting in campaigns that may last hundreds of years. However, the Chaplains preach

a very practical minded form of worship, and the presence of a formal chapel is not always necessary. The Chaplains accompany their battle brothers in their crusades, guiding them spiritually wherever they may be. They lead them in prayer and ritual, whether it be within the Reclusium, aboard a strike craft or in the midst of battle itself.

Devotional Armour

The archaic and ornate armour that the Chaplains wear may be hundreds, if not thousands of years old. They are revered pieces of equipment, and are perceived as mobile shrines in themselves. The black armour is frequently decorated with an array of ancient tokens and embellishments, often in the form of purity seals, devotional pendants and such. These

Chapter Approved. Access Level: 61 seventy-three

Space Marine Chaplains and equipment M41

Chaplain Devotional Death-Masks



Wolf Priest Ulrik the Slayer
note: Wolf Helm of Russ



Ultramarines Chaplain Bracius



Blood Angels Chaplain Lemartes
Guardian of the Lost



Auto-reactive shoulder pads with
Chaplain Badge of Office - Death's Head



Crozius Arcanum - Staff of Office
Note: Space Wolves variant

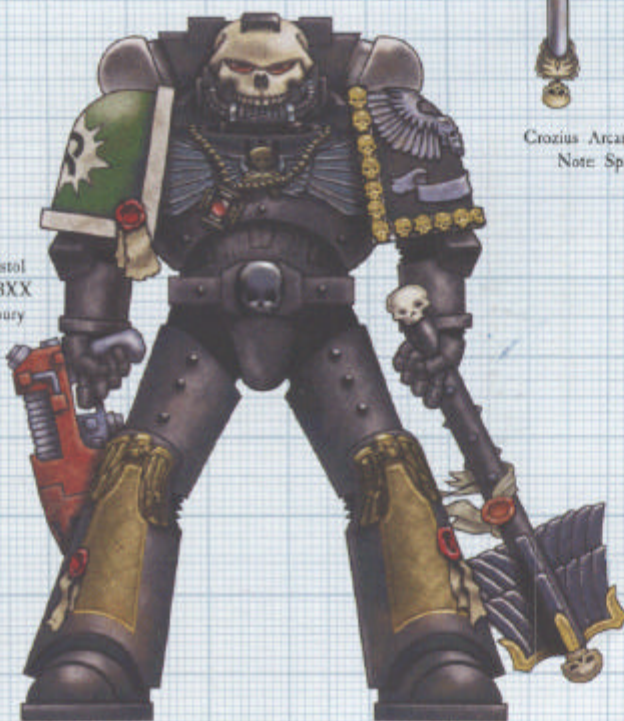


Rosarius - 'Soul armour'
cross ref: IXz
Gifts of the Ecclesiarchy



Chaplain Xavier's Salamander-mantle

Plasma Pistol
cross ref: 3XX
M31 armoury



Chaplain Borrisoff of the Aurora-Chapter

Thought for the day: Cleanse the Emperor's enemies with righteousness and zeal.

sigils come in a range of forms, often appearing as winged skulls, the Imperial Eagle or other Chapter-oriented symbols of dedication. The face plate of the Chaplain's helmet commonly resembles a death's head skull, inspiring fear in the enemy, as well as respect and devotion in their comrades.

Part of the formal regalia that the Chaplain carries is his staff of office, the potent Crozius Arcanum. This arcane and most holy of items is used in official ceremonies and worship, and is often topped with an Imperial eagle or winged skull. The staff is carried to war by the Chaplain, reflecting the ritual importance of battle to the Space Marines. The Crozius incorporates a powerful energy field, enabling it to punch through all forms of armour with ease, smiting the Chaplain's enemies in bright bursts of energy and faith.

Glorious battle is seen as the highest form of worship for the Chaplains. Their primary role is as inspiring, spiritual warriors, and they are chosen from amongst the most fiery and devoted of Space Marines. They lead their brothers from the fore, chanting the liturgies of battle while they slay their foes, exhorting their fellow Space Marines to greater feats of arms in the name of the Chapter and the Emperor.

They encourage their battle-brothers to relive the glories of the Emperor, each warrior aspiring to the miraculous feats their founding father was capable of.

Chapter Variations

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

*Chaplain Hanius,
Blood Angels Chapter*

Chaplains are the purveyors of the Chapter's cult, ensuring its continuation and survival within the Space Marine ranks. The Codex Astartes dictates the role that the Chaplains play within the Space Marine Chapter, as epitomised by the steadfast Ultramarines Chapter. However, the cult beliefs have been in existence for over ten thousand years, and over this time the various Chapters have branched apart, each respective cult following their own path with their own unique belief system. As a consequence, the roles that the Chaplains play will often vary between the different Chapters.

The Interrogator-Chaplains of the enigmatic and secretive Dark Angels Chapter are a sinister variation from the traditional Codex. They are driven solely by the pursuit and reclamation of their damned brethren, the Fallen. The

Chapter is fanatically consumed with the finding of these heretics, and those who are captured are handed over to the Interrogator-Chaplains. Hidden within the depths of the Dark Angels fortress monastery, known as the Tower of Angels, these menacing Space Marines undertake their grisly duty as they attempt to draw a confession from the lips of the Fallen. The Interrogator-Chaplains give a quick death to those rare few who repent, and lingering torment to those who do not. For each of the Fallen who confesses his sins, the Interrogator-Chaplain may add a single black pearl to his sacred Rosarius. The most successful of all the Dark Angels Interrogator-Chaplains was the great Master Molocia, who died after three hundred years of service to his Chapter. Throughout his illustrious career, he secured ten black pearls for his Rosarius, an achievement unmatched within the Dark Angels' ranks.

The role of the Chaplain within the Iron Hands Chapter is fulfilled to an extent by the Iron-Fathers, who also carry out the role of elite Techmarines. Their beliefs have altered over the millennia so that they hold a particular reverence for the mechanical, and this has seeped into their cult beliefs. The Iron-Fathers are rumoured to spend a time of apprenticeship on Mars, home planet of the mysterious Adeptus Mechanicus. There are those within the Ecclesiarchy who see the Iron Hands as corrupted, for they appear to venerate the Machine God more than the Emperor himself. The mutual distrust between the Iron Hands and the Ministorum has erupted into bloodshed on several occasions and, not surprisingly, the Ecclesiarchy refuses to gift the Chapter with the sacred Rosarius.

The Chaplains of the tragically flawed Blood Angels are the guardians of the Chapter, constantly vigilant for the first signs of the Black Rage amongst their battle-brothers. The Black Rage afflicts some members of the Blood Angels before a battle, their minds becoming unhinged as they relive the moment of their Primarch's death. On the eve of battle, the Chaplains move amongst the Space Marines as they are engaged in their prayers and devotions. They chant the Moripatris, the Mass of Doom, and carefully check for the first signs of the terrible curse. Those who succumb to the affliction are removed from their brethren to become a part of the Death Company. They are led into battle by the Chaplain himself,



and their madness and frenzy lends them superhuman strength and powers of resilience. They tear into the enemy without hesitation, shrugging off wounds that would make even their hardened battle-brothers fall. They would rather seek death in battle than risk succumbing to the even more debilitating catastrophe of the Red Thirst. Dark rumours can be heard that those who fall to such depths are kept atop the Tower of Amareo on the Blood Angels' home planet of Baal. Here they are said to exist for all time, howling for the living blood that they crave. The Chaplains are said to administer to these degenerates, although what actually becomes of the twisted creatures is a secret known only to the Blood Angels Chaplains themselves.

The Wolf Priests of the ferocious Space Wolves Chapter fulfil the dual role of both Chaplain and Apothecary of Codex Chapters. They adorn themselves in wolf totems, and often wear an intimidating wolf skull helm over their heads. They minister to both the physical and spiritual well-being of their wolf-brethren, and they are fully responsible for the indoctrination and recruitment of young 'Blood Claws' from amongst the fierce, nomadic seafaring people of their icy home world, Fenris. They can often be seen from afar, watching from a high vantage point as the native warriors battle each other. They pick suitable candidates from amongst those who display particular promise and bravery.

The beliefs of the Space Wolves Chapter more closely resemble those of the hardy, feral tribes than those of strictly Codex Chapters. They hold great respect for personal bravery and great deeds, but have little regard for inherited power. They do not venerate the Emperor as a divine being, although this is not particularly unusual amongst the Adeptus Astartes. The Emperor is revered as the only warrior to ever have bested their Primarch, the headstrong Leman Russ, in hand-to-hand combat. They have little more than contempt for the Ecclesiarchy, although the Wolf Priests will often wear the sacred Rosarius. However, their Rosarius is altered to represent a wolf totem rather than an Ecclesiastic icon. When they call on the Emperor and their Primarch in battle, it is not so much to seek their aid, but rather to call their attention so as to witness personal deeds and accomplishments.

WOLF PRIEST ULRIC THE SLAYER



Ulric is an ancient and revered figure, held in awe by his fellow Space Wolves. As a young Blood Claw, full of unrestrained fury, he fought in the First War for Armageddon where he earned a fearsome reputation. He engaged the enemy on the ash wastes of that tortured planet as part of the Great Company of Wolf Lord Kruger. Despite his relative lack of experience, he fought with astonishing skill and savagery. In one conflict he dispatched three traitorous World Eater Space Marines, earning the dubious honour of the respect of the corrupted Legion, who praise martial skill above all else. Ulric has recruited many Space Wolves who have gone on to become mighty warriors. Greatest of these are Logan Grimnar, the current Great Wolf, and the impetuous and tactically brilliant, if unorthodox, young Ragnar Blackmane.

ULTRAMARINES CHAPLAIN CASSIUS



Cassius is the oldest living Space Marine within the faithful and valourous Ultramarines Chapter. Approaching four hundred years old, he fought by the side of the current Grand Master of the Ultramarines, Marneus Calgar, as they fought off the Tyranid Hive Fleet Behemoth. He is heavily scarred, his skin weathered and leathery, and his hair pure white. Despite his age, he fights with inspired passion and ferocity, and leads the warriors of the Ultramarines into battle against the enemies of the Imperium still. His age has tempered his battle skills with great wisdom, and his counsel is well respected amongst his brethren. He has a particular hatred for Tyranids, to whom he has lost so many battle brothers. He leads daring attacks against them whenever possible, totally fearless of the towering monstrosities, and inspiring his companions to remarkable feats of bravery.

SALAMANDERS CHAPLAIN XAVIER



Chaplain Xavier was said to epitomise the Salamander ideal more completely than any other Space Marine in the long history of the proud Chapter. A great upholder of the Promethean Cult, he encouraged dedicated acts of endurance and belief, and it is said that he slew with his bare hands one of the ancient, monstrous salamanders native to his home world of Nocturne. Xavier could spur his battle brothers to great acts of fortitude and resilience, and it is said that when he led them, the Salamanders never fell back before an enemy. He was killed whilst leading a heroic counter-attack against the twisted members of a Dark Eldar raiding force that had ravaged numerous settlements across the jungle-world of Dryccena. Mortally wounded and pierced by countless blades, he fought on, stubbornly refusing to fall. Only once all his foes were vanquished, their bodies piled around him, did he let his grievous wounds overcome him. His body was returned to Nocturne by his brethren, and his name is spoken with reverence.

ASMODAI MASTER INTERROGATOR-CHAPLAIN OF THE DARK ANGELS CHAPTER



The Interrogator-Chaplains are specialists in their vicious field, but none is more adept than the sinister Asmodai. Such is his fearful reputation that the enemy would rather die than fall into his hands. Rumours of the horrific tortures he can inflict abound, and it is said that he can keep his victims alive for weeks on end as he subjects them to increasingly agonising torment. He is single-minded in his devotion to this dire responsibility, and he makes use of the horrific Blades of Reason to encourage the Fallen to repent their sins. The Blades are etched with labyrinthine neural-wires which cause unbelievable pain to the nerve fibres they sever. Though they cause intense pain and anguish, their effects are not fatal, and so the torture may continue virtually indefinitely, until the subject is both physically and mentally broken, and willing to confess his foul crimes.

BLOOD ANGELS CHAPLAIN LEMARTES, GUARDIAN OF THE LOST



Chaplain Lemartes is a particularly strong-willed figure within the battle-hungry Blood Angels Chapter, leading into battle those of his damned brothers who have succumbed to the Black Rage. Lemartes is himself affected by the tragic curse, although through supreme strength of will he is able to have some control over its fury. The authority he commands is matched only by Commander Dante himself, and such is his respect amongst his brethren that he is able, with a word, to restrain the blood-frenzied nature of even those under the influence of the Black Fury. Equipped with his terrifying death mask, he is a fearful figure of doom, a nightmare to behold as he charges into combat, unleashing the full fury of his barely contained rage.

Index Astartes



THE CURSED FOUNDING

An investigation into
a mysterious Space
Marine founding

by Graham McNeill

To: Inquisitor Belial
From: Inquisitor Apollyon
Date: 999.M41
Subject: Excavation of Adeptus Mechanicus geno-lab
Thought for the Day: Strength through stability

Fellow Inquisitor, I contact you now with grave news. A matter has arisen on the world of Incunabla that may well threaten the delicate balance of the Imperium we strive to preserve. I have taken steps to remedy this situation, ordering a detachment of Grey Knights to the planet, but fear that events may have already progressed too far. I believe that our Thorian 'brothers' in the Inquisition have once again attempted to make their wild and heretical beliefs a reality. Only time will tell whether I have acted in time.

An agent of mine, inserted within the Adeptus Mechanicus some years ago, recently reported disturbing news from an archaeological site on the dead world of Incunabla. Details were slow in forthcoming, but it seemed clear that buried deep within the rock of this barren world were secrets that have lain undiscovered these last five thousand years. Secrets regarding a founding of the Adeptus Astartes Space Marines sometimes referred to as the Cursed Founding. Having intercepted and examined the majority of the Adeptus Mechanicus Astropathic transmissions, I believe that elimination of this site is the only viable option open to us. Such technology has no place in the Imperium if we are to preserve its stability. I present my findings to you and await further guidance.

Adeptus Mechanicus
Archaeological Expedition TH/21/36
Project Leader: Explorator Magos
Marco Pteronus
Date: 998.M41, days 23 - 38

DAY 23 - 27

Despite the frequent, curt reassurances from Brother Lequara that we were in the correct location, our initial investigations into the anomalous readings which our divination auguries registered were less than promising. Incunabla is a desolate place indeed and what Lequara expected to find so close to holy Terra was quite beyond me. Surely anything of promise would have been revealed to the Adepts of the Machine God before now? However, he does seem to have considerable sway with the Departamento Munitorum, and the funding, equipment and supplies he has provided for our expedition have proven to be most useful. Therefore I was inclined to indulge his fantasy that there was something worth excavating on Incunabla, while secretly deciding how best to obtain more equipment from him. How wrong I was to be proved!

DAY 28 - 33

After much to-ing and fro-ing we were finally able to triangulate the anomalous readings and descended to the planet's surface. The location of the readings proved to be a jagged black mountain peak surrounded by a

highly volatile magnetic field and despite such a hazardous external environment, Brother Lequara demanded that we immediately don pressure suits and venture outside. Almost as soon as the Explorator team stepped beyond the protective hexes of the crawler, systems began to fail on our pressure suits. I believe that the strong magnetic field and lack of a proper blessing had angered the machine spirits and caused them to rail against such treatment. In response, Lequara activated a device the likes of which I have never seen before and this seemed to calm the machine spirits of our suits. As I craned forwards for a closer look at this device he concealed it from my view and, admonishing us to continue forward, he led us towards the mountain.

We trudged ever upwards, the sky darkening and the temperature dropping rapidly. I advised Lequara that we should return to the crawler and continue our exploration on the morrow, but he would have none of it. I continued to urge him to reconsider and he shot me a look of utter ruthlessness such that I shall never forget. As we neared the top of the peak, we came upon a small ledge that apparently ended at a sheer basalt rock face. I say apparently because as we halted, Lequara muttered a few words into the strange device he carried and a section of the rock seemed to blur and shift as though caught in some kind of optical distortion. I stood amazed as revealed

before us was a scarred adamantium door clearly marked with the Imperial Eagle. The door resisted all our attempts at opening it and Lequara at last decided to wait until the following day when we would be able to bring up the powerful las-cutters he had furnished us with.

DAY 34 - 36

The door proved to be more resilient than I had originally thought and it was several days before we were able to effect an entry. Once inside, we discovered a shattered elevator shaft descending into the depths of the peak and were forced to rig a cable harness since it appeared that the elevator was no longer operational. Brother Lequara was the first to descend on the harness and, as he disappeared into the darkness of the shaft, I noticed the markings on its walls. What I had at first taken for corrosion damage I now realised was in fact laser scoring and impacts from small arms fire. Briefly I wondered what events had transpired here, but these were quickly forgotten as I imagined the secrets we might discover in this abandoned peak. For a moment I even dared hope for a fully functioning STC system!

DAY 37

At last we were within the corridors of the base and, I confess, my sense of trepidation was increasing the deeper we ventured. The facility buried beneath the mountain had obviously been the site of a tremendous battle. The walls were riddled with bullet impacts and laser burns and the remains of hastily constructed barricades lay scattered throughout the empty, echoing halls. The place was deserted and, save for the odd scattered bone, the victims of this battle had either been taken by the victors for some unguessable purpose or had long since decayed to dust. Brother Lequara was like an excited child as we explored the facility and would allow us to touch nothing. It was not until we eventually discovered a laboratory hidden in the heart of the underground complex that we were to learn the true purpose of this place. What I believe that purpose to be is almost too fantastic to relate, but having since perused the scant morsels of data on the base's main logic engine, words cannot begin to convey my excitement to you.

DAY 38

The laboratory we discovered contained a plethora of ancient machines, and my heart leapt to see so much techno-arcana preserved in such

an undamaged condition. But it was the centre of the laboratoria that demanded my most immediate attention. Connected by vast bundles of pulsing tubes and cables to the machines were six ceiling height incubation tanks. Three were empty, but the others contained amniotic fluid with an enormous human male floating within them. The physiology of these giants put me in mind of Space Marines, but these brutes were far larger than those members of the Adeptus Astartes whom I have laid eyes upon. Two of these tubes were obviously damaged, the fluid within cloudy and stagnant, but the third still appeared to be functioning after Throne knows how many millennia.

Truly the Machine God had smiled on us! We drained the first two tubes and, between six of us, managed to lift the bodies from within. Genetor Quincus had the bodies taken to the mortarium and began the autopsies immediately while I initiated the revivification of the third body. The process would take almost eight hours and I hoped that we would have a clearer idea of what exactly we were dealing with after the autopsies were complete. I shall append the autopsy reports of the first

two beings to this log later this evening. Also attached are the fragments of the facility commander's records which I have been able to recover. I am unsure as to their real value as the recorder of the log appears to be raving and of unsound mind. Nevertheless, I shall append them and allow you to make your own judgement.



AUTOPSY REPORT

Filed by: Genetor Quincus

1. Preliminary visual examination of the bodies proved to be inconclusive as to the cause of death. The skin of the body displayed a soft elastic quality and ruptured in several places on transport to the mortarium. No external puncture wounds were evident and dermal lividity appeared to indicate that the subject had died less than an hour previous to this examination.

How this is possible is as yet undetermined.

Initial DNA scans revealed many of the amino acid and enzyme chains

still unformed. Combined with evidence of 'hot-housing' the genome, this leads me to believe that the subjects were artificially accelerated to this level of growth and, biologically speaking, may be less than one year old.

2. Despite the lack of tensile strength in the skin, the bone structure beneath proved to be much tougher. Performing a standard 'Y' incision and peeling back the skin and considerable musculature on subject alpha's chest revealed an interlinked growth of highly ossified bone plates that completely armoured the chest cavity. It required a laser saw to cut through this 'bone-shield' and the strength of several servitors to break open the rib cage and expose the chest cavity.

3. The interior of the subject's chest cavity contains a number of organs whose purpose is undetermined. Primary heart, lungs, kidneys and liver are present and, in regard to mass to muscle ratio, must have been many times more efficient than even the Space Marines of the present day are known to be. As well as these organs are a number of others of unknown origin. Their function can only be guessed at and it is beyond my expertise to probe their mysteries. I am familiar with most of the organs unique to the physiology of a Space Marine yet the ones visible here are unknown to me. These organs have been sealed in stasis jars for transport to the more advanced laboratoria facilities on Mars. Perhaps the genetors there will have more success than I.

4. After the chest cavity had been examined, I removed the cranial lid to expose the subject's brain. Inside was a most curious organism that only superficially resembled a human brain. Its mass and colouration were consistent with a male of such disproportionate size, but there the similarity ended. Dissection of the brain revealed a hitherto unknown configuration of matter, if indeed it was matter, and further organs of unknown nature. Further examination was impossible due to the ultra-rapid necrotising of the brain after its removal from the cranium. Within minutes it had disintegrated into a foetid puddle of grey ooze. The nature and purpose of this organ is therefore unknown.

5. In summary it is impossible to say with any certainty how the subjects died. No visible signs of trauma were evident and no viral, bacteriological or toxicological contamination was found. My own conclusion is that the subject's growth was boosted artificially and they expired when the machinery of the incubation tube failed. I have performed similar examinations on members of the Adeptus Astartes before this and can say with utter certainty that these subjects are far superior to them in every way.



LOG OF BASE COMMANDER

[Note: Many portions of data were lost and only these fragments could be recovered by the Lexmechanics. - Marco -Pteronius.]

Log Entry No: 23

Project Homo Sapiens Novus continues to meet with further success and I believe that within the next few accelerated evolutionary iterations we may achieve goal of recreating the [fragment destroyed] and imbue them with psychically attuned minds to resist the of Chaos. That we may follow in the footsteps of our Glorious Emperor fills me with pride and that my name may be spoken of in the same breath is an honour I can scarce believe.

Log Entry No: 29

More warships arrived in orbit today and I was privileged enough to be allowed to watch as our newest Chapter, the Flame Falcons, boarded the vessels en route to their designated home world of Lethe. To see such fighting men is to have mankind's manifest destiny amongst the stars affirmed. With such enhanced warriors as these fighting for the glory of the Emperor, the of our Imperium is assured.

Log Entry No: 33

I discovered an unusual occurrence in the storage labs today. As I was intoning the evening's Litany of Purity over the gene banks, I espied a dark, viscous liquid running from a stasis vessel. I opened the container and was horrified to discover the vessel overflowing with a stinking, organic substance, growing larger as I watched. Incinerator units destroyed the gene stock, but I am at a loss as to explain its sudden and rapid growth, the material was placed under the proper blessings and rituals. stasis field failed or the genetic corrupted before we placed it in storage. Other than this I can think of no explanation for this phenomena.

Log Entry No: 41

Today I received word from the Apothecaries of the Black Dragons of some irregularities in the zygote development of their first born members. It appears that as their Ossmodula has matured more fully, it has caused the growth of bony protuberances and 'crests' from the forearms and heads of the Space Marines. This is an unexpected side effect and is possibly hormonally stimulated growth. Purity procedures will be reviewed and any deficient zygotes destroyed.

Log Entry No: 44

Reports are coming in daily now of spontaneous mutation in the gene seed of those we have created here. I dread to think of the consequences should the cause of these mutations be traced back to the experiments we performed here. Our

sponsor in these matters, Inquisitor Crescere, has assured me that we proceed with the Emperor's blessing, but as more and more reports of mutation reach us I cannot help but feel a terrible mistake. I have requested that we halt the program until more thorough research is undertaken, but Crescere informed me in no uncertain terms that my life would be over should I fail to continue the work.

Log Entry No: 46

I have secretly begun implantation with six test subjects, in our hidden lab that not even Crescere knows of, to more closely monitor the gene development of our altered subjects. I will subjects' beyond normal parameters in order to observe any aberrations that might not otherwise come to light whilst they are on Incunabla. Perhaps then we will be able to discover the cause of such mutations and rectify the problem before we create more of these cursed How many have already left Incunabla I do not know. Only Crescere may communicate with the other facilities on the planet and I fear that we may be too late to these abominations this damned world.

Log Entry No: 47

I fear Crescere knows of the secret work I have been undertaking. During this morning's unarmed combat training, two of my test subjects berserk killed thirty of the others collapsing in a pile of mad, thrashing limbs as their bodies went uncontrolled mutation. The things that were left on the floor had only the last vestiges of humanity to their form and the thought of whole Chapters of Space Marines with such defective gene-seed in their bodies fills me with horror and shame. Crescere had the bodies incinerated before we could perform an examination of the corpses and informed me that he was relieving me as head of this facility. Emperor have mercy on my soul, created monsters here! While I can do nothing about those we have already let loose, destroy most of the knowledge stored here. Crescere has locked me out of the most vital systems, but I will do what I can. When he discovers what I have done kill me. I welcome it.

Log Entry No: 49

We were soon to learn that the third of the secret test subjects I created had condemned us all to death. At first it seemed as though his genetic structure had stabilised and we believed that we might yet be able to save the project, but this was to prove our

undoing. It was some months after his removal from the incubation tank and after his combat training was complete that Astropaths in orbit on the Eternity unsanctioned psychic signal originating from our facility. Inquisitor Crescere immediately placed our Astropath onto a pain rack and questioned her fully. It transpired that the girl had not been the source of the signal and now our base required another Astropath for communications. As we pondered the mystery, the vox-caster lines from the Eternity suddenly came alive garbled messages confused screams. It was impossible to make out exactly occurring, yet it was clear that another vessel was attacking the Eternity! A planet wide broadcast cut across all our communications and the viewscreen displayed a man of the most loathsome I have ever seen. From his build I knew he must be a [fragment destroyed] but his armour was adorned with symbols and runes that made my eyes sting to look upon them. Over his shoulders hunched a grotesque device with obscene mechanical limbs like a spider reaching forward, each one ending in what appeared to be a bizarre weapon or torture device. Drop pods descend to the surface of the planet and I knew I must attempt to destroy the remaining three subjects in the incubation tubes. Almost as soon as I formed this thought, the door to the command centre burst open and the third of my test subjects smashed his way inside. The figure viewscreen smiled, as though welcoming a long lost son and I realised at once where the unknown psychic come from. Crescere was the first to die and I am ashamed to say I fled, leaving everyone screaming as they died and the invaders broke inside our base.

Log Entry No: No ref.

For a day and a night I have hidden here screams of my people as the invaders hunted them down and violated their bodies has left me shaking with a terror I cannot quell. It is clear to me now that Project Homo Sapiens Novus doomed from the start. I have sealed off the hidden laboratory and pray that the abominations within never see the light of day. What we did here technology that I fear will return to haunt the Imperium in years to come. I am not long for this life, the pistol sits beside me as I record this and I can only hope that those who find this log will not hate us for what we tried to do here.



Adeptus Mechanicus
Archaeological Expedition TH/21/36

Project Leader: Explorator Magos
Marco Pteronus

Date: 998.M41, day 39

DAY 39

The revivification process continues and within an hour we should be able to safely remove the last living subject from the incubation tube. I feel sure that this discovery shall be ranked as one of the most significant in the last three thousand years and that we shall learn such wondrous things from this site. Brother Lequara has warned me not to transmit anything offworld or communicate any of our findings, but I felt that this matter outweighed any petty considerations of the Adeptus Terra regarding ownership of this site. Such a discovery merits the immediate attention of a full team of Adeptus Mechanicus Explorators, Genetors, Lexmechanics and Biologis. I therefore submit this report to you and await your most learned counsel.

To: Inquisitor Belial
From: Inquisitor Apollyon
Date: 999.M41
Subject: Excavation of Adeptus Mechanicus genolab
Thought for the Day: Knowledge is dangerous, guard it well

Since this last entry of the Adeptus Mechanicus research team, there have been no further transmissions from Incunabla and all attempts to discover the true identity of 'brother Lequara' have met with failure. I can only hope that when the Grey Knights arrive they are in time to prevent the sacred technology of this site from falling into the wrong hands. Or that there are survivors left to interrogate. I shall of course keep you updated with my findings.

Addendum to report

I regret to inform you that the archaeological site on Incunabla no longer exists. The Grey

Knights secured the entrance and began exploration of the facility, but found no trace of the Adeptus Mechanicus team and no sign of their vessel. The site was as bereft of life as a world stripped by the Tyranids. There were no bodies discovered and no evidence of any attackers. Astropaths detected a residual warp trail, but were unable to discern its direction. I have had the site bombed from orbit with cyclonic torpedoes and expunged all record of it from all files. I fear that what was on this world is now gone and we will rue the day that this cursed place was discovered anew.



Black Templars, led by Marshal Helbrecht, despatch the last pockets of Ork resistance.



Led by their Wolf Priest, Space Wolf Grey Hunters take up position in cover ready to face the charge of the Eldar.



Index Astartes II

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

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