

Militarum Tempestus

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INTRODUCTION

Exceptionally skilled warriors descended from the very finest of the Imperium's noble bloodlines, both Tempestus Scions and Commissars obey and enforce the will of their superiors with merciless efficiency.

The Imperium holds a million worlds and takes its tithe of military personnel from every single culture within its bounds. Despite this nearly inconceivable scale, the commands issued by the many Imperial authorities must be followed unflinchingly in order for the Imperium to endure; hesitation would result in the swift collapse of the Emperor's realm. Tempestus Scions and Commissars are indoctrinated in the Imperial Creed from youth, serving no culture but that of loyalty and the swift execution of their duties. It is they who possess the tenacity and resolve to undertake the toughest missions. It is they who get the job done.

WARHAMMER 40,000

If you are reading this codex, then you have already taken your first steps into the Warhammer 40,000 hobby. The Warhammer 40,000 rulebook contains all the rules you need to fight battles with your Citadel miniatures, and every army has its own codex that acts as a definitive guide to collecting and unleashing it upon the tabletop battlefields of the Warhammer 40,000 universe. This codex allows you to turn your collection of Militarum Tempestus miniatures into a force of highly trained specialists fighting in defence of the Imperium.

MILITARUM TEMPESTUS

Tempestus Scions are disciplined, elite soldiers who fight without question or hesitation until their orders are fulfilled. Commissars are harsh yet inspiring leaders who ensuring that every military objective is achieved – no matter the cost. Without the iron-willed resolution of both, the Imperium would be severely weakened in its darkest hour.

HOW THIS CODEx WORKS

Codex: *Militarum Tempestus* contains everything you need to collect your very own force of Tempestus Scions to command victory in your games of Warhammer 40,000.

Within these pages you will find the definitive guide to the Militarum Tempestus, including the structures of the Officio Prefectus and a record of many of the legendary deeds enacted by this brotherhood of warriors. You will also find a showcase of beautifully painted Militarum Tempestus miniatures exhibiting all the uniforms, regimental names and insignia of the Imperium's elite. Finally, you will find a full description of each unit, the rules for its use, and an army list that enables you to organise your collection of Citadel miniatures into a glorious strike force worthy of the most discerning Lord Commissar.



EFFICIENCY AND EXCELLENCE

Tempestus Scions, and the Commissars that lend discipline to their ranks, undergo the same exhaustive training regimen within the Schola Progenium, yet they fulfil very different and highly specialised roles in battle. Whereas Scions comply with orders without fail, Commissars provide leadership and ensure that the Imperium's commands are enacted dutifully.

The halls of the Schola Progenium are not filled with the dregs of forgotten hive cities, nor do these ancient Imperial facilities flood assigned war zones with the sort of rank and file chaff commonly seen amongst the ranks of the Astra Militarum. Instead, the Schola Progenium takes in the many orphaned children of highborn Imperial citizens. These noble scions may include those left behind by a planetary governor whose term is brought short by some cruel xenos incursion, or even the sons of a high-ranking commander who has gloriously sacrificed his life for the good of the Imperium.

The progeny of such individuals represent a fine stock of potential heroes. Consequently, they are not to be wasted. Upon being orphaned, these children are distributed to the nearest establishment world that harbours a Schola Progenium training camp. There, the orphans are processed and trained to become the very peak of human efficiency.



TEMPESTUS SCIONS

Shock assault troops without peer, Tempestus Scions are elite soldiers used to enact missions that the regular Imperial Guard cannot accomplish alone. Scions have undergone a brutally uncompromising training regime and are armed with some of the best weaponry available to the Astra Militarum. Their violent potential is enhanced by rigid discipline, so that the dictates of their superiors are enacted swiftly and accurately, regardless of how inhuman such orders may seem. Scions are trained to ensure that commands are carried out with a merciless pragmatism. Moreover, their indoctrinated sense of obedience and duty overrides any instincts of personal safety. No matter what the foe or the challenge, no matter how catastrophic the situation, Tempestus Scions will stop at nothing to fulfil their orders. They are fully prepared to sacrifice their own lives in the process so long as it sees their mission completed.

These indomitable warriors depend upon their commanders like a lasgun depends upon a trigger. Those among their number who show exceptional qualities in battle may rise to the rank of Tempestor or Tempestor Prime, where they give orders as well as follow them, ensuring that there is never a break in the chain of command. Having committed to memory thousands of military doctrines learned in the Schola Progenium, a Tempestor Prime is able to guide their

squads on the ground, effortlessly processing those split-second battlefield decisions that can mean the difference between success and failure. Their efficiency often provides the opportunity for a vital assault or manoeuvre that can push defeat into victory.

Even a few squads of Tempestus Scions, precisely deployed, can change the course of a war before many regular regiments have even tied their bootlaces. From standing firm against ravenous Tyranid swarms to striking fast against the horrors of a rising tomb world, Tempestus Scions are unyielding in the prosecution of their goals.

These elite warriors may hurl themselves from the ramps of low-flying Valkyries, plunging through smoke-filled skies with grav-chutes, or they might infiltrate behind enemy lines to neutralize the foe's reinforcements before the threat is fully realised. Riding aboard Taurox Primes, Tempestus Scions are able to strike into the most inhospitable of war zones. They can traverse all kinds of terrain in order to rescue planetary officials from the midst of a raid. Such is their unwavering loyalty that some Scions are deemed worthy to be assigned as temporary Honour Guards for Imperial officers. On occasion, they have even been selected to escort Inquisitors to and from the Black Ships.

As a consequence of the Tempestus Scions' reputation for glorious conduct in battle, the common soldiery of the Imperial Guard often resents or even loathes them. Some of the more ill-disciplined rank and file may exhibit a dangerous insouciance towards orders, and regularly indulge in raucous mess hall antics, so the Scions' unequivocal servitude and absolutism does not endear them to their comrades. In fact, the average Imperial Guardsman sees them as little more than over-privileged bullyboys with their mag-boots on the throats of good, honest soldiers.

That Tempestus Scions remain oblivious to such mutterings may be mistaken for arrogance. However, the truth is that they are simply indifferent to the opinions of the common soldiery, so long as their missions are successful, and they are not kept idle long between deployments.

When they are dropped into a war zone, these warriors take to war with equipment every bit as specialised as they are. Garbed in baroque carapace armour with moulded plates of armaplas and ceramite that almost entirely cover them, Scions are better able to endure the rigours of battle. The hot-shot weaponry of the Militarum Tempestus lights up enemy bunkers, and their pinpoint fire rips through xenos hides and sears through armour alike. These scalding red lasers, and the greenish glow of visual augmenters cutting through smoke-filled corridors, are often the enemy's first clues that their defences have been breached.

Though for many Tempestus Scions, a parade beret will suffice, when a unit fights in particularly inhospitable climates, they will opt for masked helmets through which nutrient gruel and oxygen can be piped. Since they rarely experience times of rest between missions, Tempestus Scions take with them the means to sustain themselves. Those who have remained plugged into their masked helmets can go for days without needing additional nutrition or sleep. They simply stand side-by-side on their transport between missions in a sort of trance, dormant yet ever alert. Their superiors do not encourage reliance upon these techniques for too long, for in some instances this lack of real sleep can lead to a dependency upon their equipment that can hinder discipline. In extreme cases, such weakness can lead to them being removed from their regiment entirely.

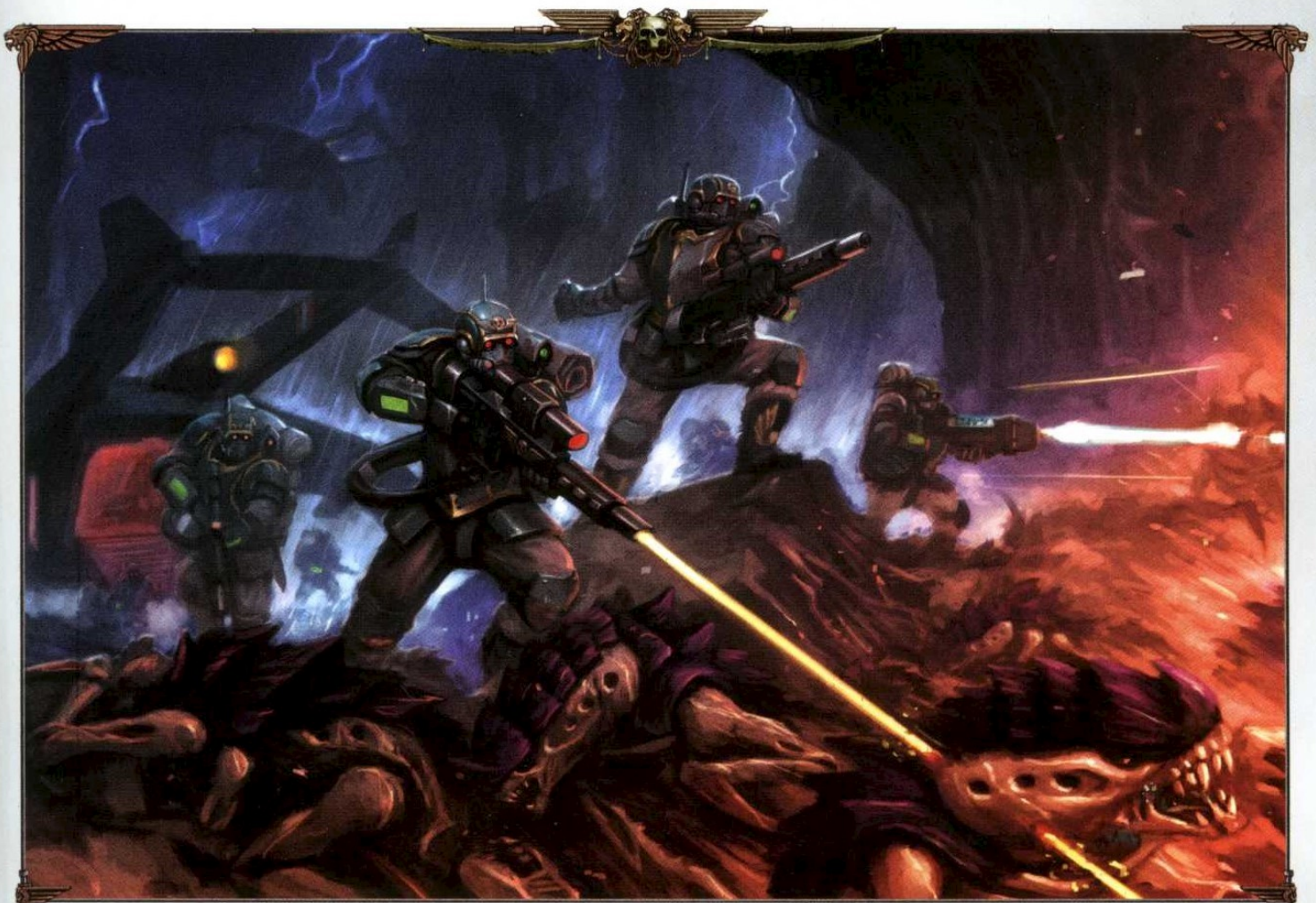
Tempestus Scions that have been elevated to the rank of Tempestor Prime may be rewarded with a regimental greatcoat, an item usually associated with Commissars, as an indicator of their shared heritage and the position of command. In addition to this, they carry a skull-crested staff known as a Canna Militarum. These honours of the Schola Progenium are only issued to warriors of true distinction.

'Death is not failure, for even death can bring glory. Fear is not failure, for fear can be conquered. The only known failure is to ignore orders, for even a slight hesitation in following them brings an ignoble end.'

- LIBER PROGENIUM, VOLUME I

394TH DELTIC LIONS

It is perhaps unsurprising that when a single xenos race has been responsible for orphaning an entire year of cadets in the same atrocity, the resulting progena often fight with more determination against said aggressors when confronting them in battle. It is for this reason that the renowned 394th Deltic Lions are often deployed in war zones under attack from Orks. Every member of that infamous band of warriors came from the shrine world of Chrondo V, a planet whose population was wiped out by an Ork Waaagh! moving through the sector. In advance of the greenskins' arrival, great evacuations had been conducted for the families of the planet's ranking officers and officials. Many of the children on board the escape cruisers watched aghast through the scryholes as Ork ships began to swarm around their home world, before their craft finally escaped into the Warp. They were taken to the Schola Progenium facility on Saint Phramona, and at first they were found to be within the expected parameters of new cadets. Yet, as they entered the ranks of the Militarum Tempestus as the 394th Deltic Lions, they proved particularly ferocious when deployed against Orks. Their marksmanship against greenskins was measurably better than that of any other regiment, and some speculated that the events of Chrondo V had been etched into their minds with such traumatic force that not even the indoctrination protocols of the Schola Progenium's homogenisation techniques could erase their desire for vengeance. Certainly, the Deltic Lions' exceptional performance against Orks is used as an advantage whenever possible, and their units are almost always deployed against the greenskins.



COMMISSARS

No matter how contradictory or outright suicidal the orders of the Administratum may seem, it is paramount that such instructions are followed when issued. There is no leniency in the fight for Humanity's survival and no allowance for second-guessing what may be at stake should these high-level stratagems be ignored. It may seem nonsensical for troops to leave hostages held within a compound behind, but if dormant Necrons lie beneath the surface, then it is better that those captives are left to die than to risk disturbing a greater foe. Likewise, orders to purge a defenceless civilian freighter may seem barbaric, but if doing so will prevent the spread of plague or heresy then such a mission is crucial. It is for good reason that Imperial citizens are told that they should never question the greater wisdom of those above them, even when it goes against their instincts.

Individuals of a particularly stern nature are required to enforce such orders and bring any local customs or shortsighted officers who obstruct them into swift compliance. It may be illegal on certain worlds to take up arms on Emperor Day, for instance, but if the Segmentum Command issues orders to mobilise for war, then an uncompromising figure is deployed to ensure that war happens. Such individuals serve as blunt political tools of the Imperium. They must be efficient and merciless, prepared to kill naysayers – even senior officers – in a heartbeat so that the orders of the Administratum are carried out. These remorseless enforcers of the Imperial Creed are known as Commissars, and they are overseen and deployed by the Officio Prefectus.

Wearing an Aquila-emblazoned peaked cap, a long leather coat with epaulets, and an instantly recognisable black uniform with red-and-gold trim, a Commissar stands apart from their subordinates as an executioner stands apart from a crowd of peasants. Marching to war often with only a bolt pistol and sword in their hands, they are a constant reminder that weaponry is no substitute for exceptional bravery, zeal and martial pride.

The strict training regimens of the Schola Progenium transform Commissars into exceptional combatants in their own right. Where they differ most from Tempestus Scions is in their role of giving orders where necessary: they possess a higher level of authority to command than even a Tempestor Prime, though they often serve alongside other Imperial officers, taking command only when they sense weakness in their charges. When acting at the head of a unit, a Commissar is required to make brutal judgment calls in order to get the most out of his men, and each Commissar is rightly feared and respected by the forces under his control.

Groups of soldiers under a Commissar's command can take any size and hail from disparate regiments from across the galaxy. Such units will have more or less respect for Imperial authority depending on their origins and the discipline of their commanding officers. Whether such soldiers are hindered by local superstitions or are inclined to run at the sight of the more hideous of the galaxy's denizens, it is within the Commissar's authority, and his express duty, to punish such infractions – usually by summary execution in the form of a bolt pistol round through the head.

STEEL IN THE BLOOD

Bolt rounds whined over the trench works like Rygarn hornets, kicking up great gouts of dirt and blasting ragged chunks out of the plascrete defense line. Guardsman Karys cowered in the mud with the rest of the Rygarn 41st Astra Militarum Regiment, the taste of blood and death thick in his throat.

Looking down the line of hunched soldiers, Karys could see his commanding officer, Reil, the fear plain in the man's eyes as they darted around, looking for salvation. As he watched, Karys saw Reil flinch, as if overcoming some inner dilemma, and for a moment he hoped the man had a plan. However, this was quickly dashed, as Reil leapt up from the muck and scrambled out of the trench, heading away from the advancing foe.

Dozens of pairs of frightened eyes watched him go, feeling sure that death was but a heartbeat away.

The crack of the bolt pistol was almost lost amid the storm of fire raking the Astra Militarum position, but none of the soldiers could fail to notice Reil's limp body as it tumbled back down into the trench, his face little more than a mangled red ruin. Blotting out the weak sun, a dark figure stepped to the edge of the defensive line, a long black coat snapping in the wind behind it. For a second, Karys thought the armoured giants had reached their line, and braced himself for death. But then he took in the peaked cap, the drawn silver sword, and the shining aquila epaulettes.

Commissar.

The word came unbidden to Karys' mind, a picture from his Primer come to terrible life before him. Without a word, the Commissar vaulted over the trench to stand unshielded before the enemy, snapping off bolt rounds at unseen targets. As Karys watched, return fire kicked up a storm of dust around the Commissar's feet, several shots even tearing ragged holes in his flapping coat. Contemptuously turning his back on the enemy, the Commissar looked back down into the trench at Karys and his comrades, the Guardsman noting with surprise that the face beneath the black peaked cap was no older than his own. In a booming voice, heavy with authority beyond his years, the Commissar addressed the platoon, his words cutting through the din of battle.

'Am I mistaken, or do I see men of Rygarn cowering in the mud like frightened grox-herders? I had heard Rygarn was a world of warriors, who feared not death or pain, but only lived to bring glory to their clans! If you are truly men of Rygarn, then prove your worth to me! Prove your worth to the Emperor!'

Without another word, or a backward glance, the Commissar charged off through the ruins toward the enemy. For a second, the platoon hesitated, Karys sharing their shame as they exchanged looks. Then, as one, they surged out of the trench.

It is also a Commissar's duty to inspire the men around him, leading by example with bolt pistol flaring and sword carving through the enemy ranks. A Commissar is always willing to show what the best blood in the Imperium is capable of when his deeds will rouse the lower orders into action, often expending far more of his ammunition than those individual soldiers who follow him.

A Commissar's uncompromising code of law ensures discipline. As such, regiments to which a Commissar is assigned become far more robust and coherent formations. When soldiers falter, a Commissar ensures they do not flee. Where they are weak, a Commissar renews their strength. But where soldiers show cowardice, a Commissar will make examples of them without hesitation. Earning his men's grudging respect, a Commissar transforms ordinary troopers into superior fighting machines.

When this iron determination and tactical autonomy are wedded to the Tempestus Scions' specialist abilities and lauded martial discipline, the resultant formations are dependable beyond all reasonable expectation. Having trained and developed in the same environment, each is aware of the other's strengths and will instinctively respond the same way in a firefight. The Scions of the Militarum Tempestus have a proud reputation for remaining steadfast in the face of death, but with a Commissar amongst their ranks they will fight to the last man.

THE SCHOLA PROGENIUM

The Schola Progenium is a widespread Imperial institution with ancient training facilities distributed somewhat thinly around the galaxy, built into the bedrock of planets with strong connections to Terra and the Adeptus Ministorum. Though a subdivision of the Ecclesiarchy oversees the distribution of new cadets, each Schola Progenium's graduates – known as progena – go on to serve many different appendages of the Imperium. Within the training camps, most join the ranks of the Militarum Tempestus or Officio Prefectus, whilst some daughters may be chosen to serve in the Adepta Sororitas, and potential psykers are rooted out and sent to the Black Ships. Those who show particularly ardent faith may join the Adeptus Ministorum itself. A very few select orphans may find their fate is to be recruited into the Inquisition or be whisked away to train under the shadowy auspices of the Officio Assassinorum.

Schola Progeniums have little interaction with the outside world and are most commonly found in isolated regions. Their great, cathedral-like facades jut out from remote mountaintops or ravines, while a few of the most prestigious are surrounded by moats of bubbling lava. Time-ravaged gargoyles loom over any who approach their vast iron gates, and sentries patrol their crenellated walls, as much to stop cadets from escaping as to keep unwanted visitors from gaining access. Yet tucked away behind these vast, baroque walls, Schola Progeniums contain mostly drab, slab-sided buildings, the layouts of which all follow a similar template. By design, the insides of Schola Progeniums are not places to be admired. Indeed, their inductees are expected to loathe every moment they spend in them. Inside each Schola Progenium facility, servitors whirr along the sparse, ferrocrete hallways, constantly monitoring the

COMMISSAR YARRICK

Commissar Sebastian Yarrick is one of the greatest heroes ever to emerge from the Officio Prefectus. Yarrick held many commands, but it was during the Second War for Armageddon that he forged his name in legend against the forces of Waaagh! Ghazghkull. The Commissar lost an arm to Warboss Uguulhard during the final battle for Hades Hive, yet killed the Ork and took his power klaw in return, and when the war was done the Imperium was triumphant. When the greenskins returned, Yarrick once more took the fight to Ghazghkull, in the climactic Third War for Armageddon. With courage and grim determination, he led inspired victories against unlikely odds versus the brutal Ork hordes of his nemesis. Without Yarrick's iron will, Armageddon and the surrounding systems would have surely fallen to the greenskins. To this day, the driven Commissar continues to scour the galaxy for the infamous Warlord Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka.

'Heroes of Armageddon! You have withstood the evil savagery of the Orks, and they have nothing left for you to fear. So raise high the black banners of vengeance – now is our time!'

- COMMISSAR YARRICK, FINAL ADDRESS TO THE DEFENDERS OF ARMAGEDDON

progress of cadets. Recorded holo-images are relayed back to the chambers of the drill abbots, the hammer-wielding Ecclesiarchy officials who oversee each training camp and who are responsible for the progress of new recruits. Auto-rhetorical servo-skulls incessantly babble the orders of the hour, issuing cadets with harsh commands, instructions and inspiring stories of Imperial heroes.

Within these halls, new cadets are tested and interrogated by dark-robed clerics who search incessantly for any signs of spiritual weakness or corruption. While every cadet sleeps, servo-skulls monitor their slightest eye-twitch for signs of seditious dreams. Should any foul utterances be heard within range of the drill abbot's surveillance network, those cadets are swiftly ushered into nearby chambers to endure punishment vigils. Within hangar-sized auditoriums, cadets are lectured on Imperial languages and history. Thousands of cadets sit in rows of desks, scrawling down the litanies or tactics bellowed from roving vox-casters. When they are not either learning by rote there or undergoing basic combat drills in high-walled courtyards, cadets study further within cathedral-sized libraries. A cadet's every waking hour is filled with memorisation of holy scripture, strategy implementation exercises, the practical testing of theoretical tactical formulae and brutal physical tests of skill and endurance. Even when they are allowed to sleep, subliminal reconditioning treatments take place.

Certainly, Schola Progenium training camps are miserable places for a cadet to spend their young life, but this relentless hardship is administered with good reason. Once a cadet has endured the rigours of one of these training camps, they will be clad in mental armour as well as physical when they fight the horrors of the wider galaxy.

TOOLS OF THE TEMPESTUS

The wargear used by the Tempestus Scions is far superior to the rugged, utilitarian weaponry of the Astra Militarum. Specialist training and maintenance is required by the Departamento Munitorium for each piece of kit – a Schola Tempestus cadet must pass a series of tests and earn the appropriate honours before even being allowed to use a hot-shot lasgun in battlefield conditions. Each time a weapon or piece of wargear is mastered, the icon of that equipment is branded into his chest as a permanent sign of his competence. Once the full suite of weaponry and wargear has been earned, a Tempestus Scion is able to wage war for weeks at a time without resupply in a wide variety of hostile battlefield conditions.



RYZA PATTERN HOT-SHOT LASGUN

Manufactured in the finest incantatoriums that the forge world of Ryza can provide, this lasgun does not use a clip-like power pack as with those of the Imperial Guard, but instead a hyper-yield power array worn as a backpack rig. By adjusting this rig, the hot-shot lasgun can be calibrated to emit bursts of such penetrative power they can punch straight through ceramite. At its maximum capacity, the lasgun operates in the sixty megathule range and holds enough potential energy that it is warm to the touch.

SLATE MONITRON (DEXTERA CONFIGURATION)

The dataslate worn upon the armoured forearm gauntlet of the typical Tempestus Scion allows him instant access to his Tempestor Prime's latest command runes and war psalms. It also monitors vital signs, showing the pulse rate and health matrix of the wearer at all times so that his officer can instantly assess his condition. It was the slate monitron that led to the old Guardsman jibe that Tempestus Scions are dead inside, for upon completion of their training their hearts are locked in an iron box mounted on their sleeve.



OMNISHIELD HELM/RESPMASK ARRAY

In hostile environments, a Tempestus regiment will don all-enclosing omnishield helms, their respmasks proof against everything from industrial pollution to fully ignited atmospheres. When sealed, they allow Tempestus Scions to operate even in airless vacuums for limited periods of time. The multi-spectral oculum that attaches via suction to the wearer's eye sockets allow him to see in low light and occluded conditions with relative ease.





RYZA PATTERN HOT-SHOT VOLLEY GUN

Considered by many Tempestor Primes to be the ultimate weapon deployed by the Militarum Tempestus, the hot-shot volley gun is a truly fearsome firearm. Incorporating penitent-class heat sink arrays, these weapons can maintain a punishing rate of high powered fire.

MONOSCOPE

Though it can be used to project a beam of light, the monoscope is primarily intended as a visual uploader. Panning left and right as the Tempestus Scion goes about the prosecution of war, each monoscope can be tapped into by any Tempestor or Tempestor Prime who wishes to see what his subordinate is witnessing. The act of covering up a monoscope's lens, whether accidentally or by design, is punishable by a full day's electro-whipping and a number of days without rations at the commanding officer's discretion.



CLARION VOX ARRAY

The cumbersome vox arrays of the Astra Militarum are often known as 'ghost boxes', for with the white noise and interference patterns of battle raging all around it is difficult to coax more than a whisper from their speakers. Not so the clarion vox array of the Militarum Tempestus, a triumph of audio-military hardware that overrides its designated airwaves with the crystal clear and perfectly enunciated commands of the Tempestors leading each detachment.

'MARTYR'S GIFT' FIELD SERVICE MEDI-KIT

The Martyr's Gift medi-kit is a cut above anything issued to the Astra Militarum. Loaded with combat-stimms, auto-cauterising thermic gel and single-use disposable bionics, this medi-kit is intended to ensure that wounded Scions get back into the fight with the minimum of fuss. Long term healing is of little interest to Tempestus Scions in the heat of battle – providing a wounded warrior can be patched and propped sufficiently to complete his duty, his eventual fate matters not. The Martyr's Gift even features a belt of subcutaneous frag charges that can be used to booby-trap a terminally wounded Scion's body – thus even in death, the Tempestus Scions strike back against the enemy that slew them.



FORGING OF A KILLER

Tempestus Scions and Commissars are remorseless and efficient killers, but these warriors are not born that way. They are forged within the Schola Progeniums – harsh training camps based on long-established Imperial worlds. It is these ancient facilities that are responsible for taking the orphaned offspring of the Imperium and transforming them into ruthless soldiers.

ONE IMPERIUM, ONE VISION

The Schola Progenium is designed to homogenise, break and rebuild the orphaned sons and daughters of the Imperial elite. It transforms them from frightened children into loyal warriors ready to fight and die in the name of the Emperor, or into fearsome, iron-fisted authoritarians who keep the wheels of the Adeptus Terra in motion.

In the aftermaths of the many atrocities so common in the 41st Millennium, any newly created orphans who are of aristocratic blood are brought to the attention of the nearest Officio Prefectus officials, who are tasked with dealing with the aftershocks of a battle and salvaging anything still useful to the Imperium. Many a Commissar has marched through the corpse-strewn walkways of a planetary governor's palace to discover a forlorn son or daughter who has been hiding – safe, but alone – in some underground bunker. The Commissar, having come from a similar background, will ensure that such a child does not go to waste. Quickly and efficiently, he assigns it to a starship bound for the nearest Schola Progenium.

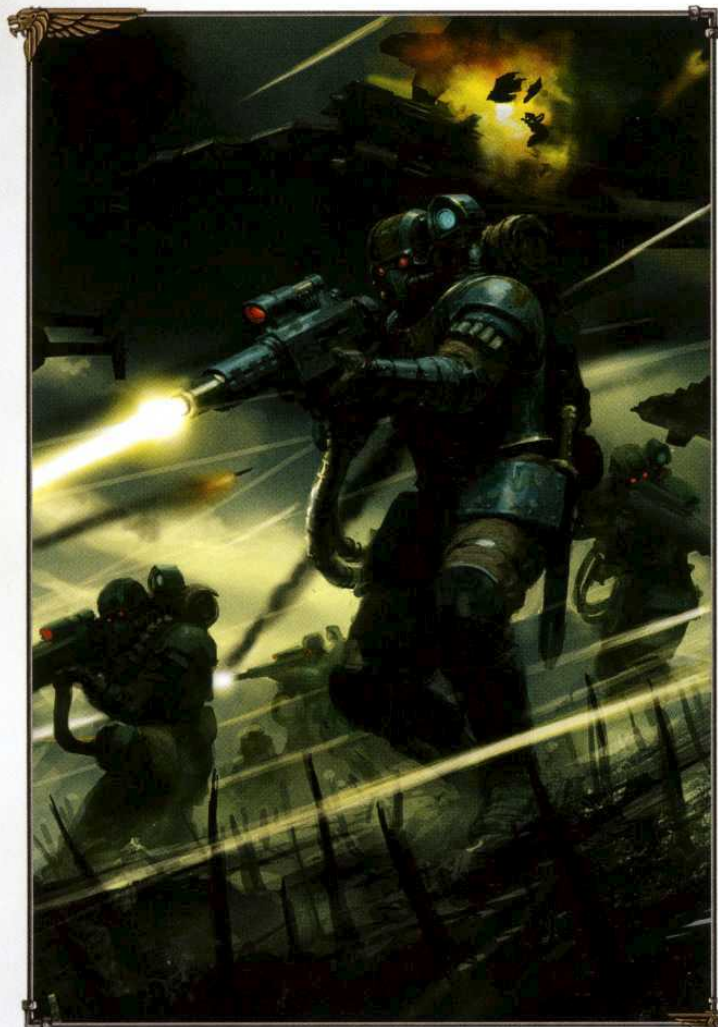
It is even whispered that, when it is in the Imperium's best interests, the Officio Prefectus may 'steal' a prospective new recruit. Sometimes a child – whose parents are still alive – may be judged to have shown remarkable qualities, and their presence on a backwater world may be considered an inefficient use of those skills when they could be put to better effect in an Imperial facility. The rumour has it that a Commissar will ensure that such resources are allocated more efficiently, even if the protesting parents have to be removed from the equation in order to do so.

Children arrive at the vast Schola Progeniums at a range of ages. Some come when they are as young as six Terran years, while others are as old as twelve. Most inductees are orphaned in large groups following a single planetary disaster, though occasionally individuals are thrown into larger groups if it is convenient. New recruits undergo a series of mental and physical examinations, but this is solely for the benefit of the facility. Should the cadet have been gleaned from a planet on the wrong end of a plague or spiritual rebellion, then the last thing the drill abbots would want is for that same corruption to break out within a confined, isolated complex and savage its young inmates.

Cadets are divided by age to form training groups that will ultimately – in the case of the Militarum Tempestus – form the basis of their full battle regiments, to maintain a sense of brotherhood. Group sizes can start off as large as two hundred at any one time, though those who would not make worthy servants of the Imperium are quickly weeded out, and are not seen again by their classmates.

Whereas the Astra Militarum is made up of soldiers from a huge number of different cultures, the progena of the Schola Progenium are not permitted cultural variety. Though they may arrive there from different worlds, they are quickly recast in the same Imperial mould. As a result of this, they can be relied upon to put the orders of their superiors first and foremost before any local loyalties.

So that the Schola Progenium becomes their sole reality, cadets are taught to forget their old existence. They are stripped of their former clothing and of any belongings they may have brought with them. They are issued only with simple black uniforms and standardised equipment and training gear, which they are expected to wear and use throughout their training. Recruits are forced to abandon their birth names, and are instead provided with a new one chosen from a long list of legendary heroes of the Imperium. This is as much to remind them of the excellence to which they must aspire, as it is to remove their identity. One exception to these traditional processes is when siblings arrive – they are not deprived of their familial connections, as these have been found to encourage greater competition as well as fostering stronger internal ties in the long term.



Such uniformity is easier to accept for very young students than it is for those who have spent longer in their parent cultures – but mindscaping is always necessary to facilitate the commitment to the ways of the Schola Progenium. Sometimes, for habitual prejudices, this clarity of thought can be achieved by simple techniques, such as repetition of litanies for weeks on end. However, at some point every cadet is strapped down to an iron chair known as a Correction Throne. Needles are then inserted through the rear of the cadet's skull, and their heads are flooded with dirus, a neurochemical fluid that cleanses their synapses, wiping away old memories and paving the way for new information. It is an unfortunate, and little discussed fact that the Imperium possesses ever-dwindling stocks of dirus, and it is increasingly being diluted with more dubious substances. While cadets endure such treatment, auto-vox servo-skulls relay righteous speeches, war cries or simply inspiring quotes from Ecclesiarchal texts to properly and irrevocably infuse them with the wonder of their new creed.

Sadly, even the Schola Progenium's mindscaping techniques are not infallible. Dreams and visions from previous existences will haunt some recruits for the rest of their lives. A Scion may never fully rid himself of the nightmarish visions that linger from his home world, or the trauma of the death of his parents. As with all such matters, the Schola Progenium's methodology goes unquestioned.

However, it is always a concern when a cadet shows too strong an unwillingness to properly conform. As reward for their independence, they are often released into the training grounds only to be hunted down by their former comrades. This serves as much to bond the remaining cadets as it does to punish individuality. If a cadet publicly disobeys orders, they will meet a spectacular and very public end, courtesy of a drill abbot's great hammer. What little remains of their spine is coiled within a glass box and mounted within the dormitory to serve as a warning to others. This is not at the extreme end of remedial punishments. In the Schola Progenium facility on Brellex, the products of one incident remain forever enshrined. Due to a faulty batch of mindscaping chemicals, a whole year group rose up against the dictates of their masters. The seething abbot prime ordered the Officio Prefectus to crush the rebellion. Whilst still alive, the mutinous cadets were meshed with mortar and used to line the schola's ferrocrete walls. To this day their bones jut out of long corridors, grasping for freedom, as a warning of the consequences of insubordination.

THE CADET FORGE

Schola Progenium training may be considered a drawn-out form of torture. Indeed, injured limbs or broken minds are hardly uncommon. Cadets undergo basic physical drills in heavy armour, quickly tiring them out as they scale walls or squeeze under razor wire. A cuff from the drill abbot's gauntleted hand and the sight of his great hammer is usually enough to encourage a lethargic cadet to try harder. Military exercises with live ammunition are conducted in the harsh landscape surrounding a Schola Progenium or on nearby moons. Cadets are often expected to endure days in the wilderness with little food or instruction, and limited weaponry with which to combat whatever violent fauna roams the planet. Yet with each gruelling day, cadets

improve in their performance. Their speed and endurance increase, they scale walls previously thought impossible to overcome, and it becomes obvious to even a novice drill abbot that true warriors are being forged. It is a strong belief within the Schola Progenium that from the hottest of fires, the strongest bonds of brotherhood are born.

Whatever the technique, this tutelage serves to better divine what path a cadet is suited for, as well as preparing them for the brutalities of the 41st Millennium. Indeed, the training regimen within the Schola Progenium exists not just to create highly skilled combatants. Amidst the trials and challenges, the drill abbot will constantly assess and reassess as to who will make an excellent Tempestus Scion, an excellent Commissar, or who would be better suited within the Adeptus Terra. However, some Scholas use more esoteric methods of selection. For example, the abbot prime of the Schola Progenium facility on Sanctus Omega is a known reader of the Emperor's Tarot, and uses the mystical cards to steer his judgement or decide upon a cadet's path. Technically, no one role is considered more prestigious than another, though Commissars are generally held to be the most redoubtable of the Schola's trainees. Each graduate has a highly specific role within the Imperium at large, and such skills need to be discerned well in advance of the Trials of Compliance – the most important stage of a cadet's time at the Schola Progenium.



TRIALS OF COMPLIANCE

Each Schola Progenium employs one or more challenges to separate those who will become Commissars from those who will join the Militarum Tempestus. These tests take diverse forms, but the primary purpose of all such Trials of Compliance is to highlight those cadets who are best committed to obeying orders in adversity, and test how they process those commands. Of course, a percentage of the supplicants fail in their allotted task – many end up as equerries or thralls of the Schola Progenium. Some of these disappointments may work through their sentences as menials and eventually be permitted to join the regular Astra Militarum. Ever eager to prove their worth, these few may yet become Imperial soldiers in their own right.

For potential Tempestus Scions, Trials of Compliance may involve live-fire exercises in the Hallucinarium. In endless labyrinths, cadets are constantly exposed to strange visions and false suggestions. Yet the prospective initiates are expected to follow the correct orders without hesitation, no matter how strange those orders may be, and no matter how monstrous the entities they come up against. There are timed physical tests, too, such as scaling the grand facade of the facility whilst constantly chanting that particular Schola Progenium's motto. Should the candidate's incantations slip out of sync from the metronomic tempo of the servo-skull hovering nearby, the cadet may soon have gunfire to contend with, in addition to the high walls.

For potential Commissars, the Trials of Compliance usually take even more esoteric forms. Without knowing it is a test, a cadet may be commanded to locate one of his closest colleagues – a comrade with whom he has shared the trials and tribulations of the Schola Progenium over many years – and shoot them through the head.

Such a callous execution order serves a dual purpose, as it proves that the cadet Commissar can not only follow Imperial orders, but that he or she will have no problem killing stubborn officers when in the heat of battle. However, the Schola Progenium recognises the danger posed by a highly trained candidate who shows the promise of a Commissar, but who cannot follow such an order. Prospective Commissars who fail this trial will end up being victim to the same challenge issued to another candidate, or released as quarry for a group of potential Scions.

The few brave adepts within the Adeptus Ministorum who suggest that all of this is a waste of good talent are reminded that these trials are essential to wean out the truly remorseless from those haunted by doubt. Besides, there are always thousands more orphans delivered into their hands each year – such losses are hardly of import.

SELECTION DAY

After successful cadets have survived their various Trials of Compliance, the drill abbots will allocate them their path in an event known as Selection Day. It is then that the truly hard challenges begin.

Selection Days in the Schola Progenium mark the point at which a cadet is assigned their destiny. Cavernous ships descend into planetary orbit, ready to export progena to their new roles. From dawn to dusk, amidst the slow incantation of ancient litanies and clouds of incense, cadets are divided according to their selected path.

A good many discover that they are to head into the ranks of the Adeptus Terra. Those young women who show not only fine military skills but strong signs of faith are prepared to journey to training convents of the Adepta Sororitas, while others may join the Adeptus Arbites.

The most talented warriors are chosen for the Militarum Tempestus and Officio Prefectus. Each group is assigned to a ship and consequently dispatched to the appropriate Schola Tempestus or Schola Prefectus for more advanced training.



TRIALS OF TIBRUM

Commissar Tibrum knew all too well that the men did not like him, but he had no care for their opinions. Standing before him were four-dozen of the lowliest PDF troopers. They were units cobbled together to deal with the Necrons, which had been disturbed by the crude mining operations of this Emperor-forsaken death world. Tibrum would rather be on any other planet with any other soldiers. He wanted warriors who would listen to what he said and enact his orders quickly. Then again, if these troopers did what they were meant to, then Tibrum wouldn't have been sent here in the first place.



The Commissar made the troopers trudge through sludge, enduring horizontal hail, to reach the Imperium's fall-back barricades. Flashes lit up the distant gloom, but that was not lightning – it was the gauss weaponry of the mechanical army advancing out of the city. There was a gap in the barricades riddled with razor wire. Tibrum ordered the men through it and out into the open, corpse-strewn war zone.

Only three of the men stepped forward. The rest remained stationary, glancing towards the fighting, distraught at having to walk into a region where so many had already been killed. 'What are you waiting for?'

'Do we have to?' one scrawny man shouted. 'We're not trained to fight Necrons.'

Tibrum raised his bolt pistol towards the man who spoke, and pointed it between his eyes.

'You wouldn't!' the soldier spluttered.

The Commissar tightened his grip...

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'Cadet Tibrum, I have a request for you.'

Tibrum looked up from the tome and snapped his attention towards the drill abbot. The preacher placed a laspistol on top of the open book, before leaning on his upturned hammer as if it was a staff. Tibrum noticed the bloodstains on the hammer's face. A servo-skull hovered to the preacher's side, its whirring lens twisting back and forth. Monitoring me, Tibrum thought. Those things are always watching.

'What is your request, drill abbot?' Tibrum asked. No matter the reply, he knew to simply salute and accept his instruction.

'Your colleague... Drusus. How long have you known each other?'

'Ten years, sir.' This would already been known to the drill abbot, of course. Tibrum realised that he was being tested somehow.

'You are friends?'

That was an understatement. They'd supported each other mentally during the harshest of drills. They'd both spat blood together after the gruelling wilderness raids. Drusus had taken the Correction Throne for one of Tibrum's errors, too. Friend didn't even cover it.

'Does the friendship displease you, sir?'

'No, it does not. In fact, it pleases me greatly.' The unspoken 'Why?' seemed to linger between them, but the drill abbot never changed his countenance and Tibrum never asked the question.

'Drusus is at this moment reciting litanies in the observatory tower,' the preacher continued. 'I would like you to use this laspistol to kill him.'

Tibrum fought back any response. With just a salute, he reached for the weapon and pushed back his chair. As he walked along the passageway from the Great Library, his footsteps echoing loudly, he could hear the constant whirring of the servo-skull behind him.

It occurred to Tibrum that his closest friend was all that stood between him and a way out of the Schola Progenium.

With that realisation, his grip tightened on the laspistol.

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... Tibrum pulled the trigger. With a resounding crack the soldier's head spurted blood across his comrades, and his body collapsed into the mud.

The Commissar paraded before the rest of their line, glaring at each of them in turn, and made his intent clear. 'I've shot far better people than that man,' he shouted. 'His was not a noble death. Now, if you die against those machines, fighting on behalf of the Emperor, that will be a noble death. That is far more important than living like a coward.' Tibrum gestured with the tip of his bolt pistol to the corpse on the ground. 'Not that you'll get the chance to live like cowards, that is.'

The ground shook, and the noise of the Necron advance came ever closer. A gauss beam flayed the edge of a barricade, eroding it in a heartbeat.

'You will follow my orders,' Tibrum declared. 'You will stand your ground. You will do as I do.'

A drawn out, half-murmured 'Sir' spread throughout the troopers. At least, Tibrum thought, that response was an improvement on what came before.

Tibrum marched them past the gap in the barricades and led them out into the battlefield.

THE ORDO TEMPESTUS

The organisation of the Imperium is so complex that many a lexmechanic has lost his mind attempting to comprehend it. Within the Ordo Tempestus, however, there are chains of structure that have remained unbreakable through the ages.

The Ordo Tempestus is amongst the most rigidly codified of all Imperial organisations, for its men form the backbone of the Astra Militarum. Though the ordo is technically a sub-faction governed by the Adeptus Administratum, it enjoys a far greater amount of autonomy than the regiments that often fight alongside it. The ordo's ranks are primarily comprised of Commissars and Tempestus Scions, though they have often included specialist factions mysteriously absent from Imperial records. In every theatre of war across the galaxy, the ordo's men work alongside the incalculable might of the Astra Militarum, their elite training complementing the sheer manpower of the Imperial Guard.

If the ordo provides the rigid skeleton of discipline that holds the Astra Militarum together, it is the Commissars who are the minds of the operation. The Officio Prefectus governs and controls the regiments of Tempestus Scions and Imperial Guardsmen alike, ensuring that their military force is put to the right use in the Emperor's name. All Commissars are trusted to improvise new orders on the battlefield, a rare privilege in the rigidly controlled structure

of the Imperial war machine. But it is only the most senior of their number, known as Lord Commissars, who are truly independent. They are warriors of great personal charisma, and they will often inspire the men by leading from the front rather than from behind the barrel of a bolt pistol.

The Tempestus Scions do not form the main body of the Astra Militarum, for that duty falls to the regular Imperial Guardsmen. Instead they can be likened to a knife, a thrusting point of lethal force that is applied with shocking speed into the foe's weakest point. Many a grinding war of attrition or extended campaign has been brought to a dramatic close by a strike force of Tempestus Scions. More often than not their insertion, mission completion and extraction parameters are all accomplished on the same day.

HEROES AND LEGENDS

As well as being the elite wing of the Astra Militarum, the Ordo Tempestus is the training ground for the Imperium's finest operatives outside of the legendary Adeptus Astartes. It works alongside the Schola Progenium, whose facilities are governed by the Ecclesiarchy, to provide key Imperial institutions with the best recruits the galaxy can provide.

The Schola Progenium takes a constant influx of war orphans from the embattled worlds of the Imperium of Man. These young individuals are officially known as Progena Novum. Mindsclaped, schooled and trained to an almost inhuman degree, those who pass their Trials of Compliance and make it past Selection Day are then split off to serve in the different organs of Imperial hierarchy.

The majority of these cadets are assigned to the Schola Tempestus, where they complete the gruelling training necessary to become Tempestus Scions. The death rate amongst each year group of recruits is high, for the Schola Tempestus is as merciless as it is efficient. After three years of intense physical and mental conditioning, those who survive their training are assigned to a Scions regiment and join the Militarum Tempestus in earnest. From that point on they are issued with the very best of equipment and resource the arsenals of the Ordo Tempestus can provide. In return they are expected to give their lives in the service of the Imperium and to obey the orders of their superiors without question, no matter the horrors that confront them.

Only those Progena with the strongest minds and most unshakeable resolve are given the chance to join the Officio Prefectus. Assuming they can prove themselves able to put aside such ephemeral concerns as humanity and compassion, come Selection Day these prospective Commissars are assigned to the Schola Prefectus. There they spend several years learning the finer points of the Imperial Creed, the *Tactica Imperium*, and even sections of the



Codex Astartes. Once each of their spheres of knowledge is complete, they will be given the uniform and authority of a full member of the Officio Prefectus. Entrusted with a bolt pistol, the holy instrument of authority and vengeance presented to all of their brethren, and frequently given a power sword for close quarters fighting, the Commissar is ready to instil discipline and strike the fear of the Emperor into all those within the Ordo Tempestus and without. Female cadets who show both physical aptitude and a burning faith in the Emperor will be sent to the Adepta Sororitas via one of the bodies that govern their ancient orders – the Convent Sanctorum or the Convent Prioris. It is there that the Sisters-in-training learn the secrets of the mechanical wonder that is power armour and how to wield the holy trinity of bolter, flamer and melta.

Males who take the creed of the Emperor into their heart and evince an almost supernatural degree of faith will instead be requisitioned by the Adeptus Ministorum. Some of these find themselves seconded to Astra Militarum regiments, much like their Commissar contemporaries, whilst others bolster the Adepta Sororitas, go back into the Schola Progenium as drill abbots, or even lead armies of the faithful in their own right.

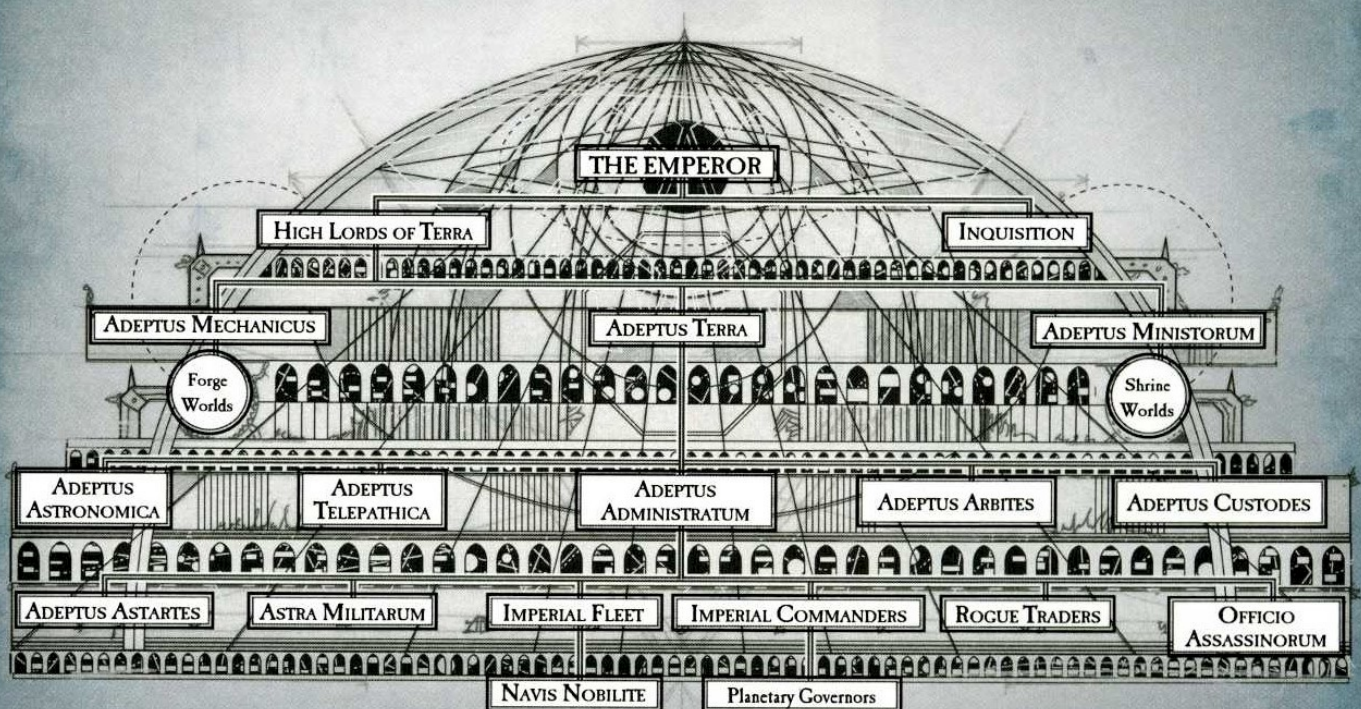
To join the Adeptus Ministorum is an honour beyond measure; from amongst their ranks, the most devout leaders of the Imperium are born. Individuals of a more scholarly bent, as well as those whose minds are suited for the grinding tedium of clerical and logistical roles, will instead

spend the rest of their lives in the Adeptus Terra. Each trained Adept has not only an exceptional mind, but also a solid grasp of the military arts due to his time in the Schola Progenium. On those rare occasions that insurrection breaks out in a dataslave compound or pedanticum complex, the prospective troublemakers may find themselves choking on their own heretical pamphlets or with their brains dashed out by the bookish but unexpectedly violent overseer they had previously thought of as easy prey.

The most secretive of all the organisations that recruit their agents from the Schola Progenium is the Emperor's Holy Inquisition. Powerful beyond measure, the Inquisition takes only those who excel physically, mentally and spiritually. Though these prodigies join the ranks as acolytes under the province of a more senior Inquisitor, the canniest and most capable of their number will become Inquisitors in their own right. Theirs is the right to change the course of history, to send entire battlegroups of the Astra Militarum and Chapters of the Adeptus Astartes into the fires of war, and even to consign fully populated planets to oblivion should they deem it necessary.

All who graduate from the Schola Progenium join a group of exceptional individuals who impose the Imperium's will on a hostile and uncaring galaxy. Their influence is spread across the stars, guiding the lesser orders of Mankind by the will of the High Lords of Terra themselves. By the skills and disciplines of those taken from their families and reforged in the fires of adversity, the realm of Mankind will stand or fall.

THE IMPERIUM OF MAN



REGIMENTS OF THE MILITARUM TEMPESTUS



Whereas the Astra Militarum places importance on huge numbers of infantry, the regiments of the Militarum Tempestus emphasise rigorous training in diverse conditions, superior weaponry and unrivalled tactical abilities. As a result, these elite regiments are far more scarce, yet their brave deeds are famed throughout the Imperium.

55TH KAPPIC EAGLES

The deeds of the 55th Kappic Eagles are legendary among the forces of the Militarum Tempestus. Tempestor Prime Magnus Krassus, whose brother is also renowned throughout the Ordo Tempestus, is a formidable soldier and an inspiration to thousands of new progena. Under Krassus' leadership, the 55th Kappic Eagles have won countless victories on behalf of the Ordo Tempestus. Few regiments of the Militarum Tempestus have achieved greater honours in war, and their deeds typify the obedience, excellence, and efficiency for which they are known. It was the 55th Kappic Eagles who boarded the Ork scrapship *Scarfist* and destroyed it, saving the Valdex System. The 55th Kappic Eagles aided the Space Wolves of Erik Morkai's Great Company against Word Bearers upon Fellbrek III. These elite Militarum Tempestus soldiers were responsible for crippling the Crimson Slaughter strike force upon the Ybrekian Ice Worlds, and led the destruction of a traitor-filled hive city upon the Vorrul shrine world. When the legendary Ordo Tempestus relics, the Barbed Gauntlets of Avitus, had been stolen by Eldar from Craftworld Altansar, the Scions of the 55th Kappic Eagles were summoned to retrieve them. With vengeful purpose, the Eagles smashed through wave upon wave of Guardians in order to reclaim them.

The vertical white bar displayed upon the armour of the 55th Kappic Eagles is said to be an embodiment of their singular purity of purpose. Clear, cold, free from embellishment and individuality, this minimalist icon epitomises everything it means to be a Tempestus Scion of this renowned regiment.



133RD LAMBDAN LIONS

For over two millennia, the progena that form the many regiments of the Lambdan Lions have served as auxiliaries to the Adeptus Mechanicus. Their Schola Progenium facility and Militarum Tempestus training facilities are based on the two moons that orbit the forge world of Mezoa. Ancient pacts mean that the Ordo Tempestus has assigned the Lambdan Lions to fight missions on behalf of the ruling priesthood of Mezoa, in order to reclaim lost knowledge of Imperial advancements or arcane technologies. In exchange, the Scions benefit from all manner of esoteric augmentations, which are fitted to their vehicles or built into their armour and weaponry, as well as a basic understanding of *Lingua-technis* – something rare for Scions. Though they have little interaction with the Cult Mechanicus itself – for Scions care only for their orders – the 133rd Lambdan Lions' missions continually aid the Adeptus Mechanicus in its search for further knowledge, so they indirectly work to the glory of the Omnissiah. Unusually for a Militarum Tempestus regiment, the Lambdan Lions will engage in long expeditionary campaigns across worlds that harbour artefacts, rather than preferring missions that involve swift stealth or brutal strikes before retreating. When the situation demands it, the Lambdan Lions will also fight in the shadow of the Collegia Titanica or alongside Skitarii Legions. Mostly, however, they enact the orders of the Mezoan ruling priesthood whenever sanctioned by the Ordo Tempestus. The labyrinthine nature of Imperial bureaucracy means that the Adeptus Mechanicus occasionally issue the Lions with orders even without waiting for official sanction.

An ancient symbol referring to basic Lingua-technis adorns the armour of the 133rd Lambdan Lions.



34TH BETIC CENTAURS

The Scions of the 34th Betic Centaurs hail from the volcanic death world of Makron V. The planet is situated in a sub-sector frequently assaulted by various piratical factions of Chaos Space Marines. The Militarum Tempestus training grounds are based alongside their old Schola Progenium facilities in order to protect the future progena from the sheer number of incursions – although some of these battles provide ample training opportunities for the future Scions. Such a brutal planet breeds particularly hardened warriors, and the Betic Centaurs have endured some of the worst fighting in the sub-sector.

The 34th Betic Centaurs became famous during the Vellix Wars. On Valiar III, one of the most populous Imperial worlds in the system, a Lord of Skulls led a great wave of havoc which swept across the planet, including numerous Daemons and war machines. The behemoth had ground up thousands of souls under its tracks, and reduced whole hab-blocks to rubble. The small Astra Militarum regiment on the world had all but been wiped out, and so a vast contingent of the 34th Betic Centaurs was sent in to destroy the Chaos war machines. The Scions made planetfall behind one of the most robust fortifications on the planet as it was about to be besieged by the monstrous Daemon Engine. In stealth, the Scions awaited the Lord of Skulls' arrival and, when it finally burst behind the Imperial lines, they assaulted with a ferocious array of hot-shot weaponry, melta charges and munitions. The

Daemon Engine roared its defiance, slaying scores of Scions in a wrathful counter-attack. The Tempestus soldiers' incessant and precise firepower, along with a barrage of grenades, eventually saw the Lord of Skulls reduced to a heap of smouldering slag.

The 34th Betic Centaurs bear the Bilinear Sash upon their armour. An ancient symbol, the sash is a representation of the symbiosis between Makron V's Tempestus training grounds – the terracotta red – and the Schola Progenium – the clear white. It is common among the ranks of the 34th for this symbol to run vertically down the faceplate of the Scions' omnishield helms, a clear signifier of their allegiance.



68TH DELTIC LIONS

The 68th Deltic Lions are well known for their ability to endure some of the most toxic worlds in the Imperium. Indeed, numerous noxious quagmires have proven to have little effect upon their bodies. Where other regiments have perished upon planets ravaged by plagues, the Deltic Lions have survived some of the most virulent contagions in the galaxy. Their renowned immunity has led to them regularly being summoned when the Inquisition's Ordo Malleus suspect the minions of the Plague God, Nurgle, are at work in a war zone. However, their resilience against disease has also made the 68th Deltic Lions objects of curiosity for Grandfather Nurgle himself, and he often sends his Daemons to investigate the Scions in his uniquely horrifying manner.

As such, the 68th Deltic Lions possess a long and glorious history of combatting Nurgle's forays into the galaxy.

With a sequence of blistering strikes, they destroyed a Cult of Nurgle on Hive

World Mularion before their foulness could spread

to the rest of the populace. On the ringworld of Avatroid the Scions fought alongside the Space Marines of the Aurora Chapter – together, they controlled a burgeoning daemonic incursion and destroyed the infected citizens, saving the majority of Avatoid's populace. But perhaps the 68th Deltic Lions' greatest victory came against a warband of the Purge who attacked their Schola Progenium facility in the Scarus Sector. Having rushed back to the defence of their Schola's progena, the Scions utilised decoy units to lure the corpulent Space Marines into a nearby ice ravine where the deep snow and cold confounded the traitors' movement. Surrounding Scions opened fire with overlapping fields of ruby-red hot-shot fire and incinerated the threat. Ever since that day, a small garrison of the Deltic Lions remains attached to the Schola Progenium, vigilantly checking the skies for further visits from Nurgle's minions to ensure their Schola is safe.

The provenance of the symbol born by the 68th Deltic Lions is unclear. Some believe it to be an ancient Terran symbol associated with victory in the face of misfortune. If so this would certainly seem apt, for the Lions have endured and achieved victory amid some of the most horrific conditions in the galaxy.



43RD IOTAN DRAGONS

The training regime of the 43rd Iotan Dragons is famous for simulating fights within darkened cave labyrinths, allowing the Scions to further develop the ability to fight blind. This has enabled them to fight more effectively against foes that rely upon more stealthy and insidious methods of warfare. Though they have proven their capabilities against all manner of xenos foes, from Dark Eldar to Tau, the 43rd Iotan Dragons have become specialists within the Militarum Tempestus for fighting against Tyranid outlier organisms. Indeed, the Scions' training has made them exemplary warriors against this most horrendous and insidious of foes.

The 43rd Iotan Dragons first displayed their skills upon the colossal space station situated above the shrine world of Mondrax III. Lictors and Genestealers had caused carnage among the Imperial crew of the station, and limbs and offal trailed for miles around the structure by the time the Militarum Tempestus arrived. It was feared a disaster was imminent, for a similar superstructure had been overrun by Tyranids over Mondrax II, only for the station to crash into the planet, the resulting explosion killing billions. The Scions of the 43rd Iotan Dragons spent several weeks aboard Mondrax III's station, patiently hunting Tyranids with its dark confines, lighting up the corridors with their hot-shot lasguns and flamers, searing xenos carapaces and outstretched claws until every last Tyranid had vanished from their Tempestor Prime's slate monitron.

The 43rd Iotan Dragons display the tri-scale upon their wargear. The symbol represents unyielding defence against monstrous foes, and is replicated in a five hundred foot wide adamantium mural on the floor of the regimental barracks-hall.



55TH ALPHIC HYDRAS

The 55th Alphic Hydras are one of the most well-respected Militarum Tempestus regiments in the Imperium. This is in part because of the number of missions that they have fought alongside the Ultramarines – to date they have made planetfall alongside the 2nd, 5th, 7th and 8th companies over their illustrious career. So close is the association between these Scions and the Space Marines that the Alphic Hydras have recently been permitted additional training grounds throughout the Ultramar system. Some within the Ordo Tempestus whisper that some of the regiment's best young Scions have even been recruited by the Adeptus Astartes.

The Scions of the 55th Alphic Hydras first went to war alongside the Sons of Guilliman on the agri world of Masali, where they aided the Ultramarines in purging the planet of Orks. Tempestor Prime Vallius Delt steered his regiment through the impassable Masali poison jungles and the vine-thorn deeps, around the flanks of a vast greenskin mob which they funnelled right into the heart of an Ultramarines trap – bringing an end to the invasion with swift brutality. Chaplain Trajan of the Ultramarines 2nd Company observed that these humans fought with discipline, nobility and profound loyalty to the Ultramarines' orders, and it took little discussion for other Space Marines in the Chapter to recognise the value of the Scions. Before long the 55th Alphic Hydras were making repeated planetfalls with the Adeptus Astartes, at the Ultramarines' request. Their most recent success was a battle upon the crone world of Idzyk II, where they formed a stealth unit to ambush and disable an Eldar Wraithknight, turning the tide of battle in favour of the Ultramarines.

The regimental symbol for the 55th Alphic Hydras has a twofold meaning. Firstly it echoes a sigil from the Dark Age of Technology that has been linked to the Hydras since their inception. Yet it also harks back to Mount Charas, where the 55th maintain their training facilities.



22ND THETOID GRYPHONNES

Though all Militarum Tempestus warriors excel at fast strikes upon the battlefield, the 22nd Thetoid Gryphonnes are especially swift. Their Scions were all orphaned from Tallix, a world of higher gravity than is typical for the Rebandus Sub-sector. As a result their leg muscles are more powerful and they are able to race on foot across all terrain with an impressive pace no matter how much equipment they carry. In the spirit of this, even the gravitational systems on their Taurox Primes have been altered so their vehicles sacrifice a degree of stability and durability for greater speed.

Their swiftness was especially notable when the 22nd Thetoid Gryphonnes made a blistering strike against a Kult of Speed that besieged the desert world of Walbek II. The greenskins' buggies and bikes had been tearing across the plains, slaughtering the local PDF troops before they could muster a proper defence. The Gryphonnes set off in pursuit of Warboss Spanik, the driving force behind the brutal Ork assaults. Their Taurox Primes outran the Ork bikes until eventually they caught up with Spanik's Battlewagon. Precision strikes disabled the vehicle's engines, and Tempestor Prime Thetius leapt through clouds of sand onto the Warboss' transport.

Thetius executed the Warboss with rapid blasts of his hot-shot weapon, thus putting an end to the Kult of Speed's ambitions on Walbek II. While the Orks closing in on the crippled Battlewagon howled their rage, the 22nd

Thetoid Gryphonnes remounted their transports and outpaced the approaching greenskins' bikes as they made their escape.

The Gryphonne's wing is the regimental symbol of the 22nd Thetoid Gryphonnes, and is intended to represent the speed with which they strike at their foes. Sharp-edged and striking, this symbol stands out proud against the smoke and filth of even the most horrific battlefields.



101ST BETIC DRAGONS

The 101st Betic Dragons became known throughout the Goanx Sub-sector when they came to the aid of the Destroyers Space Marine Chapter. The Adeptus Astartes had been defending a volcanic death world against a warband of the Crimson Slaughter. A pack of Helbrutes had destroyed many of their Attack Bikes, and Heldrakes crippled two of their Stormtalon Gunships.

As the Betic Dragons' Valkyries launched assaults on the Heldrakes, keeping the fearsome daemon-craft engaged, the Scions were able to make planetfall without being noticed. Their Taurox Primes immediately veered towards the Helbrutes and enraged the maddened walkers with hammering battle cannon fire. The Helbrutes lumbered after the vehicles, which sped up the side of a volcano. The war engines had already been damaged by the Destroyers Space Marines, and despite their rage they could not match the speed of the Militarum Tempestus vehicles. The Scions disembarked and concealed themselves amidst the debris on the lip of the volcano. Once the Helbrutes had caught up with the Taurox Primes, squad after squad of Scions savaged the beasts with criss-crossing blasts of hot-shot weaponry and hurled krak grenades. Such was the sudden violence of their assault that their foes were driven into the bubbling magma of the volcano itself. The Betic Dragons' victory provided the Destroyers with the opportunity they needed. The warriors of the Adeptus Astartes surged from their positions and proceeded to obliterate the surrounding squads of Chaos Space Marines, driving the Crimson Slaughter warband back into the Warp.

The 101st Betic Dragons bear a symbol said to be inspired by the beast of myth after which they are named. Stylised as a flying dragon as seen from above, the symbol doubles as a representation of the airborne strike teams for which the Dragons are rightly famed.



73RD EPSILIC EAGLES

The 73rd Epsilic Eagles became famous throughout the Varinus System for their well-organised defence against a series of realspace raids from the Kabal of the Dying Sun. The sinister Archon Vorl-Xoelanth had been spearheading vicious attacks against the population of two worlds in particular: Nusius II and III. The local Astra Militarum regiments proved too slow to keep pace with the Dark Eldar, and those who were not killed outright ended up being transformed into experiments for the Haemonculi Covens. Segmentum command ordered the 73rd Epsilic Eagles to maintain a vigilant presence in the system, so that they might rush to the defence of the cities in which the Kabal of the Dying Sun had struck.

Though the 73rd Epsilic Eagles never killed Vorl-Xoelanth, their rapid responses, expertly co-ordinated, saved thousands of

Imperial citizens from being claimed as prisoners. When sightings of a Dark Eldar Raider came from the shrine slums of Nusius II, the 73rd Epsilic Eagles dropped en masse from their Valkyries, deploying via grav-chute to surround and eliminate the raiding party. Their mag equipment enabled them to launch attacks on clutches of Kabalite Warriors, approaching from angles and heights for which the swift Dark Eldar had not planned. These sudden, unexpected blows slowed down the Dark Eldar greatly, allowing wider Imperial forces to be mustered. Together the Scions and Astra Militarum troopers were able to drive the remaining warriors of the Kabal of the Dying Sun from the planet, and the Dark Eldar raids eventually ceased in the Varinus System altogether.

The regimental symbol borne by the 73rd Epsilic Eagles is a heavily stylised fist known simply as the Gauntlet. The reason for this symbology is known only to the regiment's Tempestors, and has never been explained to any outsider. Whether it is a mark of honour, or one of shame, remains a mystery.

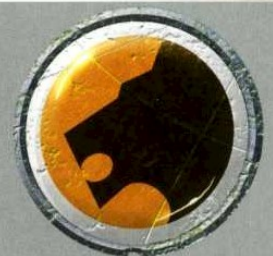


88TH ALPHIC LIONS

Though the 88th Alphic Lions have fought against a vast range of deadly foes, they have proven most effective in war when fighting against the debased entities of the Warp. However, the feature most noted about the Lions by other Imperial bodies is their alliance with the Space Marines of the Blood Angels Chapter, with whom they have fought on several occasions and secured a great many victories for the Imperium.

It was on the volcanic moon of Jalbree that the 88th Alphic Lions displayed their skills to the Blood Angels. Brother Corbulo was leading a small strike force of the Sons of Sanguinius to the planetoid on a secretive mission for his Chapter. The 88th Alphic Lions had also been sent there on a mission to defend the world against a daemonic tide that was spilling up from one of the volcanoes. Under ash-filled skies, the Scions and the Adeptus Astartes united to fight back the surge of furious warp-spawn, and whittled down the outflow of creatures with blistering, synchronized raids. The Militarum Tempestus proved their exceptional bravery to the Blood Angels when halting the progress of a throng of Seekers, allowing Corbulo to destroy the Greater Daemon of Slaanesh that led the brutal incursion. Since that battle the 88th Alphic Lions have regularly found themselves allied to Blood Angels strike forces, with their rapid pace and deadly impact on the battlefield complementing the fast strike tactics preferred by the Sons of Sanguinius.

The Lion is a common heraldic beast throughout the Imperium's stauary and monuments. Its connotations are obvious, the beast embodying nobility, strength and pride. All of these characteristics run strong within the 88th Alphic Lions, making the Lion an apt symbol indeed.



54TH PSIAN JAKALS

After their ancient training world was destroyed by the Tyranids of Hive Fleet Leviathan, the 54th Psian Jakals now possess a temporary garrison upon the maiden world of Mayloc. Since adjusting to the planet's environment, they have developed more sophisticated methods of tracking and surveillance. Because of the numerous warhosts that frequently make planetfall upon Mayloc, the 54th Psian Jakals are now specialist hunters of Eldar. Indeed, very few in the Militarum Tempestus are as adept at tracking their warriors and wraithbone constructs or at evading their reality-bending firepower. Much of the Scions' equipment has been reprogrammed accordingly and their theoretical tactics dispatched in monoslate briefing files to other Militarum Tempestus regiments.

In order to test the robustness of these tactics, the Ordo Tempestus has sent the Jakals on missions to combat Eldar from numerous craftworlds. On each occasion the Scions have proven increasingly proficient at dealing with these ancient and elusive aliens. One of the Scions' most glorious missions was on the death world of Rax V, where the Scions were forced to march through miles of toxic jungle to deal with the numerous attacks of an Ulthwé strike force. For days the Eldar had been assaulting the Imperium's fortifications in revenge for an Astra Militarum raid against one of their support craft. The Scions of the 54th Psian Jakals were ordered simply to purge the Eldar from the planet. Thanks to the skills they had developed upon Mayloc, the Tempestus troopers correctly anticipated 67 percent of the Ulthwé Eldar's movements and flight patterns. The Jakals were even able to ambush and destroy a squad of Aspect Warriors as they emerged from a wraithgate.

The Black Jakal – the regimental symbol of the 54th Psian Jakals – is amongst the more menacing used by the Militarum Tempestus. This is in keeping with the iconography of the regiment as a whole, and speaks volumes about the morbid and menacing character of these dispossessed warriors.



62ND RHOIN COBRAS

Though they generally practice an emotionless resolve in battle, it is said that the Scions of the 62nd Rhoin Cobras have a particular detestation for any of the foul forces in the galaxy that utilise sorcery. When a warband of Thousand Sons came to attack their former Schola Progenium facilities on the jungle-covered world of Skell II, the Scions of the 62nd Rhoin Cobras came to the planet's aid. The entire 190-strong regiment of the 62nd Rhoin Cobras had been stationed on the orbital space station, engaged in training and monoscope debriefing from a recent mission, when reports came of the crisis.

Their ships descended to landing platforms within the nearby jungle, and Taurox Primes rolled out to meet the onslaught of the Rubric Marines. The Scions reached the fortifications of the Schola Progenium in time to see clouds of swirling sorcery above it. Activating a series of munitions, they blasted their way in, and poured into the corridors. Traitors battled against Scions in the darkness. The confines were lit up with muzzle flashes and the red streaks of hot-shot weaponry. The Sorcerer's magic disrupted all vox-communication and the Militarum

Tempestus' slate monitrons. Tempestor Prime Vallarix Thetus' knowledge of the ancient facilities remained robust even after many years. From his memory of the passageways and by signing orders to his men, Thetus coordinated an overwhelming strike by his Scions upon the Sorcerer. The

fiend finally vanished in a cloud of foul smoke. Half the 62nd Rhoin Cobras had died during the fighting, but thanks to Thetus, all the Schola's future Scions had been saved.

The 62nd Rhoin Cobras bear the regimental symbol known as the Serpentina Vigilant. Rumours abound that some latent warding property is associated with this icon, for the regiment's disdain of psyker witchery is well documented. Whether there is any truth to this claim, however, seems unlikely.



86TH DELTIC DRAGONS

Though Imperial commanders in the Eastern Fringe are rightly wary of Tau expansionary forces, they have sometimes been forced to ally with the xenos in order to overcome adversity. When such an abhorrent compromise is required, it is frequently the Scions of the Militarum Tempestus who are rallied, in no small part due to their willingness to adhere rigidly to Imperial orders without argument. One regiment that has won much honour while fighting alongside the Tau are the 86th Deltic Dragons. They have gone to war several times alongside the Fire Warriors and battlesuits of Kel'shan Sept. That this sept's fighters show a similar level of determination and stoicism to the Militarum Tempestus is purely a coincidence.

Standing together,
the Scions and
the warriors of Kel'shan Sept
defended two worlds successfully
against splinter fleets of Hive Fleet Gorgon.

In each battle, the 86th Deltic Dragons were able to take advantage of the Fire Warriors' covering fire when making swift strikes against larger targets, while the Scions' resilience when fighting at close range bolstered the Tau lines. The complementary nature of the two factions has proven of great interest to the Ordo Tempestus, who monitor their alliance closely – other than in directing battlefield orders and relaying status updates, Tempestor Prime Prellus is forbidden to engage in dialogue with the Tau Commander Shas'O Shi'Y'he.

The Chevrons that adorn the armour and vehicles of the 86th Deltic Dragons are displayed in ever changing signifier-patterns that only they fully understand. This is an intentional ploy, intended to obfuscate hierarchy and symbology from the watchful eyes of the Tau with whom they have forged frequent – if uneasy – alliances.



9TH IOTAN GORGONNES

The elite Scions of the 9th Iotan Gorgonnes are an unusual regiment. They frequently fight wars alongside the warriors of the Adepta Sororitas – specifically the Order of the Glowing Chalice – many of whom originated from same Schola Progenium facility on Vedill I. The Scions and the Sisters of Battle parted after their Trials of Compliance into the different areas of the Imperium, but have since been reunited on the battlefield. Though the Scions have faith only in executing their orders, and little else, the missions in which they are most often engaged are ultimately on behalf of the Ecclesiarchy. Under this unusual sanction from the Ordo Tempestus, the 9th Iotan Gorgonnes continue to show exemplary skills alongside the Order of the Glowing Chalice. One of the greatest displays of bravery from the 9th Iotan Gorgonnes was on the shrine world of Sanctus Lys. After the simultaneous suicide of a blood-cult, packs of Khornate Daemons had breached the Warp; Bloodletters swarmed across the planet on a murder-spree, destroying the faithful populace and filling the streets with gore. The battle sisters of the Order of the Glowing Chalice led the world's defence, but were overwhelmed when brass-flanked Juggernauts began rampaging through the streets, crippling their vehicles. The Scions of the 9th Iotan Gorgonnes prevented a more complete atrocity by launching rapid strikes against the Daemon cavalry, and by baiting the lesser Daemons into courtyards filled with waiting Taurox Primes. This freed the warriors of the Adepta Sororitas to purge the rest of the horde, saving the people of Sanctus Lys.

Originally, the icon borne by the 9th Iotan Gorgonnes showed black jags set upon a white background. However, in honour of their frequent battles alongside the Order of the Glowing Chalice the symbol has been altered so that it is now set black upon gold.





33RD DELTIC PHOENIXES

The progena who graduated to the 33rd Deltic Phoenixes were originally orphaned by a vicious Dark Eldar strike upon Kaldamor. Though mindscaping has eliminated their knowledge of this event, the Scions of the 33rd Deltic Phoenixes have statistically proven to have a greater kill rate against this particular type of xenos. The 33rd Deltic Phoenixes' greatest hour came upon the twin moons of Erendix. A series of raids led by Archon Vaxmar of the Kabal of the Emerald Talon had crippled dozens of Imperial settlements, and numerous high-ranking officials had been taken back to Commorragh to be experimented upon by the Haemonculi Covens. The 33rd Deltic Phoenixes were scrambled to Erendix, where they awaited the next realspace assault. When it finally came, it was upon the most populous of the moons. The Scions stormed to the surface as separate, multiple fast-response squads, and their speed, tactics and technology enabled them to shred through the ranks of Kabalite Warriors, while their Taurox Primes destroying Raiders and Reavers without mercy. Segmentum command was greatly impressed by the speed and precision of the Scions' attack, and the 33rd Deltic Phoenixes have since been called upon whenever these deadly xenos have been sighted. But Archon Vaxmar, who survived the conflict, has not forgotten the destruction of half his Kabal. The embittered Dark Eldar follows the movements of the 33rd Deltic Phoenixes with great interest, and works to arrange a sufficiently painful revenge.

The 33rd Deltic Phoenixes bear the symbol known as the Infernum Ressurrectus. Depicting a heavily abstracted phoenix set against the divided remains of a shattered world, the symbol evokes the Scions' rise from the fate of their ruined home planet.



32ND THETOID EAGLES

The regimental traditions of the 32nd Thetoid Eagles had always been secretive, and their ancient training world of Begentus was an isolated one. Even though, like other Militarum Tempestus regiments, they possessed a pedigree of exceptional combat skills, the Thetoid Eagles were infamous for their particularly vicious methods of warfare. Indeed, segmentum command grew increasingly sceptical about the regiment's ability to adhere strictly to their orders. Such wariness proved valid, for the 32nd Thetoid Eagles went missing shortly after the Xinon Wars. Throughout the Xinon System, the Scions of the Thetoid Eagles fought a sustained campaign against a series of cultist uprisings attributed to the Alpha Legion. Under skies blackened by volcanic ash, the Scions seared through rank upon rank of Cultists in order to secure the cities before the arrival of the 32nd Elysian Drop Troops. The rebellions became more systematic until lumbering war engines finally emerged from underground lava flows. One such behemoth eviscerated the regiment's command structure as well as the Commissar attached to them. Before long, the remaining Scions were without any orders whatsoever. After the arrival of the Elysian 32nd, the Scions proceeded to destroy the successive uprisings across Xinon and bring about a temporary calm upon the volatile worlds. But after the ash had settled and Elysian commanders sought to debrief to their own commanders, the Thetoid Eagles had simply vanished from the system entirely.

The Warwing symbol of the 32nd Thetoid Eagles is commonly taken to represent their skill in airborne assaults. However, dark whispers abound that the symbol has some other, veiled meaning to the regiment's commanders. The truth of this matter, as well as the wider concerns regarding the regiment's recent record, have recently become the concern of alarmingly powerful Imperial bodies...





29TH ZETIC TYGERS

The 29th Zetic Tygers have proven their iron resolve on numerous occasions, but never more so than on the space station of Valiant Mountain above Phellur III. After the Death Korps of Krieg interrupted a strange ritual aboard Valiant Mountain, a Warp rift opened at the centre of the superstructure, emptying thousands of Tzeentch's minions into the star system. The Death Korps had proven too few to cope with the onslaught, and the 29th Zetic Tygers were despatched to make a sequence of strikes around the space station. By the time the Scions arrived, the Astra Militarum force had been all but destroyed. Hordes of Daemons brought terror to the space station's hab-blocks and panic-filled corridors. The Scions drove their Taurox Primes along the outside of the structure, gunning down Pink Horrors and Flamers as they emerged from hatches to face them. The Tygers' commanding officers had located a Lord of Change shimmering within the bowels of the space station, and the culmination of the battle on Valiant Mountain came when the Scions pierced the daemonic tide and confronted the Greater Daemon. It weaved a barrage of mutating magic and confusing visions to prevent the Scions from destroying it, but their iron will and exceptional tactics saw them purge the creature, closing the Warp rift.

The 29th Zetic Tygers decorate their armour with a distinctive Tyger's Eye icon. This striking design makes for a clear and easily identified signifier amid the madness of battle, but is further an intimidating design only one step removed from tribal warpaint.



34TH PSIAN VIPERS

The soldiers of the 34th Psian Vipers make up a tenacious regiment, even for the Militarum Tempestus. This has been proven on numerous occasions, but none more effectively than on the industrial agri world of Marunda II. In 998.M41 the Imperial mining operations delved too deep into the planet's crust and disrupted dormant Necrons. The awoken warriors marched through the colossal tunnels, their gauss weaponry flickering off walls and ancient machinery as they atomised thousands of menials and servitors. The vast regiment of the 34th Psian Vipers made planetfall and descended into the tunnels in their Taurox Primes to strike at the heart of the alien threat. They blasted away at swarms of Scarabs while their vehicle-mounted volley guns vaporised dozens of implacable Necron Warriors. When the main entrance tunnels collapsed the 34th Psian Vipers were forced to continue fighting within the total darkness. They were not concerned with escape from the underground prison, for their orders were simply to destroy the Necron threat. Thus the Scions continued fighting for weeks. Their sensors and auspexes enabled them to keep track of the ever-advancing robotic forms, and through sheer dogged determination and intelligent, improvised tactics from Tempestor Prime Rodros, the Scions eventually destroyed every Necron on Marunda II. Only then did the Scions consider their escape options and set about leaving the planet.

The origins of the 34th Psian Vipers' insignia are uncertain. Some believe it to be a simple sign of negation, a blunt statement against the regiment's many foes. Others claim that the cross itself has some deeper meaning, hidden within sealed files in the Vipers' Schola Progenium archives.



ARMOURED LIGHTNING



The regiments of the Militarum Tempestus depend upon their Taurox Primes to deliver the targeted fury of the Imperium across all manner of hazardous war zones, and through almost impossible conditions. Given the vehicle's long-standing service with the Scions, many Taurox Primes have become notable for supporting the elite warriors during legendary victories.



IRON TALON – 55TH KAPPIC EAGLES

During fighting on the Ybrekian ice worlds, *Iron Talon* took a fearsome toll upon the forces of the Crimson Slaughter. The Taurox Prime held the bridge over Frostjaw Crevasse for an hour until reinforcements could put the foe to flight.



NOBLE BLADE – 32ND THETOID EAGLES

Noble Blade is notable for its part in the assault on Orbital Station Valaheim to retake it from greenskin pirates. It was this tank's run across the station's outer hull that allowed its Scions to infiltrate and cripple the Ork defence grid.



UNMERCIFUL – 22ND THETOID GRYPHONNES.

The crew of the Taurox Prime *Unmerciful* possess the highest kill ratio of any vehicle in the ranks of the 22nd Thetoid Gryphonnes. Their accuracy has seen Ork mobs, Termagant swarms and Cultist hordes alike scythed down en masse.



HUNTSMAN – 9TH IOTAN GORGONNES.

During the bloody war on the death world of Gaur-Ix, *Huntsman* proved its worth time and again. Speeding through toxic mists, it spearheaded a string of ambushes that saw the traitor forces of the Death Guard crushed in weeks.

ULTIMATE MOBILITY

The Valkyrie Assault Carrier and the Militarum Tempestus are an almost perfect match – the training and mission indoctrination of the Scions working hand in fist with the speed, versatility and firepower of the Valkyrie. During combat operations a Tempestus force will be granted dispensation to repaint these aircraft in the colours of their regiment.

IRONWIND – 43RD IOTAN DRAGONS

Ironwind's pilots have a reputation for braving dangerous landing zones and sticking around when other fliers would retreat to safety. During the collapse of the Imperial salient on Xeon it was *Ironwind* that returned time and against to ferry the Scions of the 43rd to safety.



OMNISSIAH'S EAGLE – 73RD EPSILIC EAGLES

When the Scions of the 73rd saved the forge world of Hammarite from utter destruction at the hands of Chaos Renegades, its Magos honoured them with the creation of a fleet of Valkyries. *Omnissiah's Eagle* is one of these craft and have served the Scions well in the years since.



VOID HAWK – 54TH PSIAN JAKALS

The *Void Hawk* has been sanctioned for orbital operations – the seals, prayers and blessings of the Adeptus Mechanicus placed upon it so it might survive the rigours of space. The Pisan Jakals use the *Void Hawk* for low-orbit insertions, free-falling from it into the atmosphere.



NIGHT HUNTER – 22ND THETOID GRYPHONES

Night Hunter has been adapted for stealth operations and night side infiltrations and exfiltrations. Its engines incorporate silent running systems and intake bafflers allowing it to descend upon its foes with only the whisper of wind across its wings.

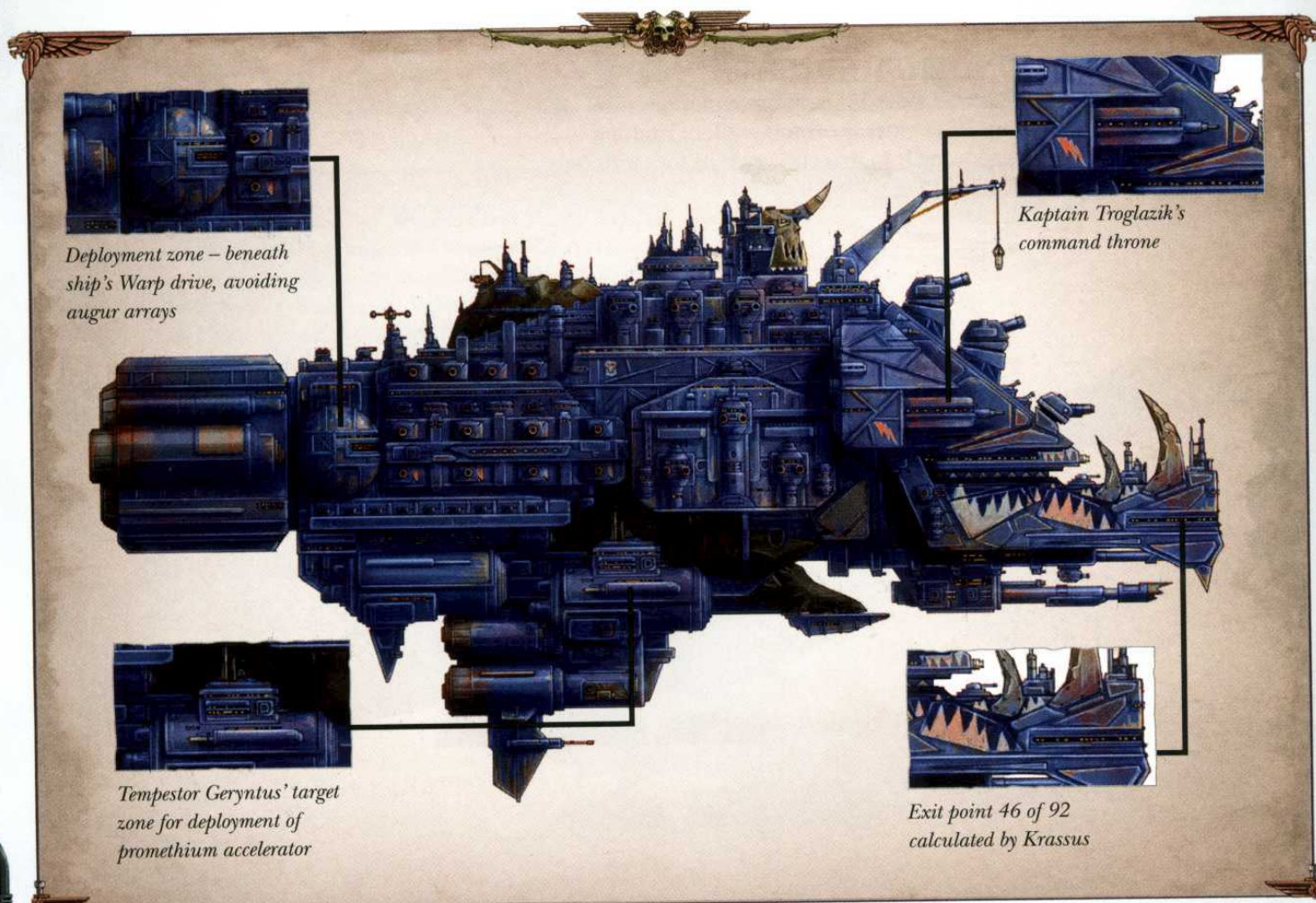


THE EAGLES' PREY

The 55th Kappic Eagles were despatched on a mission to bring a halt to the rampage of the Ork kill kroozer *Scarfish* before its Freebooter crew could reach the Valdax System. However, the mission was jeopardised when the elite Scions of the Militarum Tempestus, led by Tempestor Prime Magnus Krassus, unexpectedly found themselves up against the greenskins' own elites.

The instant the Ork kill kroozer known as the *Scarfish* entered the Valdax System, planning its destruction became a top priority for the system's Imperial commanders. The ship was commandeered by the notorious Kaptain Troglazik, who led a vicious and highly destructive band of Ork Freebooter outcasts. A series of valuable protein-sludge agri worlds stretched before Troglazik, and a source of nutrient-gruel for billions of people throughout the system was under threat. With scant local military resources, the Ordo Tempestus decided the only way to prevent a disaster was for Troglazik's Freebooters to be eliminated before planetfall by an elite regiment of the Militarum Tempestus, the 55th Kappic Eagles, commanded by Tempestor Prime Magnus Krassus. The Eagles first had to board the monstrous ship – a monumental task in itself, for the kill kroozer bristled with gun decks and all manner of firepower, and its hulls were filled to overflowing with barbarous warriors. Once aboard, they would drop a promethium accelerator into the heart of the ship's volatile fuel ducts, activate it and retreat. To further complicate the mission, the 55th Kappic Eagles would be operating blind, there being no logic to the construction of kill kroozers and their often narrow,

labyrinthine passageways. A handful of aged Imperial frigates, rustbuckets destined for the salvage yard, put up frail resistance as a distraction to the Ork ship as it drifted into orbit around the first agri world. The 55th Kappic Eagles' Valkyries flew in close to the kill kroozer and deployed the elite troopers. Utilising grav-chutes, mag-boots and respmasks, the Scions boarded *Scarfish*. Once in the crudely constructed passageways, Krassus directed his teams as a single force towards the closest potential point of access to the fuel ducts. The Orks of Troglazik's crew were at first unaware of the threat inside their ship. Krassus gave strict orders to avoid engaging the greenskins where possible. The Scions fired only when necessary, eliminating those Orks they could not avoid, so as not to attract the attention of a race that thrived on combat. Only when word of intruders reached the command deck did the Orks begin a cohesive counter-attack. Like moths to a flame, the Orks swarmed towards the Scions. The Militarum Tempestus warriors found themselves beset by dozens of Freebooter Kommandos and Stormboyz, some of the most cunning Orks in existence. At the centre of the throng, in the red light of the *Scarfish*, stood a furious Kaptain Troglazik.



FREEBOOTERS' WRATH

At a single hand signal, the 55th Kappic Eagles altered their tactics to the fourth of dozens of pre-planned schemes. Knowing that the Orks would be drawn to the largest fight, Tempestor Prime Krassus ordered the force to split into two. Krassus remained with the majority of the Scions, who stood their ground against the greenskins. While they provided a furious distraction, Tempestor Geryntus led a smaller team carrying the promethium accelerator back through the *Scarfish's* air vents to find another route. Across a vast scrap-panelled hold of the kill kroozer, Krassus made a blistering forward strike into the heart of the greenskins. It was the first of a series of hit and run strikes utilizing the haphazard layout of the ship's hold, which infuriated Troglazik's Freebooters despite their numbers. The Scions burned through the targets in front of them, then scrambled up onto a higher platform. The Stormboyz went berserk, activating their rokkit packs to begin a running battle high above the floors amidst the ship's gantries. Kaptain Troglazik directed his Kommandos, who climbed hand over hand to intercept the Scions on the higher level, and the Orks surged towards the Eagles. The nimble Scions evaded slugga fire and choppa swings, responding with precise blasts from their hot-shot lasguns, but their casualties were mounting. Krassus was ever aware of the need to keep moving, to goad the Orks further, to leave them in a fury before moving position. The speed at which the Scions relocated was far greater than even the Stormboyz could manage in the cramped confines. Whenever the Kommandos and Stormboyz attempted to close like a claw around the squads of Scions, the troopers would rapidly change course, whittling down the wrathful mobs with hot-shot fire. All the while, Tempestor Prime Krassus was placing munitions along the hold, ready to activate later when they came to make their exit.

Eventually, the clarion vox-net buzzed with news from Tempestor Geryntus, of the second squad. He alerted Krassus that the promethium accelerator had been cast into the fuel ducts. The Scions were now racing against time – it would not take the accelerator long to destabilise the fuel system. While Geryntus' squad crawled back through makeshift vents towards the outer hull of the kill kroozer, Krassus' squads of Scions had to fight their way out. Their furious dash had successfully drawn the Orks' attention, but now they needed to shake free of their foe and find their own exit. Krassus had planned for this as well. His squads provided cover for him to set the last of the munitions and activate the timer through his slate monitron. Krassus' trap detonated on cue: a shower of scrap and shrapnel collapsed on the rising Orks, sending the Stormboyz plummeting back down to the floor and scattering the rest of the greenskins. In the lull of battle, the remaining Scions vanished through a vent. Krassus, following a route mapped out on his slate monitron by Geryntus, steered the rest of the 55th Kappic Eagles back out towards the surface of the *Scarfish*. As their waiting Valkyries took off amidst a storm of fire from the kill kroozer's flak batteries, the ship's fuel reserves finally began to overheat. The resulting explosions as the *Scarfish* ignited lit up the sector like a dying star.



WAR WITHIN THE SCARFIST

His orders had been simple. But, as ever, Tempestor Prime Krassus was forced to process hundreds of decisions in an instant to execute those orders successfully. Heartbeat-quick, his mind flickered through the options now that the Orks had come en masse. He relayed the coordinates on his slate monitron to Geryntus before he had even given the command, and pointed four fingers and a thumb to the Scions behind the Tempestor.

'Geryntus – follow the exit route I've issued. Take those men, no more. Dump the accelerator and get out. Keep on clarion frequency five-oh-seven.'

Geryntus gave a salute. No questions. No requests for more data. Just process the orders and do the damn job, just like they were meant to.

As Geryntus peeled away, Krassus turned and hurled a grenade towards the greenskin mob. The resulting explosion made the ship's decking shudder with a growl like a primordial beast. Krassus relayed the message to the remaining Scions – about fifty of his men in all: 'Strike and fade, following my lead.'

Then he ran through the covering smoke from the grenade with his Scions at his heels. Their hot-shot lasguns lit up the darkness with red flashes. He could feel the heat from their blasts, every one a precision beam burning into the thickened hide of an Ork. Focussing ahead, he picked out bulky, fast-moving forms, before launching another grenade to buy more time.

A message came over the vox into his helm. 'This is Geryntus. We're en route. Nothing in pursuit. All clear, sir!'

'Acknowledged, Geryntus. Green tide stemmed so far.'

That was a relief, Krassus thought. It was a good thing the Orks liked a fight, because that was exactly what they were going to get. For Geryntus to succeed, the greenskins needed to be kept busy. Krassus pulled out his blade and held it in one hand, his hot-shot laspistol in the other. He shouted for acceleration to the right, and his comrades rushed there – gliding silently, drawing in the greenskin mob. Up ahead – up above – he could see the geysers of flame from their rocket-powered packs as more Orks moved in.

By the Emperor's throne, those things were quick, he thought. They could manoeuvre surprising well, too, and were far more disciplined than the rest of the rabble. Then they were landing around him – a vicious, roaring mob of Orks.

Krassus leapt up over the nearest greenskin, spun, blasted the brains of one with a shot from his weapon, and skewered the throat of another with his blade. Withdraw. Onto the next one. Behind him, his Scions were just as efficient. One greenskin downed, then another. Still the damned things kept coming.

Savage maws loomed in his vision, impossible to miss. He slammed his blade into an eye, dodged a crude weapon, stuck his gun into the belly of another greenskin, pulled the trigger, watched its innards empty out, glimmering in the red laser fire

and splattering onto the Ork behind. Krassus ducked the swipe of a blade, saw a gun being raised, brought up his own weapon – and as the muzzle flared, the Ork's arm was severed, sending the bucking gun clattering into its own kind, slugs shattering xenos brains. Krassus hurled another grenade into the throng: bodies thudded against the wall in the explosion, smoke poured through their ranks. Confusion ensued, but with his helm activated he could see the Orks' shifting heat forms. Once again the Scions edged forward. Once again Krassus led the way.

The Tempestor Prime processed their odds. Though the Scions were good, the sheer number of xenos would quickly become overwhelming. He would have to time everything to within a second of perfection. No, it would have to be more refined than that. Krassus waited until a gap in the greenskins' mass appeared at the right angle and gave the command to his Scions to retreat. 'Fall back upwards – forty-five degrees.'

With magboots activated, the 55th Kappic Eagles scrambled up the wall, Ork fire clattering into the scrap metal panels around them. As they ascended, the squads paused in turn to provide covering fire – their criss-crossing lasers plucking out those greenskins leaping from the throng on flaming rocket packs. All the while Krassus was constantly evaluating, analysing the shifts in troop movements, monitoring the progress of Geryntus' squad, moving probabilities around his mind until the right option presented itself.

As the Scions reached a raised metal platform which ran parallel to the lower decking, Krassus heard the thunderous war cries of the Orks increase in fury. A rare smile came to his lips: the things were angry and his plan was working. But out of the darkness on this higher level came weapons fire. A slug-shot thumped into one of his comrades, sending the Scion falling with an imploded head, trailing blood back into the tide of frenzied Orks below. Without a moment's hesitation, Krassus dropped sideways onto the platform and fired into the newly-arrived Ork's legs, sending the greenskin buckling over the edge. More pulled themselves up to stand where the first had fallen, their eye-lenses red in the darkness. Krassus had not come across this type of greenskin before – they were certainly skilled with a weapon.

'Drop down,' Krassus voxed, crawling forwards now, a weapon still in each hand. 'Secure the platform. If we're to complete our orders, these filth need taking down before we strike again below.'

'Sir!'



BITTER SALVATION

Commissar Decius Krassus, brother of Tempestor Prime Magnus Krassus, was given what should have been a simple mission: to smuggle out the planetary governor of Xariss ahead of the invasion of Hive Fleet Leviathan. The Catachan squads the Commissar had to hand were demoralised after a previous campaign against the Tyranids, jeopardising the operation...

Despite Xariss being a populous world, holding the planet against the Tyranids was never seriously considered – it would simply be impossible. However, the planetary governor, Vallera Dresis, was deemed essential personnel – and worth saving. Commissar Krassus' orders were to take the nearby Catachan 1845th and escort her off-planet. The Catachans had recently suffered heavy casualties after fighting Tyranids on a nearby shrine world, where they lost eighty-three percent of their regiment. Four hundred men remained, mostly new recruits. Upon making planetfall, Commissar Krassus and the Catachans could only get to within a mile of the governor's palace. Though he had anticipated only Tyranid vanguard organisms, massed creatures swarmed through the streets and winged horrors cluttered up the skies. The first waves of the fatigued and dispirited Catachan 1845th to be sent forward into battle proved insufficient, as swarms of brood-warriors shredded Krassus' men. Even those veterans who had faced the hive fleet before were unable to hold their ground. In a foolish display of insubordination, one Catachan refused to go any further – Krassus promptly executed him. The Commissar was forced to spearhead advances personally,

leading the line with almost suicidal fervour. Each time, the Catachan 1845th were propelled into action, but soldier after soldier was rendered into bloody ruin as they neared the palace. Then Krassus received a vox-message that the 99th Deltic Gorgonnes, led by Tempestor Prime Cadmur, were making planetfall amidst Leviathan's deluge. Squads of Scions grav-chuted through the spore-choked skies, obliterating organisms from the air with a latticework of hot-shot lasgun fire. As soon as the Gorgonnes joined up with the Commissar, he reaffirmed their orders. The combined Imperial forces cut through the swarm to reach the governor's compound, yet the Commissar's fortune was short-lived. When the Imperial troops reached the palace's central quadrangle, they were forced to slaughter scores of servants sporting strange tattoos, each droning allegiance to the Dark Gods. Tempestor Prime Cadmur discovered the governor, only to find that she, too, had turned to Chaos. If she had hoped her devotion to a heretical power would be her salvation in the face of the Tyranid menace, she was wrong. Cadmur and Krassus had clear orders to retrieve Vallera Dresis, and that was precisely what they were going to do – even if she had given herself to the Ruinous Powers.

THE 99TH DELTIC GORGONNES

Surgical strike brigade assembled to provide the safe exit of governor Vallera Dresis during the Xariss Campaign.



Commissar Decius Krassus

----- Gorgonne's Fist – Tempestor Prime Cadmur
Militarum Tempestus
Command squad (5 men)

— Fangs of the Gorgonne – Tempestor Caetrik
Militarum Tempestus Scions squad (10 men)

— Eyes of the Gorgonne – Tempestor Gillus
Militarum Tempestus Scions squad (10 men)

● Ironwing
Wings of the Emperor II
Steel Raptor
Valkyrie Squadron
(3 Valkyries)

THRUST THROUGH THE SWARM

Krassus, nonplussed, reasoned that his commanders might already have known of the governor's treachery – perhaps they wished to punish or interrogate her. The remaining Catachans, however, were furious at having to fight on behalf of a corrupted highborn, and they didn't try to hide their bitterness. In stern tones, Krassus made it clear that anyone who did not fight would be killed within an instant. Only two men were stubborn enough to attempt to raise their lasguns and, with two searing blasts from his plasma pistol, Krassus reminded the rest of the Catachans of their mission. At that, Tempestor Prime Cadmur had one of his Gorgonnes subdue the rabid Vallera Dresis with tranq-injects. The Scions then bound the governor and took it in turns to carry her through the corridors. Two soldiers walked at the rear of the escort, vigilant in case any dark sorcery within her blood brought her back to consciousness.

As the Imperial forces progressed back through the compound, a Mawloc burst through the paving of a nearby courtyard, hundreds of swarm creatures surging forth in its wake to pour into the surrounding buildings. Cadmur immediately set about neutralising the monster; without a second thought, two squads of Scions rushed ahead with him. Dozens of hot-shot lasgun blasts marred the creature's thick chitin, excising a thick chunk of its flank and sending it buckling onto its side like a felled tree. The Scions spread out to target the creature from multiple angles. No sooner had they killed it than Tempestor Prime Cadmur felt the ground rumbling. He predicted another creature was somewhere below and signalled his concern to the Commissar, who reacted accordingly. Krassus led the Catachans in an advance into a sea of Gaunts that blocked their exit route. The Astra Militarum soldiers unleashed withering volleys from their lasguns, and their hundred-strong ranks provided the firepower to send what remained of the swarm scurrying for safety. The Catachans cleared the way through to the gateway of the compound and the 99th Deltic Gorgonnes quickly caught up with them. Around them, Mawlocs continued to burst from the floor of the compound. More Tyranids flooded through the vacant corridors, hunting the Scions. Cadmur directed the placement of explosives in his squad's wake, buckling the gates of the palace and sending rubble flying in order to block the creatures' progress.

Once outside, Tempestor Prime Cadmur relayed a message on the clarion vox array. Within moments several Valkyries soared across the darkening skies towards a prearranged evac point in the distance. Their mission had now turned to a race against the swarm, and Leviathan unleashed a deluge of creatures at the retreating soldiers. The Scions were forced to slow to match the Catachans' pace, but Cadmur used this time to refine the evacuation plan. He ordered his Scions to extend out into a thin cordon; their superior skills and weaponry would buy time for their allies against the skittering Tyranids on the ground, and two of the Valkyries were called on to provide cover from the air against the winged creatures.

Eventually the Scions secured a safe landing zone for their transports; Krassus and the Catachans were the first to board. As the Valkyries lifted off from a field strewn with dead Tyranids, the governor awoke to find herself looking directly into the barrel of the Commissar's plasma pistol.



ORDERS ARE ORDERS

Commissar Krassus was not required to concern himself with the nature of his orders. His job was to enforce them, and by the Emperor he would do that. The fact that the governor he was charged with protecting had turned to Chaos was not his concern. If Vallera Drosis was now a traitor, so be it. Though Krassus would rather have her killed, he had strict orders to return her alive, and for as long as he could remember, he had dedicated himself to enacting orders.

The Deltic Gorgonnes understood him before he'd finished the sentence – it was a rare day when they had to be told twice to do something. The Catachans, however, were a miserable lot at the best of times. That he had to kill two of them to reinforce a point was to their dishonour, and a use of resources that he could scarcely afford – he'd used up most of his plasma pistol's recharges already against the Tyranids.

'Commissar,' came a vox message. It was Tempestor Prime Cadmur. 'The tunnelling creature is dead. Slate monitron reports suggest two more beneath the quadrangle. Exits are four-two-four north-west. Proceed?'

The difference, Krassus thought, between the Tempestor Prime and the milling Catachans was there in that one message. Efficiency, clarity, and a plan for getting out of this hellhole as quickly as possible.

'Proceed, Gorgonne.' Krassus turned to the squads of nerve-shattered soldiers crouched within the corridors of the quadrangle. 'Right you lot – we're going out that door. I'll lead.' He added a final comment: 'Let's see if you can kill more of those creatures than I do this time.'

Wound up and finally full of proper aggression, the Catachans followed him through the rubble-strewn passage. That they were itching to kill him was fine – so long as their fury was directed at the Tyranids he might finally get this mission completed.



At that moment another beast burst up ahead of them, shaking the compound and sending debris clattering against the walls in clouds of ash. Another explosion came from behind the Catachans, and yet another Tyranid monster rose up from underneath the palace. This time dozens of smaller fiends emptied out around them. Krassus drew his power sword and screamed for the Catachans to open fire. Lasgun fire burst through chitin, hurling xenos to the ground and sending shards of shrapnel skimming through the corridors. Krassus leapt through the darkness, skewering anything that moved and firing his plasma pistol into the swarm.

Tempestor Prime Cadmur kicked down one of the side doors. Scions emptied into the confines and, pressing against the wall, filtered down towards him. It was only then that Krassus noticed the strange symbols daubed on the walls in blood – the corrupted icons painted by a corrupted governor.

'Exit corridor four is clear, but you'll need to fight through creatures in sector alpha-four first,' Cadmur voxed. 'Do we have your permission to secure your exit, Commissar?'



Krassus fired at another lurching form incessantly, burning through the thing's carapace, before replying. 'You do. The Scions with the governor are to follow us and keep her controlled. You cover the Catachans – I've got them functioning properly now.'

'Sir!' With that, Cadmur led his mag-booted Scions back through the side corridor, their monoscopes piercing the clouds of smoke. The next thing that Krassus heard was hot-shot weaponry boring through chitin and the screech of xenos things dying in large numbers. It was a beautiful sound.

'Now, soldiers of Catachan, are you going to let them take all the glory?' Krassus bellowed. 'You might all die, but at least you'll go with honour – if that word isn't lost on you? Those Scions know it well enough.'

There was a spirited determination about the Catachans now. Krassus waved for them to follow through a corridor teeming with Tyranid creatures, and the Astra Militarum soldiers began to impress Krassus with their bold attacks. Red lines of lasgun fire brought down the darting creatures in the distance, and those close up were savaged by quick, Catachan blade-work and the sheer bloody-minded will to kill. When their knives became lodged in alien carcasses or were swallowed by gaping maws, the Catachans smashed back with bare fists or the butts of their lasguns. The casualties were horrendous, and those soldiers who were mauled amongst the flood of teeth and claws screamed out their rage and agony, but it was a defiant sound – one that drove the remaining warriors onwards. Why, Krassus thought, couldn't they fight like this earlier?

The walls and floors became thick with bodies, but as they fought through to the exit corridor the Commissar saw only another Imperial victory. After checking that the governor was still alive and in the Scions' control, he voxed his location through to Cadmur and called for the rest of the 99th Deltic Gorgonnes to follow them out of the compound.

'Leave your explosives,' he added, 'and get out of there.'

THE VINDICATION OF BRELLIUS

A mission to the ringworld of Avatroid offered an opportunity for Tempestor Brellius to make amends for a previous sin. Fighting alongside the Aurora Chapter, the soldier hoped to find redemption in the eyes of his allies by proving his worth to the Imperium – even if this attempt should cost him his life.

When the 68th Deltic Lions were summoned to the small ringworld of Avatroid to support the Aurora Chapter, Tempestor Brellius was eager to prove his value to the Ordo Tempestus. In his previous mission he had failed to execute a kill-order in time, jeopardising the whole operation, and he now had a black mark to his name. He saw his opportunity when the Lions, who were known amongst the Ordo Tempestus for their immunity to some of the universe's most stubborn poxes, were ordered to Avatroid in the face of a huge incursion of plague-carrying Daemons. No more than a hundred miles in circumference, the ancient ringworld featured lush forests that bordered a narrow band of a hive city, which stretched around the entirety of the world. A small force of the Aurora Chapter had diverted from their mission to investigate a Warp rift which had opened there, but the daemonic surge from within had proved beyond even their ability to control. The Space Marines sent an astropathic request for aid, and a large contingent of the 68th Deltic Lions arrived swiftly. Their mission was simple: alongside the Aurora Chapter, they were to drive the daemonic forces back towards the rift, which lay in a quarantined sector of the city that

would be destroyed from space. Imperial citizens – or soldiers – who showed symptoms of the plague were to be either killed outright or driven into that same quarantined section. The 68th Deltic Lions divided into two separate contingents for the operation, and each would link up with two of the Aurora Chapter's Tactical Squads on the surface. One spearhead was led by Tempestor Prime Justarch, and the other by Tempestor Brellius. Both divisions of Scions progressed by Taurox Prime in separate directions across the streets of the ringworld, heading towards the coordinates assigned to them by the Space Marines. Meanwhile a handful of PDF troopers were to redirect the remaining civilians; they would be assessed on a large scale by Commissar Valix and his retinue, who were stationed at various points within the hive city. Commissar Valix had been given the order to neutralise anyone who so much as coughed suspiciously. Eventually Tempestor Brellius' group of Scions established vox communications with the warriors of the Adeptus Astartes, after first identifying them by the sound of distant bolter fire. The Imperial forces then began a systematic purge, and drove the Daemons down the streets of the ringworld, pushing them into the quarantined zone.

+++PRIORITY CRIMSON DATA BURST - ASTROPATHIC ENCODE 5Y88+++

+++SUPPLICANT: INQUISITOR KALADZIR - PENUMBRAL CONCLAVE+++

+++ATTENDANT: TEMPESTOR PRIME JUSTARCH - 68TH DELTIC LIONS -
MILITARUM TEMPESTUS+++

YOU ARE COMMANDED TO DEPLOY TO THE AVATROID SYSTEM UNDER THE PROVISIONS OF THE COMBINED INQUISITORIAL INDENTURE. FROM THENCE YOU ARE TO RENDER ALL AID TO THE HONOURABLE ADEPTUS ASTARTES DETACHMENT DESIGNATION AURORA CHAPTER.

UPON THE ARCHED-RINGWORLD OF AVATROID AN ENEMY OF HUMANITY HAS ARISEN AND I HAVE CHOSEN YOU AND YOUR MEN, BY THE GRACE OF THE ORDO TEMPESTUS AND THE BLESSING OF THE ASTRA MILITARUM, TO VANQUISH THIS FOE. YOU WILL GRANT ALL SUPPORT WITHIN YOUR POWER TO THIS WORLD, TEMPESTOR PRIME, AND VISIT THE FURIOUS ANGER AND RIGHTEOUS MIGHT OF YOUR REGIMENT UPON THE FOE. LET NONE STAY YOUR HAND NOR ANY BLOCK YOUR PATH.

I WILL BE WATCHING, AND WHEN YOUR HOLY DUTY HAS BEEN DISPENSED I WILL BE THERE TO WIPE AWAY THE BURDEN OF YOUR DUTY.

- INQUISITOR KALADZIR, ORDO MALLEUS, PENUMBRAL CONCLAVE

+++MISSIVE TERMINATES+++

AN HONOURABLE DEATH

As the Space Marines and Scions dealt with the shambling hordes street by street, a swarm of Plague Drones burst forth en masse from the forest. The Rot Flies and their Plaguebearer riders swarmed around the Space Marines, forcing the Aurora Chapter back. More Plaguebearers and Nurglings oozed from the nearby buildings to surround Brellius' Scions, isolating them further. Hot-shot las-fire exploded swollen stomachs and enormous pustules, but then a Great Unclean One lumbered out of the atrium of a hab-block and lurched towards Brellius, lashing out at his Scions as it came. The Tempestor's desperate shots had little effect other than angering the Daemon and, in response, it surged forward and heaved its enormous sword through the air, one of its great strikes clipping the Tempestor, throwing him from his feet and severing his breathing apparatus. The Great Unclean One leant over the fallen Tempestor, rank fluids spattering down from its maw, but the combined hot-shot fire of the remaining squads burned into it, tearing at its essence until with a gurgling cry it retreated. Yet tiny organisms had wormed through Brellius' damaged mask, and he began to cough bubbling bile. One of the hitherto untouchable 68th Deltic Lions had succumbed to one of Nurgle's diseases. Brellius still had orders, and though his keen senses and battle skills were beginning to fade, he concealed his suffering from his fellow Tempestus troopers. He certainly did not show it to the Adeptus Astartes. As rampant disease began to take over his body, he pulled his respmask firmly over his face to hide his dribbling eyes.

The full forces of the Imperium united and both Space Marine and Scion continued to push back the plague victims and their daemonic infectors to the quarantined section of the ringworld. Now that the Daemons were clustered together, the Space Marines and Militarum Tempestus formed long lines of raging boltguns and hot-shot lasguns. Against this wall of devastating firepower, the Daemons collapsed or exploded, or simply retreated in the intended direction. Even the Great Unclean One could be seen heading away from the Imperial forces, a wave of Plaguebearers and Nurglings behind it. Finally, all of the city's infected were herded into the quarantined sector. Corridors were sealed off around them. Streets were made impassable by timed munitions, and the surrounding forest was burned, but it quickly transpired that there would still be a route by which the herded infected could attempt to flee; they could reach the safe zones by clambering over each other's bodies to scale the ruined manufactory at the western edge of the quarantine zone. Someone needed to stay at the perimeter to keep the infected throng in place. Whoever remained would surely die in the blast. Still concealing his bilious coughs and bleeding eyes, Tempestor Brellius volunteered himself. Armed with munitions and grenades, the Tempestor took up position in the ruin to the west. While the Imperium's warriors retreated to their support craft, Brellius lurched back and forth across the ruin, hurling grenades and pouring hot-shot gunfire into the Daemons and citizens who threatened to spill from the quarantine zone. A minute later the Space Marine Strike Cruiser fired its colossal lasers, and a whole sector of the ringworld became a raging inferno.



THE RANCID STRIKE

The ringworld had rotated a half-day since Brellius had deployed alongside the rest of his Scions, and now night had come to Avatroid. The cramped, narrow streets in this region were deserted, as the people had been evacuated and were now being evaluated for symptoms of the plague. Those with obvious signs of dribbling bile and bubbling skin had been driven into the quarantine sector by Tempestor Prime Justarch's squads, which left just left Brellius and his Scions to deal with the Daemons.

Continually, for the past few hours, the disgusting monsters had come droning or lurching from the shadowed buildings around them. Under the glare of promethium lamps, their exposed innards and pus-filled pustules glistened. Each of the creatures had met with glowing ruby streaks of laser from the Scions' weaponry, and by now hundreds of Daemons had been purged.



As his squad suppressed another attack, something greater came into Brellius' view. In that moment, the Tempestor saw a chance to elevate himself in the eyes of his officers and redeem his record. The Daemon was horrific, an enormous hulking form that emerged into the streets surrounded by many more smaller creatures. Each one dripped with foul substances, drooling bubbling plague ichors across the ground. The massive Daemon itself was layered in rolls of bloated gut. It carried a blade as large as its own arm, and wielded it effortlessly, swinging it into the squads of disciplined Militarum Tempestus warriors with bumptious ease. With every swipe Scions died, but their comrades stood firm and fired. Brellius reckoned, given enough time, that he could take the thing down. This was his chance for salvation.

'Scions, fall right,' Brellius voxed, 'take out the main target's plague troops. I'm going after it.'

The 68th Deltic Lions did not doubt his order. Even though they might have concerns about Brellius taking on the beast on his own, the Tempestor knew his Scions would not question him. But if he could bring down their vile foe, he could redeem his name with the Ordo Tempestus, and that was worth the risk.

The Scions peeled off, their hot-shot lasers flashing into the gloom of the streets. Rot Flies buckled from the air, their rancid riders slumping after them with a wet thud. Their fallen forms were scorched with lasgun fire to make sure they would prove no further trouble.

Brellius surged forward towards the huge Daemon. A great swing of its rusting, dripping blade came near Brellius' head, but he ducked and slid to one side, aiming his pistol up at the beast's arm. A shot exploded a pustule, sending dripping flesh scattering

behind. Yet the monster did not flinch – it barely noticed the wound. Another swing of that sword and Brellius ducked to his left, cursing, rolling across the rubble. He analysed the method of the creature's attack and decided his best chance to make his strikes count was when the thing held up its sword.

Another roll, and he fired from his hip into the Daemon's gut, exploding rancid flesh and unleashing more dubious liquids, but the skin began to heal up before his eyes. The sword thundered down again, striking the street and spitting chunks of ferrocrete up into the air. There was the moment again, and Brellius ran towards the Daemon's flank. Hot-shot laspistol fire opened up a thicker wound – and this time he wrong-footed the beast so that he could get another blast into the same wound. Brellius ruptured something more serious and the beast let out a gurgled roar.

Across the clarion vox network Brellius received a report from the other Scions. 'Sir. Maintaining perimeter effectively. Shall we lend you fire support?'

With a roll to the right, Brellius ducked the arc of the blade. 'Negative. Look to your own position.'

In that instant the huge sword whirled out impossibly fast, and Brellius dived out of its path – but the edge clipped his breastplate and sliced into his respmask. The mask's pipe fell open, exposing him to the poisoned air around. The Daemon gave a gurgled laugh and roared once again, this time showering the Tempestor in plague spittle as it leaned over him. Brellius tasted something foul mingling with the blood in his mouth, and began to feel a fever, but he pushed it to the back of his mind, trusting to his natural immunities.



As supporting hot-shot fire drove the Greater Daemon back, he staggered back to his feet. He lent his shots to the fusillade, but he realised he felt different now. His vision was blurred... slow. His movements... imprecise. He could feel a strange fluid building up within his throat and when he coughed he saw the red droplets. His slate monitron began to warn of blood failures and something haemorrhaging inside.

Brellius could imagine the disappointment in his commanders' faces yet again – their expressions stoic as they considered a demotion. Another black mark against his name at the very least. Such was the folly of straying from standard fire protocol.

Falling in line with the other Scions, Brellius searched his mind for another way to prove himself to his regiment...

DEFENCE OF BURIC MOUNTAIN

In a search for an ancient spirit staff, which had been stolen by the Imperium centuries ago, the Eldar of Iyanden launched a sudden strike upon the shrine moon of Bhuran. Their wraith-constructs soon overwhelmed the defenders, levelling buildings in their search, and the 54th Psian Jakals were scrambled and charged with protecting the relic at all costs.

When a wraithship of Iyanden burst into the atmosphere of Bhuran and wraith-constructs began to walk across the shrine world, the PDF was vastly outmanoeuvred. Iyanden's Wraithguard and Wraithknights moved with precision from temple to shrine, bringing their ferocious firepower to the people of Bhuran. Imperial tanks buckled and crumpled under the weight of the Eldar's gravity-bending weaponry. Bridges collapsed, sending whole units and support vehicles plummeting into icy waters. Hab-blocks were folded into nothingness. As for the majority of the PDF troopers, their souls were ripped away and cast into the Warp or their bodies burned by waves of plasma. Led by Spiritseer Alanic, the Iyanden Eldar scoured the moon, apparently searching for something.

A distress signal was sent to the nearby planet of Mayloc. A Militarum Tempestus regiment, the 54th Psian Jakals, had taken up a temporary garrison upon the planet after their former training planet was destroyed by Hive Fleet Leviathan. Mayloc was a verdant world, and would almost have been a paradise had it not been for the frequent attacks launched on its inhabitants by the Eldar. As a

result, few Scions were more adept at anticipating the xenos' movements than the 54th Psian Jakals. Led by Tempestor Prime Valderack, they were issued with the precise coordinates of the supposed target of the Eldar – a relic which was held within an underground shrine in the heart of the Buric Mountain. Dropping from their ships, the Scions grav-chuted into position at the peak of the mountain. From there, they trekked down towards the underground compound before the Eldar even knew they had arrived. Valderack ordered his Scions to survey the surroundings, trusting the skills that his scouts, the Eyes of the Jakal, had developed on Mayloc. Before long the Scions had located a number of Iyanden's wraith-constructs approaching the foot of the mountain. Issuing the locations on his slate monitron, Valderack ordered a sequence of explosive traps to be laid in the path he anticipated the Eldar would take. Then he promptly began to recall Scions from various parts of the mountain, and positioned them in staggered formations around the entrance to the underground shrine-compound. The Tempestor Prime then directed further squads of Scions to locations deep inside the labyrinthine chamber.

SPECIALIST SQUADS OF THE JAKALS

As well as being famed for their skills against the Eldar, the 54th Psian Jakals are also known for their powerful and effective formations. These squads may be rapidly assembled in the heat of battle, their organisation having been committed to memory, or be deployed together, depending upon the requirements of the mission.

SAVAGE CLAWS

Though only ten men strong, the Savage Claws bear the 54th Psian Jakals' most formidable firepower. Whereas the regiment most often relies upon hot-shot las weapons, the Savage Claws bring extra potency to battle in the form of flamers, hot-shot volley guns and meltaguns. Each member is trained in the use of each of these specialist weapons, and they are deployed according to the pre-planned tactics of Tempestor Prime Valderack, their objectives ranging from scouring hordes of corrupted Cultists to eliminating alien monsters.

STRIKE PACK ALPHIC

Strike Pack Alphic is the first into the fight and the last to leave. Comprised only of the most hardened warriors, even among the Militarum Tempestus its Scions are known for their tenacity and relentlessness as their foes bombard them. Valderack often calls upon Strike Pack Alphic to hold critical objectives under the most severe firepower.

EYES OF THE JAKAL

When inserted deep behind enemy lines, the warriors of the Militarum Tempestus occasionally discover prior intelligence to be radically different to reality. In such circumstances, the Eyes of the Jakal are formed. Made up of ten of the swiftest warriors in the regiment, Tempestor Prime Valderack relies upon the Eyes to scout ahead of the rest of the regiment and relay essential information back to his unit.

JAWS OF THE JAKAL

The regiments of the Militarum Tempestus are not as plentiful as those of the Astra Militarum, so they cannot always rely upon sheer weight of firepower to fell a target. When Valderack needs enemy squads or war engines to be taken down immediately, it is the Jaws of the Jakal that he sends in to do the job. Typically only thirty warriors strong and led by Tempestor Zellius, the Jaws of the Jakal are the finest shots in the regiment. It is a rare occasion that they fail to eliminate a target in short order by focussing on its weakest point.



THE WRAITHSHIP'S APPROACH

Valderack's traps detonated, the bright explosions indicating the approach of the wraith-constructs. A light force of Scions remained scattered across the mountain, with the bulk of troops now in the mountain or around the single entrance. Valderack knew only this one route into the shrine existed; even with their advanced weaponry, if the Eldar were to claim their relic they would have to get past him. Across the clarion vox-relay, Valderack learned of Eldar constructs unleashing waves of plasma at the Scions at the foot of the mountain, and squads being disintegrated by horrendous weapons. But the pivotal point of the battle came by a truly unexpected method. The Iyanden wraithship descended towards the peak of the mountain and unleashed a devastating beam of harnessed solar energy, lighting up the moon. In this alien dawn, the mountain itself began to overheat and fall apart, the corridors glowing as hot as laser beams.

Defence would have to be turned into an attack. Valderack voxed for aid from the Navy in destroying the wraithship, and he ordered his Scions out into the open. The 54th Psian Jakals burst out into the light. Having learned the topography of the surrounding area, Valderack ordered the 54th Psian Jakals into a vast chevron formation to advance down the mountain, drawing the Eldar forces with them, while he alerted the other squads as to the position of the enemy. The Jakals knew from experiences upon Mayloc that to stand a chance of victory, they would have to focus on the weak points of the wraith-constructs.

With hot-shot weaponry, the Scions seared through limb joints as they drove spear-like into the ranks of unliving warriors. Sword-wielding constructs lurched through the forests to the east after feigned retreats, straight into thick formations of other Scions – as they had been forced to do many times on Mayloc. No sooner had the Eldar of Iyanden learned the Scions' tactics and begun to adapt to them, banishing the souls of many unfortunate soldiers into the Warp, than Valderack altered his plans once again. This time dozens of squads parted swiftly, baiting the smaller wraith-constructs so that the rest of the regiment could surround the largest. Valderack's Savage Claws began to direct a combination of meltagun fire and gouts of plasma at a towering Wraithknight, striking from all sides before moving swiftly to avoid its gravity-twisting weapons and thick plumes of plasma. Despite inflicting ruinous damage to the walker, whole squads of Scions were lost to its vengeful attacks. Eventually Valderack received the message that the regiment's Valkyries had arrived. His Scions were able to hold off the Wraithknight long enough for the Valkyries' aerial firepower to aid them in destroying the immense walker. Once it had been brought down, Valderack ordered the 54th Psian Jakals to commence hunting the rest of Iyanden's warriors. Finally a Lunar Class Cruiser's swift attack drove away the Iyanden wraithship before the mountain could disintegrate entirely, and the sacred compound remained safe. Tempestor Prime Valderack lost forty-six percent of 54th Psian Jakals in the action upon the moon of Bhuran. Disappointed with this loss, he forced the remaining Scions into more disciplined training regimens upon their return to Mayloc.

THE SCIONS SCRAMBLE

'They're dead already,' Valderack growled across the crystal-clear vox. 'So make sure they're properly dead when you're done with them. Aim for the joints. And if you can, shoot them right in the stones. No one likes that.'

There was not a single chuckle at Valderack's comments. The Tempestor Prime could understand why, for the trees ahead of them were melting under the firepower of some huge construct. The ground shook and clouds of flame shot across the undergrowth.

'East, forty-five yards,' he ordered. 'Squad Fourteen leads the offense. Jakal-pounce-two formation, three yards per Scion.'

As one disciplined unit, the ninety Scions scrambled across the slope. It was a high gravity moon and each of his soldiers was carrying heavy equipment on their back along a steep section of the mountain to get into position for the downward charge. But not a single Scion was out of breath. They glided forwards as if this was a standard training march.

There was no cover of night here, not now the whole place had been lit up by that damn xenos craft. And not that darkness mattered against the Eldar, Valderack thought. They'd get to you no matter what the conditions. From here he could see the green arc of a planet rising above the forest canopy. He thought he saw something worse, too, something far larger and on the ground. But it had just moved out of sight.

Scions scrambled into position, three squads holding and turning to fire while the others ran ahead. Red beams of light connected with the joints of Eldar walkers and with a whirring fizz and a small explosion one of them fell. The other emitted a thick blast that made Scion Frenum wilt and disappear in a vortex of strange energy. A few seconds had passed and Valderack ordered the firing squads to turn and press ahead, while another three squads of Scions stopped back to attack. These tactics enabled the Eldar to be kept at a distance, while minimising the loss of life.



The 54th Psian Jakals proceeded swiftly along the slope, drawing the huge walkers along. Both the Militarum Tempestus and Eldar were incessant in their attacks, and neither side provided an opening. Despite having factored in the probabilities of victory for a range of tactics, even Tempestor Prime Valderack thought that there was little his Scions could do with that ship in the sky and the mountain constantly rumbling. He had, however, factored in that these yellow Eldar wouldn't level the mountain whilst the alien relic was still safely contained within: it was too precious to them to risk its destruction, the mountain would not be vapourised. Not yet, at least.

'Break formation!' Valderack shouted.

The Scions around him scattered up and down the mountain in two large units, while up ahead another six squads were waiting with line upon line of hot-shot lasguns. The Eldar stepped right into the path of the lancing beams of red lasers. Valderack peered back down the slope and grinned. Dozens of the smaller walkers had finally given way and now lay on the ground, smouldering and broken.



His regiment's precision aim had done just what he said and connected with the weak points in their armour. Although many of the Eldar walkers had not been destroyed outright, they had at least been rendered ineffective against the mobile forces of the Scions. That increased the probabilities of victory.

An explosion drew his attention back across the slope. In the brightness of the wraithship's beam, Valderack watched through narrowed eyes as an enormous war walker veered towards them, trampling ancient trees in its stride. The thing lifted up an arm that bore a weapon as long as a Deathstrike missile: with a single, bright blast, a whole squad of Scions was engulfed in a geyser of blinding fire. As soon as the flash had gone, there was little trace of his comrades. All that remained was charred earth, and mangled weaponry.

Valderack cursed audibly across the vox network, and reassessed his tactics. That thing needed taking down before the rest of the Eldar could be dealt with.

'Squads eight through sixteen. We're taking down the big beast.' Valderack sprinted back down the slope, flanked by his fellow Scions. As they had trained to do against large enemies, the Scions spread themselves so their approach came simultaneously and from multiple angles. A geometric grid of hot-shot weapons fire burned into the great war walker's limbs, and beams from meltaguns and glowing bolts of plasma hammered into its great frame. As soon as it looked to shoot back, Valderack called for the troops to disperse. At that moment he twisted to his right and slipped, skidding down the slope, and a thick blast tore into the ground where the Tempestor Prime had been standing.

Valderack pushed himself up again. 'Sometimes,' he muttered to himself, 'you need fortune on your side as well as sound tactics and good men.' No sooner had he considered his fortune than a signal came in from some distance away. The Valkyries were on their way.

'Talk about good luck...'



TEMPESTUS MILLENNIUM



Military campaigns documented in Imperial records are outnumbered by those lost under the weight of history. Many of these conflicts have involved the Ordo Tempestus; sometimes overtly, but more frequently under a shroud of secrecy. The records of the most glorious of these wars are relayed to each Schola Progenium as lessons on what it means to be a Tempestus warrior.

392.M41 THE MACHARIAN CONQUESTS

During seven bloody years spent purging the western reaches of the galaxy, Lord Solar Macharius unites the Astra Militarum and the Officio Prefectus in order to reconquer a thousand worlds.

444.M41 THE FIRST WAR FOR ARMAGEDDON

The vital industrial world of Armageddon is invaded by Angron and his maniacal hordes. It takes the combined might of the Astra Militarum, the Ordo Tempestus, the Space Wolves and the Grey Knights to hurl the Daemon Primarch back into the Warp. Though Armageddon is saved from utter destruction, millions of Imperial Guardsmen and Tempestus Scions are killed in the process.

In the war's aftermath, the Inquisition employ drastic measures to contain the knowledge of the daemonic forces involved. Dozens of Imperial Guard regiments are subjected to mass sterilisation and confined to Imperial labour camps, and in the months of shame that follow, the Space Wolves and the Grey Knights come into conflict, whilst entire planets are subjected to the ultimate sanction in order to prevent the truth spreading into the Imperium at large.

Even the luminaries of Segmentum Command are not immune from the subsequent scouring – they are executed to a man by their own Commissar advisors, who upon their return to the Officio Prefectus submit themselves for extensive mindwipe protocols. Such is the fate of those who have learned of the horrors of the Warp and survived.

755.M41 THE SABBAT WORLDS CRUSADE

In the most extensive military campaign waged by the Astra Militarum since the time of Solar Macharius, the Sabbath Worlds Crusade reclaims dozens of worlds lost to the worship of the Ruinous Powers. At the forefront of the war effort was Commissar Ibram Gaunt and the light infantry regiment under his command, the Tanith First and Only.



853.M41 THE LOST PATROL

When an Eldar raid is repelled at great cost on the recently settled world of New Starhaven, the 47th Thetoid Dragons, having successfully engaged the Eldar command structure and survived, are given new orders to prosecute. Whilst the Officio Prefectus assesses the devastated planet's orphans for new recruits, the Dragons pass through the rune-inscribed dolmens that have been uncovered behind the Lemuelian Falls. On the other side they find a series of shimmering tunnels that never seem to end. Several harrowing days of full-alert march slide past, but the Scions proceed apace. They are finally forced to slow their march when they are assailed by capering Eldar in multicoloured costume, who bewilder them with holographic and hallucinogenic assaults before dancing in close to deal lethal blows.

Eventually the Harlequins that have been tormenting the intruding Scions are forced to turn their attention to unknown events elsewhere, and lead the humourless humans in a running battle toward a rune-inscribed portal that opens out onto the surface of the planet Exsanguille. The Scions plunge through the gate, only to find themselves stranded upon a blood-covered crone world in the heart of the Eye of Terror. To their credit, the Dragons survive for a full two days before succumbing to the legions of Khorne that prowl that world.

871.M41 THE PRIZE UNCLEAN

On the world of Orgal VI, a strange skin-plague billows through the population. Three squads of the 835th Psian Pegasi are despatched to rescue the planetary governor, Maas Dietral, from the plague and deliver him to the Adeptus Administratum for debrief. However, on penetrating the stained armourglass of Dietral's inner sanctum, the Pegasi find that their quarry is beset by cyclopean Daemons, his dwindling bodyguard fighting desperately to keep them at bay.

The Pegasi waste no time in scouring the throne room of infestation, sending blistering volleys into each of the Plaguebearers in turn and then using meltaguns to explosively evaporate the sludge-beasts that begin to rise up from the palace's polluted indoor lakes. With typical efficiency, the Scions clamp a spare respmask over the governor's face and their medic begins to tend to his grievous injuries. After fitting the governor with his own grav-chute and reversing the repulsor fields, the Pegasi rocket skyward, reaching their Valkyrie transport and leaving the planet.

By nightfall the Pegasi have delivered their prize to a beige-hulled spaceship of the Administratum, and depart for their next mission. However, during Deitral's extraction and interrogation, the Administratum Adepts' ship suffers a critical biohazard breach. The vessel is subject to immediate quarantine and, when the breach infests the entire ship, summary extermination by order of Sector Command.

931.M41 WARMASTER BRABASTIS' TRIUMPH

939.M41 THE TYGER AND THE BULL

The 5th Betan Tygers scramble to defend the Ogryns of Drannon Prime from the massive Ork Waaagh! that descends upon it.

939.M41 STUBBORN UNTO DEATH

On the Tau planet of Bork'an, the 196th Iotan Gryphonnes are deployed en masse. Their orders come in the form of a single short sentence from Lord Commissar Tilenus – target the planet's academic facilities and kill as many of the Earth caste there as possible.

In the first few hours of the war, the Gryphonnes' Valkyrie-borne attacks meet with great success. Earth caste teacher and student alike are gunned down in white-walled auditoriums and research facilities across the planet.

However, Tau High Command cannot countenance the destruction of a whole generation of engineers and scientists, and the Tau's counter-strike is terrible in its ferocity. Giant bipedal battlesuits prowl the colonnades, a number of hastily armed but deadly prototypes amongst their number. Each proves more than capable of annihilating the out-matched Scions, whose return fire does little but scorch their foes' iridium alloy armour.



A flawlessly executed tactical withdrawal sees the Iotan Gryphonnes come within a hundred yards of their extraction point when Tilenus' repeat order chimes out across the vox-net once more. Uncomplaining, the Scions plunge back into the fight, a full half of their number giving their lives in order for their comrades to seek out any Earth caste stragglers.

Unfortunately they are too late. The remainder of the Tau's robed scientists and students have already been evacuated by Manta gunships. The Tempestor Prime transmits his findings to Tilenus, but his request for extraction is denied.

Over the next hour the Gryphonnes do as much damage to the Earth caste facilities as possible, concentrating fire on assembly lines and data cores even as they are hunted down and reduced to ash by chameleonic battlesuits.

941.M41 THE SECOND WAR FOR ARMAGEDDON

The selfishness and incompetence of Overlord von Strab sees the military forces of Armageddon buckle and break under the avalanche of violence that is Waaagh! Ghazghkull. Only the determination and steely charisma of Commissar Yarrick holds the Imperial armies together long enough for the Adeptus Astartes to repel the Ork invasion.

945.M41 THE LONG NIGHT

In the dead of night, Phrell's Schola Progenium is infiltrated and assailed by a strike force of Eldar from Craftworld Ulthwé. Only the quick thinking and tenacity of two of its brightest students, the Brothers Krassus, save a generation of recruits from pitiless execution.

955.M41 DEATH ON THE BRAWLA

The 196th Omicroid Hydras are sent to intercept the titanic Ork superkrooz *Brawla*. Augur reports have shown that the giant scrap-craft is heading straight for Macharia. If it continues on its projected course, it will not be able to slow down before breaching atmosphere, crashing into the sacred world's surface and causing an extinction-level cataclysm in the process. The sleek drop-craft *Mercurian* drifts the last few thousand miles in order to evade detection before locking down in the shadow of the craft's towering finials. The Hydras drive out, their Taurox Primes forming up and gunning towards the stern of the enormous vessel.



As *Brawla's* engines come into view, the Scions disembark in tight formation, their mag-boots clamping to the underside of the spacefaring metal hulk with each exaggerated step. The troopers are less than a hundred feet from the engine arrays when several blinding flashes of blue-green light illuminate the entire strike force. The Scions drop into battle stances and raise their hot-shot lasguns as thirty heavily-armoured Orks appear from nowhere and clomp forward, exo-armour hissing steam.

The Tempestor's plasma teams open fire, but to a man their weapons detonate in their hands, their ragged torsos bleeding spheres of blood into the void. Guttural Orkish

laughter rumbles across the comms-net as the Tempestus scions realise their boots are locked down tight – according to their slate monitrons, the entire section of the ship is now crackling with a crude electromagnetic field.

The ensuing firefight is terrible in its intensity. The Orks' crude weaponry takes a horrible toll on the crouching Tempestus Scions, even with the Taurox Primes hammering supporting fire into the greenskins' midst. Only a desperate vox signal from the Tempestor Prime saves them from total destruction. The drop-craft *Mercurian* stabs a series of pulsing, flickering lasers into the toroid copper structures on *Brawla's* midsection, and a moment later the electromagnetic field rippling across the hull fizzes, spurts, and shorts out.



As if lifted by invisible hands, the Orks drift off the hull into space, roaring their denial and hammering the last of their ammunition into the Scions as they go. Several hit their mark, the carapace-clad bodies of Tempestus Scions spinning off after those of their foes. Despite this last desperate attack, there remain enough Scions to set several strings of melta charges across *Brawla's* fuel silos. That night the people of Macharia witness a series of vast explosions as the ship detonates.

975.M41 THE ANTINOMICAN

Guided by a squad of Sanctioned Psykers, the 7th Epsiloid Hawks are deployed to hunt down and destroy a rogue psyker acting as a beacon for daemonic forces upon the megaship of Amphinyx.

981.M41 THE METALLOPHAGIC PLAGUE

Myosan, a vital agri world at the heart of the Diosis system, is saved from a planet-wide Necron incursion by the swift action of the 14th Alphic Dragons.

997.M41 A BITTER SEED PLANTED

After learning of the increased Imperial tithe expected of him in the next year, the elderly Governor Mulian of Ulterior Prime dies of a heart attack. His son, a superb athlete, is soon recruited by the Schola Progenium stationed on the ice cap of Olvein Devus. Though young Muliansen – renamed Vastus after a mythical strongman of old – is an exceptional physical specimen, the steel in his soul is found wanting.

During his third Trial of Compliance he is required to drink hot oil in order to counteract a disfiguring virus introduced into his system. He cannot bring himself to do so, and after the virus does its evil work he is ejected from the facility. Only his tremendous physique spares him from being reconstituted; he is instead denominated, mind-scrubbed and seconded to the Adeptus Mechanicus as raw material.

On a cargo vessel en route to the servitorums, Vastus escapes from his bounds, garottes his guards with a lifecord and hijacks the shuttle with a stolen autogun. After freeing his fellow Schola rejects and persuading them to join him, he escapes from the space lanes into the nameless void.

Six years later a regiment of Tempestus Scions from Olvein Devus is sent to cleanse the Ork-infested space hulk *Mother of Terrors*. It transpires that the inhabitants are not Orks after all, but a band of renegades led by the self-styled Warlord Vastus. A desperate running battle breaks out in the depths of the haunted hulk.

After four days of bitter fighting, Vastus is run down by one of his old contemporaries and shot through the neck. His last act is to prime his personal corpus detonator, triggering a chain explosion that tears apart the hulk and takes three hundred of Olvein Devus' finest with it. The incident has never appeared in Schola Progenium records.

998.M41 THE RED WAAAGH!

The Ork Warlord Gruk rampages across the Sanctus Reach system and is met in battle at Alaric Prime. Amongst the defenders under the command of Castellan Stein of Cadia are Tempestor Prime Salem Whitlock and his Tempestus Scions. Whitlock leads a daring raid to destroy an immense Mekaniak tractor beam that threatens to give the Orks their victory in one fell swoop, making a near-suicidal drop directly onto the Ork position and destroying the device.

998.M41 THE CHAINWORD AND THE KNIFE

The fortress planet of Helwynd, its gradual corruption hastened by the renegade Space Marines of the Company of Misery, declares itself the heartworld of the Empire of Despair. Helwynd slowly pollutes the other worlds in system with its bleak message, each broadcast robbing hope and loyalty from all those who hear it. The doom-mongering reaches not only the divinatory arrays of the local Schola Progenium but also the keen ears of the Flesh Tearers on the nearby feral planet of Cretacia.

Both the Flesh Tearers and the Militarum Tempestus hasten to Helwynd with all speed. The Cretacians get there first, though to their mounting fury their Drop Pod assaults are swiftly countered by the Firestorm Nexuses that slide out from hidden bases in the planet's hillsides. Even the Stormravens and Thunderhawks that enter low orbit are forced to disengage by blistering fusillades of lascannon fire. The planet's defence net seems all but impregnable and, for a time, the Flesh Tearers are held at bay.

When the drop ships of the 3rd Alphic Jackals enter orbit, Tempestor Prime Vigilian volunteers his men for an orbital drop that he believes will thwart the defences. Turning his ships so their hulls are parallel to the planet's surface, Vigilian orders his Scions to cram themselves into each of the ship's starboard airlocks before forcefully ejecting them towards the planet.

Though each trooper is protected from atmos-burn by little more than carapace armour and an ionised body-shroud of pressed alloy, the Scions hurtle towards the ground in tight formation. Vigilian's gamble pays off, for the individual soldiers are small enough to evade notice from the automated defences below, and their energy signatures are light enough to register as a shower of space debris.

Discarding their shrouds once they enter the atmosphere proper, the Scions activate their grav-chutes and glide through the night to land undetected in the heart of the enemy complexes. Here the 3rd Alphic Jackals are in their element, disabling one Nexus after another and holding the facilities against the rebel forces with grim resolve.



As the defence network falls, the contrails of Flesh Tearers ships scar the skies once more, and the Space Marines make planetfall in great number. The carnage that follows is spectacular as the wrath of Cretacia's finest rips apart rebel soldier and renegade Space Marine alike. Many of the planet's would-be rulers withdraw in the face of the fearsome assault, but they soon find their routes of retreat have already been cut off by cordons of Militarum Tempestus troopers. Those few vessels that attempt to escape off-world are shot down by their own Firestorm Nexuses, each now taken over by Imperial crews.

The rebel forces are exterminated to a man. When the Space Marines holster their bloodied weapons and gather to make for their ships, the Militarum Tempestus have already left without a word.

998.M41 THE THIRD WAR FOR ARMAGEDDON

998.M41 WAR IN THE UNDERCAVERN

The 33rd Zetan Falcons, accompanied by Commissar Krassus, use the tunnels bored by Balk's native ironwyms to isolate and destroy an Iron Warriors warband in their subterranean lair.

757-999.M41 WAR ZONE DAMOCLES

999.M41 THE GREAT CULL OF JACH

As the Damocles War escalates further, the battle analysts of the Ordo Xenos conclude that the Tau Empire relies heavily on auxiliaries. The vast majority of these in the Damocles Gulf hail from the jungle world of Jach. The Ordo's research determines that the Kroot are able to evolve at an extreme rate by selectively feeding on the bodies of their enemies and assimilating those genetic quirks their tribal elders deem desirable. Seeking to tip the balance in the Damocles War by whatever means necessary, the venerable Inquisitor Lord Heiss-Alumin makes transition through the Warp for Jach without delay. Eight regiments of Scions requisitioned from the Ordo Tempestus accompany him.

Making planetfall via grav-chute, the Tempestus regiments split up into separate task forces. Their orders are to locate and exterminate the leader caste of the Kroot wherever they are found. So begins a gruelling jungle hunt, the high technology and stoic discipline of the Scions ranged against the savagery and feral cunning of the Kroot tribes. Unfortunately the Inquisitor has greatly underestimated not only the resolve of his quarry, but the technology with which they are equipped. Each jungle tribe's Shaper is guarded not only by a cadre of experienced Kroot snipers, but also a delegation of the Tau Fire caste and swarms of accompanying drones. The Scions quickly find themselves outgunned and out-maneuvred by Tau battlesuits and swift moving Kroot, and only the 88th Kappic Phoenixes make it off planet once the withdrawal is ordered. Though the Kroot Shapers dine well on the Imperial strike force and learn much from Heiss-Alumin's superior brain, the Phoenixes learn a great deal about the foe in return. Before the month is out, a new anti-Kroot doctrine is relayed to the Imperial armies in the Damocles Gulf.

999.M41 FIRST BLOOD

Six regiments of Militarum Tempestus troopers are sent to penetrate the edge of the Eye of Terror in order to gauge where the first blow of Abaddon's thirteenth Black Crusade will land. They disappear into the penumbra of the Eye and are never seen again.

999.M41 GUARDIANS OF THE GREAT GATE

As humanity faces the onslaught of Abaddon's 13th Black Crusade, the forces of the Astra Militarum are engaged in the most violent and severe warfare it has ever known. The largest force of Tempestus Scions ever formed is rushed to mankind's defence, their ships flocking to the Cadian sector to lend their skill and bravery to the war effort. Meanwhile, thousands of Commissars – many only just out of the Schola Progenium – are despatched among the earthbound infantry of the Astra Militarum to steel the nerves of the Imperial Guard in its darkest hour. Only time will tell if it will be enough.

COLOURS OF HONOUR



The Militarum Tempestus regiments of the Imperium march to war under banners heavy with ancient tradition. The following pages showcase the stunning range of Militarum Tempestus models, including their commanders, troopers and vehicles.



Tempestus Prime armed with bolt pistol and dagger



Platoon standard



Tempestus Scion with vox-caster

Tempestus Scion with medi-pack



Tempestus







These Scions bear an array of specialist weapons including a grenade launcher and hot-shot volley gun.



Scions carry many powerful anti-armour weapons such as krak grenades and plasma guns.



Militarum Tempestus Scions debark from a Valkyrie.



This Taurox Prime is a heavily armed APC with storm bolter, side mounted autocannons and a Taurox missile launcher.



Swift Valkyrie assault transports carry Scions into battle and provide them with devastating fire support.



The 55th Alphic Hydras wear crimson carapace armour with gold trim over black uniforms. Their symbol is the white shield with red triangle as shown on their left knee plates.



The 34th Betic Centaurs wear black carapace armour edged in brass over red uniforms. Their symbol is the Bilinear Sash of red and white bands, which is displayed on both their left knee plate and their helmets.



The 73rd Epsilic Eagles wear green carapace armour edged in gold over green uniforms. Their symbol is a yellow glove with white fingers which is painted onto both their gauntlets.



The 133rd Lambdan Lions wear crimson carapace armour edged in gold over black uniforms. Their symbol is the red chevron upon a field of white as shown on their right knee plate.



The 9th Iotan Gorgonnes wear green carapace armoured edged in silver over khaki uniforms. Their symbol, twinned chevrons on a yellow field, is worn upon their right shoulder plate.



The 29th Zetic Tygers wear black carapace armour edged in gold over crimson uniforms. Their symbol is the yellow circle and black triangle, representing the Tiger's eye, and is worn upon their right knee plate.

FORCES OF THE MILITARUM TEMPESTUS

VOICE OF COMMAND

A good Tempestus Scion does not think for himself. Rather, he follows without question or hesitation the orders of his superior officers. These men in turn must command without doubt or weakness, for a well-timed order can win an entire war.

A model with this special rule is known as an officer. An officer can issue one order each turn. Orders are issued and their effects resolved at the start of your Shooting phase. If you have more than one officer, or if you have an officer that has a special rule allowing it to issue more than one order a turn, issue and resolve each order one at a time. An officer can attempt to issue an order provided he is not locked in combat, embarked in a vehicle or building, falling back, or has gone to ground. Issuing an order does not prevent the officer's unit from acting (shooting, Running etc.) later in that phase.

Issuing an Order

To issue an order, declare the order your officer is attempting to issue and select a single friendly non-vehicle unit from *Codex: Militarum Tempestus* that is within 12" of the officer – this can be the officer's own unit if you wish. We call this unit the 'ordered unit'. The ordered unit must then take a Leadership test to see if the order has been understood and acted upon. If the test is passed, the order takes effect as specified in its description. If the test is failed, the order does not take effect.

Unless an order causes the ordered unit to make a shooting attack or Run, receiving it does not prevent the ordered unit from acting later in that phase, whether the order was successful or not.

Orders cannot be issued to embarked units or units that previously received an order that phase (whether or not that order was successful). Unless otherwise stated, orders cannot be issued to units that are locked in combat, are falling back, or have gone to ground.

Inspired Tactics

If a double 1 is rolled for the ordered unit's Leadership test, once the order has been resolved all further orders issued, by any officer, are automatically successful for the remainder of this turn.

Incompetent Command

If a double 6 is rolled for the ordered unit's Leadership test, the order does not take effect, and no further orders can be issued, by any officer, for the remainder of this turn.



MILITARUM TEMPESTUS ORDERS

'Directed Firestorm Sanctioned!'

Tempestus Scions are held amongst the deadliest shots in the armies of the Imperium, and the officer calls upon them to once more prove the validity of this reputation.

The ordered unit must make a shooting attack. When resolving this shooting attack, all weapons fired by models in the ordered unit have the Twin-linked special rule.

'Autonomous Fire Sanctioned!'

The officer sanctions his men to target an enemy of their choosing, secure in the knowledge that their extensive training will see them engage a foe against which they will be most effective.

The ordered unit must make a shooting attack. When resolving this shooting attack, all models in the ordered unit have the Preferred Enemy special rule.

'Close Assault Doctrine Sanctioned!'

With a burst of inspiring rhetoric that would make the heart of even the most zealous Ministorum Priest swell with pride, the officer beseeches his men to fall upon the foe and deliver unto them the Emperor's wrath.

The ordered unit gains the Crusader special rule for the rest of the turn.

'Advance on Target!'

With a deft command, the officer orders his men to make double-time towards their objective, that they may catch their enemies off guard. The ordered unit gains the Fleet special rule for the rest of the turn.

'Suppression Doctrine Sanctioned!'

The officer instructs his men to take up a position and pin down their enemies with short, steady bursts of suppressive fire.

The ordered unit must make a shooting attack. When resolving this shooting attack, all hot-shot laspistols and hot-shot lasguns in the ordered unit can only fire a single shot, but have the Sniper and Pinning special rules. Furthermore, the unit cannot charge in the ensuing Assault phase.

'Elimination Protocol Sanctioned!'

In order to ensure the destruction of such a high priority target, the officer instructs his men to maximise their damage output by aiming at its weakest and most vulnerable points.

The ordered unit must make a shooting attack against an enemy vehicle or Monstrous Creature. When resolving this shooting attack, all weapons fired by models in the ordered unit have the Rending special rule.

WARLORD TRAITS TABLE

D6 WARLORD TRAIT

- 1 **Dauntless Commander:** *There are some amongst the Militarum Tempestus who simply refuse to cede ground to the enemy under any circumstance. This Warlord is a paragon of such a notion.*
The Warlord has the Fearless special rule.
- 2 **Grenadier:** *The Warlord has something of a reputation for his skill with grenades, and seems to know exactly where to place them to cause maximum damage.*
When throwing frag or krak grenades, the Warlord has the twin-linked special rule. When using krak grenades or melta bombs in combat, the Warlord has the Tank Hunters special rule.
- 3 **Intrepid Leader:** *This Warlord leads from the front, inspiring his men with deeds of heroism and valour. Any who witness him in battle cannot hope but be roused to similar acts of courage.*
The Warlord, and all friendly units chosen from *Codex: Militarum Tempestus* within 12" of the Warlord, have the Stubborn special rule.



D6 WARLORD TRAIT

- 4 **Grav-chute Commandos:** *An expert of planning and leading airborne assaults by grav-chute, this Warlord and his company are highly sought after when aerial deployment is the order of the day.*
All friendly units chosen from *Codex: Militarum Tempestus* re-roll failed Reserve Rolls if arriving by Deep Strike. Furthermore, all units in the same platoon as the Warlord only scatter D6" rather than 2D6".
- 5 **Drill Chief:** *When travelling between war zones, this Warlord relentlessly trains the men of his company in marksmanship drills, that they may serve as an example of excellence to others.*
When firing hot-shot laspistols or hot-shot lasguns, friendly units within 12" of the Warlord chosen from *Codex: Militarum Tempestus* can fire an additional 6" (for an increased range of 12" for hot-shot laspistols and 24" for hot-shot lasguns), provided they did not move in the preceding Movement phase.
- 6 **Inspired Commander:** *This Warlord's military reputation is well established thanks to his flawless service record and ability to inspire all who follow him in battle.*
The Warlord has +1 Leadership on his profile (to a maximum of 10).



MILITARUM TEMPESTUS DATASHEETS

The following section includes background and rules information that describe the forces used by the Militarum Tempestus – their warriors, their vehicles and the characters that lead them to battle. The datasheets in this section will enable you to forge your collection of miniatures into a Militarum Tempestus army ready to fight battles in your games of Warhammer 40,000.

On the following pages you will find a collection of datasheets. Each datasheet presents either an Army List Entry (the rules and point values for a single model, vehicle or unit) or a Formation (a specific group of models, vehicles or units that enable you to use special rules when you include them in your army).

FACTION & ALLIES

Each datasheet has a Faction, which determines the codex the datasheet is considered part of for all rules purposes. All of the Formations and Army List Entries in this book are part of the Militarum Tempestus Faction. For the purposes of the allies rules, the following levels of alliance apply:

Come the Apocalypse: Chaos Daemons, Chaos Space Marines, Necrons, Orks, Tyranids.

Desperate Allies: Dark Eldar, Tau Empire.

Allies of Convenience: Eldar.

Battle Brothers: All Armies of the Imperium (Adepta Sororitas, Astra Militarum, Blood Angels, Dark Angels, Grey Knights, Imperial Knights, Inquisition, Space Marines and Space Wolves).

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

An Army List Entry provides all the relevant information to field a single unit in games of Warhammer 40,000, including its points value and Battlefield Role. The unit can be used as part of any Militarum Tempestus detachment.

FORMATIONS

A Formation presents a collection of two or more Army List Entries that fight alongside one another in a particular way. When you choose an army, you can take a Formation as a special form of detachment. Unless otherwise stated, you can take any number of Formations in your army, and each is considered to be a completely separate detachment, regardless of how many units make it up.

ALLIED FORMATIONS

Formations do not count as your army's Allied Detachment, even if they are made up of units from a different codex to your Primary Detachment, and they do not stop you from taking an Allied Detachment in the same army. However, the Levels of Alliance rules still apply to them and units chosen from a different codex that are in the same army.

FORMATION POINTS VALUES

Formations do not usually include a points value; just add up the points value of the individual units and options to find out the total points value of the Formation.

ARMY LIST ENTRY DATASHEETS

Each Army List Entry datasheet contains the following:

- 1 Battlefield Role:** The unit's battlefield role is shown here by a symbol. The symbols for these battlefield roles are shown opposite.
- 2 Name:** At the top of each datasheet you will find the name of the unit or Formation.
- 3 Points Value:** The points value of the basic unit is shown here. The number and type of models that make up the basic unit can be found in the Unit Composition entry further down on the datasheet.
- 4 Unit Profile:** This section will show the profile of any models the unit can include, even if they are upgrades.
- 5 Description:** This is a short description of the unit or Formation and how it operates on the battlefields of the 41st Millennium.
- 6 Unit Type:** This refers to the unit type rules in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. For example, a unit may be classed as Infantry, Cavalry or Vehicle, which will subject it to a number of rules regarding movement, shooting, assaults, etc.
- 7 Unit Composition:** Where applicable, this section will show the number and type of models that make up the basic unit, before any upgrades are taken. If the Unit Composition includes the word 'Unique', then you may only include one of this unit in your army.
- 8 Wargear:** This section details the weapons and equipment the models in the unit are armed with. The cost for all these models and their equipment is included in the points cost listed next to the unit name.
- 9 Special Rules:** Any special rules that apply to the models in the unit are listed here. If not explained on the datasheet itself, these special rules are explained in further detail in either the Army Special Rules section of this book (page 58) or the Special Rules section of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.
- 10 Transport:** If the unit shown on the datasheet is capable of transporting other units, then details of its Transport Capacity, Fire Points and Access Points can be found here.
- 11 Options:** This section lists all of the upgrades you may add to the unit if you wish to do so, alongside the associated points cost for each. Where an option states that you may exchange one weapon 'and/or' another, you may replace either or both, provided you pay the points cost for each. The abbreviation 'pts' stands for 'points' and 'pts/model' stands for 'points per model'.

FORMATION DATASHEETS

Each Formation datasheet contains the following:

- 12 Formation Icon:** This icon shows that this is a Formation datasheet, rather than an Army List Entry datasheet. Note that the Army List Entries that make up a Formation retain their separate battlefield roles, unless the Formation specifies otherwise.
- 13 Formation:** Each Formation will tell you what units you need to take. The Army List Entry datasheet in this book for each unit in the Formation will list any options that can be taken, along with the units' profiles, points values, unit types, unit composition, special rules, battlefield role etc.
- 14 Formation Restrictions:** Any restrictions that apply to the units in the formation will be listed here.
- 15 Special Rules:** Every Formation will include one or more special rules gained by the units that make up that Formation. The special rules for a Formation are only gained by its units (even if there are other units of the same type in your army).



BATTLEFIELD ROLE KEY

- HQ
- TROOPS
- FAST ATTACK
- FORMATION

MILITARUM TEMPESTUS WARGEAR LIST

These lists detail the points values of various items of wargear available to units in your army. Many Army List Entries in the army list that follows may include wargear options from one or more of these lists – in each instance, the datasheet will tell you (in bold text) exactly which of these lists you may use.

Special Weapons.....Page 70

- Flamer..... 5 pts
- Grenade launcher..... 5 pts
- Hot-shot volley gun..... 10 pts
- Meltagun..... 10 pts
- Plasma gun..... 15 pts

Melee Weapons

A model may replace his close combat weapon with one of the following:

- Power weapon..... 15 pts
- Power fist..... 25 pts

Special Issue Wargear.....Page 71

A model may take any of the following:

- Carapace armour..... 5 pts
- Melta bombs..... 5 pts

Militarum Tempestus Vehicle Equipment.....Page 71

A model may take up to one of each of the following:

- Searchlight..... 1 pt
- Relic plating..... 3 pts
- Dozer blade..... 5 pts
- Storm bolter..... 5 pts
- Recovery gear..... 5 pts
- Smoke launchers..... 10 pts
- Extra armour..... 10 pts
- Fire barrels..... 10 pts
- Hunter-killer missile..... 10 pts
- Augur array..... 25 pts





COMMISSAR

25
POINTS



A Commissar is an utterly callous commander who enforces the rigid orders required by the Imperium. A Commissar does not care about what measures are required to ensure a mission is completed, only that orders are enacted. Devoid of humour, his enforcement of Imperial rule is often indistinguishable from cold brutality. It is no coincidence that most Commissars prefer working alongside the soldiers of the *Militarum Tempestus*. Not only do the Scions rarely show a hint of insubordination, but like the Commissars themselves they care only for results in battle. To a regiment of Scions, a Commissar is a strong leader and is a symbolic link to the higher echelons of the Imperium.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	Unit Type	Unit Composition
Commissar	4	4	3	3	1	3	2	9	5+	Infantry (Character)	1 Commissar
Lord Commissar	5	5	3	3	3	3	3	10	5+	Infantry (Character)	

WARGEAR:

- Flak armour (pg 71)
- Bolt pistol
- Close combat weapon
- Frag grenades
- Krak grenades
- Refractor field (Lord Commissar only) (pg 71)

SPECIAL RULES:

- Independent Character
- Stubborn

Aura of Discipline (Lord Commissar only): Any friendly unit from *Codex: Militarum Tempestus* within 6" of a Lord Commissar uses his Leadership for any Fear, Morale or Pinning tests.

Summary Execution: If the Commissar's unit fails a Fear, Morale or Pinning test, after any re-rolls it is entitled to, the owning player can opt to have his Commissar summarily execute one of the *Militarum Tempestus* models in the unit. Roll a D6; on a 3+ you choose which model is executed, on a 1-2 your opponent chooses instead – note that neither player can ever choose to execute the Commissar himself. The executed model is immediately removed as a casualty with no saves of any kind allowed. Provided a model was executed, the unit is then treated as having passed the test.

OPTIONS:

- May take items from the **Melee Weapons** list.
- May replace his bolt pistol with one of the following:
 - Boltgunfree
 - Plasma pistol.....15 pts
- May upgrade to a Lord Commissar.....40 pts
 - A Lord Commissar may also take items from **Special Issue Wargear** list.



MILITARUM TEMPESTUS COMMAND SQUAD

85
POINTS



Each Tempestus Command Squad is comprised of the very best Scions in the regiment. Though every soldier of the Militarum Tempestus shows nerves of steel, these men have proven resilient enough to represent the best of their warrior kind. In addition to the presence of a Tempestus Prime, the command squad sports an array of exceptional equipment and specialist weaponry. A vox-operator uses the clarion vox-net to relay clear commands both within the unit and to other regiments, while one Scion is responsible for carrying the Banner Militarum into war. The icons of the Aquila and the lion-gripped skull form a shining beacon to any planet, and a symbol of hope to all.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	Unit Type	Unit Composition
Tempestus Scion	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7	4+	Infantry	4 Tempestus Scions
Tempestus Prime	4	4	3	3	2	4	2	9	4+	Infantry (Character)	1 Tempestus Prime

WARGEAR:

- Carapace armour (pg 71)
- Hot-shot lasgun (Tempestus Scion only) (pg 70)
- Hot-shot laspistol (Tempestus Prime only) (pg 70)
- Close combat weapon (Tempestus Prime only)
- Frag grenades
- Krak grenades

SPECIAL RULES:

- Deep Strike
- Move Through Cover
- Voice of Command (Tempestus Prime only) (pg 58)

Clarion Vox-net: Any friendly units from *Codex: Militarum Tempestus* within 18" of the Tempestus Prime use his Leadership for any Fear, Morale or Pinning tests.

OPTIONS:

- The Tempestus Prime may take items from the **Melee Weapons** list.
- The Tempestus Prime may replace his hot-shot laspistol with one of the following:
 - Bolt pistol..... *free*
 - Plasma pistol..... *15 pts*
- One Tempestus Scion may carry a vox-caster..... *5 pts*
- One other Tempestus Scion may carry a platoon standard..... *10 pts*
- One other Tempestus Scion may carry a medi-pack ... *15 pts*
- Up to four Tempestus Scions that have not been upgraded with one of the options above may replace their hot-shot lasgun with one item from the **Special Weapons** list.
- The squad may take a Taurox Prime as a Dedicated Transport (pg 66).



MILITARUM TEMPESTUS SCIONS

70
POINTS



The most proficient human warriors available to the Astra Militarum, Tempestus Scions complete missions so dangerous that they would be deemed suicidal for a regular Guardsman. Scions are fanatically dedicated to the act of following their orders – even if it may result in their own deaths. A full unit of Scions can change the tide of a war with a single strike: they form the blade of the Militarum Tempestus, grav-chuting behind lines from the ramps of Valkyries, or bursting through waves of infantry in their Taurox Primes, plunging into the heart of the enemy. The sight of such a regiment deploying in battle is enough to inspire even the most lacklustre Imperial defences to rally to victory.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	Unit Type	Unit Composition
Tempestus Scion	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7	4+	Infantry	4 Tempestus Scions
Tempestor	3	4	3	3	1	3	2	8	4+	Infantry (Character)	1 Tempestor

WARGEAR:

- Carapace armour (pg 71)
- Hot-shot lasgun (Tempestus Scion only) (pg 70)
- Hot-shot laspistol (Tempestor only) (pg 70)
- Close combat weapon (Tempestor only)
- Frag grenades
- Krak grenades

SPECIAL RULES:

- Deep Strike
- Move Through Cover

OPTIONS:

- May include up to five additional Tempestus Scions..... 12 pts/model
- The Tempestor may take items from the **Melee Weapons** list.
- The Tempestor may replace his hot-shot laspistol with one of the following:
 - Bolt pistol..... free
 - Plasma pistol..... 15 pts
- One Tempestus Scion may carry a vox-caster..... 5 pts
- Up to two Tempestus Scions that have not been upgraded with one of the options above may replace their hot-shot lasgun with one item from the **Special Weapons** list.
- The squad may take a Taurox Prime as a Dedicated Transport (pg 66).

TAUROX PRIME

80
POINTS



The Taurox Prime APC is a robust infantry assault vehicle, and can bear any of an array of heavy weapons to support the Scions on the battlefield. Thick armoured plates, quad track units and a supercharged engine allow the Taurox to go anywhere, hurtling across ruined cities and rubble-strewn wastelands with equal speed. It is an ideal shock weapon for the Militarum Tempestus, allowing them to smash their way into enemy strongholds and through fortifications to launch lightning strikes. Often, squadrons of Taurox Primes will crash in upon an enemy from an unexpected quarter, bulling their way through seemingly impassible terrain to disgorge squads of Scions and lending their formidable firepower to their passengers' blaze of hot-shot fire.

Armour

BS	F	S	R	HP
4	11	10	10	3

Unit Type
Vehicle (Fast, Transport)

Unit Composition
1 Taurox Prime

WARGEAR:

- Taurox battle cannon (pg 70)
- Twin-linked hot-shot volley gun (pg 70)

SPECIAL RULES:

All-terrain APC: This vehicle re-rolls failed Dangerous Terrain tests.

TRANSPORT:

Transport Capacity: 10 models.

Fire Points: The Taurox has two Fire Points on each side of the hull.

Access Points: The Taurox Prime has one Access Point on each side of the hull and one at the rear.

OPTIONS:

- May take items from the Militarum Tempestus Vehicle Equipment list.
- May replace Taurox battle cannon with:
 - Twin-linked Taurox gatling cannon..... 10 pts
 - Taurox missile launcher 20 pts
- May replace twin-linked hot-shot volley gun with twin-linked autocannon free





VALKYRIE SQUADRON

125
POINTS



The Valkyrie Assault Carrier is a mainstay of both the Astra Militarum and the Militarum Tempestus. In the hands of the Scions however, its true potential as a fast assault vehicle becomes readily apparent. Screaming over the battlefield, a Valkyrie possesses the speed and armour to ensure that it can deliver a squad of Tempestus Scions where and when it is needed amid the shifting tides of war. Often a Valkyrie will 'stay on station' after deploying its Scions, hovering over the battlefield while raking enemy troops with accurate heavy weapons fire or saturating an area with a storm of missiles. Many a foe's final moments have been spent looking up in fear as the shadow of a Valkyrie falls upon them, followed moments later by a storm of hot-shot blasts.

Armour

BS	F	S	R	HP
3	12	12	10	3

Valkyrie

Unit Type

Vehicle (Flyer, Hover, Transport)

Unit Composition

1 Valkyrie

WARGEAR:

- Multi-laser
- Two hellstrike missiles (pg 70)
- Extra armour
- Searchlight

SPECIAL RULES:

Grav-chute Insertion: If a Valkyrie has moved more than 6", passengers may disembark, but they must do so as follows. Nominate any point over which the Valkyrie moved this turn and deploy the unit as if it were deep striking onto that point. If the unit scatters, every model must immediately take a dangerous terrain test. If any of the models cannot be deployed, the unit is destroyed.

TRANSPORT:

Transport Capacity: 12 models.

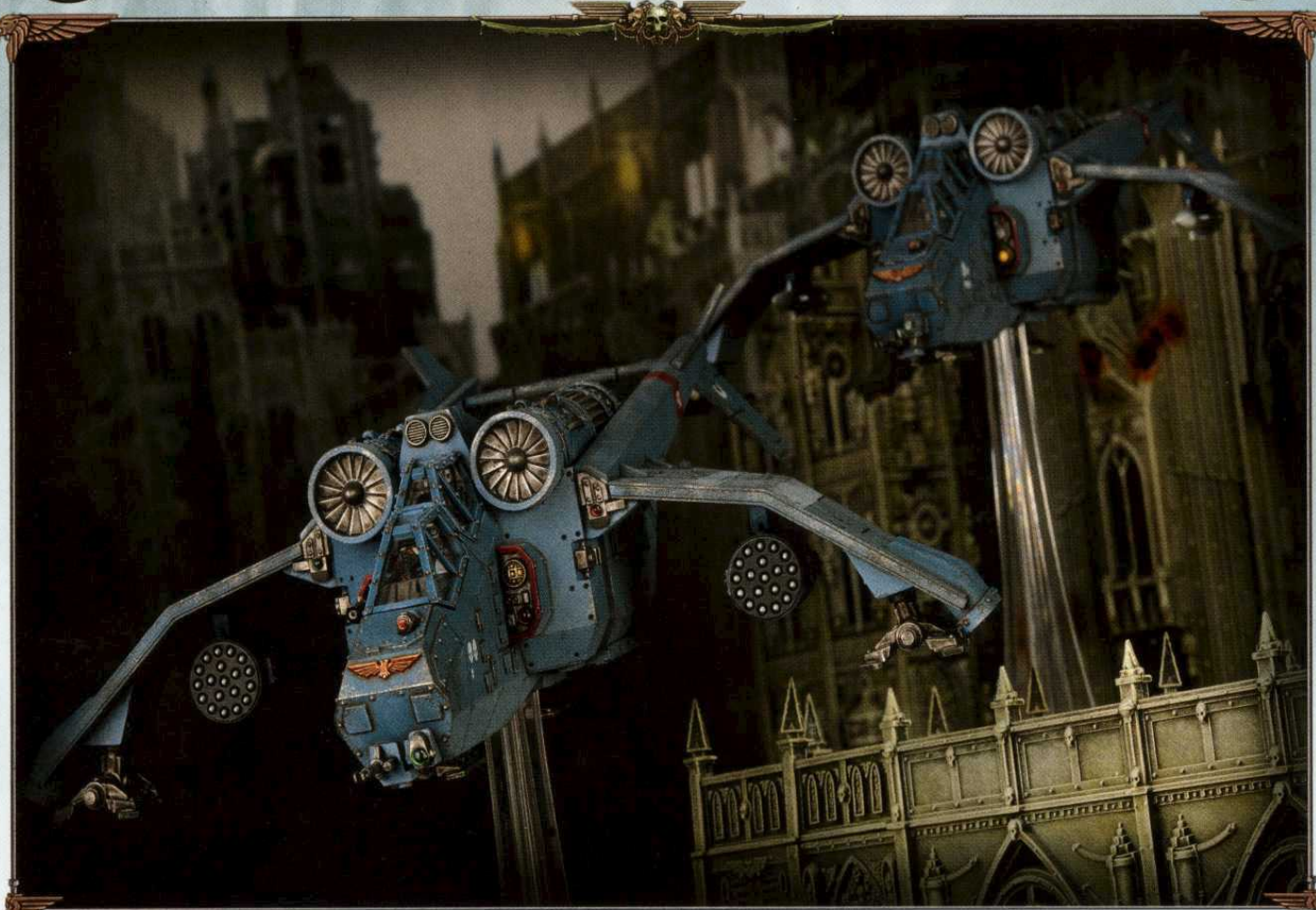
Fire Points: None.

Access Points: Valkyries have one Access Point on each side of the hull and one at the rear.

OPTIONS:

- May include up to two additional Valkyries..... 125 pts/model
- Any Valkyrie may replace its multi-laser with a lascannon..... 10 pts/model
- Any Valkyrie may replace both of its hellstrike missiles with two multiple rocket pods..... 10 pts/model
- Any Valkyrie may take a pair of sponsons armed with heavy bolters..... 10 pts/model

AIRBORNE ASSAULT FORMATION



Militarum Tempestus battle groups are often deployed as completely airborne formation, depending on the nature of the foe and the demands of the mission. Comprising several squads of Scions, officers and often a Commissar, such airborne formations possess unparalleled speed and versatility in battle. As they scream down from the sky, the Valkyries will strafe the target, clearing a landing zone for the Scions before unloading their troops. The Militarum Tempestus will then fall upon the still-reeling foe, quickly achieving their objectives, be they the assassination of enemy leaders, battlefield sabotage or intel recovery. Then, as soon as they have arrived, the Scions will mount up once more and take to the sky, leaving only corpses and confusion in their wake.

FORMATION:

- 1 Commissar
- 1 Tempestus Command Squad
- 3 Tempestus Scions squads
- 4 Valkyries

FORMATION RESTRICTIONS:

The Commissar must join one of the squads in this Formation during deployment.

SPECIAL RULES:

Air Cavalry: All of the Infantry units in this Formation begin the game embarked upon their Valkyrie transports, and must therefore be placed in Reserve. Furthermore, If a unit from this Formation disembarks uses a Valkyrie's Grav-chute Insertion special rule, you can re-roll the scatter dice.

Secure the Area: On any turn in which a unit from this Formation disembarks from a Valkyrie (even if this is using the Valkyrie's Grav-chute Insertion special rule), it has the Split Fire special rule, and all of its ranged weapons have the Twin-linked special rule.

Strategic Intervention: When making Reserve Rolls, make a single roll for the entire Formation, which you can choose to re-roll. On a successful Reserves Roll, all of the units in this Formation arrive from Reserve.

GROUND ASSAULT FORMATION



The term 'boots on the ground' is one well suited to the way the Militarum Tempestus operates. The Scions pride themselves on their speed of deployment and their ability to smash through enemy lines to reach vital targets thought to be safely beyond their reach. A Ground Assault formation comprises a tight-knit Tempestus battle group, usually with a Commissar amongst their ranks, all mounted in Taurox Prime APCs. Like the mailed fist of the Emperor, this force can punch through hostile defences, the Scions choosing a place where the line is weak or their foes least expect attack. Racing across the ruined battlefield, the Militarum Tempestus are often far behind enemy lines while their opponents are still reeling from the initial attack.

FORMATION:

- 1 Commissar
- 1 Tempestus Command Squad
- 3 Tempestus Scions squads
- 4 Taurox Primes

FORMATION RESTRICTIONS:

The Commissar must join one of the squads in this Formation during deployment.

SPECIAL RULES:

Calculated Strike: All of the units in this Formation must either be set up during deployment or placed in Reserve – you cannot divide this Formation's units between the two. When making Reserve Rolls, make a single roll for the entire Formation, which you can choose to re-roll. On a successful Reserves Roll, all of the units in this Formation arrive from Reserve.

Mounted Battle Group: All of the Infantry units in this Formation begin the game embarked upon their Taurox Prime transports.

Surgical Deployment: On any turn in which a unit from this Formation disembarks from a Taurox Prime, all of its ranged weapons have the Pinning and Twin-linked special rules.

ARMOURY OF THE PROGENIUM

This section of the book lists the weapons and equipment used by the Militarum Tempestus, along with the rules for using them in your games of Warhammer 40,000. The weapons and equipment used by all types of units are detailed here.

RANGED WEAPONS

Profiles for the following ranged weapons are listed on page 72. Their full rules can be found in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Autocannon	Hot-shot laspistol
Bolt pistol	Lascannon
Boltgun	Meltagun
Flamer	Multi-laser
Heavy bolter	Plasma gun
Hot-shot lasgun	Plasma pistol

GRENADE LAUNCHER

Grenade launchers can fire a range of deadly rounds.

	Range	S	AP	Type
Frag grenade	24"	3	6	Assault 1, Blast
Krak grenade	24"	6	4	Assault 1

HELLSTRIKE MISSILES

These wing-mounted missiles can tear through heretic armour and xenos flesh alike.

Range	S	AP	Type
72"	8	3	Ordnance 1, One use only

HOT-SHOT VOLLEY GUN

These weapons are borne into battle by Tempestus Scions to deal with armoured enemy infantry. Perfect for bringing down Traitor Space Marines or xenos warriors, hot-shot volley guns fire with a distinctive spitting howl.

Range	S	AP	Type
24"	4	3	Salvo 2/4, Gets Hot

MELEE WEAPONS

Profiles for the following Melee weapons are listed on page 72. Their full rules can be found in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Close combat weapon	Power weapons
Power fist	

MULTIPLE ROCKET POD

These pods fire salvoes of short-fused fragmentation missiles.

Range	S	AP	Type
24"	4	6	Heavy 1, Large Blast

TAUROX BATTLE CANNON

A light artillery piece, the Taurox battle cannon is fitted with advanced recoil-pardoners and auto-targeters that allow it to fire effectively whilst on the move.

Range	S	AP	Type
48"	7	4	Heavy 1, Blast

TAUROX GATLING CANNON

Though smaller than the monstrous punisher cannon from which it was adapted, the Taurox gatling cannon is nonetheless a fearsome weapon. These weapons lay down an impressive curtain of anti-infantry fire, scything down those foes who would seek to overrun their Militarum Tempestus passengers in the field.

Range	S	AP	Type
24"	4	-	Heavy 10

TAUROX MISSILE LAUNCHER

The Taurox missile launcher is extremely versatile, able to fire spreads of missiles over long distances and suppress enemy infantry or armour with equal ease.

	Range	S	AP	Type
Frag missile	48"	4	6	Heavy 2, Blast
Krak missile	48"	8	3	Heavy 2



MILITARUM TEMPESTUS VEHICLE EQUIPMENT

Rules for the following vehicle upgrades can be found in the *Warhammer 40,000* rulebook:

Dozer blade	Searchlight
Extra armour	Smoke launchers
Heavy stubber	Storm bolter
Hunter-killer missile	

AUGUR ARRAY

These 'spyboxes' feed intelligence back to command elements behind the lines. Choirs of strategic servitors compile this data in order to refine the coordinates issued to support elements in the field.

If you attempt to bring a unit on from reserve using Deep Strike, and the location chosen for its deployment is within 6" of a vehicle with an augur array, that unit does not scatter.

CAMO NETTING

Whether rare cameoline netting or crude webbing woven with local flora, camo netting helps conceal a vehicle from prying eyes.

A vehicle with camo netting counts its cover save as being 1 point better than normal. Note that this means it always has a cover save of at least 6+, even if it is in the open.

FIRE BARRELS

Some crews lash short-fused barrels of promethium to their tanks' hulls. In a pinch, these barrels can be set alight and cut loose, showering nearby enemies in blazing fuel.

The first time an enemy unit attempts to charge a vehicle with fire barrels, that unit suffers D6 Strength 4 AP5 hits. These hits are Randomly Allocated.

RECOVERY GEAR

Many crews load their vehicles with tools and tow cables to aid in digging an immobilised vehicle out of a tight spot.

If a vehicle with recovery gear is Immobilised, then in subsequent turns it may attempt to repair itself. To make the attempt, roll a D6 at the end of the Movement phase; on the roll of a 6, the vehicle is no longer Immobilised. Note that this does not restore a Hull Point.

RELIC PLATING

When a crew has achieved an empathic relationship with their battle tank, their remains may be interred within their vehicle, their spirits lingering to drive away the baleful energies of the void.

A vehicle with the relic plating upgrade has the Adamantium Will special rule.

SPECIAL ISSUE WARGEAR

Profiles for the following items are listed on page 72. Their full rules can be found in the *Warhammer 40,000* rulebook:

Frag grenades*	Melta bombs
Krak grenades	*See assault grenades

MEDI-PACK

Medi-packs contain all the necessary drugs, dressings and surgical tools to get a wounded Tempestus Scion back in the fight.

A unit that contains at least one model with a medi-pack has the Feel No Pain special rule.

PLATOON STANDARD

The Scions' standards fly proudly above the chaos of battle.

A unit that contains a model with a platoon standard counts as scoring an additional Wound for the purposes of calculating close combat results.

ARMOUR

CARAPACE ARMOUR

Carapace armour is made up of large, rigid plates of armaplas or ceramite moulded to fit the wearer.

Carapace armour confers a 4+ Armour Save.

REFRACTOR FIELD

Often carried by high-ranking officers, shimmering refractor fields refract incoming energy around their bearer, batting aside blasts and swinging blades that would otherwise lay them low.

A refractor field confers a 5+ invulnerable save.

VOX-CASTER

A vox-caster is a reliable communications array connected to the tactical command net via tight-beam transmitters.

Failed Leadership tests for orders issued to a unit with a vox-caster can be re-rolled, provided the officer's unit also has a vox-caster. An officer may not use a vox-caster's ability on his own unit.



FLAK ARMOUR

Cheap and easy to produce, flak armour comprises several layers of ablative thermoplas materials and impact absorbent carbifibres.

Flak armour confers a 5+ Armour Save.

PROFILES

HQ

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	Unit Type	Pg
Commissar	4	4	3	3	1	3	2	9	5+	In (ch)	63
Lord Commissar	5	5	3	3	3	3	10	5+	In (ch)	63	
Tempestor Prime	4	4	3	3	2	3	2	9	4+	In (ch)	65
Tempestus Scion	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7	4+	In	65

TROOPS

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	Unit Type	Pg
Tempestor	3	4	3	3	1	3	2	8	4+	In (ch)	65
Tempestus Scion	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7	4+	In	65

VEHICLES

	BS	Armour	F	S	R	HP	Unit Type	Pg
Taurox Prime	4	11	10	10	3		F, T	66
Valkyrie	3	12	12	10	3		Fl, H, T	67

UNIT TYPES

Unit Types: Infantry = In, Character = (ch)
Vehicle Types: Fast = F, Flyer = Fl, Hover = H, Transport = T

RANGED WEAPONS

Weapon	Range	S	AP	Type
Autocannon	48"	7	4	Heavy 2
Bolgun	24"	4	5	Rapid Fire
Bolt pistol	12"	4	5	Pistol
Flamer	Template	4	5	Assault 1
Frag grenade	8"	3	-	Assault 1, Blast
Grenade launcher				
- Frag grenade	24"	3	6	Assault 1, Blast
- Krak grenade	24"	6	4	Assault 1
Heavy bolter	36"	5	4	Heavy 3
Heavy stubber	36"	4	6	Heavy 3
Hellstrike missile	72"	8	3	Ordnance 1, One use only
Hot-shot lasgun	18"	3	3	Rapid Fire
Hot-shot laspistol	6"	3	3	Pistol
Hot-shot volley gun	24"	4	3	Salvo 2/4
Krak grenade	8"	6	4	Assault 1
Lascannon	48"	9	2	Heavy 1
Meltagun	12"	8	1	Assault 1, Melta
Multi-laser	36"	6	6	Heavy 3
Multiple rocket pod	24"	4	6	Heavy 1, Large Blast
Plasma gun	24"	7	2	Rapid Fire, Gets Hot
Plasma pistol	12"	7	2	Pistol, Gets Hot
Storm bolter	24"	4	5	Assault 2
Taurox battle cannon	48"	7	4	Heavy 1, Blast
Taurox gatling cannon	24"	4	-	Heavy 10
Taurox missile launcher				
- Frag missile	48"	4	6	Heavy 2, Blast
- Krak missile	48"	8	3	Heavy 2

MELEE WEAPONS

Weapon	Range	S	AP	Type
Close combat weapon	-	User	-	Melee
Krak grenade	-	6	4	-
Melta bomb	-	8	1	Armourbane, Unwieldy
Power axe	-	+1	2	Melee, Unwieldy
Power fist	-	x2	2	Melee, Specialist Weapon, Unwieldy
Power lance	-	+1/User	3/4	Melee
Power maul	-	+2	4	Melee, Concussive
Power sword	-	User	3	Melee

