

WARHAMMER
40,000

CODEX

GENESTEALER CULTS





GENESTEALER CULTS

THE INSIDIOUS CURSE

CONTENTS

WORSHIPPERS OF THE XENOS	4	Cult of the Rusted Claw	44	Goliath Rockgrinders	84
Genestealers	6	The Hivecult	46	Leman Russ Squadron	85
The Genestealer Curse	8	The Bladed Cog	48	Subterranean Uprising	86
Ghosar Quintus	10	Infestations Beyond Number	50	Deliverance Broodsurge	87
The Creation of a Cult	12	THE GRAND UPRISING	52	Demolition Claw	88
A Parasitic Order	14	FORCES OF THE GENESTEALER CULTS	66	Brood Cycle	89
The Cult of War	16	Cult Insurrection Detachment	67	The First Curse	90
The Creed Beneath	17	Datasheets	68	Neophyte Cavalcade	91
Genestealer Cults of the Imperium	18	Genestealer Cults Wargear List	69	The Doting Throng	92
The Glory of the Cult Revealed	20	Patriarch	70	Broodcoven	93
The Hive Fleets Descend	22	Magus	71	APPENDIX	96
The Patriarch	24	Primus	72	Wargear of the Cults	98
The Magus	26	Acolyte Iconward	73	Special Issue Wargear	100
The Primus	27	Acolyte Hybrids	74	Sacred Relics of the Cult	101
Acolyte Hybrids	28	Neophyte Hybrids	75	Broodmind Discipline	102
Hybrid Metamorphs	29	Hybrid Metamorphs	77	Tactical Objectives	103
Neophyte Hybrids	30	Purestrain Genestealers	78	Profiles	104
Purestrain Genestealers	32	Aberrants	79	What's Next?	105
Aberrants	33	Chimera	80		
Goliaths	34	Armoured Sentinels	81		
Sentinels	36	Scout Sentinels	82		
Armoured Vehicles	37	Goliath Truck	83		
The Hidden Dynasties	38				
Cult of the Four-armed Emperor	42				



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WORSHIPPERS OF THE XENOS

Crawling out from the cold, dank corners of the Imperial underworld come the Genestealer Cults. Secretive, stealthy, and utterly malignant, they are the cankers growing unseen in the hidden spaces of Humanity's realm. Some cultists are truly monstrous, skulking along dank tunnels with robes or hessian sacks covering their hybrid anatomies. Others are merely pallid and bald, able to pass for loyal citizens whilst their wyrm-form tattoos remain hidden. These latter-generation brethren mingle amongst the herd like wolves in sheep's clothing, working so hard amongst the crumbling machineries of Mankind's industry that none spare them a second glance – but under their work fatigues and rough miner's apparel, they all bear the mark of the alien.

Once their brotherhood becomes strong enough, and all is in place for their great uprising, the Genestealer Cult will make its play. The militant throng boils by the thousand from sewers, tunnels and basements, seeping from the spires high above like insects pouring from a hidden nest. On this darkly glorious day of war, the cult's warriors are already ten steps ahead of the enemy. Saboteurs have shattered the supply lines of those who would oppose them, hidden agents have assassinated key commanders, and routes of escape have been cut off by demolition crews and blast teams. Every eventuality the cult's masters could foresee is accounted for, every advantage stacked in their favour. The enemy find their ammunition crates empty, their fuel reserves dry, their transport craft hijacked and their supporting fleet holed and listing in orbit. When the cult attacks, the enemy is already surrounded, stranded and half-beaten, ripe for a slaughter long planned.

The butchery the cult metes out upon its enemies is terrible indeed. Though the greater masses of these hordes are armed little better than militia, their sheer numbers and fanatical devotion make them a fierce prospect in a firefight. High-level threats will be ambushed – not only by mutant hybrids that hiss and shriek as they lay about themselves with weapon-like mutations, but also by the Purestrain Genestealers of generations past and present.

The commanders of the enemy force are met in battle by the leaders of the cult – the Primus, an inspirational war leader; the Magus, a hypnotic telepath; and the Patriarch itself, a monstrous terror that crossed the vastness of space to bring disaster to the world. In truth, the cult is in thrall to a far greater power. Unseen and utterly beyond comprehension, this inevitable force is drawn to the prey world by the very cult that seeks to conquer it. When the doomsayers of this dark dynasty cry that the end of the world is nigh, their claims are more accurate than even they imagine.





GENESTEALERS

Genestealers are vicious and frighteningly intelligent alien lifeforms. They are largely independent, capable of surviving alone for centuries. When encountered as part of a brood, however, a gestalt will binds them to one purpose. Originally encountered upon the moons of Yngarl, long before Hive Fleet Behemoth breached the Imperium, these beasts were once thought to be an entirely separate species to the teeming hordes of the Tyranids. Only when the Ordo Xenos conducted a harrowing program of investigations did they realise the truth – that the Genestealer was a vanguard creature of the encroaching hive fleets, and that the Yngarl genus was but one example of the forms it could take.

Genestealers are carried from world to world much as a virus is carried from host to host – unseen and unbidden. Their physiques are so hardy that they can even survive in the cold vacuum of space. There are scattered reports of armies of these xenos creatures emerging from honeycombed asteroids and torn-open ghost ships. The most severe Genestealer infections have been traced to space hulks, vast conglomerate ships that drift across the galaxy on etheric tides – on such behemoths Genestealers have been found not in twos and threes, but in their thousands. More commonly, small broods of Genestealers stow away upon the craft of Humanity's endless armadas. Able to fold their gangling physiques into relay pipes and crawlspaces, they can hide in even the smallest shuttles, entering a hibernatory state until they emerge from their sojourn to sow the seeds of destruction anew. Many a bulkier transport has arrived at its destination carrying a lethal cargo indeed.

Sergeant Ortenze aimed his bayonet-lumen down the dripping, rusted length of the access corridor. His shoulders were hunched with tension, sweat dripped from his nose, and the tiny hairs on his arms and neck bristled. He had heard skittering down there, a half-seen shape in the darkness. His travel-addled imagination had given it clawed limbs and a stooped, hunched back.

'Stop playing the fool, Devlin,' warned Ortenze. 'You'll taste my boot when I find you.' The sergeant frowned, imagining the young private snickering behind his hand. His lower jaw jutted as he gripped his lasgun tight against his shoulder and marched down the corridor. There was Devlin's shadow now; the clown was finger-puppeting a claw on the wall.

The sergeant strode around the corner, into the strobing light of the cargo vestibule, and came face to face with a monster. He cried out and raised his rifle, gunsight between the thing's eyes. Its eyes... Ortenze dropped the gun, staring blankly. The thing came forward, unhurried, all four arms wide. Its maw yawned to reveal a ribbed, slimy tube. Light glinted on the sharp end as it extended further. Ortenze did not resist.





THE GENESTEALER CURSE

Purestrain Genestealers propagate with a hideous alien fecundity, infecting generations of Imperial prey until the time is ready to strike. Each new batch of offspring seems more human than the last as the xenos germ-seed is seemingly diluted, but within, the shape of the beast lurks unchanged. At the culmination of the curse's cycle, alien nightmares are born anew.

When a Genestealer reaches a world ripe for infection, it will clamber into the dark and forgotten spaces of a populous area, lurking unseen as it prepares to spread its influence. As with all their void-born kind, the Genestealer is inhumanly patient, able to subsist on very little sustenance and to wait for decades if necessary before making its move. Once it is certain of being able to acquire victims whilst remaining undetected, it will begin to abduct them and implanting them with its alien blight to make them unwitting hosts of a new generation of terror.

A cult can start with but a single organism. Should a lone Genestealer reach an inhabited world, it will immediately go into hiding, emerging only on the blackest of nights. Those who fall prey to the Genestealer's silent ambushes are not torn apart for later consumption, as with most victims of the Tyranid race, but instead put in thrall by its hypnotic gaze. They are then impregnated with a portion of the creature's own biomass, delivered under the skin via a ribbed tube called an ovipositor. This process is known as the Genestealer's Kiss. The resultant parasitism alters the body until the xenos taint runs throughout. It also alters the mind, forcing the victim to revere the Genestealer as a messianic figure, the idol of an obsessive new religion.

Whenever a Genestealer implants a victim, a horrific birth will soon follow. The resultant hybrids are grotesque and misshapen creatures that are as varied in form as they are hideous to behold. Certain features are common, such as bulbous craniums and snarling, needle-toothed maws, a pair of extra limbs ending in viciously sharp claws, truncated tail-spikes and mottled, purplish skin. These initial hybrids are known as the first generation.

The hybrids of the first generation will reproduce with newly-hypnotised members of the cult, who sire young in their turn. This gives rise to the second generation. These new creatures are hunched and stooped – not in the manner of the old or infirm, but more like pressured springs that are ready to explode into sudden movement. These hybrids may have five or even six limbs, but their eyes and mouths are like those of their human parents, and they can make themselves understood in Low Gothic. Though their minds are still so alien that they defy analysis, the second generation is sapient enough to understand its host society. Some are even put to work in the industrial brotherhoods of their kin, their uncanny strength and resilience allowing them to use heavy mining tools and explosives with far more ease than a human operative.



As each cycle passes, the hybrid offspring evince fewer and fewer mutations. The third generation is typified by an upright stance – though they appear human from a distance, on closer inspection they have heavily-ridged heads, mauve to violet skin, and may even hide a vestigial limb under their clothes. By the fourth generation, the scions of the Genestealer Cult can pass for fully human, inveigling themselves into positions of power to further the aims of the cult. Leaders of uncanny influence emerge within the hidden hierarchy – psychic magi and charismatic demagogues whose rhetoric inflames the subculture further.

Fourth generation cult members can breed true. They do not give birth to untainted humans, but instead to Purestrain Genestealers just as alien as the original progenitor. The parents of these fifth generation creatures see them not as the hideous, hissing changelings they truly are, but as soft-skinned infants, innocent and sweet. They do everything they can to protect them, even giving their own lives if necessary. By this point, the curse's hold upon the dynasty is complete.

The Genestealer at the heart of the cult, known as the Patriarch, has an inherent control over every one of these minions, no matter the generation. The Patriarch unites

them in a single sentence – a gestalt consciousness known as the Broodmind. It is this shared sentence that makes the cult so tight-knit and loyal, that gives them uncanny strength and speed in battle, and that seeks to undermine the spiritual sanctity of Mankind. Such cults have thrived in the dark corners of the Imperium longer than any suspect. On those occasions when they rise up in open rebellion, they can capsize a planet's defences in a matter of hours.

The cultists of these grand insurgencies have spent their whole lives preparing for the day of the final conquest. Generation after generation have been bred in secrecy, cycle after cycle bearing nauseating fruit. The infected have spread the curse to others, and to their children, who in turn have infected more. Like a living virus, they breed exponentially, their numbers swelling until the rulers of the underworld are strong enough to seize the entire host planet. Though the later generations of each cycle have the appearance of common men, inside they are xenos through and through. Their allegiance is owed only to the organisms that brought the Genestealer Curse to their world, and the hybrids of their hidden kindred. Their Patriarch, star-borne and inhuman, squats at the centre of a web of influence that expands until it covers the entire world. Every soul in the cult is mindlessly obedient to this repulsive creature, and would give their lives to save him.



GHOSAR QUINTUS

The first confirmed Imperial engagement with a Genestealer Cult occurred upon the mining colony of Ghosar Quintus in 680.M41. Investigating what appeared to be a perversion of the Imperial Creed, Inquisitor Chaegryn led a team of Tempestus Scions to Ghosar Quintus and ventured into the depths of the Great Pit. The deeper Chaegryn ventured, the more evidence of deviance he found. Strangely, his last communiqué stated that all was well, and that the Trysst Dynasty should be left to its own devices.

It was a full year before Chaegryn's fellows noticed that something was deeply wrong. A five-man Kill Team of Deathwatch Space Marines was sent on a follow-up mission of lethal investigation, yet they too were swallowed by the mysteries of the Great Pit. Only when the steel-willed Chaplain Cassius mustered his own hand-picked Kill Team was the vile truth unearthed – Ghosar Quintus was home to a xenos infestation.

Kill Team Cassius fought through hundreds of Genestealer Cultists as they plumbed the depths of the Trysst Dynasty's corrupted world. Though they made it out alive, the Space Marines were changed forever by the gruesome ordeal. Most shocking of all was not the Genestealer Patriarch that lurked at the heart of the cult, but the damning evidence in the mining cult's shipping holographs. Under the guise of industry, the xenos-tainted Trysst Dynasty had spread its curse across not only the Ghosar System, but throughout the sector. The implications were staggering.





GHOSAR QUINTUS

Class: Mu-Lambda
(cf. DELVERWORLD)

Population:
<15,000,000

Tithe Grade:
Solutio Extremis -
Exactis Excelsior

Aggregate:
A-200

Aestimare: A10

Comments: Exemplary
facility/protocol
adherent



THE CREATION OF A CULT

The genesis of a Genestealer Cult is a strange and disturbing process. Though it obeys a loosely cyclical structure, many offshoots and bastardizations occur, resulting in a spectrum of anatomies from the outwardly wholesome to the truly bizarre. All members of this tainted family tree – even the non-hybrid members, known as the Brood Brothers – remain fiercely loyal to one another, bound as one by the gestalt Broodmind.

The most powerful weapon of the Genestealer Cult is secrecy. From the moment the infection vector arrives to the grand uprising itself, the faithful stick to the shadows. Those elements that emerge into the light of everyday life wear a mask of mundanity; outwardly, its cultists worship the same deity as the host civilisation, albeit a strange variant thereof. They teach extreme modesty, keeping their mutations hidden under robes and industrial clothing. Latter-generation hybrids work tirelessly, respecting the old and cherishing the young. Only on the day of reckoning is the awful truth of their existence revealed.

INFECTION VECTOR ARRIVES ON PLANET

PATRIARCH

Genestealers arrive in a locality and go into hiding. The first Genestealer to infect a native life form will evolve into the Patriarch.

FIRST GENERATION

The firstborn offspring of the infected native creatures are early-generation Genestealer hybrids known as Acolytes.

ABERRANTS

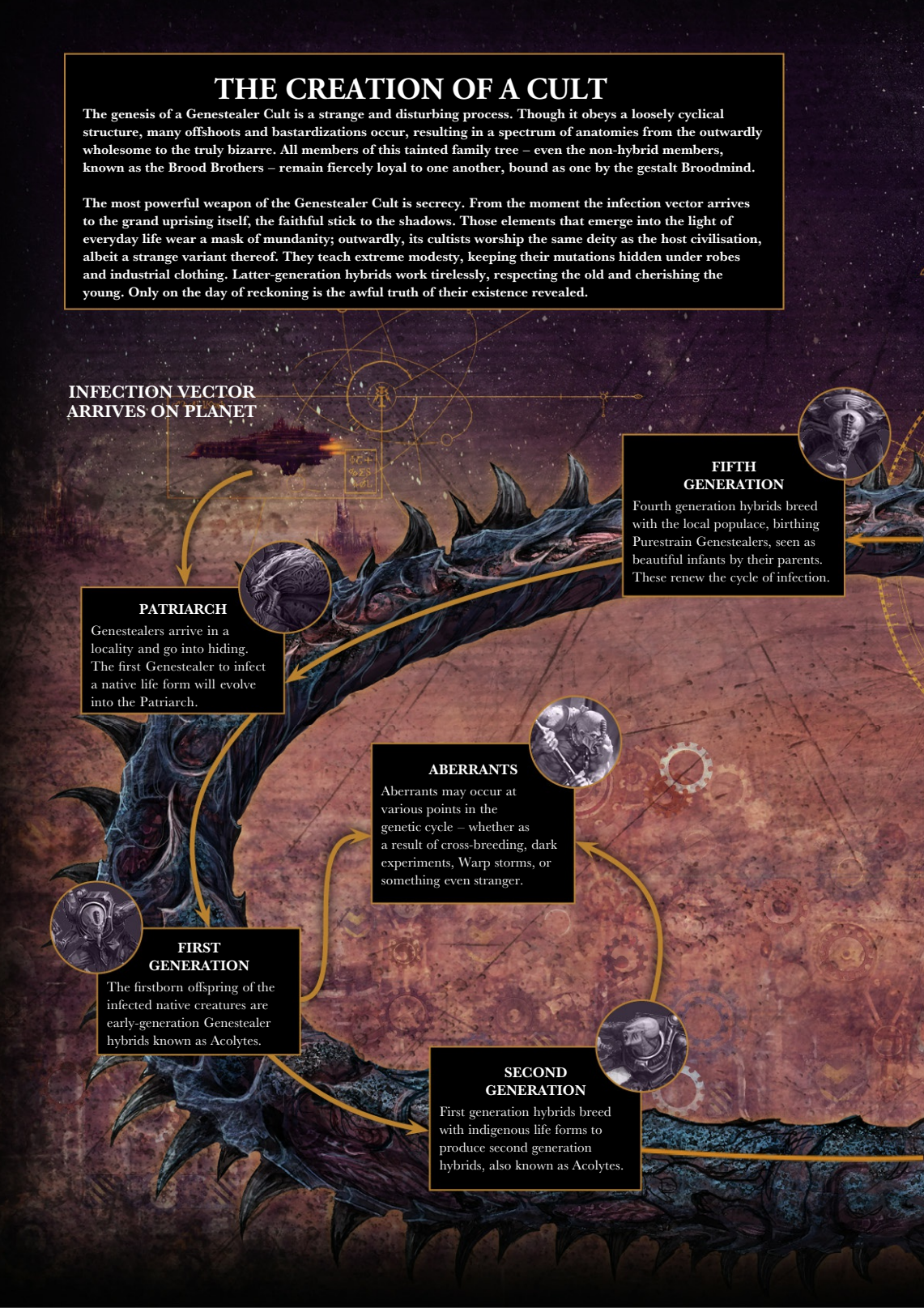
Aberrants may occur at various points in the genetic cycle – whether as a result of cross-breeding, dark experiments, Warp storms, or something even stranger.

SECOND GENERATION

First generation hybrids breed with indigenous life forms to produce second generation hybrids, also known as Acolytes.

FIFTH GENERATION

Fourth generation hybrids breed with the local populace, birthing Purestrain Genestealers, seen as beautiful infants by their parents. These renew the cycle of infection.



HYBRID METAMORPHS

As the hive fleets loom ever closer, the cult spawns xenofoms built for war alone. The limbs of these Hybrid Metamorphs echo the weapons of the Tyranid swarm.

TYRANID INVASION TRIGGERS UPRISING

PRIMUS

When the cult is ready to make war against the host civilisation, a bioform known as a Primus will be spontaneously created to lead the brethren in battle.



INDIGENOUS POPULACE



CULT VEHICLES

FOURTH GENERATION

The process is repeated once more. Third and fourth generation cultists, known as Neophyte Hybrids, can pass for human.



THIRD GENERATION

Second generation hybrids breed with indoctrinated captives, producing third generation hybrids that are more like the parasitised genestock in appearance.



MAGUS & FAMILIARS

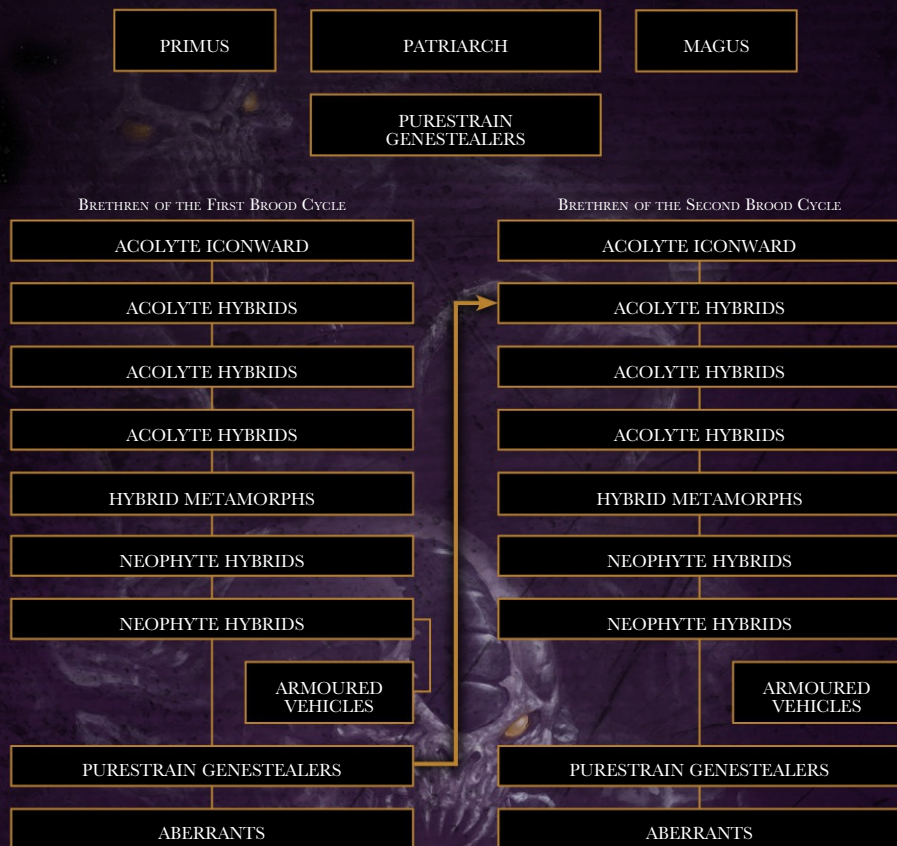
One hybrid in the fourth generation will always manifest psychic abilities and become the cult's Magus. Such individuals often have strange psychic familiars with them.



Genestealer Cults will only risk open war if their true nature is detected, or if the cult has outgrown its surroundings. The hybrids boil out of hiding in a tide of claws and teeth, often overrunning their victims before the truth can be broadcast to other settlements, or off-world. So it is that many cults remain hidden for so long, leaving no witnesses to their atrocities and using their influence to hide evidence. Genestealer Cults can also be compelled to activity by the psychic imperative of the Tyranid Hive Mind. As bio-ships and Tyrannocytes are dispatched to this new feeding ground, the Genestealer Cult on the world is driven to attack.

A PARASITIC ORDER

Those cults unearthed by the Inquisition have a common hierarchy, largely dictated by the generations and cycles of xenos infection. Though variations occur, the Patriarch is analogous to the monarch of this kingdom, with the Magus as his grand vizier and the Primus the leader of his holy crusades. The dynasty that serves them can number in the millions.



BROOD CYCLES

Every iteration of the Genestealer infection can spread anarchy and disaster. Better known as brood cycles, the mockeries of family lineage that form the framework of each cult are all slaves of the Patriarch's greatness. To celebrate his magnificent strangeness by echoing his form is a privilege like no other. Though all pay homage to the Patriarch, each brood cycle has a strong internal coherence, and many will bear markings that bind them further to their brethren within the cult.

Though the broods of each cycle are similar in organisation, the Genestealer Curse does not conform to the strictures of mortal science. Anomalous bioforms rise to the surface with every new generation, for interbreeding within the cult is common, and Tyranid gene-matter is, by its nature, mutable. Even as the second and subsequent cycles spread the infection anew, the original brood cycle will still be active, casting the web of the Patriarch's influence ever further.

BRETHREN OF THE THIRD BROOD CYCLE (ETC.)

ACOLYTE ICONWARD

ACOLYTE HYBRIDS

ACOLYTE HYBRIDS

ACOLYTE HYBRIDS

HYBRID METAMORPHS

NEOPHYTE HYBRIDS

NEOPHYTE HYBRIDS

ARMOURED
VEHICLES

PURESTRAIN GENESTEALERS

ABERRANTS

'When you fight these xenos cults, you face not only those before you on the field of battle but the untold thousands which seek to surround you, which attack your supporting units and are destroying your supply lines in perfect synchronicity.'

- Lieutenant Colonel Uskra,
13th/23rd Tiger Lizards



THE CULT OF WAR

From the moment the first hybrid is born, the cult begins preparing for a world-spanning war of insurrection. There are other factors that can trigger a large-scale military intervention, sometimes before the dynasty reaches critical mass. Woe betide those who derail the cult's master plan, for its warriors strike serpent-fast, and their vengeance is terrible.

Genestealer Cults are concerned with their own propagation above all, and will usually only commit to an armed action on its own terms. There remain exceptions, of course, for in the crumbling edifice of the Imperium, even the most watertight plans do not last long in practice. Each ruction, setback or disaster is handled in its own fashion. On occasion, an incautious power-grab or roving aberration may lead to the cult being investigated by Imperial authorities. If an inquest from the Adeptus Arbites – or worse still, the Inquisition – cannot be dealt with by a visit from the Magus or his minions, the cult may soon find itself under attack by anything from a regiment of Militarum Tempestus soldiers to a strike force of Deathwatch Space Marines. Though this calibre of attack can eradicate a Genestealer Cult in a scouring that shakes the underworld to its core, all it takes is for one Tyranid lifeform to escape and the cult can begin anew.

The cult's Primus, being a war leader, has a more aggressive approach to the propagation of his kin. He will gather a hand-picked army from the parent cult, and then strike out to claim new worlds in the name of the Patriarch. Often this is done under the guise of industry, making use of existing space lanes and import routes to carry a host of Genestealer Cultists to a

new planet. In the darkness of the cargo holds, shipment auto-crates will hiss open, and the Primus will lead his brethren forth. Should their incursion be uncovered, the cult will strike with swift and overwhelming force. If their assault does not take down their new adversaries in short order, they will scatter like oil-roaches in torchlight, seeking shelter in the dank corners of their new domain before later regrouping.

There are times when a host planet is attacked by outside forces – perhaps the target of a Hrud migration, a xenos pirate raid, a greenskin Waaagh! or even a Warp breach. Most cults, nestled in hiding, will be content to wait for the storm to pass. But if the invasion directly threatens their interests, they will fight like a hive of angered hornets to defend them. Such planets teeter on the brink of catastrophe, rescued from one alien warhost only to find their saviours embody another, far more sinister threat.

Should all go well, the cult will wait with the patience of spiders for their moment, generation after generation spent in preparation for the final battle as they infect ever more territory. Once all is in order, the intricate web of secrecy is finally torn away, and the world is plunged into anarchy.



THE CREED BENEATH

When the cult finally rises up in its grand rebellion, it enacts plans and strategies that take maximum advantage of the prey world's weaknesses. Point defences are overwhelmed, command posts ambushed, supply lines raided, and fortifications cast down by broods specifically equipped to ensure their destruction. The Glatchian Creed of Isis V is an example of just such a cult.

THE FIRST CURSE

Patriarch
The King Below

Purestrain Genestealers
Sainted Fathers

THE DOTING THROING

Magus
Venarc Glatch

Acolyte Hybrids
The Skulk

Acolyte Hybrids
The Curselingers

Acolyte Hybrids
The Darksome Talons

Neophyte Hybrids
Minthead Team Priam-3-Alpha

Neophyte Hybrids
The Hooks that Snare

Purestrain Genestealers
The Hallowed Kith

Aberrants
The Staggerkindred

Acolyte Iconward
Mawlin Glatch

DELIVERANCE BROODSURGE

Neophyte Hybrids
The Mortal Echo

Neophyte Hybrids
The Chattel-Catchers

SUBTERRANEAN UPRISING

Primus
Dodren Glatch

Hybrid Metamorphs
The Sickul-Thrashers

Hybrid Metamorphs
The Tendrulites

Acolyte Hybrids
The Clorrhuls

Acolyte Hybrids
The Hench-Scrabblers

Acolyte Hybrids
The Ankle-Snatchers

Aberrants
The Mumbler in the Dark

Aberrants
The Ragged Fist

Purestrain Genestealers
The Blessed Grasp

Acolyte Iconward
Hisserling Glatch

BROOD CYCLE

Acolyte Iconward
Thrizer Glatch

Hybrid Metamorphs
The Newlith Princes

Acolyte Hybrids
The Leatherbacks

Acolyte Hybrids
The Fond Embrace

Acolyte Hybrids
The Star-Siblings

Neophyte Hybrids
Jotung Workgroup 212

Neophyte Hybrids
The Backbreakers

Purestrain Genestealers
The Worshipful Young

GENESTEALER CULTS OF THE IMPERIUM

If the High Lords of Terra truly comprehended the number of Genestealer Cults abroad in their realm, they would feel the chill of fresh terror creep across their souls. Though only six cults have been codified by the Ordo Xenos, data-harvests taken from Ghosar Quintus imply the presence of hundreds, perhaps thousands, in Ultima Segmentum alone.



THE INNERWYRM

The Innerwyrms Cult infests the abattoir world of Fleishgate. A lynchpin planet that provides the meat of grox, grontock and bovian to the Mawdlin System, Fleishgate has long been taken over by a Genestealer Cult. They take their inspiration from the arm-length intestinal parasites they find within the guts of their livestock, just as their hidden cult grows strong within the fat-bodied mass of Humanity's ignorant herd. The use of the saw-spined wyrmsymbol, inspired in part by the meatslasher machines the Innerwyrms cultists use in their daily slaughter, is not confined to Fleishgate. Many cults have elements that use ripping circular saws, whether to grind rock, cut through steelwood roots or salvage the parts of industrial machines – it is common for such broods to echo this sigil upon their own standards.

THE RUSTED CLAW

The worldwide minecorps that toil beneath Newseam unearth hundreds of tons of precious metal from the planet's crust each day. The sickeningly rich upworlders forbid the downtrodden miners from keeping the metal they dig out from the seams, let alone spending it, but much is smuggled away nonetheless. Known as the Cult of the Rusted Claw, this embittered brotherhood believes that the all-consuming emptiness of the void devours all, even metal. They see the tarnish of every coin and the rust that eats away at every vehicle as divine entropy brought to their world by their Patriarch, and they welcome its spread. Only when the oppression of the upworlders is gnawed away completely will they be truly free. Their symbol shows the cog of industry being consumed by the wyrmsymbol that represents the Patriarch's great hunger.



THE HIVECULT

The Hivecult is a prime example of a Genestealer infection that has spread like wildfire across a densely populated Imperial world. The planet of New Gidlam has thirteen hives upon its pollution-blasted surface, each harbouring tens of billions of souls. All but one is besieged from below by the same cult. Though the cult's emergence began in each hive with a spate of ritual killings, the violence soon blossomed into all-out war. The icon of the bladed wyrmsymbol is carried by all the dynasty's members, whether they be the brood brothers of New Gidlam's Astra Militarum regiments, or the hive gangs themselves. So militarised is the cult that the icons themselves are weaponised, appearing in stylised form as knuckle dusters, throwing stars or daggers. They are often used to slay those who stand in the cult's way, an act rich in symbolism originally started by the cult's Magus.



THE PAUPER PRINCES

The Pauper Princes have all but taken over the slum world of Chancer's Vale. Most of the populace lives in the squalid shanty towns that pepper the coasts, their skin badly desiccated by the constant salt-mining of minerals from its barren seas. Such is the deprivation and abject poverty of this world that many of its people turned to worship of the cult – not because they were forced to by coercion or the Genestealer's Kiss, but because they are desperate for a way off-planet. The promises of Magus Marovitch Tenndarc saw swathes of the world's populace united in their devotions to the Star Saviour. Every Emperor's Day the Magus sermonised to rapturous crowds about the glories to come. Magus Tenndarc died saving the Star Saviour himself – the cult's Patriarch – by diving in front of a Ratling sniper's bullet. The abhuman assassin was torn to pieces within the hour, Tenndarc attained the status of saint, and the cult's flock quadrupled in size.



THE TWISTED HELIX

Hailing from the macro-alchemical distilleries that provide the medicae-class civilised world of Vejovium III with its exported medicines, the cult of the Twisted Helix has spread far and wide. The cult's broodkin skulk in enormous medifactoria that appear from the aristocracy's spires like the laboratory of some godly sage, all spiral glass pipelines and chimneys that belch strangely coloured smoke. At a high cost in volunteers' lives, the magisters of the industrial cult have learned how to extract the germ-seed of the Genestealer and incorporate it into the curative syringe-phials that form a major part of Vejovium's medical exports. Though the imperfections of this bio-alchemical breakthrough have resulted in a great many aberrations and metamorphs, the process has seen the Twisted Helix swiftly spread its curse with across the Vejovium System and beyond.

THE BLADED COG

The slave revolt of the planet Feinminster Gamma eventually proved more powerful than the Cult Mechanicus crusade that surged across its surface. The army of Tech-Priest Dominus Ovid Thrensiom had arrived in force seeking a rich harvest of bio-electricity from the planet's living population. The atmosphere of oppression and paranoia that resulted was fertile ground for the spread of an underground religion. When a Purestrain Genestealer was unwittingly borne to the planet's surface by the freighter *Redspark*, a widespread cult was soon to follow. The xeniform was seen as proof that there were other worlds beyond the clouds and that salvation could be found in its worship. When Thrensiom was overthrown, the broodkin of the Bladed Cog swapped one set of cruel masters for another, though the latter brotherhood are infinitely worse.



THE GLORY OF THE CULT REVEALED

The heraldry of the Genestealer Cult is spread throughout their domain in microcosm, tattooed on the flesh of the faithful and stencilled on vehicles and cargo containers. Only in times of war are the banners and icons of the broodkin raised high. Though they differ greatly in execution, all bear a variant of the wyrm-form device.



The Pauper Princes do not hoist the remains of their celebrated conquests, but the mummified corpse of their role model, Saint Tenndarc. The Magus Relic epitomises their selfless urge to protect their Patriarch – and by extension, all those that echo his form. Its skull still bears the hole of the sniper's bullet that killed him. Before each battle, Tenndarc's disciples lead the members of the cult in a ceremony where each cultist inserts two fingers or talons into the empty eye sockets of the cadaver, believing this will give them a portion of the Magus' uncanny vision.



The Bladed Cog wear the crimson of those forge worlds closely affiliated with Mars, the Red Planet. Their war banner is strung with the remains of Tech-Priest Dominus Ovid Thrensiom, the Great Miser, whose obsession with claiming energy for his own use led to the slave classes of Feinminster Gamma rising up against him. The forge world is now ruled largely by the cult's Magus, known only as the Pallid Man. Since the Bladed Cog flew their colours above Thrensiom's Citadel of Industry, several new cycles of hybrids have been born.



The banner carried to war by the Hivecult has been fashioned from the regimental colours of the New Gidlam 223rd, lynchpin of its Astra Militarum protectors. Since the 223rd revealed its true allegiance, a full half of its companies display the symbols of the Hivecult, taking their knives and slash-daggers to those in their barracks that were still loyal to the hive aristocracy. The great profusion of trophies atop the banner include the regiment's cyber-chimera, the laud hailer of its Commissar Lord, and the skulls of its Ministorum Priests.



The Cult of the Rusted Claw fashioned their banner from the ceremonial cloak of the slain Oremaster Rubio, overseer of the planet Newseam's first gold mine. Stitched with the symbol of the metallaphagic wyrm, it has been further adorned with gold alloy tokens and pendants. Each of these has been taken from the corpse of one who has hindered the cult in its secretive spread, washed clean of blood, and hung high as a trophy. Atop the banner is the head of Golden Talon, the first hybrid to dip his claw in molten gold stolen from the overseers.



THE HIVE FLEETS DESCEND

As a cult pushes its tendrils ever further into its host civilisation, it prepares for the day of its great ascension. Though it may be decades, even centuries in coming, sooner or later a psychic shadow will fall upon the star system in which the cult has spread. This is the Shadow in the Warp, the first sign of the utter despair to come. At first, the strange penumbra of this influence sends soothsayers mad and inspires wild panic in those who channel the energies of the Warp. The Astronomican at first becomes dim, then shrouded completely by the psychic miasma crawling across the stars, cutting the system off from the rest of the Imperium so it becomes all but impossible to send reinforcements. Only then does the source of the threat emerge from the darkness. Starlight glints from a flotilla of celestial bodies, visible as a shoal of dots in the night sky. While these bodies may appear beautiful at first, their surpassing ugliness becomes more evident as they draw close. This is a bio-fleet of the Tyranid race, and it has come not to enlighten, but to devour.

The cult sees the arrival of this impossible menace as the long-awaited fulfilment of their prophecies. They believe the Patriarch's kin, unfettered by Humanity's failings, are here to elevate the faithful and lift them into the light forever. The skies cloud over, thickening with xenos spores as the hive fleet prepares the cult's world for consumption. Enraptured, the cult's

true believers tell each other that it is always darkest before the dawn. Celebrations and warlike shouts ring through the streets as their devotional frenzy reaches new heights. When the Tyrannocytes rain from the sky like fleshy meteors, the cultists wave their banners high, hoping to attract the attention of the angelic host.

As the giant brood-sacs of the bio-ships split open to disgorge shrieking, blade-limbed war-beasts, a seed of doubt worms into the minds of the cultists. Still, their belief in the notion of star-borne saviours is so ingrained they keep fighting against the wider populace. The Tyranid invaders mass together into a tide of chitin and fang, surging over the lands to cut down or consume the indigenous populations. With the Hive Mind guiding each brood, the Tyranid hordes do not see the cultists as prey; in fact they are ignored at first by the synapse creatures coordinating the attack. For a short and blissful period, cultist and Tyranid fight on the same side. Once their adversaries have been slain, the cultists become eager to embrace their distant relatives in celebration, jubilant that their star-spanning family is at last complete. They walk forward, arms wide, into the seething avalanche of weapon-forms. They too are torn limb from limb. Only then does the true magnitude of the cult's folly hit home. The mood of the cult swiftly changes from dogged loyalty to panic.



The final revelation comes both from within the cult and without. Those the cultists once adored turn upon them in the worst of all possible betrayals; any who seek succour from the Patriarch instead go to their doom. With its sentence subsumed by the greater Hive Mind, the creature becomes just another Tyranid, another nameless cell in the void-crossing super-organism that wants nothing less than to devour the galaxy. As soon as the planet's defenders are overcome, the Patriarch and its brood will attack their own, wicked claws punching into close advisors and trusted minions, who die choking on their own disbelief. Those Purestrain Genestealers spawned upon the host planet attack their devoted parents without hesitation, slaughtering them in a flurry of talons and snapping mouths. Those of the cult who somehow survive this grim twist of fate flee as best they can, but they do not get far. The hail of Tyranid spores intensifies, and the planet itself is altered on a molecular level, becoming a noxious hell. Alongside the bodies of the wider populace, the corpses of the cultists are devoured and regurgitated into the acidic digestion pools that bubble upon its surface. There, they are dissolved into a sickening gruel, raw biomass that is sucked up by ribbed capillary towers into the bio-ships above. So it is that the host population and the cult's parasitic reflection are made whole at last, their bodies mingled in the final act of this apocalyptic tragedy.

Praise be! cried Sebathren, raising his shaking arms to Locum's heavens. 'The Star Children deliver us!'

He could hardly believe it. In his heart, he had always known that the Grandfather's truth would burn away the tissue of lies that suffocated the hated Imperium. Still, to lay eyes upon the Star Children themselves was something else. The Neophytes had long talked of what they would look like, these creatures wholly free from human weakness. None of them had expected there to be quite so many. Crashing, stampeding, sprinting across the lands came a purple and white swarm. It made those of Locum's harvest-storm locusts look thin by comparison. Sebathren saw monsters in there, towering above even the Aegis guns of the Imperial Guard. The Patriarch was darting amongst them, dwarfed by a vomiting horror that speewed its guts into an artillery redoubt. His brood followed close behind.

'Wait for us, Grandfather!' shouted Sebathren, vaulting over the sandbag barricades of his position to skid and scramble down the hill towards the swarm. 'Let your children aid you!' A Genestealer darted from behind a shattered statue, the warpaint that Sebathren had carefully applied to its carapace smudged. 'My son!' smiled Sebathren. Then the creature darted forward, and ripped Sebathren's head from his neck.





THE PATRIARCH

Lurking at the centre of the Genestealer Cult's web of lies is the Patriarch, father of a hidden dynasty. Twice the height of a Space Marine and with strength enough to slice an Ogryn into bloody chunks, this creature is a leering nightmare of tooth and claw. In a flurry of whipping limbs and diamond-hard talons the Patriarch can tear through platoons of heavily armoured warriors and even light vehicles. Yet it is the hypnotic spell with which it binds its chosen hosts that mark it out as perhaps the most dangerous Tyranid yet encountered by the Imperium. The uncanny powers of the Patriarch make it a fearsome puppet master, a threat so pervasive it has a xenocode threat designation unto itself. By spreading the Genestealer Curse, this creature is capable of destroying not just warriors and war machines, but entire worlds.

Like the monarch of a dark underworld the Patriarch squats in its lair, glowering and licking its claws in anticipation of the day when it will rise up to make every sentient creature on the planet its devoted gene-slave. Once, the beast was but a Genestealer, likely one of an identical brood and no more remarkable than any of the uncounted billions of such organisms abroad in the galaxy. Once cut off from the Hive Mind, a new genetic imperative takes over. Upon reaching its prey world, perhaps as a stowaway on some nameless freighter or piece of stellar debris, the nascent Patriarch creeps from its vector vessel into the darkness of its new domain. There, it learns of the planet it has taken as its home, and abducts the first of its victims. With the Genestealer's Kiss, the monster becomes the first of its brood to bestow its foul legacy upon a native host. In this rapacious action, it takes the first step to becoming a Patriarch.

As the strange alchemy of the alien's life cycle takes hold, that first creature to infect a host on a new planet grows ever larger and more potent. Much as an alpha simian becomes heavier and grows outward signs of dominance to mark its ascendance, the Patriarch's body bulks out, its claws lengthening until they are more like bony sabres than simple talons. The creature's mind develops too, filling with strange telepathic energies until its engorged cranium bulges fit to burst. At first, its instincts are only to survive and to procreate, and its abilities develop accordingly. Eventually, however, the Genestealer's uncanny ability to enthrall its prey burgeons into a suite of telepathic abilities that can bind a person to its service with but a flicker of its cold, inhuman eyes.

To gaze into the eyes of a Patriarch is to gaze into the void and feel a fraction of the Tyranid Hive Mind staring back. One who faces such terrible power realises that he is no more than a speck of cosmic dust adrift in an uncaring universe. His shattered mind is then easily bound – he will accept the Patriarch as the harbinger of an irresistible new order or be driven to insanity, his doomsayer rantings those of just another madman broken by the endless grind of Imperial life. Those few individuals strong-willed enough to resist the Patriarch's dominion might raise a hand or blade to strike it, but this will invariably be their last act before the beast rips them limb from limb.

THE MAGUS



The Magus of a Genestealer Cult is psychically gifted and possessed of a supernatural charisma. His control of the hybrids around him is total. As the prophet of the Patriarch, the word of the Magus is law, and his telepathic abilities are more than powerful enough to enforce it. Yet for all his presence and mental skill, each Magus is no more than an extension of the Patriarch's will, just as the Patriarch is an embodiment of the wider Hive Mind.

The cult's Magus is its foremost link to the world of men. Should the dynasty find its expansion stymied by a governor or strong-minded rival, a Magus may well visit the obstinate individual in person, using honeyed words and psychic powers to either force his obedience or convert him to the cause. In moments, the deed is done, and the cult has a highly-placed agent instead of a difficult adversary.

A Magus is born of at least one Warp-touched parent. As the fourth generation of the cycle is born, the cult's Purestrain Genestealers sniff out psychically gifted hosts. Soon enough, one of these hosts will give birth to a Magus. Though larger cults will have more than one of these psykers at their heart, most have but a single incumbent. Tall, clean of limb and with an imposing presence, the Magus can pass for a normal man and commands respect wherever he walks. In his soul, however, he is as much a creature of the void as a human. He holds the same otherworldly power in his eyes as the Patriarch he calls lord and saviour, and is bound by the same unearthly drive to spread the cult far and wide. It is the Magus that speaks for his hidden brotherhood in matters both mystical and spiritual, and in many ways he is the mastermind behind the spread of the cult across its host planet and beyond.

GENESTEALER FAMILIARS

The familiars that scamper and skitter around the feet of the cult's leaders are not creatures of biological origin at all, but psychic manifestations of their masters' wills. Grotesque amalgams of human and Genestealer, they are alien cunning given form, subconsciously created from the psychic overspill of the cult's gestalt mind.

Should a Patriarch or Magus dominate a region completely, the psychic shadow that gathers around him will grow darker and thicker until it begins to coalesce. This ever-shrinking miasma hardens into a many-limbed form. When the familiar is fully manifested, it skitters from its hiding place and runs to the heel of the xeniform that unconsciously created it. From that point on, it is as much a part of him as any hand or claw. Small and nimble, such a familiar is an excellent spy, able to scuttle through the tightest crawlspaces and report back to the cult's leader through the potent psychic bond that links them. Should its master be threatened by a physical attack, the familiar will leap up to claw at the attacker's eyes and throat, gouging its small but iron-hard talons into vulnerable flesh so the familiar's creator can deliver the coup de grace.

THE PRIMUS

Commanding the broodkin in stentorian tones, the Primus stalks through the fires of war with the surety of an alpha predator. He is the cult's ambush leader and front-line general, sowing destruction through the most prized targets of the enemy force. It is the duty of the Primus to show the supremacy of his kind's beliefs, rewriting the history of world after world in the blood of those naive enough to oppose him.

The Primus is a bombastic commander in times of war, but whilst the cult still remains in hiding, it is his duty to spread the Genestealer Curse to other planets. His innate gift for leadership and coordination sees him militarise the cult in short order, masterminding the takeover of flotillas of vehicles and even spacecraft. A strong champion and lauded hero amongst the broodkin, the Primus emerges only when the cult reaches a position of strength. Such individuals appear in an early generation, but typically not until the third or subsequent cycles. The foremost xenoscriveners of the Deathwatch theorise there is a hidden imperative that results in the manifestation of a Primus. This is either triggered when the cult's numbers reach critical mass, their numbers and influence sufficient to take over a prey world, or when a hive fleet looms on the edge of that planet's system.

The Primus' particular quirk of the Genestealer life cycle occurs independently, enhancing the development of an especially robust hostform to produce a largely humanoid warrior of prodigious strength and tactical acumen. Standing proud and straight, where his kin are hunched and gangling, the Primus cuts a dynamic figure. Where a Magus boasts a pin-sharp mental acuity and telepathic powers the equal of a Space Marine Librarian, the Primus has a supernatural dexterity and surety of focus that can see him bring down adversaries twice his size.

The wargear of the Primus complements his approaches of stealth and guile, allowing him to lay low those in his path without raising any unwanted attention. Each Primus girds himself with the finest equipment the cult can provide, distilling toxins from his own virulent bloodstream and delivering them via silent-firing needle pistols and paralytic toxin claws. Some wield strange, sentient swords thought to be grown from the bony secretions of the Patriarch's bio-throne – these blades are not only symbols of the cult-father's trust, but deadly weapons in their own right, capable of stealing the life energy from those they strike to leave only withered husks behind.

As the cult's ascent reaches its peak, the Patriarch's behaviour changes as its instincts shift from survival and reproduction to the aggressive tendencies of a warrior bioform. These changes are reflected in the Primus, and when he deems the time right to lead the cult to war, he inherits command from Magus and Patriarch alike. As his plans unfold, a bow wave of terror, fire and anarchy spreads across the prey world. Should the cult survive the ensuing battles in strength, it will be the Primus that leads it to fresh prey, where the Purestrain Genestealers will begin the cycle of infection and insurrection anew.



ACOLYTE HYBRIDS

Repulsive, cruel and possessed of an animal cunning, the Acolyte Hybrids are the foremost disciples of the Genestealer Cult. They are the offspring of the very first hosts to become infected. Though the parents of the Acolyte Hybrids are outwardly whole and sound, part of their mind has been taken over by the Genestealer Curse. Their love for their hideous offspring is even more intense than the usual bond between parents and children. The first generation to be born unto them are twisted beyond recognition by the horrific germ-seed that has been carried to fruition within the implanted parent; these hybrids appear more like mutant Tyranids than altered humans. Those that reach maturity will flock together and interbreed, producing more generations in their turn.

Those Acolytes closest to the Patriarch in body and mind form his inner coven – though savage and ferocious, they have a cold intelligence that makes them powerful agents of the cult. Having assimilated an echo of their parent's brain during gestation, they are able to use complex machinery and weaponry – some even carry industrial tools to battle, wreaking devastation upon the flesh of those who stand before them. Almost all bear not two but three unnaturally powerful alien arms that mark them as the true inheritors of the Patriarch's curse. Their Genestealer ancestry makes them excellent shock troopers, able to tear apart the finest defenders of Humanity when they bring their claws to bear.

ACOLYTE ICONWARDS

The most intelligent and capable of the Acolyte Hybrids will be entrusted with a sacred duty – the bearing of the cult's colours into battle. Though the cult's sigils and slogans spread ever further as it gains influence, they remain cryptic, their clandestine meanings known only to a few. Once the Primus and Magus muster their kin for the final uprising, however, the most favoured hybrids are presented with ornate standards lovingly fashioned by the prey-creatures that gave birth to them. In solemn ritual these banners are emblazoned with the cult's icon, not hidden away, but displayed proudly in bright colours.

These pseudo-religious artefacts have an electrifying effect upon the greater mass of the cult. It is a galvanising sight for one who has the taint of the Genestealer in his blood – so much so that many an uprising's battles have been won simply because the Acolyte Iconward raised his standard. Not only do they form rallying points and statements of conquest, they also inspire those around them to greater feats of devotion and self-sacrifice, for they are the glory of the broodkin writ large, the underworld heraldry of Patriarch, Primus and Magus held high for all to see.



HYBRID METAMORPHS

As the day of reckoning draws closer, some of those born to the first generations of the cult's unholy cycles begin to vary greatly in anatomy. Regardless of host species, they will exhibit freakish mutations, echoing not just the forms of the Genestealer, but those of the wider Tyranid race.

As the bio-fleets near the system infected by the cult, the ominous shadow of the Hive Mind falls upon the infestation's latest cycles. The weapon-limbs of first and second generation hybrids begin to change, displaying sickle-shaped talons the length of swords or pincers strong enough to crush rock. Whip-like ropes of sinew curl and thrash at the wrist, seeking victims to throttle and ensnare. Mouths are replaced with masses of thrashing tendrils, semi-psychic appendages that lick or burrow into their prey in order to siphon surface thoughts. Wattled throats sprout fat, globulous glands full of bio-acid that can burn through metal in seconds. These myriad mutations become more and more varied as the cult makes its final preparations for war. Their exceptional ugliness is surpassed only by their lethality – the Hybrid Metamorphs are the most vicious of their kind, for they combine human intelligence with the raw alien power of Tyranid weapon-beasts.

To the broodkin, these bastard blends of human and Tyranid are blessed indeed. Their peculiar adaptations are seen as signs of greatness, stigmata bestowed upon them by the godly power

of the Patriarch and the Great Beyond. Hybrid Metamorphs are worshipped as living saints by the infected hosts that sire them. The lairs of these hybrids are strewn with grisly offerings – the brood brothers hope that by pleasing these genetic by-blows, they appease the otherworldly powers that have brought them into being. In truth, they are created not by the Patriarch's will, but by the immortal sentence of the Hive Mind – for when a splinter fleet feels the presence of a powerful cult, it sends a psychic imperative that alters the latter generations to better prepare them for the war to come.

Though it is common for two of a Hybrid Metamorph's weapon-limbs to become solely adapted for war, the third remains truly prehensile, able to manipulate complex machinery and utilise the ingenious devices of Mankind. This lends a great deal of adaptability to these living weapons. For instance, on the day of conquest, a panicking platoon might seal itself in a rockcrete bastion or vault, thinking to wait for the danger to pass. Before long, however, they hear Hybrid Metamorphs tapping in the codes that send the doors swinging open, and are slaughtered in a flurry of wickedly barbed limbs. Small wonder that when the violence of the uprising finally erupts, these Hybrid Metamorphs fight as the champions of each Acolyte brood, taking on the choicest foes as they prove the supremacy of the cult over Humanity's herd.





NEOPHYTE HYBRIDS

Neophyte Hybrids are third and fourth generation cultists. They form the troopers, the line infantry and the greater mass of the cult's warriors. They are fiercely dedicated to the cult, and particularly the Patriarch at its heart, willing to devote their every moment to the furtherance of its dark aims. The mental and spiritual bond of the cult is so powerful that they are more than happy to hurl themselves into suicidal attacks or give their lives in exchange for their elders' survival. If the cult requires them to labour in mindless toil for long years so they can win the trust of a human organisation, they will do so without complaint. If their masters ask them to storm a position with nothing more than simple automatic weaponry and worker's fatigues, they will throw themselves into the teeth of the enemy guns without hesitation.

Hybrids of the third generation are still markedly alien in aspect. Though they have a classic bipedal anatomy, their distended craniums, beetling foreheads and waxy pallor mean they are often seen as mutants, and are hence shunned or even persecuted by the greater masses of the Imperium. Those of the fourth generation find it far easier to pass for human. Inveigling themselves into worker gangs, Administratum facilities, manufactorum shifts and hive networks, they slowly and carefully spread the cult's influence through the strata of society. Mining workers and militia fighters find it easy enough to secure low-grade weapons, either stealing them from those victims they silently take down or securing them on the black market. Over time, they amass a primitive arsenal of solid-shot weapons, blasting charges and pistols with which to wreak

all manner of havoc when the time comes to reveal their true allegiance. When the Neophyte cultists attack, their sheer numbers make them a force to be reckoned with.

It is common for a later cycle's Neophyte Hybrids to infiltrate a prey world's garrison force, or even those Astra Militarum regiments founded from amongst its populace. There, they work alongside the infected humans that have felt the Genestealer's Kiss to ensure the cult's sympathisers spread ever further. The Neophytes propagate slowly throughout the ranks of the local military, taking over each corps from the inside until all of its soldiers pay obeisance to the Patriarch. These professional warriors carry Munitorum-issue lasguns instead of autoguns, and use frag grenades in place of repurposed mining explosives. Some even have access to heavier weaponry and may hijack the famously indomitable vehicles of the Astra Militarum to their cause.

The foot soldiers of the cult may well fight in the Imperium's wars, defending their homes from the predations of Chaos and from other xenos species. In doing so, they defend the cult and all that it has worked to achieve. Bound by the ties of the broodkin and a surety of common purpose, they make determined and capable warriors, but this only makes it all the more horrifying when their true nature is revealed. On the day of the great insurgency, when the populace looks to their military institutions to protect them, the citizens are appalled to find out that their saviours are not fighting against the monsters boiling up from the depths, but alongside them.



CULT ICONS

The symbols of each Genestealer Cult are uncannily similar, whether borne on an Iconward's standard or hidden away as a brand of allegiance on a brood brother's chest. Many adaptations and interpretations have been adopted by cults across the Imperium, yet they all portray a similar, stylised bioform. Each cult uses its own variants of the insignia as it solidifies its own identity, but will also display the core symbol of the cult – a long-bodied creature with ridges upon its spine that echoes the form of the Tyranids themselves.

The fact that each cult's icons are so similar, regardless of where they are encountered, is unsettling in itself. Perhaps those that create them are guided by strange dreams and visions brought about by the Shadow in the Warp, where alien anatomies whirl and bulge in sanity-stealing profusion. Perhaps the form of the Tyranid is encoded within the gene-curse, rising to the front of the cult's collective mind unbidden. Either way, from the western reaches of the Segmentum Pacificus to the depths of the Eastern Fringe, those worlds that harbour Genestealer broodkin are emblazoned in a hundred different ways by eerily similar markings, brands of ownership that hint at the biological apocalypse to come.

PURESTRAIN GENESTEALERS

Genestealers are the vanguard organisms of the hive fleets. The first Tyranids to be discovered by the Imperium, their true nature is obscured by a confusing multitude of legends. They are known as Snatcher-devils on some Imperial worlds, Cave Nightmares on others and Clawed Changelings on yet more. Every conceivable interpretation of the Genestealer Curse has been posited as truth across Mankind's domain, but even the most outlandish story does no justice to the awful truth behind these creatures and the cycles of damnation they propagate.

Genestealers are characterised by their six limbs, bulbous craniums and ridged carapaces. They are bipedal and able to scuttle with horrible speed on their clawed lower limbs. Though they are agile in the extreme, their bodies are tough and durable; their torso is protected by a rock-hard exoskeleton that can turn aside a bullet. The upper sets of limbs are distinctly different, the foremost pair ending in razor-sharp claws, capable of slicing through even Tactical Dreadnought armour. Their secondary limbs are typically shaped like gnarled hands, allowing the Genestealers to manipulate objects, climb and even operate simple devices such as touch-panels. Despite their dexterity, these secondary limbs are still more than capable of ripping a limb from its socket or tearing open light armour. The Genestealer's thickly muscled tail is largely vestigial, although it still aids in balance and agility.

Isolated broods of this Tyranid creature are typified by a blue-indigo coloration. Such beasts have been encountered not only on numerous space hulks, notably the *Sin of Damnation*, but also upon the moons of Yngarl, once thought home to a tentacle-mawed variation of the xeniform. Where a Genestealer is part of a larger hive fleet army, it will instead bear the same colouration as the rest of the Tyranids in its fleet. Such bioforms communicate via telepathy, enabling their broods to operate independently. Hive fleet broods are often centred around an alpha predator sometimes mistaken for a Patriarch, though this beast is more accurately termed a Broodlord. This beast is not empowered by the psychic energies of a cult, but by a single brood of Genestealers. If divorced from the greater swarm of a Tyranid invasion, hive fleet Genestealers can evolve into a purestrain form, their life cycle optimised to infect new hosts once new feeding grounds are viable.

By spreading their curse in secrecy, these creatures multiply the threat they pose in the manner of a virus. Even a single Purestrain Genestealer, borne across the stars by an unwitting pilot who lands upon a fertile planet, can spawn enough tainted progeny to take that world over from the bottom up. Such potential disasters are seeded across the Imperium in great measure. Only now, during the Time of Ending, are the defenders of Humanity becoming aware of the true scale of the threat.



ABERRANTS

Misshappen, lumpen and inhumanly strong, the Aberrants are the repugnant offshoots of the Genestealer life cycle. Though dim-witted, their instinctive need to defend their broodkin makes them valuable assets to the cult. In battle, they stomp and shuffle to the greatest concentrations of resistance. With heavy industrial tools raised, they moan slurred praise to the Patriarch as they charge in, causing impressive carnage with only their brute force and single-minded determination.

Not even the Magus himself knows what manner of strange processes gives rise to an Aberrant. Some quirk of ancestry ordains their fate as the gene-cycle is somehow perverted. Perhaps the initial implantation of the ovipositor was interrupted or spoiled, perhaps the interbreeding happened during a Warp tumult or sorcerous ritual, or perhaps the forbidden dabbling of curious bio-scrayers gave rise to monsters that killed their creators upon birth. Whatever the circumstance that leads to their inception, these Aberrants soon seek out the lowest of the cult's dungeon-like lairs, shambling through the darkness until they find a Magus or Patriarch that will give them new purpose. From that point on, they are used as pure muscle for the cult's purposes. In times of war, they are sent as attack dogs to spread terror and confusion. Smashing open the defences of the upworlders, they commit grievous acts of destruction to impress their masters.

NIGHTMARE VISITATIONS

Though some of the cult's most horrific broodkin are put to work in mines or tunnels far from the sight of the authorities, others are cultivated and trained to become competent assassins. When the need arises, a Magus or Primus will dispatch these creatures on missions of murder, conferring their target's scent or psychic spoor to their bestial minions. The thuggish hybrids are sent out at night, swathed in sackcloth, hessian or industrial webbing to lumber through sewers and undercrofts in search of the foolish individual who would work against the cult's agendas. Under lambent moonlight, they climb up to the surface world and into the hab-quarters of their victim. Once the fresh scent of their mark is in their nostrils, all stealth is abandoned. With hammer and pick, the murderous beasts smash and gouge a path to their prey, the last few moments of their victim's lives spent in abject horror and confusion. Once the red deed is done, the hybrids hack their way back into the underworld and vanish as swiftly as they appeared. Many long years can slide past before such creatures are able to vent their pent-up fury once more. When the day of the grand uprising arrives, these gruesome giants immerse themselves in wanton butchery at the first opportunity.



GOLIATHS

Goliath trucks are rugged transports originally designed to bear Imperial factotums through crypt complexes and mining tunnels. The vehicle's dense and robust construction makes it proof against the most hostile of underground environments, and its folded layers of chemically treated perma-steel give it a measure of protection against every industrial hazard the Imperium has yet encountered.

Even an unmodified Goliath truck can survive acid storms, hurricanes of forge-sparks, malfunctioning rad-chambers, and volatile toxin eruptions. Whatever damage they bear on the exterior, they keep those in their metal guts as safe as if they were locked in a command bunker. Whilst the cult lies quiescent, its Goliaths are used in everything from subterranean transit to stockpiling munitions. The duraglass screens inside each vision slit can be raised to make the vehicles airtight – as useful for surviving the choking confines of a hazard mine as the poisonous atmosphere of battle. Their reputation is long held; even the Astra Militarum has respect for the mighty Goliath.

Though an ascendant cult will make use of any type of vehicle, from lunar quads to civilian stretch-cars to mobile industrial macro-rigs, the Goliath truck is always the most sought after. These vehicles are customised with all manner of stowage, extra

armour and sprayed-on cult symbols. They are acquired by means fair and foul by every cult that can find them, for they strike the perfect balance between unobtrusive civilian vehicle and pugnacious war machine.

No-one gives a second glance to a column of Goliath trucks bearing rag-draped miners through the streets, and workplace graffiti and personalisation is far from unusual in the lower classes of the Imperium, so even the cult symbols stencilled upon the vehicles' sides often go unchallenged. Then, when the mind-stimulus of the Magus or Patriarch signals the time is right, the broods within these vehicles throw open their hatches and burst out – some still mistaken for human even in their warpaint and others so alien that even to witness them is to feel the cold claw of defeat clutching at the heart.

Built to the blueprint of a ubiquitous Standard Template Construct, the Goliath truck has been modified and adapted countless times across the industrial worlds of the Imperium. Most common of these variants is the Rockgrinder. Though compact, the Goliath Rockgrinder is built to withstand rockfalls, dam bursts and the fiery backwash of its clearance incinerator. Those huddled within have a great deal of protection from all but the highest-calibre weapons.





The massive drilldozer blade at the Rockgrinder's front boasts grinder arrays that can crack mineral seams and bore tunnels through bedrock. These are put to a far more sinister use in times of war. When the order is given to throw caution away in favour of outright attack, the Rockgrinder's driver will bully his vehicle towards the front line, his gunner laying down a swathe of burning promethium to keep the enemy's heads down as he accelerates for the killing impact. In the driver's haste to close with the unbelievers, he will smash through barricades, redoubt walls, and even Aegis defence lines. The Rockgrinder's serried saws and grinders whine and scream as they slice, gouge and crack. In an explosion of sparks and flinders, the vehicle bursts through, ploughing its drilldozer into the cowering enemy beyond and sending welters of gore spraying in all directions.

Those riding this metallic battering ram to war will spill out to capitalise on the havoc of its impact, cutting down swathes of the enemy with automatic weapon fire. Ultimately, these cultists are not trained soldiers, and despite their bravery and boldness, it is likely their headlong assault will leave them unsupported. Against a disciplined enemy, the instigators of the attack might soon find themselves surrounded and put down, and though the Rockgrinder has a thick hull, it cannot withstand concentrated heavy weapons fire for long. Still, these vehicles are well suited to shock-assault tactics. After every rampage, a Rockgrinder will likely leave a tangled, gory mess of scattered limbs, armour and splintered bone behind it, half-shrouded by a pall of settling dust.

The Space Marine drop-craft hit Macroplatform Sigda-092 like a brawler's pummelling fists, shaking the hovering superstructure on its suspensor field. Dozens of gas miners were knocked off their feet. Streaks of fire roared overhead, whipping cables ripped limbs from torsos, and fat-wheeled industrial vehicles roared left and right as the cultists ran down the last of the platform's defence force.

Five yellow-hulled insertion craft opened their flanks with a bang of hydraulic pistons. The Adeptus Astartes inside burst out, bolters blazing as they cut down the purple-skinned cultists attacking the Macroplatform's garrison corps. At some silent command, the cult's Goliath trucks changed direction with uncanny synchrony to face the Space Marine beachhead. They ground a path through scattered corpses and chunks of ruined machinery without slowing. Many were sent careening from the platform by disciplined heavy weapons fire, but more made it through, a noose of metal tightening fast.

There were more explosions, cultist bodies flying left and right as the Space Marines counter-attacked. Then, the circle of vehicles drew inward, the Rockgrinders dotted around the closing ring's circumference ramming their bulldozer blades into the melee. The blood of Acolytes, Space Marines and defence troopers flew in spattering profusion as the drilldozer blades bit deep. In the space of a single gruesome minute, hundreds of cultists were mangled and slain – but so were the Space Marines, their once-proud heraldry stained red in the heart of the carnage.

SENTINELS

The Sentinel is a single-pilot walker that can traverse landscapes where a wheeled vehicle would swiftly founder. Though designed primarily as a reconnaissance asset to stalk the killing fields of the Imperium, Sentinels are so versatile that they are in widespread use even behind the lines. They are a common sight in the industrial zones of the Imperium; hydraulic 'bulk lifter' variants of this bipedal vehicle can be found shifting ammunition crates and ordnance cylinders in the shadowy dockyards and cache-districts where Genestealer Cults thrive. Such machines are easily retrofitted for warfare by the cultists that press them into service. Still more are simply co-opted from the military forces the cult has taken over from the inside. Regardless of source, on the day of battle, these walkers will be grouped together into two main roles – either used as lightweight Scout Sentinels for forward operations or as heavier Armoured Sentinels that lend heavy firepower to the main body of the uprising.

In terms of sheer piloting skill, the Genestealer Cults may well boast the finest Sentinel operatives in the galaxy. Those walkers that were once industrial machines have been operated day and night by their assigned drivers – Neophyte Hybrids who have become so expert in their use they can pick through a ruined metropolis with the ease a man might walk across a deserted parade ground.



Such pilots make excellent independent assets when the time to strike is nigh. The Scout Sentinels they operate boast a powerful weapon system that can be fired on the move; they are fast enough to move into position for a kill shot, yet small enough to operate undetected by a larger force. This makes them ideal for covert operations. Often, a crack team of Neophyte Hybrids will send their Scout Sentinels loping around the flanks of the enemy army. At a psychic impulse from the cult's overlords, they will open hostilities with a punishing volley that can rip out the exposed throat of the opposing force even before the battle has started.

Where Scout Sentinels have only a canopy of reinforced bars to protect the pilot, Armoured Sentinels have thick plated hulls, for they are built to operate even in the most dangerous war zones. Such enclosed walkers have the added bonus that no one can see the true nature of their pilot until it is too late, an advantage that is not lost on the cult's overseers. Those cults unable to sequester heavy war assets often use Armoured Sentinels as tank substitutes, fitting them with lascannons, missile launchers, and perhaps even rare and temperamental plasma cannons. With such firepower at their disposal, the cult can theoretically take down even the heavy infantry and battle tanks of an Adeptus Astartes strike force.

A MILITARY DYNASTY

An Astra Militarum regiment stationed upon a prey world will slowly become populated by humans who bear the hidden mark of the Genestealer within their anatomies. Soon enough, the regiment inducts new recruits with a certain strange cast to their skin, bulbous craniums and strangely pointed fingers. Within an armed force that recruits such divergent strains of Humanity as Ratlings and Ogryns, mild variations of appearance are often overlooked – especially when the cadets in question are so efficient and obedient. As the generations pass, it is common for the infiltrating members of that world's cult to be grouped together into the same platoons. Sometimes they are recruited in such numbers that entire regiments are taken over. Such infected military organs take pains to stay incognito, and as such, have only a rudimentary presence in the Imperium's armed forces and do not boast the wealth of munitions and war machines that a proven element of the Astra Militarum might enjoy. Still, even a basic military presence on a cult's host world is an asset beyond price. On the day of insurrection, those Astra Militarum platoons seeded with the agents of the cult will reveal their true allegiance. Eyes alight with fanatical fervour, these wolves in the fold finally put their treacherous plans in motion, launching deadly surprise attacks upon their fellow regiments before joining the main body of the cult. In an institution as immense and diverse as the Astra Militarum, a force as cunning and sly as a Genestealer Cult can thrive for years before the horrible truth is revealed.

ARMoured VEHICLES

A Genestealer Cult will amass a great many vehicles over the course of its gestation. In terms of popularity, the Chimera Armoured Personnel Carrier is second only to the Goliath. The Chimera is so common a sight that it passes all but unnoticed through the streets of war-torn worlds and the rotting understrata of hives, just as the work teams of the Genestealer Cult pass without comment in Humanity's wider throng. Yet in times of war, this humble transport punches well above its weight. Its combination of multi-laser, hull-mounted heavy bolter and flank-mounted lasgun arrays allows it to cut down Imperial infantry, rival gangers, veteran soldiers and even light vehicles.

As one of the workhorses for Mankind's innumerable armies, the Chimera is built to a Standard Template Construct. It can traverse all manner of terrain, from acidic silt to the rocketrete rubble of a bombed-out city, and even be rendered amphibious should the need arise. The blueprint for this rugged and adaptable machine, a revered relic of Mankind's past, has been replicated times beyond count. As such, the Chimera can be made from whatever local metals a mechanic has to hand, or even from stranger materials should they have the requisite material strength. To an industrial culture such as that of the Genestealer Cult, the manufacture of a Chimera – or even an entire mechanised regiment of them – poses little challenge.

The heavy firepower of the Leman Russ battle tank is legendary, and also much sought after by those cults that expect to engage the foe at range. Built to last through decades, if not centuries, of harsh conditions and poor maintenance, this battle tank is a natural choice for those cults that intend to bide their time before launching a single devastating strike. Those cults determined or lucky enough to secure entire squadrons of Leman Russ tanks are a terrifying prospect, as deadly at range as at close quarters. These concentrations of force bombard the enemy from afar to crack open even the safest of havens, allowing the xenospawn at the heart of the cult to get at their soft-bodied prey in the process.

The Leman Russ is constructed more as a rolling bunker than as fast-moving support. Its primary weapon is the battle cannon, an unsubtle sledgehammer of a gun that sends high-explosive shells hurtling into the midst of the enemy. Even the tanks of the foe can be crippled or destroyed by a direct hit from such ordnance. Sponsons are often fitted onto the Leman Russ' flanks, each bearing either a heavy bolter to scythe down enemy troops, or a lascannon to crack open armoured targets. With the foe reeling, the cult will often follow up the volleys of its Leman Russ squadrons with a devastating assault from the clawing, screaming masses of its throng.



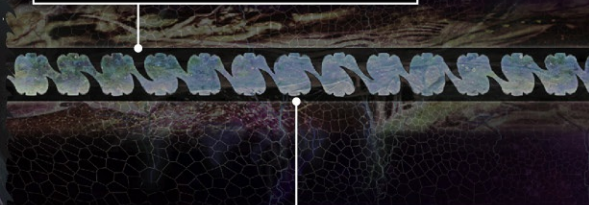


THE HIDDEN DYNASTIES

Only those Imperial operatives of the highest echelon have an inkling of how far the Genestealer Curse has spread across Mankind's realm. For every cult that has been thrust into the light, whether by its own ascendancy or by the burning fires of extermination, there remain a dozen hidden in the dark spaces of the galaxy, waiting for their moment to strike.

THE PYROPURGE

The Pyropurge of Jauseth Septima is thought to be exhaustive. Using psychic means, the puritan Inquisitor Dethrec Balthagar and his Deathwatch allies root out every last trace of Genestealer infection on the planet. However, a fourth generation cultist with the germ-seed of the alien left the infected world three weeks earlier aboard a cryopod shuttle, and he later returns to his home planet. Within three years of Inquisitor Balthagar's death in service, Jauseth Septima is overrun once more.



THE INFESTED METROPOLISES

The capital world of New Gidlam falls to the Hivecult. The underworld brotherhoods first take over the lower portions of each teeming hive city, then infect the aristocracy that live a privileged life in the spires above. The gangs that have carved out territory in the lower levels fight to the last bullet, uniting as one in the face of the greater threat, but are eventually overcome. New Gidlam's principal human exports – skilled roachworm silkers and recruits for the Astra Militarum – spread the infection of the Hivecult from the outworlds of the Imperial domain and into its heartlands. Before the decade is out, the largest hive world in the Segmentum Solar is assailed by the burgeoning Genestealer Cult, and the cycle of war begins anew.

DEATH IN THE JUNGLE

Moraz III, a death world swathed in carnivorous jungle flora, is struck by the wreckage of a Rogue Trader's menagerie-ship. The Genestealer that breaks free from the ship's hold infects the local populace, giving rise to the nascent Cult Veridian. However, every member of the dynasty is killed when a regiment of Catachan Jungle Fighters uses Moraz III as a training world for their hunt-and-slay tactics. Only the Genestealers escape. Once the Catachans have left the planet, the xenos emerge once more, swiftly becoming the alpha predator of the jungle and reclaiming Moraz III for themselves.

A DOOM UNSTOPPABLE

A strike force of Black Guardians from Craftworld Ulthwé descends upon the gyroscopic space station of Delugen. The prophetic Farseer Anathroelle Starseeker leads her warriors into Delugen's corridors. There they slay the Cult Tendricul in the most thorough fashion, putting every human they find to the sword. The station's astropathic distress signal reaches a Black Templars fleet, and whilst the Eldar are rooting the last of the humans from the station's corridors, the boarding torpedoes of the Space Marines strike home. The Ulthwé Eldar are driven off, and the last few survivors of Delugen escape. Within a year, the symbols of the Cult Tendricul are seen on a dozen planets, including the Eldar maiden world Virgose.

THE VITRIA STRIKE

Evidence of Tyranid infestation is uncovered upon the glasscrete world of Vitria. A platoon of Kappic Eagles takes battle to the Genestealers lurking within the shattered pane-habs. They engage the xenos broods in a battle that culminates in a desperate fight against a Tyranid Lictor. The beast is slain, and its lair examined in detail. Its walls are covered with doomsayer ravings – phrases daubed in blood telling of numberless killers from beyond the stars, of death made flesh, and of a 'Great Devourer'. Amongst them was a single word repeated over and over – Cryptus.

THE LAST HIERARCH

Robbed of both its Patriarch and Magus after a pinpoint strike by the Imperial Navy, the Cult of the Star Saviours misreads a week-long meteor shower as a sign of imminent salvation. Taking the shooting stars in the skies of Evergrind as confirmation that celestial rapture is close at hand, the last hierarch, Primus Adamant, puts into motion his plans of conquest. On the night of the grand insurrection, every breeder city and dust farm upon Evergrind's surface is lit by the fires of revolution. The cult's ascendance is like a flame to dry tinder. Riots break out in every quadrant as the local citizens taking the opportunity to loot, kill and burn, take revenge for endless centuries of oppression by their taskmasters. During the fighting, Primus Adamant is slain by an entrenched heavy weapons team. By the time the new moon rises, the planet has devolved into a post-apocalyptic bedlam populated by warring tribes, lone scavengers and scuttling half-xenos predators. Those craft foolish enough to make planetfall upon Evergrind are soon brought low and claimed by the leaderless and atavistic cult – and the ships' passengers with them.

THE GHOSAR QUINTUS ANOMALY

Inquisitor Chaeqryn of the Ordo Xenos investigates rumours of a hidden religion upon a mining planetoid in the Ghosar System. He and his requisitioned Tempestus Scions report many anomalous findings before mysteriously reporting that all is well, that last missive followed by ominous silence. The Deathwatch investigate – first with a small group of operatives, then, when they too go missing, in greater force. Chaplain Cassius hand-picks a team of elite operatives to form an Aquila Kill Team, and launches a hunt-and-destroy investigation. They find Ghosar Quintus' Great Pit entirely overrun by the Cult of the Four-armed Emperor, the centre of a web of industrial infestations that spreads across the sector and beyond.

A SINGLE SEED

The wreckage of the freighter *Pegasine*, destroyed by the lance strike of an Ordo Xenos corvette, spirals through the skies of the frontier planet Hopefoster. Most of the debris burns up on entry, but the largest section lands more or less intact. After long weeks spent healing, a single Genestealer survivor awakens in the wreckage. It becomes the Patriarch of the Voidbrood, and after a century of unfettered expansion, its cult rises up to overrun the planet entirely.

THE GNARLING

Upon the forge world of Ecovoria, the spider-like figure known only as the Gnarling becomes a popular bogeyman used to scare the manufactorum caste's children into obedience. Tragically, a kernel of truth lurks in the legend of a subterranean monster clad in a cloak of human skin. Ten generations after the first grand-mamzel tells her wards the Gnarling will steal them away, giant sinkholes appear across Ecovoria – the secret tunnels burrowed under each forge complex were so extensive that entire portions of the planet's crust fall away. Black-limbed Genestealer cultists boil out of each underground warren in impossible numbers, first ripping apart the Skitarii maniples sent to quarantine each sinkhole, then attacking the wider populace. Through the carnage stalks the Patriarch that gave rise to the Gnarling myth, the leathery devotionals tied to its spine billowing in the winds of open war.

THE GREATER GOOD CORRUPTED

A lone Genestealer from Hive Fleet Gorgon reaches the Tau sept world of Ksi'm'yen. The creature is captured by the planet's Earth caste scientists and subjected to extensive analysis, resulting in a lowly worker being implanted with a measure of germ-seed. The grotesque anatomies that spring up in the laboratories are seen as curios rather than blasphemous by the ever-inquisitive Earth caste, for the Tau approach to alien life forms is founded on the concept of acceptance and tolerance. When the research divisions experience a bloody schism twenty years later, the Fire caste are called in, only to find many subterranean research facilities overrun. Ksi'm'yen is consumed by war, and quarantined for almost ten years before the eccentric Ethereal Aun'ghol declares it productive and clean.

THE SIN OF DAMNATION

Sergeant Lorenzo – a gifted Blood Angels tactician – leads two squads of Terminators to board the *Sin of Damnation*. Within that legendary space hulk the Blood Angels erase the shame of their Chapter's former defeat, releasing a poison throughout the behemoth that kills the tens of thousands of Genestealers slumbering in void-hibernation within its cavernous recesses. In doing so, the Space Marines prevent the vanguard organisms from spreading across the stars, eradicating thousands of potential cults before they have a chance to spawn.

XENOS WAR

A Genestealer Cult rises in the shadows of the Octarius Sector's Scrapworld Dakka. The Orks of Mount Mekaniak are impressed by the massive gargant *Clawbeast*, a purple monstrosity of beaten metal built with six limbs. When the Vostroyan Firstborn descend to kill the planet's ruler, Gurnmek of the Iron Fist, *Clawbeast* is deployed to terrifying effect. The Vostroyans send in whole companies of Devil Dog tanks to carve up the gargant, and succeed in stopping it in its tracks – until the gargant's great belly hinges open, spilling hundreds of Genestealers into the ranks of the Astra Militarum. They tear open the tanks and feast on the fleshy bounty within.

THE SPAWN OF CRYPTUS

Soon after the Kappic Eagles' mission report from Vitria reaches the Commissariat, the Cryptus System is reinforced by Cadians, Sisters of Battle, and the Militarum Tempestus. The area known as the Shield of Baal – that cordon of space that protects the home world of the Blood Angels – is placed on a war footing not a moment too soon. The warnings found on Vitria prove prescient – tendrils of Hive Fleet Leviathan reach out to consume every living thing in the overpopulated Cryptus System. As soon as the Leviathan splinter fleet's innumerable bio-ships pass through the icy shield of the Aegis Diamando, the corruption upon the capital world of Asphodex is revealed. The ruling family of Asphodex's principal metropolis has long been corrupted by the towering Genestealer known as the Spawn of Cryptus, and its aristocracy work to undo everything the Astra Militarum has achieved. When a Blood Angels fleet from the neighbouring Baal System arrives to bolster the increasingly desperate defenders, Captain Karlaen of the Archangels leads his brothers under the city in a series of escalating battles that eventually sees the Spawn of Cryptus slain and its vile brood scattered to the stars.

INFESTATION AND PLAGUE

The Cult Tenebrous finds itself becoming the infested, rather than the infesters, when their bulk lander is swallowed by a Warp storm that strands them on the outskirts of Nurgle's Garden. The cult discovers the true meaning of parasitism and horror. Eventually, the Grandfather of Plagues allows them to emerge into realspace once more, horrifically changed and ready to serve their new master's sickly agendas.

SHADOW OF THE LEVIATHAN

Reports of a new and mighty hive fleet emerge – not from one prime sector, as with Hive Fleets Kraken and Behemoth, but a dozen at once. A wave of insurgencies rises up across the Segmentum Solar. Hundreds of Genestealer Cults reveal themselves in the space of a single Terran month. The Deathwatch, spread too thin to halt these unforeseen conquests, seek help from the wider Adeptus Astartes – but to no avail.

A DEATHLY GIFT

On the agri-world of Cornucopia, a splinter fleet of the shattered Hive Fleet Behemoth triggers the rise of the Genestealer Cult known as the Starchosen. The Ultramarines 8th Company put down the insurrection at great cost, its massed Assault Marines taking their chainswords to the Genestealers and their kin until none are left alive. Planetary Governor Udo Ingloriam sends a cargo ship full of brand new Goliath trucks to Masali, Cornucopia's twin agri-world within Ultramar's borders. Only after the vehicles are found to be full of Genestealers, sealed within antique stasis caskets to prevent detection, is Udo Ingloriam's treachery uncovered. The 8th Company returns to Cornucopia. This time, it is all but destroyed, for the Starchosen have grown strong indeed. On the orders of Chapter Master Calgar himself, the planet is designated Perdita and subjected to Exterminatus.



CULT OF THE FOUR-ARMED EMPEROR



The Cult of the Four-armed Emperor was originally inception by the Trysst Dynasty of Ghosar Quintus. It spread its dire influence far and wide before coming under attack from the Deathwatch of the Adeptus Astartes. A dozen new infections have since grown in its image – the Genestealers the original Tryssts sent to other planets under the guise of industrial shipments have sired new generations and variant cults in their turn.



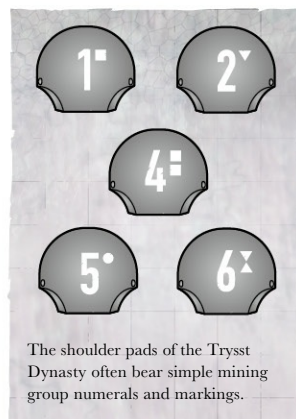
Magos Orthan Trysst wears heavy robes of office, their rich red symbolising the blood of the faithful.



The Primus, Vortan Trysst, bears the red of his cult upon the lining of a durable black greatcoat.



The Neophyte Hybrids of the Trysst Dynasty wear the blue and grey of the Great Pit Mining Corps, remnants of an era when the Tryssts were still human.



The shoulder pads of the Trysst Dynasty often bear simple mining group numerals and markings.



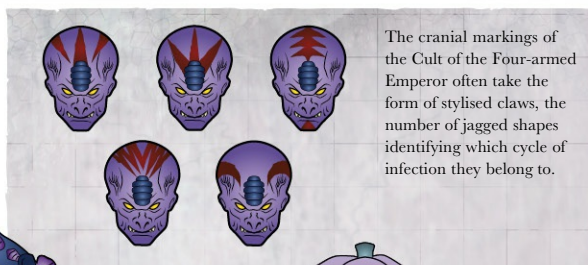
The Acolyte Hybrids of the Cult of the Four-armed Emperor are sometimes marked with tattoos or warpaint to signify their brood allegiance.



The reddish tattoos of the cult are often inked with blood-laced pigment.



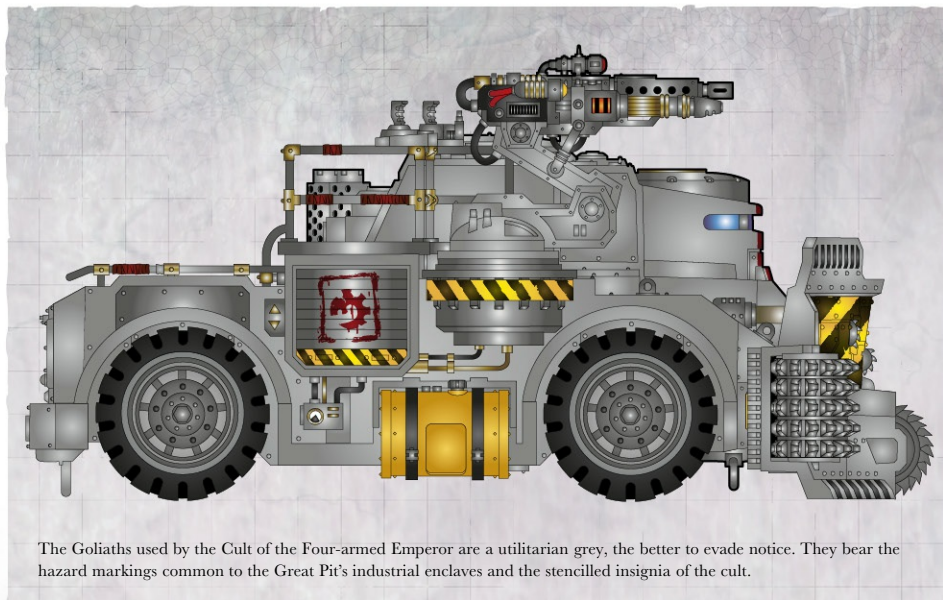
Patriarch Ghosar, the grandsire of the cult, allowed itself to be marked by its hybrid children in a similar fashion.



The cranial markings of the Cult of the Four-armed Emperor often take the form of stylised claws, the number of jagged shapes identifying which cycle of infection they belong to.



The cult's Aberrants are often clad in red, a sacred colour to the broodkin, though their garments usually do not last.



The Goliaths used by the Cult of the Four-armed Emperor are a utilitarian grey, the better to evade notice. They bear the hazard markings common to the Great Pit's industrial enclaves and the stencilled insignia of the cult.

CULT OF THE RUSTED CLAW



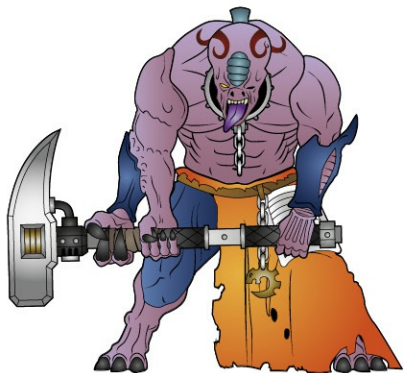
The Cult of the Rusted Claw came to prominence on the planet of Newseam. The oppressive regime of the planet's overseers saw the cult spread its creed throughout the bitter and resentful citizen-workers with shocking speed. The hybrids of the cult believe that an eternally hungry beast called the metallophagic wyrm will devour not only the flesh of the unbeliever, but also his creations.



The Magos Andar Rass bears the gold and amber heraldry of his cult's first Sainted Acolyte, Golden Talon.



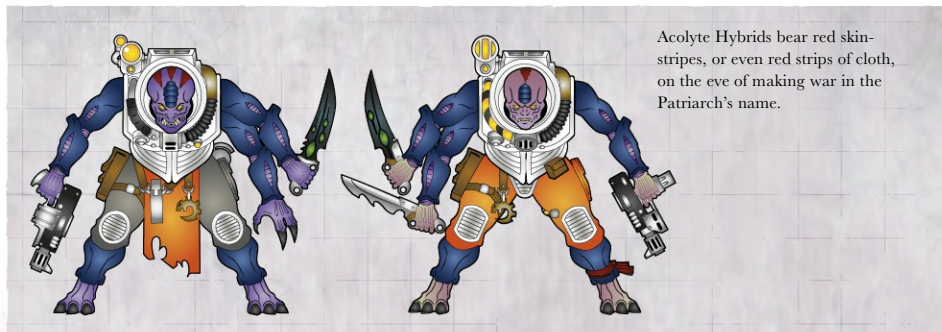
Primus Velethron Rass wears the rust-hued orange of the metallophagic wyrm inside his robes.



Mortanus the Brute has curling tattoos across his scalp and shoulders.

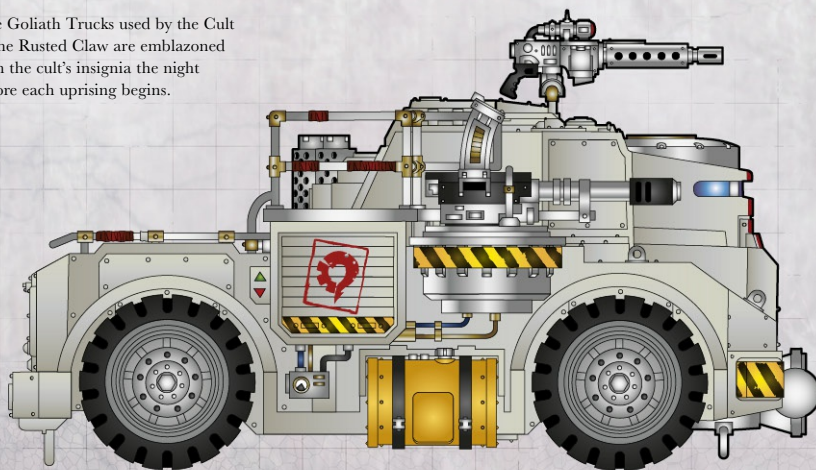


The Neophyte Hybrids in the Cult of the Rusted Claw are allowed to wear red once they have been tasked with killing an armed victim at their leaders' behest.

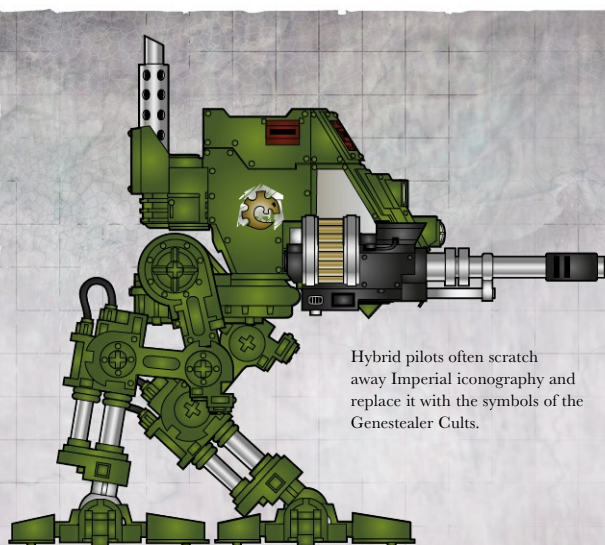


Acolyte Hybrids bear red skin stripes, or even red strips of cloth, on the eve of making war in the Patriarch's name.

The Goliath Trucks used by the Cult of the Rusted Claw are emblazoned with the cult's insignia the night before each uprising begins.



Rather than using numerals to denote their brood status, Neophyte Hybrids wear codified stripes of red and white upon the shoulder.



Hybrid pilots often scratch away Imperial iconography and replace it with the symbols of the Genestealer Cults.

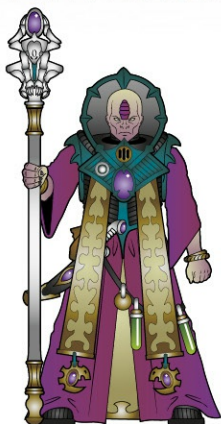


The lasguns borne by the Neophyte Hybrids of Newseam's standing army are seen as signs of great status.

THE HIVECULT



Perhaps unwittingly inspired by the coming of Hive Fleet Leviathan, the brotherhood of the Hivecult wear regalia of bone-white and purple. There are those in the Imperium aware of the cult's infection of New Gidlam and their infiltration of the Astra Militarum defenders. However, each hive's populace numbers in the billions, and the cult is well versed in the arts of secrecy, revealing its true numbers only when sure of victory.



The Magos of New Gidlam, Sethlin Vander-Sond, has sown his deviant creed throughout the hive aristocracy.



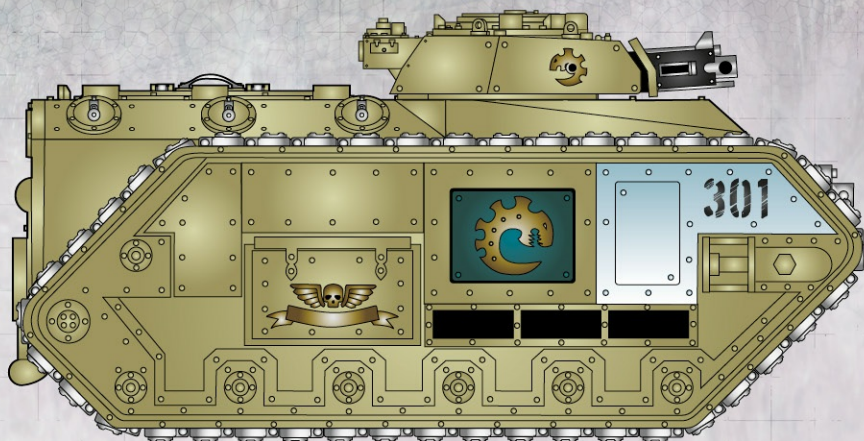
Primus Esper Vander-Sond is a shrewd leader – he wears the bone and purple only in times of open war.



The cult's Acolyte Hybrids often wear rags stained with sump-filth, for they accompany the Aberrants into the squalor of the underhive on missions of assassination.



The Hivecult use the caustic sludge found in the underhives of New Gidlam to burn markings into the broods' members. The resulting scar tissue grows white and brittle with age.



The Chimera *Void's Bite* was once a transport vehicle of the New Gidlam 233rd's command section. Since its crew's untimely death, it has instead served as the mobile den of the Long-claws, a brood of Acolyte Hybrids.



Heavy industrial rib-suits are worn by many of the Hivecult's latter-generation hybrids.



The hybrid Arik Half-Sond has painted his scalp and cranial ridges with purple porphyria oils.



Trooper Anmet Vander-Sond is just one of thousands of Neophyte Hybrids serving in the 233rd.



The Astra Militarum of New Gidlam mark their shoulder plates with chevrons against stripes, picked out in green and white. To better blend with the soldiery they infiltrate, the Hivecult keep much the same designations.

THE BLADED COG



Infesting the forge-clades of Feinminster Gamma is the cult of the Bladed Cog. The code-brands and electroos with which the planet's Tech-Priest overseers mark their citizen workers are often altered in illicit inker-dens. The Ommissiah's Cog is changed and adapted to better resemble the jag-spined emblem with which the creed marks out its faithful. Slogan-tattoos are also common, worn across the collarbones or spine.



The Pallid Man is a figure of terror and superstition amongst the uninitiated. All fear his gaze.



Disguised as a bionic overseer, Mu-Lambda 88 has installed bypass codes into a hundred forge cogitators.



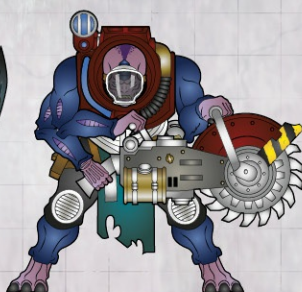
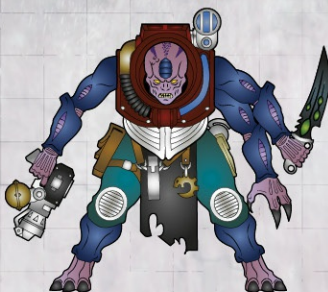
The crimson of the Bladed Cog echoes that of the Martian forge temples, whilst the deep ocean blue represents the sea of stars that harbours an endless wave of revelations.



The 9th Feinminster Rifles is host to six distinct families of the faithful.

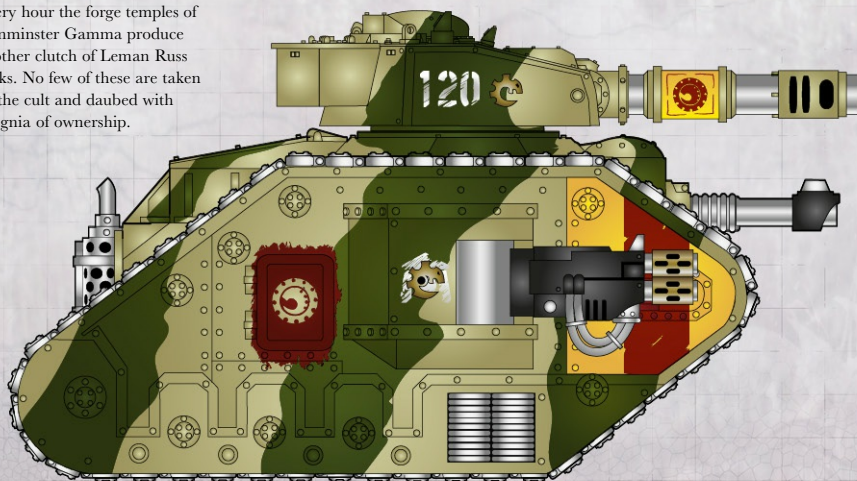


The number-signals of the Martian omnibet adorn the shoulder pads of the Bladed Cog's troops.

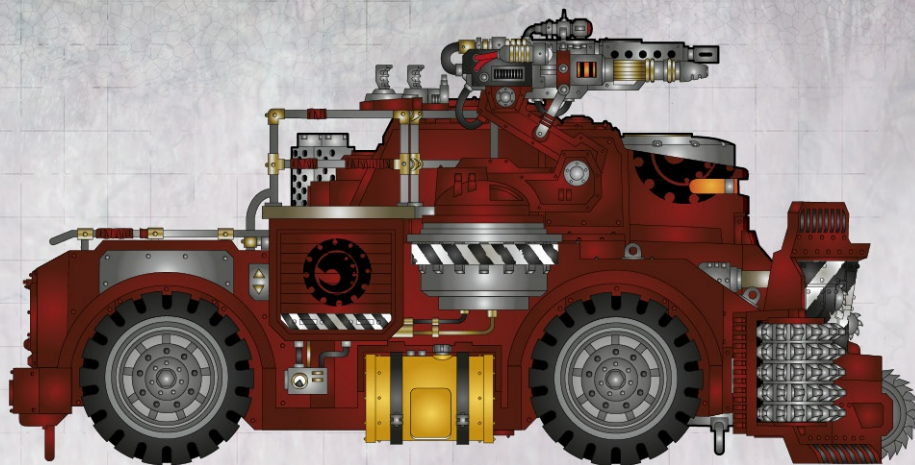


The Acolyte Hybrids of the Bladed Cog see the weaponisation of heavy rock saws as a holy deed, for the shape of their gnawing discs echoes the creed's sacred sigil.

Every hour the forge temples of Feinminster Gamma produce another clutch of Lemman Russ tanks. No few of these are taken by the cult and daubed with insignia of ownership.



Though subtle, the claw-marks worn by the hybrids of the Bladed Cog are easily read by the faithful – the fewer the markings, the closer the wearer to the Patriarch.

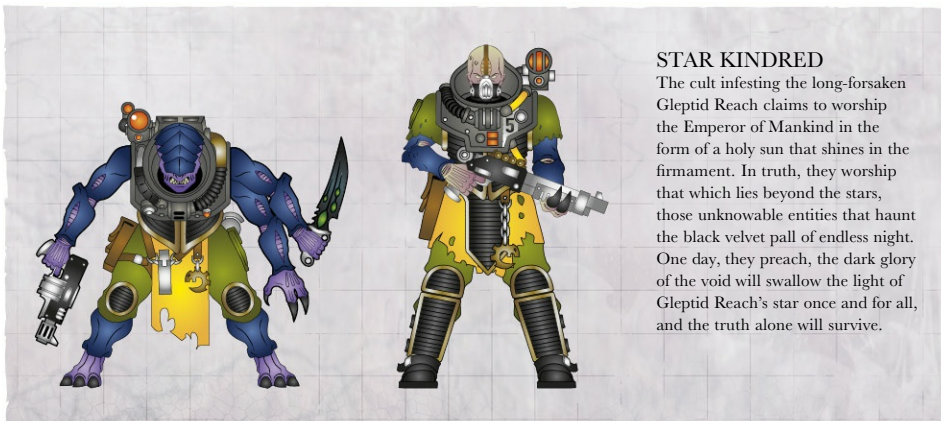


The Goliaths of the Bladed Cog are resplendent in the deep red so common to the Adeptus Mechanicus. Their electrospear signature is left intact the better to bypass official checkpoints, though painted cult icons are common.

INFESTATIONS BEYOND NUMBER

BEHEMOID UNDERCULT

Upon the fringes of Ultramar operate the Behemoid Undercult. This hidden organisation is of such cunning it has infested several worlds, despite continued attacks from the Tyrannic War Veterans trained by Ortan Cassius. There are rumours the cult's founders once worshipped a battle-scarred Tyranid monstrosity trapped in ice, and that they still revere that great beast alongside their own Patriarch as the saints of a new order.



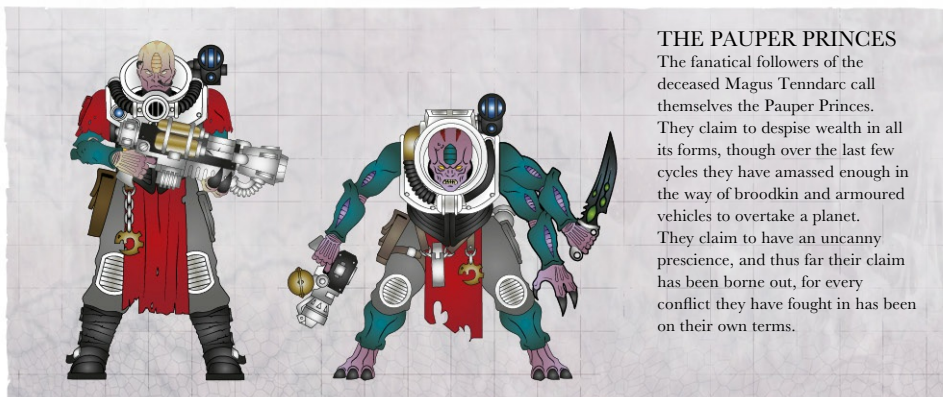
STAR KINDRED

The cult infesting the long-forsaken Gleptid Reach claims to worship the Emperor of Mankind in the form of a holy sun that shines in the firmament. In truth, they worship that which lies beyond the stars, those unknowable entities that haunt the black velvet pall of endless night. One day, they preach, the dark glory of the void will swallow the light of Gleptid Reach's star once and for all, and the truth alone will survive.

SONS OF JORMUNGANDR

The Sons, as they call themselves, hail from a string of infested space stations that stretch across the Black Nebula. They worship the resurgent bio-fleet that coils through the Thalassi Sector like some impossibly vast serpent. Using the relative privacy of orbital stations to mask their spread, the Sons prepare for the day when their patron Jormungandr reclaims its lost Patriarch, and in doing so, swallows the sector whole.





THE PAUPER PRINCES

The fanatical followers of the deceased Magus Tenndarc call themselves the Pauper Princes. They claim to despise wealth in all its forms, though over the last few cycles they have amassed enough in the way of broodkin and armoured vehicles to overtake a planet. They claim to have an uncanny prescience, and thus far their claim has been borne out, for every conflict they have fought in has been on their own terms.

THE BLESSED WORMLINGS

The brotherhood of the Blessed Wormlings feed only on the beetles and segmented annelids that burrow through the loam of the graveyard world Masuchi Parr. They preach that, by embracing the fate of the most lowly creatures, they will find a humility that brings them closer to the Star Emperor. In truth, the deity they refer to is not the Master of Mankind, but the personification of the Great Devourer – the Tyranid race that will one day consume them all.



THE CULT HYDRAIC

To assail an infestation of the Cult Hydraic is to attack a single tendril of a far greater creature. For hundreds of years, this brotherhood has sent broods of Purestrain Genestealers from the dockyards of Vigilance Quadrex. Though many have been subsequently destroyed, many more have started the Cult Hydraic anew, their colours flown on a dozen worlds across Segmentum Pacificus.

THE GRAND UPRISING

On the day of the great insurrection, all secrecy will be cast aside in favour of a savage display of the cult's ascendance. The Genestealer hybrids wear their true colours with pride, surging from their hiding places with sacred symbols daubed upon their skin, their banners and their vehicles. This section shows examples of these vivid colour schemes and markings.

















'EAVY METAL



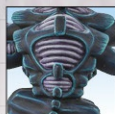
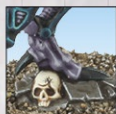
Magus



Patriarch



Primus



Purestrain Genestealers



Acolyte Iconward



Genestealer Familiars



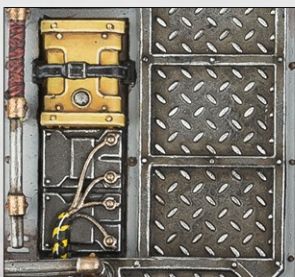
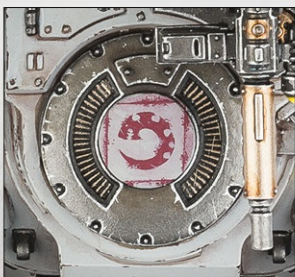
Goliath Truck



'EAVY METAL



Goliath Rockgrinder



'EAVY METAL



Neophyte Leader with web pistol and power pick



Neophyte Hybrid with heavy stubber



Neophyte Hybrid with cult icon



Neophyte Hybrid with webber



Neophyte Hybrid with seismic cannon



Neophyte Hybrid with shotgun



Neophyte Leader with bolt pistol and chainsword



Neophyte Hybrid with flamer



Metamorph Leader with rending claws and metamorph talon



Hybrid Metamorph with metamorph claw and hand flamer



Aberrant with power hammer



Acolyte Hybrid with heavy rock cutter



Acolyte Hybrid with autopistol and rending claws



Acolyte Leader with lash whip and bonesword



Acolyte Hybrid with heavy rock saw





FORCES OF THE GENESTEALER CULTS

The following section details background and rules information that describe the forces used by the Genestealer Cults – their warriors, their vehicles and the characters that lead them to battle. This section will enable you to forge your collection of Genestealer Cult miniatures into an army ready to fight battles in your games of Warhammer 40,000.

CHOOSING AN ARMY

When choosing an army to play a game of Warhammer 40,000, there are two main ways of organising your collection. These are the Unbound method, which means taking whichever units you like, and the Battle-forged method, which is more rigid but has extra benefits. Both are described fully in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*. If you are using the Unbound method, simply use the datasheets later in this section that correspond to the models in your collection. If you are using the Battle-forged method, you will instead need to organise the models in your collection into Detachments. This is a fun process in its own right. The most common of these are the Combined Arms and Allied Detachments. Note that you can also include any of the Formations presented in this section as part of a Battle-forged army.

The Cult Insurrection is a special type of Detachment that can be included in any Battle-forged army. Unlike the Detachments shown in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*, it has a Force Organisation Chart whose slots are a combination of specific Formations and Army List Entries instead of Battlefield Roles. However, it still has compulsory and optional elements, as well as Restrictions and Command Benefits, just like any other Detachment. Although units cannot normally belong to more than one Detachment, units from a Formation that is part of a Cult Insurrection are an exception. They count as part of both their Formation and the Detachment, and have all associated Command Benefits and special rules. If your Warlord is part of a Formation or an Army List Entry that makes up part of a Cult Insurrection, that entire Cult Insurrection is your Primary Detachment.

RESTRICTIONS:

This Detachment must include at least one Core choice and one Auxiliary choice. It may include up to five more Core choices, up to three Command choices and any number of additional Auxiliary choices, in any combination. Only the datasheets listed here can be included in this Detachment, and all units must have the Genestealer Cult Faction.

You cannot include more than one Patriarch, one Magus and one Primus in the same Cult Insurrection Detachment.

COMMAND BENEFITS:

Cult Father: If you choose a Patriarch from this Detachment as your Warlord, you can re-roll the result when rolling on the Warlord Traits table in *Codex: Genestealer Cults*.

An Uprising Generations in the Making: All non-vehicle units in this Detachment have the Infiltrate special rule (units that already have the Infiltrate special rule instead have the Shrouded special rule during the first game turn). In addition, you can add 1 to all your Reserve Rolls, whilst your opponent must subtract 1 from all their Reserve Rolls.

Numbers Beyond Counting: Each time a unit from this Detachment arrives from Ongoing Reserves, it is reinforced – you can return D6 models to the unit that were slain previously during the battle.



Core
1-6



Auxiliary
1+



Command
0-3



LORDS OF THE CULT

- 1 Patriarch, Magus, Primus or Acolyte Iconward



THE FIRST CURSE (pg 90)

- 1 Patriarch
- 1 unit of Purestrain Genestealers



BROODCOVEN (pg 93)

- 1 Patriarch
- 1 Magus
- 1 Primus

CULT INSURRECTION DETACHMENT

The Cult Insurrection Detachment allows you to represent the typical structure of a Genestealer Cult army on the battlefield. Whether you wish to overwhelm your enemy with an entire planetary uprising, or field an elite force striking from the shadows, the choices below offer a great way to pick your army.

For example, Tim's Genestealer Cult collection consists of a Patriarch, a Magus, a Primus, an Acolyte Iconward, five Neophyte Hybrid units, four Acolyte Hybrid units, two units of Purestrain Genestealers, one unit of Hybrid Metamorphs, a unit of Aberrants and two Goliath Rockgrinders.

If Tim wishes to organise his collection using the Battle-forged method – as described in Warhammer 40,000: The Rules – all of his units need to be part of a Detachment or a Formation. Tim achieves this by choosing one Cult Insurrection Detachment and one Combined Arms Detachment from Warhammer 40,000: The Rules.

The Cult Insurrection Detachment in Tim's army consists of a Brood Cycle Formation (his Acolyte Iconward, three of his Neophyte Hybrid units, two of his Acolyte Hybrid units, one of his Purestrain Genestealer units, his unit of Aberrants and his unit of Hybrid Metamorphs) as a Core choice, and a Demolition Claw (his two other units of Acolyte Hybrids and his two Goliath Rockgrinders) as an Auxiliary choice. Tim also takes a First Curse Formation (his

Patriarch and his second unit of Purestrain Genestealers) as one Command Choice, and a Lords of the Cult choice (his Magus) as a second.

Tim's Primus (an HQ choice) and his two remaining units of Neophyte Hybrids (Troops choices) form a Combined Arms Detachment. As all of his units belong to a Detachment, the army is Battle-forged. Tim chooses his Patriarch to be his Warlord – his Cult Insurrection Detachment is therefore his Primary Detachment. The units that are part of it have the Cult Father, An Uprising Generations in the Making and the Numbers Beyond Counting Command Benefits, whilst those that are part of the Combined Arms Detachment have the Objective Secured Command Benefit.



BROOD CYCLE (pg 89)

- 1 Acolyte Iconward
- 3 units of Acolyte Hybrids
- 2 units of Neophyte Hybrids
- 1 unit of Hybrid Metamorphs
- 1 unit of Purestrain Genestealers
- 0-1 units of Aberrants
- 0-1 units of Goliath Rockgrinders



THE DOTING THROUGH (PG 92)

- 0-1 Magus
- 3-6 of the following units, in any combination:
 - Neophyte Hybrids
 - Acolyte Hybrids



DELIVERANCE BROODSURGE (PG 87)

- 2-6 units of Neophyte Hybrids



SHADOW SKULKERS

- 1 unit of Purestrain Genestealers



NEOPHYTE CAVALCADE (PG 91)

- 2 units of Neophyte Hybrids
- 1 Leman Russ Squadron
- 1-2 of the following units, in any combination:
 - Scout Sentinels
 - Armoured Sentinels



SUBTERRANEAN UPRISING (PG 86)

- 0-1 Primus
- 1-3 units of Hybrid Metamorphs
- 2-4 units of Acolyte Hybrids
- 0-3 units of Aberrants



CULT MUTANTS

- 1 unit of Aberrants or Hybrid Metamorphs



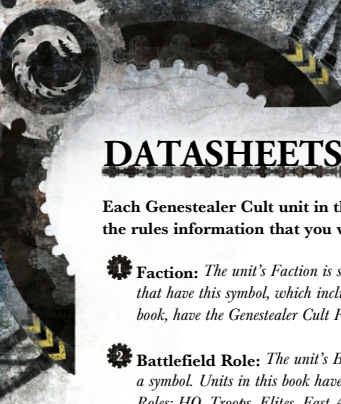
DEMOLITION CLAW (pg 88)

- 2-3 units of Acolyte Hybrids
- 2-3 units of Goliath Rockgrinders



BROOD BROTHERS

- 1 unit of Scout Sentinels or Armoured Sentinels, or 1 Leman Russ squadron







DATASHEETS

Each Genestealer Cult unit in this book has a Faction symbol and a Battlefield Role. The rules information that you will find in this book will be organized by these two categories.

Faction: *The unit's Faction is the symbol that you will find next to the unit's name in this book. Units that have this symbol, which includes all units in this book, have the Genestealer Cult Faction.*

Battlefield Role: *The unit's Battlefield Role is the symbol that you will find next to the unit's name in this book. Units in this book have one of the following Battlefield Roles: HQ Troops, Elite, Fast Assault, or Support.*


Rules: 116, Proops, Lutes, Fast A symbols for these Battlefield Roles: 40,000: The Rules.

-  **Unit Name:** *Here you will find*
-  **Unit Description:** *This section of the unit, detailing their particular with the tactics and methods they darkness of the 41st Millennium.*
-  **Points Cost:** *This is the points upgrades, used if you are choosing*
-  **Unit Profile:** *This section will unit can include.*
-  **Unit Type:** *This refers to the unit 40,000: The Rules. For example*

- Infantry or Vehicle, which will suit your needs. The section on Rules regarding movement, shooting, and*
- 4 Unit Composition:** *This section lists the models that form the basic unit, but*
- 5 Wargear:** *This section details the models in the unit are armed with. For more detail in the Appendix of the basic equipment is included in its*
- 6 Special Rules:** *Any special rules unit are listed here. Special rules for the unit are described in full here, with the Appendix of this book (pg. 96).* Warhammer 40,000: The Rules
- 7 Options:** *This section lists all of the unit if you wish to do so, alongside each. Where an option states that 'and/or' another, you may replace the points cost for each. The abbreviation 'pts/model' stands for 'points per model'. This section also refers to any Transporter units on their own datasheets. Dedicated units are listed on a Force Organisation Chart, but the Detachments section of the Rules explains how Dedicated Units*



FORMATIONS

 Formation datasheets are identified by this symbol. The rules for Formations can be found in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*. A Formation datasheet will list the Army List Entries which make up the Formation, any restrictions upon what it may include, and any special rules the Formation's units gain.



GENESTEALER CULTS WARGEAR LIST

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

Special Weapons

A model may replace his autogun or shotgun with one of the following:

- Flamer	5 pts
- Grenade launcher	5 pts
- Webber	10 pts

Heavy Mining Weapons

A model may replace his autogun, shotgun or lasgun with one of the following:

- Heavy stubber	5 pts
- Mining laser	15 pts
- Seismic cannon	20 pts

Heavy Weapons

A Neophyte Weapons Team **must** take one of the following:

- Mortar	5 pts
- Autocannon	10 pts
- Heavy bolter	10 pts
- Missile launcher (with frag and krak missiles)	15 pts
- May also take flakk missiles	10 pts
- Lascannon	25 pts

Pistol Weapons

A model may replace his autopistol with one of the following:

- Laspistol	free
- Bolt pistol	1 pt
- Web pistol	5 pts

Melee Weapons

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

- Chainsword	free
- Power maul	15 pts
- Power pick	15 pts

Cult Vehicle Equipment

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

- Dozer blade	5 pts
- Heavy stubber or storm bolter	5 pts
- Hunter-killer missile	10 pts

Sacred Relics of the Cult

A model may replace his ranged or Melee weapon with one of the following:

- Dagger of Swift Sacrifice	15 pts
- Staff of the Subterranean Master ¹	20 pts
- Icon of the Cult Ascendant ²	30 pts
- Sword of the Void's Eye ³	15 pts
- The Crouching ¹	20 pts
- Scourge of Distant Stars	15 pts

¹ Magus only.

² Acolyte Iconward only. Replaces sacred cult banner.

³ Primus only. Replaces bonesword.





PATRIARCH

90
POINTS



In powerful leaps and bursts of speed, the Patriarch hurtles towards its prey. More massive than a Terminator, this gigantic Genestealer is possessed of whip-fast reflexes, and it is horribly strong, but its most powerful and unsettling weapon is the ability to take over lesser minds. The Patriarch's hateful yellow eyes bore into those of its prey, hypnotising the victim and binding him to its will even in the heat of battle. When the cult rises up for war, the Patriarch's years of skulking unseen are over. Its instincts are no longer geared towards survival, and its urge to spread its curse far and wide is spent. With its cult now revealed, the creature's intent is now only to kill. In battle it is an unholy terror, ripping its prey apart with razored claws or stabbing its tail through armour and cloth to plunge into warm flesh beneath. Worshipped as a living deity, the beast is the nexus of a blasphemous new order, the blood-soaked lord of a planet-wide uprising. The Patriarch's minions fight to the death in his name, reducing their host world to a nightmare of corpse-strewn ruins where the only survivors scream out devotion to an alien god.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	Unit Type	Unit Composition
Patriarch	7	4	6	5	3	7	4	10	4+	Infantry (Character)	1 Patriarch

Wargear:

- **Patriarch's claws** (pg 99)

Special Rules:

- **Bulky**
- **Cult Ambush** (pg 96)
- **Fear**
- **Fearless**
- **Fleet**
- **Independent Character**
- **Infiltrate**
- **Move Through Cover**
- **Psyker (Mastery Level 1)**
- **Return to the Shadows** (pg 96)
- **Unquestioning Loyalty** (pg 96)

Living Idol: Friendly units with the Genestealer Cult Faction that are within 12" of this model have the Fearless special rule.

PSYKER:

A Patriarch generates his powers from the **Biomancy**, **Broodmind**, and **Telepathy** disciplines.

Options:

- May upgrade to Psyker (Mastery Level 2)25 pts
- May be accompanied by up to two Familiars (pg 100).....5 pts each



MAGUS

40
POINTS



The Magus strides forward, haloed by dark alien power. As the right hand of the Patriarch, he rules the cult with a will of iron. His broodkin are so eager to please their messianic master that they gladly obey the prophet's every command. The Magus strides fearlessly to war amongst the cultists of his creed, hissing instructions that are heard clearly in the mind regardless of the cacophony that rages all around. He gestures grandly, and crippling telepathic illusions flow outward, men running in fear or battling against imaginary creatures of the void. Those caught by his serpentine gaze can find themselves hopelessly enthralled, totally oblivious to the carnage being wrought around them, or even convinced they are transforming into aliens. Such are the strange abilities the Patriarch has gifted to the Magus that he can even manifest child-sized familiars that hurry to do his bidding. These creatures slash and bite at those who would do their master harm whilst the Magus himself works his mind-bending influence upon those around him, turning foes to friends and enemies to cold cadavers.

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

WARGEAR:

- Autopistol
- Force stave

SPECIAL RULES:

- Adamantium Will
- Cult Ambush (pg 96)
- Independent Character
- Infiltrate
- Psyker (Mastery Level 1)
- Return to the Shadows (pg 96)
- Unquestioning Loyalty (pg 96)

Spiritual Leader: Friendly units with the Genestealer Cult Faction that are within 12" of this model have the Adamantium Will special rule.

PSYKER:

A Magus generates his powers from the **Biomancy**, **Broodmind**, and **Telepathy** disciplines.

OPTIONS:

- May upgrade to Psyker (Mastery Level 2)25 pts/model
- May take items from the **Sacred Relics of the Cults** list.
- May be accompanied by up to two Familiars (pg 100).....5 pts each



PRIMUS

75
POINTS



The Primus of each cult is an exemplar of his creed and an inspirational demagogue. Despite only appearing in the latter cycles of the cult's lifespan, this individual quickly makes a name for himself by leading the aggressive conquests of uninfected cities, mining zones and even planets. An excellent war leader, the Primus' innate understanding of strategy sees him launch ambushes and strikes not only upon his original prey world, but also off-planet. By marshalling a force of devoted believers, mining vessels and transport vehicles under the mask of industry, he brings new infestations of his Purestrain kin to other worlds. Those who oppose him in person are rendered comatose with a shot from a needler pistol – its poison vials retro-engineered from the Primus' own blood – or cut down with a bonesword capable of stealing the life force from those it slices open. When the Primus strides to war, he does not so much as flinch as laser bolts fry the air. He knows he is performing holy work and that thousands of soldiers march at his command, each willing to hurl themselves in the path of a bullet to save him.

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

WARGEAR:

- Needle pistol (pg 98)
- Bonesword (pg 99)
- Rending claws (pg 99)
- Blasting charges (pg 100)
- Toxin injector (pg 100)

SPECIAL RULES:

- Cult Ambush (pg 96)
- Hatred
- Independent Character
- Infiltrate
- Return to the Shadows (pg 96)
- Unquestioning Loyalty (pg 96)

Cult Demagogue: Friendly units with the Genestealer Cult Faction that are within 12" of this model have the Hatred special rule.

OPTIONS:

- May take items from the **Sacred Relics of the Cults** list.





ACOLYTE ICONWARD

65
POINTS



Hoisting the sacred banner of his cult above the frenzied anarchy of their insurgency, the Acolyte Iconward is a focus both religious and military. Such is the potency of the wyrm-form totem he carries into battle that any brood brothers who behold it feel the power of the Great Devourer enter into them. Some Acolyte Iconwards have spent centuries preparing for their cult's attack upon the surface world, and the revelation of their true nature, and the sudden release of their pent-up aggression, gives rise to a powerful rush that is infectious in its intensity. The sight of the Iconward's standard inspires the broodkin, sending them surging forward in a wave of unseeing violence to wreak utter carnage upon those they once avoided at all costs. The Iconward himself is a formidable combatant; as one of the Patriarch's favoured inner circle, he bears the blessings of the original infection in a nigh-undiluted form. He too draws upon hidden reserves of determination to better fulfil his role as bearer of the cult's holiest relic. The Acolyte's icon must not be allowed to fall, for it represents the dawn of a glorious new order.

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

WARGEAR:

- Autopistol
- Rending claws (pg 99)
- Blasting charges (pg 100)
- Sacred cult banner (pg 100)

SPECIAL RULES:

- Cult Ambush (pg 96)
- Feel No Pain (6+)
- Independent Character
- Return to the Shadows (pg 96)
- Unquestioning Loyalty (pg 96)

Nexus of Devotion: Friendly units with the Genestealer Cult Faction that are within 12" of any Acolyte Iconwards have the Feel No Pain (6+) special rule. Models that already have the Feel No Pain (excluding any Acolyte Iconwards) special rule instead add 1 to their Feel No Pain rolls.

OPTIONS:

- May take items from the **Sacred Relics of the Cults** list.



ACOLYTE HYBRIDS



Utterly inhuman and driven by the violent impulses of the Patriarch, the Acolytes at the cult's rotten heart are dangerous foes indeed. Basking in the sheer alien glory of the patron that infected them, they croon and hiss in the gloom. When the time comes to throw off the torn robes they use to disguise their foulness, the Acolyte Hybrids crawl up to the surface and into the sunlight, their grotesque faces twisted in subhuman glee. Their anatomies are riotous, displaying a chimeric blend of the species from which they hail – the vicious speed of the Purestrain Genestealer twinned with the cunning of Mankind is a potent combination. Screaming praise to their masters, these hybrids loose wild volleys of firepower before charging headlong into the enemy, clawing and slashing until the unhallowed prey lay still in the dirt.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	Unit Type	Unit Composition
Acolyte Hybrid	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8	5+	Infantry	5 Acolyte Hybrids
Acolyte Leader	4	3	4	3	1	4	3	9	5+	Infantry (Character)	

WARGEAR:

- Autopistol
- Close combat weapon
- Rendering claws (pg 99)
- Blasting charges (pg 100)

SPECIAL RULES:

- Cult Ambush (pg 96)
- Return to the Shadows (pg 96)

OPTIONS:

- May include up to fifteen additional Acolyte Hybrids.....8 pts/model
- Any model may replace its autopistol with a hand flamer.....5 pts/model
- For every five models in the unit, two Acolyte Hybrids may replace their close combat weapon and rending claws with one of the following:
 - Demolition charge20 pts/model
 - Heavy rock drill.....20 pts/model
 - Heavy rock cutter25 pts/model
 - Heavy rock saw25 pts/model
- One Acolyte Hybrid may take a cult icon.....10 pts
- One model may be upgraded to an Acolyte Leader.....10 pts
- An Acolyte Leader may replace his close combat weapon with a bonesword.....20 pts
- An Acolyte Leader may replace his close combat weapon and autopistol with a lash whip and bonesword (pg 99)25 pts
- The unit may take a Goliath Truck (pg 83) as a Dedicated Transport.



NEOPHYTE HYBRIDS



By the time the Genestealer Cult launches its insurrection, its Neophyte Hybrids number in the thousands. Each cultist is spy and tough of build – weath'ered over a lifetime of hard labour, their physical strength and reaction speed is bolstered by the alien genes lurking within. Neophyte Hybrids do not bear the outward hallmarks of the Patriarch's sacred touch; as their brood leaders tell them, their blessings are of the soul more than the body. These third and fourth generation hybrids can pass for human – some are even cunning enough to infiltrate the Astra Militarum. When the cult goes on the attack, these Neophytes show their true colours. Surging from sewers, catacombs and shadowy barracks, they swarm their enemies in such number they can seize control of a planet's defences within the first hours of conquest.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	Unit Type	Unit Composition
Neophyte Hybrid	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	8	5+	Infantry	10 Neophyte Hybrids
Neophyte Leader	3	3	3	3	1	4	2	9	5+	Infantry (Character)	
Neophyte Weapons Team	3	3	3	3	2	4	2	8	5+	Infantry	

WARGEAR:

- **Autogun** (Neophyte Hybrid only)
- **Autopistol**
- **Close combat weapon** (Neophyte Leader only)
- **Blasting charges** (pg 100)

SPECIAL RULES:

- **Cult Ambush** (pg 96)
- **Return to the Shadows** (pg 96)

Neophyte Weapons Team: For all purposes, each Neophyte Weapons Team is a single model with the Bulky special rule – for example, it may only fire one weapon in the Shooting phase, only gains one additional Attack for charging, and only counts as one model for Morale checks.

OPTIONS:

- May include up to ten additional Neophyte Hybrids5 pts/model
- The unit may do one of the following:
 - Two Neophyte Hybrids may each take an item from the **Heavy Mining Weapons** list.
 - Two Neophyte Hybrids may form a Neophyte Weapons Team who **must** take one item from the **Heavy Weapons** list.
 - Two Neophyte Hybrids may each take one item from the **Special Weapons** list
 - Any model may replace its autogun with a shotgun or lasgunfree
 - One Neophyte Hybrid may take a cult icon10 pts
 - May upgrade one Neophyte Hybrid to a Neophyte Leader10 pts
 - A Neophyte Leader may take items from the **Pistol** and/or **Melee Weapons** list.
 - The unit may take a Goliath Truck (pg 83) or Chimera (pg 80) as a Dedicated Transport.





HYBRID METAMORPHS

45
POINTS



Hybrid Metamorphs scuttle forward with preternatural speed, weapon limbs thrashing and biomorphs pulsing with toxins. They are ever-hungry for violence, and seek out worthy prey upon which to vent their alien aggression. Spontaneously spawned in a cult's latter cycles, they are thought to be created when a Tyranid hive fleet nears a prey planet that is host to a Genestealer Cult. Some invisible psychic echo triggers their metamorphosis during gestation. When the day of the uprising arrives, it is the Hybrid Metamorphs that take pride of place upon the front line. In a storm of iron-hard claws, sinewy tentacles and slashing talons they crush and hack their way through everything in their path, an inspiration to the broodkin that worship them as sainted heroes of the cult.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	Unit Type	Unit Composition
Hybrid Metamorph	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8	5+	Infantry	5 Hybrid Metamorphs
Metamorph Leader	4	3	4	3	1	4	3	9	5+	Infantry (Character)	

WARGEAR:

- Autopistol
- Rending claws (pg 99)
- Metamorph talon (pg 99)
- Blasting charges (pg 100)

SPECIAL RULES:

- Cult Ambush (pg 96)
- Return to the Shadows (pg 96)

OPTIONS:

- May include up to five additional Hybrid Metamorphs.....9 pts/model
- Any model can do one of the following:
 - Replace rending claws and metamorph talon with two metamorph talons.....free
 - Replace metamorph talon with metamorph claw.....2 pts/model
 - Replace metamorph talon with metamorph whip.....2 pts/model
- One model may be upgraded to a Metamorph Leader.....10 pts
- A Metamorph Leader may take a bonesword.....20 pts
- Any model may replace its autopistol with a hand flamer.....5 pts/model
- One Hybrid Metamorph may take a cult icon.....10 pts
- The unit may take a Goliath Truck (pg 83) as a Dedicated Transport.



PURESTRAIN GENESTEALERS

70
POINTS



Worshipped as the star-brethren of the Patriarch, the Purestrain Genestealers are stealthy predators that excel in times of war. These xenos creatures are terrifyingly agile and swift, able to squeeze through small spaces and track their prey across miles of urban decay. Their claws are diamond-hard and wickedly curved, natural weapons bred by the bio-fleets of the Tyranids to slice through the thickest armour or hide. Even the Magus and Primus of the cult treat the Purestrain Genestealers with awe and no little fear, for they echo the true form of the alien god in their midst. The eldest of their number are the same holy star-lords that accompanied the Patriarch on his long journey across the void, and the latter-day incarnations are no less sacred. The enlightenment these ferocious creatures bring is savage in the extreme.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	Unit Type	Unit Composition
Purestrain Genestealer	6	0	4	4	1	6	3	10	5+	Infantry	5 Purestrain Genestealers

WARGEAR:

- **Rending claws** (pg 99)

SPECIAL RULES:

- **Cult Ambush** (pg 96)
- **Fleet**
- **Infiltrate**
- **Move Through Cover**
- **Return to the Shadows** (pg 96)
- **Stealth**

Brood Instinct: Only a Patriarch can join this unit. Whilst a Patriarch is joined to this unit, the Purestrain Genestealers gain the Furious Charge special rule.

Hyper-reflexes: Purestrain Genestealers have 5+ invulnerable save.

OPTIONS:

- May include up to fifteen additional Purestrain Genestealers14 pts/model
- Any model may take scything talons (pg 99)3 pts/model



ABERRANTS

120
POINTS



Lumpen, muscular, and possessed of a bestial vigour, the Aberrants that lumber through the subterranean warrens of the cult are used as its enforcers and thugs. These brutes have many times the strength of a mortal man, and wield heavy power hammers and electrified mining bludgeons with the ease a normal mine worker would use a simple pick or crowbar. So mighty are these ugly beasts that when the cult rises up against its surface-dwelling enemies, they are used as shock troops – some are even favoured with the duty of tearing apart enemy fortifications and war machines. Unshackled, unhinged, and with their rags stripped away to show their truly blessed anatomies, the Aberrants wade into the fight with hammers and picks swinging to crush, maim and destroy.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	Unit Type	Unit Composition
Aberrant	4	1	5	4	2	2	2	8	5+	Infantry	4 Aberrants

WARGEAR:

- **Power pick** (pg 99)
- **Rending claws** (pg 99)

OPTIONS:

- May include up to four additional Aberrants30 pts/model
- Any model may replace its power pick with a power hammer (pg 99).....free

SPECIAL RULES:

- **Cult Ambush** (pg 96)
- **Feel No Pain**
- **Stubborn**
- **Return to the Shadows** (pg 96)





CHIMERA



On the eve of battle, those Chimera transports the cult has sequestered are sprayed with cult icons and daubed with the blood of the unbeliever. Some have additional armour plates, auxiliary weaponry or gruesome trophies strapped to their hulls before they rumble toward the front line, forming totems of defiance and conquest even before their heavy guns open fire. These stolen Chimeras bully a path through the bloody earth of the battlefield, carrying inside them not the ordered platoons of faithful Imperial Guard, but the grotesque, purple-skinned warriors of the cult. So familiar a sight is the Chimera that those on flanking manoeuvres are often weaved through Imperial cordons by oblivious officials, the magnitude of the mistake only becoming evident when the crew and passengers begin the slaughter.

Chimera	[Armour]						Unit Type	Unit Composition
	BS	F	S	R	HP			
Chimera	3	12	10	10	3		Vehicle (Transport)	1 Chimera

WARGEAR:

- Multi-laser
- Heavy bolter
- Searchlight
- Smoke launchers

TRANSPORT:

Transport Capacity: Twelve models.

Fire Points: Two models can fire from the top hatch.

Access Points: A Chimera has one Access Point at the rear.

SPECIAL RULES:

Amphibious: A Chimera treats all water features as open terrain when it moves.

Lasgun Arrays: A Chimera has two arrays of three lasguns. With the exception of Genestealers, up to six embarked models (up to three per array) may fire one lasgun each from these arrays, provided they are not also using a Fire Point this turn. Use the Chimera's Ballistic Skill for these shots – the arrays can shoot at this Ballistic Skill regardless of how far the Chimera moves. If the Chimera has suffered a Crew Stunned or Crew Shaken result, the arrays can only make Snap Shots. Each array may shoot at a different target to the Chimera's other weaponry, though all lasguns in the same array must shoot at the same target.

OPTIONS:

- May replace heavy bolter with a heavy flamerfree
- May replace multi-laser with either a heavy flamer or a heavy bolter.....free
- May take items from the **Cult Vehicle Equipment** list.



ARMoured SENTINELS

40
POINTS



Bullets fly and shrapnel fills the air, but the Armoured Sentinels of the Genestealer Cults stride forward without pause. Those who underestimate the bravery and verve of their cultist pilots will be made to pay with their lives, for when fighting as a squadron, these walkers can tear apart even the fat-bellied effigies of the greenskins and the adamantium-hulled war machines of the Adeptus Astartes. Multi-lasers spit incandescent volleys, missile launchers sow death amongst concentrations of infantry and lascannons blast smoking holes in the hulls of enemy tanks. Should the Armoured Sentinels find themselves the target of an enemy assault, they are far from defenceless – pistons hiss and hydraulics thump as flamethrower-armed walkers stomp forward, their pilots grinning in atavistic glee as they incinerate their enemies.

[Armour]											Unit Type	Unit Composition
WS	BS	S	F	S	R	I	A	HP				
Armoured Sentinel	3	3	5	12	10	10	3	1	2	Vehicle (Walker)	1 Armoured Sentinel	

WARGEAR:

- Multi-laser



OPTIONS:

- May include up to two additional Armoured Sentinels40 pts/model
- Any Armoured Sentinel may replace its multi-laser with one of the following:
 - Heavy flamerfree
 - Autocannon5 pts/model
 - Missile launcher.....5 pts/model
 - Lascannon10 pts/model
 - Plasma cannon10 pts/model
- Any Armoured Sentinel may take any of the following vehicle upgrades:
 - Searchlight1 pt/model
 - Smoke launchers.....5 pts/model
 - Hunter-killer missile.....10 pts/model



SCOUT SENTINELS

35
POINTS



The Scout Sentinels emerge from the ruins of a cratered landscape, piston-driven legs hissing. Nimble and fast for walkers of such size, these machines are able to traverse even the most rugged terrain in the hands of a skilled operator. Their loping stride allows them to eat up the miles in wide flanking manoeuvres, stepping through glowing deltas of lava or picking through bombed-out forests to creep up on the enemy from an unexpected angle. The Neophyte Hybrid pilots of these walkers peer through the gloom with unnatural intensity, refining their targeting solutions and stalking forward with the patience of true hunters until they have the perfect vantage point for launching their mechanised ambush. Suddenly, their trap is sprung in a storm of light and sound, and their unwitting foes fall by the dozen.

[Armour]										Unit Type	Unit Composition
WS	BS	S	F	S	R	I	A	HP			
Scout Sentinel	3	3	5	10	10	10	3	1	2	Vehicle (Walker, Open-topped)	1 Scout Sentinel

WARGEAR:

- Multi-laser

SPECIAL RULES:

- Scout
- Move Through Cover

OPTIONS:

- May include up to two additional Scout Sentinels35 pts/model
- Any Scout Sentinel may replace its multi-laser with one of the following:
 - Heavy flamerfree
 - Autocannon5 pts/model
 - Missile launcher.....5 pts/model
 - Lascannon10 pts/model
- Any Scout Sentinel may take any of the following vehicle upgrades:
 - Searchlight1 pt/model
 - Smoke launchers.....5 pts/model
 - Hunter-killer missile.....10 pts/model



GOLIATH TRUCK



Engines roaring, the Goliath Truck careens and bounces across the battlefield, its guns laying down a hail of solid shot. The vehicle's adaptable construction means it can mount a variety of weapons from heavy stubbers to twin-linked autocannons, swinging left and right as they sow death amongst the naïve fools in their path. Though the vehicle's crew once took great pains to hide from the sight of the surface world, the Goliath's owners now do everything they can to get in close to the enemy; the cult's slogans and insignia are displayed proudly upon its flanks. Built to survive the worst of forge-class catastrophes, this stoic transport is capable of traversing even the most hostile terrain. Once it nears the havoc of the battle line, its cargo compartment is flung open to disgorge broods of scuttling killers.

Goliath Truck	[Armour]					Unit Type	Unit Composition
	BS	F	S	R	HP		
Goliath Truck	3	11	10	10	3	Vehicle (Open-topped, Transport)	1 Goliath Truck

WARGEAR:

- Heavy stubber
- Twin-linked autocannon

TRANSPORT:

Transport capacity: Ten models.

It cannot carry Purestrain Genestealers or a Patriarch.

SPECIAL RULES:

Rugged Construction: If this model suffers a Crew Stunned, Crew Shaken or Immobilised result, roll a dice. On a roll of 4 or more, the vehicle ignores that result, but still loses a Hull Point as normal.

OPTIONS:

- May be equipped with a cache of demolition charges (pg 100).....20 pts



GOLIATH ROCKGRINDERS

75
POINTS



The Goliath Rockgrinder surges forward into the greatest concentration of the enemy, its servo-mounted weapon system seeking out priority targets. Whilst the Rockgrinder's powerful engines drive it unstoppably forward, the crew standing upon its deck lay waste to the foe with solid-shot stubber weaponry and heavygrade mining tools. The servo-arm atop the truck is manned by a skilled fourth generation cultist who wields the industrial system as a tool of war – either by blasting the enemy apart with a heavy mining laser, shaking them to death with a seismic cannon, or burning them to ashes with a clearance incinerator. When the vehicle gets in close its hidden passengers spill out, charging into the fray even as their vehicle's saw-toothed drilldozer rips apart those foolish enough to stand in its path.

Armour

BS	F	S	R	HP
3	12	10	10	3

Goliath Rockgrinder

Unit Type

Vehicle (Tank, Transport)

Unit Composition

1 Goliath Rockgrinder

WARGEAR:

- Heavy stubber
- Heavy mining laser (pg 98)
- Drilldozer blade (pg 100)

TRANSPORT:

Transport capacity: Six models.

Fire Points: Up to six models can fire from its rear platform.

Access Points: The vehicle's rear platform is one large Access Point.

SPECIAL RULES:

Rugged Construction: If this model suffers a Crew Stunned, Crew Shaken or Immobilised result, roll a dice. On a roll of 4 or more, the vehicle ignores that result, but still loses a Hull Point as normal.

OPTIONS:

- May include up to two additional Goliath Rockgrinders.....75 pts/model
- Any Goliath Rockgrinder may be equipped with a cache of demolition charges.....20 pts
- Any Goliath Rockgrinder may replace its heavy mining laser with one of the following:
 - Clearance incinerator (pg 98)5 pts/model
 - Heavy seismic cannon (pg 98).....10 pts/model



LEMAN RUSS SQUADRON

120
POINTS



The Leman Russ' bulky silhouette looms through the cordite-scented smoke, turret tracking as its merciless cultist gunners search for new prey. Once a priority target is caught in their gun sights, the stolen tank gives voice to its booming war cry. A split second later, a fat-bodied cannon shell detonates to send a thunderous explosion of shrapnel, debris and body parts flying in all directions. The tank's sponson weapons chatter and scream as they sow death amongst the survivors of each new assault. Return fire pings and ricochets from the Leman Russ' inches-thick hull; even anti-tank missiles are turned aside by the sheer rugged solidity of this tank. A Genestealer Cult that includes such vehicles brings not only a subtle and creeping death, but a bombastic, violent assault of shell, laser and solid shot.

	[Armour]					Unit Type	Unit Composition
	BS	F	S	R	HP		
Leman Russ	3	14	13	10	3	Vehicle (Tank, Heavy)	1 Leman Russ

WARGEAR:

- Heavy bolter
- Searchlight
- Smoke launchers
- Eradicator nova cannon (pg 98)

OPTIONS:

- May include up to two additional Leman Russ 120 pts/model
- Any model may replace its eradicator nova cannon with one of the following:
 - Exterminator autocannon 10 pts/model
 - Vanquisher battle cannon 15 pts/model
 - Battle cannon 30 pts/model
- Any model may replace its heavy bolter with one of the following:
 - Heavy flamer free
 - Lascannon 10 pts/model
- Any model may take a pair of sponsons armed with:
 - Heavy flamers 10 pts/model
 - Heavy bolters 20 pts/model
 - Multi-meltas 20 pts/model
 - Plasma cannons 30 pts/model
- Any model may take items from the **Cult Vehicle Equipment** list.

SUBTERRANEAN UPRISING



Beneath the surface of the grey world the uprising hunts unseen. The most physically powerful of the cult's hybrids are gathered by their Primus before the battle, united by a gestalt will to swarm as one like scuttling insects on the march. They move into a preordained position before bursting onto the battlefield in a critical strike upon a valuable target: the command position of the foe, or a well-defended artillery emplacement. From the darkness these born killers erupt, boiling out from sewer grates and hidden crypts with claws clacking and weapon-limbs thrashing. The enemy, previously oblivious, scramble to react to the sudden ferocity of the Primus' secret strike. So swift is the broodspawn's assault that few adversaries can land a telling blow before they are cut to pieces.

FORMATION:

- 0-1 Primus
- 1-3 units of Hybrid Metamorphs
- 2-4 units of Acolyte Hybrids
- 0-3 units of Aberrants



RESTRICTIONS:

None.

SPECIAL RULES:

- **Infiltrate**

Time to Rise Up: All of the units in a Subterranean Uprising must Infiltrate during deployment, and set up using the Cult Ambush special rule (pg 96). When rolling on the Cult Ambush table for a unit in this Formation, roll two dice instead of one and choose either of the results.

Meticulous Planner: If a unit in this Formation has been joined by a Primus, you can roll three dice instead of one when rolling on the Cult Ambush table for this unit, and select any one of the results.



DELIVERANCE BROODSURGE



When the cult wishes to secure a vital location it will send a flotilla of transports hurtling into the crucible of battle, the cramped hulls of each Goliath Truck packed with white-knuckled cultists. The crewmen on top of each vehicle lay down suppressing fire with the Goliath's pintle-mounted weaponry, thickening the fusillade with their own autoguns and even lobbing demolition charges into the enemy as they careen onward. At the last moment, the fanatically determined drivers of each Goliath Truck slew the vehicles around so their passengers are hurled into the fray with bone-breaking momentum. Pouring from the transports comes a living tide of warriors, spilling and surging with such haste the slowest are trampled underfoot – a worthy sacrifice, for in its frothing fervour the broodsurge is nigh impossible to stop.

FORMATION:

- 2-6 units of Neophyte Hybrids



RESTRICTIONS:

Each unit of Neophyte Hybrids must take a Goliath Truck as a Dedicated Transport.

SPECIAL RULES:

Reckless Fanaticism: All units of Neophyte Hybrids from a Deliverance Broodsurge must begin the game embarked upon their Goliath Trucks. These units can disembark even if their vehicle moved at Cruising Speed, though each model that does so must take a Dangerous Terrain test.

Perfervid Crew: Each time a vehicle from this Formation suffers a Crew Stunned or Crew Shaken result, that result is ignored (though the vehicle still loses a Hull Point).



DEMOLITION CLAW



The Demolition Claw is a force to be reckoned with, for its Acolyte cultists have practised their destructive arts for decades. Hidden amongst the bustle of large-scale subterranean industry they have perfected the use of breaching charges, seismic claws, and mining lasers, perverting the weapons to the cult's ends just as their Purestrain Genestealer forefathers pollute the populace itself. They do so not for profit, but for the time of war they will instigate when the moment is right. These early-generation bombardiers have honed their abilities in hidden tunnels and hive complexes – in battle they ride their wreckers-transport towards fortifications, trench lines and even enemy vehicles, detonating one target after another in pyrotechnic displays of power whilst shouting the blasphemous slogans of their cult.

FORMATION:

- 2-3 units of Acolyte Hybrids
- 2-3 units of Goliath Rockgrinders



RESTRICTIONS:

At least one model in each unit of Acolyte Hybrids must be equipped with a demolition charge. All Goliath Rockgrinders must also be equipped with a cache of demolition charges, though this is upgrade costs no points.

SPECIAL RULES:

- **Tank Hunters**

Demolition Specialists: Acolyte Hybrids from a Demolition Claw can re-roll the scatter dice when using a demolition charge or a cache of demolition charges when embarked upon a Goliath Rockgrinder from this Formation.

Extra Explosives: Roll a dice each time a model throws a demolition charge whilst it is within 6" of a Goliath Rockgrinder from the same Formation; on a 4 or more that model replenishes its explosives and can throw another demolition charge during the battle.



BROOD CYCLE



Each twisted branch of the cult's genealogical tree is comprised of five generations before the cycle begins anew. When the time of reckoning comes, the descendents of a particular crossbreeding will often gather around the Purestrain Genestealers that infected them – the first, second, third and fourth generations united in blood and in purpose. Such an antecedent group is so tightly knit it makes the bonds of family and lifelong friendship seem pale by comparison. The members of each cycle are fanatically devoted to one another, fighting all the harder to ensure their kin ride the swell of the uprising to the pinnacles of victory. In times of war, these minor dynasties march under a banner bearing the cult icon and the sigils of their particular cycle, proud to declare their allegiance to one another on the greatest day of their lives.

FORMATION:

- 1 Acolyte Iconward
- 3 units of Acolyte Hybrids
- 2 units of Neophyte Hybrids
- 1 unit of Hybrid Metamorphs
- 1 unit of Purestrain Genestealers
- 0-1 units of Aberrants
- 0-1 units of Goliath Rockgrinders



RESTRICTIONS:

None.

SPECIAL RULES:

Familial Pride: Any non-vehicle unit in this Formation that is within 6" of at least one other unit from the same Formation adds 1 to both its Leadership and its Weapon Skill.

Hold the Banner High: All units in this Formation have the Furious Charge special rule while they are within 24" of their Acolyte Iconward. In addition, the range of the Acolyte Iconward's Nexus of Devotion special rule will effect units from this Formation that are within 24" of him, instead of just 12".



THE FIRST CURSE



The first Purestrain Genestealers to have infected the prey world are the fiercest and most intelligent of their kind. Their brood has only grown stronger since staking its curse-claim upon the planet; those who came from the same spawning pool as the Patriarch have been well treated by their devoted flock, and every one of them has grown powerful and cunning as the psychic awareness of the cult's primogenitor waxes to new heights. Some have developed strange mutations – hardened carapaces, iron-hard flesh hooks, or feeder tendrils – that have given rise to humanising nicknames amongst the latter generations of the cult, such as Old Shieldback, Hooktongue and Lashfather. Ultimately, there is nothing human about the brood of the First Curse. Once their conquest is complete, these Tiranids will feast, and indiscriminately at that.

FORMATION:

- 1 Patriarch
- 1 unit of Purestrain Genestealers



RESTRICTIONS:

The unit of Purestrain Genestealers must contain 20 models.

SPECIAL RULES:

Strange Mutations: Before the start of the game, roll a dice and apply the following result to the First Curse's unit of Purestrain Genestealers for the duration of the game:

D6 Result

- 1 **Flesh Hooks:** The unit doesn't suffer the penalty to their Initiative for charging enemies through difficult terrain.
- 2 **Hardened Carapaces:** The unit's Armour Save is increased to 4+.
- 3 **Toxin Glands:** The units' Melee weapons have the Poisoned special rule.
- 4 **Adrenal Sacs:** The unit has the Rage special rule.
- 5 **Feeder Tendrils:** The unit has the Preferred Enemy special rule.
- 6 **Perfect Killing Machine:** Choose the result you wish to apply to the unit.



NEOPHYTE CAVALCADE



A rumble of heavy engines fills the air as the Neophyte Cavalcade emerges from the ruins of a shattered world. Once seen by the enemy as a standard Imperial armoured task force thought hunkered down and inactive, the assemblage of vehicles and walkers is soon proven to be a dire and active threat. Within each of these mechanical beasts of war is something alien and unutterably hostile, anathema to Mankind's rule. For just as the Genestealer Cult lurks unseen beneath the populace of its host planet, its agents skulk inside the armoured shell of Humanity's defenders. The blackening rot of their true allegiance is finally revealed when battle tanks and heavy weapons blaze away – not at the manylimbed monsters of the cult revealed, but at those who would stand in their path.

FORMATION:

- 2 units of Neophyte Hybrids
- 1 Leman Russ Squadron
- 1-2 of the following units, in any combination:
 - Scout Sentinels
 - Armoured Sentinels



RESTRICTIONS:

Each unit of Neophyte Hybrids must take a Chimera as a Dedicated Transport.

SPECIAL RULES:

Mechanised Ambush: This Formation's units of Neophyte Hybrids must start the game embarked within their transports. Vehicle units in this Formation have the Outflank special rule. Scout Sentinels from this Formation instead gain the Cult Ambush special rule (pg 96).

Devoted Crew: Roll a dice each time a vehicle from this Formation suffers a Crew Stunned or Crew Shaken result. On a 4 or more that result is ignored (though the vehicle still loses a Hull Point).

THE DOTING THRONG



At the cult's heart is a single brood of Purestrain Genestealers, but by the time the faithful throng arises, the cult can number in the tens of thousands – perhaps even millions. Most of its numbers are hybrids of the third and fourth generation. Though impure in comparison to their xenos forebears, they will give everything they have – even their lives – to ensure the propagation of the cult and the survival of their elders. In battle a Magus will often gather a horde of his dotting flock to his side. Knowing they serve no further purpose after the cult's ascendancy, he uses his psychic powers to drive his broodkin into a religious frenzy that sees them expend every iota of energy they have in a single great push. So ferocious is this assault it can drag down Astra Militarum platoons, rampaging Ork mobs, and even Space Marines.

FORMATION:

- 0-1 Magus
- 3-6 of the following units, in any combination:
 - Neophyte Hybrids
 - Acolyte Hybrids



RESTRICTIONS:

None.

SPECIAL RULES:

Frenzied Devotion: Units from this Formation have the Zealot special rule whilst they are within 12" of a friendly Magus. Furthermore, a unit that is actually joined by a Magus can re-roll failed hit rolls in every round of close combat, not just the first.

Willing Subjects: If a Magus targets a Neophyte Hybrid or Acolyte Hybrid unit from this Formation with a **blessing** psychic power, he can re-roll the Psychic test if it is failed.



BROODCOVEN



The Patriarch and his Broodcoven dominate the minds and hearts of the cultists in their thrall. Masters of psychic and physical power, they muster and command the actions of the cult's many generations to ensure their targets are torn down in short order. Every word spoken by the Magus or Primus is obeyed to the letter by their faithful congregation, for they speak on behalf of the Star Saviour himself. This cocktail of psychic power, inspirational presence and dark charisma is a potent stimulant to the cultists around them. Perhaps realising they would soon be doomed should their masters leave them, the lesser warriors of the cult will fight tooth and claw to defend them – and on the day of battle, the best form of defence is attack...

FORMATION:

- 1 Patriarch
- 1 Magus
- 1 Primus



RESTRICTIONS:

None.

SPECIAL RULES:

Lords of the Brood: The three models of a Broodcoven must be deployed as a single unit. They can still join friendly units, but if one does so, all other Broodcoven models must join the same unit. Similarly, if one Broodcoven model leaves a unit, all other Broodcoven models must also leave that unit and they must form back into a new unit composed of Independent Characters again.

Coven Masters: The Broodcoven unit and any unit they join have the following special rules whilst the relevant model from this Formation is still alive:

Patriarch: Fleet

Magus: Counter-attack

Primus: Preferred Enemy





APPENDIX

This section of the book details many of the rules for using a Genestealer Cult army in your games of Warhammer 40,000, including their unique Warlord Traits, psychic discipline, wargear and Tactical Objectives. The profiles page at the end provides a list of unit and weapon profiles for reference during your games.

GENESTEALER CULTS SPECIAL RULES

A Genestealer Cults army uses a number of special rules that are common to several of its units, which are collected here for your convenience. Special rules that are unique to particular units are presented on the relevant datasheet instead. Other, more common rules are simply listed by name – these are all described in full in the Special Rules section of *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

CULT AMBUSH

Genestealer Cults plan meticulously before each strike, their strategies honed to give every advantage when they rise up as one.

Units with this special rule that Infiltrate, or that arrive from Reserve or Ongoing Reserve, can choose to roll on the Cult Ambush table, opposite, instead of deploying or arriving from Reserves normally. Unless otherwise specified, ambushing units move onto the table as described for other Reserves and cannot move any further during the Movement phase of the turn they deploy or arrive on the battlefield. Units cannot use the Cult Ambush special rule whilst they are embarked inside a vehicle.

RETURN TO THE SHADOWS

Those kissed by the void find it easy to melt away into the shadows once their bloody ambush has been launched.

Instead of moving in your Movement phase, any unit with this special rule that is not within 6" of any enemy models, can be removed from the battlefield and placed into Ongoing Reserve. A unit cannot Return to the Shadows in the same turn it arrives from Reserves or Ongoing Reserves, and cannot do so whilst embarked in a vehicle.

UNQUESTIONING LOYALTY

The scions of the cult are so fanatically devoted to their masters they will hurt themselves in front of blades and bullets.

A model with this special rule automatically passes Look Out, Sir attempts, and can even make Look Out, Sir attempts when fighting in a challenge.

WARLORD TRAITS

When generating Warlord Traits for a Warlord with the Genestealer Cult Faction, you can either roll on one of the Warlord Traits tables in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules* or roll on the table opposite.

ALLIES

All models in this codex have the Genestealer Cult Faction. This Faction allies with models from all other Factions at the Come the Apocalypse level of alliance, apart from Tyranids and Astra Militarum, which are Allies of Convenience.

WARLORD TRAITS TABLE

D6 WARLORD TRAIT

- 1 **Shadow Stalker:** *The gloom seems to cling to the warlord like a shroud as he emerges grinning from the darkness, claws flexing in anticipation of the kill.*
Your Warlord has the Stealth special rule.
- 2 **Focus of Adoration:** *The warlord inspires such insane devotion his minions will leap headlong into battle in order to win his favour.*
Friendly units with the Genestealer Cult Faction have the Counter-attack special rule whilst they are within 12" of your Warlord.
- 3 **Wall Creeper:** *No barrier can hold back this void-touched beast. His agility makes light work of even razorwire nests and tumbled necropolises.*
Your Warlord has the Move Through Cover special rule. In addition, your Warlord and his unit never suffer the penalty to their Initiative for charging through difficult terrain.
- 4 **Born Survivor:** *Perhaps gifted regenerative powers by the immortal Hive Mind, the warlord can shrug off crippling injuries to fight on.*
Your Warlord has the It Will Not Die special rule.
- 5 **Alien Majesty:** *An aura of palpable grandeur surrounds the warlord, making his mere presence a powerful stimulant to the nerve of his followers.*
All models in your Warlord's Detachment can use his Leadership in place of their own.
- 6 **Ambush Leader:** *The warlord's impeccable knowledge of the underworld sees him emerge from hiding at the critical moment, charging from unseen quarters to tear a gaping hole in the enemy lines.*
When using the Cult Ambush special rule with your Warlord or any unit that he has joined, do not roll on the Cult Ambush table; you can choose a result to apply instead.



CULT AMBUSH

Units that deploy or arrive by Cult Ambush roll on the table below. If, for whatever reason, you cannot set up an ambushing unit or move it onto the board, it remains in Ongoing Reserves instead.

D6 RESULT

- 1 **Cult Reinforcements:** *The prey has been drawn forward into the jaws of the trap – now is the time to show the unbelievers the cult's true strength.*

The ambushing unit moves onto the board from your own table edge.

- 2 **Encircling the Foe:** *Skulking around the flanks of the enemy army, the Patriarch's faithful crawl into position to cut off any chance of escape.*

Roll a D6: on a 1-2, the ambushing unit comes in from the table edge to the left of your own table edge; on a 3-4, they come on from the table edge to the right of your own table edge; on a 5-6, you can choose left or right.

- 3 **Lying in Wait:** *Revealing themselves from carefully prepared hiding places, the true believers appear as if from thin air.*

Set up the ambushing unit anywhere on the table that is more than 9" from any enemy unit. You can alternatively set up the ambushing unit anywhere on the table that is more than 6" from any enemy model so long as no enemy model can draw line of sight to them.

- 4 **A Perfect Ambush:** *A long-planned strategy comes to fruition – the cult's adversaries look on in horror as the battlefield comes alive with scuttling warrior-forms.*

Set up the ambushing unit anywhere on the table that is more than 6" from any enemy model.

- 5 **A Deadly Trap:** *The first the enemy knows of the cult's ambush is the crack of weapons fire; those broods without firearms sprint closer whilst the foe still reels.*

Set up the ambushing unit anywhere on the table that is more than 6" from any enemy model.

After placing the ambushing unit, you can immediately make a bonus shooting attack with it as if it were the Shooting phase (this does not prevent the unit from shooting again in the ensuing Shooting phase). These bonus shooting attacks cannot cause Morale checks, but they do have the Pinning special rule.

If the ambushing unit does not have any ranged weapons, it can instead choose to run in the Movement phase.

- 6 **They Came From Below:** *The ground shakes as a cultist brood bursts from below the earth, screeching and shrieking. For their prey, the end is nigh...*

Set up the ambushing unit anywhere on the table that is more than 3" from any enemy unit.

Unlike other units that Infiltrate or arrive from Reserves, the ambushing unit can charge in their first turn or on the turn they arrive from Reserves.



WARGEAR OF THE CULTS

This section of *Codex: Genestealer Cults* lists the weapons and equipment used by the Genestealer Cults, along with the rules for using them in your games of Warhammer 40,000.

RANGED WEAPONS

Rules for the following ranged weapons can be found in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*:

Autocannon	Hand flamer	Laspistol
Autogun	Heavy flamer	Multi-melta
Autopistol	Heavy bolter	Multi-laser
Battle cannon	Heavy stubber	Missile launcher
Bolt pistol	Lascannon	Plasma cannon
Flamer	Lasgun	Shotgun

CLEARANCE INCINERATOR

The clearance incinerator is a massive, multi-chambered heavy flamer able to turn a landslide to molten slurry.

Range	S	AP	Type
Template	5	4	Assault 1, Torrent

DEMOLITION CHARGE

Impromvised from powerful explosives taken from mining operations, the demolition charges can even tear open a battle tank.

Range	S	AP	Type
6"	8	2	Assault 1, Large Blast, One Use Only

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

LEMAN RUSS TURRET WEAPONS

Leman Russ are extremely versatile battle tanks, able to mount a variety of lethal ordnance in their primary turret.

	Range	S	AP	Type
Eradicator nova cannon	36"	6	4	Heavy 1, Large Blast, Ignores Cover
Exterminator autocannon	48"	7	4	Heavy 4, Twin-linked
Vanquisher battle cannon	72"	8	2	Heavy 1, Armourbane

MINING LASERS

When their range limiters are short-circuited, the mining lasers of guilds make powerful weapons.

	Range	S	AP	Type
Mining laser	24"	9	2	Heavy 1
Heavy mining laser	36"	9	2	Heavy 1

MORTAR

Mortar barrages can swiftly slaughter tightly packed enemy infantry formations.

Range	S	AP	Type
48"	4	6	Heavy 1, Barrage, Blast

NEEDLE PISTOL

The needle pistol is a status symbol as well as a weapon. It fires a tiny dart coated in a number of virulent poisons – its stinging shot may feel like a pinprick, but its toxins can stop a charging Ork dead in its tracks.

Range	S	AP	Type
12"	X	6	Pistol, Poisoned (2+)

SEISMIC CANNON WEAPONS

The distinctive pronged muzzle of a seismic cannon sends out pulsed bow waves of sonic force that can shiver a basilica wall into rubble, or turn the internal organs of living targets to mush.

A shot from a seismic weapon has a different profile depending on how far the target is from the firer. Use the weapon's first profile if the closest model in the target unit is less than 12" away, and use the second if the target is more than 12" away. If it is not clear which profile to use, the controlling player chooses.

	Range	S	AP	Type
Seismic cannon	0-12"	8	3	Heavy 2, Resonance
	12-24"	5	4	Heavy 4, Resonance
Heavy seismic cannon	0-12"	8	3	Heavy 3, Resonance
	12-24"	5	4	Heavy 6, Resonance

Resonance: To Wound rolls and Armour Penetration rolls of 6 made with a weapon this special rule are always resolved at AP1.

WEB WEAPONS

Web weapons are popular amongst the gangs of the Imperium, for they can be set to entrap prized victims. In times of war, the wide-muzzled Andreloid pattern webber is favoured – the tough, sticky strands it hurls at its targets constrict on contact with air, throttling or suffocating those trapped in their cloying embrace.

	Range	S	AP	Type
Web pistol	12"	3	*	Pistol, Blast, Cocooned
Webber	16"	4	*	Assault 1, Blast, Cocooned

Cocooned: The AP value of a Wound caused by this weapon is equal to the current Strength characteristic of the model it was allocated to. For example, if a Wound from a web weapon was allocated to a Space Marine (Strength 4) that wound is resolved at AP4. Against vehicles, or models with a Strength of 7 or more, this weapon is AP-.

MELEE WEAPONS

Rules for the following Melee weapons can be found in Warhammer 40,000: The Rules:

Chainsword	Force stave
Close combat weapon	Power maul

BONESWORD

Grown from the Patriarch's osseous throne, boneswords are sentient weapons that thirst for the psychic energies of the cults' adversaries.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	User	3	Melee, Life Drain

Life Drain: Any To Wound roll of 6 made with this weapon has the Instant Death special rule.

HEAVY ROCK CUTTER

The hydraulic shears of heavy rock cutters were designed to free trapped mine workers from industrial accidents. When the cult rises up, however, their irresistible grip is used not to save, but to kill.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	x2	2	Melee, Snip, Two-handed, Unwieldy

Snip: When a model suffers one or more unsaved Wounds from this weapon, it must pass a separate Toughness test for each Wound suffered or be removed from play.

HEAVY ROCK DRILL

The heavy rock drill is modified by the hybrids so it can be carried into battle as a weapon. Its triple grinders can turn even the stoutest enemy champion to gory gobbets of flesh.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	x2	2	Melee, Two-handed, Unwieldy, Pulverise

Pulverise: When a model with a heavy rock drill makes its close combat attacks, it can instead make a single pulverise attack. If it does so, roll To Hit as normal, but resolve the attack at Strength 10 AP1.

HEAVY ROCK SAW

The blades of the heavy rock saw are designed to cut through dense boulders of ore – when the time of war comes, they slice through the hulls of enemy vehicles as easily as a butcher slices through meat.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	x2	2	Melee, Armourbane, Two-handed, Unwieldy

LASH WHIP AND BONESWORD

Favoured hybrids may be blessed with this symbiotic pairing of bio-weapons, making them even more lethal at close quarters.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	User	3	Melee, Life Drain (above), Lash (opposite)

METAMORPH WEAPONS

Metamorph Hybrids bristle with bio-weaponry. The obscenely strong Metamorph claws can mangle flesh and armour in a single spasming grasp. The whips borne by these creatures are cords of muscle that thrash about at frightening speeds, whereas Metamorph talons are long, razor-edged claws of serrated chitin.

	Range	S	AP	Type
Metamorph claw	-	User	5	Melee, Crush
Metamorph talon	-	User	5	Melee, Scythe
Metamorph whip	-	User	5	Melee, Lash

Crush: A model equipped with a Metamorph claw has a +2 bonus to its Strength during the Fight sub-phase.

Scythe: A model equipped with a Metamorph talon has a +1 bonus to its Weapon Skill during the Fight sub-phase. A model equipped with two Metamorph talons has a +2 bonus to its Weapon Skill during the Fight sub-phase instead.

Lash: A model equipped with a weapon with this special rule has a +3 bonus to its Initiative during the Fight sub-phase.

PATRIARCH'S CLAWS

The claws of a Patriarch are so impossibly sharp that they can tear effortlessly through steel and ceramite, as well as flesh and bone.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	User	3	Melee, Rending, Shred

POWER HAMMER

Aberrants use these weapons on those they can catch, each swing crushing torsos and breaking spines in a burst of disruptive energy.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	+3	2	Melee, Concussive, Specialist Weapon, Two-handed, Unwieldy

POWER PICK

Power picks are simple enough in design. They bear a low-quality disruption field powerful enough to shatter ceramite like glass.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	+2	3	Melee, Unwieldy

RENDING CLAWS

The tips of these claws can tear through armour as if it were clay.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	User	5	Melee, Rending

SCYTHING TALONS

Scything talons are long, razor-edged claws of serrated chitin.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	User	6	Melee

SPECIAL ISSUE WARGEAR

BLASTING CHARGES

Created from scavenged detonators and low-end demolition gear, the short-fused blasting charges used by Genestealer Cultists can be hurled into the enemy ranks to sow death and disruption ahead of a concerted assault.

Blasting charges follow the rules for assault grenades, as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

CULT ICON

The power of the cult's icon is not to be underestimated. Symbolising the faith of the cultists that bear that same symbol upon their flesh, its presence focusses the aggression of the devoted to a razor edge.

All models in a unit with the cult icon have +1 Weapon Skill whilst the bearer is alive.

GENESTEALER FAMILIAR

Though small, the hissing familiars attracted to the side of the Patriarch and the Magus are swift, vicious, and eerily strong.

In close combat, a model with a Genestealer familiar makes two additional Strength 4 AP- attacks with the Rending special rule. A Genestealer familiar is represented by a separate miniature that always remains as close as possible to its master. The model itself is purely decorative, and is ignored for game purposes – just move it to one side if it gets in the way. Remove the familiar once its master has been slain.

SACRED CULT BANNER

The sight of a cult's banner flying in the hot breeze of war stirs the soul of the Patriarch's chosen. Such rapture can send the devoted throng into a frenzy of contempt for the unblest adversary.

Friendly units that have the Genestealer Cult Faction and are within 12" of a model equipped with a sacred cult banner have the Furious Charge special rule.

TOXIN INJECTOR

The tubes of a toxin injector coat a Primus' claws in deadly poisons – a mere scratch from such a talon can quickly prove fatal.

If a model with a toxin injector fights using his rending claws, those attacks have the Poisoned special rule.



CULT VEHICLE EQUIPMENT

Rules for the following can be found in Warhammer 40,000: The Rules:

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

CACHE OF DEMOLITION CHARGES

Some Cult vehicles have caches of explosives, smuggled in hidden compartments or under stretched tarpaulins, which can be hurled into the fray at need. The risk of these devices detonating should the vehicle sustain a solid hit is as nothing to the devoted crew.

In the Shooting phase, one model embarked upon a vehicle equipped with demolition charges can choose to throw one instead of firing its normal weapon, using the profile shown below:

Range	S	AP	Type
6"	8	2	Assault 1, Large Blast

However, each time a vehicle equipped with demolition charges suffers a penetrating hit, roll a dice. On the roll of a 1, the vehicle suffers a further Strength 8 AP2 hit after any initial damage has been resolved.

DRILLDOZER BLADE

The giant, jutting plough of the drilldozer blade makes the Goliath Rockgrinder an unstoppable force. Grinding forward with the power of high-octane engines behind it, its whirring cutter arrays can tear apart living prey in a squall of spraying blood.

A vehicle with a drilldozer blade automatically passes Dangerous Terrain tests.

When a vehicle with a drilldozer blade Rams an enemy vehicle, add an extra D6 to the Strength of the hit. If the Ram causes a penetrating hit, add 1 to the result on the vehicle damage table.

When a vehicle with a drilldozer blade performs a Tank Shock, each enemy unit that the vehicle reaches must take an Initiative test before taking a Morale check. If the Initiative test is passed the unit avoids the whirring cutters, but if it is failed the unit immediately suffers D3 Strength 10 AP2 hits. If an enemy unit makes a Death or Glory attack on a vehicle with a drilldozer and fails to stop the vehicle, the unit suffers an additional D3 Strength 10 AP2 hits in addition to the damage they normally suffer for the failed attack. Hits from a drilldozer blade are Randomly Allocated.

SACRED RELICS OF THE CULT

The strange artefacts held sacred by the Genestealer Cults all have some measure of alien power imbued in them by the gestalt Broodmind of their bearers. Only one of each of the following relics may be chosen per army.

ICON OF THE CULT ASCENDANT

Cast in blood-blessed platinum, its wyrm-forms polished to a high sheen, the Icon of the Cult Ascendant has been bathed in the psychic energies of the Broodmind. The relic adorned the back of the Great Patriarch's throne for many centuries, soaking up his sheer otherness until it imbued every mote of metal and scrap of oiled cloth. As the time of war comes to pass, the icon is detached from its resting place with the greatest of care and given to the cult's foremost Iconward. Those who fight in its shadow find the power of the Broodmind thrilling through their veins.

Friendly units that have the Genestealer Cult Faction and are within 12" of a model equipped with the Icon of the Cult Ascendant have the Furious Charge special rule and can re-roll failed Morale, Pinning and Fear tests. In addition, models in the same unit as the Icon of the Cult Ascendant have +1 Attack whilst the bearer is alive.

DAGGER OF SWIFT SACRIFICE

Those who work to hinder or reveal the cult are killed in long and painful ritual sacrifices to better appease the Patriarch, often using a weaponised form of the cult's symbol. The Dagger of Swift Sacrifice was devised not for a protracted kill, however, but a near-instantaneous one, the toxin-crystals upon its blade potent enough to kill even a Clawed Fiend with a single scratch.

When it makes its close combat attacks, a model with the Dagger of Swift Sacrifice can instead make a single attack, rolling To Hit as normal, using the following profile:

Range	S	AP	Type
-	User	-	Melee, Instant Death, Poisoned (2+)

SCOURGE OF DISTANT STARS

The Brotherhood of Distant Stars whispers of the Scourge – a void-cold sentence that moves from weapon to weapon, aiding the wielder as he lays low the fool and the unbeliever. Whether it inhabits the blade of an Acolyte Iconward or the bonesword of a Primus is of little import – whosoever threatens the wielder will find their life sapping from a mortal wound as soon as they raise their blade.

If the bearer is involved in a challenge, their opponent must pass a Toughness test before any attacks are made. If the test is failed, that model immediately suffers a Wound with no saves of any kind allowed, and a -1 penalty to both their Initiative and Attacks (to a minimum of 1) until the end of the phase. The Scourge of Distant Stars has no effect on vehicles.

STAFF OF THE SUBTERRAN MASTER

Capped by a sculpture of a Tyranid god-form, the Staff of the Subterranean Master resonates with animalistic power. Its strange psychic allure gives the wielder the ability to cause the very vermin of the land to rise up – poisonous worms, biting spiders, milliasaurs and plague rats boil from cracks in the ground to assail the enemy even as the cult streams through the streets.

Instead of shooting normally, the bearer can use the Staff of the Subterranean Master to make a shooting attack with the following profile:

Range	S	AP	Type
18"	2	-	Assault 10, Ignores Cover, Rending

SWORD OF THE VOID'S EYE

The sentence within the Sword of the Void's Eye is far more intelligent than its wielder, for within it lies a portion of the Hive Mind. The bio-fleet descending upon the host planet uses the eyes of the sword to spy on the populace and sample the thoughts of those whose blood it tastes. When laid at rest it will slither out a thin tongue that curls and twists in the dust, analysing the dead skin cells of the populace and gleaming vital bio-secrets for the invasion to come.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	+1	3	Melee, Bio-sentence, Life Drain

Bio-sentence: The bearer can re-roll all To Hit and To Wound rolls of 1 when attacking with this weapon.

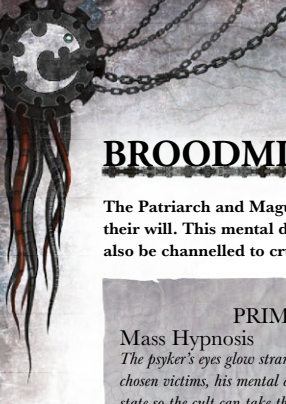
Life Drain: Any To Wound roll of 6 made with this weapon has the Instant Death special rule.

THE CROUCHLING

The most favoured of cults are visited by the Crouching, a skittering familiar that talks in a high, reedy voice. Though small and weak of limb, the Crouching is a powerful psychic presence, able to cast hypnotic spells and visit mind-cracking hallucinations upon those who earn its master's ire.

In close combat, a model accompanied by the Crouching makes two additional Strength 4 AP attacks with the Rending special rule. In addition, the bearer can generate one additional psychic power at the start of the game.

The Crouching is represented by a separate miniature that always remains as close as possible to its master. The model itself is purely decorative, and is ignored for game purposes – just move it to one side if it gets in the way. Remove the Crouching once its master has been slain.



BROODMIND DISCIPLINE

The Patriarch and Magus of a Genestealer Cult are potent psykers, able to use their formidable powers to bend others to their will. This mental dominance not only ensures that the gestalt consciousness of the cult's masses serves as one, but can also be channelled to crush those that would oppose their plans before they reach fruition.

PRIMARIS POWER

Mass Hypnosis Warp Charge 1

The psyker's eyes glow strangely as he casts his gaze across his chosen victims, his mental dominion putting them into a trance-like state so the cult can take them apart at leisure.

Mass Hypnosis is a **malediction** that targets a single enemy unit within 24". Whilst this power is in effect, the target's Weapon Skill, Ballistic Skill, Initiative and Attacks are all reduced by 1, to a minimum of 1.

1. Psychic StimulusWarp Charge 1

The unknowable power of the cult's gestalt soul flows into the psyker's chosen instruments, spurring them into a religious frenzy that sees them attack with hyperactive speed.

Psychic Stimulus is a **blessing** that targets a single friendly unit within 24" that is not locked in combat. Whilst the power is in effect, the target unit has the Relentless and Fleet special rules. In addition, the target can charge even if it Ran during its preceding Shooting phase.

2. Psionic BlastWarp Charge 1

The psyker focuses the alien hatred of his kind into a blaze of pallid energies. Where his gaze falls, the enemy are consumed – the last thing they hear is a shrill screech of triumph.

Psionic Blast is a **witchfire** power with the following profile:

Range	S	AP	Type
24"	5	3	Assault 1, Blast

3. Might from BeyondWarp Charge 1

An alien strength lurks in every being that carries the Genestealer Curse. With a low whisper that rises to a scream, the psyker amplifies this hidden might, and his followers are swollen with empowering energy born of the void itself.

Might from Beyond is a **blessing** that targets a friendly unit within 24".

Whilst this power is in effect, all models in the target unit add 1 to their Strength characteristic and gain the Rage special rule.



4. Mental OnslaughtWarp Charge 2

The psyker, well used to forcing his will upon those who would resist him, intensifies his hypnotic power to such a degree it can cause a victim's brain to swell to bursting point inside his skull.

Mental Onslaught is a **focussed witchfire** power with a range of 24". Both the Psyker and the target model roll a dice and add their respective Leadership values. If the scores are drawn, the target model suffers a -3 penalty to its Initiative until the end of the following turn. If the Psyker's score is higher, the target also suffers a number of Wounds equal to the difference between the two scores. No armour or cover saves are allowed against Wounds caused by *Mental Onslaught*.

5. Mind ControlWarp Charge 2

Palsied fingers twitch and facial muscles spasm as the psyker's chosen mark is taken over completely. Relegated to a mere passenger within his own body, he is forced to witness his own traitorous actions as he opens fire upon his trusted comrades.

Mind Control is a **focussed witchfire** power that targets a single non-vehicle unit within 24" that is not locked in combat. The target immediately makes a shooting attack exactly as if it were one of your own models. The model cannot make an attack that would cause it to hit itself or its own unit in any way. After resolving the shooting attack, the mind-controlled model immediately reverts to the owning player's control.

6. Telepathic SummonsWarp Charge 2 or 3

With a keening cry the psyker draws his kindred from the hidden places of the world. The summons, heard in the soul as much as the senses, awakens a dormant brood that has lain long in hibernation, patiently awaiting their master's call to war.

Each time this psychic power is used, choose whether it will have a Warp Charge cost of 2 or 3. The choice must be made before the Psychic test is taken. *Telepathic Summons* is a **conjunction** that creates a single unit; if manifested at Warp Charge 2 it creates one of the following units (your choice): 5 Acolyte Hybrids, 5 Hybrid Metamorphs or 10 Neophyte Hybrids. If manifested at Warp Charge 3 it instead creates one of the following units (your choice): 10 Acolyte Hybrids, 10 Hybrid Metamorphs, 4 Aberrants, 8 Purestrain Genestealers or 20 Neophyte Hybrids. In any case, these units can be equipped with any upgrades listed on their datasheet, but they cannot include any extra models or take a Dedicated Transport. These units always arrive using the Cult Ambush special rule (pg 96) instead of arriving via Deep Strike.

TACTICAL OBJECTIVES

Codex: Genestealer Cults describes 6 Tactical Objectives to use in your games of Warhammer 40,000 that are exclusive to Genestealer Cult players, and help to reflect their insidious and horrific methods of waging war.

If your Warlord has the Genestealer Cults Faction, these Tactical Objectives replace the Capture & Control Tactical Objectives (numbers 11-16) described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*. If a Warhammer 40,000 mission has the Tactical Objectives special rule, players use the normal rules for using Tactical Objectives with the following exception: when a Genestealer Cults player generates a Capture & Control objective (numbers 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 or 16), generate the corresponding Genestealer Cults Tactical Objective instead, as shown in the table opposite. Other Tactical Objectives (numbers 21-66) are generated normally.

D66	RESULT
11	Assassinate the Oppressors
12	Spread Panic and Confusion
13	Spring the Trap
14	Prepare for the Next Ambush
15	Claim the Rightful Dominion
16	Cast Down the Unbelievers!

11 ASSASSINATE THE OPPRESSORS

Type: Genestealer Cults

The enemy rally around their own figureheads and leaders too. Lay them low to prove the supremacy of the cult.

Score 1 Victory Point at the end of your turn if you killed an enemy character in a challenge during your turn.

12 SPREAD PANIC AND CONFUSION

Type: Genestealer Cults

The time has come to bring ruin to the upworlders. Burn away their illusions of safety with the terrible fires of truth.

Score 1 Victory Point at the end of your turn if at least one enemy unit failed a Morale, Pinning or Fear test during your turn.

13 SPRING THE TRAP

Type: Genestealer Cults

Long has this day been planned for. Show the true cunning of the cult's masters by closing your stranglehold upon the witless sheep of the enemy's military force.

Score 1 Victory Point at the end of your turn if a unit arrived on the battlefield during your turn using the Cult Ambush special rule. Score D3 Victory Points instead if an enemy unit was also completely destroyed by such a unit during this turn.

14 PREPARE FOR THE NEXT AMBUSH

Type: Genestealer Cults

The plans of the cult's Broodcoven are many-layered and unknowable to mortal men. An interlocking series of assaults will slay the enemy force layer by layer until nothing is left.

Score 1 Victory Point at the end of your turn if, during that turn, any of your units were placed into Ongoing Reserves because of the Return to the Shadows special rule.

15 CLAIM THE RIGHTFUL DOMINION

Type: Genestealer Cults

This land belongs to the Patriarch alone. Rip it forcefully from those who would keep it from him.

Score D3 Victory Points at the end of your turn if you control an Objective Marker that was under the control of your opponent at the start of the turn.

16 CAST DOWN THE UNBELIEVERS!

Type: Genestealer Cults

There is no purer act in the eyes of the Patriarch than to bring death to those who stand in the uprising's path.

Score 1 Victory Point at the end of your turn for each enemy unit that was completely destroyed during your turn (to a maximum of 6 Victory Points).

DESIGNER'S NOTE – TACTICAL OBJECTIVES CARD DECK

If you own a deck of Genestealer Cults Tactical Objective Cards, you can generate your Tactical Objectives by shuffling the deck and drawing the top card instead of rolling a D66. These should be kept face up, so your opponent can see which Tactical Objectives you have generated, unless the mission you are playing instructs you otherwise.

PROFILES

HQ

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	Unit-Type	Pg
Acolyte Iconward	4	4	4	3	2	4	3	9	5+	In(ch)	73
Magus	4	4	3	3	2	4	2	9	5+	In(ch)	71
Patriarch	7	4	6	5	3	7	4	10	4+	In(ch)	70
Primus	5	4	4	3	3	4	3	10	5+	In(ch)	72

TROOPS

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	Unit-Type	Pg
Acolyte Hybrid	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8	5+	In	74
Acolyte Leader	4	3	4	3	1	4	3	9	5+	In(ch)	74
Neophyte Hybrid	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	8	5+	In	75
Neophyte Leader	3	3	3	3	1	4	2	9	5+	In(ch)	75
Neophyte	3	3	3	3	2	4	2	8	5+	In	75
Weapons Team											

ELITES

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	Unit-Type	Pg
Abserrant	4	1	5	4	2	2	2	8	5+	In	79
Hybrid Metamorph	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8	5+	In	77
Metamorph Leader	4	3	4	3	1	4	3	9	5+	In (ch)	77
Purestrain	6	0	4	4	1	6	3	10	5+	In	78
Genestealer											

VEHICLES

[Armour]

	WS	BS	S	F	S	R	I	A	HP	Unit-Type	Pg
Armoured Sentinel	3	3	5	12	10	10	3	1	2	W	81
Chimera	-	3	-	12	10	10	-	-	3	Tk, T	80
Goliath Rockgrinder	-	3	-	12	10	10	-	-	3	Tk, T	84
Goliath Truck	-	3	-	11	10	10	-	-	3	O, T	83
Leman Russ	-	3	-	14	13	10	-	-	3	Tk, Hv	85
Scout Sentinel	3	3	5	10	10	10	3	1	2	O, W	82

UNIT TYPES

Infantry = In, Open-topped = O, Tank = Tk, Transport = T,
Character = (ch), Heavy = Hv, Walker = W

RANGED WEAPONS

Weapon	Range	S	AP	Type
Autocannon	48"	7	4	Heavy 2
Autogun	24"	3	-	Rapid Fire
Autopistol	12"	3	-	Pistol
Battle cannon	72"	8	3	Ordinance 1, Large Blast
Blasting charge	8"	3	-	Assault 1, Blast
Bolt pistol	12"	4	5	Pistol
Cache of demolition charges	6"	8	2	Assault 1, Large Blast
Clearance incinerator	Template	5	4	Assault 1, Torrent
Demolition charge	6"	8	2	Assault 1, Large Blast, One Use Only
Eradicator nova cannon	36"	6	4	Heavy 1, Large Blast, Ignores Cover
Exterminator autocannon	48"	7	4	Heavy 4, Twin-linked
Flamer	Template	4	5	Assault 1
Grenade launcher				
Frag grenade	24"	3	6	Assault 1, Blast
Krak grenade	24"	6	4	Assault 1
Hand flamer	Template	3	6	Pistol
Heavy flamer	Template	5	4	Assault 1
Heavy bolter	36"	5	4	Heavy 3
Heavy mining laser	36"	9	2	Heavy 1
Heavy seismic cannon				
0-12"	8	3		Heavy 3, Resonance
12-24"	5	4		Heavy 6, Resonance
Heavy stubber	36"	4	6	Heavy 3
Hunter-killer missile	Infinte	8	3	Heavy 1, One Use Only
Lascannon	48"	9	2	Heavy 1
Lasgun	24"	3	-	Rapid Fire
Laspistol	12"	3	-	Pistol
Mining laser	24"	9	2	Heavy 1
Missile launcher				
Frag missile	48"	4	6	Heavy 1, Blast
Flakk missile	48"	7	4	Heavy 1, Skyfire
Krak missile	48"	8	3	Heavy 1
Mortar	48"	4	6	Heavy 1, Barrage, Blast
Multi-melta	24"	8	1	Heavy 1, Melta
Multi-laser	36"	6	6	Heavy 3
Needle pistol	12"	X	6	Pistol, Poisoned (2+)
Plasma cannon	36"	7	2	Heavy 1, Blast, Gets Hot
Seismic cannon				
0-12"	8	3		Heavy 2, Resonance
12-24"	5	4		Heavy 4, Resonance
Shotgun	12"	3	-	Assault 2
Vanquisher battle cannon	72"	8	2	Heavy 1, Armourbane
Web pistol	12"	3	*	Pistol, Blast, Cocooned
Webber	16"	4	*	Assault 1, Blast, Cocooned

MELEE WEAPONS

Weapon	Range	S	AP	Type
Bonesword	-	User	3	Melee, Life Drain
Close combat weapon	-	User	-	Melee
Force stave	-	+2	4	Melee, Concussive, Force
Heavy rock cutter	-	x2	2	Melee, Snip, Two-handed, Unwieldy
Heavy rock drill	-	x2	2	Melee, Two-handed, Unwieldy, Pulverise
Heavy rock saw	-	x2	2	Melee, Armourbane, Two-handed, Unwieldy
Lash whip and bonesword	-	User	3	Melee, Life Drain, Lash
Metamorph claw	-	User	5	Melee, Crush
Metamorph talon	-	User	5	Melee, Scythe
Metamorph whip	-	User	5	Melee, Lash
Patriarch's claws	-	User	3	Melee, Rending, Shred
Power hammer	-	+3	2	Melee, Concussive, Specialist Weapon, Two-handed, Unwieldy
Power maul	-	+2	4	Melee, Concussive
Power pick	-	+2	3	Melee, Unwieldy
Rending claws	-	User	5	Melee, Rending
Scything talons	-	User	6	Melee

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