

The Calixis Sector



Encyclopedia

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The Calixis Sector

History

The Calixis Sector is located in the Segmentum Obscurus, on the northern edge of the known galaxy, and represents a portion of the considerable territories conquered by the Imperial hero Lord Militant Angevin more than a thousand years ago. Its first governor was Drusus, one of Angevin's most capable generals, a man now revered as an Imperial Saint.

The Calixis Sector has many heavily populated and important worlds, but it lies a great distance from the Imperium's heartland and, like so much of the Imperium, it must ultimately fend for itself. Like all Imperial territories, the Calixis Sector is at risk from the chronic dangers facing humanity: war, mutation, xenos activity, the mark of Chaos, and so on. However, a singular threat lurks somewhere in the Calixis Sector, a mysterious, prophesied doom that has drawn the particular scrutiny of the Inquisition to this collection of worlds. This enigmatic threat, the Hereticus Tenebrae, or the **Tyrant Star** as it is known, is something the forces of the Inquisition most fervently wish to uncover, to comprehend and to destroy, before it is too late.

Galactic Position

To trailing, the Calixis Sector is bordered by the hazardous territories of the Fydae Great Cloud and to spinward by **the Scarus Sector**. Bordering to coreward, its nearest neighbour is the Ixaniad Sector. To rimward lay the contested and unregulated frontiers of the Halo Stars.

Sector Government

The hive world of **Scintilla**, situated in the **Golgenna Reach**, is the capital of the Calixis Sector. Along with the hellish mining world Sepheris Secundus and the war-torn planet Iocanthos, it forms a triumvirate of worlds essential for the sector's survival. The most powerful man in the Calixis Sector is officially Sector Governor Marius Hax, who rules the sector in the name of the Adeptus Terra from the Lucid Palace on Scintilla. However, the Calixian Conclave, led by Lord Inquisitor Caidin, is the ultimate authority in the sector, a clandestine and all-powerful presence behind the visible emblems and figureheads of power. No one has the power to gainsay the word of the Inquisition. Other important Imperial servants are Lord Inquisitor Zerbe of the Tyrantine Cabal, Cardinal Ignato of the Adeptus Ministorum, Lord Marshal Goreman of the Adeptus Arbites, Senior Astropath Xiao, and Canoness Goneril of the Adepta Sororitas. The power of the Adepta, however, is rivalled by the Great Houses, the noble families and corporations, which maintain a presence across the sector. Even the minor noble houses, those whose influence is limited to a single world, hold a great deal of power over ordinary citizens.

Name of World or Area	Type of World or Area	Sub Sector	Notes
41 Pry	Space Station	Golgenna Reach	Mostly deserted - some pirate activity
47 Kapella	War	Nr Blackshine Nebula in Drusus Marches	Undergoing Imperial pacification
88 Tanstar	Frontier	Drusus Marches	Navy Depot
Abandoned Hope	Forbidden	Josian Reach	Access forbidden by Inquisitorial order
Acreage	Feudal	Josian Reach	Civil war in the grand realm of Ascandia.
Alactra	Hive	Malfian	-
Archaos	Hive	Drusus Marches	Planet of philosophers.
Aryus One	Feudal	Malfian	Close to the Halo Stars.
Askelphion Secundus	Pleasure	Drusus Marches	-
Avitohol	Forbidden/Xenos	The Periphery	Ongoing war between Orks and the Imperium.

Balecaster	Feudal	Markayn Marches	-
Baraspine	Hive	Adrantis	-
Belacane	Forge	Markayn Marches	Famed for its Stasis Technology
Belahaam	Forbidden/Xenos	Hazeroth	-
Bloodfall System	Death Worlds	Hazeroth	-
Bront	Hive	Golgenna Reach	Home of Brontian Longknives IG Regiment
Calistra	Frontier	Markayn Marches	-
Canopus	Hive	Josian Reach	-
Cantus	Hive	Markayn Marches	-
Cindar	Mining	Malfian	-
Cloister	Frontier	Hazeroth	Once a bastion of the Black Templars
Clove	Hive	Hazeroth	Main base of Clovis Ministorum. Home to the 23rd Drusus Dragoons.
Coseflame	Feudal	Adrantis	Chasm city-states. Famous ore exports.
Cryptus	Cemetery	Drusus Marches	'Trip to Cryptus' is a euphamism for death
Cyclopea	Forge	The Periphery	Civilised world.
Cyprian's Gate	Pleasure	Hazeroth	-
Cyrus Vulpa	Agri	Golgenna Reach	Savannah-covered, herds of grox
Dalthus	Mining	Hazeroth	Miners noted for gaudy trinkets and charms
Diogenes IV Research Station	Space Station	Drusus Marches	Anchored in the centre of the infamous Pulsars
Dreah	Agri	Markayn Marches	-
Drusus Shrine World	Shrine	Drusus Marches	Also known as Sentinel
Drystan Construction Yards	Space Station	The Periphery	Towards the Scarus Sector
Dusk	Feral	Malfian	-
Dwimlicht	Feral	Hazeroth	-
Elros	Feudal	Hazeroth	An all-female death cult dominates this planet
Endrite	Feral	Drusus Marches	Population reveere ruined hulk of an Imperial battleship
Faldon Kise	Frontier	Malfian	-
Farcast	War	Malfian	-
Fedrid	Feral	Markayn Marches	Forest World with many deadly species
Fenksworld	Hive	Josian Reach	Battlefleet Calixis depot
Fervious	Feudal	Drusus Marches	Formerly known as Vasenrule
Festus	Feudal	Malfian	-
Fydae Minos	Agri	Malfian	Piracy is a constant problem in the Fydae system
Gallowglass	Agri	Malfian	A moon rather than a planet.
Ganf Magna	Frontier	The Periphery	Feral orks at large on this planet. Polygum is exported.
Gelmiro Primus	War	Spinward of Markayn	-

		Marches	
Gelmiro Secundus	War	Spinward of Markayn Marches	-
Gelmiro Tertius	War	Spinward of Markayn Marches	-
Grangold	Dead	Adrantis	Acid storms
Granithor	Cemetery	Golgenna Reach	-
Grove's Fall	Hive	Markayn Marches	Sentinel production
Gunpoint	Hive	Hazeroth	Now a byword for failure
Guytoga	Hive	Hazeroth	-
Hadd	Forge	Golgenna Reach	One of The Lathes
Haddrack	Death	Drusus Marches	Mechanicus explorator base/Sollex Admech sect.
Heed	Dead	Markayn Marches	Battle site of Angevin Crusade. Firestorms.
<i>Hereticus Tenebrae</i>	Special	Moves About	Also known as the Tyrant Star
Hesh	Forge	Golgenna Reach	One of The Lathes
Hesiod's Wake	Agri	Hazeroth	-
Het	Forge	Golgenna Reach	One of The Lathes
Heterodyne	Feudal	Hazeroth	Mechanicus domain / Feudal-tech experiment
Hilarion	Agri	Hazeroth	-
Hippocrasian Agglomeration	Space Station	Adrantis	Orbiting Morwen VI
Hredrin	Hive	Josian Reach	Psykers (Gaolist Astropaths)
Ichovor	Feudal	Hazeroth	World of swamps and rotting forests
Idumea	Forge	Hazeroth	-
Iocanthus	Agri	Golgenna Reach	Source of Ghostfire Pollen
Junos	Mining	Malfian	Piracy is a constant problem in the Fydae system
JXM A18Z	Forge	Malfian	A civilised world
Kalf	Frontier	The Periphery	Home of the Sand Devil
Kao-li	Forbidden /Xenos	Josian Reach	-
Karrik	Death	Markayn Marches	Orbited by The Pearl Moon
Kenov III	Death	Malfian	Home of the Ripper Whips
Kessae	Frontier	Malfian	Piracy is a constant problem in the Fydae system
Kinog	Pleasure	Malfian	-
Klybo	Dead	Markayn Marches	Rumour of hidden STC
Kommitzar	Penal	Hazeroth	Notorious prison planet
Kormisoshi Dockyards	Space Station	Adrantis	Located to the coreward of Tranch
Kudrun	Frontier	Josian Reach	-
Kulth	War	The Periphery	Ork invasion - conflict is in 83rd year
Kuluth	War	Malfian	-
Lacusta	Feral	Drusus Marches	Home of the Windriders IG Regiment
Landunder	Hive	Malfian	Inverted colonies dangle from planet's crust

Lehyde Ten	Frontier	Adrantis	All attempts at colonisation to date have failed
Lind	Hive	Malfian	The Lindwyrn Armoury produces grenades
Lo	Hive	Drusus Marches	Home of the Loi Metalworks Armoury
Loss	Feral	Malfian	-
Lugnum	Mining	Golgenna Reach	Ore exports
Lycosidae	Dead	Golgenna Reach	Legio Venator Fortress
Maccabeus Quintus	Shrine	Drusus Marches	Home of the Black Order
Malfi	Hive	Malfian	Believes it should be the sector capital and protests the supremacy of Scintilla
Malice	War	Hazeroth	Frontline of 'Wrack War'
Mara	Forbidden	Hazeroth	Ice world and formal penal colony - Access Forbidden
Marioch	Frontier	Adrantis	-
Merov	Hive	Golgenna Reach	Home of the Merovech Combine
The Misericord	Spacecraft	Golgenna Reach	Chartist Vessel
MMX 215	Forbidden	Malfian	-
Monrass	Feral	Drusus Marches	Lush and verdant backwater
Mortressa	Death	Adrantis	Home of renowned 'Scythewind' regiments
Morwen VI	Dead	Adrantis	Used as a training ground by certain regiments of the Brontian Longknives.
Mosul	Frontier	Markayn Marches	-
Mundus	White Dwarf	Malfian	Orbited by Port Goston
Munsk	Feral	Josian Reach	-
Nahme	Mining	Malfian	-
ND0/K4	Mining	Golgenna Reach	Gas mining operations
Omnicon 71-DX	Forge	Adrantis	Near the Adrantis Nebula
Opus Macharius	Forge	Drusus Marches	Named after Lord Solar Macharius
Orbel Quill	Agri	Malfian	No one here lives past 40
Orendal's Tomb	Shrine	Josian Reach	-
Palinurus Rhys	Frontier	Josian Reach	-
Pellucida IX	Mining	Drusus Marches	Mechanicus Demsene
Penopass	Feudal	Malfian	-
Percipre	Agri	Hazeroth	World covered in extensive greenhouse complexes
Perinetus	Forge	Adrantis	Floating forges in orbit for spacecraft repairs
Phagir	Dead	Hazeroth	Once an agri-world, Phagir was ravaged by a genetic virus
Phyrr	Death	Hazeroth	Home to the beautiful but deadly Phyrr Cat
Piety	Hive	Drusus Marches	A world of scum and villainy
Piety of Seth	Shrine	Adrantis	-
Pilgrim's Pause	Cemetery	Hazeroth	-
Prester Myra	Cemetery	Josian Reach	-
Port Gavinus	Space Station	Golgenna Reach	Popular commercial shipping station

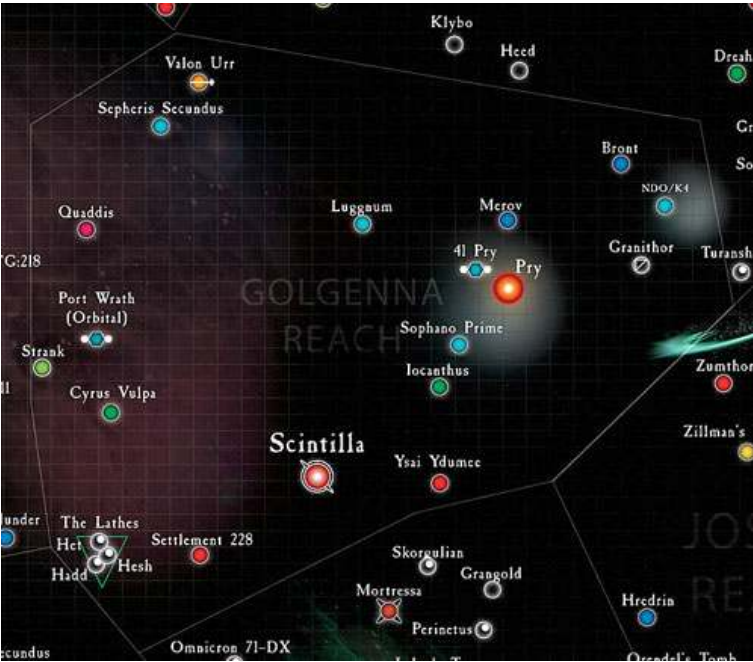
Port Goston	Space Station	Malfian	Main headquarters for Battlefleet Calixis
Port Wander	Space Station	Beyond Drusus Marches	Last stop before The Halo Stars
Prol IX	Hive	Markayn Marches	Home of the Decalogues of Prol
Protasia	War	Malfian	System has declared independence from the sector
Pry	Gas Giant	Golgenna Reach	Orbited by Space Station 41 Pry
Purgatory of Soubirous	Mining	Hazeroth	-
Quaddis	Pleasure	Golgenna Reach	Famous for wines. Private pleasure palaces for the wealthy.
Regulus	Agri	Hazeroth	Run by the Celestine Alliance
Reshia	Shrine	Josian Reach	-
Reth	Pleasure	Adrantis	Part of the Tephaine System
Ryboth	Forge	Markayn Marches	-
Sabriel	Space Station	The Periphery	Abandoned and forgotten Mechanicus outpost
St. Astrid's Fall	Frontier	Hazeroth	Moon orbiting Gas Gaint known as Sekmet
Sacris	Forbidden	Drusus Marches	A virulent plague is raging on this planet
Samson IV	Hive	Hazeroth	-
Scarric XXII	Unclassified	Hazeroth	Actually a dump planet for the systems waste - used as a hideout by smugglers
Scintilla	Hive	Golgenna Reach	Sector Capital
Seedworld AFG:218	Forbidden/Xenos	Malfian	Possible Eldar holding, cordoned off by Battlefleet Calixis
Sephiris Secundus	Mining	Golgenna Reach	Site of the Gorgonid Mine
Settlement 228	Frontier	Golgenna Reach	-
Sheol XVII	Asteroid	Hazeroth	Penal colony and Mechanicus outpost
Siculi	Agri	Adrantis	Part of the Tephaine System. Many lakes produce a crop of Protoalgia.
Sigurd IV	Hive	Josian Reach	-
Sinophia	Frontier	The Periphery	-
Siren's Den	Pleasure	Markayn Marches	-
Sisk	Feudal	The Periphery	-
Skorgulian	Forge	Adrantis	-
Sleef	Dead	The Periphery	Uninhabited. Warp Vibrations.
Snowden's World	Frontier	Josian Reach	Home of the Slaughter-Families
Solomon	Hive	Markayn Marches	Departmentum Munitorum Fiefdom/Chemical Refineries
Sophano Prime	Mining	Golgenna Reach	-
Soprony	Forbidden/Xenos	Hazeroth	-
Soryth	Mining	Adrantis	Frozen gas mining
Sozomen's Last Stand	Agri	Markayn Marches	-
Spectoris	Agri	Drusus Marches	Water World

Stilicho	Space Station	?	Mostly deserted - some pirate activity
Strank	Feral	Golgenna Reach	Swampworld, home of the infamous Stenchbeast of Strank
Stygian Prime	Agri	Hazeroth	Cold world with subterranean fungus farms
Synford	Forge	Hazeroth	Baneblades produced here
Synford II	Forge	Malfian	-
Tephaine	Hive	Adrantis	Part of the Tephaine System
Tephaine Minor	Agri	Adrantis	Part of the Tephaine System
Thical	Hive	Drusus Marches	Planet of ancient laws and restrictive customs
Threnos	Dead	Hazeroth	Sometime confused with the Threnos Zone
Threnos Zone	Forbidden	Drusus Marches	System of 13 planets avoided by ancient custom
Tranch	Hive	Adrantis	-
Tsade	Dead	Josian Reach	-
Tsade II	Agri	Josian Reach	-
Turanshush	Forge	Markayn Marches	-
Tygress I	Frontier	Drusus Marches	-
Tygress II	Frontier	Drusus Marches	-
Tygress III	Feral	Drusus Marches	-
Tygress IV	Dead	Drusus Marches	-
Tygress V	Feral	Drusus Marches	-
Valon Urr	Shrine	Golgenna Reach	-
Valos Krin	Feral	Hazeroth	World of ash storms and fire
Vaxanide	Frontier	Malfian	Developing into a Hive World
Veneris	Shrine	Drusus Marches	Mountains resemble certain Imperial saints
Vigil	Dead	Drusus Marches	Extensive ruins. Xenos population destroyed some 5000 years ago.
Volonx	Feral	Adrantis	-
Woe	Death	Josian Reach	-
Xeiros Prime	Forbidden	Malfian	Former agri-world, under virus quarantine
Ysai Ydumee	Frontier	Golgenna Reach	-
Zel Primus	Unclassified	Drusus Marches	-
Zel Secundus	Death	Drusus Marches	-
Zel Tertius	Frontier	Drusus Marches	Newly settled, a model colony
Zillman's Domain	Feudal	Josian Reach	Reported visit by the Tyrant Star 8 years ago
Zumthor	Frontier	Josian Reach	-
Zweihaan's World	Hive	Malfian	Famous for St Castor the Obviate

Subsector

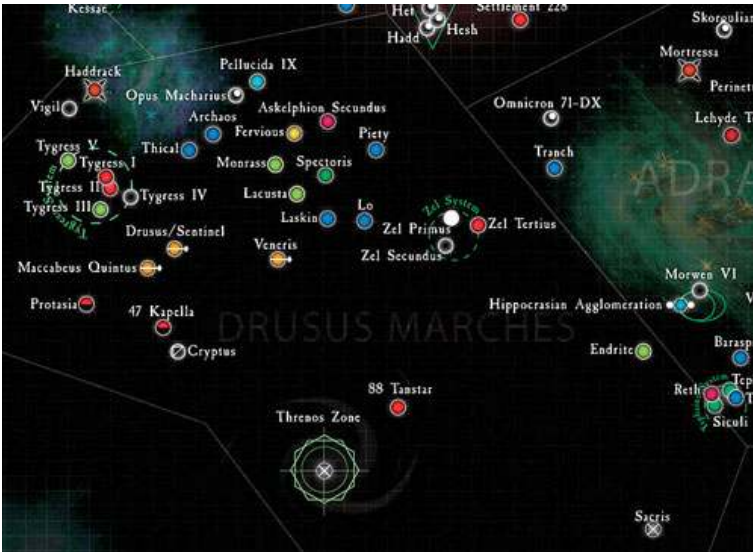
Golgenna Reach

This subsector of **the Calixis Sector** is home to many of the sector's most important planets.



Drusus Marches

This subsector of **the Calixis Sector** the Calixis Sector is heavily populated, and is home to a number of hive worlds. On the wilder edges of the subsector are a number of frontier worlds and warzones.



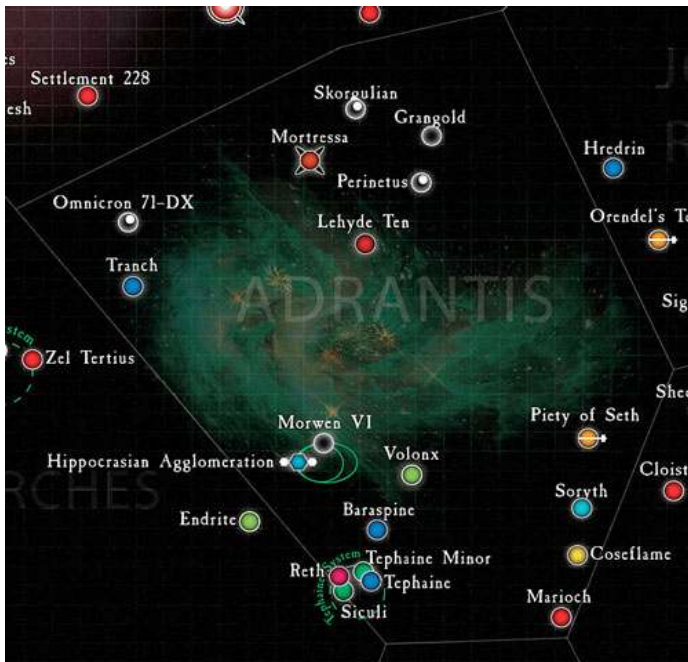
Malfian Sub-Sector

This subsector of **the Calixis Sector** is heavily populated, and is home to a number of hive worlds.



Adrantis Sub-Sector

This subsector of **the Calixis Sector** is the home Magos Genetus Halix Redole, a famous researcher dedicated to eradicating Adranti genetic corruption.



The Hazeroth Sub-Sector

This subsector of **the Calixis Sector** is home to the Hazeroth Abyss and a number of worlds with an ill reputation.



TYPES OF PLANET

Just as the people of the Imperium live in hugely varied environments, so too do their cultures vary immensely.

HIVE WORLDS

The Imperium's most populous worlds are its hive worlds. The populations of these planets are so high that the people live in huge cities, truly immense many-layered structures that reach high into the sky, each housing billions of individuals. Hive worlds often provide much-needed labour, their manufactoria producing mountains of war material and other goods to meet the Imperial tithe demands. Most hive worlds started out as relatively hospitable places but have become severely polluted, the areas outside the hives reduced to ash wastes or radioactive desert by the never-ceasing industry of the great cities. Equally dangerous can be the hives themselves. The crime-ridden, poverty-stricken areas, almost always found in the most polluted and decrepit lower levels of the underhive, are home to violent gangs, criminals and assorted scum as well as mutants and heretical cults who hide there from the authorities.

For examples see: Scintilla, Baraspine, Fenksworld, Malfi, Prol IX, Tranch, Vaxanide.

AGRI-WORLDS

These farming planets, in their own way, are as vital to the Imperium as its hives. These planets are given over entirely to the production of food, which hive worlds cannot produce in sufficient quantities to keep their huge populations from starving. Many a world has whole continents given over to livestock or fields of crops. Some agri-worlds are covered in oceans teeming with fish and a few are far stranger - worlds covered in edible fungus, scoured by swarms of nutritious insects or gas giants home to flocks of flying creatures. A few planets are used solely to provide clean water to nearby hive worlds. Agri-worlds are sometimes ruled directly by the Administratum, to help ensure that their produce is grown and harvested with maximum efficiency.

For examples see: Iocanthus, Dreah, Orbel Quill, Siculi, Spectoris.

FORGE WORLDS

Much of a forge world is like an immense factory, with industrial complexes soaring into the sky and mine workings burrowing deep into the crust. Forge worlds build great numbers of complex machines, like tanks or spacecraft parts. They are ruled by the Adeptus Mechanicus, whose training and research facilities are located there, along with the grand cathedrals to their deity, the Omnissiah, in which the Archmagi of the Tech-Priests enact the grandest, most complex rituals to honour the Machine God. The Adeptus Mechanicus' fleets, its tech-guard armies and, most formidably of all, the Titan Legions, are also all based on forge worlds. The forge worlds are sovereign

ground and the Adeptus Mechanicus is loath to allow anyone on their surface other than Tech-Priests and the legions of menials who serve them.

For examples see: The Lathes, Belcane

MINING WORLDS

These worlds are rich in one or more of the raw materials required by the Imperium's manufactoria and forge worlds. The people here are likely to be slaves or penal workers who live out their lives mining and transporting massive quantities of metallic ore, rock, minerals, frozen gases or some other useful or precious substance. Mining worlds tend to be rather inhospitable places, and many do not even possess a breathable atmosphere, though a few may support a greater variety of life and support developed cities and even hives.

For examples see: Sephiris Secundus, Landunder, ND0/K4, Soryth.

DEVELOPING WORLDS

These worlds are split into geographical areas with widely varying levels of advancement and culture. Depending on the prevailing governments, these might be countries, states, power blocks or tribal homelands. It may be the case that higher levels of technology and wealth are concentrated around original colonisation sites. Other planets might exhibit gross variations in culture due to environment, with areas weak in natural resources being similarly weak in terms of military power, economic muscle and so on. Some planets preserve a great divide due to ancient tribal taboos, religious notions or plain old-fashioned habit. A great many worlds of the Imperium fit into this broad category, but no two are alike in the way they realise these divides.

FEUDAL WORLDS

These planets are populated by folk who have lost access to all but the most basic of technologies. Farming, simple machines such as pulleys, windmills and the like are known, but propelled flight, automatic weaponry and even powered vehicles are likely to be rare or non-existent. These worlds are often said to be the most politically harmonious of all the planets of the Imperium, because their peoples know their place.

For examples see: Fervidus, Sisk.

FERAL WORLDS

These worlds are populated by tribal peoples largely living without the assistance of maintained technology. This may be due to a failed colonisation project, religious preferences, cultural choice, environment or some other reason. They may be aware of the Imperium in some fashion but are unlikely to know much more than something about a large group of distant people living in the stars. These planets are frequently unsuitable for later colonisation, either due to the circumstances which drove the natives feral or because the natives themselves actively resist new people settling on their lands. People of feral worlds can range widely in culture, from Grox-hunting tribes of ancestor worshippers to wild-eyed, post-apocalyptic road warriors, fighting endlessly amongst the toxic, sand-strewn ruins of their civilisation.

For examples see: Dusk, Fedrid, Volonx.

SHRINE WORLDS

These worlds are dominated by religion and acts of devotion. It may be that these places saw the birth of a famous saint or formed the battleground for a particularly important war. Often studded with temples and shrines, these worlds are frequently controlled by the Ecclesiarchy and may form training grounds for members of their Adepta. There are also the dark mirrors to these places of Imperial devotion - fallen worlds where the inhabitants offer up ceaseless prayer to the Dark Gods. These places of obscene sacrifices and bloody rites are not suffered continued existence for long.

For examples see: Drusus Shrine World.

CEMETERY WORLDS

Somewhat akin to shrine worlds are the cemetery worlds, where large areas of the planet are given over to care for the dead. Cemetery worlds may mark the site of a huge battle, or they may be covered in gigantic mausoleums each dedicated to a particular Imperial noble. In contrast rare cemetery worlds may be covered in fields of endless modest plots containing the remains of the inhabitants of a nearby hive world.

PLEASURE WORLDS

Otherwise known as paradise worlds and sometimes as garden worlds. These holiday worlds are the playground of the Imperial nobility. They tend to be of outstanding natural beauty and the population of such worlds are dedicated to pampering the important visitors they receive. Pleasure worlds are often very cultured places, and many have sections of their populace dedicated solely to producing works of art or music. Casino complexes, opulent restaurants and huge ballrooms are often found on such worlds. There is a darker side to pleasure worlds, particularly those who cater to the tastes of the more depraved guests they receive. Some pleasure worlds contain large developing cities and other major settlements.

For examples see: Reth.

QUARANTINED WORLDS

The existence of these planets is rarely made obvious but there are many of them throughout the Imperium. Travel to these worlds is forbidden except for the most well-informed and heavily armed expeditions, and even then only with a very good reason. Death worlds, alien empires or planets where the creatures of the warp have broken through into realspace are all examples of quarantined worlds, as are planets wracked with plague. Some worlds are quarantined because no one can fathom the origins of what has been found there, be it mysterious artefacts or ancient cities - it is thought better to live in ignorance of what lies on such worlds than risk it becoming a threat. Other worlds are quarantined because every expeditionary mission there has failed to return. Planets are often quarantined by the pronouncements of Inquisitors, especially if they have uncovered some warp taint or xenos infestation that cannot be cleansed. Many quarantined worlds possess great resources that would be extremely valuable to the Imperium if they were properly explored and exploited, but there are enough tales of ancient horrors awoken on sinister alien worlds that few adepts would try to defy a planetary quarantine.

WAR WORLDS

There are a great many worlds in the Imperium that can be classed as war zones. The Imperium is constantly at war and in those wars whole planets can burn. Massive campaigns can envelop dozens of systems and hundreds of worlds, many of which are utterly devastated by orbital bombardments and artillery in planet-spanning battles that last decades. Long-term war zones are hellish places where death comes quickly. The Imperium can field truly immense armies of millions of men, grinding their way across a devastated planet and reducing cities to rubble. Mercenaries flock to such places, hoping to leave soon after with their ships loaded with pay. Deserters and escaped prisoners form bands of pirates, preying on any ships unable to defend themselves or roam the war-torn planets in feral packs stealing and killing. The Administratum sends colonists from overcrowded worlds to populate war-torn worlds after the fighting has ended but the wheels of the Imperium grind slowly and a world can lie devastated for centuries before any effort is made to resettle it. These places can be some of the most ghastly in the Imperium, with ravaged environments, cracked planetary crusts, burnt-out cities and plains covered in the bones of the fallen.

DEAD WORLDS

These worlds have minimal, even non-existent, life traces. This results from ecological catastrophe, devastating internecine war, Imperial or alien intervention or no attributable cause.

For examples see: Klybo.

DEATH WORLDS

Planets which are too dangerous to support widespread human settlement. Types vary from world-wide jungles that harbour carnivorous plants and animals to barren rockscapes strewn with volcanoes and wracked by ion storms. These worlds are near-impossible to colonise but must be properly explored which necessitates the provision of outposts and other facilities. Some harbour rich mineral, vegetable, animal or gaseous resources.

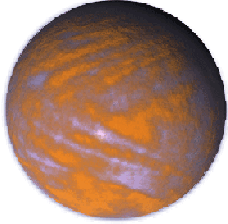
For examples see: Karrik.

FRONTIER WORLDS

These worlds have only recently been discovered by the Imperium and are home to a relatively small number of colonists. The Administratum may not have even had sufficient time to fully explore the world and set up government. Frontier worlds can be a refuge for those who want to escape from the repressive Imperial regime (for a time at least), though they can also be a destination for those who want to escape its justice too, and have a reputation for lawlessness as a result.

Planet

PRY



Pry is a gas giant, with a dingy Imperial station in orbit. Barely operational, and mostly forgotten by respectable merchant fleets. The station (named 41 Pry) is a famous supply point and a seat of illegal activity. It is not a place to venture into lightly, and it is best to keep one hand on your pistol and the other on your gelbag. Ghostfire pollen from **Iocanthus** is available here, at a price, if you know who to talk to. If you don't, such questions will get you killed rather swiftly.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

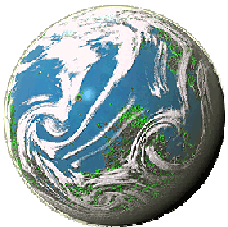
GALACTIC POSITION: 7/7/CS/H.

CLASS: 41 Pry is a Space Station.

SUBSECTOR: Golgenna

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: Stable warp routes run from 41 Pry to **Iocanthus**, Cloister and Regulus.

ACREAGE



An Imperial backwater, it lies in the sub-sector of Josian Reach, connected to the rest of **the Calixis Sector** by a few tenuous shipping routes. However, it is firmly under Imperial rule and provides its Imperial tithe in the form of raw materials and manpower. Sending ores to build the Emperor's battleships and men to fill His armies. For most of the citizens of Acreage, the Emperor and the Imperium are merely another set of masters. The inhabitants would seldom think to raise their heads from their daily toil, whether it be in the gruel fields or the sky-mills, to contemplate what lies far beyond the bounds of their world.

The same, however, cannot be said for the dominating classes of nobles (who often claim such titles on little more than strength of arms and poorly-forged documents). They are constantly in conflict, both clandestinely and overtly, to rule the vast toiling masses. Power equals status on Acreage. The amount of land and people a noble commands directly equates to his standing with the High King, and it is the High King who carries the favour of the Imperium, the greatest master of all.

On Acreage, the High King's realm, known as Ascandia, spans the majority of the northern landmass. Stretching for thousands of miles and encompassing hundreds of thousands of people, cultures and scores of lesser princes, kings and queens. It is a land of rugged mountains, dark icy forests and endless lonely plains, broken only by primitive villages and stinking greyish gruel fields or the precarious towering sky-mills.

For the last few years, however, the relative stability of this

realm, and in fact most of Acreage, has been rent apart by a bloody civil war. The High King died without naming an heir, leaving his surviving children to bicker and fight amongst themselves for the title in a war in which thousands have already perished. This has been a prosperous time for the nobles, as each has taken the advantage of the mayhem of war to expand their domains or settle old scores. It has also drawn more off-world interest to Acreage, in the form of mercenaries and traders, seeking to make a profit through selling skills, training and advanced weapons.

One such noble taking advantage of these off-world visitors is Prince Orcan, lord of the City of Olrankan. Also known as the Floating City, Olrankan, sprawls along a section of the southern coast of Ascandia, where the foetid Chitin Swamps meet the dark waters of the Sea of Sorrows. The city is notable not only for its construction, standing atop countless rotting posts above the stinking waters of the swamp, but also for its proximity to one of Acreage's few spaceports - Emperor's Island, located several miles out to sea.

Prince Orcan has cultivated his position throughout the war by controlling much of the traffic to and from Emperor's Island; brokering deals with other nobles for access to precious off-world cargos and skilled soldiers. Inevitably this monopoly has created a great deal of jealousy amongst his nearest neighbours, and more than once, Olrankan has been besieged by the cannon-barges and musketmen of a rival lord. However, the same off-world weapons and soldiers that have sparked such attacks have also ensured Orcan's victory every time thus far. His rivals, however, have not yet been deterred and continue to try periodically to take the city by force.

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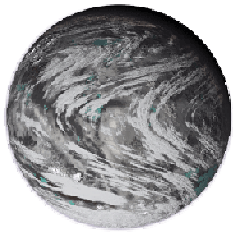
CLASS: Feudal World.

SUBSECTOR: Josian Reach.

ALIEN FLORA AND FAUNA: While the prince's attentions have been focused on the enemies outside his walls, a far more dangerous group of individuals have infiltrated his domain - the Slaught. Insidious and disturbing aliens, the Slaught are carrion eaters who use their vile cunning to foment war and strife so that they may feed off the resulting carnage. Olrankan's constant state of turmoil has proved the perfect nesting ground and they have secretly set themselves up within the city to feed on its inhabitants. Not content to simply devour the war dead, the Slaught have also been harvesting corpses and spreading terror themselves. Every night they send out their alien pets - xeno predators selected for their aggression and horrific natures - to hunt the locals. These monsters kill indiscriminately and leave only tales of terror in their wake. So far, the prince has been too distracted by his foes outside the city's walls to worry about these wild rumours - after all, amidst the flames of war what is one more horror?

More details about the planet can be found in Alan Bligh's adventure 'Maggots in the Meat', which can be found in the **Dark Heresy Games Master's Kit**.

BARASPINE



Baraspine is a small Imperial hive world.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

GALACTIC POSITION: 94-72/CS/SE

CLASS: Hive World.

SUBSECTOR: **Adrantis**

POPULATION: 2,000,000,000.

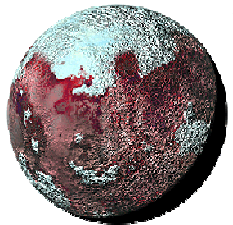
CLIMATIC PHENOMENON: Splinter Winds of Barsapine – these are 700km force winds carrying fragments of ceramic matter capable of sheering a lightly armoured human to bone in less than 30 seconds.

PRINCIPLE EXPORTS: Cogitation cells and pottery.

TRIVIA: "May life learn you" is a typical Barsapinian Curse.

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: A stable warp route links Baraspine to **Scintilla**.

BELACANE



An ancient and formerly highly influential Hive world, the Techmage Lords of Belacane have, in recent centuries, lost much of their influence within the Adeptus Mechanicus. Once known across the galaxy for it's expertise in the manufacture of temporal stasis fields, the forge world appears now to solely be dedicated to hoarding it's technologies and jealously guarding it's sacred wisdom.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

EQUATORIAL CIRCUMFERENCE: 18,000 Miles.

GRAVITY: 1.2G.

CLASS: Forge World.

YEARS AND DAYS: Belacane takes 408 Terran days to Orbit its star and spins on its axis every 30 Terran hours.

SATELLITES: No natural moons, but the planet maintains a vast starship repair complex in low orbit, together with a series of defensive weapons platforms.

POPULATION: 2,700,000,000.

MEAN SURFACE TEMPERATURE: -40°C.

TROPOSPHERIC COMPOSITION: Belacane has a thin, unbreathable atmosphere which offers little protection from the "season of iron," a hail of asteroids that bombards the planet once every year.

PLANETARY GOVERNER: Archmagos Daedus has ruled Belacane

from his vitae-tank for over three centuries. A genius of the first order, he is said to have the most encyclopaedic knowledge of stasis systems in the Imperium, and is rumoured to have been consulted in centuries past by the tech-adepts who maintain the Golden Throne and the Shrine of the Primarch on Macragge. He has not been seen in public for over thirty years, but continues to issue decrees and manufacture quota demands via the planet's machine-spirit network, and is said to be in daily communication with the highest figures in the order.

His regime is a harsh one, demanding ever more from it's worker-slaves, leaving them little time to question his authority or his motives...

RELIGION: As Tech Priests make up a large percentage of the population, the Cult of the Machine God is the most prevalent faith. The Ecclesiarchy maintains small chapels for the benefit of the slave-workers.

CLIMATE: Belacane is a rocky world with no breathable atmosphere and little surface water. The planet is, in any event, so cold that water simply turns to ice instantly. Most of the planet's water is subterranean, and great effort must be expended to mine it.

However the planet is fabulously rich in iron deposits, giving it a reddish appearance from orbit. Combined with the vast iron asteroids of the Panevrian belt, this makes Belacane a major mining centre as well as forge world.

SOCIETY: The people of Belacane live in gloomy underground cities, hermetically sealed to preserve their precious atmospheres against the extremes of their world. Each city squats near vast underground ice deposits. Live is harsh, with 95% of the population consisting of indentured slave-workers who either work in the manufactory or spend their lives mining ice or iron.

The techpriests of Belacane have a dark secret: they have lost the ability to manufacture stasis field projectors, the device upon which their world's reputations is based. Their Archmage, Daedus, jealously hoarded all data relating to stasis fields for himself for decades, seeking to understand the inner mysteries of this long dead technology. He claimed to his high ranking colleagues that he was on the verge of a great breakthrough: then, suddenly, he was found by his colleagues dead in his vitae tank, a victim of a severe stroke that even his mastery of technology could not prevent.

A leading cabal of techlords have kept his death a secret from the planetary population and are resorting to increasingly desperate measures to maintain the status of their world in the face of their own total ignorance about the technologies they are supposed to be expert in. This facade has involved senior Techmages in increasingly humiliating deceptions in order to maintain this lie, the most recent of which involved 200 year old High Magos Burke crouching in Daedus' stinking Vitae-tank and imitating his booming voice for the benefit of visiting Scintillan nobles.

How far will the techlords go to conceal their own ignorance? There is an old Inquisitorial saying that the most vicious conspiracies are created to conceal stupidity and ignorance: who will feel the wrath of this cabal of powerful, ignorant conspiritors?

WATER SUPPLY: A portion of the ice mined on Belacane is set aside, melted, treated and rationed out to the slave-workers.

PRINCIPLE EXPORTS: Belacane once was a fabulously wealthy forge world which produced virtually the entire Imperial stock of stasis fields, stasis projectors and stasis grenades. However, the supply of these items has dried up over the past 500 years, and many whisper that Belacane now lacks the means to produce them.

The planet now exports a variety of field based technologies, such as void shields, for use on millions of imperial planets. It also produces (of course) large numbers of weapons, with a particular emphasis on large scale defence lasers for the Imperial Navy.

PRINCIPLE IMPORTS: Foodstuffs and some rare minerals.

DEFENCES: The forge world is the base for the Lightbringers, a small Titan legion consisting of five warhounds and a pair of reaver titans. It also operates a large contingent of Skitarii tech-guard.

Most famously, however, the planet is home to the deadly Ordinatus Belacane, an ancient and forbidding device mounted upon a colossal tracked crawler which can project a vast stasis field up to a kilometre away. This field can either freeze anything in the path of its beam immobile, making it vulnerable to missile attacks, or age the target by centuries in a second. It has not been used in anger for over 500 years, and is now regarded as too precious to leave the planet.

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: Belacane is in the Markayn Marches and is relatively close to such planets as Karrik and Prol IX.

DREAH



The folk of the agri-world Dreah for example have a grey skin, hair and eye tone, which exactly matches the flora, fauna, sky and waters of their notoriously dull planet. Agri-world noted the sector over for its grey skies, soil, plants and waters. Dreahans are notoriously dull, with pallid, greyish flesh and a sullen look to their faces. Traders are able to make large sums selling exotic dyes to the Dreahans.

More unsavoury merchants have found a ripe market for hallucinogenic drugs, as Dreahans are particularly fond of the bright colours such substances make them see. The Planetary governor is operating to crack down on this trade, with little success.

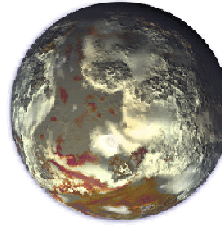
+++PLANETARY DATA+++

GALACTIC POSITION: 12-317/67/CS/NNE

CLASS: Agri World.

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: Stable warp routes link Dreah to **Prol IX** and **Iocanthus**.

DRUSUS SHRINE WORLD (SENTINEL)



Also known as Sentinel, this planet stands at the rimward limits of the sector and is dedicated as a holy shrine world to Saint Drusus. An elementally poor world, dominated by bleak dust bowls and salt-deserts, it supports, thanks to the Chartist ships, a population of pilgrims who maintain the Shrine: a five thousand metre tall structure of osulite and rockcrete located in the southern hemisphere. The Shrine is the only significant artificial structure on the planet. There, high up in the draughty reaches of weathered stone, burns the eternal flame of Drusus, ministered to by the flocks of pilgrims, most of whom come to Sentinel to die. The standard of living is low on this bleak world and there is no system of government or order apart from the rubrics of the Imperial Creed. Outside the Shrine - "beyond the shadow" as local slang has it - life is a fringe existence, to say the least. Endless, waterless deserts of dust and calcification stretch out to the very edges of the planet. Jettison collectors and scavengers may be found in the vast salt-licks but they are transient. A well supplied man might last twenty days in the barrens of this harsh world.

However, Sentinel is a world that draws visitors and explorers. Foremost are the pilgrims, those wishing to abase themselves at the foot of Drusus's Shrine. For many, this is an act of suicide. Voyaging to the shrine world is vastly expensive and passage is hard to procure. Even if you get there, there is no guarantee of a return ticket. The licks beneath the shrine are littered with desiccated bones and mummified remains, sometimes in a thick carpet.

It is said that in the outer bowls of Sentinel, a man may find visions and answers. This rumour has undoubtedly arisen from the mind-altering effect of the emptiness and the heat. Even so, pilgrims come to the shrine and then head off, on foot, into the bleakness, in search of illumination. Any short ride by land car or flier from the Shrine will reveal tortured bones lying in heaps at the end of long footprint trails that the wind has never erased. "Walking into silence" is what the shrine priests call this behaviour. Rumours suggest that, at the point of death, the silence speaks back to the true of heart.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

GALACTIC POSITION: 10-4/6/CS/NW.

CLASS: Shrine World.

NATIVE FLORA AND FAUNA: Rumours make mention of a xenos race living on the shrine world. Certainly there are several species of lustrous bug and beetle that haunt the desert, drinking dew off their armoured carapaces every dawn. The rumours talk of an ancient, insectoid race called the Whisperers, which lives, shelters and breeds in deep tunnels under the dry earth. Far from being an animalistic species, the Whisperers - if the insane rantings of a few, surviving silence walkers can be trusted - are a complex and ancient culture, tunnelling under the crust of Sentinel and only occasionally crawling to the surface. The Whisperers - so named because of the brushing sounds their giant wing cases make - are said to hold great truths and secrets about the cosmos, which may be learned by the aware and the capable. No relic or evidence of the Whisperers has ever been found.

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: A stable warp route connects Sentinel to **Spectoris**.

DUSK



Feral World. So named as the planet is constantly basked in a very low light. The climate means there are large varieties of fungus and even the native wildlife has evolved from Fungal strands.

Dusk was visited by Elana the Unshaken, an Imperial Missionary who made it her lifelong goal to bring the word of the Emperor to the dark places of the Imperium. It is said that she bore a scar for each world she visited, and that upon Dusk she was savaged by predators whilst travelling in the wilderness.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

GALACTIC POSITION: 144269/CS/SW.

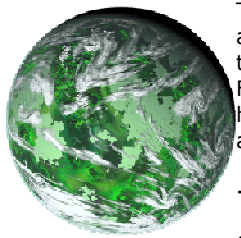
CLASS: Feral World.

SUBSECTOR: Malfian

NATIVE FLORA AND FAUNA: Glo-Slugs of Dusk - The glo-slugs can be found in the swamps that cover the world of Dusk. In the water they are quite unremarkable, looking like a giant brown or black slug. Like much of Dusk's native fauna, the slugs are carnivorous and spend their lives searching for dead creatures to slime over and digest. When removed from the water the slug's skin immediately gives off a phosphorous white glow.

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: There are no stable warp routes between Dusk and other planets of the **Calixis Sector**, though **Malfi** is the nearest major planet.

FEDRID



The thick forests of Fedrid are so dense and so teeming with dangerous carnivores that access is forbidden without a license. Fedrid is a particular favourite of game hunters and those individuals procuring animals for the Imperial arenas.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

GALACTIC POSITION: 122/93/CS/E

CLASS: Feral World.

PRINCIPLE EXPORTS: The Fedridian Arboreal Transport - Technically a walker class vehicle re-designed almost beyond recognition. The odd vehicle, with its low-slung body and six massive grasping limbs, reminds viewers of a crustacean, hence its most commonly used nickname, the Tree Crab. Tree Crabs are quite capable of carrying a dozen man hunting party and several tonnes of gear near the tops of the great trees of Fedrid, high above the forest floor where the bulk of the predators roam.

Fedrid Razor Disc - Developed by the hunters of Fedrid the throwing disc is little more than a razor edged disc, about the size of a standard plate, which can be thrown with surprising accuracy. When thrown the disc makes a low humming sound, allowing the hunter to follow the disc by sound as it disappears into the dense Fedrid undergrowth.

Fedrid Smoke Flares - Fedrid smoke flares are made from hollowed out spines of cactus-like plants. They are then filled with a cotton-like substance, that, when lit gives off a high yield of thick black, acrid smoke over an area of up to 40 metres.

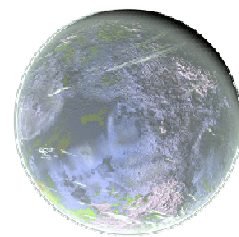
Fedrid Braid Cloak - The hunters of Fedrid rarely go tracking without wearing a braid cloak. The cloak is made from the tough hide of a large herbivorous creature.

NATIVE FAUNA AND FLORA: The forest world of Fedrid holds the dubious distinction of having a huge population of large predators, making the beasts of that world particularly fierce and perpetually hungry. The Imperium's big game hunters, who have to be licensed to legally hunt on Fedrid, are generally capable of spending days discussing which beast the 'Hunter's Paradise' has thrown up is the most dangerous without coming to an agreement. On one point, however, all agree without question: the Fedridian Althak, while not the most dangerous, is surely the most vicious creature on the entire planet.

The Althak is a ferocious mammalian quadruped with a form and temperament resembling a bizarre blending of a terrestrial wolverine with a crocodile. Althaks aggressively patrol an area about their den stretching for a two-kilometre radius. They attack anything and everything they can reach within their chosen territory, ripping apart any creatures they find and leaving scattered carcasses about on the rare occasions when they aren't hungry. Althak urine has a deeply pungent smell that serves as the sole warning to any living thing that dares to enter their territory. Hunters have discovered that a light coating of Althak's urine will keep the majority of Fedridian predators at bay; even the largest predators would sooner avoid an Althak than tangle with one. Indeed, Althak urine has been reported to be effective as a predator deterrent on every planet on which it has been used. However, the extreme potency of the Althak's discharge, along with the great danger involved in collecting it, makes it both an expensive and rarely used substance.

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: There is a stable warp tunnel between Fedrid and **Sepheris Secundus**, with whom most of the planet's trade agreements are made.

FENKSWORLD



Small, grimy hiveworld to coreward. Substation depot of the Battlefleet Calixis. It is suggested that many cults and other "secret parties" test their influence on the Fenksworld population, using it as a manageable test bed before moving on to dominant worlds like **Scintilla** and **Malfi**. Cults and cult activity certainly fester here.

Fenksworld's most notable feature is its Library of Knowing, one of the sector's most comprehensive

sources of data outside the Prol system. The Library of Knowing's most significant attribute is that it is run under the ordination of the planetary governor and exists outside general Imperial jurisdiction. The Calixian Conclave has made several (subtle) attempts to close the Fenskworld library down, due to its esoteric contents. The library remains a "family run" enterprise, overseen by the planetary governor's family, the mercurial House Vaahkon.

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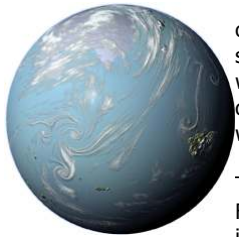
GALACTIC POSITION: 1056/45/CS/H.

CLASS: Hive World.

POPULATION: 1,000,000,000.

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: Stable warp routes link Fenskworld to Acreage and Zillman's Domain.

FERVIOUS



The entire population of Fervious inhabits one sprawling shanty city. This has spawned a very violent and callous culture where murder is an accepted form of despatching rivals and as a way gaining wealth and influence.

The planet has not always been known as Fervious, and some still refer to it using it's old name of Vasenrule.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

CLASS: Feudal World.

NATIVE FLORA AND FAUNA: The styger - a beast of burden found on Fervious, when birthing the creature makes a thick, viscous liquid to feed its newborn young. The Fervious Serpent - a highly venomous ophidian-like lifeform.

PRINCIPLE EXPORTS: Fervious Banded Armour - The banded armour of Fervious is made from layers of tough, laminated strips of hide that are bonded or sewn to cushioned leather. The armour has been developed to stop the razor sharp Fervious katanas and is worn by warriors and nobles who constantly fear for their lives.

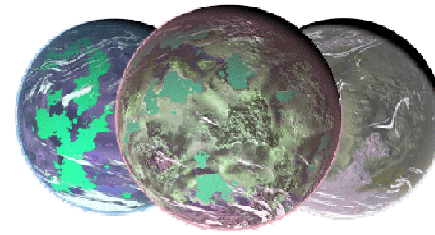
Fervious Katana - The Fervious katana is a long, curved sword. It is sharper than many other types of sword as the metal of Fervious is a very stubborn and hard material that is folded many times to create a razor-sharp edge. Katanas are wielded by Fervious nobles and is also used by the many of the Death Cults of that world.

Fervious Nunchakus - Nunchakas are made from two staves that are bound together by a length of tough sinew. On other worlds where nunchakus have been developed the staves are bound by a chain. On Fervious, the end of the staves of the Nunchakus will also be coated in the venom from the deadly Fervious serpent. A high level of skill is needed to use the nunchakus effectively as the wielder must avoid poisoning himself while trying to strike his enemy.

Fervious Styger Milk - If drunk by humans the milk literally

coats the throat, windpipe and stomach for up to a day after being ingested. As well as being full of nutrients and proteins, the people of Fervious have found that a side effect of the milk is that any poisons that are subsequently consumed have little to no effect. The styger milk is so effective at preventing poisoning that all Fervious nobles, as a matter of course, will drink Styger Milk before eating. This has led to substantial wealth for styger dairy farmers who, before the discovery of the milks benefits, were nothing more than just peasants. Now the dairy farmers have grown rich and powerful in their own right, fighting amongst themselves in the hopes of creating a monopoly.

THE LATHES



A trio of quasi-worlds at the hem of the Malfian subsector, the Lathes are the foremost forge worlds of the sector, rivalling **Scintilla's** Gunmetal City for weapons manufacture. The three planetoids, Het,

Hesh and Hadd, enjoy an irregular orbit around their star, intersecting to produce events of hyper-gravity. At such times, industry goes into frantic production, as the commingled gravitational urges of the passing planetoids allow for the specialist smelting of rare metals and alloys. Lathe-world blades are famed throughout **the Calixis Sector** for their unbreakable character. Gravitational duress also accounts for the dense, armour-piercing quality of Lathe-world ammunition. These so-called "body-blowers" are expensive and rare, and often purchased singly. The damage they can do to flesh is astonishing. Blades produced under gravitic circumstances on the Lathes are considered holy and special. **Lord Hax** owns a rapier of Lathe origin, presented to him by Magus Luol Rho, the Lathe-world emissary to the court of Scintilla. It is rumoured that King Skull's sword is also an unbreakable tongue of Lathe-world manufacture.

The workforce of the Lathes is surprisingly small but all those born and bred on those oddly tangling planetoids are meaty, squat and powerful in their demeanour, and built with heavy bones and mounds of flesh.

As with all forge worlds held in the fealty of the Mechanicus of Mars, the Lathes are a secretive, closed environment. Visits require special permits and authority, and the Lathes are protected by a fraternity of warrior priests, who can call upon the power of Titans if the circumstances demand.

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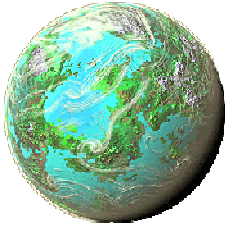
GALACTIC POSITION: 7-2/34/CS/NNW.

CLASS: Forge Worlds.

SUBSECTOR: Golgenna

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: Stable warp routes run from The Lathes to **Landunder**

HILARION



This planet was to have been originally named Halarion after the Solstice effect observed by the exploration team, but an error in transcription meant that the name Hilarion was gazetted.

The majority of the inhabitants of this Agri-world are peasants or serfs whose existence is spent working the fields of their masters, and in the brief time allotted

to them, attending to their own crops. The villages work the surrounding lands on a field rotation system, with each field being left to lie fallow one season in five. A peasant is entitled to a small plot of land as long as he/she works a nine-hour day in the service of their master. This service need not all be in tending the land, so some peasants specialise in the other crafts required to maintain a population: Blacksmith, Charcoal Burner, Farrier, Woodsman, Hunter, Fisherman, Messenger, Rodent Wrangler, Craftsman and Wagoneer to name a few. Almost all of the peasants have no concept of a world beyond their horizons; apart from the fact that the Emperor watches over them and that their labours benefit the Imperium of Mankind.

The Noble Spectrum Houses each control a portion of the Planet surface, as it was decreed in the beginning: One colour to each region, no house to hold too much land, but all tied together by blood. A blending of the spectra may create minor houses, but their holdings must be ratified by the Council of Colours, and be held only in trust. Thus the Spectrum uses the minor houses to oversee the extent of their holdings. Each house may maintain a corps of armymen, but their numbers must be maintained in parity across all houses to ensure balance remains. Martial contests are an indulgence of the Noble class, allowing the tension between individuals and houses to be settled in an "amicable" and none too costly manner.

There is a considerable Ecclesiarchy presence on the planet; as a result of the significance of one of the major export products, and the weight of the Imperial Cult within the populace. All houses will have a priest in residence, and members of the clergy can be found throughout the populace, even the meanest village will have a priest to lead services in praise of the Emperor, and to remind all of their duties to the Spectrum, and the Emperor.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

EQUATORIAL CIRCUMFERENCE: 59,757 Miles.

GRAVITY: 0.95 G.

CLASS: Agri-world.

SUBSECTOR: Hazeroth

YEARS AND DAYS: Hilarion takes 590 Terran days to Orbit its star and spins on its axis every 28 Terran hours.

SATELLITES: 2 "Moons". These spin in opposite directions at 90° to each other, and at 30° to either side of the planet's axis. This causes a slight wobble in the planetary orbit, but the phenomena seems relatively stable. Due to the difference in size of the two moons, and their distance from the planet's surface, they appear quite different for most of their cycles, however during Solstice there is a great celestial conjunction celebrated across the planet. This event occurs every 5 years

and marks the point where the Sun, and both moons align – forming the Emperor's Halo – a fiery corona visible around the moons. The smaller moon seems to glow with its own light during Solstice, even though its larger sibling stands between it and the Solar light.

The majority of the populace is not aware that the smaller, closer moon is in fact artificial, simply an satellite spaceport for quarantine and administrative purposes. The Agriculture of the planet must be protected at all costs; hence all ships visiting must be decontaminated (by crews from the satellite port) prior to receiving landing clearance. Visiting crews are encouraged to keep to themselves so as to not destabilise the resident populace with tales of the worlds beyond the sky.

POPULATION: Approximately 750,000,000 - although an exact count of the peasant class is impossible.

MEAN SURFACE TEMPERATURE: 19°C.

TROPOSPHERIC COMPOSITION: Nitrogen 75%, Oxygen 21.95%, Argon 0.93%, Carbon Dioxide 0.137%, trace amounts of other gases, and a variable amount (average around 2%) of Water Vapour.

PLANETARY GOVERNER: The planet is ruled by the Council of Colours, which is composed of the heads of the Seven Great Houses – or the Spectrum Houses. Each house is ascendant in turn; dominance decreed during Solstice by the divine light of the Emperor's Halo – in the ritual of the Eagle's Light. The statute of the council states that a majority must ratify major decisions and agreements. These decisions may not be made in the first year after Solstice, nor in the last year of the cycle. This prevents a certain amount of political backstabbing, and smooths the transition between the Houses ascension. As all major houses are bound by some degree in blood, there is rarely major tension, more often petty bickering over trade quotas, tithes and the general "one-upmanship" that goes with being the ruling elite.

The Ecclesiarchy assists by providing diplomatic envoys where necessary, and provides the personnel to oversee the transport hubs where goods are assembled for export. Their neutrality ensures that one house cannot gain advantage over another; a system that has been stable for so long, that it is now rarely tested.

RELIGION: The people believe they are chosen for this life, and it is the divine will of the Emperor that they carry out the tasks they are born to. The strong presence of the Ecclesiarchy reinforces this on a daily basis: Each house will attend prayer at least once a day, and the peasants are joined by their priest who will provides insight and encouragement to them whilst they labour.

There are two other significant factors that reinforce the teachings of the Imperial Cult. The Solstice which occurs every five years and bathes the populace in the light of the Emperor's Halo – a sign of blessing visible to all and indisputable proof of the Divine purpose.

The second is the Sacred Aquila, protected by the Ecclesiarchy, and known only to the Spectrum houses (although its presence is the subject of awed rumours and whispers amongst the wider population). The Aquila is the focus of the ritual of the Eagle's Light – the focus for

determining the ascendance of a new Spectrum House during Solstice. The Aquila was there when the first settlers arrived on the planet – a sign that this was the world that had been destined to serve the Imperium, the Emperor and the Church. Seven pillars of creamy white stone make up the Aquila, each composed of graceful curves and veined with traces of gold like pristine marble. Their placement marks the outline of the Aquila: Heads, Wingtips, Feet and Tail with a Heart Stone to one side of the central axis. Perhaps it is due to the fairly constant temperature, or the light of the sun, but the pillars feel warm to the touch. Each pillar has been set with a glass orb of a different hue; one for each Spectrum House – Vermillion, Ambre, Citron, Emeralde, Saphir, Amethyste, Violette. During the Ritual of the Eagle's Light, the Solstice conjunction will illuminate the house that will rule for the following five years. The divine light from the Emperor's Halo shines through one of the coloured orbs set upon the Aquila's pinions and a beam of the Spectrum touches the Heart stone.

The Sacred Aquila has been protected by the Ecclesiarchy, and now lies within the precinct of the Sensoria; a garden set with many of the species grown upon the planet, and intertwined with streams and sculptures dedicated to the Emperor and his saints. The Sensoria is maintained and protected by a dedicated Imperial Cult, who oversees the Ritual and plantings, the White Brethren. It is also rumoured, that these brethren provide a subtle enforcement for the Ecclesiarchy should the need arise, and are the means to discipline a House should that unfortunate necessity arise. However no proof of these so-called Black Brethren has been recorded, and if the rumours are correct, those who could verify its existence are no longer in a position to do so.

Members of the Noble Houses use the Sensoria as a place of refuge and inspiration, should their petitions for admittance be recognised by the White Brethren. The scholars and composers of the Ecclesiarchy also frequent the grounds of the Sensoria, awaiting the muse that will inspire them to further creations in the name of the Emperor. One of the most beautiful songs of praise – *The Emperor's Lament*, was composed and arranged to a traditional Herrmotzardt tune in the grounds of the Sensoria.

CLIMATIC REGIONS: The planet surface is 59% land; the remainder is covered by water, the majority of which is fresh. Rainfall is regular and keeps the land moist and the rivers flowing. Storms occur from time to time, especially during the months leading up to Solstice, and although dramatic lightning and thunder often accompany these, they rarely cause much damage to the well-drained landscape.

The soil is rich and seems to support any species introduced to it, returning bountiful crops. There is very little of the land that cannot be turned to agriculture, in some places it is hard to site the villages and towns, as all the land is so verdant. Spilled grains must be cleaned up quickly, not because they attract vermin (although this can be the case) but because they will sink into the loam and sprout shortly after. For this reason many larger buildings are floored with stone cut from the hills and mountains, even though this is expensive to obtain and transport.

The poles are mountainous regions, which are sparsely populated, as they have little flat land suitable for agriculture. The mountains do provide an environment suitable for some herbaceous plants, so these have been seeded throughout, and are harvested occasionally by intrepid peasants who accept the

solitude and hardship for the bounty these plants provide.

SEAS: Hilarion has several small seas, or Brines, but the greatest proportion of surface water is fresh, flowing from streams to rivers and then to the large lakes of Sweetwater. These are now populated with various aquatic forms, and a subculture exists to harvest these as an addition to the available foodstuffs. Some of the Brine species are particularly difficult to catch and are highly prized for feast-foods by the Noble Houses. A solstice feast would not be considered complete without the small rainbow-hued Sweetwater Motley.

There are a few coastal islands, but these are the domain of the White Brethren, and trespass is firmly discouraged.

TERRA-FORMING: None of the present inhabitants (the generations within recorded history) have conducted terra-forming – the concept is unknown to them. The world is perfect as it is; perhaps even a little too perfect...

NATIVE FLORA AND FAUNA: There was little animal life endemic to the planet when the settlers arrived, but now it teems with life both botanical and zoological – but of an introduced nature. Some areas still have native vegetation, but most of this has been replaced by introduced species.

The only native species that has been adopted (and domesticated) is the Falcohawk. This species has become the hunting companion of many nobles, and the Falconer is a highly regarded servant responsible for the care and training of these creatures. Strict carnivores, the Falcohawk are avians similar to a Terran raptor, but much more vibrantly coloured; their plumage ranges from rich brown, through red and gold with some rarer individuals even sporting feathers of blues and greens. It is the ultimate vogue to have your house hunting party escorted by Falcohawks in their spectrum shade; for some houses this presents more of a challenge, but gives the falconers something to breed for. The feathers cover the body except for the face (which is slightly reptilian) and the feet. The legs have longer feathers similar to those on the wings, giving the Falcohawk a four-winged appearance, which is heightened by the long and flexible tail, which also sports longer feathers down the sides of the spine. Unlike the Terran Raptors, the animal possesses jaws full of tiny sharp recurved teeth rather than a beak, but this does not make them any less effective as hunters.

There are records of a large reptilian species, although these are rarely encountered, as they inhabit the mountainous regions that are sparsely populated and the deep oceans. Several families possess trophies from these beasts, but they have become far less common over the past centuries, so much so that they have slipped into legend in some areas. The peasants will blame any disappearance of stock or fellow on the beasts if there is no other obvious explanation, and those who see a fiery trail across the sky explain it as the flight of one of the monsters – which are said to be able to breathe fire. The priests do not discourage this talk as it helps to keep the serfs in line, and attentive to their tasks, although they know the true nature of the sky trails, none would be able to say for certain whether the beasts do exist or not. Occasionally a quest for one of these beasts will be mounted, and young nobles from various houses will come together to organise hunting parties before setting off on their expeditions. This practice keeps the lesser nobles amused,

and occupied as well as encouraging cooperation between the houses. Should any trophy be returned, great prowess will go to the victors.

ALIEN FLORA AND FAUNA: The planet grows food sufficient to feed its population, as well as the exotic plants for export off world. Many species have also been introduced as pollinators for the various crops, and there have been a few vermin species that escaped quarantine in the early days of settlement to plague the population here, as they do on so many other worlds. The Noble Houses have arranged for diverse species to be introduced over the years for sport, although these have to be monitored and culled occasionally if their numbers increase to a point where they impact on the industry of the planet. Beasts of burden and similar animals form the basis of the transport system on Hilarion, you ride or walk – there is no other option.

ECONOMY: The majority of the population of Hilarion is composed of the peasant and serf class (small distinction between these two). They work in service to the Noble Houses and toil to produce the Spices and incenses for their Lords, who then export them off world, (but this is not known to the peasants – they simply believe that the Emperor requires their labour). The Serfs and Peasants use barter amongst themselves for the majority of transactions although occasionally they may come to possess some of the Imperials or Eagles (the local coins). The Noble Houses will deal with one another, using barter or Coin: Imperials, Eagles or even Throne Gelt (although this is less common). 7 Eagles constitute an Imperial, and 3 Imperials constitute a Throne Gelt. The economy is stable, feudal and balanced with no House holding unfair advantage over another, as all the Houses are bound by blood, and ruled under the statute of the Council of Colours.

The tithe of Hilarion consists almost entirely of the Incense produced for the Ecclesiarchy and other spices produced to satisfy the demands of Nobles throughout the Calixis Sector.

SOCIETY: Hilarion is populated by a majority of Peasants. A smaller number of Nobles make up the ruling class while the balance of the populace is a very small percentage of Serfs; who have become indentured for failure to meet their contractual obligations of service and provide for their families. The Technology level is mostly medieval, although the Noble Houses have a small number of devices that would be seen in the wider Imperium. The Ecclesiarchy has perhaps the highest level of technology on the planet, used for their religious requirements, and to provide a means to oversee the Noble Houses and the production of their important crops.

WATER SUPPLY: Each area is responsible for producing its own food for the populace, although there is trade for particular goods amongst the houses. Water is free-flowing with many streams and rivers, and villages are not built where there is not water from such a source, unless a spring or a well has been constructed.

The serfs produce food for the Noble houses, and also for themselves. There has not been any incidence of food shortage during the history of the settlement, even in the earliest years when the crops were adapting. However should this occur, the Statute provides that other houses share their supplies until the crisis is over.

PRINCIPLE EXPORTS: Incense aromatics are the principal

export of Hilarion, almost all of which are used by the Ecclesiarchy throughout the Calixis sector. The delicate nature of these fragrances, such as Frankincense and Myrrh, requires that the plants be harvested and processed manually – otherwise the purity is lessened through mechanical contamination. This factor is behind the very structure of society on Hilarion – the peasants are the only viable means of managing this production. Once this system was established it was a natural extension to include other fragrant plants and spices, which would benefit from such a hospitable environment and manual labour force, including cinnamon and saffron. These are rare commodities for trade, and their “Hand-picked” nature increases their value. These small quantities of luxury goods enable the Noble Houses to maintain their status and occasionally import luxury items in return, such as quality fabrics and tutors for their children.

PRINCIPLE IMPORTS: Few goods are imported to Hilarion due to the strict Quarantine protocols. However on exceedingly rare occasions new crops are developed that are deemed to be suitable for the Hilarion climate, and seed for these is brought down after rigorous testing and established upon one of the coastal islands. The plants are closely monitored by members of the White Brethren (the task is too important to trust to mere Peasants), and are destroyed immediately at any sign of incompatibility with existing species. The White Brethren also use coastal islands for cross-breeding existing species and other purposes, although these are not defined.

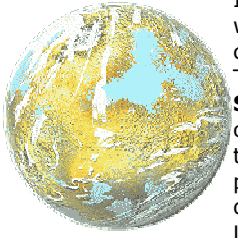
CONFLICTS: Unlike many worlds in the Imperium, the political climate is relatively stable. The feudal nature of the system, given the vast majority of the uneducated peasants, requires the nobles to find diplomatic solutions to squabbles (usually these involve marriage), as drawing serfs from the fields (and Emperor forbid arming them) would mean loss of harvest and therefore income.

DEFENCES: Not as far as the general populace is concerned. The Spaceport satellite does in fact have the capacity to offer limited planetary defence – mostly in the form of defence lasers and missiles used to defend the quarantine regulations, and encourage captains to be cooperative. Should a threat majoris arise there would be very little the inhabitants could do except appeal to others for aid and offer sincere prayers to The Emperor.

IMPERIAL GUARD RECRUITMENT: None. The general populace would have an extremely difficult time coping with being off world, let alone with any type of technology beyond their medieval experience.

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: Hilarion is not well known outside the Hazeroth subsector, in fact the existence of the planet is not widely publicised so as to protect it from unsanctioned traffic. All planetary trade must be processed by the Quarantine station on the smaller “moon” and only selected Traders holding an Ecclesiarchal charter are permitted to send Landers down to collect trade and tithe goods – these vehicles must only land in designated zones, and are supervised during their entire planetfall by an observer from the Order Famulous

IOCANTHUS



Iocanthos is a lawless world dominated by warlords and their huge armies, which clash across its jungles, forests and plains. The planet's importance in the **Calixis Sector** is defined by the fact that it is one of the few places in the Imperium where the Ghostfire flower can grow. Ghostfire pollen can be refined into the combat drugs used extensively in the Penal Legions of the Imperial Guard.

Every five years, a taskforce of Administratum officials descends onto Iocanthos to gather the planet's Ghostfire tithe. The warlords exchange their harvests of Ghostfire pollen with the Administratum in exchange for weapons, vehicles, fuel, clean water and other essentials. The warlord who hands over the most Ghostfire pollen is considered the Planetary Governor and claims the lion's share of support from the Imperium and the title Vervai (literally "prince of princes" or "king"). The title brings with it immense prestige and confirms the warlord's position as the most dangerous and skilled on Iocanthos. The current Planetary Governor is "King" Skull, a terrifying warrior at the head of an enormous and supposedly invincible army of madmen and killers. The warlords of Iocanthos are also required to hand over their psykers as well as the Ghostfire harvest, but these are taken from them not by the Administratum but by nameless grey-uniformed men who herd the psykers onto their sleek black ship and take their leave.

The Administratum fully accepts the situation on Iocanthos. The Ghostfire pollen is harvested very efficiently because so many warlords' armies battle to find every last blossom. Were the Administratum to take over Iocanthos themselves the planet would first have to be conquered by the Imperial Guard at enormous expense and the Administratum themselves would be hard-pressed to match the vigour with which Iocanthos's warlords hunt down every Ghostfire flower. They therefore leave the warlords to do the hard work, safe in the knowledge that none of them can rebel against Imperial authority lest their supplies of guns and fuel be cut off.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

GALACTIC POSITION: 103/22/CS/SE.

CLASS: Agri-world.

SUBSECTOR: Golgenna

POPULATION: 5,000,000,000.

CLIMATE CLASSIFICATION: Largely arid.

PLANETARY GOVERNER: Vervai ('King') Skull.

CLIMATIC PHENOMENON: Frequent dust storms

ECONOMY: Local currency known as "soules". On Iocanthos many believe their money is forever stained by the blood of mercenaries, giving rise to the idea of trading in soules of fallen warriors.

WATER SUPPLY: Very few sources of fresh water.

PRINCIPLE EXPORTS: Iocanthos's only meaningful export is Ghostfire pollen. The Ghostfire harvest is essential to the

existence of Imperial Guard Penal Legions in the Segmentum Obscurus.

The blunderbusses made here are worthy of note for the sheer size of the barrel and its seemingly indestructible ability to fire anything placed into the barrel. It is unsurprising to know that they are also called scrapper cannons. The Iocanthos blunderbuss has a notoriously short range but a very wide arc. Anything unlucky enough to be standing two metres in front of a fully loaded 'scrapper cannon' will most likely be turned to mush.

PRINCIPLE IMPORTS: Fresh water is a vital import.

COUNTRIES AND CONTINENTS: Four main continents and extensive island chains. Only the largest continent is populated (mountainous/rocky, dense southern forests).

CONFLICTS: Iocanthos's warlords (usually styling themselves "vai" or tribal prince) battle constantly for control of the Ghostfire harvest. The Ghostfire crop cannot be cultivated normally and so once a patch of it is harvested another one must be found. The warlords' armies are therefore constantly on the move, travelling in enormous hordes across Iocanthos's main continent and clashing violently wherever they meet. Iocanthos's wide plains, dense, dark forests and forbidding mountain passes are studded with old battlefields where burned out vehicles and age-bleached skeletons abound.

DEFENCES: Massive armies in service of warlords. Large mercenary presence.

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: A great many stable warps routes can be accessed from Iocanthos, leading to worlds such as **Dreah**, **Scintilla**, Luggnam, **Sephiris Secundus**, 41 Pry, Zillman's Domain and Heed.

KARRIK



Karrik, also known as the Pocked World by spacefarers, is the sole planet of its system. Regularly bombarded by asteroids, far colder than most habitable worlds, subject to a moderate level of Orkoid infestation and with a high gravity relative to that of Terra, its breathable atmosphere nevertheless means that it is home to a number of human and abhuman colonists.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

EQUATORIAL CIRCUMFERENCE: 11,500 Miles.

GRAVITY: 1.41G.

CLASS: Death World.

YEARS AND DAYS: Karrik takes 345.5 Terran days to Orbit its star and spins on its axis every 22 Terran hours.

SATELLITES: Karrik has two moons. The first is Phobos, it is a pitted asteroid, riddled with tunnels. Remains of Orkoid technology can be found on the moon. It is theorised to be an old Ork Rokk that became stuck in the orbit of Karrik many

millennia ago. The second is **The Pearl Moon**, which is covered in water and has its own population and government.

Karrik is one of the outlying worlds in its solar system, and is regularly peppered by meteors. Defence orbitals exist to take care of larger meteors that threaten Karrik, but smaller meteors regularly smash into the planet, ruining crops and buildings as they do so.

POPULATION: 10,500,000 approx (human and abhuman).

MEAN SURFACE TEMPERATURE: -2 to +4 °C.

TROPOSPHERIC COMPOSITION: Nitrogen 75%, Oxygen 21%, Argon 1%, Ozone 1%, Carbon Dioxide 1.5%.

RELIGION: A conservative adherence to the imperial cult. The population of Karrik know nothing of Chaos beyond a few folktales and half-forgotten lore. Due to the presence of Orks on the planet Monodominant beliefs are growing popular amongst Karrik's population.

CLIMATE: Whilst not an ice world like Valhalla Karrik is a very cold world, with large permanent ice caps, freezing high winds and frequent blizzards, even on the equator. Humans on the planet who do not take precautions with shelter or protective clothing soon risk death by exposure.

CLIMATIC REGIONS: Polar Caps - Large northern and southern polar caps, permafrost. Largely unexplored and uninhabited.

SEAS: Much of Karrik's water is frozen within its large polar caps but near to the equator there exists a series of shallow seas and lakes. Many of these rest in the craters left by large meteors that hit the planet in ages past.

CLIMATIC PHENOMENON: Electrical storms. .

ALIEN FLORA AND FAUNA: Orkoids (Orks, Gretchin and Squigs). An Ork vessel crashed here many years prior to the planet's discovery by the Imperium. The planet is infested with Orkoids. The cold atmosphere stunts their development somewhat, but during the summer months the fruiting bodies of mushroom bloom in warmer areas and, left to their own devices, young Orkoids soon emerge. To keep them in check regular patrols are sent out with Heavy Flamers to destroy any suspicious fungal growths they find. Now and then parties of feral Orks are encountered on the world, but they are usually small in number, poorly armed, and easily dealt with.

WATER SUPPLY: Water is readily available on the planet and is freely distributed from reservoirs in every sizable community.

PRINCIPLE EXPORTS: Mineral ores for ferro-alloys. Lead. Manganese..

PRINCIPLE IMPORTS: Foodstuff. Manufactured goods.

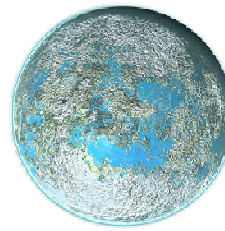
CONFLICTS: The struggle against the harsh environment and occasional parties of Orks ensures that, for the most part, the people of Karrik are peaceful towards one another.

DEFENCES: Does the planet have a PDF, or an Imperial Guard regiment (or more), missile silos, defence lasers, macro cannons, other?

IMPERIAL GUARD RECRUITMENT: Karrik raises planetary defence forces but does not contribute regiments of men to the Imperial Guard. Squads of Ogryns are raised on Karrik, and these are indentured to regiments of Imperial Guard throughout the sector.

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: Karrik is unable to feed its own population without risking frequent famines. It receives a quota of the plankton and seafood harvested on the world of **Spectoris** and its own **Pearl Moon** to help feed its populace.

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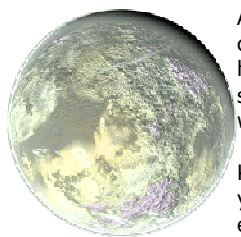
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KLYBO



An extinct world, where the ruins of a lost colony poke from the sifting sands. Klybo's harsh environment spurned all efforts to settle it. The Sector Fleet maintains a waystation on a moon in close orbit.

Klybo has become proverbial over the years, indicating a worthless or doomed effort. "It all went like Klybo" or "I tried my best, but I had a day on Klybo" are

common sector euphemisms.

Klybo is a particular haunt of prospectors and tech-archaeologists. It is rumoured that fabulous STC finds are hidden on Klybo, remnants of the colonial attempts to settle the world. Several myths report "walking monsters", akin to Ambulon, still striding the wastelands. No form of conclusive data has yet been obtained.

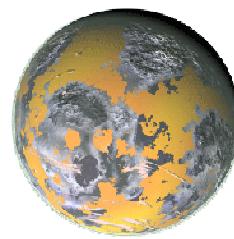
+++PLANETARY DATA+++

GALACTIC POSITION: 234/33/CS/S.

CLASS: Dead World.

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: None to speak of.

LANDUNDER



Upturned world. The limp, untrustworthy planetary crust floats freely on a deep chemical ocean. The colonies here are built to cling underneath the planetary crust in suspension. Eight "hanging" undercities, containing almost a billion inhabitants, with trade deriving from ocean-depth mining and chemical treatment (processing plants exploit the curious mix of oceanic chemicals).

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

GALACTIC POSITION: 17-3/12/CS/NW.

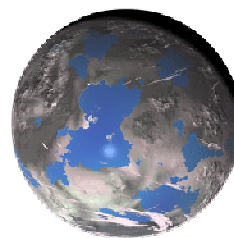
CLASS: Hive World.

SUBSECTOR: Malfian

POPULATION: 1,000,000,000 (approx).

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: Stable warp routes run from Landunder to **Malfi** and **The Lathes**.

MALFI



Hive world, eight hundred days standard from **Scintilla**, the main population and manufacturing focal of the rimward territories of the sector. Malfi is a semitropical, gloomy world of overbuilt hives and habitations ledges. Its population approaches that of Scintilla and it subsists on its engineering and metalwork industries. Malfi has a grudge: it believes it should be the

sector capital world and venomously protests the supremacy of Scintilla.

Certainly, with its super-continental hives and eradication of natural landscape, Malfi resembles a Solar hiveworld far more than any of the other worlds in the sector and its claim for capital eminence seems reasonable. However, politics and demographics are fickle mistresses. Scintilla is better placed to provide a centre of effective governance for the sector. Early regimes, following the Lord Angevin's campaign, made

their headquarters on Malfi but the province has spread out since then. Despite its efforts, Malfi remains a border world, colossal in both its consumption and its production. It satisfies itself in commanding the Malfian subsector, ruling the territories rimward and spinward of Scintilla. The subsector governor, Jendrous Kaffiq, answers only to **Lord Sector Hax** himself. Malfi is a seat of the Administratum and several chief banking houses. Its nominal ruler is the Eminence Glydus Matriarch.

Malfi is - and this may be the very reason the sector rulers passed over it - a place of the most infernal intrigue. It is impossible to count the courtly factions vying for power and the ear of the Matriarch. The central palace is a labyrinth of chambers and anterooms, a warren that, so proverbs say, many have entered and subsequently died trying to find a way out again. Guides may be procured to steer a visiting party through the warren of Malfi's central palace: they cannot be trusted. Every act and motion of Malfian life is about dissemblance and intrigue. Hire the wrong guide and you may be damned to years of squabbling diplomacy and sudden duels. It is said of the Malfian palace that "life has a thousand separate doors" and this is no exaggeration. Entering Malfian society, one enters a world of complexity and deceit. Few emerge alive.

The Calixian Conclave, which supports a district office on Malfi, regards the world as a particular hotbed of dissent and heresy. Apart from the many political factions and underground groups (many sponsored or run by Malfian noble houses) that support and promote Malfi's usurpation of the capital world role (it is worth noting that three times in the last two centuries, Malfian dissenters have almost triggered open civil war with Scintilla), the excessively secretive and disingenuous society of the Malfian hives propagates many sects and cults. These groups find it ridiculously simple to conceal themselves within Malfi's layered, elaborate culture of falsehood and deceit. They also find the hive citizenry to be a fertile source of amenable, pliable recruits. In recent years, the Conclave has become aware of two particularly active sects, whose reach is now spreading beyond Malfi.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

GALACTIC POSITION: 2-2/34/CS/N.

CLASS: Hive World.

SUBSECTOR: Malfian

PLANETARY GOVERNER: The Eminence Glydus Matriarch.

SOCIETY: The Masqued, this "cult", which has strong connections to an alarming number of noble houses, is believed to have grown directly out of Malfi's culture of intrigue. Its original architects took the concepts of falsehood and subterfuge to their limits and arrived at the cult's guiding tenet: that nothing is what it seems. By extension, human life and the Imperium is a deceit, and Chaos itself is the truth. The Masqued believe that the "civilised Imperium" wears a mask of refinement and devoted duty, beneath which lies man's natural affinity with the lurid machinations of the Warp. They believe it is simply a matter of time before the mask falls away and mankind's true nature as a Chaotic species is revealed.

The Masqued revel in licentious, debauched behaviour and delight in extremes of falsehood and mendacity. All cult members are anonymous and wear, at their gatherings,

grotesque and colourful masks derived from the styles worn at courtly masques and entertainments. The Masqued boasts, in its membership, a shockingly large number of nobles and high-born, for whom the cult is a mere extension of their courtly world, intrigue taken to its natural conclusion. It is likely many of them have no real concept of the dark truth lurking at the centre of their compact. More a deviant secret society than an actual cult, the Masqued have avoided censure for a number of reasons: they have connections and influence; they are almost impossible to identify and target; they offer no palpable threat as yet. The Masqued do not seem to be striving to achieve anything: their activities are more a broad excuse for licentious, orgiastic behaviour. Attempts made by the Calixian Conclave, in the most part abortive or unsuccessful, to infiltrate the order have revealed that the cult seems content to meet and worship, waiting for "the inevitable" to happen. They seem to show no desire or intent to bring about a chaotic revolution, as they regard it as a preordained fact. It is known that Caidin himself regards the Masqued as a "dilettante order", a grouping of deviants rather than an active threat, and therefore not a priority target. However, given the potential membership of the cult, and the wealth, resource and influence that implies, if the order ever did decide to become more proactive, it would be the richest and most insidious cult in the Segmentum. For this reason, several key figures in the Conclave believe it should be dug out and sanctioned without delay.

The range of the cult's activity is alarming: suborders and satellite lodges have been noted on Scintilla, **Sepheris Secundus**, **Iocanthus** and many other high population worlds in the sector. Traces of it have been found as far away as Cypra Mundi, and Eustis Majoris in the **Scarus Sector**. It goes wherever the noble houses of the Imperium have influence. Some say it has links all the way back to Terra. It is also chilling to reflect that, in the last three decades alone, four high-level operatives, each of unimpeachable character, sent by the Inquisition to infiltrate the cult, have later turned up as bonded members. It is an alluring, seductive order.

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: Stable warp routes run from Malfi to **Landunder**, Seedworld AfG:218, **Scintilla**, **Vaxanide** and Orbel Quill

THE MISERICORD



The Misericord is an example of the many Chartist spacecraft that ply the trade routes between **Scintilla**, **Iocanthus** and **Sepheris Secundus** and the other worlds of the sector. It is an ugly and enormous ship, looking like a barnacle encrusted, spacefaring whale, from which jut haphazard clusters of

engines and towers, and it trails a long tail of debris like a comet. The Misericord carries huge quantities of trade goods between the client worlds, along with many passengers. Buying passage on a ship like the Misericord is the most common method of travelling between planets. Its round trip - Scintilla/Iocanthus/Sepheris Secundus - a route laid down on the Charter carried by its captains, takes well over a year. Ships like the Misericord are very common in the **Calixis Sector** and throughout the Imperium, plying a slow, thankless route across the stars. Without the Chartist ships, large swathes of the Imperium would be completely cut off and sector economies would fail. In spite of this, few have much regard for the Chartist ships and their crews are stereotyped as rough, untrustworthy void born with few scruples and fewer refinements. Each Chartist craft needs a Charter that sets out its permitted trade routes and activities and the Misericord's Charter was signed by one of the earliest generation of sector commanders.

The Misericord is considered an ill omen at any place it docks. There are many Chartist craft in the Calixis Sector but for some reason the Misericord has an especially evil reputation. It is considered very bad luck to marry, give birth or embark on a major venture while the Misericord is docked in system and in the ship's many centuries of operation, tales have grown up about the dark things that occur while it is in port, such as plagues, tech-failures and the random disappearance of children. In addition, the crew are mostly void born, people who were born in space and rarely set foot on a planet, and the void born, as everyone knows, just aren't right in the head.

Inside, the Misericord resembles a huge, complex and grotesquely ornate castle. Many different ships make up the Misericord and they each have their own style, which in turn has been embellished and replaced over the centuries. In places where the component ships connect, corridors can become precipitous shafts, rooms can be upside-down and moving from place to place can be very complex, although the void born crew are adept at clambering up makeshift ladders or even leaping pits in the floor. The Misericord's interior is archaic, with feasting halls, dungeons, cobwebbed processional galleries and many other places that seem to have little connection to the business of the ship or the needs of the crew.

SHIP SOCIETY

Life on the Misericord is defined by the castes into which the crew are divided. There are dozens of castes, each one responsible for a particular function aboard ship. Crewmen are either born into these castes or assigned to them on the few occasions they join from outside. These castes range from the Scourhand Brotherhood (who scrub the filth from the floors of the engine decks) to the Company of Imbeciles (the ship's entertainers, consisting of various clowns, actors and storytellers). The officers of the Misericord form their own caste and wear distinctive and rather sinister masks to mark them out from the rest of the crew. Each caste has its own leadership, which reports to the officer caste, and the officers in turn receive their orders from the twin captains Anapollo and Luneros. The captains believe that the caste system is the reason the Misericord has survived for so long and are quick to bring anyone opposing it to trial. Castes are insular and proud, and sometimes they can come into bitter conflict, such as the regular skirmishes between the Lamplighters' Guild and the Followers of the Wire over who gets to change the glowbulbs. All have their own baffling traditions, from the large wood and

paper animal masks of the Obeyers' Guild (the ship's lawyers and executioners) to the ritual removal of an ear from every member of the Enginists (who maintain the ship's temperamental engines). This latter ritual is said to be born of respect for a mythological Enginist of ages past, the heroic Bessimer "One-lug" Jone, who supposedly saved the Misericord from "dire disassemblage and ventation".

Most crew are true void born and live their whole life on the ship. However, since the castes are not permitted to interbreed, the ship needs new crew members from outside to replenish the gene pool. Some older legends remember the terrible "Age of Six Toes" when a mad previous captain refused to allow new blood onto the Misericord. Crew who join from outside - referred to as "clayfeet" - are both blessed and cursed. They are valuable to the crew and are given the least dangerous duties, but on the other hand they can never be regarded as true members of the Misericord's crew, and are treated as outsiders no matter how long they serve on the ship.

THE MISERICORD'S CASTES

The castes into which the Misericord's crew are organised are insular, specialised and hereditary. It is impossible to change castes and most crew are born into them. Old castes can be dissolved and new ones founded by the order of the captain, but some of the Misericord's castes are as old as the ship itself. The ship's castes include the following:

- The Lords, Siblings and Officers is the full name of the officer caste. Members go everywhere masked, and assist the captains in making and enforcing decisions.
- The Merciful form the ship's security wing, armoured in archaic plate and mail, and carrying ominous shotguns. They can change from impeccable politeness to extreme aggression instantly, even during the course of a mundane conversation.
- The Suturers' Parliament is the Misericord's body of medical personnel. The Suturers practise their procedures on the ship's small complement of live animals, so cats, pygmy Grox and other creatures wander around their sick bays and surgeries.
- The Immortals recover the bodies of dead crewmen,

conduct void burials and investigate suspicious deaths. They enjoy reminding other crewmen of the fact that one day, they too will require the ministrations of the Immortals.

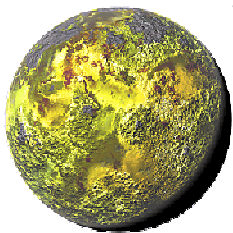
- The Communion of Ratters is dedicated to tackling the Misericord's constant vermin problem. There are only a few crewmen among the Ratters, with the rest of the Communion being made up of old,



patched-up ratting servitors.

- The Renders are the Misericord's cooks and they are also responsible for raising livestock raised on the ship for food. The caste's members take great pride in their food and are extremely vocal and sometimes violent in proclaiming the superiority of their personal recipes. No one argues like a Render.
- The Bringers of Silence are the only caste not to have a generally known purpose. They answer to the twin captains and are occasionally seen walking purposefully through the ship in midnight blue uniforms, their faces painted with stars.

MORWEN VI



This airless and dead world has aroused interest in members of the Adeptus Mechanicus throughout the **Calixis Sector** due to the numerous oddities that can be found there. Structures found on the planet's surface are also thought to be the remains of settlements, though whichever civilisation lived on the planet was wiped out, or abandoned the world, some several millennia prior to its

discovery by the Imperium in 675.M41.

That the planet was once home to organic life is beyond reasonable dispute, as significant deposits of oil and natural gas have been found on the world. Such resources are important to the Imperium, and as a result a regiment of Imperial Guard are stationed on Morwen VI whilst the equipment needed to extract the fossil fuel is organised and transported to the world.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

CLASS: Dead World.

SUBSECTOR: Adrantis Subsector.

EQUATORIAL CIRCUMFERENCE: 11,500 Miles.

GRAVITY: 0.98 G.

YEARS AND DAYS: Morwen VI takes 382 Terran standard days to Orbit its star, and spins on its axis every 25.5 Terran standard hours.

SATELLITES: There are no natural moons, but there is the Hippocrasian Agglomeration, a space station in orbit manned by Adeptus Mechanicus and Imperial Guard from the Brontian Longknives. A series of defensive weapons platforms is currently planned for construction.

SOME NOTES ON CERTAIN ODDITIES IN TROPOSPHERIC COMPOSITION: Morwen VI has an unusually thin and shallow atmosphere for a planet of its size.

Also worthy of note is the fact that this atmosphere is almost exclusively composed of Nitrogen.

Oxygen, Oxides and Water Vapour are conspicuous by their total absence, which is considered odd given the discovery of geological features that could only have been created by the action of waves, rivers or rain.

PLANETARY GOVERNOR: The administratum has yet to assign a planetary governor to the world. For the time being the planet is technically under the jurisdiction of the Imperial Guard (Brontian Longknives) and their senior officer performs some of the duties of governor.

GEOGRAPHICAL FEATURES OF NOTE: Regularly dotted over the surface of Morwen VI are a number of unusual monolithic structures of an unknown design. These resemble large two-tiered ziggurats and are constructed of thick plates of metal.

Preliminary expeditions by Adeptus Mechanicus explorer teams noted that the structures were hollow, that the alloy used to construct the ziggurats was not known to the Imperium, and that an infrequent - yet regular and very powerful - electronic pulse was being generated from within each structure.

Whilst the alloy used to construct the structures is unknown, its properties are clearly impressive. Servitor teams armed with las-cutters were unable to breach the walls of the structures. Adeptus Mechanicus engineers claimed they would need to requisition even more powerful and precise cutting tools before making any further attempts to enter the structures.

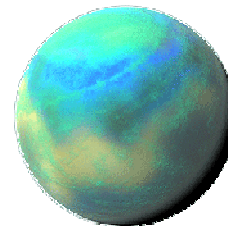
THE CURRENT STATUS OF MORWEN VI: The Adeptus Mechanicus have withdrawn from the world, promising to return when they can muster the resources necessary to make a proper investigation of the planet and the unusual structures found there.

Long-term plans for the world vary, but senior members of the Administratum feel it would make a valuable Mining World, as there are deposits of useful minerals, metallic ores and fossil fuels on the world.

In the meantime, the world is being guarded by companies from the Brontian Longknives Imperial Guard Regiment, who use the airless, but otherwise placid world as the perfect place to train troops in an oxygen-free environment.

ND0/K4

ND0/K4 is a gas giant whose atmosphere is rich in hydrogen, helium, and ethane, chemicals all used in various manufacturing and industrial processes. The large refinery platforms, which are balanced in a delicate very low orbit, are dangerous, claustrophobic mazes of access tunnels, processing centres, and power plants. Each is a crumbling relic, ripe for sabotage which could cripple industry across the sector.



The economic and social imbalance between the ruling Tech Priests and the workers, coupled with a small population and relative isolation has the potential to spark into rebellion against the oppressive cult of the Machine God. Tension between the Ministorum and the Cult lead to further instability. Finally, the largest moon of ND0/K4 remains a tantalizing enigma, rumors circulating of haunted tunnels and ancient relics buried under its surface. Who knows what the Tech Priests found in those tunnels for they guard the information with the utmost secrecy, or what

happened to the ones that never returned.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

EQUATORIAL CIRCUMFERENCE: 16,684 Miles.

GRAVITY: 1.23G.

CLASS: Mining World.

SUBSECTOR: Golgenna

YEARS AND DAYS: ND0/K4 takes 43,010 Terran days to Orbit its star and spins on its axis every 68 Terran hours.

SATELLITES: Technically the world has fifteen satellites, but only two are of any significant interest, the rest being very small non-spherical objects. The moons and satellites are referred as S.01 through S.15 from the inner most going outwards. The larger moons have been given informal names by the staff and residents.

S.01 "The Staff" - The largest moon is covered in canals and sea beds. On the coasts of these dry oceans is a maze of ancient refineries, pumping systems, and other archaic devices whose purpose has yet to be determined. It is largely believed the surface of the moon was once covered in oceans of liquid hydrogen, but have long since disappeared. It is common consent among the Triumvirate that the structures on the surface pre-date the Imperium and probably originated from the Dark Age of Technology. Some of the structures still have power and life support. Explorator teams have mapped some of the complexes, mostly in the hopes of acquiring STC data. Initial finds indicate the structures delve extremely deep under the surface, potentially honeycombing almost the entire moon. Efforts to map these have been hampered by adverse conditions and tunnel collapses. Several teams, most notably the one led by Revicus Thade, reported vast underground networks hewn through the stone. Revicus however reported something altogether more fantastic. He stumbled across what appeared to be a massive cogitator engine, as large as a hab-block at least, lying dormant but still with power. It's Machine Spirit potentially intact. Unfortunately contact with Revicus' team was lost soon after relaying this finding. Attempts to re-trace Revicus' route met with failure, and the location of such a powerful artefact remains buried under the surface in the maze of tunnels and conduits. Superstition among the workers paints the moon as haunted, and a bad omen when visible in the sky.

Perhaps the Cult Mechanicus here have already sworn themselves whatever power lies sleeping under The Staff, which they believe to be a Prophet of the Ommnisiah. They would prove to be a forbidding obstacle to anyone wishing to investigate the matter further.

S.02 "Weyland's Gate" - The second moon acts as a way station and staging area for cargo coming up or going down to the planet. It has no atmosphere and a weak gravity. There are very few permanent residents, most being rotated between the planet in monthly shifts. Most of the moon is covered in warehouses and landing platforms. The offices of the Navel Traffic Authority and a few other regulatory bodies are located on the moon as well.

POPULATION: ~4500. Tech priests who operate and maintain the vast magnetic particle nets make up about one third of the

population. The larger percentage is made up of dock and refinery workers who perform the less technical, more labour intensive chores associated with the collection and refining of the various chemicals.

MEAN SURFACE TEMPERATURE: -193 °C.

TROPOSPHERIC COMPOSITION: Hydrogen - 73%, Helium - 13%, Ethane - 9%, Methane - 4%, Other - <1%.

PLANETARY GOVERNER: The world is managed by the Cult of the Machine God and as such the Planetary Governer is appointed from their ranks by the Triumvirate. The current Governer is Machinist Prefect Luxica Archelm.

RELIGION: As Tech Priests make up a large percentage of the population, the Cult of the Machine God is the most prevalent faith. The Ecclesiarchy maintains small chapels on every major platform however.

CLIMATE: The atmosphere is unbreathable to humans, and the extreme cold due to distance from the sun means exposure is fatal within seconds.

CLIMATIC REGIONS: There are two large (several thousand kilometers in diameter) cyclonic storms roughly centred over each magnetic pole.

ALIEN FLORA AND FAUNA: Some of the larger mining platforms have hydroponic farms growing crops and raising livestock to help feed the small population.

ECONOMY: Most are in the employ of the Tech Priests running the platforms, and the standard imperial currency is employed. The planet obligated to provide its quotas of refined hydrogen and ethane, as well as a other industrial chemicals produced there.

The method in which resourced are siphoned from the atmosphere is by using long spires dropping from the bottom of the platforms. These spires, miles long, are charged electrically and the clusters of them form magnetic particle nets in the swirling currents of the atmosphere. Particles are collected, concentrated, and pumped up to the refineries constantly.

SOCIETY: The Tech Priests rule the world and form it's government, called the Triumvirate. It's members are drawn from the three major platform networks. The compact, highly dangerous environment coupled with meager means to self-sustain means most aspects of everyday life there is highly regimented and rationed. In practice this boils down to state control of production, resources, and the distribution of wealth. Several times during it's history there have been riots and rebellions, usually by the dock workers demanding more food rations, but sometimes for a greater portion of the wealth coming in. Due to the industrial nature and presence of the Cult Mechanicus, the world is relatively technically advanced.

WATER SUPPLY: Water is their key import. Food is often brought in as well, though the small population means that the hydroponic farms are adequate to meet their needs. As mentioned, food riots do sometimes occur, though these are usually crushed in quick order.

PRINCIPLE EXPORTS: Liquidized ethane, hydrogen, helium, methane, and other industrial chemicals.

PRINCIPLE IMPORTS: Foodstuffs, industrial tools and machinery, raw materials to repair and maintain the refineries.

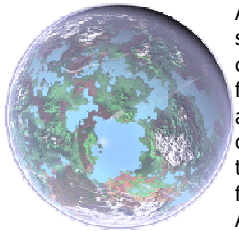
COUNTRIES AND CONTINENTS: There are three primary platform networks and several smaller ones. Given the unimaginative nature of the Tech Adepts, the primary platform networks are called Platum Primus, Secundus, and Trifectus. Each of these networks has a small council of Tech Priests, and each of the three councils in turn forms the Triumvirate which governs the planetary system. The Planetary Governor is elected by his peers from within the Triumvirate.

CONFLICTS: Throughout its history there have been several violent uprising, usually by the working class against the Cult. Tensions between the Cult and Ecclesiarchy run high as well, and several times the Cult has accused the Ministorum of actually fomenting rebellion against them in an effort to seize power for themselves. While the two organizing have never come to direct conflict, there is mutual distrust and suspicion that threatens to spill over into something much worse.

DEFENCES: The Tech Priests have a very small force of Skitarii to guard secure areas from non-initiates and act as general security. Occasionally the local Cardinals have requested small detachments of military units, typically answered by two or three squads of Adepta Sororitas, in the rare times of crises.

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: From the point of the view of the sector command ND0/K4 is a back water mining colony that makes a significant contribution to the industrial efforts throughout the region. Nevertheless, the average person probably isn't aware it even exists, except perhaps to some as just another mark on the sector charts, one of hundreds. **Iocanthus** is the nearest major world.

ORBEL QUILL



An oddly serene, pastoral world of shepherd flocks and herding where, curiously, no one lives beyond the age of forty years standard. Often thought to be a rumour or a joke, the "death threshold" of Orbel Quill is quite real. Visitors and travellers must beware, as often they are far above the age of forty in sidereal term. Anyone forty or over is stricken with a

terminal decline and dies within thirty six hours, even visitors who have amassed their years ship-time. Many speculate that the planet is governed by some deep-seated system that combs out what it perceives to be the elderly. Certain facts are evident: No one has managed to identify what it is that kills the over-forties on Orbel Quill. Whatever it is, it certainly does kill them without exception. Finally, Xenos ruins in the southern hemisphere of the planet have never been properly explored.

It seems likely that it is also no coincidence that Eldar have been regularly sighted in the empty quarters of this planet.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

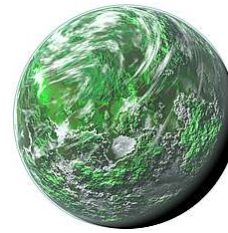
GALACTIC POSITION: 2-2634/5/CS/NE.

CLASS: Agri-world.

SUBSECTOR: Malfian

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: Stable warp routes link Orbel Quill to **Malfi**, **Scintilla** and Seedworld AFG:218.

PERCIPRE



This rather cold and inhospitable world is nevertheless teeming with life. Percipre was once a famous garden world. Terraforming created a lush paradise, stocked with an incredible variety of plant species from around the galaxy. With the failure of the terraforming Engines, the planet's population constructed vast glasshouses to protect the collections from the ever harsher

conditions, and now only the hardest of xeno-flora survive outside of their protection.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

EQUATORIAL CIRCUMFERENCE: 13,000 Miles.

GRAVITY: 0.4G (though inside the glasshouse networks the gravity is Terran standard).

CLASS: Agri-world.

SUBSECTOR: Hazeroth.

SATELLITES: Percipre is orbited by three small captured asteroids, fortified as bastions.

POPULATION: Most of the population are servitors, hive dregs from the lowest levels remade to toil in the Great Beds. Hundreds of these servitors wonder around the gigantic wrought iron glasshouses, intermittently droning Standard Imperial Motivational Phrases (*'The dead return to the soil. From the soil springs the Emperor's Bounty. It is in death we win victory', 'It is through intensive agriculture that great victories are won',* and so on).

There are, however, many other denizens scattered across the planet, including Supervisors, Engineeseers, Bio-Priests, unenhanced peasants and escaped Servitors. Some live in semi-independent communities in remote, forgotten glasshouses.

MEAN SURFACE TEMPERATURE: -45°C (though inside the glasshouse networks the temperature is much higher).

TROPOSPHERIC COMPOSITION: Carbon Dioxide 95.72%, Nitrogen 2.7%, Argon 1.6%, Oxygen 0.2%, Carbon Monoxide, 0.07% Water Vapor 0.03%, Nitric Oxide 0.01% (though inside the glasshouse networks the atmosphere is breathable: Nitrogen 70%, Oxygen 25%, Carbon Dioxide 2.5%, Argon 1%, Ozone 1%, traces of Methane, Xenon, Krypton, Water Vapour and Fomaldehyde).

PLANETARY GOVERNER: The Planetary Governor and Grand Horticulturalist of Percipre is Magos Biologis Hessayon. He is first of a council of the Magi who control sections of the glasshouse network, and his control is limited within those regions controlled by other factions as they are universally

very protective of their methodologies and breeding programs.

RELIGION: The population are almost all inductees of the Cult of the Machine God, although visiting Tech-Priests from more orthodox congregations often comment that local worship contains a distasteful respect for the biological. Pagan cults are rumoured to worship primal gods in the depths of the domed forests.

CLIMATE: The planet's atmosphere is very thin, much like Mars pre-terraforming. All the agriculture takes place within a network of giant glasshouses that covers much of the surface.

CLIMATIC REGIONS: Smallish polar caps of dirty ice. There are no large bodies of water aside from decorative lakes in the larger glasshouses.

TERRA-FORMING: Percipre was extensively terraformed some time before Imperial records pertaining to **the Calixis Sector** began - possibly as far back as the Dark Age of Technology. Enormous machines provided a lush environment famed for its fertility. However, in a later age, the knowledge to maintain the Great Engines was lost, and the planet's inhabitants were forced to turn to more primitive means as their world's atmosphere began to leach off in to space.

As a result much of Percipre's surface is covered by vast gas-tight glasshouses constructed from great panes held in ornate wrought iron frameworks. Within these gothic edifices, most large enough for a Titan to walk erect, row after row of foodstuffs grow in hydroponics beds, tended by massed ranks of faceless servitors.

NATIVE FLORA AND FAUNA: The world's biota was completely replaced during the terraforming process.

ALIEN FLORA AND FAUNA: In the millennia since the construction of the glasshouses, complex ecosystems have grown up within them. This has led to the abandonment of large segments of the network as infestation by hostile xenofoms (including pests such as Pyrrusian Dire-Slugs or Catathan Bind-Weed) has made permanent habitation of these areas impossible. Teams armed with flamers and defoliants regularly cleanse such areas, though the strains grow back with aggressive speed and tenacity. Despite this, many expeditions are launched in to lost areas, either to harvest valuable plants growing in ancient, immovable support beds or to search for valuable species forgotten for centuries.

ECONOMY: The entire planet's economy is dedicated to maintaining the glasshouses and producing crops for export.

SOCIETY: The planet is effectively a bio-forge world, operated by the Adeptus Mechanicus Collegia Biologica. Advanced principles of Biological Technomancy are used to produce massive crop yields from the limited space available. Engineered crop strains are grown in hydroponics support beds, tended by Mechanicus Servitors and watched over by Bio Priests of the collegia.

Such an interest in biotechnology is considered somewhat heretical by other factions within the Adeptus Mechanicus, although the world has so far proved to valuable to be moved against directly.

WATER SUPPLY: The water of The Pearl Moon's Oceans is salty

and somewhat alkaline, but hydro-processing plants situated in the rigs turn it into drinkable water. Rain water is also fairly easy to collect, and is quite potable, though off-worlders can find that it tastes odd.

PRINCIPLE EXPORTS: Percipre exports vast quantities of foodstuffs and other organic products. Nega-Wheat grown in the glasshouses forms the staple diet of several hives, while Praxian-Ironwood from its arboreta is an important building material across the sector. Drugs and stimulants extracted from exotic plant species are important in many fields, including medicine and combat-enhancement, and are greatly desired by decadent noblemen or by certain Imperial Guard regiments who are prepared to experiment with these forms of Stimm.

PRINCIPLE IMPORTS: Principle imports include organic matter to replace soil nutrients and workers for conversion to agri-servitors.

COUNTRIES AND CONTINENTS: None.

CONFLICTS: Some agri-servitors retain or regenerate enough personality to rebel against their overlords. They constantly launch raids to disrupt the Grand Horticulturalist's regime and liberate their fellow servitors.

Tens of thousands of years of Ultra Intensive Horticulture has bred weeds and diseases resistant to even the most lethal toxins available to the Imperium. While bombardment with nerve gas is still enough to control most pests, many must be cleansed manually with fire and plasma.

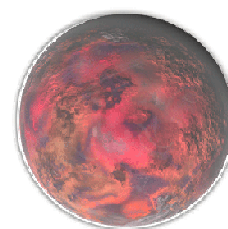
Constant fighting occurs between followers of rival Bio-Magi as they attempt to steal or disrupt other factions' crops. More mundane conflicts between Percipre's inhabitants also occur regularly, such as grizzled chem-poisoned veterens of the pest control fronts arguing with farming aesthetic specialists over whether it will be possible to hold the southern beds long enough for certain rare flowers to bloom.

DEFENCES: As a critical resource producer, Percipre is vigorously defended by the planets it supplies, from both Xenos raiders and rival Imperial factions who covet the wealth it generates. There are also a number of dug in AT guns and heavy-stubber nests to be found throughout the greenhouse complexes, often ominously positioned around an entrance to a long-neglected area.

IMPERIAL GUARD RECRUITMENT: None. Percipre is a net importer of manpower as its legions of servitors are not self-sustaining.

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: Percipre is located in the Hazeroth Subsector, and sends shipments of food to many other worlds in the Calixis Sector.

PROL IX



This crowded, reddish brown world is the current seat of the scholastic order known as the Decatalogues of Prol. This ninth planet of the "Scrivener's Star" is an ancient seat of the Administratum. Each of the nine planets is given over to record keeping, collation, statistical

analysis, archiving and the like. Space is running out on Prol IX leading to a vicious schism within the ranks of the Decatalogues. The Centurists wish to move to the forbidden tenth planet within the system, whilst the Pyratiks wish to destroy the ancient files stored upon Prol I and raise new temples of information from the ashes of the old. Violent debate and long, impeccably researched, treatise are being exchanged between the two factions. These written arguments - some as many as one hundred and six volumes long - are not helping the chronic shortage of space.

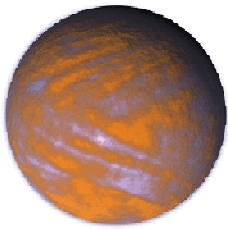
+++PLANETARY DATA+++

GALACTIC POSITION: 251/56/CS/H.

CLASS: Hive World.

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: Stable warp routes connect Prol IX with **Dreah** and the **Scarus Sector**.

PRY



Pry is a gas giant, with a dingy Imperial station in orbit. Barely operational, and mostly forgotten by respectable merchant fleets. The station (named 41 Pry) is a famous supply point and a seat of illegal activity. It is not a place to venture into lightly, and it is best to keep one hand on your pistol and the other on your geltdag.

Ghostfire pollen from **Iocanthus** is available here, at a price, if you know who to talk to. If you don't, such questions will get you killed rather swiftly.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

GALACTIC POSITION: 7/7/CS/H.

CLASS: 41 Pry is a Space Station.

SUBSECTOR: Golgenna

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: Stable warp routes run from 41 Pry to **Iocanthus**, Cloister and Regulus.

RETH



Historically, Reth has been entirely dependent upon its reputation as a paradise world. Consisting largely of a vast archipelago of thousands of golden islands scattered across a shallow warm turquoise sea, its climate and environment are said to be perfect for soothing and rejuvenating the tired and troubled mind. For over a thousand years, the planet's hereditary monarchs traded off this reputation, until

the de Caul family staged a successful coup two centuries ago. The de Cauls, a mid-ranking clan of Imperial nobles, brought a new and more severe interpretation of the Imperial cult to the laid back and pleasure loving planet.

Now, whilst it retains (to some extent) its status as a favoured destination for senior Adeptus Terra functionaries and Imperial Nobles, it also boasts a small, yet influential, complex for the

treatment of mental disorders operated by the Orders Hospitaller of the Adeptus Sororitas. This facility, the Asylum of Saint Vero, based on Reth's third largest island, treats over a million inmates, all suffering from a variety of mental illnesses. It is a conglomeration of hospitals, clinics and shrines maintained by the dutiful and dedicated sisters.

Disquieting rumours persist that many of the unfortunate patients of the St. Vero asylum are in fact psykers brought to the planet for reasons unknown. The Inquisition has, on occasion, sent its own most troubled members to a secret bunker, known as the Chapel of Blessed Peace, sited below the asylum and protected by hexagrammatic wards, silver seals of great potency and Inquisitorial Stormtroopers of ancient charter. Many valued Imperial servants whose talents are deemed 'useful' to the Imperium, are sent to Reth for a period of recuperation, and in some cases, mind-cleansing.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

EQUATORIAL CIRCUMFERENCE: 22,768 Miles.

GRAVITY: 0.89 G.

CLASS: Pleasure World.

SUBSECTOR: Adrantis

YEARS AND DAYS: Reth takes 379 Terran days to Orbit its star and spins on its axis every 22 Terran hours.

SATELLITES: Tyder (barren moon), Sedwyr (barren moon/asteroid) and Quaddisar Palace (space station and casino).

POPULATION: 640,000,000.

MEAN SURFACE TEMPERATURE: 31°C.

TROPOSPHERIC COMPOSITION: Nitrogen 78%, Oxygen 21%, Argon 1%, Carbon Dioxide 0.3%, Water Vapor (trace)

PLANETARY GOVERNER: Jedidiah de Caul is the authorised representative of His Imperial Majesty's Administratum on Reth. A sober, unbending hereditary monarch of strong religious leanings, he is a poor fit with the easygoing Rethian people. Unfortunately for the Rethians, in any such conflict they are likely to come off the worse given de Caul's tremendous family connections and the support of a strong Magistratum contingent.

RELIGION: Rethians, whilst retaining a proper respect for the Lord of Mankind, tend to think of him in fairly abstract, neutral terms. Rethians are typically laid back and would rather enjoy a life of mild sin than a life of confessing over imagined sins. Whilst this rarely converts into outright heresy, many outsiders feel that the average Rethian needs to have the love of the Emperor thrashed into them. Sadly for the Rethians, their current Governor agree and firmly holds this view.

CLIMATE: Reth's climate is uniformly warm and sunny, with a tropical monsoon season throughout the Equatorial band.

SEAS: Reth lacks any major continents or landmasses, instead girdled with thousands of tiny coral islands of great

beauty. These coral islands sit atop vast shallow reefs that cover most of the planet.

NATIVE FLORA AND FAUNA: The reefs are home to billions of beautiful Nautiline. Nautiline resemble terran shrimp, but are unrelated to any Terran creature: they came to their current form by convergent evolution. Nautiline of different species dominate every niche in the planet's ecosystem, but few are dangerous to man. Most are delicious, although they are notorious for decaying rapidly when out of the water.

SOCIETY: The people of Reth are scattered across thousands of islands, and most communities are very small, usually never more than a few thousand people at most. The majority of the population live relaxed lives: they are dependant upon their fishermen, but the seas are so plentiful that they rarely need to work too hard to eke out a living. Most communities are run by a small council of elders, with politely indifferent deference paid to local Ministorum priests. The planet is not heavily mechanised, but has a relatively high level of technology, with plentiful vox-casters, hovercraft (for navigating the reefs) and stun-nets for fishing.

PRINCIPLE IMPORTS AND EXPORTS: Tourism and 'healthcare'. The de Cauls have attempted, with limited success, to branch out into inter-sector banking services and luxury foodstuffs.

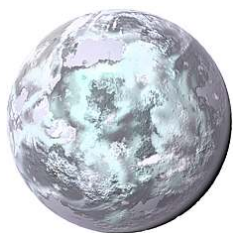
DEFENCES: The planet operates 59 PDF regiments of mediocre reputation, primarily based upon sea vessels that police the major shipping routes.

The wealthy de Caul family also operate a small system defence Monitor, the Vigilance.

IMPERIAL GUARD RECRUITMENT: The Rethians have raised Imperial Guard regiments in the past, the only notable regiment being the Rethian IVth, who drowned in their entirety when their planetary lander crashed in an assault on heretics on the island of Issikunda during the Vrran Crusade in M39.

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: Reth is part of the Tephaine System, and has close contact with the neighbouring worlds Tephaine, Tephaine Minor and **Siculi**. The nearest major world is **Baraspine**.

SCINTILLA



Scintilla is the Capital World of **the Calixis Sector**, a thriving Imperial hub that supports the largest planetary population in the territory. It is dominated (some observers say "shared") by two vast hive cities, Hive Sibellus and Hive Tarsus, into which the vast majority of the planet's groaning population is crammed. Despite the dominance of the two great hives, the

"offspring" communities of Ambulon and Gunmetal City contribute significantly to the planet's economic function. Scintilla is a world of splendours where the wealthy and powerful compete with ruthless appetite. Astonishing magnificence abounds, from the wondrous fashions of the hive nobility to the towering spectacle of the hives themselves. Landmarks like the Lucid Palace and the Cathedral of Illumination are famous throughout the sector.

Scintilla is also a world of corruption. Moral decay eats away at the noble houses, members of which are often deluded by their own wealth and status. In the rarefied culture of the high-born, the corruption of power and privilege runs deep. Noble houses consider themselves (sometimes correctly) as above or outside of Imperial law and can wield immense influence. Their attitude towards those lower-born is callous: it is not unknown for thrill seeking degenerates from noble houses to prey upon lesser humans as sport. At the other end of the social spectrum, the underhives are rife with mutants, outlaws and ultra violent gangs, as well as the psychotic zealots of **the Redemption**. The middle hivers trapped between the aristo spires and the rancid underhives live out thankless lives of unending toil, where ignorance is a virtue, and death is a reward for a lifetime of loyal, drone servitude, fulfilling the exorbitant tithes levied on Scintilla by the Administratum. It has been this way since the days of Angevin, and Scintilla's various corruptions are so deeply ingrained that they have become invisible even to those who perpetrate them.

Scintilla's most important features are its two hives: immense, multi-levelled cities that house billions of citizens. Both hives on Scintilla are largely independent, ruled by councils drawn from the nobles of the spire. The majority of the inhabitants are middle hivers, the labouring classes, without whom the planet's manufactories and trade houses would cease to function. Almost all middle hivers are owned or indentured to nobles from the great sector-wide families or from Scintilla's own lesser houses. The poorest and most neglected areas are the underhives: polluted, crime-ridden places where life is cheap and brutal gangs struggle for supremacy before violent death inevitably claims them. As long as the violence does not spill into the middle hives, the authorities are happy to let the gangs murder each other in the cesspits of the underhive. Scintilla's two great hives have always compared with one another for prestige and influence, but no rational observer could fail to acknowledge Hive Sibellus's dominance. Geographically the larger of the two hives, it is often referred to as "the Capital" or the "ruling hive", and is both the seat of political and administrative power, and the centre of the planet's manufacturing might. Hive Tarsus functions as a dark, shadowy twin, popularly referred to, by Sibellians, as the "Other Place". Hive Tarsus is a mercantile hive and controls all off world trade and commerce. Neither hive could function without the other, a fact celebrated in Scintillan proverbs and myths. However, neither great hive would openly admit to the importance of the "offspring" communities, Ambulon and Gunmetal City, both of which wield considerable influences of their own.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

GALACTIC POSITION: 88/23/CS/SW.

CLASS: Hive World.

SUBSECTOR: **Golgenna**.

SATELLITES: Two moons (Sothus and



Lachesis). Orbital docks geostationary above Hive Tarsus.

The moon Lachesis is home to the base of **The Tyrantine Cabal**. This is the Bastion Serpentis, a bleak fortress of age-polished black stone jutting from the surface of Scintilla's moon. Few people know of its existence, and those who do not are kept away from the moon by dire warnings about geological instability. **Lord Inquisitor Zerbe** can normally be found at the Bastion.

POPULATION: 25,000,000,000.

CLIMATE CLASSIFICATION: Temperate.

MEAN SURFACE TEMPERATURE: 22°C.

TROPOSPHERIC COMPOSITION: Nitrogen 72%, Oxygen 25%, Argon 1%, Ozone 1%, Carbon Dioxide 0.5%.

RELIGION: **The Cult of the Redemption** is active on several planets, but its spiritual home is Scintilla.

PLANETARY GOVERNER: **Sector Governor Marius Hax.**

CLIMATE: Climate temperate with extensive equatorial deserts.

ECONOMY: Scints, Scolds and Scabs - These are all terms used in the hives of Scintilla, and have become synonyms with the most valuable denominations of the Thrones, based in no small part on that world's excessive levels of wealth. Rounds - Used in the depths of Gunmetal City, where actual bullets are sometimes used as currency.

PRINCIPLE EXPORTS: Scintilla is a major exporter of manufactured goods including ship-drive components and weaponry. It is also an important source of manpower, with a large planetary defence force (PDF) and huge underhive population, both of which make for excellent Imperial Guard recruit sources.

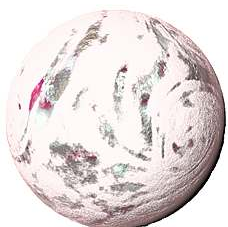
PRINCIPLE IMPORTS: Scintilla cannot support itself and requires massive imports of food from the Calixis Sector's agri-worlds.

COUNTRIES AND CONTINENTS: Three main continents - southern polar cap mountainous/volcanic, equatorial crescent deserts/jungle (Hive Tarsus, Hive Tenebra [extinct]), northern temperate landmass (Hive Sibellus, Ambulon, Gunmetal City). Remainder of planetary surface covered in ocean (heavily polluted, severely depleted fish stocks).

DEFENCES: Army of the Scintillan Protectorate (medium/high quality, based at Hive Tarsus).

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: As the sector capital Scintilla has a great deal of contact with other worlds in the Calixis sector, as well as worlds in other sectors and segmentums. Stable warp routes link Scintilla to **Tranch**, Settlement 228, **Iocanthus**, Luggnum, **Sepheris Secundus**, **Malfi**, Orbel Quill and **Baraspine**.

SEPHERIS SECUNDUS



Sepheris Secundus is a world of immense mineral wealth, city sized mines, billions-strong hordes of serfs and the sharpest

divide between the elites and the masses in **the Calixis Sector**. It is a grim place of snow and twilight, feral mutants, and lives spent in back breaking labour deep beneath the ground. The Imperium's eagerness to exploit Sepheris Secundus's vast resources is such that the planet is at the same time the richest and poorest world in the sector.

Sepheris Secundus's climate is cold and stormy, its surface obscured by a mantle of cloud. It has no oceans save for the small polar seas, so the moisture in its atmosphere comes from below the crust, spewed out from failed mine workings or natural geysers that pockmark the planet like pustules. Its surface is split between the vast open mines like deep scars in the crust and the dense, snow laden forests broken only by the ruins of failed kingdoms that tried to claim Sepheris Secundus in the past. With its endless blizzards, widespread ignorance and antiquated methods for doing everything, Sepheris Secundus would be a meaningless backwater were it not for the enormous mineral wealth beneath its surface.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

GALACTIC POSITION: 52/34/CS/NNE.

CLASS: Mining World.

SUBSECTOR: **Golgenna**.

SATELLITES: Three moons, none inhabited.

POPULATION: 12,000,000,000.

PLANETARY GOVERNER: **Queen Lachryma III.**

ECONOMY: Chips or Lumps - In the mines and villages of Sepheris Secundus life revolves around endless mining, to the point where chips and lumps of ore are sometimes used as a default currency.

PRINCIPLE EXPORTS: Sepheris Secundus is the largest exporting planet in the Calixis Sector. Without its massive exports of ore, metals and fuel, the Trade of the Calixis Sector could not function.

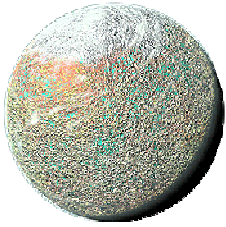
Mirror Shield. Used by the Royal Scourges on Sepheris Secundus. The shield is a large rectangular shape that will cover about two thirds of a human sized body. The shield is made from layers of stained glass, a material used in large quantities by the barons of Sepheris Secundus, this gives the shield a mirrored effect that has been known to repel laser-weapon shots of a low strength.

PRINCIPLE IMPORTS: Sepheris Secundus relies on imports of food from the sector's agri-worlds.

IMPERIAL GUARD RECRUITMENT: Its vast population makes it a potential supplier of Imperial Guard recruits, although a relatively small proportion of the population would be suitable because of universally poor health, along with the risk of exposing the subjugated masses to the possibility of life outside the mines.

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: Stable warp routes link Sepheris Secundus to **Scintilla**, **Iocanthus**, **Fedrid** and Ganf Magna. Sepheris Secundus is one of the planets on the path of the **Misericord**.

SICULI



Siculi is a barren planet covered in sinkhole lakes and affected by intermittent geological activity caused by torsional stress from its largest moon (which is half Siculi's size but twice as heavy). These lakes (called "droon") are used to harvest an energy rich algal material called Protoalgia - it's bright orange colour is visible from orbit. The largest droon have settlements along their edges where the

people reside. The inhabitants are almost all part of the labour gangs that work on the massive processoria, floating factory barges that extract and export the protoalgia. Unfortunately none of the inhabitants can consume the protoalgia as it requires complex processing and combination with other materials before it can be safely ingested. This ironically means that the Agri world has to import its own food. Once put through processing on other planets protoalgia becomes a highly energy efficient foodstuff, and is shipped out to many parts of the Imperium.

In fact, food is so important to the people of Siculi that it has become the unofficial monetary system, corpsewafers forming the hard currency. Religious Celebrations are held as large feasts, and ritual food consumption is seen as holy.

The governor lives on the smallest moon in the only spaceport, and rarely descends to the planet's surface. This leaves the planet to the control of the Guilds, massive companies that control most of the harvesting and other (limited) business opportunities. This control has led to riots and rebellions in the past, so the people need to be watched if the supply of protoalgia is to continue.

The Adeptus Mechanicus have a small research station on the largest moon, ostensibly there to study the relationship between the moon and the planet (considering their abnormal densities). They have also sent a few research teams into the droon to catalogue the bizarre organisms found there and to do geological surveys of the sinkhole themselves. Several expeditions (using expendable local help of course) have disappeared whilst others have recorded strange energy readings in the deepest droon.

An uneasy population and planet combined with the highly sought after protoalgia, have created a precarious existence. A seemingly indolent Governor, corrupt Guilds, and an underground freedom movement coupled with the strange readings from the deepest droon and the planet is ripe for investigation.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

EQUATORIAL CIRCUMFERENCE: 27,961 Miles.

GRAVITY: 0.8G.

CLASS: Agri-world.

SUBSECTOR: Adrantis

YEAR LENGTH IN DAYS: Longstride: 422 Shortshank: 370 - due to the strange affect the largest moon (Siculi tertius) has on the planet, every second year is shorter than the previous

one. The gravitational force required to do this is immense, and so it affects the geological stability of the planet.

DAY LENGTH IN TERRAN HOURS: 22.

SATELLITES: Two moons. The smallest (siculi secundus) is the main space port for the planet, and also used as the Governor's residence. It has a population of 20 million and is quite busy with continual flow through of merchantmen and the occasional navy patrol. The largest (siculi tertius) is inert and uninhabited except for a small Adeptus Mechanicus research station examining the moon's unusual relationship with the planet.

There is something unnatural about the relationship between the largest moon and Siculi itself. The moon shouldn't be as dense as it is, and Siculi shouldn't be as light as it is. The research station on the moon has had little luck scanning past the first few kilometres of the moon's surface, but it is altogether too smooth - its mean surface irregularity is only 50 metres.

POPULATION: 250,000,000+. The sparse population live in sprawling dockworks around the edges of the planet's droon (the local name for the massive lake networks covering the planet). The majority of them live in stark conditions, continually tending to the protoalgia blooms growing across the droon surface in their processoria; massive floating refineries continually harvesting and re-seeding the droon for export to the wider Imperium.

MEAN SURFACE TEMPERATURE: 10°C.

TROPOSPHERIC COMPOSITION: Nitrogen 74%, Oxygen 22%, Sulphur Dioxide 1%, Ozone 1%, Carbon Dioxide 2%.

PLANETARY GOVERNER: Gherloch Murdugn lives on the smallest moon, Siculi Minor (or Gervpoot as known by the inhabitants in their pidgin gothic, literally "Governor's Rump" due to the unfortunate shape of the moon and their opinion of the Governor). He rarely visits Siculi, sending instead his appointed magistrates to the surface to enforce Imperial Law (usually backed up by a unit of enforcers or even Arbites on rare occasions) and ensure the Tithe Quota is maintained. Many are honest adepts, who believe that their service is vital to the Emperor and Imperium, but some use their power for personal gain, and are even rumoured to possess their own small enforcer armies bought with ill-gotten funds. This is a potential threat to the Governor's power, but every now and then a Magistrate will meet with an accident whilst planetside, although whether this is the will of the Governor or rival Magistrates is unknown. Certainly those who have met the Governor describe him as a vapid buffoon, although there are some who claim this is a ruse to keep his enemies complacent around him.

The Governor's position is hereditary (although only if they have an heir) and he mostly insulated from the settlements on the planet itself.

RELIGION: The hardy people of Siculi have little time for piety, as their lives are full with the Endless Harvest. When they do congregate to honour the Emperor, they do so at raucous family or guild feasts, the ritualised act of consuming the meal seen as a particularly holy event.

CLIMATE: The planet is known for its gales and dust storms that sweep the planet almost continuously. The barren landscape produces an abrasive wind of silica that eats away at anything in its path. As Longstride turns to Shortshank (known as Strideturn) the winds pick up and geological instability increases. Sometimes massive earthquakes split the ground and drain droon into underground caverns. On rare occasions the massive processoria and their crews will be sucked down as well.

CLIMATIC REGIONS: The poles are distinct white pockmarked caps. For some reason the planet's only known volcanic activity occurs at both poles, creating a network of frozen droon separated by magma flows and volcanic upheavals.

SEAS: The most notable features of Siculi are its lakes. There are no oceans on the planet at all, just thousands of lakes (or droon), ranging in only a few dozen metres in width to several thousand kilometres. The most peculiar thing about these lakes is that they are exceedingly deep; although the average is a kilometre, the shallowest reach one hundred metres, and the deepest surveyed reach almost twenty kilometres in depth. Each water body sits in a sheer walled sink hole produced by the upheaval of Strideturn. There are 37 major droon, with over a thousand secondary droon and tens of thousands of minor droon. The nominal capital of the planet (in that it is the biggest settlement) is Feendrohl situated on the second largest Droon on the planet. The largest droon, Grhaan, has been uninhabited for the last 1000 years since the entire city and all the processoria on it disappeared during Strideturn. No geological cause was ever found for its disappearance and the people refused to repopulate it, declaring it cursed. Despite this there are some who are greedy or desperate enough to covertly harvest the protoalgia that grows and rots on its surface. Some never return. The people are tied so closely to their droon that the name of the people and settlement is the same. Thus each settlement is named for the droon it occupies.

The droon have been scanned with limited submersible activity and strange energy readings have been found in several of the largest ones. The biggest, Ghraan, has produced the greatest consternation and mystery, both through the disappearing of an entire settlement, but also through the fusion signatures coming from its depths.

TERRA-FORMING: Only limited manipulation has occurred, mainly in the form of massive shallow canals. Sometimes an upheaval shifts the currents and takes the protoalgia with it, other times another close droon will produce a particularly good harvest. Thus temporary canals are built between the droon to allow the processoria to exploit them.

NATIVE FLORA AND FAUNA: The land is mostly barren, with no vegetative material to reinforce the soil it blows away in the winds. There are some small invertebrates, but the only animal of any real size is the Dirt Kelt. This is a bizarre creature, almost two metres in length. It moves rarely, and when it does it burrows through the sand and any rock in its way, using its stomach acids to dissolve them. The creature has backward pointing overlapping spines to give it grip as it moves through the ground and a tail separated into five articulated digits a third of its length, each covered in spines and barbs. These are used to anchor itself in its tunnels and give it a sudden burst of speed when needed. Its head is little more than a knob on the back of its spine. It feeds by everting its oesophagus through the ground to the surface, and unfurling oversized cilia in all

directions so that it looks like a disturbing fleshy flower. When a surface organisms' distinctive vibrations and electrical pattern stimulate these cilia they will contract suddenly, simultaneously causing a peristaltic convulsion that floods the surface with potent acids. Many an unwary human has lost their foot to this disgusting creature.

Some magos biologis have speculated that the dirt kelt is descended from the fauna found at depth in the droon, and is the first air breathing vertebrate to have evolved on the planet.

The droon have a slightly richer biota, but it generally lives at depth, no less than 50 metres. None of the animals come to the surface normally, and thus don't generally pose a threat to the Endless Harvest of protoalgia. Several dozen droonsharks have been catalogued by the biologis, ranging from one to twenty metres in length. They all invariably exhibit an anguilliform swimming pattern and possess a rather well developed tail fluke reinforced with five ossified rays. Their main weapon is an elastic oesophagus. Part way down the oesophagus is an ossified ring with protruding spines that can be rippled through muscle contraction. The droonshark moves up behind its prey and everts its oesophagus, harpooning its prey with the spines. The muscles then contract and pulsate, rolling the prey down the oesophagus like a conveyor belt.

Some of those who return from Grhaan droon babble about the father of droonsharks, over one hundred metres long with a mouth large enough to swallow a small processoria. So far no specimen has been captured and most put it down to the curse that lies on Grhaan.

The dartfish is despite its name, a rather large and slow amorphous organism, its pulsating medusa-like dorsal surface reaching almost 30 metres in diameter. It drifts leisurely through the water using its highly developed electroreceptors to pinpoint the location of its prey. Once this has been determined it shoots a dart (from whence it gets its name) on a long tentacle toward the target, harpooning it and dragging it back toward its oral cavity.

ALIEN FLORA AND FAUNA: Apart from the protoalgia, the only non native organisms have survived for any length of time are ambul, accidentally transferred from other planets through merchant drops. Their numbers have remained surprisingly low, although it doesn't appear if they will die out of their own accord.

In the human settlements a variety of vermin from all over the imperium live, inhabiting the lower parts of the cities, and the sewer networks.

ECONOMY: Almost all the population of Siculi belong to one of the great Harvest Guilds as there is very little else of value on the planet. They crew the processoria as they endlessly move up and down the droon harvesting the protoalgia.

The guilds control most of the trade through the planet, using their power and influence to get their hands in whatever business appears. Construction and engineering are the most common non-harvest enterprises, geared entirely to maintaining the droon settlements and keeping the processoria afloat.

Some guilds have purchased expensive submersible barges from the Adeptus Mechanicus in an attempt to corner the market in droonshark meat. As the people of Siculi have a rather bland diet, these guilds don't just have financial reasons for these ventures. So far the danger of being damaged by the larger droonsharks or punctured by one of the dartfish has limited these operations to a descent depth of only 200 metres.

The sole export of the planet is protoalgia. In fact, if it wasn't for this one single commodity, Seculis wouldn't even be classed as an Agri-world at all. Protoalgia is a type of algae or fungus that grows on the surface of the droon across the planet. From orbit the bright orange colour gives the planet a rather bizarre appearance. Despite the less than inviting environment the protoalgia thrives, and requires little to help it grow. When they spore it is carried by the winds across the globe, seeding all the water bodies everywhere. The processoria suck up the protoalgia into massive processing machinery used to render it into its raw form. This is dried and packaged for export to various parts of the Imperium where it is refined with other materials to make it edible.

It is an unfortunate irony of Siculi that it produces billions of tonnes of produce, but that its own people are unable to eat it. Protoalgia is toxic in its natural form, and only through special chemical processes unavailable on Siculi and combination with other essential components is it rendered edible. Such elaborate measures are only willingly undertaken because protoalgia is one of the most efficient energy sources available to the Imperium, and it ships the final rendered form throughout the galaxy, and some say even the astartes themselves make use of it because of its energy output per gram. Siculi is one of the few places it is known to grow.

Thus it is that food has become a valuable economic commodity, and the Siculi go so far as to use it as their currency. Unable to eat the food they unendingly harvest, the Siculi must import supplies (which of course does not include reprocessed protoalgia as it is far too expensive and useful being fed to the lesser servants of the Imperium) from offworld, almost entirely made from reconstituted corpsestarch. The corpsewafer has become the unofficial currency of the people of the droon, used in place of useless metal coinage.

This is why feasts and food in general are associated with the Emperor as a divine luxury.

The starport on Siculi secundus uses Scintillian currency and looks down with patronising sighs at the use of food as a currency by the planetdwellers.

SOCIETY: The droon people are very closely knit tied together through family bonds and labour gang blood ties. They protect their own from outsiders, and are wary of offworlders. The settlements are run by a Guild Council ostensibly voted for (but generally paid for) comprising multiple different Guilds to prevent any one from dominating. It is the guilds and their staff that have access to the more complicated technologies, and their enforcers are paid to protect it. The droon families have little more complicated than a vox, and weapons are generally limited to simple pistols and a lead pipe or three.

In the past there have been some rebellions due to food shortages. The Governor and his magistrates generally let the populace vent their anger at the Guilds (being safe as they are on Siculi secundus) until the food supplies return.

A more dangerous threat are the Droon Brothers, a secret group who believe the Guild's have lied to the Droon people about protoalgia and that it doesn't require such elaborate processing to be eaten. They claim this was a deception to keep the people under Guild control and reliant on external food supplies. They have set up secret home laboratories in an attempt to create a safe form of protoalgia in order to liberate their people from Guild oppression.

WATER SUPPLY: Because food supplies come in from off world, they are funnelled through the Guilds who in turn are selective of which families receive it. Many have turned to bribery to receive an adequate supply, whilst others use less legal means to acquire it. Water requires treatment as the droon are rich in sulphur and methane, and the Guilds control the water treatment plants.

PRINCIPLE EXPORTS: Protoalgia.

PRINCIPLE IMPORTS: Food and limited manufactured goods.

COUNTRIES AND CONTINENTS: There are no real delineations between nations or kingdoms, but the people don't move around much and so each droon city is effectively its own state and territory.

CONFLICTS: Intermittent 'freedom fighting' and uprisings against the Guilds happen on occasion. Sometimes Droon Families draw blood oaths against each other, and the droon become a small warzone.

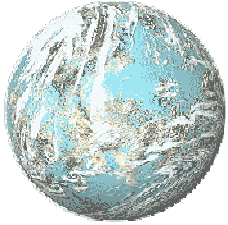
DEFENCES: Most of the planetary defence is in orbit. Massive orbital batteries and torpedo silos surround the planet and its moons. Ground defence is ostensibly the responsibility of the Guilds and the enforcer troops they pay for and maintain.

IMPERIAL GUARD RECRUITMENT: There have been few regiments raised, and they have all unfortunately been beholden to the memory of the Siculi 1st. A thousand years ago the Governor wished to raise the profile of Siculi (and himself) and decided to send a regiment of guard. They were seen as a joke by most of the guard, and were left to defend the supply depots behind the lines. They would have been lost to the annals of history were it not for a single event. In an engagement against the greenskins, an ork blitzkrieg had against all odds smashed through the guard lines. They rampaged through the line eventually encountering the main guard supply depot. Sensing an easy target they descended in a horde upon the supply tents. What the captain of the Siculi 1st said to his men is not known, but popular belief has it as something like "Protect the Emperor's Holy Rations!" When the forward guard elements finally caught up to the horde, they found utter carnage. Not a single ork was alive, and not a single foodstore had been damaged. The Siculi 1st, paranoid about their food had thought the orks meant to steal it, and had fought to the last man to protect the Emperor's rations.

From then on all regiments raised from Siculi have the expectation of self sacrifice and fearlessness in the face of certain death planted firmly on their unwilling shoulders. "Firster" is common droon slang used to describe someone who is distinctly insane.

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: Siculi is part of the Tephaine System, and has close contact with the neighbouring worlds Tephaine, Tephaine Minor and **Reth**. The nearest major world is **Baraspine**.

SISK



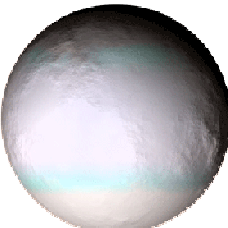
On the feudal world of Sisk, dogmatic theologians hold sway. Recorded in their character of colonial foundations is the admonishment that Siskan defense is 'built upon the bones of our forefathers'. Hence the gruesome, yet undeniably beautiful Siskan Musket. Formed in the main from a human thighbone, traditionally from one of the weilder's ancestors, this exquisite firearm is a highly desirable object in

many noble circles. Utilising an iron capped tooth as its striking mechanism, the 'Father Shot' is considered to be a reliable weapon with a reputation for 'lucky hits'. In certain seedy areas of Sisk, down on their luck artificers are willing to create trophy Muskets from bones brought to them by well paying worlders. They seldom ask where the materials come from, as their patrons all too often have the steely glint of revenge in their eyes.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

CLASS: Feudal World.

SORYTH



To the coreward of the Adrantis Nebula lies the unique mining colony world of Soryth, an icy satellite famous for its rare frozen gas deposits.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

EQUATORIAL CIRCUMFERENCE: 148,000 Miles.

CLASS: Mining World.

SUBSECTOR: Adrantis

SATELLITES: A number of small moons orbit the world. They have yet to be given names and seem to be nothing but barren lumps of rock and ice. A larger moon, Lacyrm, is a rocky moon bound in a thin crust of ice. It is notable only for its size.

POPULATION: 20,000 penal colonists.

CLIMATE CLASSIFICATION: Extremely Cold.

MEAN SURFACE TEMPERATURE: -210 °C.

TROPOSPHERIC COMPOSITION: Soryth has no atmosphere.

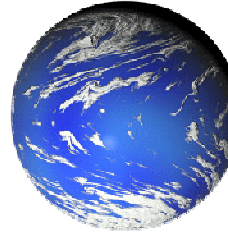
CLIMATIC REGIONS: The whole planet is a frozen wasteland.

IMPERIAL GUARD RECRUITMENT: None.

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: There are no stable warp routes linking Soryth to other worlds so travel to and from the

planet is unsafe and unpredictable. When the warp storms abate somewhat ships from **Tranch** and **Baraspine** make their way to the mining world.

SPECTORIS



The "Complete Ocean" of Spectoris is the subject of many legends. Some say there are sentient xeno forms of vast size inhabiting the unexplored depths of the world. Others claim that the world-ocean itself is sentient.

When the Lord Militant Angevin's world surveyors first discovered the waterworld Spectoris, they were

delighted by the vast quantities of fish that the planet seemed to promise and readily noted it as a potential agri-world for future use. As the population of the Calixis Sector grew, so to did its need for food. In 312.M41 the Sector Governor declared that the time had come to begin harvesting the piscine crop of Spectoris, a task that was to prove far easier to order than to achieve. The Imperium swiftly found that the denizens of Spectoris routinely destroyed all foreign objects that were placed within the world-ocean, effectively halting any large-scale collection efforts. For decades the legendary 'Complete Ocean' held the Imperium at bay, leading many to believe that the world-ocean itself was sentient in some inexplicable manner.

At last, frustrated by their inability to progress, the Adeptus Mechanicus turned to one of their more eclectic minded members, the somewhat infamous Genetor Halix Redole. Genetor Redole was known to be associated with a faction within the Mechanicus known as the Organicists, a group of tech priests who esteemed biological enhancement as being equal in value with the cybernetic, a somewhat radical if not heretical position from the Tech-Adepts point of view. Redole applied his keen intellect to the 'Spectoris Problem' for five years before hitting on a solution. The Genetor discovered that a form of sea life roughly analogous to terrestrial coral was attracted to certain chemicals. By blending the chemicals with a bonding agent derived from a Spectorin fish, Redole created the compound known as Coral Paste. The paste draws Spectorin coral to whatever it is applied to, soon creating a 'natural' layer of sea life that causes the creatures of the world-ocean to regard the encrusted vessel as native. The Genetor's success opened the way to large scale Imperial harvesting and Coral Paste is now regularly applied to all Spectorin ships, no matter their size, as well as being repeatedly caked across the entire hull of the planet's sole underwater habitat, Enkaidan. Coral Paste has proven to be useful to the colonists of Spectoris as a makeshift hull repair agent on a number of occasions. It's utility is marred by the fact that it must be reapplied frequently, else the coral covering can deteriorate with lethal results. Coral Paste is a highly regulated substance due to the extreme value of a great many Spectorin species of fish, which inevitably brings poachers.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

GALACTIC POSITION: 88/23/CS/SW.

EQUATORIAL CIRCUMFERENCE: 17,500 Miles.

CLASS: Agri-world (producing crops of fish and seafood).

YEARS AND DAYS: Spectoris takes 388 Terran days to Orbit its star and spins on its axis every 24.6 Terran hours.

POPULATION: 2,000,000.

MEAN SURFACE TEMPERATURE: 35°C.

TROPOSPHERIC COMPOSITION: Nitrogen 72%, Oxygen 25%, Argon 1%, Ozone 1%, Carbon Dioxide 0.5%.

CLIMATIC REGIONS: The entire surface of Spectoris is covered in ocean.

NATIVE FLORA AND FAUNA: A variety of animals and plants live in the seas of Spectoris, the vast majority of them form a vast planktonic soup drifting in the great ocean. The Lantern Jaw is the largest predator in the Calixis Sector. It is a vast eel-like piscine xeno-form over 200 metres long indigenous to Spectoris.

ECONOMY: The population of Spectoris most live on vast farming rigs, tethered to submerged reef or rocks by numerous cables.

The people of Spectoris refer to their currency as Scales or Fins, and being particularly flush with cash is often colloquially referred to as having a shoal of fins or looking a bit scaly.

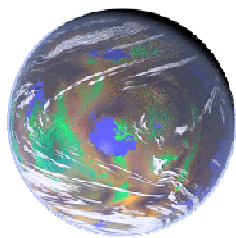
PRINCIPLE EXPORTS: The sector's largest exporter of fish and fish-meal product.

COUNTRIES AND CONTINENTS: None. Enkaidan – Spectoris' sole Imperial habitat is located on a submarine peak.

IMPERIAL GUARD RECRUITMENT: Spectoris is not expected to raise any regiments of Imperial Guard beyond their Planetary Defence Force. The populations farming work is considered an important enough service.

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: Spectoris sends shipments of food to many other worlds in the Calixis sector. There are relatively stable warp routes linking Spectoris to **Tranch** and **Sentinel**.

VAXANIDE



The forgotten colony. Situated at the edge of sector territory, Vaxanide is a poorly supplied, desperate world, struggling to enter the "inner circle" of sector planets. It has decent mineral output and considerable exports of meat and fish, but it fights to survive. Its three billion population answers to Lord Vaxanide, scion of House Vaxanide, which has holdings on Scintilla, Malfi and Regulus.

The economic degeneracy of Vaxanide results in it being a generally lawless, dangerous frontier world, especially beyond the precincts of the central hive, Vaxanhive. The planet is especially famed for its porcelain, glass and fish products. It is also the site of a shrine to Saint Drusus, where miracles are said to occur. Base rumours say that a hidden city exists in the canyons of the dense equatorial jungles. The city is said to be a mirror of the Lucid Palace, populated by phantoms of the actual

Lucid Palace's denizens. All expeditions into the jungle areas have ended in failure, with few members returning alive. Those who survive are usually insane, raving of "grey death" stalking them, or simply ending their lives in a variety of messy ways..

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

GALACTIC POSITION: 735-4/445/CS/NNE

CLASS: Frontier World.

CONTACT WITH OTHER WORLDS: Stable warp routes run from Vaxanide to Malfi, Ganf Magna and Kalf.

VOLONX



Feral World. Large population of nomadic tribes prevent any stable settlements growing and therefore stunting any serious societal development.

+++PLANETARY DATA+++

CLASS: Feral World.

SUBSECTOR: Adrantis

NATIVE FLORA AND FAUNA: The Volonx Sand Shark – a reptile-like predator that hunts in the desert areas of the planet. The skem plant – a virulently poisonous plant, causes anaphylactic shock unless an antidote is administered.

PRINCIPLE EXPORTS: Volonx Skem Net – Made from strips of plant stem from the poisonous skem plant. A typical net is usually about six metres square. The stem of the skem plant is notoriously hardy and so the net can actually be packed up to about the size of a man's balled fist. On Volonx hunters launch the net with the aid of an arrow. The net is coated in skem poison which causes anaphylactic shock.

Volonx Bone Bolas – Usually consists of two or three stone or metal weights joined together by cords. When thrown they entangle the prey preventing it from escaping. The Volonx version of this weapon works on a similar principal, however the weights are made from bone and are embedded with Sand Shark teeth that make them far more deadly than a traditional bolas. Some nomad tribes have also been known to coat the cords in a poison made from virulent skem plant stem.

Volonx Bang-a-rangs – A thrown weapon with a surprisingly long range. It is made from a light piece of wood with a 45 degree bend in about a third along its length, at each end a fearsome piece of sharpened bone just out. When thrown the weapon flies in a wide circular arc and will return to the owner if it does not strike a target. Recent innovations have seen the addition of plastic explosive packets. It is unknown where the tribes are getting such advanced munitions but it is believed to be an off world source. When armed with the explosive the bang-a-rangs can either drop off their 'payload' before returning to their owner or hit the target before exploding.

Volonx Sabre Dagger – These are made by lining up the teeth

of the Volonx Sand Shark. Sabre Daggers are all individually made so it's hard to give definitive measurements although general characteristics are that they are very long, almost like a short sword in length. The teeth are bound to a spine of thick hollow wood. The daggers are exceptionally sharp, the serrated edge means that can also grip into the flesh making them a particularly nasty weapon.