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DAMNATION CRUSADE



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ABNETT - EDGINTON - ANTONIO - RINGUET

WARHAMMER[®]

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It is the 41st Millennium. For more than a hundred centuries, The Emperor has sat upon the Golden Throne of Earth. He is the master of mankind and ruler of a million worlds by the might of his inexhaustible armies.

Greatest amongst his soldiers are the Adeptus Astartes, the Space Marines, bio-engineered super-warriors clad in immense suits of powered armor. These elite fighters are divided into Chapters, with each Chapter possessing its own creed and fighting style. Among the most fanatical of these regiments are the BLACK TEMPLARS.

Hailing from no one homeworld, the Black Templars long ago embarked on a seemingly never-ending crusade to purge the Emperor's dominion of aliens, mutants, heretics -- and worse. The life of a Black Templar is one of constant and bloody war -- and thus their numbers must be constantly replenished. In the arenas of the Templars' planetary Chapter Keeps, the worthy are culled from the weak.

But to heed the call of this brotherhood demands not only incomparable courage, sacrifice, and strength, but a willingness to abandon everyone and everything one knows and loves. Including one's very self...

Damnation Crusade

Written by Dan Abnett
and Ian Edginton

Illustrated by Lui Antonio

Colored by JM Ringuet
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Mark Powers - Editor

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...WHO
WANTS TO BE
FIRST?

THE BATTLE OF
CARRION GULF.

THE THIRD YEAR
OF THE TORMENT
CRUSADE.



ELSEWHERE...

KLONK
TAP
KL-KLONK

KLONK!
KLANG!
THUMP!

... ?

BROTHER
TANKRED?
CAN YOU
HEAR ME?

TANKRED
SLEEPS.

I KNOW,
I KNOW.
FORGIVE ME.
BUT YOU CAN
SLEEP NO
MORE.

BROTHER
TANKRED?

KLONK-
CLANG!

BELOVED
BROTHER
TANKRED, CAN
YOU HEAR
ME?

TANKRED CAN HEAR
YOUR BLOODY RACKET!
YOUR BLOODY RACKET HAS
WOKEN TANKRED UP!

I KNOW, BUT
I HAVE TO OPEN
THE CASING AND
ACTIVATE YOUR
MOTIVE
POWERPLANT.

IT IS A
BLOODY
RACKET!

I KNOW.

IT HAS
WOKE
TANKRED
UP!

I KNOW.

TANKRED WAS
ASLEEP. TANKRED
LIKES SLEEP.
TANKRED WISHES
TO REMAIN ASLEEP.

SO TANKRED
WILL SAY
GOODNIGHT.

BROTHER
TANKRED?
BROTHER?

DAMN IT! HE IS
NOT RESPONDING.
INCREASE THE FLOW,
AND INTRODUCE AN
ADRENALIN BOOST.

AS YOU
COMMAND,
MASTER.

HAAAAHHH!
YOU WAKE
TANKRED WITH
PAIN! TANKRED
WILL KILL YOU,
MOST LIKELY.

TANKRED,
TANKRED, SWEET
AND WORTHY BROTHER
TANKRED, YOU WOULDN'T
HURT YOUR OLD FRIEND
ARNULF, NOW,
WOULD YOU?

ONLY IF HE
INSISTS IN
BOTHERING
TANKRED SO.

GO
AWAY.

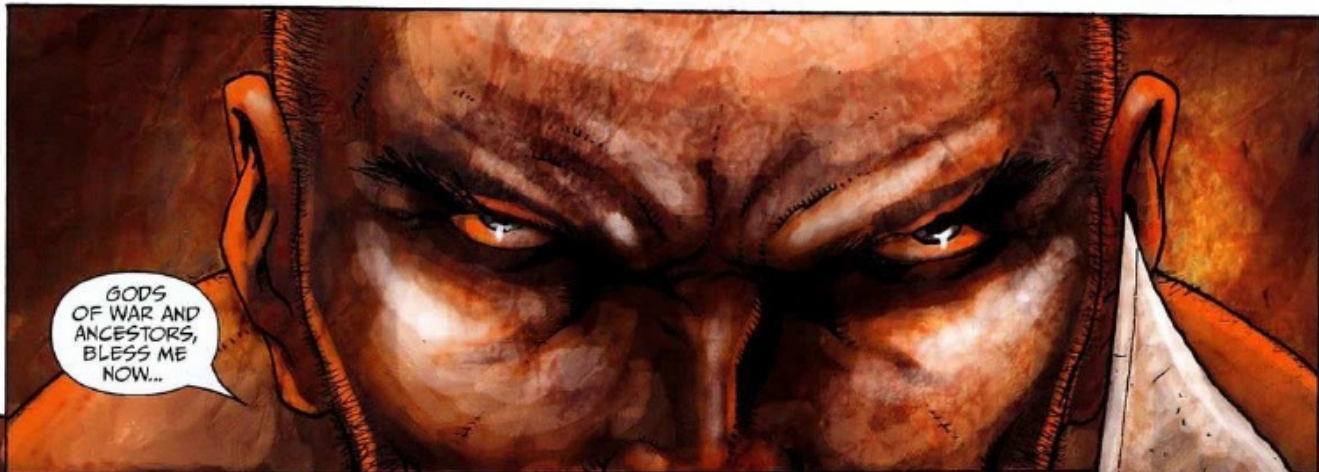
OH, HE'S
GOING TO BE
TROUBLE TODAY.
THE MACHINE SPIRIT
SLUMBERS DEEPLY
IN OUR BROTHER
TANKRED.

BEGIN
THE LITANY. AND
ADD *ANOTHER*
ADRENALIN
BOOST.

AS YOU
COMMAND,
MASTER.

BATTLE BARGE
LEVELLER.
SEPULCHRE
LEVEL.

THE EVE OF
THE KASIROTH
OFFENSIVE.





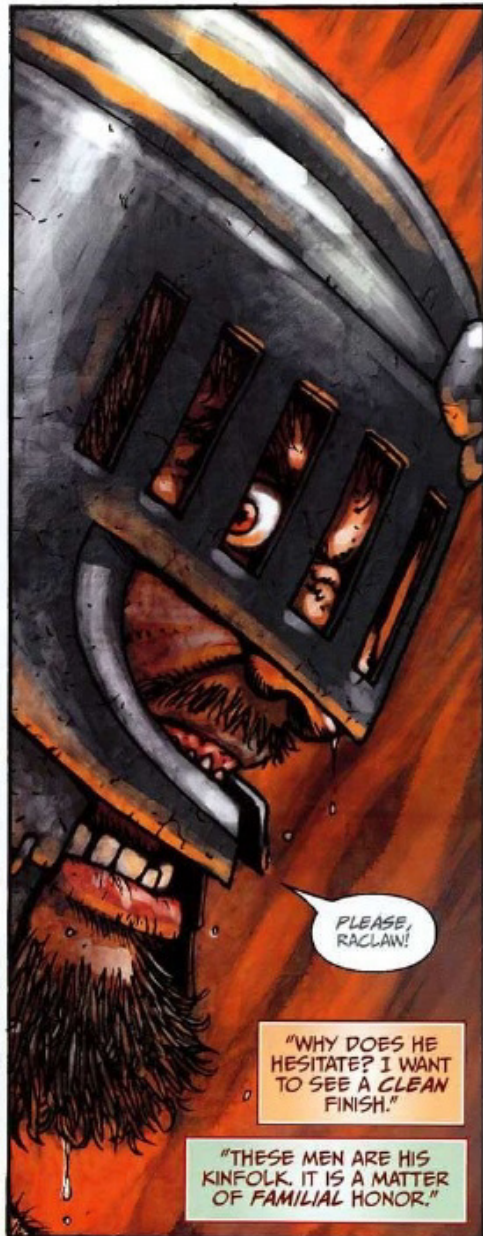




"HIS NAME IS
RACLAW."

DO IT!
NHH-HH-HH...
FINISH ME,
CLAN-KIN!
HHH-HH... MAKE
IT QUICK!

I CAN'T,
DRAGO, WE
ARE BLOOD,
YOU AND I.



PLEASE,
RACLAW!

"WHY DOES HE
HESITATE? I WANT
TO SEE A CLEAN
FINISH."

"THESE MEN ARE HIS
KINFOLK. IT IS A MATTER
OF FAMILIAL HONOR."



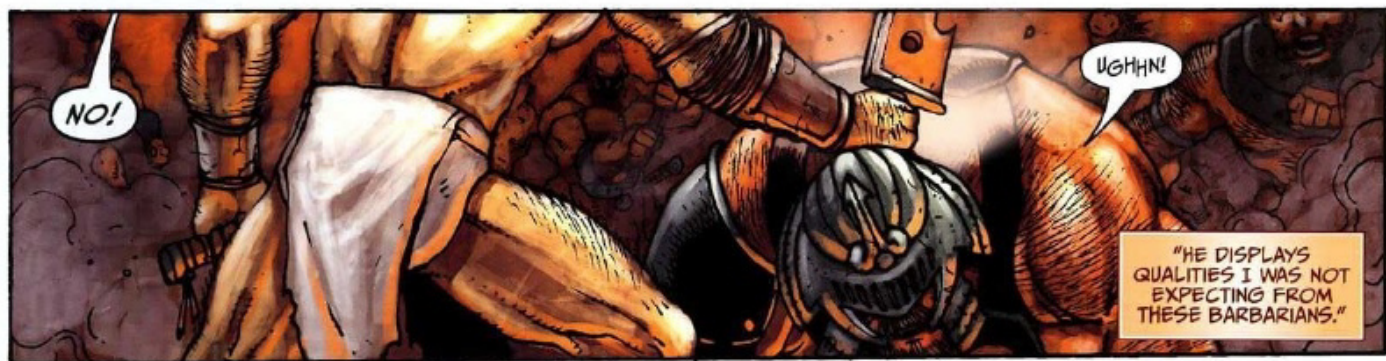
OH, DRAGO, DON'T
ASK ME THIS...

OUR MOTHERS
ARE KIN! OUR
BLOOD IS SHARED
IN THE DRUMKIL
CLAN.

"SO HE HAS AN HONOR
CODE? LOYALTY TO HIS
OWN. THAT'S GOOD. WE
CAN USE THAT."



DON'T YOU
GET IT, RACLAW?
WHATEVER HAPPENS,
NONE OF US ARE
EVER GOING BACK
TO THE CLAN.



NO!

UGH!!

"HE DISPLAYS QUALITIES I WAS NOT EXPECTING FROM THESE BARBARIANS."



"HE HAS QUALITIES, I'LL GRANT YOU THAT."

RACLAW?
WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
DO WE KEEP KILLING?
WE'LL DROWN OURSELVES IN BLOOD!

NO, SARDULC.
WE'VE BEEN THEIR SPORT LONG ENOUGH.

"OH, WHAT'S THIS NOW?"



THAT'S IT!
THAT'S ENOUGH!
WE WON'T FIGHT FOR YOU ANY MORE!

"DEFIANCE! I LIKE HIM MORE AND MORE. BUT I WOULD LIKE TO SEE HIM PUSHED. I MEAN REALLY TESTED. NO MERCY STRIKES."

"I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT. THAT'S WHY I IMPORTED THE CARNODON."



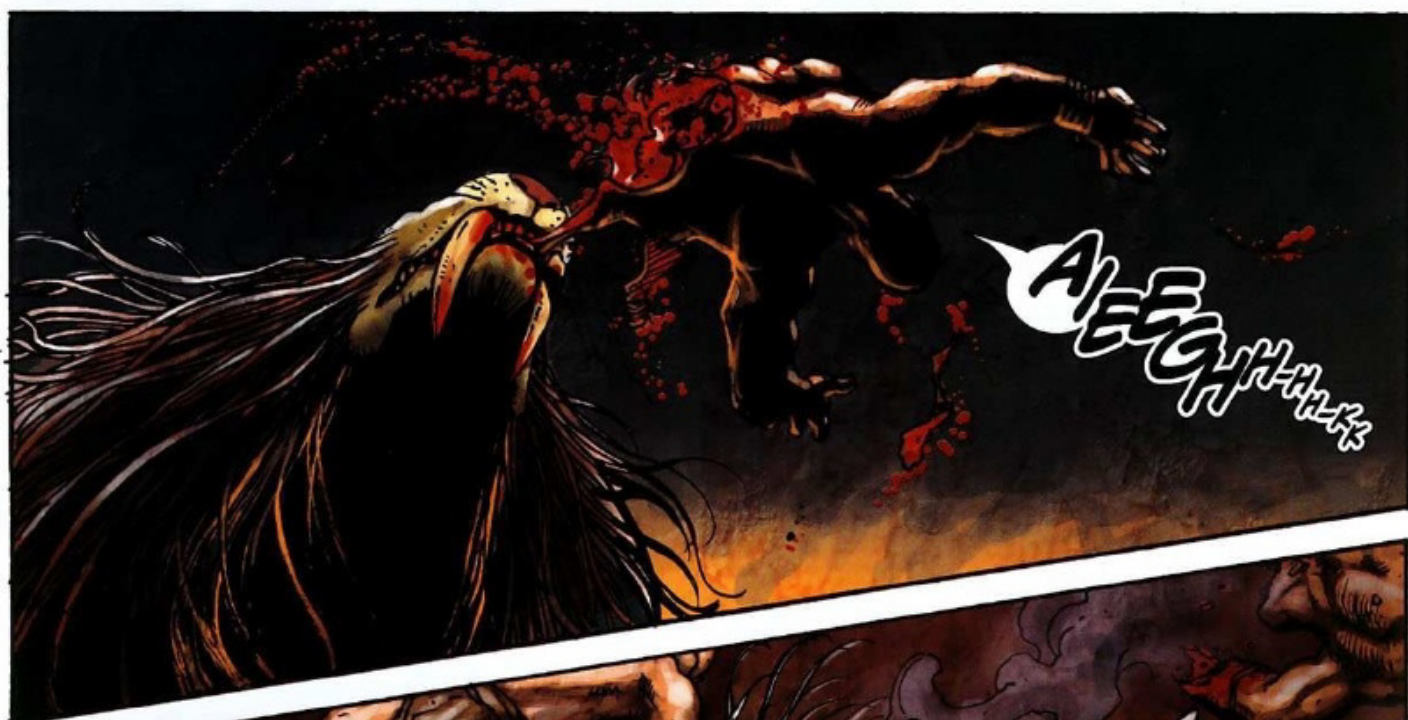
RACLAW--?

"A CARNODON? BROTHER OTMUND, HE'S NO GOOD TO ME DEAD!"

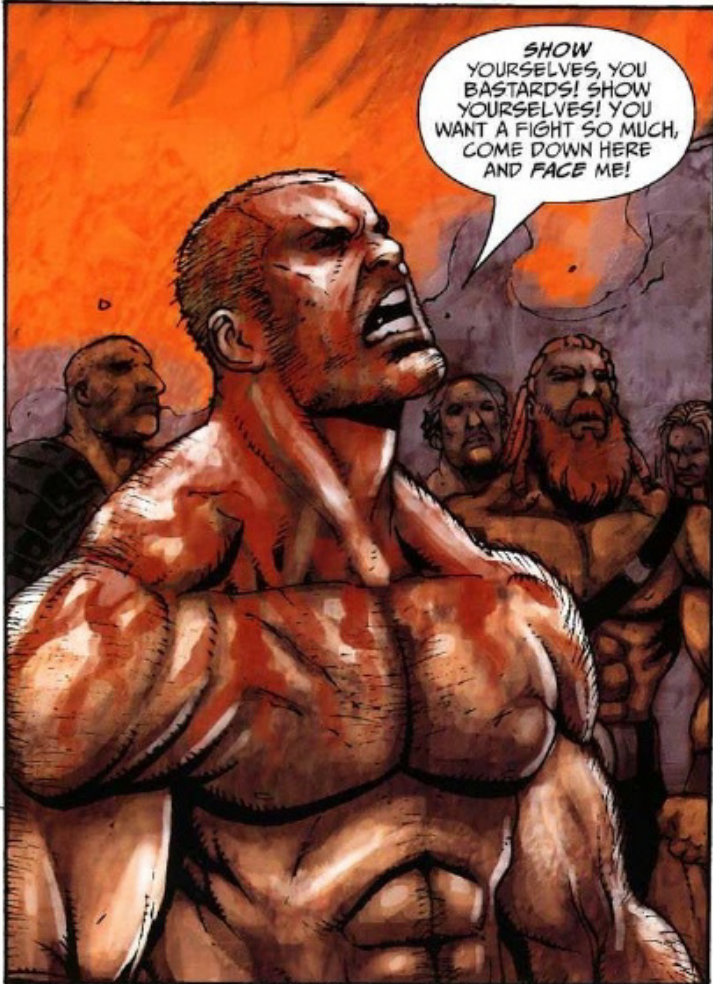
"JUST WATCH..."



RUN!
RUN!









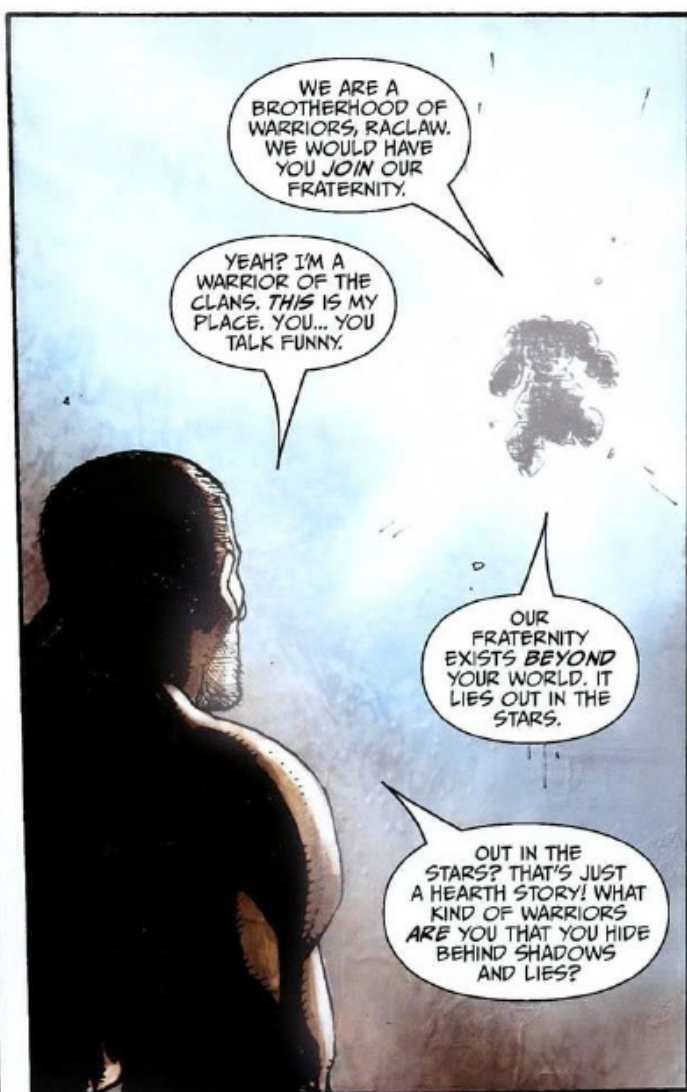
FOR THE
CHAPTER.

WHAT
"CHAPTER"?

THE CHAPTER
OF ETERNAL
CRUSADE. THE
CHAPTER OF
DORN.

THAT
MEANS *NOTHING*
TO ME. EXPLAIN
YOURSELF. *SHOW*
YOURSELF.

OR COME
FIGHT ME AND
GET THIS
DONE.



WE ARE A
BROTHERHOOD OF
WARRIORS, RAELAW.
WE WOULD HAVE
YOU *JOIN* OUR
FRATERNITY.

YEAH? I'M A
WARRIOR OF THE
CLANS. *THIS* IS MY
PLACE. YOU... YOU
TALK FUNNY.

OUR
FRATERNITY
EXISTS *BEYOND*
YOUR WORLD. IT
LIES OUT IN THE
STARS.

OUT IN THE
STARS? THAT'S JUST
A HEARTH STORY! WHAT
KIND OF WARRIORS
ARE YOU THAT YOU HIDE
BEHIND SHADOWS
AND LIES?



THIS
KIND.



OH MY
GODS...

YOUR GODS HAVE
GOT NOTHING TO DO
WITH IT. I AM BROTHER
BRUNNER. I AM A
SPACE MARINE OF THE
BLACK TEMPLARS
CHAPTER.

YOU
WILL OBEY
ME FROM
NOW ON.

ANY
QUESTIONS?





STAND
READY!

A TREMOR
FIRST, A SLIGHT
QUIVER OF THE
GROUND.



BOLTERS!

RR-CHAKK!

THEN EVERY
AUSPEX SCANNER
IN THE COMPANY
FLASHES OUT A
PROXIMITY ALERT
VIA HELM-FEED.



**RR-CHAKK!
CHAKKK!**

**CHAKK!
RR-CHAKK!**

WE HEAR THEM AT LAST,
OUT IN THE FOG. METAL
GRINDING ON WET ROCK.
STEEL SPARKING ON
STONE. LOUDER, LOUDER.



READY...
READY...

METAL ON ROCK,
SCRAPING
TOWARDS US...

THE SMOG
UNVEILS THEM
LIKE A
SECRET.

THE NECRONS.





THEN THERE
IS NOISE.

SUCCUBAE
GATES.

EIGHT YEARS
INTO THE
LANDRED
PACIFICATION.

ELSEWHERE...

WHAT
NOW?

YOU MUST
WAKE, BELOVED
BROTHER.

GO
AWAY!

TANKRED WANTS
TO SLEEP AND
KEEP SLEEPING.

HOIST
HIM.



HELLO,
OLD
FRIEND.

WHY DID
YOU WAKE
ME?

IT'S
TIME FOR
WAR.

IT'S
ALWAYS
TIME FOR
WAR...

"...THERE IS
ONLY WAR."

KILHAVEN.

FOUR,
UNUSUALLY HIGH
NUMBER OF
RECRUITS FOR A
SINGLE SWEEP.

BUT THEN
THIS WORLD
ALWAYS DID
BREED THEM
TOUGH.

COME ON
THEN, YOU. STEP
FORWARD. IT'S
TIME TO GO.

AS YOUR
SLAVES?

NO. NOT
SHACKLED. IF YOU
COME WITH US, YOU
COME FREELY AND
BY CHOICE.

TO
WHERE?

TO
THE END
OF THE
WORLD.

AHH!

O-GREAT
GODS...

THE END
OF YOUR
WORLD...



...AND THE
BEGINNING
OF ALL
OTHERS.

TO BE CONTINUED

WARHAMMER GLOSSARY

Welcome, readers, to the hell that is the forty-first millennium. Mankind has spread his dominion throughout the galaxy. Those entities that threaten the stability of his decaying empire are dealt with in merciless, violent manner. For the Emperor that presides over man's vast Imperium is served by the greatest warriors in history.

The Emperor is served by the legendary Space Marines.

In this series, we'll be exploring the life's path of the Space Marine. For though he begins life as a mere man, he will, in time, evolve into something else entirely...



RECRUIT

The Space Marines

The Adeptus Astartes, or Space Marines, are the deadliest warriors of the Imperium of Man -- bio-engineered super-human warriors who serve the Emperor with fierce devotion. Divided into distinct chapters such as the Black Templars, these men sacrifice their lives to don colossal suits of power armor and spend the rest of their days in battle.

The Path of a Space Marine

Space Marine chapters recruit new candidates according to their own distinct methods. Most recruits are drawn from a Chapter's home planet; the Black Templars, who do not hail from any one home world, have established Chapter Keeps on numerous planets of the Imperium. Only the most durable, cunning, courageous individuals are selected -- and few of these recruits survive the extensive training and surgical processes necessary to advance to the next stage of becoming a Space Marine.

Neophyte

The Recruit, once implanted with the genetic material that will radically enhance his strength, reflexes, and endurance -- called the "gene-seed" -- and having undergone radical surgery, will have to pass a series of tests established by his Chapter. When a Recruit successfully meets these challenges, he is accepted into the Chapter as a Neophyte. As a Neophyte, he will be schooled in the history of the Chapter, the tenets of the Adeptus Astartes, and, of course, will continue to be trained in the art of making war. In addition, he will undergo further surgeries and modifications, and must willingly leave behind everything of the life he once knew.



NEOPHYTE

Initiates/Sword Brethren

Once a Neophyte's training and genetic enhancement is complete he will be accepted as a full-fledged member of the chapter. In his final test he will be challenged to prove his worthiness. If he succeeds he will become a Battle Brother of the chapter, and will progress to one day become an Initiate or Sword Brethren. On this day he is presented with a Boltgun, the legendary sidearm wielded by the Space Marines, and a suit of immense power armor.

Dreadnought

For a chosen few, immortality is found within the armored hull of the Emperor's deadliest machines of war. In these rare instances, the life-essence of a deceased Space Marine is enclosed inside a fearsome, tank-like structure called a Dreadnought. For decades, even centuries after their physical deaths, these most venerated Marines will continue to wage war in the holy name of mankind's supreme ruler.

Next Issue: Watch this space for an examination of the Greatest Enemies of the Space Marines – which will be preceded by 22 pages of glorious mayhem!



INITIATES /
SWORD BRETHREN



DREADNOUGHT

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Greatest amongst his soldiers are the Adeptus Astartes, the Space Marines, bio-engineered super-warriors clad in immense suits of powered armor. These elite fighters are divided into Chapters, with each Chapter possessing its own creed and fighting style. Among the most fanatical of these regiments are the BLACK TEMPLARS.

In their constant quest to replenish their ranks of crusaders, the Templars have seized RACLAW, a young man from a barbaric, backwater planet. Raclaw, having proven himself to be both a courageous and deadly fighter, has been recruited into their ranks. At the foot of his initiate, BRUNNER, his will be a bloody baptism into a more vast, more brutal universe – and many painful tribulations await him before he becomes a full-fledged Space Marine.

Meanwhile, a battle-tested Templar Sword Brethren known as GERHART fought overwhelming odds against mankind's most terrifying enemies. And the Dreadnought TANKRED was awoken from his sacred rest to wage war in the name of the Emperor once more...

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Cover B (Gerhart): Kevin Chin

Cover C (Tankred): Ray Toh

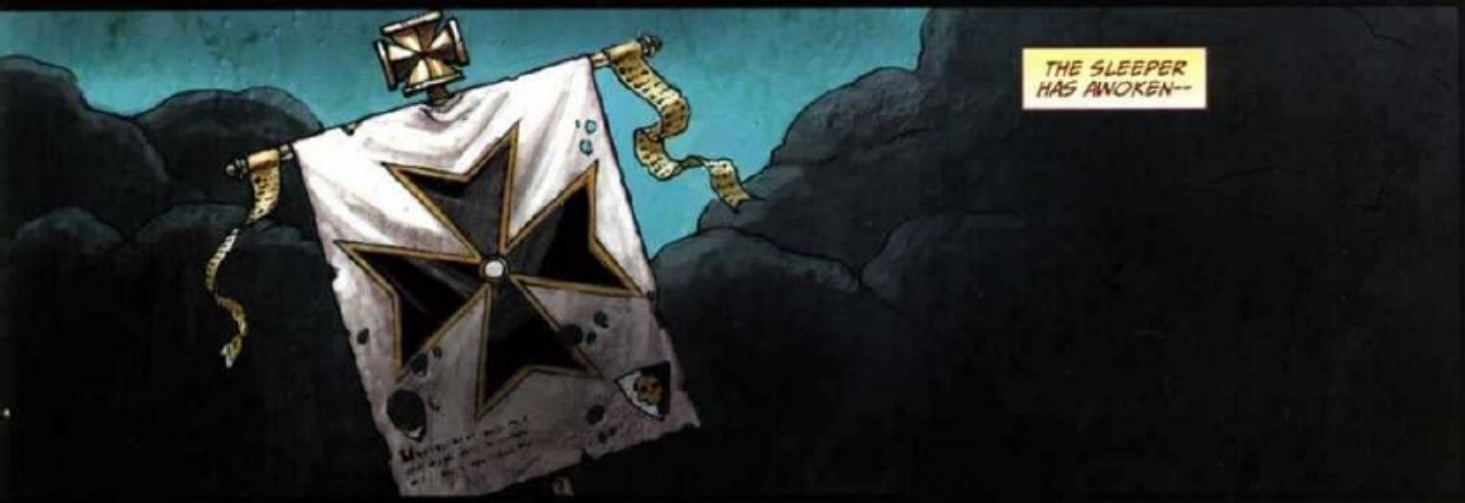
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THE SLEEPER
HAS AWOKEN--



THE CLARION
CALL SOUNDED--



THE TIME HAS COME
TO ROUSE FOR
WRATH AND RUIN--



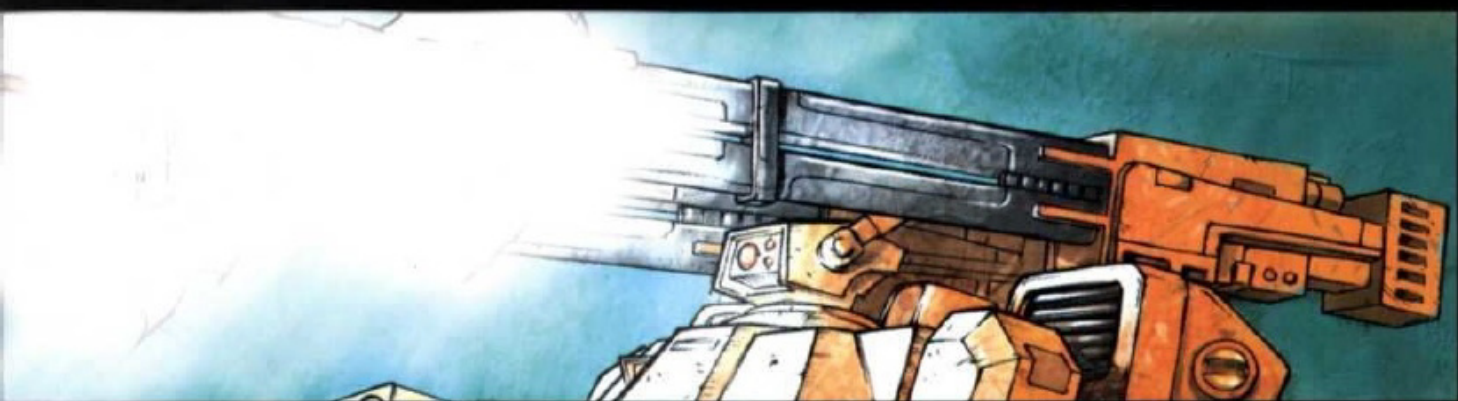
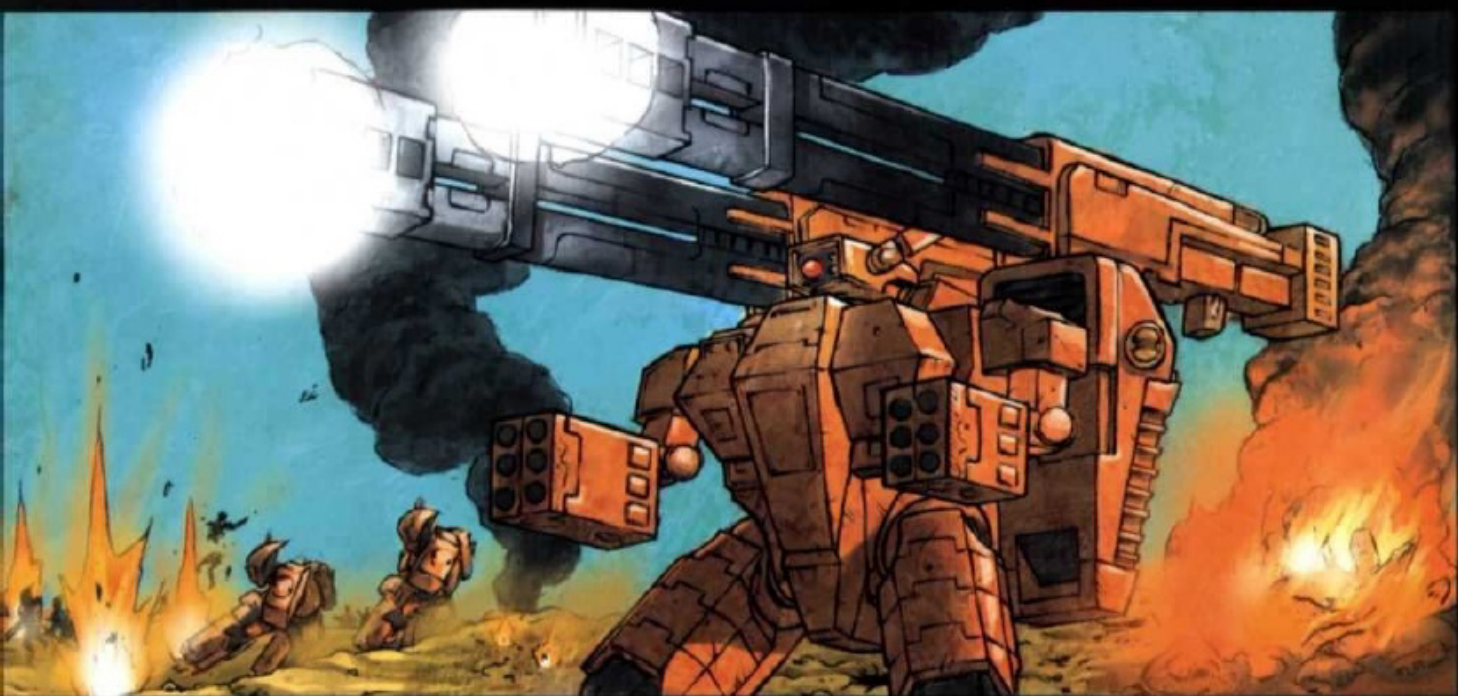
WHERE THERE IS CHAOS,
FIRE AND WAR, THERE
SHALL TANKRBD BE--

IN THE
EMPEROR'S
NAME!

THE KOSGOTH
OFFENSIVE



UNO
DRINES!



BLACK TEMPLAR
KEEP: DOMUS MAGNA

WHAT
IS HIS
STATUS?

HE ENDURES,
BROTHER BRUNNER.
PHYSICALLY HIS
BODY IS PREPARED,
ALTHOUGH THERE WILL
BE DISCOMFORT
FOR MANY
WEEKS.

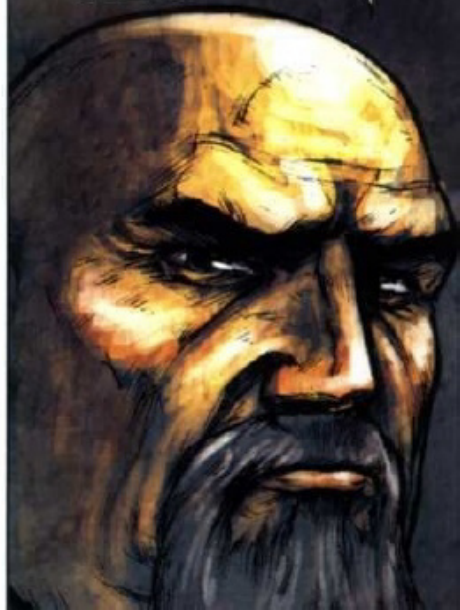
WE DO NOT
HAVE WEEKS. HE
HAS FULFILLED THE
FINAL RITE OF
INITIATION...HE IS
READY!

AS YOU WISH.
ON YOUR FEET,
NEOPHYTE. GET
DRESSED.



PAIN IS AN ILLUSION OF
THE SENSES--DESPAIR
AN ILLUSION OF THE
MIND.

NOW
STAND--
TALL!





GNNH...
YOUR WILL...
BE DONE!



WALK
WITH ME.



EVERYTHING YOU ENDURE
HERE HAS ITS *PURPOSE*.
THE PAIN YOU FEEL IS
TRANSITORY, THE GLORY
IT BESTOWS IS WITHOUT
MEASURE.

YOUR MEAT AND
MARROW MUST BE
SCOURGED AND
SCRUTINIZED TO
ENSURE IT IS FREE
FROM THE TAIN OF
MUTATION. YOUR
WILL MUST BE
FORGED AND
TEMPERED FOR
YOUR LIFE TO
COME.



FAITH IN THE
EMPEROR IS ALL.
IT IS THE LIGHT THAT
GUIDES. THE WARMTH
THAT *SUCCORS*.
THE FIRE THAT
PURGES.



YOU MUST
STAND APART FROM
THE RACE OF YOUR
BIRTH, FROM WHAT IT IS
TO BE HUMAN. WE ARE
CALLED UPON TO BE
SOMETHING MORE
THAN MEN.

WE ARE
INSTRUMENTS OF THE
EMPEROR, EXTENSIONS
OF HIS GRACE AND FURY.
OUR LIVES ARE SOLELY
HIS TO COMMAND...AS
WILL YOURS, IF YOU
ARE WORTHY.

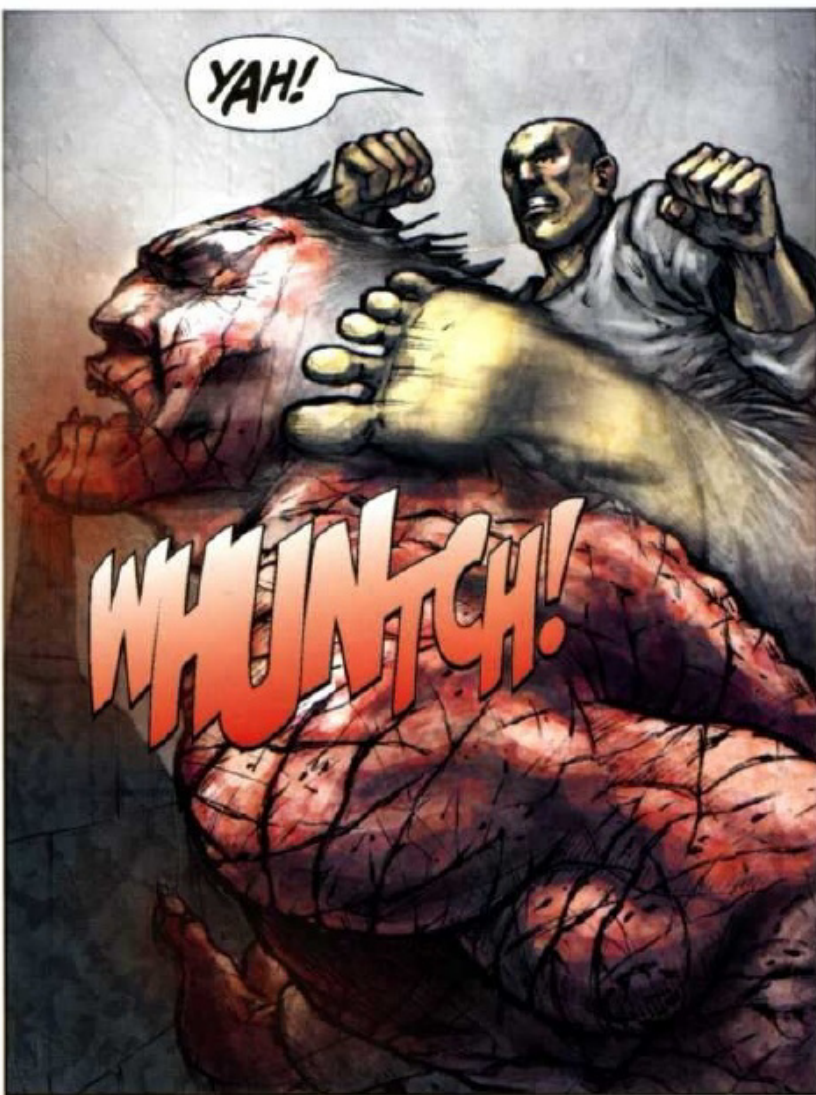


FALTER, AND THE
CONSEQUENCES
ARE DEATH AND
DAMNATION.

THRONE OF
TERRA!







THE KASSIROTH
OFFENSIVE

THUD...
THUD...
TANKRED...



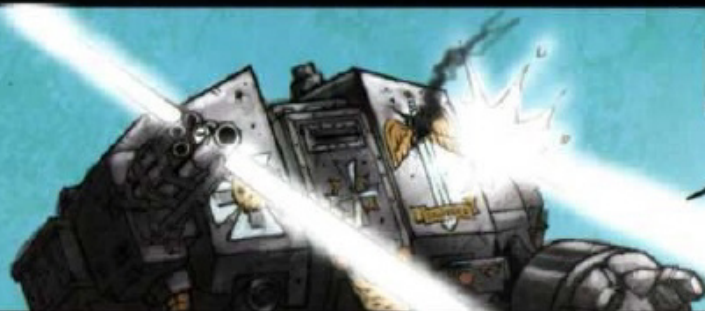
TANKRED
WILL NOT
END HERE!



POOM!
POOM!



TANKRED
WILL NOT
FALL!



TANKRED
WILL...NOT...
FALTER!

THUDUM
THUDUM
THUDUM





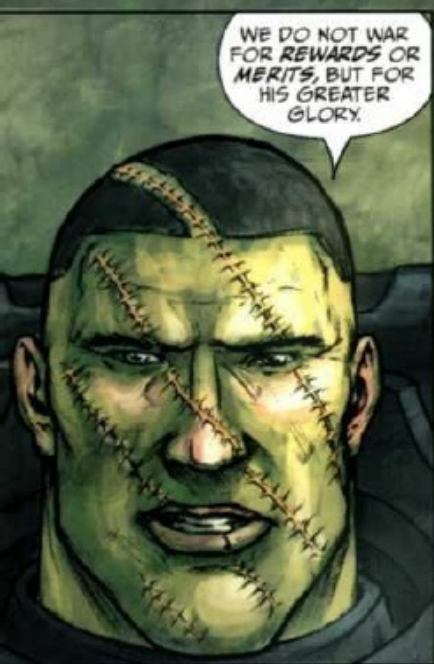
THE VICTORY OF THE
SUCCUBAE GATES.

"DO YOU IMAGINE THEY
CAN STILL FEEL FEAR?
THOSE COLD, HEATHEN
MACHINES--THOSE
NECRONS?"

"DO THINK, BURIED DEEP
WITHIN THEIR GODLESS
BONES, THEY ARE ABLE TO
FEEL THE SHRILL SHRIEK
OF TERROR? AGONY?
ANGUISH?"

"IF NOT BEFORE,
THEN THEY SHOULD
AFTER THIS DAY!"





WE DO NOT WAR
FOR REWARDS OR
MERITS, BUT FOR
HIS GREATER
GLORY.



I AM AWARE
OF THIS.

AND YET
I HAVE HAD
TO SAY IT.



WHAT ARE
YOU IMPLYING,
BROTHER?

BROTHER
GERHART!

MARSHALL
KORNELIUSZ!

A
MOMENT, IF
YOU WILL.





I GROW
CONCERNED
FOR OUR
BROTHER.
AS DO
I.



HE IS AMONGST
THE FINEST SWORDSMEN
OF THE BRETHREN, BUT I
FEAR HIS AMBITIONS ARE
BECOMING MORE *PERSONAL*.
HE IS BEGINNING TO VALUE HIS
OWN GLORIES OVER THOSE
OF THE CHAPTER.



"THAT HE FAILS
TO SEE THIS IN
HIMSELF...DOES NOT
AUGER WELL."

A GREAT VICTORY HAS
BEEN WON THIS DAY. THE
CRUSHING OF THE
NECRON SCOURGE WILL
BE A TALE TOLD FAR AND
WIDE ACROSS THE
SECTOR.

THANK
YOU, LORD
MARSHALL.



I WAS
UNAWARE YOU
HAD WON THE
BATTLE
ALONE?



I...DID NOT. I LED AS
ORDERED, BUT WAS ONLY
ONE OF THE LINE. WE
HELD FAST AS BROTHERS
ALL, IN VALOR AND
VIRTUE.

I MEANT THEM
NO DISHONOUR.
OR DISRESPECT
TO YOURSELF.



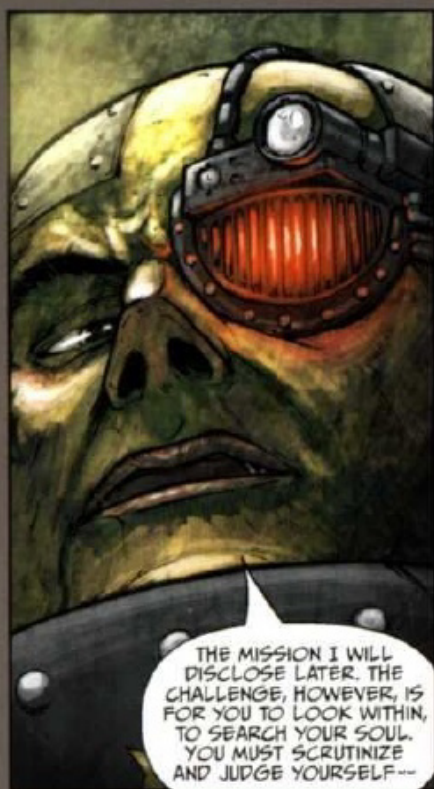
I KNOW. HAD I SENSED THE SIN OF *PRIDE* ON YOUR LIPS, I WOULD HAVE CUT YOU DOWN WHERE YOU STOOD.

I WOULD HAVE DESERVED NO LESS.



INDEED, THEN I HAVE A MISSION FOR YOU. ONE OF SIGNIFICANT CHALLENGE AND IMPORT FOR YOU PERSONALLY.

AS YOU COMMAND, MY LORD.



THE MISSION I WILL DISCLOSE LATER. THE CHALLENGE, HOWEVER, IS FOR YOU TO LOOK WITHIN, TO SEARCH YOUR SOUL. YOU MUST SCRUTINIZE AND JUDGE YOURSELF---



--AND ASK WHETHER YOU ARE IN FACT *DESERVING* OF THE HIGH DUTY I AM PREPARED TO BESTOW.

BATTLE BARGE
LEVELLER,
SEPOLCHRE LEVEL.

KSHANNING!
KSHINGG!


STEADY THERE!
DAMN YOUR SCABROUS
WEEVIL HIDES! THAT IS A
PRECIOUS SON OF THE
EMPIRE YOU HAVE CHARGE
OF, NOT SOME BAG OF
BOLTS!

HEH, THE
MACHINE SPIRIT
IS STILL ROUSED
AND RESTLESS.
THERE'S PLENTY
OF FIGHT LEFT
IN HIM!


OPEN HIS CASING,
CONNECT THE INTEGRAL
POWERPLANT TO THE
SHIP'S PRIMARIES. DECANT
THE ADRENALINE BOOST
AND REPLACE IT WITH THE
SONAMBULIN WASH.

AH, NOBLE
TANKRED. YOU
HAVE BEEN IN
THE WARS!

OF COURSE I
HAVE! WHERE
ELSE SHOULD
TANKRED BE?



WITH RESPECT, THE ENTIRE HIP GEAR
AND GIMBLE ASSEMBLY NEEDS TO BE
REFITTED. IT WOULD EXPEDITE MATTERS
IF THE VENERABLE WARRIOR REMAINED
AWAKE A WHILE LONGER.



WE DO NOT
CONCERN THE
HEROES OF AGES
WITH TRIFLES AND
TECHNICALITIES, NO
MATTER THE
INCONVENIENCE TO
OURSELVES!



WE ARE
SUPPLICANTS TO
LEGENDS. TO
SERVE IS ITS
OWN REWARD.



IT SHALL
BE DONE,
MASTER.



TANKRED...
ACHES...



THE CURSE
OF OLD AGE, MY
FRIEND. NONE OF US
ARE AS YOUNG AS WE
ONCE WERE. BUT WITH OUR
MINDFUL MINISTRATIONS,
YOU SHALL LIVE ON IN
RIGHTEOUSNESS
FOREVER!



TANKRED
IS WEARY. GO
AWAY NOW.
TANKRED WISHES
TO SLEEP.

AND SO YOU
SHALL, MIGHTY
BROTHER.



ALL
IS READY,
MASTER.

THEN
LET US
BEGIN.



INTONE THE LITANIES!
GIVE VOICE TO THE
CHORALS OF SACRED
SLUMBER, THAT WE MIGHT
SOOTHE THIS STALWART
TO HIS REST ONCE
MORE!



DREAM A
DREAMLESS PEACE,
OLD FRIEND. YOUR
DUTY IS DONE FOR
NOW...UNTIL THE
NEXT TIME.




BATTLE BARGE ADMONISHER

NEOPHYTE
RAGLAW--



--IT IS
TIME.



YOU HAVE COMPLETED THE RITES OF INITIATION. YOUR BODY IS PREPARED AND YOUR TRAINING IS COMPLETE. NOW YOU MUST CHOOSE.


WILL YOU FORSAKE YOUR LIFE IN THE PROTECTION OF OTHERS? WILL YOU CRUSH THE ENEMIES OF MAN, UNWAVERING IN THE LINE OF DUTY? WILL YOU SACRIFICE YOUR LIFE AND CHOOSE THE PATH OF THE ADEPTUS ASTARTES?

KILL THE MUTANT, BURN THE HERETIC AND PURGE THE UNCLEAN IN THE NAME OF THE EMPEROR?

MY LIFE IS IN THE EMPEROR'S HANDS. I TRUST IN HIS GRACE, A STOUT HEART, A STRONG ARM AND A KEEN BLADE. I KNOW WHAT I MUST UNDERTAKE, AND I WILLINGLY GIVE MY LIFE SO THAT IT IS HIS TO COMMAND.



THEN IT IS DONE, BROTHER.



NOW, SACRED SURGERY AND SCRIPTURE, TRAINING AND ROTE HAVE THEIR PARTS TO PLAY, BUT THERE ARE SOME LESSONS THAT CAN ONLY BE LIVED, NOT TAUGHT.

NOW IS SUCH A TIME

THIS DAY, NEOPHYTE RACLAW—



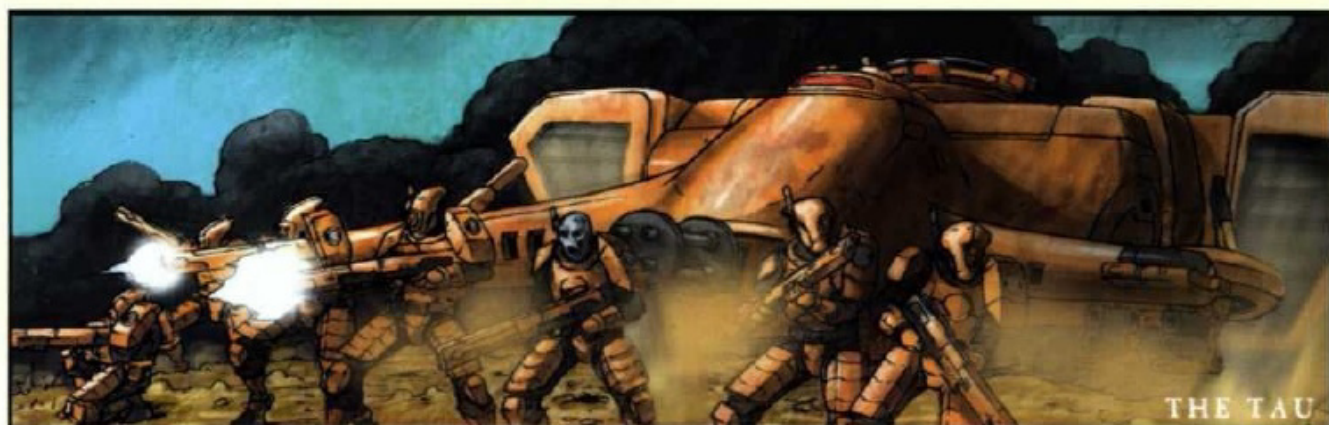
---YOU ARE
GOING TO
WAR!

TO BE CONTINUED

WARHAMMER[®] 40,000

G L O S S A R Y

Welcome, readers, to the hell that is the forty-first millennium. Mankind has spread his dominion throughout the galaxy, but it is an Empire beset on all sides by unimaginable threats. It is the sacred calling of the Space Marines to stand against these deadly enemies, who threaten the lives and souls of billions...



The Tau

An interstellar society nearly on par culturally with the Imperium of Man, this race is dedicated to what it believes is the "greater good." Where other races seek dominion over or destruction of other species, the Tau seek peaceful integration of others into their empire. If, however, a race refuses their peaceful overtures, the Tau will not hesitate to absorb them by force, convinced it is their burden, their manifest destiny, to create a just universe.

Tau society is separated into several different castes, each excelling in their assigned societal functions. Though they are a relatively young race, their technology is superior to that of nearly all other known species,



which has often caused the Imperium to speculate that they did not develop it on their own. Their deadly technology, highly organized hierarchy, and seemingly altruistic motivations make them a particularly insidious threat to the Imperium.



Necrons

The remnants of the ancient race known as the Necrontyr, these beings worship godlike entities known as the C'Tan, who feed on the life energy of the living. Aeons ago, the Necrontyr agreed to have their life-essences housed within shells of living metal, in effect making them immortal, in order to better serve their masters. The Necrons harvested untold billions of souls for the C'Tan, in turn contributing to a drastic reduction in the C'Tan's food supply. Because of this, the C'Tan retreated to stasis, guarded by their metallic slaves, for some sixty million years.

Now, in the forty-first millennium, with their overlords' "food source" replenished, the Necrons have begun to reappear. Feared by all living races, the Necrons seem to materialize out of nowhere, and disappear just as mysteriously. Because of this ability to "phase out" when struck down on the battlefield, or when the tide of battle seems to be turning against them, Imperial forces have never been able to secure a Necron specimen -- alive or dead. In addition, Necrons appear and wage war in total silence, communicating only in the presence of others of their kind.

For these reasons, the Necrons remain an enigma — one feared by humans and non-humans alike, a threat only the Space Marines can hope to vanquish.



Orks

The Orks plague the galaxy from end to end with their ceaseless warring and strife. They are a race rooted so deeply in war that peace is utterly incomprehensible to them. They are the most widespread, warlike and numerous race of aliens in the Imperium; only their fractured state — split into hundreds of small empires, engaging often in internecine war — prevents them from overrunning all other opposition through sheer numbers.

The brutish nature and violence of Ork warriors unleashed on the bloodstained galaxy of the forty-first millennium is truly terrifying and the ferocity of the Ork "Waaagh!" evokes fear even amidst the holy spires of Terra.

Simply said, Orks exist to do battle — as violently as possible.



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WE HEAR THEM FIRST. TEN THOUSAND EDGED WEAPONS POUNDING A PULSING, PRIMAL BEAT. AN ANCIENT RITUAL, DESIGNED TO INSTILL PANIC AND FEAR IN THEIR FOE.



IT DOESN'T WORK.



THE HORIZON IS A WALL OF VIRIDIAN FLESH. IN THE VANGUARD, ONE OF THEIR COMMAND CASTE; AT ITS BACK A SKULL-STACKED FAN OF BATTLE-LANCES.

THE MAN I ONCE WAS WOULD HAVE FELT FURY AND REVULSION AT THE SIGHT. NOW, I FEEL NOTHING-- EXCEPT DUTY.

IN THE EMPEROR'S NAME!

DHMM-DHMM-THRM! DHMM-DHMM-THRM!



IN THE
EMPEROR'S
NAME!

IN THE
EMPEROR'S
NAME!

IN THE EMPEROR'S NAME!



DHMM-DHMM-THRM! DHMM-DHMM-THRM!



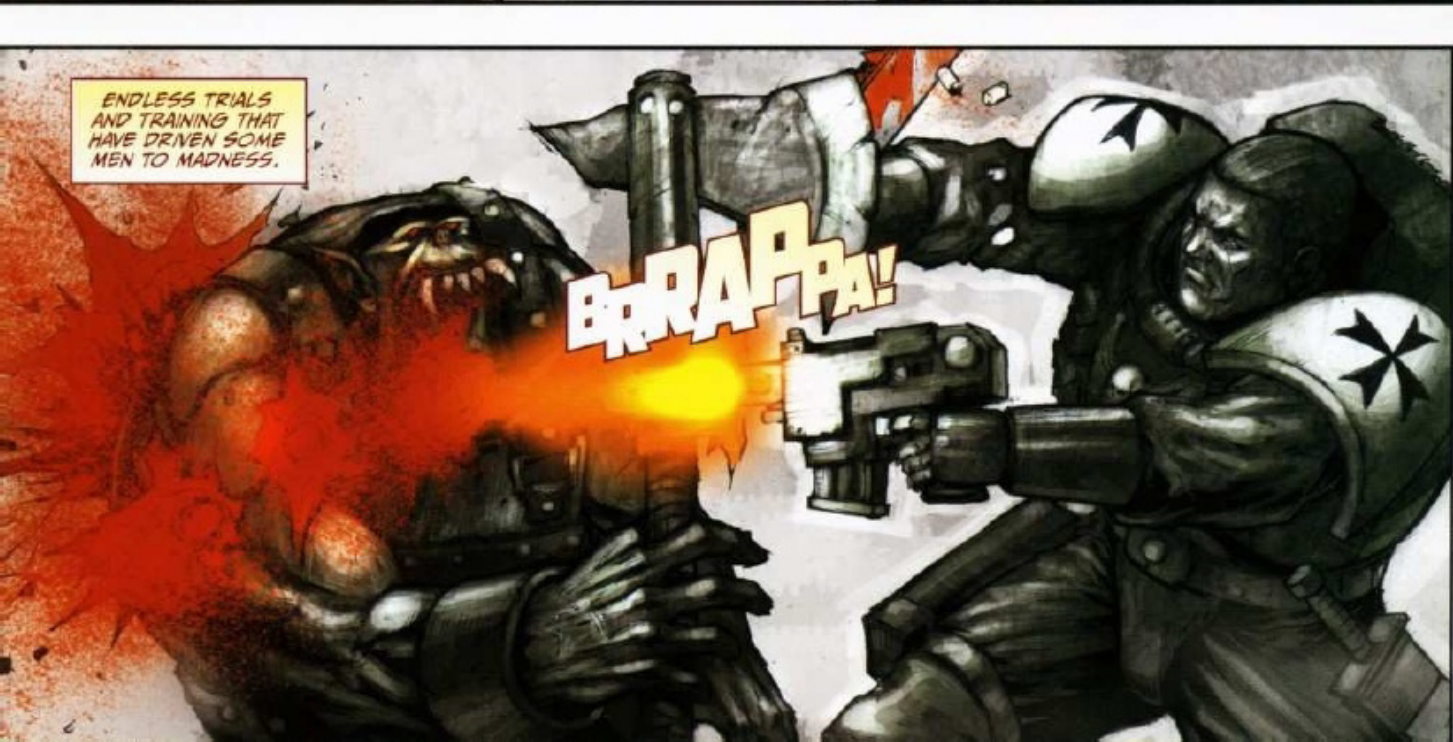
ENUFF!



KILL 'EM
ALL!!

YAH!!





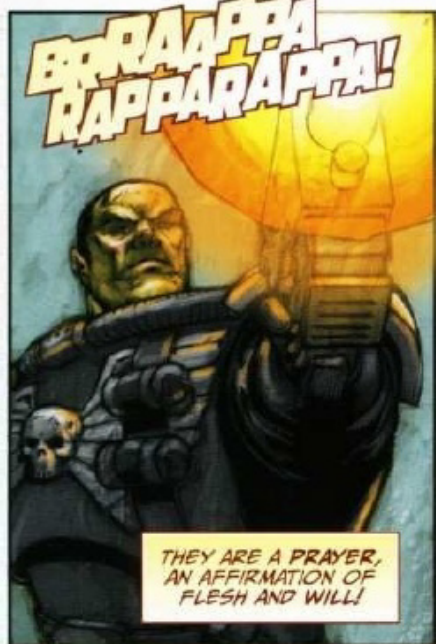
THESE ARE NOT EMPTY ACTS
OF BLIND ROTE AND SERVICE.

**DATTA!
DATTA!**



**BORRAPP
RAPPARAPPA!**

THEY ARE A PRAYER,
AN AFFIRMATION OF
FLESH AND WILL!



**BORRAPP
RAPPARAPPA!**

WE ARE INSTRUMENTS
OF THE EMPEROR!



I HAVE BECOME A
WEAPON OF HIS WRATH
AND RIGHTEOUSNESS!



BROTHER CASSIUS FALLS BENEATH A
HEATHEN TIDE. IS IT RIGHT FOR A
NEOPHYTE SUCH AS I TO RENDER AID
TO A SWORD OF THE BRETHREN?

BROTHER!

THERE IS NO DOUBT
IN ME THIS DAY--

BRAPP!
BRAPP!
BRAPP!

--AND THERE NEVER
WILL BE AGAIN!

BRAPP!
BRAPP!
BRAPP!

WELL
MET, BROTHER
RACLAW!

I AM BUT
A HUMBLE
NEOPHYTE,
MY LORD.



WE ARE ALL BROTHERS IN THE BLOOD.

IT'S TIME TO GO. WE MUST PULL BACK!




RETREAT?

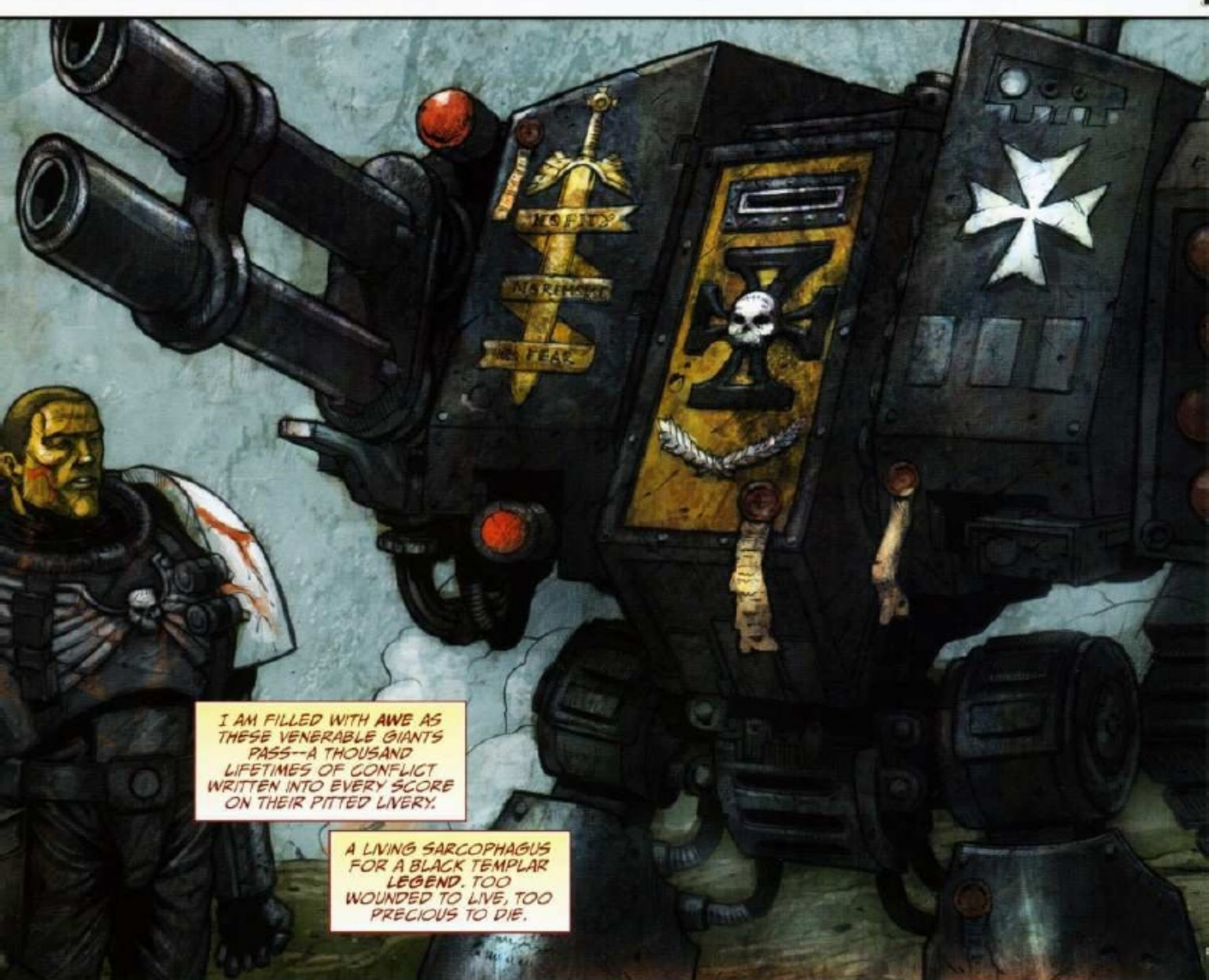
A TACTICAL WITHDRAWAL--OUR WORK HERE IS DONE. WE ALL HAVE OUR PARTS TO PLAY, YOUNG NEOPHYTE. BOTH THE HUMBLE--



--AND THE MIGHTY!




OUR ACTION WAS
A FEINT, A LURE
TO DRAW OUT THE
XENO SCUM INTO
OUR HEAVY GUNS.



I AM FILLED WITH AWE AS
THESE VENERABLE GIANTS
PASS--A THOUSAND
LIFETIMES OF CONFLICT
WRITTEN INTO EVERY SCORE
ON THEIR PITTED LIVERY.

A LIVING SARCOPHAGUS
FOR A BLACK TEMPLAR
LEGEND. TOO
WOUNDED TO LIVE, TOO
PRECIOUS TO DIE.



SERVING THE
IMPERIUM FOR
CENTURIES TO
COME.

THE ROUTING OF
GOLOGOTHA. THIRD YEAR
OF THE HEPHAESTUS
CAMPAIGN.

IMPERIAL NAVY
FLEET BALTHAZAR.



BATTLE BARGE LEVELLER,
SEMPULCHER LEVEL.

IN THE
NAME OF THE
EMPEROR--HE WHO IS
OUR ALPHA AND OMEGA--
DO WE ENTREAT THE
WAR-SPIRITS TO *GUIDE*
US AS WE MINISTER
TO OUR MIGHTY
CHARGE!



WE RECITE
THE RITES OF
ACTIVATION AND
MAINTENANCE! INCANT
THE LITANIES OF
PRESERVATION AND
RESURRECTION!

AS IT IS
WRITTEN, SO
LET IT BE DONE--
CHAPTER AND
VERSE!



LUHH...

THE GOLIATH
AWAKES TOO
SOON! OUR
WORK IS NOT
YET DONE!





THE WAR
DAMAGE RUNS
DEEPER THAN WAS
FORESEEN. THE
GEARING CAM' HAS
RUPTURED THE
PRESSURE
LINES.

HYDRAULIC
VITAE HAS
CORRUPTED HIS
AMNIOTIC FLUID,
DILUTING THE
SONAMBULIN!



IF HE ROUSES
FULLY, HE WILL SUFFER
THE FULL AGONIES
OF HIS SURGERIES
UNANESTHETIZED.

STAND BY TO
CAP THE HYDRAULICS.
PREPARE TO FLUSH
AND TRANSFUSE WITH
FRESH AMNIOTICS AND
SONAMBULIN.




ARNULF?

YES...
MY LORD
TANKRED?

NO MORE
SLEEP, FOR
NOW.




BUT THE
PROCEDURES,
MY LORD, THERE
WILL BE PAIN!



DO NOT *PREACH*
TO TANKRED!
DON'T YOU THINK
TANKRED *KNOWS*
THE MEANING OF
PAIN?




I BESEECH
YOUR
FORGIVENESS.
I MEANT NO
DISRESPECT.



NEITHER DID
TANKRED. TANKRED
DOES NOT FEAR
PAIN. IT IS...AN
ILLUSION...OF THE
SENSES.

TELL YOUR
CREATURES TO
BE ABOUT THEIR
INDUSTRY.

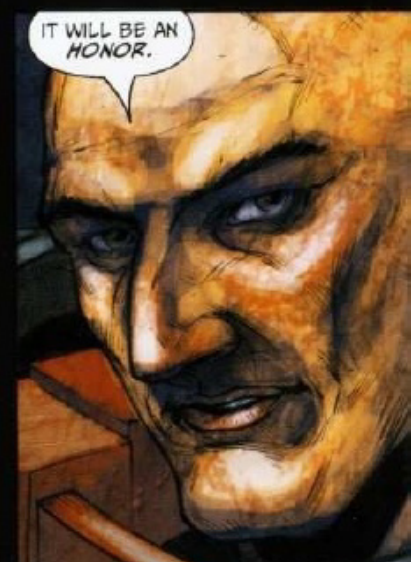
IT SHALL
BE DONE.



ARNULF?

LORD?

STAY WITH
TANKRED WHILE
THEY WORK. LET
US TALK OF PAST
GLORIES BEFORE I
SURRENDER TO
SLUMBER ONCE
MORE.



IT WILL BE AN
HONOR.



"TO THE DARKNESS I BRING
FIRE. TO THE IGNORANT I BRING
FAITH. THOSE WHO WELCOME
THESE GIFTS MAY LIVE, BUT I WILL
VISIT NAUGHT BUT DEATH AND
ETERNAL DAMNATION ON THOSE
WHO REFUSE THEM."



SO IT WAS
WRITTEN. SO
SHALL IT BE
THUS.



CHAPLAIN ECASTUS?
FORGIVE MY DISTURBING
YOUR DEVOTIONS, BUT I
COME SEEKING YOUR
WISE COUNSEL.



AH, BROTHER
GERHART! THESE
HALLS RING AND
REJOICE AT YOUR
CULLING OF THE
HEATHEN.

DO YOU
COME TO GIVE
THANKS TO HE
WHO GUIDES
US ALL?



I DO. I
ALSO COME
WITH...
QUESTIONS.



INDEED?



COME
FORWARD,
TELL ME
MORE.



I TAKE NO PERSONAL
PRIDE IN OUR VICTORY.
IT WAS HARD FOUGHT
AND WON BY ALL MY
BROTHERS, AS IT
SHOULD BE.

YET, WHILE
I CLAIM NO GLORY
FOR MYSELF...I
RELISH THE HONOR
IT BESTOWS UPON
OUR CHAPTER.



I GROW CONCERNED THAT IF
UNCHECKED, I MAY COME TO
HOLD SUCH VANITIES IN HIGH
ESTEEM. IT REMAINS UNSPOKEN,
BUT I KNOW MY BROTHERS
THINK THIS OF ME ALSO.

IS THAT
SOP?



KSHINGG!

WE SHALL
SEE!

WHAT IS
THE TERROR
OF DEATH?



THAT WE
DIE, OUR WORK
INCOMPLETE.

WHAT IS
THE JOY OF
LIFE?



TO DIE,
KNOWING
OUR TASK IS
DONE.

ARE YOU
FEARFUL
OF ME?



NO, MY LORD. IF YOU
JUDGE ME *IMPURE*. IF
THE SIN OF *PRIDE* TAINTS
MY HEART AND LIPS. I
WILLINGLY *SUBMIT*
MYSELF TO YOUR
KEEN-EDGED MERCY.
ALTHOUGH—

YES?



I WOULD LAMENT
THAT I COULD NO
LONGER SERVE THE
EMPEROR.

I'VE HEARD TELL,
THAT OF YOUR SQUAD,
YOU ARE ALWAYS THE FIRST
INTO THE FRAY AND LAST TO
QUIT THE FIELD. *SOME* MAY
CONSIDER SUCH A THING A
VAINGLORIOUS PURSUIT,
AND YET...



...I SENSE NO
SHRED OF VANITY
OR EGO IN YOU. IN
FACT, YOUR FAITH IS
AS TRUE AND FIERCE
AS ANY I HAVE
KNOWN.

TELL ME,
WHY DO YOU
CHASE BATTLE
SO?



SO I MAY PRAISE
HIM...IT IS THE ONLY
WAY I KNOW.

MOST TIMES, WE DO
NOT HAVE ACCESS TO
HALLOWED HALLS SUCH AS
THESE--SO THE FIRES OF
BATTLE BECOME OUR PLACES
OF WORSHIP, THE ROAR OF
OUR BOLTERS OUR PRAYERS,
THE CULLING OF OUR FOES
OUR OFFERING TO HIS
GRACE!

ALL I ASK
IS TO SERVE
UNTIL DEATH
TAKE ME.



YOU CAME TO
ME WITH QUESTIONS,
BROTHER, BUT I HAVE
NO ANSWERS TO
GIVE--FOR THERE IS
NO FAULT IN YOU.



THERE IS ONLY
DUTY, DEATH, AND
IF HE SO WILLS
IT...A DESTINY.

THE RELIEF OF HELESPONT.
FIFTH YEAR OF THE
HEPHAESTUS CRUSADE.

A HARD RAIN FALLS
ON HEPHAESTUS--

WHADUM!

WHADUM!

PFAMM!

--A BLACK RAIN.

GO!
GO!



FORM UP,
TAKE POSITIONS!
NEOPHYTE RACLAW,
YOU'RE WITH ME!

YES, MY
LORD.

CHOOM!
FASHOOM!

INTEL
ON THE XENO
INCURSION HERE
WAS SERIOUSLY
FLAWED.

IT RUNS
DEEPER THAN
THAT. WE WERE
DECEIVED--



BROTHER
HECTOR,
STATUS?

THE GARRISON
WAS OVERRUN. THE
IMPERIAL GUARD ARE
GONE, DECIMATED. TWO
FULL REGIMENTS AND
AN ARMoured DIVISION
OUT BEYOND THE
FAR TREE-LINE!



--IT WAS US
THEY WANTED
ALL ALONG.

IMPERIAL GUARDSMAN--
KANAK SKULL TAKERS,
A SPIT FROM BEING
BARBARIANS, AS I ONCE
WAS. RACLAW OF THE
DRUMKIL CLAN.

ANOTHER
WORLD AGO.
ANOTHER
LIFETIME.



"THEY KNOW
WE'RE HERE."

KER-AXX!

"THEY'RE
COMING!"

WELDAR™

"THEY'VE LAD
THIS FEELS FOR
US--LET'S NOT
DISAPPOINT
THEM!"



WE SHALL
NOT SUFFER
THE KNEES
TO LIVE!

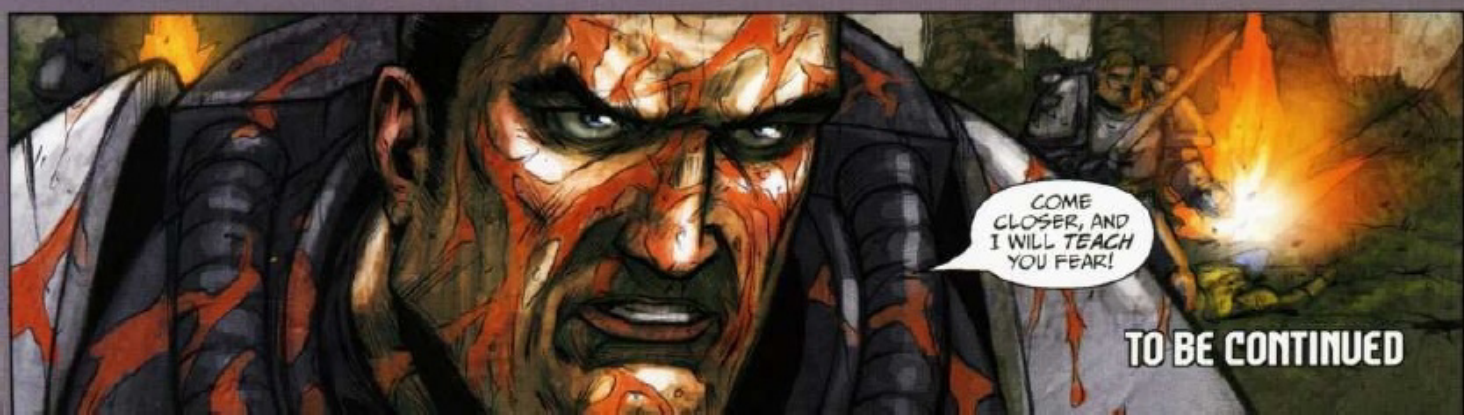
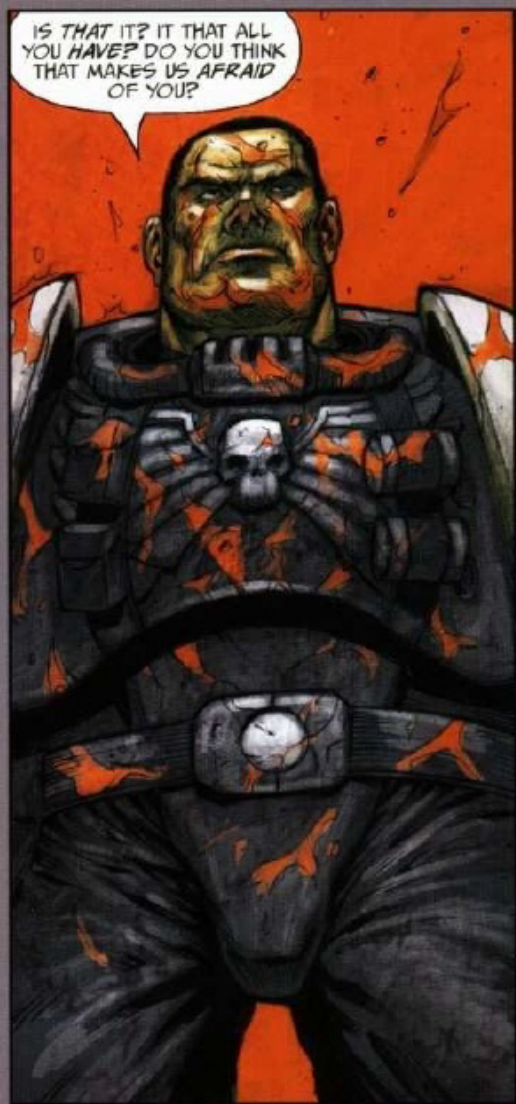
FORWARD!
FOR THE
EMPEROR!!

DIE!!

MURDER

BROTHER
BRUNNEN

FIGHT
OWN FIGHT
HARD!



TO BE CONTINUED

WARHAMMER[®]

40,000

G L O S S A R Y

Welcome, readers, to the hell that is the forty-first millennium. Mankind has spread his dominion throughout the galaxy. Those entities that threaten the stability of his decaying empire are dealt with in merciless, violent manner. For the Emperor that presides over man's vast Imperium is served by the greatest warriors in history -- the legendary Space Marines.

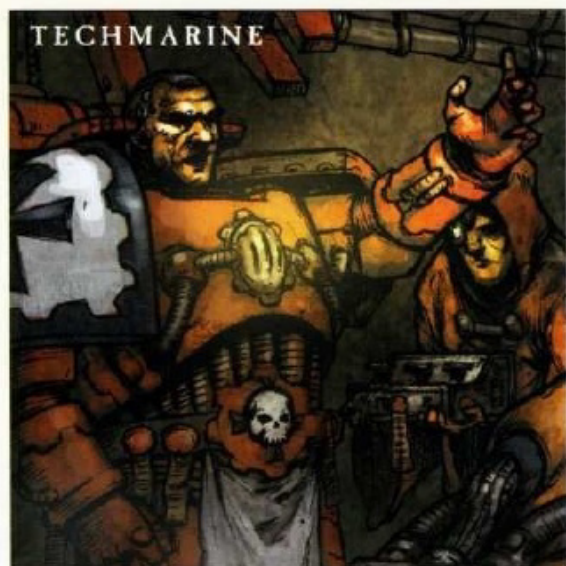
The Space Marines are separated into numerous chapters, such as the Black Templars -- and within each chapter, there are numerous roles to fill. Because of the innumerable enemies that gaze hungrily at the Emperor's hold on the galaxy, serving in the Adeptus Astartes demands more than mere courage. More than a willingness to die for Brother and for Empire. It demands that one sacrifice his individuality and *become* the role assigned to him.

Black Templar Chaplain

The Space Marines are more than a mere army. They are driven not by politics, not by a desire to spill blood, but by faith -- faith in the God Emperor. As such, each Chapter employs chaplains to serve as spiritual leaders. Nowhere is this more true than for the Black Templars, the most devoted and fanatical of the Imperium's servants. A Black Templar chaplain is a figure that inspires awe and devotion alike -- his face concealed by a skull-like helmet, his heart burning with fervor. These men understand the truth behind each prayer and ritual, and command that every Templar -- from the lowliest Neophyte to the most battle-tested Sword Brethren -- remain true to their sacred vows. And these men of faith do not shy away from war -- quite the opposite: in battle, Chaplains can be found at the front, zealously urging on their fellow Marines.



BLACK TEMPLAR CHAPLAIN



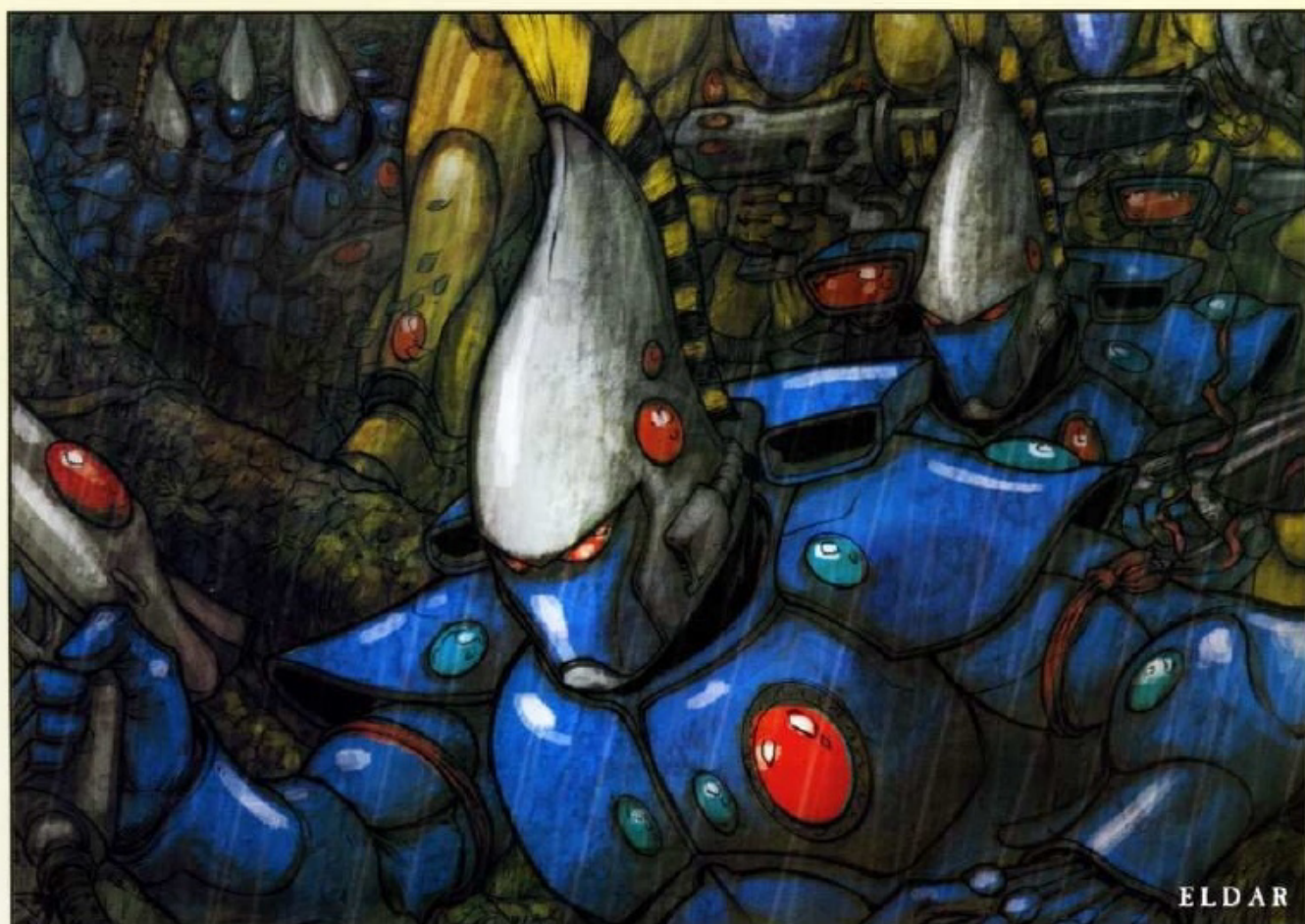
TECHMARINE

Techmarine

Neophytes that show an aptitude for science and equipment undergo training to become Techmarines -- soldiers responsible for the maintenance, repair, and spiritual tending of his chapter's technology. Trained on Mars, these individuals learn the rites of activation and repair for Space Marine apparatus, including the rousing of machine spirits that inhabit such structures as the Dreadnoughts. They also serve in the heat of battle, called upon to repair the most grievous of damage inflicted on his chapter's equipment.

Imperial Guard

The Imperial Guard is the Emperor's primary military organization, the Imperium's first line of defense. Whereas the Space Marines are man's most elite warriors, limited to a thousand chapters of a thousand men apiece, the Imperial Guard is a force comprised of literally billions of men and women from millions of planets. They are constantly at war, ridding worlds of alien incursions or the taint of Chaos. Only when the Imperial Guard falters are the Space Marines called in.



Eldar

The race known as the Eldar are one of the most ancient and advanced species in the known Universe. Little is known of their origins, or even their original homeworld. Legend tells that the Eldar were created by the godlike beings known as the Old Ones to serve in their war against the Necrontyr.

At one time, the Eldar were among the most potent forces in the galaxy. Blessed with psychic abilities and a long lifespan (compared to humans), they achieved a technologically advanced, militarily secure society. They colonized many worlds and their Empire seemed as if it would grow unchecked and unchallenged for millennia to come. But eventually, Eldar civilization crumbled under its own weight, as many of its best and brightest were seduced by the desire to seek arcane knowledge, to experience forbidden pleasures, and to revel in uninhibited brutality.

Since the collapse of their society – known simply as The Fall – the Eldar have become a shattered, nomadic people. Many of the worlds that once formed the outer edges of the Eldar Empire have reverted to a primitive, barbaric stage, while those that dwelled on the core Eldar homeworlds have taken to wandering the galaxy in mammoth nomadic fleets.

Though the Eldar are essentially humanoid in physiology, on a deeper level, all were twisted by The Fall. Their motivations are unknowable, their methods devious, and they are known to attack without provocation. This once-proud race is now one of the most dangerous threats to The Imperium in the galaxy.

WARHAMMER 40,000

It is the 41st Millennium. For more than a hundred centuries, The Emperor has sat upon the Golden Throne of Terra. He is the master of mankind, and ruler of a million worlds by the might of his inexhaustible armies.

Greatest amongst his soldiers are the Adeptus Astartes, the Space Marines, bio-engineered super-warriors clad in immense suits of powered armor. These elite fighters are divided into Chapters, with each Chapter possessing its own creed and fighting style. Among the most fanatical of these regiments are the BLACK TEMPLARS.

RACLAW, recruited from the teeming masses of a backwater planet, has survived genetic modifications of unbearable pain – and the violent baptism of battle. Now, having proved his devotion to the Emperor, he is a Neophyte in the Black Templar order – and a galaxy plagued by unrelenting warfare awaits him.

Elsewhere, the Sword Brethren GERHART took pride in victory – perhaps too much pride. For the Black Templars consider themselves the most devout of servants, warrior priests who make war not for their own glory, but only for their God Emperor. To these men of faith and sacrifice, pride is the greatest sin of all.

And the Dreadnought TANKRED, having struck the decisive blow in a fierce battle with the TAU, was placed into a sacred dream-state once more...

Damnation Crusade

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and Ian Edginton

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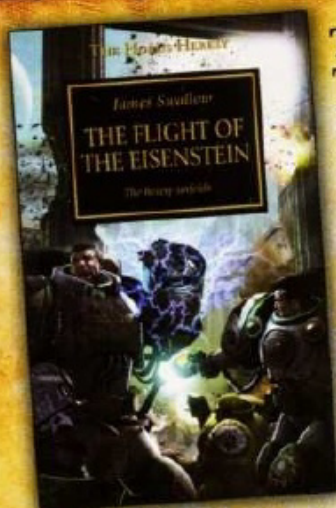
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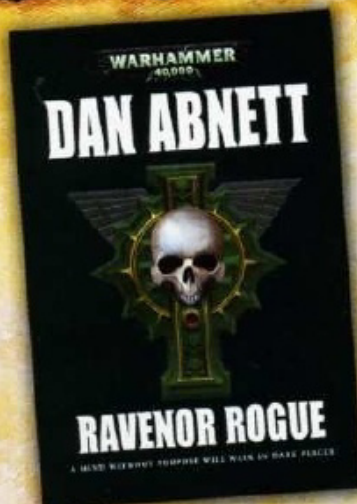


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AND WE SHALL
KNOW NO FEAR!

HEH!



CONSUME
THEM!

THEY SHOW THEIR HAND
TOO SOON, BEFORE
EVEN OUR HELMFEED
AUSPEX SQUEALS A
PROXIMITY ALERT--

--THE WIND CHANGES
AND THE RANK
STENCH OF THEIR
EVIL FILLS THE AIR.



WE MOVE OVER THE FACE OF
THE PLANET IN A WAVE OF
WRATH AND RIGHTEOUSNESS.



WE COME, RIDING
THE LIGHTNING IN TEARS
OF THE EMPEROR.



THIS WAS A CITY ONCE. ITS
ARCHITECTURE OF ARCHING WHITE
CERAMIC REDUCED TO A GRAVEYARD
OF SHATTERED ELLIPSES, LIKE THE
BONES OF GIANTS.



F-DAMN!

WE MAKE WAR IN A
CHARNEL HOUSE!



NOW
WE COME
TO IT!

BROTHER
GERHART?

BROTHER
SKELD,
BROTHER
BRANT--



'PREPARE
YOURSELVES!'


DEATH TO
ALL AND ALL
TO DEATH!



IN THE
EMPEROR'S
NAME!

THESE ARE NOT HEATHEN
XENOS OR WARP-MUTATED
MONSTROSITIES. THEY
ARE THE BASTARD SONS
OF OBLIVION--





ONCE OUR BROTHERS-IN-ARMS--
LONG SINCE TURNED TRAITORS AT
THE WARMASTER HORUS' TOUCH. NOW,
THEY ARE DEFILERS-OF-THE-FAITH!
CHAOS SPACE MARINES!



BRAPPA!

THERE IS NO
EMPEROR'S MERCY
FOR THEM--

NYAHH!

--ONLY DEATH AND
DAMNATION!

WHUTCH!

THE BATTLE OF CARRION
GULF. THE THIRD YEAR OF
THE TORMENT CRUSADE.



THEY ARE SET UPON US WITH NO
HOPE OF VICTORY, BUT SIMPLY TO
HARRY AND DOG OUR ADVANCE--



TO BUY THEIR
MASTER TIME
TO STUDY OUR
FORM AND
MUSTER.



NYAHH!

BRAPPA!

LET HIM STARE. WE
HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE.



WE ARE THE GLORY AND THE
POWER OF THE IMPERIUM!

KONGK KLNG-KHOO


KLONG-THUNOO-KHNNG

UHH...WHAT
BLOODY
RACKET IS
THIS?


TANKRED, NOBLE
LORD. MAKE HASTE
AND STIR. IT IS TIME
AGAIN TO WAKE
FOR WAR.

BE GONE, ARNULF!
TANKRED HAS BARELY
SLUMBERED. DO NOT
GORD ME WITH GOOD
HUMOUR! AWAY NOW!


I CANNOT
DO THAT,
LORD...FOR
ARNULF IS
DEAD!




WHAT...
SAY... YOU?



I AM
TECHMARINE PIRAMUS.
IT HAS BEEN MY DUTY AND
DELIGHT TO TEND YOU SINCE
MY FORMER MASTER,
TECHMARINE ARNULF, CEASED
TO BE. HIS SPIRIT IS NOW
WITH THE MACHINE
GOD...




WHAT MORTAL FORM
WAS LEFT TO HIM NOW
RESIDES IN REVERENCE IN
OUR ORDERS OSSUARY. I
MYSELF WAS BEQUEATHED
MUCH OF HIS AUGMENTS WHEN
I WAS ELEVATED TO FULL
TECHMARINE STATUS.



HOW... LONG?
HOW LONG HAS
IT BEEN?

A FULL TWO
CENTURIES AND A
THIRD, LORD. WHEN
YOU WERE LAST
WOKEN AND
WALKING, I WAS BUT
AN ADEPT. DO YOU
NOT RECALL?




TIME PASSES
IN A PARADE OF
FACES--ONLY
TANKRED ENDURES
...ALONE.

NEVER
ALONE, MY LORD.
THE EMPEROR IS WITH
US ALWAYS, ESPECIALLY
YOUR NOBLE COMPANY. YOU
ARE AMONGST HIS CHOSEN,
HIS IMMORTAL PALADINS
WHO WALK BESIDE HIM
THROUGHOUT
ETERNITY!



UHHN!

FOOOOM!




STATUS?

THE
WAR DOES NOT
GO WELL THIS DAY. THE
ARMIES OF THE ENEMY
RISE AGAINST US IN AN
INTERMINABLE
TIDE.

NO MATTER
WHAT VALIANT FORCE
WE PUT TO THE FIELD,
THEY ARE GROUND
BENEATH THE
HERETICS' HEEL.

IT IS WHY YOU HAVE BEEN ROUSED AND
RAISED. WHY WE HAVE BEEN DISPATCHED TO
THIS SECTOR. YOU HAVE BEEN ASKED FOR BY
NAME! THERE ARE FEW WHO MATCH YOUR
FIRE, SKILL AND TACTIC.

WHAT IS
THE NATURE OF
THE BEAST
TANKRED MUST
DESTROY?



"EVIL, MY LORD~!!"

"---EVIL INCARNATE!"

YEAR TWELVE OF THE
LACHRYMA INSURGENCY.

BLACK TEMPLAR CHAPTER KEEP
SIEGE OF THE THANE GILIAD SPIRE.

"PRAISE BE
TO HIM WHO IS
THE HIGHEST
OF ALL."

"HIM WHO IS THE
EXEMPLAR AND
THE PARAGON."

BAADABADABAD!

"WHOSE WORD IS MY
ROCK. WHOSE
COURAGE, MY CREED."



IN WHOSE
LIGHT AND MIGHT
I COMMIT MY
LIFE, HEART AND
SOUL.



NEOPHYTE
RACLAW...

YES?



I AM
BROTHER TOVE,
YOUR NEW INITIATE.
YOU WILL ADDRESS ME
HEREWITH AS MASTER.
UNDERSTOOD?

YES,
MASTER.



WALK WITH
ME.



YOU HAVE BEEN
THE CLOISTERED
PENITENT THESE PAST
WEEKS. DO YOU LAMENT
BROTHER BRUNNER'S
PASSING?

NO,
MASTER. HE
GAVE HIS LIFE IN
THE SERVICE OF THE
EMPEROR. THERE IS
NO GREATER
HONOUR.



TAKE US
DOWN.



I HAVE READ BROTHER
BRUNNER'S NOTES AND
COMMENTARIES ON YOUR
PROGRESS. HE RATED
YOU HIGHLY.

TO SERVE IS
ITS OWN REWARD.
PRAISE IS NEVER
SOUGHT.



GOOD--FOR AS
OF NOW, HIS WORDS
ARE WORTHLESS!
WE SHALL START
AGAIN, FROM THE
BEGINNING.

I SHALL MAKE
MY OWN ANALYSIS
TO SEE HOW
WORTHY OF MY
ATTENTION YOU
TRULY ARE.

YES,
MASTER.



TELL ME, IN YOUR
PRIMITIVE DAYS,
BEFORE YOU HEEDED
THE EMPEROR'S
CALL-TO-ARMS: HOW
WOULD YOU HAVE
PROVED AND
TEMPERED AN EDGED
WEAPON?



IN A FORGE,
HAMMERED AND
SHAPED WITH
MIGHT AND HEAT
AND FIRE.



THUS IT SHALL BE WITH YOU.

I SHALL PUT YOUR METTLE TO THE TEST AND SEE WHAT EMERGES.



FOR THE EMPEROR!



FOR THE EMPEROR!



THE BATTLE OF
CARRION GULF.

THE DAY HAS BEEN
HARD FOUGHT.

IT HAS BEEN
ONE OF
TRIUMPHS—

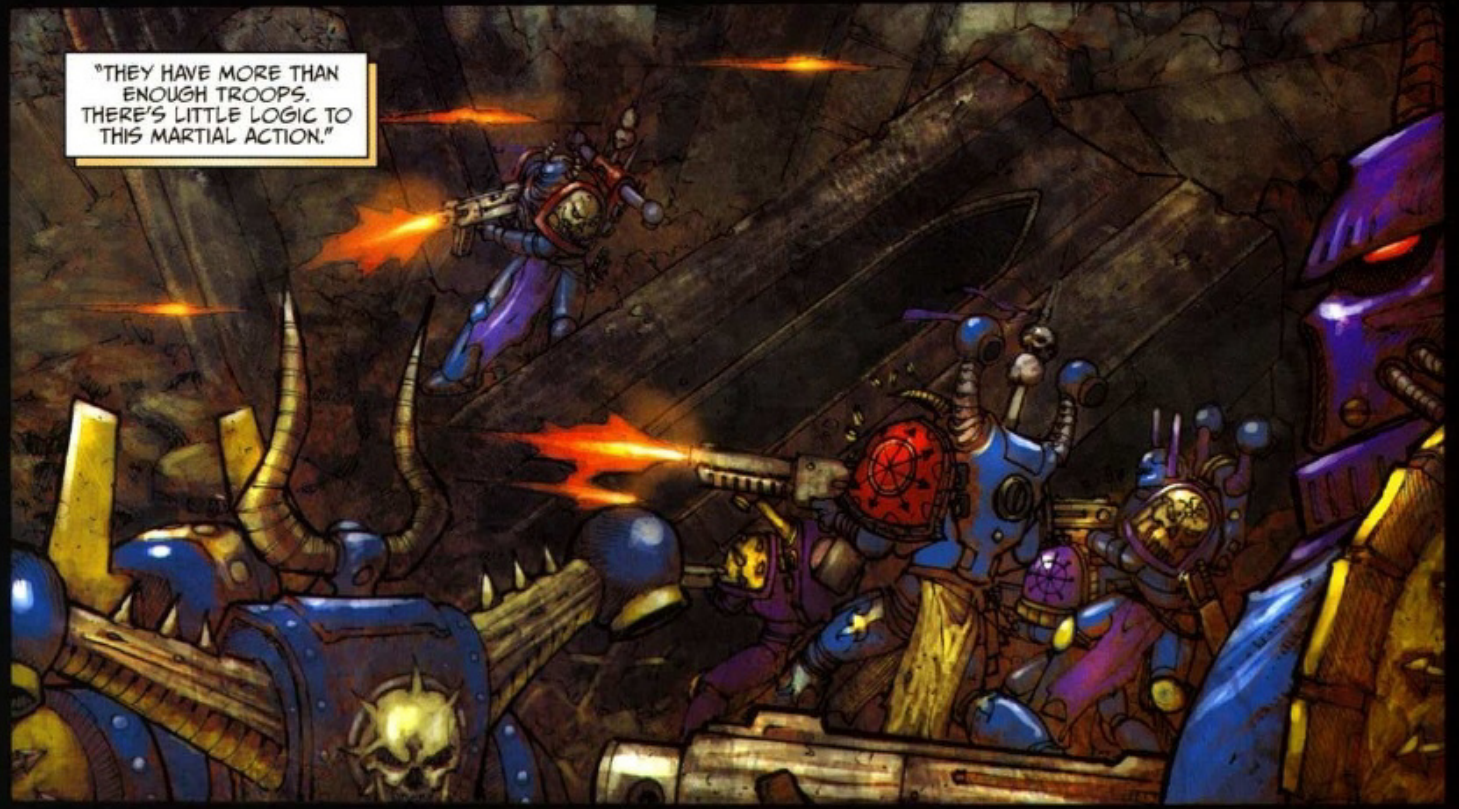
—AND
UNCOMMON
VALOUR.

YET, IN THE MIDST
OF THE FRAY, THE
FOE HAS BEEN
UNEXPECTEDLY
ROUTED.



ALL FRONTS
REPORT THE ENEMY
WITHDRAWING!

WITHDRAWAL
DOES NOT MEAN
RETREAT!



"THEY HAVE MORE THAN
ENOUGH TROOPS.
THERE'S LITTLE LOGIC TO
THIS MARTIAL ACTION."



YOU SUSPECT
DECEPTION? A
FEINT?

I SUSPECT
EVERYTHING WHERE
CHAOS HAS LAID ITS
VILE TAIN. YET THIS
WAS TOO CLUMSY
AND OBVIOUS TO
BE A LURE.



OR IS THAT WHAT
THEY WISH US TO
THINK?

SUCH DRY
DEBATE IS FOR
ANOTHER TIME. HAVE
THE SWORD BROTHERN
MONITOR OUR LEFT
FLANK, THE
DREADNOUGHTS
OUR RIGHT.



THERE IS
ONLY ONE
WAY TO BE
CERTAIN.



IF IT IS A RUSE, WE SHALL PLAY THE PREY AND DRAW THEM OUT LIKE POISON FROM A WOUND.



A SCANT THIRTY YARDS IN, IT'S CLEAR SOMETHING IS AWRY. TRENCHES, FOX-HOLES, FORTIFIED POSITIONS, ENOUGH FOR A DOZEN REGIMENTS--ABANDONED.



PRIZED ARMOUR AND ORDNANCE, DISCARDED IN HASTE FOR SOME HIGHER PRIORITY?



AND CORPSES BY THE TENS OF THOUSANDS, HUNDREDS, CORRUPTED BY CHAOS, LIMBS ABRADED TO STUMPS OF RAGGED MEAT AND SPLINTERED BONE.

WHAT MADNESS IS THIS?



SEE HERE, THEY HAVE BEEN FORCED TO DIG UNTIL DEATH. SOME USING THEIR MOUTHS AFTER THEIR LIMBS FAILED!

FOR WHAT PURPOSE?

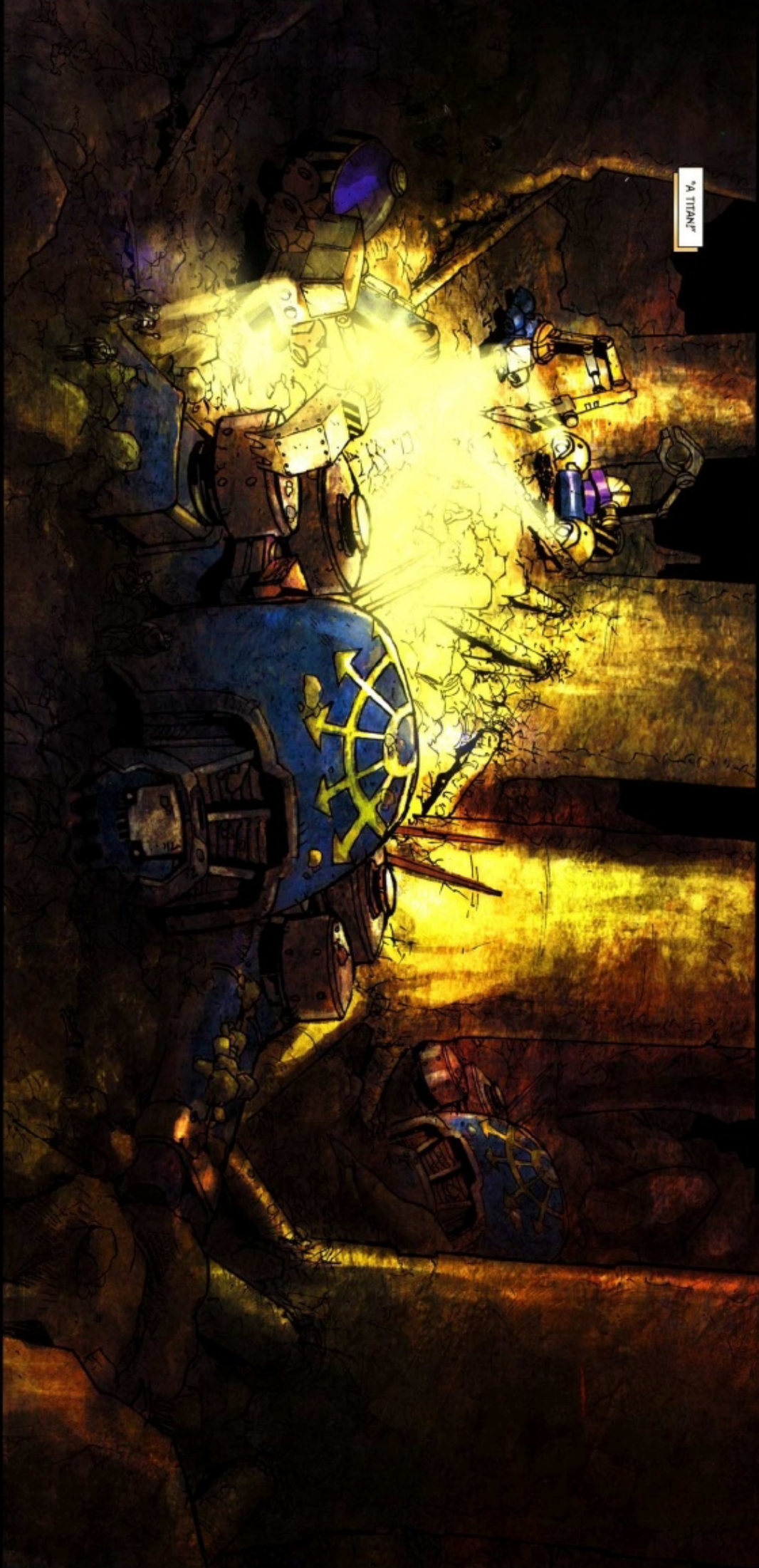


THEY'VE
WITHDRAWN BECAUSE
THIS IS NO LONGER
ABOUT THE BATTLE BUT
THE WAR. WHAT THEY'VE
FOUND THERE, THEY
PRIZE ABOVE ALL
THINGS.

THEY DO
NOT WANT OPEN
CONFLICT. THEY'RE
DIGGING IN, WAITING
FOR REINFORCEMENTS.
WHICH MEANS FOR NOW,
THEY FEEL THEY ARE
VULNERABLE!



"A TITANIUM"





^--BUT A PAIR!"



TO BE CONTINUED

WARHAMMER[®] 40,000

TM

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and Ian Edginton

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Damnation Crusade

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DAMNATION CRUSADE



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**YEAR TWELVE
OF THE LACHRYMA
INSURGENCY.**

IS THIS ALL
THERE IS? IS THIS
HIS BEST? THE
FEARFUL FLITCH
THAT CALLS ITSELF
EMPEROR!

SEE HOW I
HAVE BROKEN
HIS TOYS---

--RENDERED HIS
CHILDREN TO OFFAL
AND ICHOR!

UHHH...

NUHH...

THEY ARE
THE SPOOR
OF WAR!

WHUDTCH!

THEY ARE
NOTHING! HE IS
NOTHING!



HE IS A CRINGING
COWARD, CLINGING TO
HIS LIFE'S LAST SPARK
DREADING THE RAVENOUS
ABYSS OF EXTINCTION
THAT ACHES TO
CONSUME HIM!



COME
COWARD, I AM
WAITING!



"SEND ME YOUR
CHAMPIONS TO THE
LAST MAN..."



"...THAT I MIGHT GRIND THEM
ALL INTO CINDER AND RUIN!"



IN THE NAME
OF THE EMPEROR DO WE
ENTREAT THE WAR-SPIRITS
THAT THEY MAY HEED OUR
INCANTATIONS OF CONFLICT
AND COMBAT AND GUIDE OUR
VENERABLE LORD IN THE
MINISTRATION OF HIS
WRATH!



DOWN
THE LONG MARCH
OF YEARS, IN THE
ENDLESS WATCHES OF
THE ETERNAL NIGHT DO
THESE MIGHTY BRETHREN
WAR AND WAIT AND
WAR AGAIN.

IN CLEANSING
FIRE AND FURY DO
THEY PRAISE YOU. BY
RIGHTEOUS DEATH
AND DESTRUCTION
DO THEY MAKE HIGH
YOUR NAME.

LIFT US
FROM WOE
TO WAR, FROM
SORROW TO
SLAUGHTER.

LET
VENGEANCE,
JUSTICE AND WRATH
BE OUR WATCHWORDS.
TO SERVE THE
EMPEROR. IN THE
NAME OF DORN.



AS IT IS WRITTEN--

--SO SHALL IT BE DONE!



STATUS?

ORDNANCE, MOTIVE AND WEAPONS SYSTEMS ARE PRIMED AND OPERATING AT OPTIMUM EFFICIENCY. ALL HAS BEEN MADE READY FOR YOUR BRETHREN'S DESCENT LORD TANKRED. WE ONLY AWAIT YOUR WORD.



THE WORD, LOYAL PIRAMUS IS GIVEN--



"--IN THE EMPEROR'S NAME!"

**THE BATTLE OF
CARRION GULF. THE
THIRD YEAR OF THE
TORMENT CRUSADE.**

"SO NOW WE
HAVE THE TRUTH
OF IT AT LAST."

"THE VILE WASTE OF THE
WARP HAVE SCORED THE
FLESH FROM THE FACE OF
THIS GREY BACKWATER WITH
ONE PURPOSE IN MIND."

"THEY HAVE COME
HUNTING TITANS!"



HOW
OR WHY THE
GREAT MACHINES
WERE BURIED
HERE IS NOT OUR
CONCERN.

LIKEWISE
HOW THESE AGENTS
OF CANKER AND
CORRUPTION CAME BY
THE KNOWLEDGE OF
THEIR PRESENCE.



OUR PATH
IS SINGULAR AND
CLEAR. THE TITANS,
NOT THE BATTLE,
ARE THE GOAL
HERE!



AS WE'VE
WITNESSED, THE
ENEMY HAS MORE THAN
ENOUGH TROOPS AND
DISPOSITION TO TAKE
THE FIELD. INSTEAD THEY
HAVE WITHDRAWN BEHIND
THEIR EARTHWORK
AND DUG IN.

THEY
ARE AWAITING
REINFORCEMENTS AND
TRANSPORT TO CONVEY
THE TITANS OFF-WORLD,
WHICH THE IMPERIAL
NAVY IS INTENT ON
DEPRIVING THEM.



HOWEVER,
IT ALSO MEANS
WE IN TURN CANNOT
BE RE-SUPPLIED
OR SUPPORTED.

THEN
WE ARE
ALONE?



WE ARE
NEVER ALONE.
THE EMPEROR IS
OUR CONSTANT IN
ALL THINGS! BY HIS
LIGHT WE SHALL
PREVAIL!

AS IT
SHALL EVER
BE!



WE MUST ACT SWIFTLY
BEFORE THEY SOLIDIFY
THEIR DEFENCE PERIMETER.
THE ENEMIES' REDOUBT HAS
BEEN BUILT IN HASTE. THERE
ARE VOIDS AND BLIND SPOTS
IN THEIR FORTIFICATIONS.
CHAOS TURNED CULTISTS MAKE
PITIFUL ENGINEERS. THIS
WORKS IN OUR FAVOUR.



BROTHER SKELD.
BROTHER BRANT. YOU
WILL LEAD THE SWORD
BRETHREN IN THE MAIN
ASSAULT.

CAST
EVERYTHING UPON
THEM. PREDATORS.
DREADNOUGHTS. DRAW
THE FOE UP ONTO THEIR
FRONT LINE, HECTOR,
AND HIT THEM
HARD.



I WILL TAKE A
SECONDARY FORCE,
MANOEUVRE THROUGH
THE DEADFALL AND
OPEN UP ANOTHER
FRONT ALONG THEIR
VULNERABLE RIGHT
FLANK.

THEY CANNOT
BE PERMITTED TO
SECURE THE TITANS.
WE WILL WAGE WAR
TO THE LAST MAN
STANDING IF NEED
BE.



BROTHER
GERHART--

WHAT IS IT,
BROTHER?

--INCOMING
VOX-CAST FROM
ADMIRAL
SALLUST.

"HE REPORTS
THAT THEY HAVE
ENGAGED THE
ENEMY!"



**PURGING OF THE
SINNABAHN HIVE--
FIRST CAMPAIGN.**



MY NAME IS
RACLAW--BUT THAT
IS NO LONGER
WHO I AM.


RACLAW WAS A BLUNT
INSTRUMENT, A NOBLE
SAVAGE OF THE DRUMKIL
CLAN. LIVING A SHORT,
VIOLENT LIFE IN PRIMAL
SQUALOR ON A
BACKWOODS WORLD.



THEN THE EMPEROR'S
EMISSARY CAME AND
RAISED ME UP, SHOWED
ME A UNIVERSE OF
RAPTURES MAJESTY--

FIGHTING
COMPANY
FRONT AND
CENTRE!





--AND
UNIMAGINABLE
HORROR.



GIAAHHH!

I AM HIS
NOW.

I BELONG TO
THE EMPEROR!

BRRAAAA!



FORWARD!

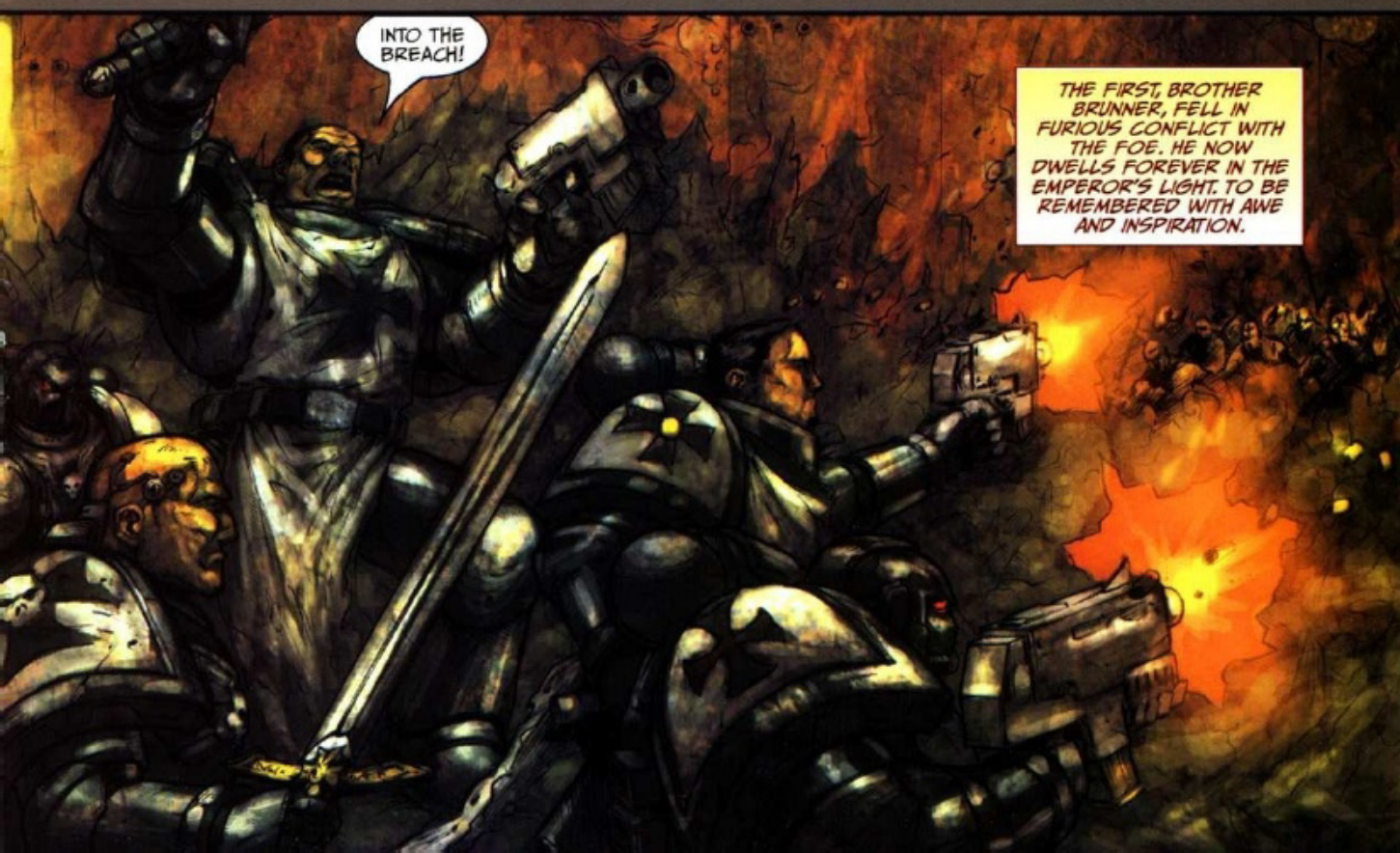
FOOAAMM!

MY BODY AND SOUL HAVE BEEN PARED, POURED, MOULDED AND RECAST INTO AN INSTRUMENT OF HIS GLORIOUS WRATH AND PITILESS MERCY.



BAK-KOOM!

I HAVE LABOURED FOR FIVE DECADES AND A HALF AS A NEOPHYTE, SCHOOLED IN THE DIVINE ARTS OF COMBAT AND CONTEMPLATION UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF MY INITIATE MASTERS.



INTO THE BREACH!

THE FIRST, BROTHER BRUNNER, FELL IN FURIOUS CONFLICT WITH THE FOE. HE NOW DWELLS FOREVER IN THE EMPEROR'S LIGHT. TO BE REMEMBERED WITH AWE AND INSPIRATION.



NEOPHYTE
RACLAW! TAKE
THE LEFT FLANK
AND HOLD IT!

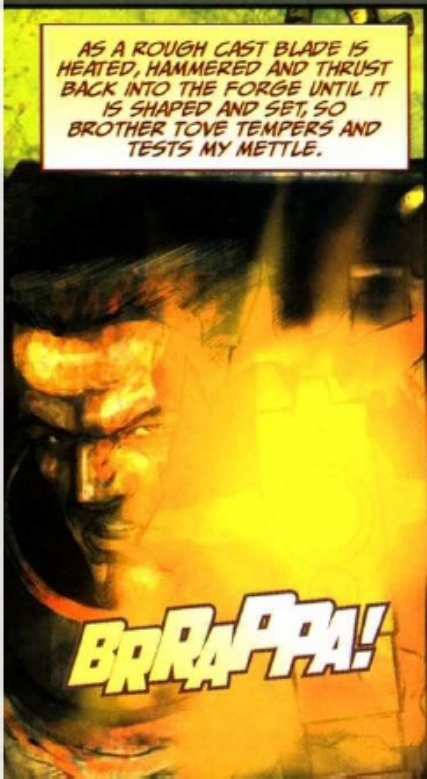
YES,
MASTER.

IT IS BROTHER
TOVE WHO NOW
TAKES ME TO
TASK.



BRRA PPA!

CAMPAIGN AFTER CAMPAIGN,
BATTLE UPON BATTLE, HE
PITS ME AGAINST THE
SERRIED RANKS OF THE
HEATHEN AND THE HERETIC.



AS A ROUGH CAST BLADE IS
HEATED, HAMMERED AND THRUST
BACK INTO THE FORGE UNTIL IT
IS SHAPED AND SET, SO
BROTHER TOVE TEMPERED AND
TESTS MY METTLE.

BRRA PPA!



GIAAA!

THERE IS NO SET DURATION FOR A
NEOPHYTE'S PROVING. TO RAIL WITH
IMPATIENCE IS TO COURT WEAKNESS
AND INVITE CORRUPTION.



TO BECOME A WEAPON
IS A PRACTICAL MATTER
OF SINEW AND SKILL.



THE SOUL
THAT WIELDS
IT, HOWEVER,
TAKES LONGER
TO HONE AND
KEEN.



IT REQUIRES
ENDURANCE,
ENLIGHTENMENT
AND MOST
PRECIOUS OF
ALL--

FOR THE
EMPEROR!



--FAITH!

THE BATTLE OF CARRION GULF.

NIGHT SETTLES IN A
SUFFOCATING SHROUD.
THE AIR HEAVY WITH A
MAUSOLEUM STILLNESS.

MUFFLED, DISTANT.
THE CLATTER OF
INDUSTRY AS THE
ENEMY TOILS AT ITS
WRETCHED LABOURS.

VOX-COM
CRACKLES
INTO LIFE.

"BROTHER
GERHART?"

BROTHER
SKELD, WHAT'S
YOUR STATUS?

"WE ARE IN
POSITION AND
HOLDING."

AS ARE WE.
PROCEED WHEN
READY.

"UNDERSTOOD."

THE PREDATORS
SPEAK FIRST.

**FDDDDMM!
FDDDDMM!
FDDDDMM!**

AN OVERTURE
OF ORDNANCE AND
ATTRITION--

TO YOUR
STATIONS!

--ROUSING A NEST
OF VIPERS.




"ACKNOWLEDGED.
FIGHT WELL,
BROTHER!"

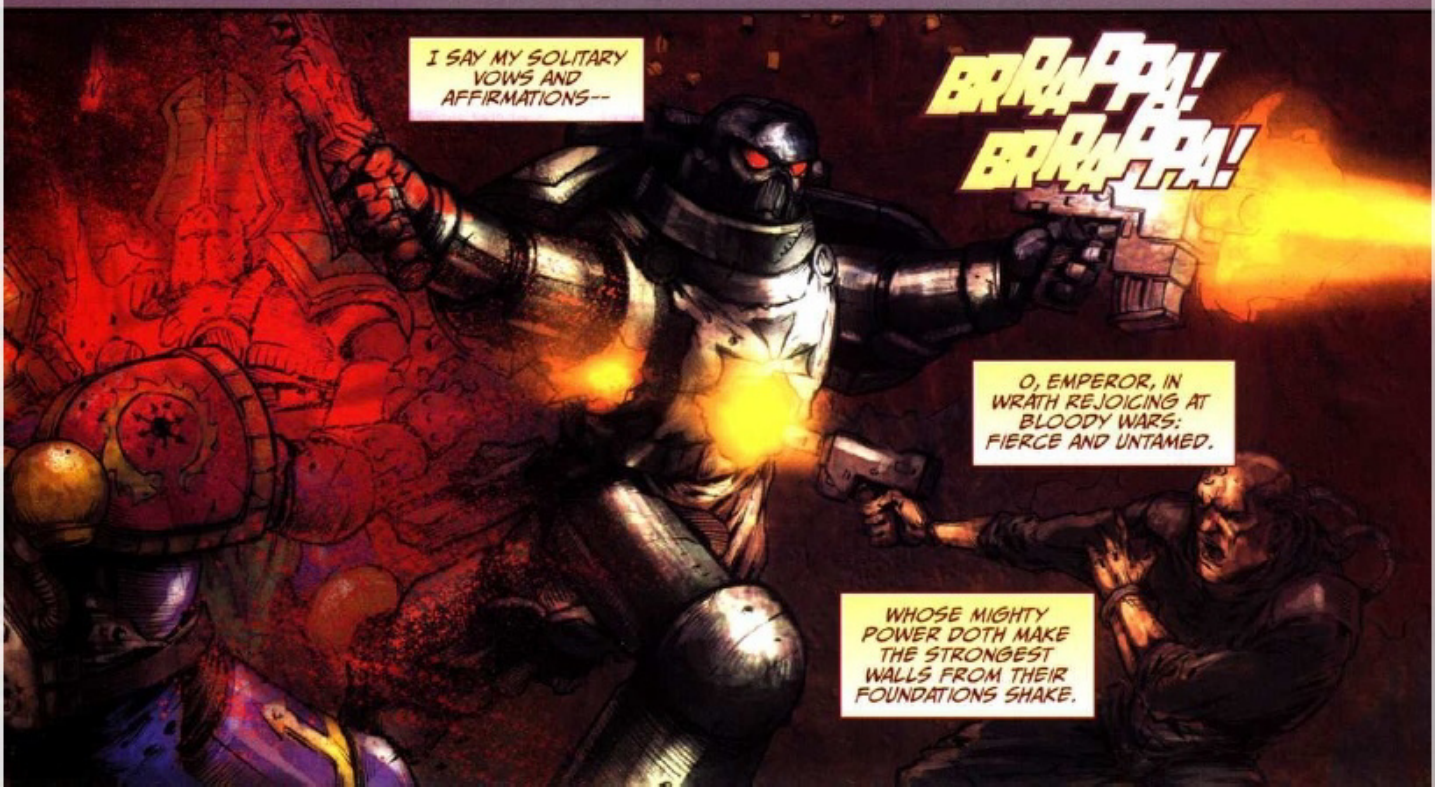


MOVE
OUT!

WE ARE OUTNUMBERED.
THE ODDS RANKED
AGAINST US, YET THERE IS
NOT A SECOND'S PAUSE.
WE ARE RESOLUTE.



WE GO TO WAR
AS TO PRAYER.



I SAY MY SOLITARY
VOWS AND
AFFIRMATIONS--

BRAAPPA!
BRAAPPA!

O, EMPEROR, IN
WRATH REJOICING AT
BLOODY WARS:
FIERCE AND UNTAMED.

WHOSE MIGHTY
POWER DOETH MAKE
THE STRONGEST
WALLS FROM THEIR
FOUNDATIONS SHAKE.



O'EMPEROR,
LORD OF WAR.
HEAR THIS, MY
WARRIOR'S
OATH...

YOU WHO ARE
THE MIGHTIEST OF
ALL MEN. THE PARAGON.
THE EXEMPLAR. THE
ALL-CONQUERING MASTER
OF MANKIND. MAKE THESE
COMING HOURS OF YOUR
SERVANT'S LIFE FULL OF
VALOUR AND VALUE.



MY SWORD
SHALL NOT WAVER.
NOR MY HEART WEAKEN.
I SHALL DROWN THE
XENO IN HIS OWN
BLOOD. I SHALL SMITE
GLORIOUS RUIN UPON
THE HERETIC. THIS I
SWEAR!

THRONE OF
TERRA!

OUR FEINT HAS
FAILED. OUR MARTIAL
ACTION HAS BEEN
ANTICIPATED!





**DESTROY
THEM! BE THEIR
DOOM!**

TO BE CONCLUDED!

WARHAMMER[®]

40,000

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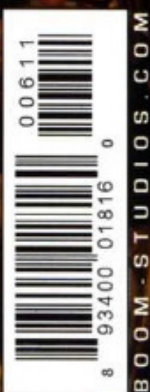
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WARHAMMER
40,000

DAMNATION CRUSADE



ABNETT - EDGINTON - BOYCHUK - ANTONIO
LAPHAM - CHIN - IFS - AERONIK

OURS IS A WORLD OF WAR--AN
ETERNITY OF CONFLICT FOUGHT IN
THE EMPEROR'S NAME. FOR AS HE
NEVER RESTS OR WAVERS FROM
ENDLESS STRIFE, NEITHER SHALL WE.

THE BATTLE OF
CARRION GULF, THE
THIRD YEAR OF THE
TORMENT CRUSADE.

AS IT IS ABOVE--

--SO BELOW.

YIIAAHH!





WE FEW MAY DIE THIS DAY,
BUT DEATH IS NOT TO BE
FEARED—ONLY FAILURE.

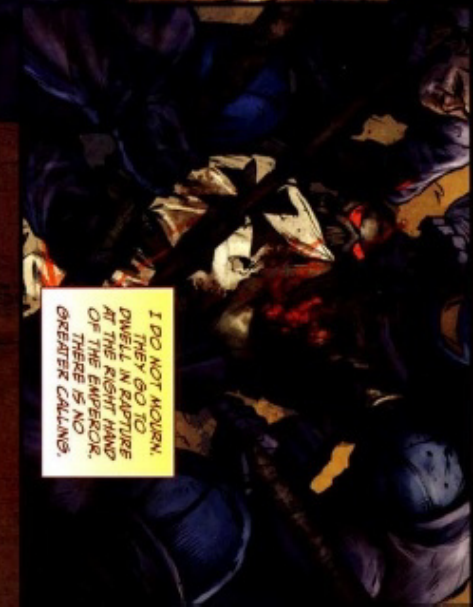
"THOUGH OUNUMBERED AND
OUTLANKED, WE SHALL HOLD FAST.
DEATH IS THE END OF THE LINE,
BUT NOT OF OUR BROTHERS.
SHATTER THEIR RECKLESS LINE AND
DEPRIVE THEM OF CHAOS
THEIR TRIN PRIESTS.



ONE BY ONE, WE
ARE DIMINISHED.



ONE BY ONE, THE
TOLL IS TAKEN.



I DO NOT MOURN,
THEY GO TO
DWELL IN THE TIDE
OF THE ETERNITY
OF THE ETERNITY.
THERE IS NO
GREATER CALLING.



I AM LAST
MAN
STANDING.

EMPTY...



COME
THEN, LET US
FINISH THIS!



THE WAVE OF
ABOMINATION
RISES, PAUSES--



--AND PARTS.

I AM
LORD KINE,
YOUR NEMESIS!
LOOK UPON ME
AND DESPAIR!

YOU WILL
NOT DIE HERE,
MAN OF FLESH
AND FAITH!

WE SHALL TAKE
YOU AND BREAK YOU AND
POUR CORRUPTION INTO YOUR
SOUL UNTIL IT IS AS MOTHERS'
MILK. THEN, WHEN YOU ARE A
RUINED, WRETCHED THING, WE
SHALL SET YOU UPON YOUR
OWN--A MADDENED DOG
OF WAR.



WHAT HAVE YOU
TO SAY TO SUCH
DELIGHTS?



MY NAME...
HNNKK!

MY NAME IS
GERHART!



PTUU!

HNNHK!



I AM OF THE SWORD
BRETHREN OF MARSHALL
KOR--HNNK!--MARSHALL
KORNELIUSZ'S FIGHTING
COMPANY. NOW TELL
ME--HNNK!



WHO
WANTS TO BE
FIRST?

YEAR TWELVE OF THE
LACHRYMA INSURGENCY.

BY THE
HAND OF
DOORN!

CHUDDOOM!

BRRAPPA!

CHUDDOOM!

FOR THE
THRONE OF
TERRA!

CHUDDOOM!

IN THE
EMPEROR'S
NAME!

BRRAPPA!

DIE!



ПППН...

ARE YOU TRULY
THE BEST THAT
CHARNEL HOUSE
SCRAPING CAN
MUSTER?

A SLIVER
OF GREY MEAT,
WRAPPED IN
ITS RUSTING
TOMBS!

УНННН...

ГНН...

I HAVE PARED
THE HARSH RIND FROM
THE FLESH OF MANY OF
YOUR BROTHERS THIS DAY.
STRIPPING THE CARAPACE
OF THEIR HEINOUS LIVERY,
EXPOSING THEIR RANK,
ROTTING PITH!

RANCID AND
GASPING, I TORE
THEM FROM THEIR
IRON SKINS!
SQUIRMING AND
SCREAMING AS
THEY DIED!



SUCH
IS YOUR
FATE, LITTLE
THING!



YOUR FINAL
HOUR IS ALL
BUT RUN!



I AM
TANKRED--




GIAAHHH!

AND TANKRED
ENDURES!!




IN THE
EMPEROR'S
NAME!


**BRAPPA!
BRAPPA!
BRAPPA!**



NONE ARE SPARED THE
TOUCH OF HIS WRATH!
HE IS THE LIGHT, THE
MIGHT AND THE WAY...



HHHH...
TANKRED LIVES
TO SERVE...



TANKRED...
END...ENDURES...

THE ROUT OF HERCHEST RIDGE.
THIRD YEAR OF
THE SCYRENE
CAMPAIGN.

FORWARD!
THEIR LINE FALTERS;
WE HAVE THE
ADVANTAGE! DO
NOT GIVE THEM
PAUSE!



THE
UNCLEAN
SHALL PERISH
AND THE
RIGHTEOUS
PROSPER!

THAT ONE HAS
METTLE--A NATURAL
LEADER DESPITE
HIS RANK. HE'S
YOUR NEOPHYTE,
ISN'T HE?

NEOPHYTE RACLAW,
A HILL-TRIBESMAN
GARNERED ON A
PROVINCIAL SWEEP BY
BROTHER BRUNNER SIX
DECADES PAST.



BRAKKKA!

THERE'S STILL
SOMETHING OF THE
SAVAGE TO HIM. SEE
HOW HE VALUES HIS
BLADE ABOVE HIS
BOLTER.





A RUSE. THAT IS
WHAT HE WISHES
HIS ADVERSARY
TO THINK.



THUS THE ENEMY BECOMES
OVER-CONFIDENT--



--AND CARELESS.



INITIATIVE AND IMAGINATION.
IMPRESSIVE. YET HE STILL
REMAINS A NEOPHYTE?



ALL THINGS
TO THEIR TIME,
BROTHER.



VICTORY!



A SWORD AND
SOUL ARE NOT
SEASONED THE
SAME.



NEOPHYTE RAGLAW!
FRONT AND CENTER!




YES,
MASTER.

TELL ME,
NEOPHYTE, DO
YOU RECALL WHO
YOU WERE BEFORE
THE EMPEROR
BESTOWED HIS
GRACE AND GIFTS
UPON YOU?


I WAS A MAN. A
SMALL, UNCERTAIN
THING DWELLING IN
IGNORANCE IN
THE DARK.

NOW, I AM
AN ENLIGHTENED
INSTRUMENT OF THE
EMPEROR'S WRATH.
HIS ETERNAL
JUDGEMENT, FAITH
AND FURY.



YOU WERE
BROTHER BRUNNER'S
CHARGE; WHEN HE FELL,
YOUR TUTELAGE BECAME
MY DUTY AND I HAVE
TASKED YOU TO THIS
DAY.

NOW THIS DAY
IS ALMOST DONE--
AND WITH IT, YOUR
INSTRUCTION.



YOU ARE
NO LONGER MY
NEOPHYTE BUT MY
BROTHER--AN INITIATE
OF THE BLACK
TEMPLARS.

THERE WILL
BE TIME ENOUGH
FOR CEREMONY AND
ORDINATION WHEN WE
RETURN TO THE
CHAPTER HOUSE, BUT
FOR NOW YOU
HAVE MY HAND--
BROTHER.



THANK YOU...
BROTHER. I ALSO
HAVE A REQUEST. TO
HONOUR BROTHER
BRUNNER, I WISH TO
TAKE HIS FORENAME
AS MY OWN.

A WISE
CHOICE. SO
BE IT--



--BROTHER
GERHART.

THE BATTLE OF CARRION GULF.

THE ROUT IS
SET! PUSH HARD 'TIL
THERE'S NEITHER
BLOOD NOR BREATH
LEFT IN THEM!

BROTHER
BRANT--
HERE!

BROTHER
GERHART!

CUHUGH-
CUH-
CUHOB!

APOTHECARIES
TO THIS POSITION,
IMMEDIATELY!

THE DAY
- CUASH -
WENT THE DAY
WELL?

YOUR ACTION
BOUGHT US TIME
TO BREAK THEIR LINE.
THEIR FORCES HAVE
BEEN DONE TO DUST.
THEY WILL BE NOUGHT
BUT A STAIN AND A
MEMORY, COME
NIGHTFALL!



ADMIRAL SALLUST REPORTS THE IMPERIAL NAVY HAVE TURNED AND BROKEN THE ENEMIES' RELIEF ARMADA. THEY HAVE BEEN DEPRIVED OF THEIR PRIZE AND TAKEN A HEAVY TOLL. IT IS A VICTORY ON ALL FRONTS.

THE EMPEROR
BE PRAISED--
CGHUH--
CAHUKKI!



--UMNN--
HHH--


TAKE YOUR
WARRIORS EASE,
BROTHER. YOU
HAVE EARNED THE
RIGHT.



GOOD
APOTHECARY,
BE SWIFT. OUR
BROTHER NEEDS
YOUR
MINISTRATIONS.

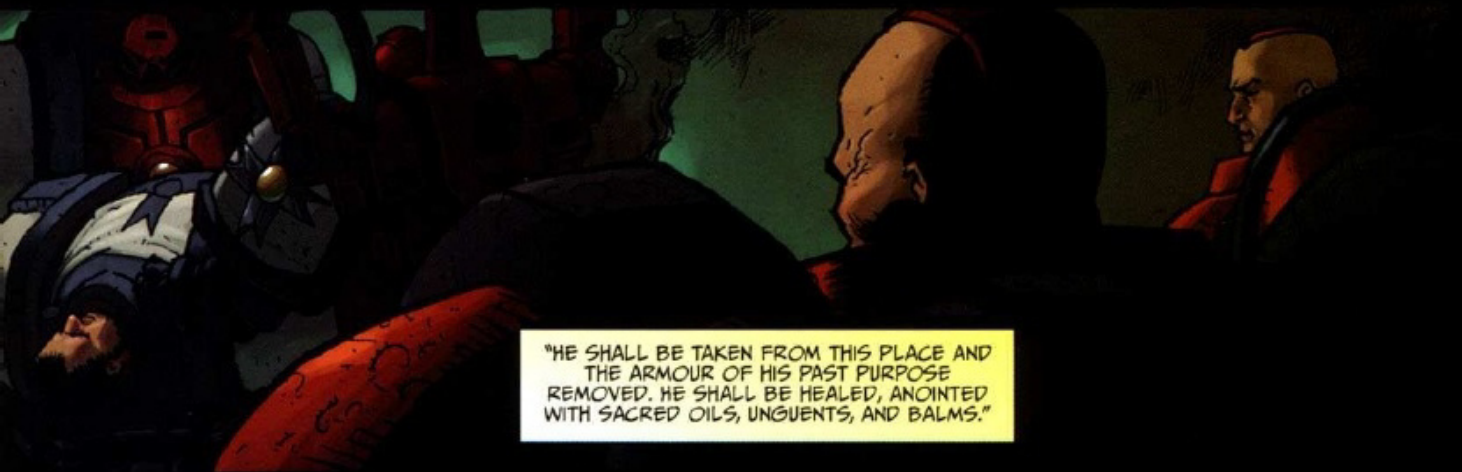


BROTHER
GERHARTS INJURIES
ARE SORELY GRIEVOUS.
HE IS BEYOND THE
BENEFIT OF ANY PHYSIC
I CAN ADMINISTER
HERE.

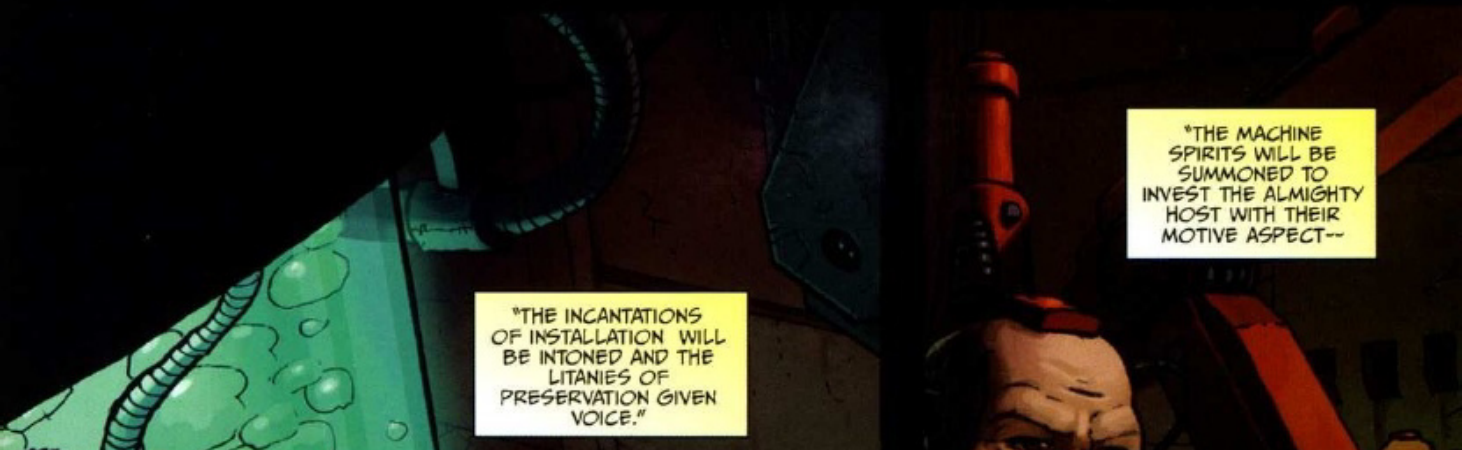


WE WILL
NOT ABANDON SUCH
PARAGONS TO SUCCUMB
TO THE RAVAGES OF
MORTALITY. THE WAY
WILL BE PREPARED
FOR HIM.


HE SHALL
NOT BE LAID LOW
BUT RAISED HIGH AND
EXALTED. HE WILL JOIN
THE EMPEROR'S
IMMORTAL RETINUE AND
WALK THE ROAD OF
AGES.



"HE SHALL BE TAKEN FROM THIS PLACE AND
THE ARMOUR OF HIS PAST PURPOSE
REMOVED. HE SHALL BE HEALED, ANOINTED
WITH SACRED OILS, UNGUENTS, AND BALMS."



"THE INCANTATIONS
OF INSTALLATION WILL
BE INTONED AND THE
LITANIES OF
PRESERVATION GIVEN
VOICE."



"THE MACHINE
SPIRITS WILL BE
SUMMONED TO
INVEST THE ALMIGHTY
HOST WITH THEIR
MOTIVE ASPECT--"


*--AND HE WILL BE
DRESSED IN FURIOUS
GLORY, TO WAR
FOREVERMORE IN THE
EMPEROR'S NAME!"



**BATTLE BARGE RECTIFIER.
YEAR TWELVE OF THE
LACHRYMA INSURGENCY.**

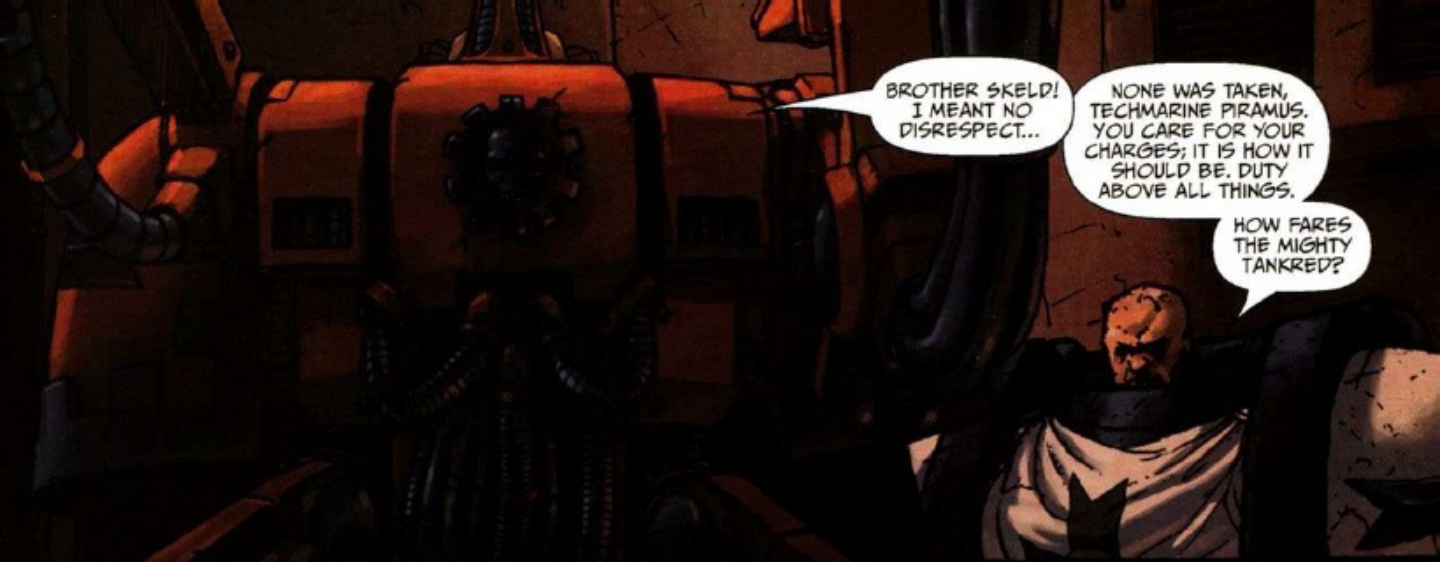


HELLO,
BROTHER.
IT'S BEEN A
WHILE.



WHO IS THAT?
WHO DARES
TRANSGRESS THE
REVERENCE OF
THIS SEPULCHRE?

UHT--
HHH...



BROTHER SKELD!
I MEANT NO
DISRESPECT...

NONE WAS TAKEN,
TECHMARINE PIRAMUS.
YOU CARE FOR YOUR
CHARGES; IT IS HOW IT
SHOULD BE. DUTY
ABOVE ALL THINGS.

HOW FARES
THE MIGHTY
TANKRED?



HE HEALS---SLOWLY. WITH
THE WAR-SPIRIT'S BLESSING
THE MECHANICALS ARE BUT A
TRIFLE TO REPAIR AGAINST
THE TRAUMA INFLICTED UPON
HIS DWINDLING FLESH.

THE
APOTHECARIES
HAVE LABOURED
ALL THEY CAN--
HIS FATE IS IN THE
EMPEROR'S
HANDS NOW.



DID YOU
KNOW HIM, IN
HIS WAKING
LIFE?

I DID.
I AM TOVE
SKELD. I WAS
ONCE HIS INITIATE
AND LATER HIS
BROTHER-IN-
ARMS.



DOES
HE KNOW
WE ARE
HERE?

DOUBTFUL. HIS SYSTEM IS
FLOODED WITH SONAMBULIN.
SLEEP AND TIME ARE HIS
BEST ALLIES NOW.



IF YOU WILL FORGIVE
ME, BROTHER. I HAVE
DUTIES THAT NEED
MY ATTENTION.

OF
COURSE.



REST WELL,
BROTHER. DREAM
OF GLORIES PAST
AND THOSE TO
COME.

HNN...
BROTHER
SKELO?

I AM
HERE.

TANKRED...
TANKRED
ENDURES...

AS DO WE
ALL, BROTHER--
IN THE
EMPEROR'S
NAME!

THE END

WARHAMMERTM

40,000

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