

HERALD OF OBLIVION

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WARHAMMER
40,000

A PATH TO VICTORY BOOK

INTRODUCTION

The book you hold in your hands is not a normal book. Rather than reading it from cover to cover, you will discover that at the end of each story section you will be presented with a series of choices which will allow you to control the course of the story, depending on the decisions you make. In addition to the book itself, you will need a standard six-sided dice, a pencil and a copy of the Adventure Sheet. (Spare Adventure Sheets can be found at the back of the book.)

In *Herald of Oblivion* you take on the role of Brother Nabor, a Space Marine of the Imperial Fists Chapter. Space Marines are the ultimate human fighting machines; genetically modified superhuman warriors, standing over seven feet tall and absolutely lethal due to decades of combat training. They were created by the immortal Emperor of Mankind to first re-conquer the galaxy in His name and then continue to defend the human race from the predations of all manner of enemies: heretics, traitors, aliens, daemons and even their own corrupted brethren.

The Imperial Fists are one of the most loyal Chapters in the Imperium, second only to the Ultramarines in their adherence to the Codex Astartes. The genetic inheritors of the post-human Primarch Rogal Dorn, whose very blood runs in their veins, the Imperial Fists are known for their exceptional skills in siege warfare. It was they who

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manned the walls of the Imperial Palace during the defence of Terra at the climax of the Horus Heresy. It was their contribution to the great battle that ultimately helped bring the Heresy to an end. And it is they who have defended Holy Terra ever since.

Throughout the adventure to come, you will be forced to battle the enemies of Mankind in all their myriad forms. When this occurs, you must fight them using the rules that appear on the following pages. You will also come across weapons and other useful items that may help you progress in your adventure. And then there are difficult moral decisions that you will be forced to make which could well have a direct impact on how events play out later in the story.

When you have completed the adventure, you can play it again and again, making different decisions to see where the story takes you this time. There is also an advanced set of rules at the back of the book, should you desire a greater challenge. In this section you will also find a glossary, spare Adventure Sheets and pages for making notes and maps as you explore.

Now turn the page to begin your basic training, before you have to confront the horrors that await you aboard the *Herald of Oblivion*...

RULES

To begin your adventure, first read the section entitled **Mission Briefing**. After doing so turn to paragraph 1, following the instructions contained therein. You'll need a dice and a pencil to hand; the former to enable you to determine the outcome of battles and other events and the latter to record details on the **Adventure Sheet** at the back of the book, and also to record wounds inflicted on enemies. While there are a number of blank Adventure Sheets at the back of the book, feel free to photocopy more for your own use.

STATISTICS

Your character – and the enemies you will encounter – has five statistics – **Weapon Skill (WS)**, **Strength (S)**, **Toughness (T)**, **Wounds (W)** and **Attacks (A)**.

WS, **S**, **T** and **A** are used in Combat, while **W** records how much life remains within your superhuman frame. If your **W** score ever reaches zero, you have died and your adventure is over.

Your character also has a **Purity (P)** score. You may gain or lose **Purity** points for various actions during your adventure. Make sure you keep a careful track of this, as it will have a bearing on events later in the adventure. Your **Purity** may never drop below zero.

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COMBAT

You will meet many enemies as you explore the *Herald of Oblivion*, and if you are to continue your adventure, you will need to overcome them in combat. When you encounter an enemy, you will see details like this:

Ork

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	10	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Slugga	4	1
Choppa	-	x1

Initiative: You

Saves: Ork Armour (6)

Advanced Rules: None.

Combat consists of a series of **Combat Rounds**. In each **Combat Round**, the combatant with **Initiative** gets to fight first, following the three steps detailed below. After they have gone through all three steps, their opponent gets to fight.

Roll To Hit

Roll one dice for each **Attack** the combatant has, consulting this chart to see if their attack hits the enemy:

To Hit Chart

WS	Roll To Hit
1	6
2	5
3	4
4	3
5	2
6	1

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A dice roll of equal to or greater than the number shown means that their attack has hit, and the enemy is hurt!

Example: The Ork shown above has WS4, so requires a score of 3, 4, 5 or 6 to hit.

Make Saves

If a combatant has armour or some other property (or even an ability) that provides a **Save**, they may use it to try to avoid the damage. Do this by rolling a dice – if the score equals or beats the value in brackets, the damage is ignored.

Example: The Ork wears armour with a save value of 6. For each wound suffered, the Ork rolls a dice. On a roll of 6, the wound is ignored.

Apply Damage

The number of wounds caused is multiplied by the **Damage (D)** of the weapon being used, rounded up.

Example: The Damage caused by the Ork's Choppa is x1, so each successful hit does 1 Wound, multiplied by 1. For a single hit, the defender's Wounds should be reduced by 1.

Subtract the number of **Wounds** caused from the defender's total. If it takes them to zero or less, they are dead.

Once both sides have made their attacks, the **Combat Round** is over, and another begins. The side with **Initiative** can attack again, and so on.

Multiple Opponents

Often, you will face multiple opponents. When this occurs, you may choose which enemy to target with each of your **Attacks**. For example, if you are facing two Orks, and you have 2 **Attacks**, you may apply one attack to each Ork, or both attacks to one of them.

Whichever side has **Initiative** gets to make all their attacks before their opponents can make any. All **combatants** on one side make attacks before their opponents can make any.

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EQUIPMENT

As you progress through the *Herald of Oblivion*, you may acquire certain pieces of Equipment which could be of use to you.

Weapons are used in combat – you may use any weapon you currently carry, as long as you have ammunition remaining.

You begin your adventure armed with a storm bolter and power fist. You also have a combat knife. These weapons have the following profiles:

	S	D
Storm Bolter	3	4
Power Fist	-	x1 (Power Fist adds +1 to Strength)
Combat Knife	-	x0.5

Ammunition is used in weapons, and each shot reduces the amount you have by 1. *Remember to mark this on your Adventure Sheet as you use it.* There are different kinds of ammunition, and each can be used only in a particular weapon. When you run out of ammunition for a weapon, you cannot use it again until you find more ammunition.

You begin your adventure with four clips of bolter ammunition, with each clip containing 20 bolt shells.

You carry equipment in special compartments within your Terminator armour. You may carry up to *ten* items in this way. However, you may mag-lock up to *two* additional weapons to your armour's exterior, which will not add to the total number of items of equipment you can carry inside your suit.

When you feel you have mastered these rules, there are Advanced Rules available at the back of the book to make your adventure more difficult. Some areas in the adventure refer to Advanced Rules – but you can ignore these if you are not using them.

ADVENTURE SHEET

STATISTICS

WS	S	T	A	W	P
4	4	4	1	25	5

* Strength and Toughness statistics are only used in the Advanced Rules.

EQUIPMENT

Weapons	Ammunition
Equipment	Notes

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MISSION BRIEFING

The hulk is so vast that the mighty Adeptus Astartes strike cruiser is as a buzzing Needlefly to a Grox in comparison.

Like some errant planetoid, the warp-spawned conglomeration of ancient wrecks and stellar debris blocks out the star field for tens of kilometres in every direction. It is an ominous presence drifting through the void at the periphery of the Sargon system; a lurking threat with all the menace of a dead-eyed ocean predator.

Rightly was it named *Herald of Oblivion* by the savants of the Ordo Xenos, for who knows what savage Ork hordes or Genestealer broods lie hidden within its labyrinthine depths, waiting for the derelict to come within range of a fecund Imperial star system or potential prize-world?

The shadowy masters of the Ordo Xenos have known of the hulk's existence since it was first encountered by a Rogue Trader fleet within an outlying system of the Segmentum Obscurus. But it is only now – not many Terran standard months shy of two hundred years later – that the *Herald of Oblivion* has been vomited back into the material universe thanks to the capricious tides of the warp and the fickle schemes of Fate.

The Imperial Fists strike cruiser *Shield of Dorn* – the closest Adeptus Astartes vessel to the Sargon system – was dispatched to assess the threat the space hulk posed to the Imperium and act accordingly.

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Smoke and incense fog the stale air of the chamber as a gaggle of solemnly-chanting Tech-adepts tend to a host of arcane mechanisms, under the watchful gaze of Techmarine Brother Clavis.

At a nod from the Magos manning the controls of the ancient teleportarium, power sword in hand, Sergeant Valerius addresses the Space Marines under his command.

'Squad Scipio,' comes the Sergeant's voice through your helmet comm, 'we have been tasked with cleansing the derelict of any xenos presence, in preparation for the insertion of Inquisition search teams. And so now let us prepare for teleportation.'

One by one, the battle-brothers of Squad Scipio mount the dais and take their positions within the teleportarium.

The first to join Sergeant Valerius is Brother Barathon, carrying the heavy flamer gripped in his hands as casually as if it were nothing more than a laspistol. He is also the bearer of a number of sanctified plasma bombs; after all, none of you really know what you might run into aboard the derelict.

Barathon is followed by Brother Kael – the lightning claws he has the honour of taking into battle are treasured relics of your Chapter. They crackle with barely-contained energy as he flexes the long, blade-fingers of the venerated artefacts.

Next to take his place is Brother Ordys. He is a temporary addition to the squad, and, since he is an Apothecary, does not wear Terminator armour. Instead he bears the sacred tools of the Apothecarion, all contained within his narthecium, as well as a chainsword and bolt pistol.

As the most recently-inducted member of Squad Scipio, you are the last to mount the teleportarium dais.

Sergeant Valerius turns to the Techmarine marshalling the Servitors and Tech-adepts monitoring the enigmatic machine's many controls. 'Squad Scipio ready to teleport,' he says, his commanding tones emanating from the external vox-casters of his Terminator armour.

'Confirmed,' Brother Clavis replies, his voice emotionless and machine-like, while the great servo-arm attached to his back twitches nervously.

At some unvoiced order that only the Tech-adepts are aware of, Brother Clavis's minions carry out a sequence of well-rehearsed manoeuvres at the archaic controls before them. A deep humming sound fills the air, vibrating the teleportation plate on which you are standing. The vibration travels up through your ossmodula-hardened leg bones, settling in the pit of your stomach. At the same time, tendrils of crackling energy crawl over the emitter array above your head.

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'Brother-Sergeant.' The resonating voice carries across the teleportarium chamber over the rising hum of the emitter. 'I will accompany you.'

'Epistolary Radamus,' Valerius says, acknowledging the new arrival with a deferential bow of his head. 'You honour us with your presence.'

The Librarian is an imposing sight indeed, standing out even amongst a party of Terminators of the Chapter's First Company. Where your Tactical Dreadnought armour, and that of your brethren, is the sun-fire yellow of molten gold, the Librarian's armour is the deep-hued crystalline blue of lapis lazuli.

He does not wear a helmet. Instead his head, with its patrician features, close-cropped white beard and dual service studs – denoting more than two centuries of devoted service to the Imperium – is framed by the ceramite and crystalline lattice structure of a psychic hood. This arcane device helps to focus the Librarian's formidable powers whilst at the same time protecting its wearer from the attacks of enemy psykers.

On his left arm Radamus bears a storm shield that in turn bears the clenched fist device of your Chapter. In his right hand he carries a mighty hammer. The Epistolary can channel his devastating psychic powers through this weapon, redoubling its already deadly ability to injure the enemies of the Imperium.

'What troubles you, Epistolary?' Valerius asks, unsettled by the Librarian's abrupt appearance. 'Do you sense a perturbation in the warp?'

'A shadow moves upon the face of the Sea of Souls; something insinuating itself into my subconscious. Whispers from the warp; the voices of ghosts and daemons. Utterances of prophecy and blasphemy both.'

'A prophecy?' Valerius repeats. 'About our undertaking?'

'Indeed, Brother-Sergeant. Something sinister is at work here.'

'What do you mean, Brother-Librarian?' Apothecary Ordys asks, intrigued rather than anxious.

'I cannot tell you any more than that,' the Epistolary says, his eyes backlit by an eerie luminescence. 'Only that fate has plans for you.'

You feel the Librarian's gaze alight upon you.

Kael flexes his lightning claws, the simple action heavy with menace. 'If it is something I can kill, just show me the way, brother.'

Radamus takes a step towards the teleportarium platform. 'You will accept my aid?'

'In Dorn's name, you would be most welcome,' Sergeant Valerius says, bowing his head once more.

'Let us hope so,' the Epistolary says darkly.

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As Brother-Librarian Radamus joins your party on the beaming-plate, Sergeant Valerius raises his power sword in a time-honoured martial salute.

'Primarch-Progenitor!' he declares, his words echoing from the metal walls of the sanctified chamber. 'To your glory!'

You and your battle-brothers answer as one with the traditional response. 'And the glory of Him on Earth!'

'Commencing teleportation sequence, in the name of the Omnisiah,' Brother Clavis intones.

The rising hum of the arcane device filling the chamber grows in intensity, as does the monotonous chanting of the Tech-adepts. You feel a strange tingling deep within your bones as the inscrutable machine begins to disassemble your body, your armour and your implants one at a time, piece by piece, molecule by molecule, atom by atom.

A juddering crash shakes the teleportarium to its very foundations and several luminators wink out. The chanting of the Tech-adepts is replaced by panicked binaric chatter and then, with a subsonic boom, the teleportarium activates.

Turn to 1.

1

You brace yourself as the ancient mechanism prepares to hurl you from one discrete physical point in space to another via a precisely focussed Geller field.

One by one, in quick succession, your battle-brothers blink out of existence in a beam of searing white light. Taking a deep breath of suit-recycled air you close your eyes and wait for the teleport to transport you to the hulk.

There is a second juddering crash and you are forced to take a stumbling step to stop yourself falling, even in your suit of Terminator armour. You open your eyes.

You are still aboard the *Shield of Dorn*. The whine of the Geller field generators rises and falls as bursts of eldritch energy crackle across the array above you.

'What's going on-' you start to say before Brother Clavis silences you with an upraised hand.

'Brother Nabor, remain where you are!' the Techmarine's voice crackles across the vox.

Yet another crash rocks the teleportarium chamber, dislodging centuries of dust from the curved metal ribs of the craft's hull, forming obscuring clouds all around you. Something is clearly wrong, but what?

**If you want to get clear of the ancient teleportation device
as quickly as possible, turn to 30.**

**If you want to stay where you are, as Brother Clavis
commanded, turn to 167.**

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2

You don't know how, but you sense that something isn't right. You bring your plodding advance to an abrupt stop a split second before the stack of metal debris to your left comes crashing down right in front of you! If you had not halted, you would have been buried under tonnes of steel scrap.

Turn to 23.

3

Against all the odds, you manage to safely remove the two progenoid organs and secure them safely within Brother Ordyss's narthecium.

Gain 2 Purity points for recovering your battle-brother's gene-seed.

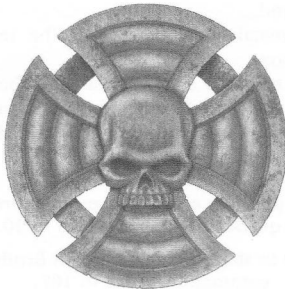
Now turn to the paragraph with the same number as you wrote down before coming here.

4

When you were here before, did you climb the pyramid to examine the crystal?

If you did, turn to 394.

If you did not, turn to 373.



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5

The auspex bleeps and burbles as it scans the cavern and whatever lies in the darkness beyond the range of your searchlight.

Slowly the auspex builds up a more detailed three-dimensional map of the cavern, the scan even indicating what the other vessels that form the structure of the *Herald of Oblivion* might be.

As you would expect, there are Imperial vessels – everything from bulk transporters to a Retribution-class battleship – but there are also vessels grown of alien wraithbone, other semi-organic craft and one that might even be a Nicassar dhow.

It would also appear that the way through to Brother Ordys's location is relatively straightforward. However, you note that although his life sign is still registering he hasn't moved since your auspex first located him and there's still no sign of your other battle-brothers.

The route you take to find the Apothecary leads you across the cavernous heart of the trapped asteroid to a point where the blunt nose of another vessel has burst through the silicate rock wall. The impact must have occurred hundreds – if not thousands – of years ago and resulted in the hull of the craft being breached as well.

Entering this vessel you home in on the signal from your auspex, following your helmet-display to the marker tag. And it is then, as your illuminator beam falls on the solid adamantium bulkhead ahead of you, that you see Brother Ordys for the first time.

Turn to 94.

6

Make a note of the number 58 on your Adventure Sheet.

If you have the word SECUNDUS written on your Adventure Sheet, turn to 33.

If you have the word TERTIUS written on your Adventure Sheet, turn to 325.

If you have the word QUARTUS written on your Adventure Sheet, turn to 181.

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7

Turning Brother Barathon's flamer on the fungus, pulling the trigger you bathe them in a dragon's breath blast of burning promethium. You take your time to make sure you have doused every area of growth with flame before moving on.

Make a note on your Adventure Sheet that you have put all six areas of fungus growth to the flame.

Turn to 337.

8

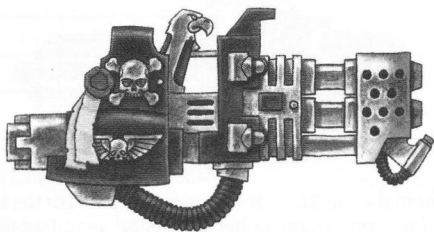
You enter the battleship via a dorsal launch bay. The sweeping beam of your searchlight draws the rusting ribs of bombers from the clinging shadows of the hangar as you pass through it.

As you approach the aquila-adorned blast doors on the far side, they grind open of their own volition. Thus admitted to the interior of this ship of the line, you commence your hunt for Sergeant Valerius.

Turn to 359.



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9

With a throaty engine roar, like the guttural bellow of an enraged Squiggoth, a huge steel and ceramite gun-beast emerges from amidst the roiling flames. It is bedecked with several large-bore cannons, while a mob of whooping greenskins hang from its running bars. Some of the smaller specimens are even straddling the sponson gun positions.

Its black metal prow is scratched, scorched and dented by a myriad bullet holes, rocket impacts and damage from head-on collisions with other Orkish machines. And it is heading straight for you on clanking treads, its driver clearly intent on grinding you to a pulp beneath its fore-axle mounted Deathroller.

Against such a powerful machine, will you stand your ground and rain weapons-fire down upon the clanking war-beast with everything you have, or will you run for cover?

If you stand and face the monstrous machine, turn to 48.

If you turn and run before the clanking battlewagon's charge, turn to 28.

10

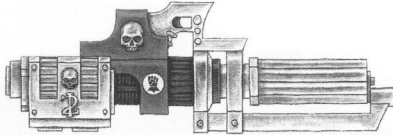
The never-ending tunnels divide again.

If you want to follow the path heading east, turn to 35.

If you want to follow the corridor south, turn to 339.

If you want to follow the corridor north, turn to 350.

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11

Emerging from the smoke, with a muttered oath of 'For the Emperor!', you open fire, your storm bolter a physical manifestation of the Emperor's limitless wrath.

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

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Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Rending Claws	*	x0.5

Initiative: You

Saves: Reinforced Chitin (5)

Advanced Rules: Enter Close Combat immediately.

If you win, turn to 133.

If you are reduced to zero Wounds or less, turn to 55.

12

As you turn from the wreckage of the Tech-priest and his long-dead Servitors, the machine-spirit encased within the digi-wand chirrups and a number of the blinking lights on its casing turn red.

Giving the room a sweep with the wand it chirrups again and more of the lights change colour. As you advance further into the room, the wand starts to emit a regular bleeping tone, which rises in rapidity and pitch as you move towards the back wall of the chamber.

The sound being emitted by the digi-wand becomes a single, unbroken tone and the last of the lights turn crimson. With a clanking of ancient bolts unlocking, a previously hidden portal in the wall slides open. A miasma of nitrogen mist escapes the darkness beyond; evaporating the moment it comes into contact with the air currents in the chamber.

If you want to pass through this new portal to face whatever lies beyond, turn to 249.

If not, you exit the Tech-priest's final resting place and turn your mind to clambering out of the bilges of the Mechanicus ark; turn to 346.

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13

You hear the boom of the Stompa's power plant detonating a moment before the shockwave from the blast hits you. Both you and your opponent are lifted into the air and hurled across the hangar as a tsunami of deadly fire consumes the vaulted cathedral space.

Being so close to the Ork war machine when its fission core detonated, even your Terminator armour cannot save you and you are vaporised.

Your adventure is at an end.

14

You enter the code and with a grinding whirr the drill-bit clamp extrudes from the end of the medicae tool. Recovering both of Radamus's progenoid glands, you deposit the gristly cyst-like organs in their own cryogenic stasis chamber inside Brother Ordys's narthecium.

Gain 2 Purity points for recovering the Brother-Librarian's gene-seed.

Turn to 332.

15

Grabbing hold of the nearest thing you can find, you pray to the Emperor and the Primarch that they won't find you wanting in your commitment to the cause now.

If your Purity score is less than 12, turn to 135.

If your Purity score is equal to or greater than 12,
turn to 139.

16

Taking your position at the controls of the cannon, with the weapon cycling up to speed and its autoloaders on-line, you open fire on the Ork host. The high calibre rounds chew through the massed

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greenskins, every shot finding a target and exploding another alien body in a welter of blood and bone.

The greenskins die in their dozens as your assault reaps a terrible harvest.

Gain 1 Purity point for wiping out so many of the Orks.

Suddenly, from out of the throng of fleeing, roaring, screaming greenskins – riding a promethium-black contrail – comes a crude, rocket-propelled device.

Releasing your hold on the weapon you throw yourself from the gun emplacement as the rokket hits.

Although you are not caught directly in the blast, the shockwave catches you and hurls you into the mass of Orks charging towards your position.

Turn to 87.

17

The further you progress along the tunnel the stronger the breeze becomes.

Entering an uneven space laced with air pockets, kept apart by strands of sinewy tissue, you see two passageways leading onwards. There seems little to tell them apart except that the one to the left appears to be twice the diameter of the one to the right.

Which one will you choose to follow now?

If you take the right-hand exit, turn to 400.

If you choose the wider tunnel to the left, turn to 47.

18

In time the fleshy pipe you are traversing branches again. This time will you take the right-hand path, where the tunnel structure becomes more rigid – being ribbed with chitinous protuberances – or will you go left, heading downwards, following a passageway that has gently rippling gill-like fronds emerging from its walls?

If you go left, turn to 112.

If you go right, turn to 85.

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19

You reach another junction within the interminable labyrinth that is the Necron Tombship.

To go north, turn to 309.

To go south, turn to 170.

To go west, turn to 268.

20

How long did your battle with the converted Valerius last?

If it took you 6 Combat Rounds or more to defeat the Talos Pain Engine, turn to 66.

If it took fewer than 6 Combat Rounds, turn to 200.

21

Not letting the shimmering emerald discharge dissuade you, you step into the scintillating energy screen.

The pain is indescribable as the gauss field flays your armoured body, rendering both the armour and you, trapped inside it, into your component molecules.

Fortunately the pain doesn't last long and soon there is nothing left to ever show that you were here. The Necron vessel has become your tomb too.

Your adventure ends here.

22

+ I have to get beyond those blast doors + you hear Magos Vorrich's synthesised voice through your helmet comm again. + And for that I need you to create a distraction +

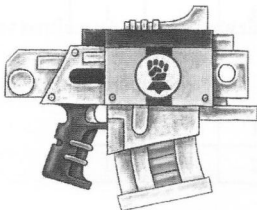
Without waiting for a response, the CAT whirrs away in the direction of the Orks.

The greenskins are so preoccupied with trying to force the shutters open they remain wholly unaware of your presence. But how can you set about distracting so many?

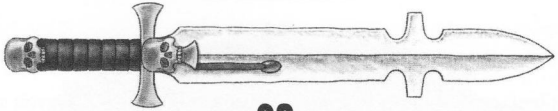
It is then, as you are scouring the chamber for inspiration, that your gaze falls on the cannon emplacements positioned either side of the archway by which you have entered the antechamber. Once mono-tasked Servitors would have manned the emplacements, but time and decay have taken their toll and now the gun nests appear to be empty.

Against so many of the xenos, you decide that manning one of the emplacements would be your best bet.

Turn to 65.



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23

Clear of the scrap heap, you ready your weapons. You don't believe for one moment that the stack collapse was an accident. And then an ululating cry reverberates from the towers of metal debris through the bilges of the pilgrim ship.

'Waaaagghh!'

Your first instinct is that there is another community of Orks lurking down here and that they are closing in for the kill, now that their trap has been sprung. But there's something strange about the bellowed war cry. The pitch is too high.

It isn't long before you discover why. Splashing through the stinking morass of the bilges is a mob of humanoid creatures, clad in rough oddments of metal armour, their bodies daubed with blue war-paint, while their faces are hidden behind jutting metal jaws and steel skull-domes.

And they're not Orks – they're humans. Or at least they were once. From the sores on their arms, the patches of scaly skin and the occasional extraneous limb here and there amongst the mob, it is quite clear that they are mutants.

How many generations must have passed since the pilgrim vessel first became lodged within the *Herald of Oblivion* for its passengers to degenerate to such a state – not only for them to become mutants but for them to turn their backs on the Imperial Creed and start emulating the alien greenskins? It is your holy duty to release them from this state of pitiful existence.

Bilge Mutant

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	4	1

Bilge Mutant

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	4	1

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Bilge Mutant

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	4	1

Bilge Mutant

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	4	1

Bilge Mutant

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	4	1

Bilge Mutant

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	4	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Musket	2	1
Axe	*	x0.5

Initiative: You

Saves: Scrap Armour (6)

Advanced Rules: After three Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you may enter into Close Combat with the Bilge Mutants.

If you win your battle with the Ork-worshipping Mutants,
turn to 46.

If you die, turn to 114.

24

Passages lead off to the north, west and south, but which way will you choose next?

If you follow the passage leading north, turn to 269.

If you follow the passage leading south, turn to 44.

If you follow the passage leading west, turn to 140.

25

Now that you're clear of the Necron Tombship your auspex is working again – at least as well as it ever has within the confines of the derelict. Locking onto Brother Kael's signal again, you set off once more, following canyons of inverted deck plating and crossing chasms that have formed between compacted asteroid debris.

Beyond a bulkhead engraved with the Imperial aquila you find yourself walking between the shattered columns of a colonnade that must once have been part of an Ecclesiarchy vessel.

Looming over you at an angle of almost forty-five degrees are the void-proofed stained glass windows of a chancel, showing some saint of the Imperial Church smiting a traitor horde backed up by a battalion of Penitent Engines. Unquenchable fusion lamps elsewhere within the wreck illuminate the thirty-metre panes, casting a spectrum of light across the broken flagstones of the ruined cloister you are traversing now.

The chiming of your auspex has you readying yourself for battle once again as its machine-spirit paints your helmet-display with multiple incoming contacts. And then you catch sight of the first of them in the flesh.

It is humanoid in form and wears a monastic robe of coarse sackcloth. About its neck hangs a heavy chain bearing a badly-corroded rosette of the Ordo Hereticus. Trailing from the sleeves of its habit are knotted whip-like cables that sputter and spark with serpents of electrical energy.

The strange penitent is joined by another, this one wearing only a loincloth. You can clearly see its skinned musculature, how the electro-lashes are bolted directly into its elbows, and the stained brass hood covering its face. The seal of the Emperor's Most Holy Inquisition has been laser-etched onto its scarred surface.

You do not know what has happened to the two Arco-Flagellants that are now stalking towards you between the crumbling pillars, or

HERALD OF OBLIVION

how long they have been here, but something is definitely wrong. For some reason these servants of the Inquisition's Witch-Hunters have decided that you are their enemy and as they bound towards you, electro-flails discharging fat sparks of high-voltage energy, you have no choice but to defend yourself.

Arco-Flagellant

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	7	1

Arco-Flagellant

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	7	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Electro-Flails	*	x1

Initiative: You

Saves: None

Advanced Rules: After three Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you must enter into Close Combat with the two Arco-Flagellants.

If you defeat these twisted servants of the Ecclesiarchy,
turn to 301.

If you are killed by the crazed Arco-Flagellants, turn to 114.

26

Make a note of the number 299 on your Adventure Sheet.

If you have the word **SECUNDUS** written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 33.

If you have the word **TERTIUS** written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 325.

If you have the word **QUARTUS** written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 181.

Reaching the top of the pyramid, you find the sun-gold surface of your armour stained a sickly green under the pulsing glow of the energy crystal mounted in its altar-like setting. You have seen such crystals utilised by the Necron host elsewhere, from the armaments of its warriors to colossal gauss pylons.

And then the imposing statue jerks into unnatural life, the sigil on its chest glowing with a sinister inner radiance. Raising its twin-barrelled weapon – its face an implacable death-mask – it prepares to fulfil its ceremonial duty and protect the energy crystal with what little semblance of life it has left.

Necron Immortal

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	4	8	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Gauss Blaster	5	3

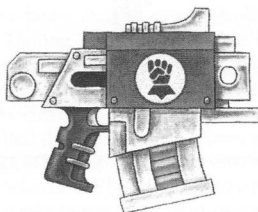
Initiative: You

Saves: Toughened Exoskeleton (3)

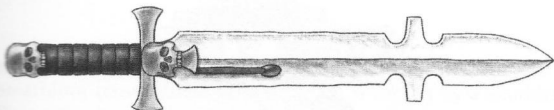
Advanced Rules: After two Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you may enter into Close Combat with the Immortal.

If you defeat the Immortal, turn to 50.

If you are defeated, turn to 174



HERALD OF OBLIVION



28

Turning your back on the enemy is hardly an act befitting a Space Marine of the First Company of the Imperial Fists Chapter. Your action is futile anyway, as mere moments later the mobile fortress smashes into you, and your heavily-armoured body is dragged beneath its powerful wheels.

Lose 2 Purity points and 4 Wounds.

If you are still alive, turn to 178.

If you are reduced to zero Wounds or less, turn to 143.

29

You open fire with your storm bolter, venting your frustration on the hull of the drop-pod. But the landing craft was built to withstand atmospheric re-entry and so, in the end, your bolter rounds don't make any difference either.

*You have used all the ammo in your current storm bolter clip.
Remember to mark it off your Adventure Sheet.*

Turn to 51.

30

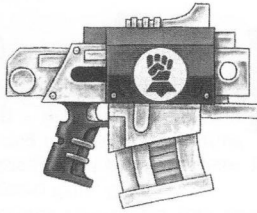
With lumbering steps you move towards the edge of the teleport platform. Jagged bolts of untamed energy lash down around you, exploding sparks from the metal plates at your feet.

'Stay where you are!' Clavis shouts again. Is that a note of panic in his voice?

If you want to throw yourself clear of the teleporter, turn to 62.

If you would rather now do as Clavis commands, turn to 107.

HERALD OF OBLIVION



31

Some malign entity nearby is projecting an aura of dread that gnaws at the edges of your sanity, scratching as the back of your mind, bringing your darkest fears and phobias to the surface. For, whatever the Codex Astartes might proclaim, there are things that even a Space Marine fears, such as in your case, being unable to complete your mission or failing to fulfil your duty to your fellow Imperial Fists.

However, as a battle-brother of the First Company you know how to quell those anxieties, how to turn them back upon themselves, letting them fuel your righteous anger and retributive fury so that you might better punish the enemies of Mankind.

'The Emperor protects!'

Your declaration echoes from the bony walls of the rendering vault and hearing your words echoed back to you, you feel your faith revitalise you. You shall not fail your Primarch or Him Enthroned upon Earth, no matter what obstacles the Hive Mind might set before you.

Gain 1 Purity point.

Now turn to 265.

32

Your deathblow exposes the volatile contents of the monster's gastric chambers. They combust on coming into contact with the air, blowing the Pyrovore apart in an explosion of bile and gristle, and drenching you in a noxious geyser of corrosive ichor.

Reduce your Wounds by 5.

If you are still alive, turn to 240.

If you are reduced to zero Wounds or less, turn to 55.

You are trudging through the empty storage tanks of an old promethium transporter when the vessel is rocked by a shuddering collision that has all the force of a planetary seismic event.

At first you think it must be a hulk-quake – not uncommon aboard the larger derelicts, as gravitational forces and warp fatigue take their toll – but then with a scream of tortured metal, the hull of the tanker tears open and the jagged prow of a Voidraven breaches the storage tank. The sudden explosion of sparks ignites the hydrocarbon residue within.

In the next second the fires are snuffed out just as quickly as the flames are sucked out into the airless void on the other side of the hull. As the atmosphere bleeds out into space, so the scream of the Dark Eldar vessel's demise subsides into silence.

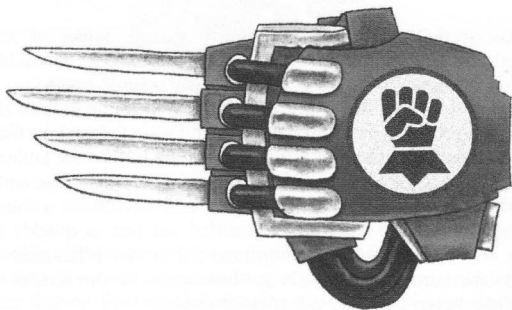
The void battle between the *Shield of Dorn* and the piratical Dark Eldar is clearly still on-going, but it pleases you to see that the strike cruiser has claimed another kill.

As the Voidraven's engines detonate, the hole in the promethium tanker is blasted even wider, the burning wreckage of the Dark Eldar ship being the next thing to be pulled back out into the void as the last of the atmosphere is sucked from the hold. And the same forces that abhor a vacuum are working on you now, as everything that isn't bolted down is dragged towards the ragged rift.

If you have a Lightning Claw, turn to 139.

If you do not have a Lightning Claw, turn to 15.





34

Aware of your presence now, the host of greenskins gathered within the hangar start to move towards you at a lumbering run, their massed footfalls setting the deck plates shuddering, as if the Mechanicus vessel were coming under fire.

It is then, as the horde charges towards you – and you prepare to meet your end in battle – that the hangar is rocked by a massive explosion that knocks the greenskins off their feet and only just leaves you standing.

As the shuddering boom passes and the smoke clears, something immensely tall, feral and awe-inspiring strides into the vault through the hole it has just blasted in the hangar wall. The monstrous thing stalks across the chamber, its low-slung wolfish snout sweeping from side to side as if it is sniffing the air for the scent of its prey and letting off controlled bursts of plasma fire into the greenskin throng.

With a ratcheting clatter of gears and chains the Mini-Gargant stirs into life, turning its personal arsenal in the direction of the darting Warhound.

The Gretchins' howls of fear are drowned by the furious bellowing of their larger Orkish kin as the brutes turn their attentions towards this new interloper as it moves to engage the Stompa.

The Ork that was leading the initial charge against you – a stolen Commissar's cap on its head, its left arm encased in a huge tearing metal claw – is determined to have satisfaction and it will be your pleasure to deny the xenos its revenge.

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Ork Nob

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	4	12	2

Weapon:

	S	D
Shoota	4	2
Choppa	*	x1

Initiative: You

Saves: 'Eavy Armour (4)

Advanced Rules: After three Combat Rounds, enter into Close Combat with the Ork Nob.

If you best the Ork Nob in single combat, turn to 153.

If you are defeated, turn to 143.

35

The passage you are following turns sharply north, and there, ahead of you, is the arched entrance to another benighted chamber.

Turn to 163.



Returning to the place where you arrived after being teleported aboard the conglomeration of warp-lost vessels and asteroids that form the *Herald of Oblivion*, you scan again for your battle-brothers' life signs. The auspex comes back negative. Either they didn't teleport to the same location as you or they have since set off on their mission, believing you to have been lost when the teleportarium malfunctioned.

Accessing your vox-link you try to contact the *Shield of Dorn* but all you hear is the hiss of static and the sound of distant explosions before it cuts out altogether. Something's blocking the signal. For the time being at least, you're on your own.

It seems likely that there is something about the construction of the vessel you're currently in that is preventing your auspex from completing long-range scans – perhaps a leaking fusion reactor or a radioactive mineral deposit in an asteroid bound to the craft somewhere nearby. You *are* able, however, to accomplish a three-dimensional scan of the internals of the Rogue Trader vessel you are currently in, which in turns enables you to locate a way out.

Half an hour later, you emerge from the Rogue Trader vessel through what was once an airlock, into an echoing pitch-black space. Activating your suit's searchlight, its beam pierces the gloom to reveal that you are standing inside what appears to be a vast rocky cavern.

Suddenly a marker tag flashes into being on your helmet-display, accompanied by a chiming alert. It only takes the auspex's machine-spirit a moment to flag it as being that of Apothecary Ordys. Your auspex isn't currently picking up the life signs of any other members of Squad Scipio, but they might just be out of range. You try your vox again and hear nothing but static.

According to your auspex Brother Ordys cannot be more than a hundred metres away from your current position, but you don't know what obstacles you might have to cross to reach him. You could attempt to boost the gain on your auspex, in order to carry out a more thorough survey of the area.

If you want to carry out a more comprehensive scan, turn to 5.

If you want follow the signal you've picked up already without further delay, turn to 56.

HERALD OF OBLIVION

37

As the Mandrake falls, its body dissolves into nothingness, as if it had never been anything other than a coalesced pool of inky shadow. All that is left behind at its passing are its sickle-sword and patchwork kilt of human hides.

Gain 1 Purity point for sending the Mandrake back to the shadowy realm that spawned it.

You now know that as well as attacking the *Shield of Dorn* the forces of the Dark Eldar have infiltrated the *Herald of Oblivion* – but to what end?

Keeping a wary eye on the shadows lurking at the edges of the echoing chamber, you set about activating the ancient warp-field generators.

It will take some time for the generatorium to warm up and send the ship back into the warp. With your work here done, you set about devising your escape from the ship,

Write the word **DAMNATUS** on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 374.



Emerging from the belly of the Ork idol, you barge your way through the host of greenskins now staring at the spasming idol with a mixture of awe and confusion.

Realising that something is dangerously wrong, the Orks suddenly scatter, eager to get as far away from the Stompa as they possibly can.

As the throng parts before you, you find yourself confronted by what looks like a large metal drum mounted on two piston-powered legs. Welded onto one shoulder is a huge firearm and the other articulated arm ends in a whirring buzz saw. If you are going to escape the Stompa's death-throes yourself, you are going to have to fight your way past the Gretchin-piloted Killa Kan first!

Killa Kan

WS	S	T	W	A
2	5	3	16	2

Weapon:

	S	D
Big Shoota	5	3
Buzz Saw	*	x0.5

Initiative: You

Saves: Armour Plating (4)

Advanced Rules: After two Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you must enter into Close Combat.

If you win three consecutive Combat Rounds, the cowardly nature of the Gretchin hardwired into the Kan kicks in and it turns and flees, allowing you to escape.

Turn to 59.

If you destroy the Killa Kan in 5 Combat Rounds or fewer, turn to 59.

If the battle lasts for more than 5 Combat Rounds, turn to 13 straight away.

If you are reduced to zero Wounds or less, turn to 143.

39

The passageway widens, becoming a high-ceilinged gallery lined with darkened alcoves.

This is *Node 4*.

If you have been here before, turn to 95.

If you have not been here before, turn to 121.

40

Priming the plasma bombs you recovered from Brother Barathon, you hurl them towards the centre of the chamber, avoiding the stream of green fire that erupts from the tip of the Harbinger's staff.

Mere moments later the explosives detonate.

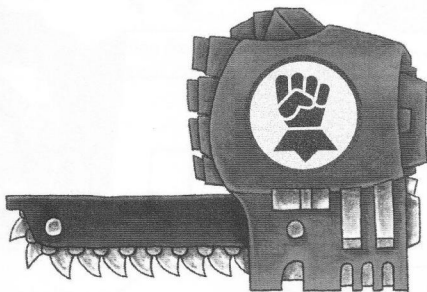
Remember to mark the plasma bombs off your Adventure Sheet.

The shockwave lifts you off your feet, carrying you across the chamber and out of the way of the colossal Necron's next devastating attack.

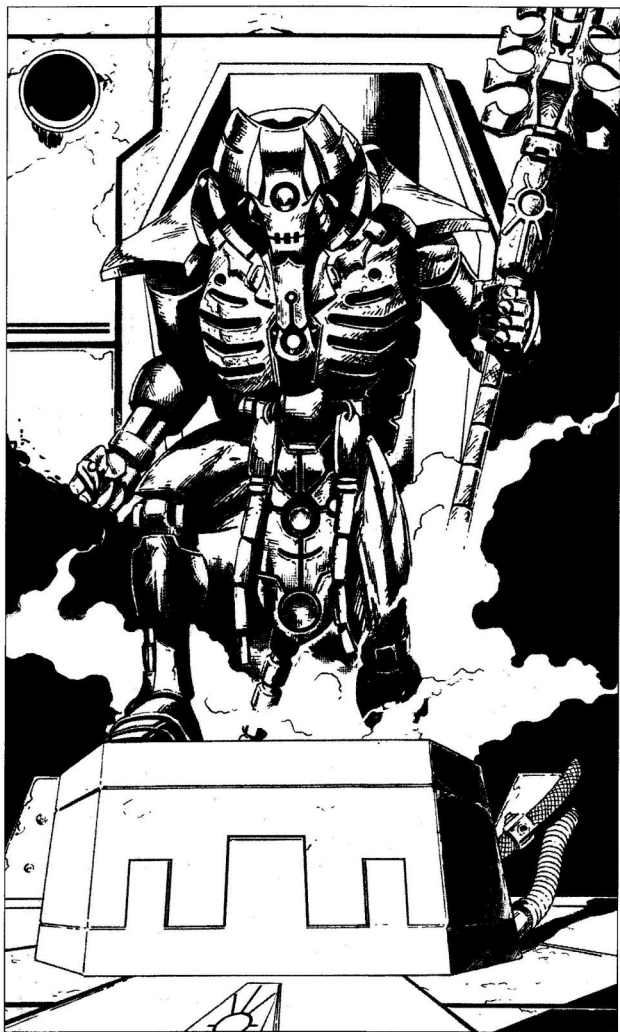
As the smoke clears you risk a glance towards the centre of the sepulchre and see that the Power Nexus has been destroyed. But how many Power Nexuses have you destroyed in total?

If you have destroyed five or more, turn to 291.

If you have destroyed fewer than five, turn to 276.



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A cacophonous thrumming bass chord, like the blaring of some ancient carnyx horn, shakes the sepulchre as it sounds. At the same time the gigantic sarcophagus on the far side of the chamber cracks open, wreaths of gas gusting and curling between them. The waves of light being emitted by the glowing crystal hemisphere pulse rhythmically like a heartbeat. By trespassing in this place you have woken the sleeping god that lies in state here.

A hand the size of a tank's dozer blade grips the edge of one of the doors as a living metal colossus pulls itself from the sarcophagus in which it has slept for aeons. Held in the steel-silver grasp of its other hand is what looks like an ancient staff of power, only one that is several metres in length. Set into the end of the staff is a cut crystal made of the same material as the hemisphere pulsing at the heart of the chamber.

And there is another crystal that could be the hemisphere's twin. The two crystals pulse in synchronicity, but the second is visible at the centre of the construct's massive, armour-plated chest.

The colossus seems to wear the evaporating nitrogen gas that clings to its ice-rimed automaton body like a mantle. Then the sleeper turns its burning gauss-green gaze on you.

You have awoken the Harbinger of Woe and for this sacrilege you will pay with your life. Taking its immense staff in both hands, it points its glittering tip in your direction.

If you want to attack the gigantic Necron, turn to 198.

If you want to attempt to destroy the pulsing crystal,
turn to 219.

If you want to flee from the chamber in the face of the
Harbinger's chilling wrath, turn to 276.

HERALD OF OBLIVION

42

Activating the tool, you are able to recover the progenoid gland from Brother Barathon's neck as well as the one buried in his chest. Placing them in their own cryogenic stasis chamber within Brother Ordys's narthecium, you offer up a prayer to the Emperor that He might watch over both your battle-brothers' souls.

Gain 2 Purity points for recovering Brother Barathon's gene-seed.

Turn to 207.

43

The Squig dies with a satisfying pop, its body disintegrating into myriad spores which fill the pipe, becoming caught on the sticky surface of the corroded metal or drifting down to the floor where many are captured by the effluent stream and carried away into the dark.

The pipe continues in a direction closer to that you believe you want to be travelling in, but there may be greater dangers than Squigs to face further on.

If you want to continue to advance along the pipe,
turn to 70.

If you would rather retreat and exit the pipe, turn to 101.

44

The corridor heads south for some way before turning sharply right, and leading you west.

Turn to 309.

45

The xeno-forms take no notice of you as you proceed along the passageway. The bio-luminescent glow permeating the tube-like tunnel changes subtly all the time, as the lamp-beetles scuttle out of your way while the arachnid things move between them on their metre-long legs.

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You would have expected the Hive Ship to have had some form of early warning system – pheromone markers or snare phages for example. Perhaps the void-traversing beast really is as good as dead.

Turn to 18.

46

You cannot believe that there are only six mutants living in such a sorry, inhuman state within the bilges. Everything else you have seen so far – from the daubed Orkish glyphs to, what you now realise were crude debris-idols – suggests to you that there must be a settlement of some kind nearby.

If you want to go in search of the mutant camp, turn to 323.

If you don't want to waste time hunting for more of the abominations, preferring to continue with your primary mission, turn to 61.

47

The tube-like tunnel continues to broaden until it becomes a spacious void within the Hive Ship. The air here is still for the time being, the sucking gusts of air having ceased.

You immediately note the cartilaginous ribs that give the chamber its shape, and the puckered orifices which constantly ooze with slimy secretions. Then you see a clenched sphincter in the roof of the chamber. It is currently closed but looks large enough to admit a Thunderhawk gunship were it to open.

Then it does just that, and the foetid air in the lung-like space is sucked out in a gale-force expulsion. The force of the draught lifts you into the air – even though you are in full Tactical Dreadnought armour – and drags you towards the open orifice, as if you were a leaf in a hurricane.

It is then that you look through the opening and see the black void and distant stars beyond.

This chamber must act as some kind of airlock in the shell of the Hive Ship, which means that this part of the creature at least is exposed to the void and not entirely buried within the space hulk, as you had first thought.



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As you hurtle towards the opening, you throw out an arm and make a grab for the fleshy wattles at its rim. Your armoured fingers sink into the pliant flesh and you hang on for dear life, beseeching the Emperor not to draw you to his side just yet.

If you are wearing a Lightning Claw, turn to 98.

If you are not wearing a Lightning Claw, turn to 71.

48

Even as you open fire on the armour-plated battlewagon, the battle-prayers of your brotherhood on your lips, the mobile fortress crashes into you. Your heavily-armoured body is sent flying by the jarring collision and you are unconscious even before you hit the ground.

Lose 4 Wounds.

If you are still alive, turn to 178.

If you are reduced to zero Wounds or less, turn to 143.

49

Along with an ident-medallion and a signet ring bearing an antiquated representation of the Imperial aquila, you find a vintage data-slate. As you pull the device free of the dead man's skeletal grip several finger-bones snap off and come away with it.

As you brush the dust from its corrosion-pitted screen you realise that same dust must once have been the flesh of the Rogue Trader himself.

The data-slate's power cell dried up long ago, but by connecting the device to a port in your armour you are able to coax it back to wakefulness once more. Reading the annotations of those entries that remain uncorrupted within, it soon becomes apparent that you are reading the dead man's data-journal, whose name it turns out is Baron Matthias 'Starstrider' Elias, Master of the *Von Zabronov*.

Along with information regarding the price of Mastodon tusks and Sabrebear furs on Jotunheim in the Ymir Sector, not to mention the crew manifest for the *Von Zabronov*, you finally come across a reference to the *Herald of Oblivion* itself. It seems that Baron Elias and some thirty men of his crew (not including Servitors) boarded the hulk one hundred and eighteen standard years ago with the intention of plundering it of archeotech.

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The last entry refers to a network of Power Nexuses that Elias believed had to be destroyed in order for him and his men to escape the Tombship.

The data-journal having revealed its secrets to you, what do you want to do now?

If you examine the crystal more closely, turn to 77.

If you want to leave Baron Elias's final resting place without further delay, turn to 392.

50

The light in the Immortal's eyes fades and the favoured servant of its dynastic masters topples onto the altar. Its dense metal body hits the crystal, causing it to shatter.

The energies contained within the crystal erupt outwards as ribbons of scathing gauss energy.

Lose 3 Wounds.

If you are still alive, turn to 367.

If you are reduced to zero Wounds or less, turn to 174.

51

It's no good. The Omnissiah is deaf to your prayers; either that or it has deemed that the drop-pod should remain sealed for all eternity.

Now turn to the paragraph number you were instructed to write down earlier.

52

You have uncovered all the secrets the Gladius frigate holds and so there is nothing more to be gained by remaining here any longer.

Re-tracing your route through the ice-bound vessel, you make the laborious climb back up to the open airlock, using a grid-like structure of pipes to aid you in your ascent.

Outside the Executioners ship once more, you set off again in search of Epistolary Radamus.

Turn to 299.

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53

At your killing blow, the Pyrovore's distended bladders and bloated gastric sacs rupture.

Roll one dice.

If the number rolled is odd, turn to 32.

If the number rolled is even, turn to 240.

54

Some malign presence nearby is exerting its alien will over you. Overwhelmed by the indescribable horror of the Hive Mind, you both physically and mentally baulk at the thought of having to remain within the bio-ship a moment longer.

Reduce your Purity score by 5 points!

Turn to 265.

55

The Great Devourer has claimed yet another victim. Your genhanced body will be rendered down into biomass and your DNA assimilated so that it can be used to create new and even more lethal forms of Tyranids to help the gestalt race continue its conquest of the galaxy.

Your adventure is at an end.

56

The route you take to find the Apothecary leads you across the cavernous heart of the trapped asteroid to a point where the blunt nose of another vessel has burst through the silicate rock wall. The impact must have occurred hundreds – if not thousands – of years ago and resulted in the hull of the craft being breached as well.

Entering this vessel you home in on the signal from your auspex. As your illuminator beam falls on the solid adamantium bulkhead ahead of you, you see Brother Ordys for the first time.

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'Brother, thank the Primarch you found me in time,' he gasps. He is clearly in a great deal of pain, but that's hardly surprising, as he appears to have been teleported into the very fabric of the bulkhead itself and become fused half in and half out of the structure.

Carefully, you break the seal on his helmet and remove it. Ordys's expression is one of barely suppressed agony. 'Brother,' you begin, not really knowing what to say.

'There is nothing you can do for me,' Ordys says, as if reading your mind. 'I am dying. But first I must pass my sacred duty on to you, in case you find any more of our brethren in a similar situation to mine.'

Clearly the Dark Eldar attack on the *Shield of Dorn* at such a vital moment in the teleportarium sequence resulted in a catastrophic failure. You wonder how many more are like Brother Ordys or lost forever, their component atoms scattered within the depths of the warp.

'Take my narthecium,' the Apothecary says, indicating the arcane instrument attached to his arm, mercifully free of the bulkhead, with a downward glance.

At Ordys's behest you release the mag-locks securing the narthecium in place and attach it to your own arm.

Remember to add the Narthecium to your Adventure Sheet.

As you do so, Ordys intones the Apothecary's Creed between agonised gasps. It is the sacred oath sworn by all those who submit themselves for training by the Apothecarion.

'He that may fight, heal him. He that may fight no more, give him peace. He that is dead, take from him the Chapter's due. While his gene-seed returns to the Chapter, a Space Marine cannot die.' He breaks off, choking on his own blood as his body shuts down. 'Without death, pain loses its relevance.'

Ordys then proceeds to tell you the clandestine code that activates the reductor built into the narthecium, so that you might remove his own progenoid glands that he might yet serve the Chapter.

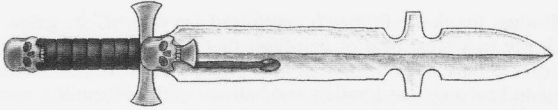
Make a note of the number 671 on your Adventure Sheet.

Brother-Apothecary Ordys has passed his sacred duty on to you, that you might tend to the injured and recover the gene-seed of the dead as you continue your search for the rest of Squad Scipio.

'Now, brother,' he says with his dying breath, 'do what must be done.' With that his chin drops onto his chest and he says nothing more.

Turn to 199.

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57

Using your auspex readings and hypno-implanted knowledge regarding the layout of Retribution-class craft, you make for the heart of the ghost ship and its warp generators.

The maintenance corridors and processional passageways are in total darkness. If it wasn't for your own enhanced eyesight, heightened still further by your helmet's auto-senses, you would be completely lost. Strange, creaking groans accompany the ringing of your ceramite footsteps from the deck plates of the ships as you head deeper and deeper into the ancient vessel.

As you near the shielded chambers where the warp-field generators are located an ethereal mist seems to rise from nowhere and your auspex starts to chime a warning. One minute there's nothing there at all; the next it is as if the non-creatures have always been there.

There are two of the hideous warp-spawned things, skinless horrors, with fleshless malformed skulls, sinuous bony growths escaping from their spines and shoulder blades, and horribly fanged maws. They move like large felines but they look like nightmares ripped from the realm of daemons into grotesque flesh-forms, bearing lethally-sharp claws that are perfectly capable of tearing through armour and flesh alike.

There is something fluid and non-corporeal about them that makes you doubt whether you will be able to injure them as easily.

As the hissing Khymerae pounce you are forced to defend yourself before they can wreak havoc on your armoured form.

Khymerae

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	4	10	2

Khymerae

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	4	10	2

HERALD OF OBLIVION

Weapon:

	S	D
Claws	*	x1

Initiative: You

Saves: Half-real Nightmare (4)

Advanced Rules: After one Combat Round of Ranged Combat you must enter into Close Combat with the Khymerae.

If you slay the warp-beasts, turn to 125.

If you are defeated by the Dark Eldar's spectral servants,
turn to 143.

58

Brother-Librarian Radamus is lost to you and the Chapter, another victim of the Great Devourer, but what of your other battle-brothers? Which member of Squad Scipio do you want to go in search of now?

If you set off in search of Brother Barathon, turn to 225.

If you go in search of Brother Kael, turn to 82.

59

You reach the way out of the Titan hangar as the Stompa's power core goes critical. You hear the detonation of its fission reactor and then nothing, as the furious roar of the massive explosion subsumes everything else.

Not daring to look back, even for a nanosecond, you keep running, the auto-senses in your helm alerting you to the approaching fire-storm with klaxon screams.

The passageway you are running down narrows as you near the sealed bulkhead door at its end. And then, mercifully, the door's machine-spirit awakens. With a hiss of compressed gas, and the accompanying echoing clang of steel, the door opens.

You throw yourself through, slamming a palm on the closing mechanism on the other side, before the roiling flame catches up with you.

You have done it! Through your actions the Ork Stompa has been destroyed and the Ork host along with it.



HERALD OF OBLIVION

Gain 3 Purity points for wiping out the Orks and destroying the Stompa.

If you were able to eradicate the patches of Orkoid fungus you encountered upon first entering the Mechanicus ark, multiply the number of patches by 20 and turn to that paragraph number.

If you were not able to eradicate the fungus, turn to 80.

60

You hesitate for a moment before the portal, but then step forwards, your next bold stride taking you through it...

And your boots crunch down on black pyroclast.

You scan the vista before you, barely able to believe what you are seeing.

You are no longer on board the *Herald of Oblivion*. Instead, you are standing on the slopes of a dormant volcano. Behind you stands a portal just like the one you passed through aboard the Tombship. Before you lies kilometre after kilometre of undulating black sand dunes. And under a night sky dotted with a million million pinpricks of light, the dynasties of the Necrontyr are massing for war.

In the shadow of cyclopean statuary and vast stasis-tomb complexes you see floating monolithic skimmers. Patrols of small floating platforms fused with Necron bodies prowl the lifeless desert while packs of feral clawed monstrosities skulk in the shadows of crumbling mausoleum structures. You see many different types of Necron being herded by ornate barques that bear their golden-clad commanders, whilst immense constructs stalk like enormous mechanical spiders between them.

In the sky overhead, the abyssal-black silhouettes of Tombships are harried by the darting shapes of smaller cruisers. You are hundreds of light years from the Sargon system and the space hulk and, after decades of fighting for the Emperor, you possess the wisdom to know when you have met your match.

You turn back, ready to enter the portal and the lost Tombship once again, but you see to your horror that the quicksilver pool is gone, the dimensional gateway closed. There is no going back.

On this crown world of the Necrontyr you will meet your end, like the billions of doomed souls who died here sixty-four thousand millennia ago.

Your adventure is at an end.

HERALD OF OBLIVION

61

Determined not to be distracted from your task of finding Brother Barathon, you press on through the bilges.

Roll one dice.

If the number rolled is odd, turn to 88.

If the number rolled is even, turn to 281.

62

Suit-servos screaming, electrically motivated fibre bundles enhancing your own already prodigious strength, you throw yourself off the raised dais of the teleportarium platform. At that exact same moment there is an explosion of warp energy around you, as the now unfocussed teleporter field collapses.

In that instant, unfettered forces tear every cell in your superhuman body apart from the inside, ripping you from the material universe, for your component atoms to be scattered on the tides of the warp for all eternity.

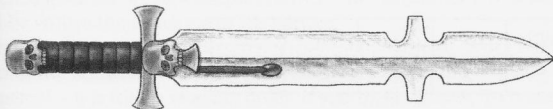
Next time, perhaps you would do better to follow the orders of your superiors.

Your adventure is at an end.

63

The baleful blast of numbing hatred – as cold as vengeance – hits you, and bursts across your armoured chest-plate, its malevolent energies repelled by your faith in the Emperor and all that the Imperial Fists hold dear.

Turn to 177.



64

The weapon-mount is still operational and activates as soon as you enter the chamber. As the weapon powers up, attempting to lock onto its target – you! – you only have a split second in which to make your choice as to how to best deal with the threat the gauss flux arc poses.

If you want to try to take out the weapon mount with your own weapon, turn to 327.

If you would rather fall back, and leave the chamber as quickly as possible, turn to 341.

65

Clambering up the spiral stair to the pulpit of the emplacement, you disturb the squabbling team of Gretchin that are already there and which appear, in between hitting each other with spanners, to be attempting to strip the weapon of its magazine.

If you are going to be able to turn the cannon to your advantage, you are going to have to clear the emplacement of Gretchin first.

Gretchin

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	6	1

Gretchin

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	6	1

Gretchin

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	6	1

HERALD OF OBLIVION

Weapon:

	S	D
Slugga	4	1
Knife	*	x1

Initiative: You

Saves: None

Advanced Rules: After two Combat Rounds, enter into Close Combat with the Gretchin.

If you defeat the quarrelling Gretchin, turn to 16.

If the diminutive greenskins vanquish you, turn to 143.

66

The Talos Pain Engine is destroyed. Ripping open what remains of the torture-machine's carapace, you release Sergeant Valerius from his unending torment.

'Thank you, brother,' Valerius gasps, his voice barely more than a breathless whisper. His eyes close and your helmet-display registers his weakening heartbeats.

Valerius is dying, his body beyond saving, but there is still one service you can perform for your Sergeant, and that is to recover his progenoids for the gene-smiths of the Apothecarion to implant into another neophyte battle-brother. And miracle of miracles, Brother Ordyss's reductor activates at your first attempt!

Plunging the excising probe into first his neck and then his chest, you remove the gristly lumps that have the power to turn a mortal man into a superhuman Space Marine.

As you stow the glands safely inside the narthecium and consider your next course of action, Sergeant Valerius speaks.

'Save yourself,' he splutters, bubbles of blood bursting at the corners of his mouth. 'Save the gene-seed.'

Before you can voice the question 'how', as if reading your mind Valerius goes on. 'I had a teleport homer. The Archon took it. It might still be within the wreckage of his barque.'

The Sergeant is right; the personal teleportation retrieval device is there, among the scattered debris of the destroyed Raider, and – thank the Emperor! – it is still in working order. If you trigger it now, Techmarine Clavis and his adepts should teleport you back to the *Shield of Dorn*.



HERALD OF OBLIVION

Then your thoughts return to the Haemonculus, and your soul thirsts for vengeance. But, with his Archon and the Talos Pain Engine destroyed, Dravul the Twisted – the Surgeon-Excruciator, Prophet of the Flesh and Ghoulmaster of Excoriatorus – has fled, along with his vivisect-lackeys. Your gaze finds the horror just as the Haemonculus and his coterie of minions enter the dark-light vortex of the webway portal, which closes with an audible pop.

Robbed of the chance to be revenged upon the Dark Eldar, hefting Valerius's body in your arms, you depress the teleport homer's activation rune.

It feels as if your whole body has been reduced to its component atoms and then sucked through the singularity of a black hole into the empyrean, only to be spat out and the process to be reversed on the other side – which is exactly what *has* just happened.

As the searing explosion of light fades, you find yourself back aboard the *Shield of Dorn*, at the heart of the teleportarium. Techmarine Clavis and the Adepts manning the controls of the arcane device stare at you in shocked surprise, as the energy discharge of your translation crackles about the Crux Terminatus of your left auto-reactive shoulder plate.

You have escaped the *Herald of Oblivion*, you have done what you can to safeguard your Chapter's genetic legacy, and the dread Dark Eldar Archon Tenebrax Nox is dead, even if the detestable Haemonculus Dravul Kruach did manage to escape justice.

Your attention is drawn to the image of the space hulk that fills the view through the oculus on the other side of the teleportarium chamber, as the abomination meets its end at last.

It begins with the bloom of a plasma reactor detonation towards the rear of the hulk that is quickly followed by a crackling vortex eruption within a warp-field generator chamber. As the lethal chain reaction you initiated on board the forgotten ghost ship spreads throughout the derelict, the *Herald of Oblivion* is ripped apart by explosion after explosion.

You feel the after-effects even aboard the strike cruiser, as reality is ripped open and the hulk plunges back into the warp as it starts to break apart.

Squad Scipio's primary mission has been achieved. The *Herald of Oblivion* has been destroyed, and cleansed of all alien infestation in the process. You will, however, mourn that the hulk's demise came at the cost of the lives of every last member of Squad Scipio, except one.

Perhaps fate does have a purpose in mind for you after all.

Congratulations. Your adventure is at an end.

67

Pounding down the access ramp and out of the Stompa, you run slap bang into a hulking brute of an Ork. Howling its fury at you, the beast comes at you with a massive chain-toothed axe in its hand.

Ork 'Ard Boy

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	4	10	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Slugga	3	3
Big Choppa	*	x1

Initiative: You

Saves: 'Eavy Armour (4)

Advanced Rules: After one Combat Round of Ranged Combat you must enter into Close Combat with the 'Ard Boy.

If you beat your opponent in 3 Combat Rounds or fewer, turn to 59.

If the battle lasts for more than 3 Combat Rounds, turn to 13 straight away.

If you are reduced to zero Wounds before 3 Combat Rounds have elapsed, turn to 143.

68

With the immediate threat eradicated, you choose a way out of the chamber.

If you choose the exit to the east, turn to 386.

If you leave via the exit to the south, turn to 19.

HERALD OF OBLIVION

69

It only takes a second and then the deed is done.

Deduct 1 from the Ammo total of the weapon you are using.

The Librarian's body goes slack as his soul goes to join the Emperor to help Him wage His eternal war against the Dark Gods of the warp. But that leaves you facing the enraged Tyranid alone.

Hissing maliciously, the Hive Tyrant turns its attention to you. Dropping Radamus's corpse, it strides towards you on its massive hooves. The indescribable horror you felt only moments ago returns in palpable waves, as if it is a physical thing, like a swarm of ripper-beasts devouring both your mind and your sanity.

Hive Tyrants are powerful psykers and without Librarian Radamus's shielding psychic wards to protect you, your mind is exposed to the full horror of the Hive Mind. Your will snaps in an instant. It is then only a small thing for the Hive Tyrant to tear your armoured form apart as easily as its psychic scream devastated your psyche.

Your adventure is at an end.

70

The pipe begins to slope downwards, the gradient becoming steadily steeper. Just as you are wondering if you shouldn't quit this course and return to the entrance, the corroded pipe gives way under your weight with a terrible rending of metal, cantilevering downwards.

You are unable to save yourself as the falling pipe sends you plummeting into the gloom below.

Turn to 235.

71

Continuing to beseech the Emperor and your gene-father Rogal Dorn that they not abandon you now, you cling on, hoping that the Master of Mankind might hear your entreaties.

If your Purity score is less than 10, turn to 135.

If your Purity score is equal to or greater than 10, turn to 98.

72

Even though you have dealt with the bio-ship's first wave of defence organisms you suspect that more will soon be on their way. Quickening your steps you reach the far side of the rib-vaulted body cavity and pass through the cartilaginous archway on the other side. And that's when it hits you.

It is a wave of palpable panic-inducing terror that gnaws at your mind and your sanity with sheer, overwhelming horror. After all, you are creeping through the guts of some vast space-faring organism that is only a miniscule part of an unimaginably vast, intergalactic entity possessed of an appetite so insatiable even the millions of star systems contained within the galaxy are not enough to satisfy its ravenous hunger.

If your Purity score is less than 7, turn to 54.

If your Purity score is equal to or greater than 7, turn to 31.

73

The wraith-entity's hunched insectoid body trails away to nothing more than an articulated vertebrae tail that ends in crackling coils. It comes at you then, with its tail slung forwards beneath it, its whip-coils outstretched.

Canoptek Wraith

WS	S	T	W	A
4	5	4	12	3

Weapon:

Whip Coils S D
 * x0.5

Initiative: Canoptek Wraith

Saves: Phase Shifter (3)

Advanced Rules: After two Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you must enter into Close Combat with the Canoptek Wraith.

If you defeat the Wraith, turn to 68.

If you are defeated, turn to 174.

HERALD OF OBLIVION

74

Directing your weapon at the more heavily customised Trukks and Orkish tanks you open fire.

Deduct 8 Ammo for the weapon you are using.

As a tracked vehicle disintegrates in the face of your wrathful onslaught, the Orks of the other squad turn their red-painted War-bikes and Buggies to join in the attack, using your intervention to their own advantage.

As you continue to rake the Ork vehicles with weapons-fire, a rust-coloured Buggy collides with a blue-daubed Trukk. It is not long before that one collision has become a massed pile up, the rest of the reckless Orks unable to stop their vehicles in time.

Bikes, Trukks and Buggies are all consumed in a rapidly expanding ball of greasy orange flame and choking black smoke as weapon magazines and petrochemical fuel tanks combust in one almighty explosion.

Turn to 9.

75

With a battle-cry on your lips, you charge across the chamber to meet the Pyrovore in battle. As you do so, with a booming roar of its own that drowns your battle-cry, the flamespurt weapon-symbiote on its back discharges a stream of scalding acid at you, which ignites on contact with the air.

Lose 3 Wounds.

If you are still alive, turn to 266.

If your Wounds have been reduced to zero or less, turn to 55.

76

The rest of the scuttling things flee from you, giving you a wide berth. But do you still want to proceed along this tube-like tunnel?

If so, turn to 18.

If not, you retrace your steps to the junction and take the left-hand branch; turn to 285.

HERALD OF OBLIVION

77

As you approach the crystal, its pulsing luminescence makes you feel sick to the pit of your stomach. There is something unholy about the malign energies being giving off, you're sure of it. You cannot be certain of the purpose for which it was created, but as it was created by the undying Necrontyr, it cannot be for anything good.

If you want to open fire on the crystal with your storm bolter, turn to 93.

If you would rather simply leave this sepulchral place, turn to 392.

78

You have defeated the Broodlord and eradicated its nest. Even if there are any survivors they will be forced into instinctive hibernation and the threat they pose to any Imperial world dramatically reduced.

Gain 2 Purity points for killing the Broodlord.

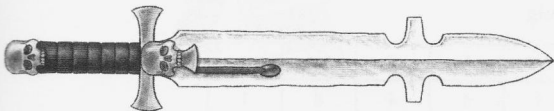
Picking through the resinous secretions you find 3 clips of storm bolter ammunition, each containing 20 rounds, along with an ancient relic blade.

If you choose to take the ammo and Relic Blade, remember to mark them on your Adventure Sheet.

	S	D
Relic Blade	-	x1.5

With the threat posed by the Genestealers gone, you set out to find out what happened to Sergeant Valerius and the rest of Squad Scipio.

Turn to 36.



Make a note of the number 128 on your Adventure Sheet.

If you have the word Secundus written on your Adventure Sheet, turn to 33.

If you have the word Tertius written on your Adventure Sheet, turn to 325.

If you have the word Quartus written on your Adventure Sheet, turn to 181.

As you make your way back towards the entrance of the Mechanicus vessel, a number of returns ping on your auspex. At first, through your helmet-display, they look like nothing more than fleeting shadows moving in the preternatural gloom. But then one hops into view.

Little more than a huge mouth crammed with blunt ivory tusks, the Squig has a rapacious appetite and a belligerence to match. As do the other five that are now moving towards you.

Even though you are fully armoured, the Squigs still seem to believe they can make a meal out of you – and with teeth hard enough to bite through steel plate, they might just be right.

Squig

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	4	8	1

Squig

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	4	8	1

Squig

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	4	8	1

HERALD OF OBLIVION

Squig

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	4	8	1

Squig

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	4	8	1

Squig

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	4	8	1

Weapon:

Teeth S D
 * x0.5

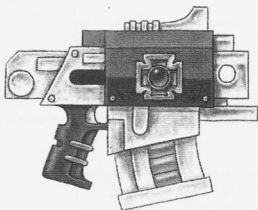
Initiative: You

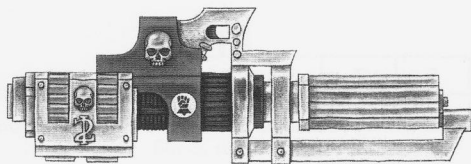
Saves: None

Advanced Rules: After four Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you enter into Close Combat with the hungry Squigs.

If you win your final battle aboard the infested
Mechanicus ark, turn to 120.

If you are defeated by the beasts, turn to 143.





81

Bursting from your hiding place like some wrathful golden angel of death, your battle-cry 'For Dorn!' booming from your armour's vox-casters, you charge towards the Genestealers, ready to bring the Emperor's retribution down upon the brood as if you were the Emperor's strong right-hand yourself.

Even as the first of them turns to meet your charge you seize its bony neck in your power fist and crush the life from it. Dropping its twitching body to the floor you engage the rest in hand-to-hand combat.

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

HERALD OF OBLIVION

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Rending Claws	*	x0.5

Initiative: You

Saves: Reinforced Chitin (5)

Advanced Rules: Enter Close Combat immediately.

If you win, turn to 133.

If the Genestealers kill you, turn to 55.

82

Following Brother Kael's signal brings you to the edge of a gaping chasm formed between two crushed wrecks. The only way onwards that you can see is across the toppled structure of a crane. A powerful wind – the result of convection currents created by still-active engine reactors elsewhere within the derelict – blows up from beneath, its hurricane howling loud in your helm's auto-senses.

You thought you had already left the Tyranid Hive Ship and its horrors behind, but it turns out that the extra-galactic organism's tentacled reach is long. An exposed mass of raw flesh and dangling tendrils form a ceiling above you. Oozing from a gash in the living vessel's hide is a steady stream of acidic bile that has already corroded significant portions of the fallen crane. This cannot have done the crane's structural integrity any good.

If you want to continue on this path, turn to 127.

If there is another of your brothers you would prefer to go in search of instead, turn to 102.

83

Have you previously met Magos Tetros Vorrich?

If so you will have a number linked to this encounter;
take the two lowest digits, put them in ascending order
and then turn to this paragraph.

If you have not met Magos Tetros Vorrich, turn to 395.

84

You enter a small chamber formed from the same stone-metal substance as the rest of the Tombship. On the western wall is a large Necron etching depicting many corridors and chambers.

*Turn to the Glossary at the back of the book to view the
Necron map.*

Arched exits are set into the other three walls.

If you leave by the northern exit, turn to 351.

If you leave by the eastern exit, turn to 140.

If you leave by the southern exit, turn to 104.





85

As you proceed along the more rigid tunnel-pipe, you hear the echoes of distant chittering voices. Your own enhanced hearing, coupled with the auto-senses of your helm, amplifies them, helping you determine that they are coming to you from somewhere up ahead.

It is not long before the tunnel opens into a large rib-vaulted chamber, the walls of which are thick with lamp-beetles, the arachno-forms moving between them reminding you of herdsmen tending their flocks on your home world – now a hundred light years distant. But they do not react to your presence.

On the far side of the chamber is the opening to another tube – formed of cartilaginous rings and exposed muscle – that leads almost straight down, deeper into the guts of this impossible beast. The chittering sounds are louder here.

If you want to enter this new tunnel and descend further into the belly of the beast, turn to 380.

If you would rather return to the last junction and follow the gill-froned passageway instead, turn to 112.

As you enter the room, the surface of the mirror-pool suspended within the glyph-etched portal bulges and then buckles, as three sinister, skeletal figures break through from the other side.

In unspoken agreement the three warriors raise their scintillating gauss flayers and prepare to fire. You have no choice but to defend yourself.

Necron Warrior

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Necron Warrior

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Necron Warrior

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Gauss Flayer	4	3

Initiative: You

Saves: Exoskeleton (4)

Advanced Rules: After three Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you may enter into Close Combat with the Necron Warriors.

If you best the Necrons in battle, turn to 113.

If you are defeated, turn to 174.

HERALD OF OBLIVION

87

You have accomplished a mighty deed in vanquishing the enemies of the Emperor, but there are far more Orks and Gretchin than even a one man army such as yourself can successfully take on.

As wave after wave of greenskins crash against your armoured form, you fight valiantly until you are overcome.

Lose 4 Wounds.

If you are still alive, repeated blows to your helm nonetheless render you unconscious; turn to 178.

If you are reduced to zero Wounds or less, turn to 143.

88

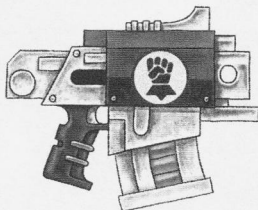
After wading through the collected muck of centuries, you finally emerge from the bilges, climbing a mound of molten metal slag that in turn leads to a gaping hole in the side of the pilgrim vessel. You pass through the rent into a cavern carved out of the inside of a splintered asteroid.

Make a note of the number 128 on your Adventure Sheet.

If you have the word SECUNDUS written on your Adventure Sheet, turn to 33.

If you have the word TERTIUS written on your Adventure Sheet, turn to 325.

If you have the word QUARTUS written on your Adventure Sheet, turn to 181.



The Ravener species of Tyranid are large, snake-like monstrosities that writhe across battlefields demonstrating frightening speed, while their terribly sharp talons make mincemeat of their enemies. They are also more than twice as long as a Space Marine is tall. The tunnel was big enough to let the Ravener through, so even clad in full Tactical Dreadnought armour you should still be able to negotiate its burrow with relative ease.

The further you proceed along the tunnel the more the surface of the rock appears to ooze and glisten until you realise that you aren't moving through a rift in the rock at all but something more like an open wound.

You emerge at last inside a chamber that moves with something akin to intercostal muscular spasms. What you at first took to be the rocky exterior of a trapped asteroid was the shell of some unimaginably huge Tyranid bio-ship.

If you have read a data-file attributed to Inquisitor Kryptman, make a note of the number 156 and then turn to the paragraph with the same number as that tagged on the file.

If you have not read this data-file, turn to 156.



As you gaze into the fathomless depths of the impossible polyhedron, you feel as if you are about to fall into it, as if the alien artefact has some kind of pull on your soul. But in times of trial, when all your wargear and great strength cannot aid you, you still have your faith in the Emperor and the Primarch.

Chanting the Oath of Obedience over and over, you fight the tempting enticements of the soul-trap, until with a roar of indignant rage, you break free of its baleful influence. Weapons raised, you engage the dread lord of the Kabal of Endless Night – Archon Tenebrax Nox – in righteous battle.

Archon Tenebrax Nox

WS	S	T	W	A
5	5	5	14	2

Weapon:

	S	D
Venom Blade	-	x1

(Poison – if you are damaged by this weapon, it causes 1 additional wound on the following turn)

Advanced Rules Only

(If you take damage from the Venom Blade roll a dice. On a 1–3 there are no extra effects, on a 4 or 5 reduce your Strength by 1, on a 6 reduce both your Strength and Toughness by 1.)

Initiative: You

Saves: Kabalite Armour (5)

Advanced Rules: You must enter into Close Combat with the Archon straight away.

If you conquer your nemesis, turn to 250.

If the Dark Eldar is too powerful for you and you are defeated, turn to 252.

The chainsword is a revered relic and one that has served the Executioners well during countless campaigns. On top of that, the frozen Gladius frigate was lost to the warp long before the infamous Badab War and so the weapon is unsullied by the taint of the betrayal that was to come.

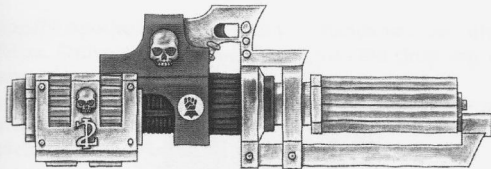
Gain 1 Purity point for retrieving the relic weapon. If you choose to carry it with you, remember to add it to your Adventure Sheet.

	S	D
Chainsword	*	x1

Now turn to 52.



HERALD OF OBLIVION



92

A blood curdling roar echoes across the rendering chamber as two monstrous creatures emerge from the tunnel mouth on the far side of the blasphemous biomass cathedral. Each is twice the height of a man, armoured carapaces supported on trunk-like backward-jointed legs.

Despite their size the monsters move swiftly to engage you, sizzling lash-whips and boneswords clutched in their clawed hands.

Tyranid Warrior

WS	S	T	W	A
4	3	3	8	1

Tyranid Warrior

WS	S	T	W	A
4	3	3	8	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Lash-whip	3	2
Bonesword	-	x1

Initiative: You

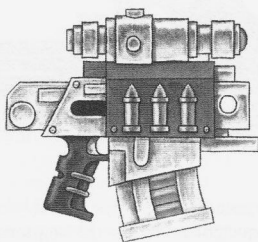
Saves: Hardened Carapace (4)

Advanced Rules: After three Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you must engage the Tyranid Warriors in Close Combat.

If you conquer your opponents, turn to 72.

If the Tyranids defeat you, turn to 55.

HERALD OF OBLIVION



93

The crystal explodes under your bolter's bombardment, showering you with chips of emerald. The eerie luminescence is extinguished and the sepulchral chamber plunged into darkness – other than for the flickering light of the western portal.

Deduct 5 from the Ammo total for the weapon you are using and make a note on your Adventure Sheet that you have destroyed a Power Nexus. (You will need to keep track of how many Power Nexuses you destroy.)

If you haven't already done so and you want to examine the Rogue Trader's body, turn to 49.

If you simply want to leave the chamber, turn to 392.

94

Even as you stare in horror at the unyielding adamantium wall the Apothecary's life sign marker on your helmet-display winks out. You are too late, Brother Ordys is dead, teleported into the very fabric of the bulkhead itself. No doubt his internal organs became fused with the ship itself and thereafter death was inevitable.

The bone-white of the Apothecary's armour is a stark contrast to the near black bulkhead. The crimson prime helix of Ordys's heraldry stands out as bright as freshly spilled blood upon his pauldron that protrudes from the bulkhead, as does Brother Ordys's helm, and one leg. It's as if he became trapped whilst attempting to run through the wall.

HERALD OF OBLIVION

Taking the Apothecary's helmet in your hands you carefully remove it. Lifeless, Ordys's head tips forward, his chin dropping onto the neck ring of his suit.

You look again at the arm thrust clear of the adamantium and the archaic instrument attached to it. It is Ordys's narthecium, his battlefield medi-kit.

The narthecium is no longer of any use to the Apothecary so you release it from its mag-locks and secure it to your own armour.

Remember to add the Narthecium to your Adventure Sheet.

A quick inspection reveals that Ordys had replenished his supplies before joining the boarding party. There are unguents and medicamentum equivalent to 5 medi-kits worth.

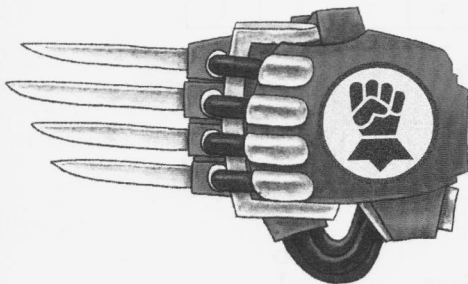
Each time you use a medi-kit you may restore your Wounds score to its starting total.

You might be too late to save Brother Ordys but you might yet be able to preserve his gene-seed, so that his essence might live in another battle-brother one day, if only you can work out how to operate the reductor progenoid reclamation device correctly.

Flipping open the cover of the mechanism's control panel you find yourself faced with an array of blinking runes. With a hasty prayer to the Emperor you tap away at the keys, hoping to stumble upon the correct combination to activate the reductor.

If your Purity score is less than 6, turn to 221.

If your Purity score is equal to or greater than 6, turn to 199.



HERALD OF OBLIVION



95

The broken, blasted and burnt bodies of the Necrons lie scattered across the floor of the gallery. But something chimes a warning deep inside you. Some of the bodies are missing whilst others that you remember blasting asunder appear to be hardly damaged at all.

As you watch, those self-same undying bodies pick themselves up off the floor, weapons in their silver-steel hands, their broken metal bodies reforming before your very eyes until they are ready to fight once more.

Necron Warrior

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Necron Warrior

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Necron Warrior

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Necron Warrior

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Gauss Flayer	4	3

HERALD OF OBLIVION

Initiative: You

Saves: Exoskeleton (4)

Advanced Rules: After three Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you may enter into Close Combat with the Necron Warriors.

If you overcome the Necrons, turn to 142.

If you are defeated, turn to 174.

96

Breathing hard after your battle with the greenskins, you take a moment to study the crude controls for the Stompa's power plant. They make little sense to you, and not being party to the secrets of the Cult Mechanicus, you are forced to come up with your own solution to the problem of how to overload the construct's energy core.

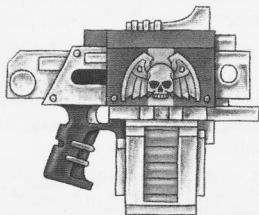
You tear the reactor core open. At your brutal attack the lighting in the belly chamber becomes suffused with a ruddy glow and somewhere a klaxon begins to sound. As smoke and steam burst from ruptured pipework you realise that you have succeeded in what you set out to do.

The entire structure of the Stompa is shuddering, even breaking apart in places, as you make your escape. You barge past startled Orks and Gretchin as they stare at the quaking Stompa in bewilderment.

Roll one dice.

If the number rolled is odd, turn to 67.

If the number rolled is even, turn to 38.



Hefting Valerius's body in your arms, you depress the activation rune on the end of the teleport homer.

It feels as if your whole body has been reduced to its component atoms and then sucked through the singularity of a black hole into the empyrean, only to be spat out and the process to be reversed on the other side.

As the searing explosion of light fades, you find yourself back aboard the *Shield of Dorn*, at the heart of the teleportarium. Techmarine Clavis and the Adepts manning the controls of the arcane device stare at you in shocked surprise, as the energy discharge of your translation crackles about the Crux Terminatus of your shoulder plate.

You have escaped the *Herald of Oblivion*, you have done what you can to safeguard your Chapter's genetic legacy, but your original mission remains incomplete.

Your attention is drawn to the image of the space hulk that fills the view through the oculus on the other side of the teleportarium chamber. Squad Scipio failed to cleanse the derelict of all xenos taint, and paid the highest price for that failure. You may have escaped with your life, but the knowledge that your battle-brothers died where you survived leaves a bitter aftertaste in your mouth, and will be a stigma that follows you for the rest of your life in the Chapter.

Dravul Kruach said you were special, you just never expected it to mean that you would be a pariah for the rest of your life.

Your adventure is at an end.

Truly is it said, the Emperor protects. Putting your faith in Him Enthroned on Earth your grip on the greasy flesh remains strong. And then the massive portal contracts again, the rushing torrent of escaping gas ceases and you are safe, even if you are still trapped in the guts of a Tyranid Hive Ship.

Realising that you won't find Brother-Librarian Radamus here, you allow yourself to fall to floor of the chamber again and from there make your way back to the branching junction and take the other path.

99

Raking the Buggies with weapons-fire, you watch with satisfaction as dozens of Orks die under your onslaught, their vehicles breaking up and exploding around them.

Deduct 8 Ammo for the weapon you are using.

Before you can gun down any more of the bikers, ignoring their rivals, the Speed Freeks gun their throttles and power their vehicles towards you. Also ignoring their rivals, the blue-painted Orks steer their own Trukks towards you. This may be too much attention for you to deal with alone.

Faced by the rapidly approaching Ork horde, you have three options. Right at the front of the pack there is a kustomised Ork Trukk to your left, and a Warbike to your right. Both are carrying far too many hangers-on to be safe. You could either try to take one of these two vehicles out before they reach you, or you could try getting out of the way of the convoy altogether.

If you want to target the Trukk, turn to 254.

If you want to target the Warbike, turn to 226.

If you want to try to get out of their way, turn to 205.

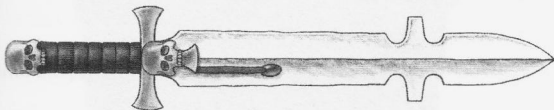
100

The sight of the dead robotic faces unnerves even one with your stalwart resolve. There are only two ways out of this chamber, through an arched exit to the east and another to the south.

Your metallic footfalls ringing from the stone-metal floor, you start to make your way across the chamber.

If your Purity score is less than 12, turn to 131.

If your Purity score is equal to or greater than 12, turn to 109.



101

Back in the main passageway you were following, you choose which way you want to go now.

If you want to keep heading east, turn to 149.

If you would rather turn left and head west at the T-junction, turn to 331.

102

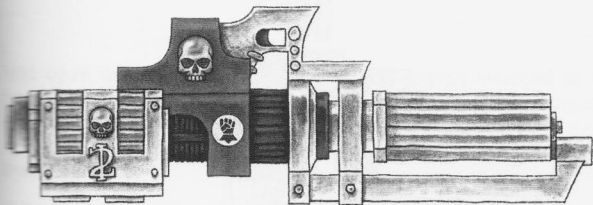
Vowing to find another way to reach Brother Kael, you lock onto a new signal. You already know what has befallen Brother-Librarian Radamus and your auspex is still failing to pick up anything from Sergeant Valerius, so your only choice is to go in search of Brother Barathon.

If you want to try to search for Brother Barathon, turn to 225.

If you have already searched for Barathon, you must persist with your hunt for Kael; turn to 127.



HERALD OF OBLIVION



103

Giving voice to a battle cry, you unleash hell against the Tyranid abominations. Chitinous carapaces burst under your fury, spraying bioluminescent fluids across the gullet walls. In response, hissing horribly, the arachno-forms launch themselves at you, trying to hook you with their diamond-hard claws. Fight the creatures as if they were one entity.

Tyranno-forms

WS	S	T	W	A
6	5	4	12	3

Weapon:

	S	D
Rending Claws	-	x1

Initiative: You

Saves: Chitin (6)

Advanced Rules: After two Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you enter into Close Combat with the Tyranno-forms.

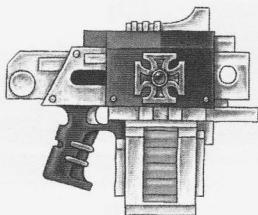
If you reduce the Tyranno-forms Wounds, to zero, turn to 76.

If the creatures kill you, turn to 55.

104

In time the passageway turns to the west.

Turn to 223.



105

The Dreadnought is a terrible opponent indeed, its power scourge coupled with a twin-linked bolter – as is the chainfist of its right arm – more than enough to enable the Ancient to best even an Imperial Fists Terminator in battle.

Bombarding you with more of his poisonous rhetoric and bestial roars, the hell-brute attacks.

Dreadnought

WS	S	T	W	A
6	6	6	18	3

Weapon:

	S	D
Twin-linked Bolter	5	4
Power Scourge	-	x1
Chainfist	-	x1

Initiative: You

Saves: Dreadnought Armour (3)

Advanced Rules: After two Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you may enter into Close Combat with the Dreadnought if you wish.

If you somehow manage to defeat the Angel of Vengeance,
turn to 148.

If you are bested by the Ancient Dreadnought, turn to 114.

You open fire on the Pyrovore as the flamespurt attached to its back fires, attempting to bathe you in a torrent of volatile stomach juices.

Pyrovore

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Flamespurt	2	5
Claws	-	x0.5

Initiative: You

Saves: Hardened Carapace (4)

Advanced Rules: After three Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you may choose to enter into Close Combat with the Pyrovore.

If you kill the Pyrovore in Ranged Combat, turn to 32.

If you kill the beast in Close Combat, turn to 53.

If the Tyranid kills you, turn to 55.

Remembering yourself at last, you retreat to the centre of the tel-
eportarium as the maelstrom that seems to be assaulting the ancient
device continues unabated.

But you disobeyed a direct order from a senior member of the Chap-
ter. Such insubordination will not be easily forgotten or forgiven by
your masters.

Lose 1 Purity point for disobeying orders.

Turn to 167.

You come face to face with a slender female, her ivory features and her alien beauty as sharp as a knife.

She rushes you, her envenomed blade bared, the vials of cancerous maladies and mephitic contagions stitched to her skirts rattling together like dry bones.

Lhamaean

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	4	12	3

Weapon:

	S	D
Splinter Pistol	3	3
Poisoned Blade	-	x1

(Poison – if you are damaged by this weapon, it causes 1 additional wound on the following turn)

Advanced Rules Only

(If you take damage from the Poisoned Blade roll a dice. On a 1–4 there are no extra effects, on a 5 or 6 reduce your Strength by 1.)

Initiative: You

Saves: Kabalite Armour (5)

Advanced Rules: After two Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat, you must enter into Close Combat with the Lhamaean.

If you defeat the Archon's bodyguard, turn to 231.

If you are defeated by the Dark Eldar, turn to 143.

An unnerving feeling, a tingle of foresight that feels like ice water trickling down your spine, makes you stop.

You turn in time to see a hideous apparition pass straight through one solid obsidian wall, which is alive with ethereal corpusant at the point where the grotesque spectre has just emerged.

Turn to 73.

110

Dismissing the idea of recovering the Librarian's wargear until the battle is done, you unleash the Emperor's righteous fury on the Hive Tyrant with everything you have in your personal arsenal. However, even a Terminator Space Marine – even an Imperial Fist – is going to struggle to best one of the Hive Fleet's commanders in single combat. Only you're not alone.

By distracting the monster from the captive in its claws you give the Brother-Librarian the time he needs to muster his prodigious psychic powers one last time, focusing them into a last ditch assault on the synapse creature.

With a scream of 'Purgatus!' Radamus unleashes an almighty blast of warp energy. It explodes with such force that, just for a moment, it looks to you like the Librarian has rent the veil between the physical realm and the warp asunder, unleashing devastating forces that utterly consume the shrieking Tyranid.

The psychic shockwave picks you up and hurls you against the wall of the chamber, causing you to black out.

Lose 2 Wounds.

If you are still alive, turn to 194.

If you are killed by the psychic blast, turn to 114.

111

The malicious Mandrakes are able to channel the energies stolen from their prey and turn them into potentially lethal blasts of icy cold. The baleful blast strikes you, delivering frostbite to your frozen limbs and dangerously slowing your implacable advance.

Lose 6 Wounds.

If you survive the chilling effects of the Mandrake's baleful blast, turn to 177.

If the Dark Eldar creatures kill you, turn to 143.

The further you progress along the pulsating tunnel the thicker the gill-fronds become. In the end you have to forcibly push your way through, even though you are revolted by the thought of the growths touching your armour and befouling the holy icons of the Imperial Fists with their glutinous discharge.

And then the fronds part and you find yourself in a wider section of passageway that calls to mind of the coastal rock pools down on the shoreline, below the village of your birth. Where those pools were thick with sea anemones, here the passageway is thick with tentacles that remind you of the squid you used to catch from your father's boat. Only the tentacles of those specimens didn't end in cruelly barbed hooks and weren't thick ropes of knotted muscle each several metres in length.

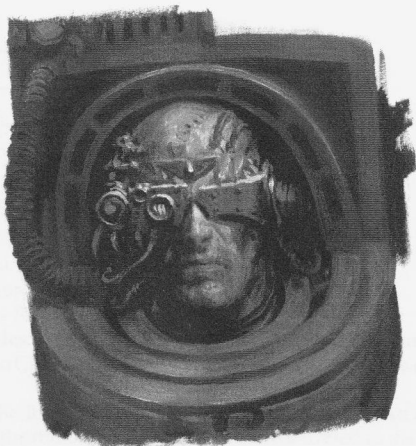
As you emerge from the caress of the gill-fronds the tentacles twitch and reach for you as if acting with sinister autonomous intelligence.

**If you want to advance towards the tentacles – after all,
there's no way of avoiding them if you want to go this
way – then turn to 138.**

If you would rather backtrack and go a different way, turn to 85.



HERALD OF OBLIVION



113

The Necrons defeated, you turn your attention to the rippling portal, wondering what else might come through it at any moment, unannounced, or what lies on the other side. Could it be to somewhere else within the Tombship, the space hulk, even another planet?

If you want to pass through the huge portal in the eastern wall, turn to 60.

If you want to leave the chamber by the archway in the southern wall, turn to 350.

If you want to leave via the archway in the western wall, turn to 317.

114

As you face your death, you reflect upon your life. Although you die knowing that you have done your duty in the name of the Emperor and Rogal Dorn, you have failed in your mission, and it is with that final, unpleasant thought that you meet your end.

Your adventure is at an end.

HERALD OF OBLIVION



115

Your storm bolter hot in your hand, your power fist dripping with alien blood, you regard the ragged corpses of the Genestealers now littering the deck plates at your feet. But there isn't a moment to rest before you find yourself under attack again.

Charging towards you, hissing and screaming with alien fury, is a huge Genestealer armed with a pair of deadly scything talons. Its upper body is protected by thick, overlapping plates of purple-black chitinous armour. A bright pink tongue, like a writhing worm, darts from between its jaws, tasting the air, while the obsidian glimmer in its eyes speaks of a malign alien intelligence.

The creature is accompanied by a pair of its purestrain kin. You have no choice but to take them all on at the same time.

Broodlord

WS	S	T	W	A
6	4	4	12	2

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

HERALD OF OBLIVION

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Rending Claws	*	x0.5

Initiative: You, Broodlord, Genestealers

Saves: Broodlord – Hardened Carapace (4)

Genestealers – Reinforced Chitin (5)

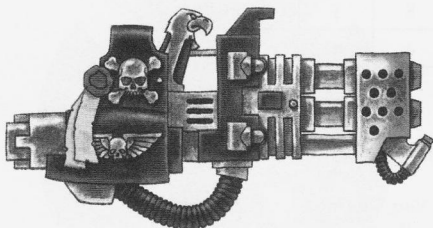
Advanced Rules: After two Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you must enter into Close Combat with the Broodlord and the Genestealers.

If you kill the Broodlord outright, any remaining Genestealers will also die from the trauma of the psychic shock delivered to them by the death of the Hive Mind's nexus creature.

Once all the Genestealers are dead, turn to 78.

If you are defeated by the aliens, turn to 55.





116

Despite the desperate nature of the situation you are in now, you charge towards the Archon's Raider bellowing, 'I shall never yield to you!'

In response, Tenebrax Nox gives a squeal of cruel delight as a coven of barely clothed Wyches leap from the gunwales of the Raider, razor-flails whirling about their heads, hydra gauntlets and punch daggers honed to mono-molecular sharpness in hand, ready to reap a harvest of blood for their sadistic master.

Wych

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	8	1

Wych

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	8	1

Wych

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	8	1

HERALD OF OBLIVION

Wych

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	8	1

Weapon:

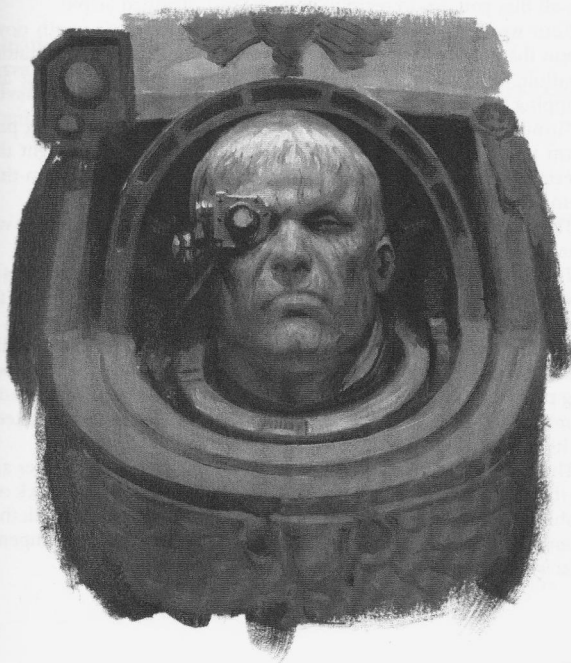
	S	D
Splinter Pistol	3	3
Wych Weapon	-	x0.5

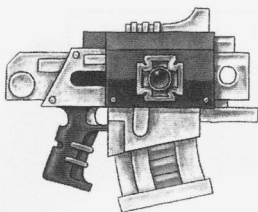
Initiative: You

Saves: Wychsuit (5)

Advanced Rules: After two Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat, you must enter into Close Combat with the Wych Cult.

If you are still alive after 3 Combat Rounds, or as soon as your Wounds score drops to 4, turn to 217.





117

There is nothing more you can do for Brother Kael now. The loss of his suit of Tactical Dreadnought armour is one that you and your battle-brothers will have to avenge at a later date. What matters now is that you purge the Mechanicus ark of its xenos infestation and then do all that you can to regroup with the rest of Squad Scipio.

Your weapons primed, ready to bring the Emperor's wrath down upon the heads of the greenskins, you exit the Painboy's laboratory-abattoir, sending a swarm of small gribbly things scurrying and hopping before you.

Turning a corner you suddenly find yourself on a protruding platform that looks out over the vast vault beyond. And the sight that greets your eyes has you staring in appalled horror at the totem-titan being constructed within the great hangar space.

The hangar is alive with activity, and it is all focused around the vast alien idol that has been constructed on the far side.

To say that it is akin to one of the cyclopean fighting machines of the Adeptus Titanicus would be blasphemously disrespectful to the ancient god machines of the Adeptus Mechanicus.

The Stompa – as the Orks refer to these monstrous devices – bristles with a host of primitive, yet lethally effective, weaponry. The interlocking plates of its cobbled together hull have been daubed with brutish symbols and adorned with ugly totemic devices. A host of Orks teem at its feet while dozens of Gretchin scurry over every part of it.

The Scrap-Titan is a likeness of one of the Orks' savage deities and to think that it has been constructed from the cannibalised wreck of a noble vessel of the Adeptus Mechanicus has you swearing an oath that, even if it is the last service you perform in the name of the Emperor, you *will* destroy it.

HERALD OF OBLIVION

Descending from the platform via a service ramp, you charge into battle, targeting the nearest of the greenskins.

Ork

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	3	10	1

Ork

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	3	10	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Shoota	4	2
Choppa	-	x1

Initiative: You

Saves: Ork Armour (6)

Advanced Rules: After three Combat Rounds you enter into Close Combat with the Orks.

If you defeat your two opponents, turn to 83.

If the Orks best you, turn to 143.



Your armoured footfalls ring from the stone flags of the mustering hall as you set off in pursuit of Dravul the Twisted, determined that the monster shall not escape your wrath, but that he shall pay in blood for what he has done.

Uncomfortably aware of your proximity, the Coven-Master hisses a command in his sibilant alien tongue and the hulking monstrosities bringing up the rear of his party immediately halt and turn to face you.

Each is an abhorrent example of their master's surgical craftsmanship. Once prisoners of the Dark Eldar who had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Haemonculus and his coven, they were deconstructed before being remade and refashioned as living instruments of pain. Each wears a grilled mask and each has been surgically enhanced with the addition of heavy metal gauntlets, razor-sharp blades, needles and even arcane poison-injectors. They will defend their creator with their lives, and if you want to get to Dravul Kruach you are going to have to slay his servants first.

Wracks

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	4	10	1

Wracks

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	4	10	1

Weapon:

Poisoned Sickie S D
 - x0.5

(Poison – if you are damaged by this weapon, it causes 1 additional wound on the following turn)

Advanced Rules Only

(If you take damage from the Poisoned Sickie roll a dice. On a 1–4 there are no extra effects, on a 5 or 6 reduce your Strength by 1.)

HERALD OF OBLIVION

Initiative: You

Saves: Gnarlskin (6)

Advanced Rules: After three Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat, you may enter into Close Combat with the Wracks.

If you succeed in overcoming your opponents, turn to 311.

If the genetically altered Dark Eldar defeat you, turn to 143.

119

From the bottom of the ice-cliff you pass through one bulkhead after another until you come to what appears to be the bridge of the frozen ship. The crew are locked in ice still in their seats. There are serfs, Tech-adepts and Servitors, and watching over them all from his command throne, a solitary Executioners Space Marine.

Scanning him with Brother Ordys's narthecium, it soon becomes clear that he has been dead a long time. The ice crystals that formed within his frozen flesh will have destroyed his progenoid glands long ago. However, the Executioner does have something in his possession that may be of use to you. It is an ancient relic of the Space Marine's Chapter – a chainsword!

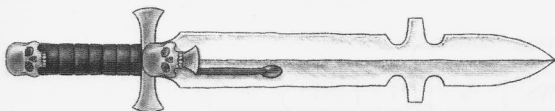
If you want to take the chainsword, turn to 91.

If you would rather leave everything here as it is, undisturbed, and resume your original mission, turn to 52.

120

There is nothing else to be done here. Brother Kael has fallen, but there may yet be survivors of Squad Scipio lost somewhere within the xenos-haunted depths of the *Herald of Oblivion*.

Write the number 334 on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to 160.





121

In each and every one of the niches is a skeletal figure, a metallic mockery of man, an embodiment of death itself. And rightly so, for these are the deathless warriors of the Necrontyr who gave up their flesh and blood forms millions of years ago in service of the Star Gods they worshipped.

As you make your way through the gallery, your weapon in hand – half suspecting what might be coming next – the silvered skeletons jerk into life and, moving as one, step down from their alcoves. They march towards you, their weapons crazed by the patina of countless millennia. These same weapons crackle with pulsating green light as they re-energise, no doubt for the first time in unnumbered aeons.

The Tombship's guardians have awoken and you must fight them if you are to escape from this place alive.

Necron Warrior

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Necron Warrior

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Necron Warrior

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

HERALD OF OBLIVION

Necron Warrior

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Necron Warrior

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Necron Warrior

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Necron Warrior

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Gauss Flayer	4	3

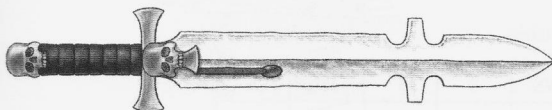
Initiative: You

Saves: Exoskeleton (4)

Advanced Rules: After three Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you may enter into Close Combat with the Necron Warriors.

If you overcome the Necrons, turn to 142.

If you are killed, turn to 174.



The deeper you go, the hotter and more oppressive the atmosphere within the construct becomes. At length, you find yourself in the guts of the machine, in what passes for a generatorium within the Ork engine, with the crude riveted iron sphere of its power core in front of you.

But before you are able to put the Stompa out of action by overloading its power plant, you are going to have to get past the Ork Mekaniak and the gang of Gretchin that are struggling to keep the Stompa's systems operational.

Ork Mekaniak

WS	S	T	W	A
4	3	3	10	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Slugga	4	1
Power Klaw	-	x1

Gretchin

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	6	1

Gretchin

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	6	1

Gretchin

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	6	1

HERALD OF OBLIVION

Gretchin

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	6	1

Gretchin

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	6	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Slugga	4	1
Knife	*	x1

Initiative: You

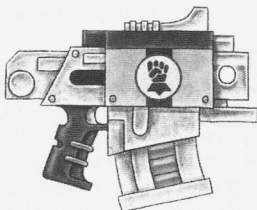
Saves: Gretchin – None

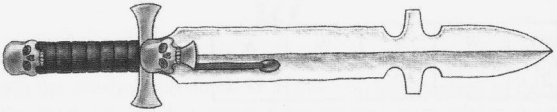
Ork Mekaniak – Ork Armour (6)

Advanced Rules: After two Combat Rounds you must enter into Close Combat with the Gretchin. After four Combat Rounds the Mekaniak will enter the fray and you must engage it in Close Combat straight away. If you kill the Mekaniak before all the Gretchin, the remaining Gretchin will flee in panic.

If you defeat the Mekaniak and its Gretchin slaves, turn to 96.

If the greenskins kill you, turn to 143.





123

Your intrusion into the Hive Ship has not gone unnoticed.

As you make your way across the chamber, following Brother Radamus's signal, a brood of agile, six-limbed creatures dart towards you between the rendering pits. Each of the aliens clutches a weapon-organism, and opens fire while they are still some way away.

Termagant

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Termagant

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Termagant

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Termagant

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Fleshborer	2	4
Claws	-	x0.5

HERALD OF OBLIVION

Initiative: Termagants

Saves: Chitin (6)

Advanced Rules: After four Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you may move into Close Combat with the Termagants.

If you destroy the Termagant brood, turn to 72.

If the brood kills you, turn to 55.

124

Unnoticed by the Orks, you observe the rival mobs for a moment, in order to gain as much tactical information about them as you can.

It is clear to you that the Orks sporting blue warpaint and a proliferation of iron rings in their ears are the stronger force. However, the other mob has a greater number of lighter, yet faster vehicles, which have all been painted the same rust-red colour. Perhaps these primitives are hoping to invoke the power of the Omnissiah by using such a sacred colour.

You ready yourself to attack the mob that you think will give you the greatest tactical advantage.

If you want to target the blue Orks, turn to 74.

If you want to target the Orks with the red vehicles, turn to 99.

125

As the last Khymera falls, its incorporeal body melting away like candle-wax before your eyes, the eldritch mist lifts and you find yourself standing before the crackling warp-field generators.

Shadows skulk at the corners of the chamber, as the generators bathe the room in their ethereal warp-light.

You are not alone.

The shadows seem to move with a life of their own... because they *do* have a life of their own. You watch in appalled horror as first a hand, and then an arm, and then an entire sinuous body pulls itself free of the pall of darkness cast by a bulkhead rib.

The thing stands before you for a moment, its shoulders and chest heaving, its breath escaping in a sinister sibilant hiss. Its inky skin ripples with light that is leaking out of it through the ungodly runes that criss-cross the carved flesh of its torso.



HERALD OF OBLIVION

The creature is watching you, you are sure of it, and yet its face is a blank mask; it has no features. In the next moment its face runs like molten wax and a cruel slash of a mouth appears, filled with needle-like teeth. The lank tangles of its hair are the colour of bleached bones while from the waist down its body is covered by a skirt of tanned hide. In the dance of shadows and light, you see holes left by eye sockets, nostrils and screaming mouths.

You are facing the spawn of some benighted otherworld, a denizen of the labyrinth dimensions, a nightfiend whose mere name is used to scare the young of Commorragh into obedience – a Mandrake.

The Mandrake raises the twisted talon of its left hand, the flesh suddenly alive with a lambent flame, and with no more than a gesture it hurls a blazing ball of cold-fire straight at you.

If your Purity score is less than 22, turn to 111.

If your Purity score is equal to or greater than 22,
turn to 63.

126

Proceeding along the gullet-like tube of a corridor, your suit's auto-senses alert you to the increase in methane, carbon dioxide and sulphur dioxide in the atmosphere. You can see the soupy green miasma quite clearly yourself, thanks in part to the luminescent creatures scuttling over the walls and ceiling of the unnatural passageway.

These are the utility creatures of the bio-ship, its maintenance drones, cleaners and lighting arrays. They are not the predatory hunters or shock troops of the Hive Mind, but nonetheless, their very existence still makes your skin crawl and fills you with a sense of righteous revulsion.

Some of these xeno-forms are small, no bigger than beetles, but there are others – black-carapaced arachnids with leg-spans of over two metres – that fill you with a deep foreboding.

If you want to attack the parasitic gut-dwellers, turn to 103.

If you want to proceed along the passageway without
doing anything to draw attention to yourself, turn to 45.

If you want to avoid this passageway altogether, return to the last
junction and take the left-hand branch, turn to 285.

Treading very carefully indeed you commence your crossing of the fallen crane.

Your first few faltering steps are accompanied by nothing worse than a few creaking groans but then, with your very next step, you feel the girder you are traversing give under you. Clearly the damage to the structure of the lifting mechanism is worse than you first suspected.

Less concerned about how carefully you are moving now, and more focused on how quickly you're moving, you pick up the pace.

You are halfway across the crane when it buckles again.

Suit servos squealing, you near the far side of the chasm and hurl yourself across the last few metres as the makeshift bridge gives way at last.

The clanging reverberations of the giant winch crashing down into the abyss below echo from the hulls of the crumpled wrecks for some time after the crane has disappeared from view altogether. You're only thankful that you aren't still on it yourself.

Turn to 301.



Brother Barathon's signal remains strong as you force a path through the derelict – scrambling over fallen cyclopean statuary, crossing the yawning gulf of an inert plasma drive, by means of a twisted girder that is as long as a Titan is tall, and scaling the corrosion-pitted face of a promethium tanker's hull – until you at last find yourself walking along a processional avenue. It is wide enough for two Leman Russ tanks to pass along abreast, and is lined with obelisks that appear to be cut from a strange black stone that seems to glow with an inner green luminescence.

Being a mighty Terminator Space Marine of the Imperial Fists Chapter, you do not feel fear. But you have to admit to a certain amount of trepidation as you approach the yawning portal at the end of the avenue.

It is carved from the same gleaming stone as the obelisks and for some reason reminds you of one of those sepulchre worlds of the Imperium you have visited. But it is not the alien material from which the gateway is formed that unsettles you the most, nor the fact that the portal appears large enough to admit a god. It is the fact that held within it – in defiance of gravity – is a pool of liquid, its rippling surface scattering the light from your suit's searchlight across the canyon of the processional avenue.

Your auspex return starts to crackle and falter, no doubt thanks to being so close to the gravitic distortion caused by the pool. Thanks to memories implanted by the indoctrination machines aboard the *Phalanx*, you know that you are standing at the entrance to a Tombship of the Necrontyr – a race of beings, ancient beyond reckoning, who were once the undisputed rulers of the galaxy.

And yet, as far as you can tell – although your auspex is malfunctioning more and more by the second – Brother Barathon lies somewhere within.

**If you want to attempt to pass through the portal-pool
and see where it takes you, turn to 187.**

**If you would rather turn back now while you still can, before
Brother Barathon's fate becomes yours too, turn to 157.**

For Dorn and to the glory of Him on Earth!' you bellow as you charge towards the enemy, your pounding footfalls reverberating through the deck plates under you.

At first the Orks remain oblivious of your presence, but as soon as you open up with your weapon they can't help but notice.

Turning from their attack on the blast doors, they turn their weapons on you – and, as you prepare to meet the first wave of attackers, just for a moment you wonder whether you have taken on even more than a mighty Terminator of the Imperial Fists Chapter can manage alone.

Ork Nob

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	4	12	2

Weapon:

	S	D
Shoota	4	2
Choppa	*	x1

Ork

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	3	9	1

Ork

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	3	9	1

Ork

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	3	9	1



HERALD OF OBLIVION

Ork

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	3	9	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Shoota	4	2
Choppa	-	x1

Gretchin

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	6	1

Gretchin

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	6	1

Gretchin

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	6	1

Gretchin

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	6	1

Gretchin

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	6	1

HERALD OF OBLIVION

Weapon:

	S	D
Slugga	4	1
Knife	*	x1

Initiative: You, Ork Nob, Ork Boyz, Gretchin

Saves: Ork Boyz – Ork Armour (6)

Ork Nob – 'Eavy armour (4)

Gretchin – None

Advanced Rules: You must enter into Close Combat with your enemies after four Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat.

If you survive this initial onslaught, turn to 87.

If you are overwhelmed and reduced to zero Wounds,
turn to 143.

130

In a catastrophic explosion of blood, chunky bone fragments and what little brain matter the Ork possesses, the Weirdboy dies as its head explodes. The greenskin drops to its knees, its body and limbs spasming, its curious staff jangling in response.

The Stompa's power plant clearly isn't here and so you head downwards again, into the idol's iron guts.

Turn to 122.

131

Feeling a tingle of awareness – as if someone's gaze has fallen upon you – you turn... a moment too late.

Long, whip-like arms lash forwards, cruel finger-blades bypassing the ceramite plates of your armour altogether to tear at the flesh within.

Lose 2 Wounds.

If you are still alive, turn to 73.

If your Wounds score is reduced to zero or less, turn to 174.

As your armoured hands pass over the blackened hull you feel something depress at your touch, the sensation relayed via the reciprocating sensors in the fingertips of your gauntlets. You take a step back as you hear a dull click. With a hiss of equalising atmospheres, one whole side of the drop-pod levers open, age-seized hinges squealing in protest.

Clouds of cryo-fog escape from the interior of the drop-pod, obscuring your vision. The sudden drop in temperature temporarily confuses your helmet's auto-senses as well. As the mists dissipate before you, you see, braced within the Iron Warriors landing craft, something that sets your hearts pounding.

The Ancient is twice as tall as you are, and as broad as it is tall. Its armoured sarcophagus is adorned with blasphemous markings and the personal heraldry of the warrior entombed within, along with the Ancient's name: *Zathael*.

A faint light pulses behind the visor slit of the helm-like simulacrum head as the warrior's auto-senses lock onto you. Seized servos grind into action as the Dreadnought stirs, and in a voice cracked with age says, 'What is this? How long...? Where...? When...?'

The ancient warrior is clearly confused, but then that is hardly surprising. Slowly the Dreadnought's own internal chron answers one of those questions, and as the Ancient comes to understand the truth of its situation so, slowly, do you. You take in the defaced Legion markings of its armour and the flensing claws of a power scourge where you would have expected the Dreadnought to be armed with a power fist.

In a voice that booms with all the fury of an orbital bombardment – its former faltering quality gone – the Ancient declares, 'Too long have I slept! Too long have I been kept from the cause of truth and justice! Too long have I left that most vile betrayal unavenged!'

With a cruel rending of metal, the Dreadnought pulls itself free of the drop-pod.

'Death to the Traitor Emperor! Death to the lapdogs of the High Lords of Terra! *Zathael*, Angel of Vengeance, decrees it!'

As the metal monster advances towards you with great clumping steps, you prime your weapons.

'*Zathael* shall not rest until the galaxy has been purged of all those who continue to wage the Long War against us.' The Ancient turns upon its waist-bearing to face you, flexing its terrible multi-jointed talons, which unexpectedly become wreathed with twisting serpents of electrical fire. 'Starting with you!'

The Dreadnought is one of the lost, sworn to the service of the

HERALD OF OBLIVION

Ruinous Powers. And being a Dreadnought, the hell-brute is a lethal fighting machine, perfectly capable of slaying entire battalions single-handed.

However, being a traitor to the Imperium, the Zathael-beast must die. But how can you – even equipped and armoured as you are – take on the might of an Ancient in single combat and prevail?

If you want to test your mettle against the Dreadnought, believing that your faith in the Emperor and the righteousness of your cause will see you prevail, turn to 105.

If you would rather try a different tactic, turn to 180.

133

The Genestealers are dead. Their alien viscera, and the stinking ichor that passes for blood among their kind, plasters the walls, floor and ceiling of the chamber.

The space is little more than a widening of a corridor and, judging by its construction, it is highly likely that it was once part of some Imperial vessel or other.

Accessing the auspex built into your Tactical Dreadnought armour you take a moment to sweep the local area, making sure that a host of the aliens isn't about to descend on you from the ventilator ducts above your head or burst from the maintenance channels under the floor. When the auspex reads clean you consider your next move.

The rest of Squad Scipio is somewhere on board the derelict but at present you have no idea where. Something is blocking your auspex signal from reading anything more than thirty metres away. This could be down to something as innocuous as radiation shielding or something altogether more sinister, such as a xenos-created dampening field.

Aside from your fellow Imperial Fists, there are also Genestealers on board. While the Brood Mind is still active the xenos still pose a serious threat. But if you were able to eliminate their Broodlord you could neutralise that threat. So, which is it to be?

If you want to start searching for your battle-brothers,
turn to 190.

If you would rather hunt down the Genestealers'
Broodlord, turn to 228.

134

Lowering your weapons, you do nothing to defend yourself as the Archon's sycophantic lap-dogs seize you.

Even though such an action might be the logical one, given the situation, to surrender to a depraved ungodly alien is unbecoming of an Imperial Fists Space Marine.

Lose 2 Purity points for giving in so easily.

Now turn to 217.

135

No matter how hard you try, you are unable to hang on to the slime-slick flesh of the sphincter any longer. With a shout of 'For Dorn!' you are sucked out of the airlock into space in a rush of escaping gas.

You tumble through the void, your only hope now being that the *Shield of Dorn's* augur arrays detect you. But in the aftermath of its battle with the Dark Eldar, the strike cruiser's sensors are off-line so nobody on board is aware that you've left the derelict.

Although your own superhuman constitution and the recycling systems of your armoured suit will protect you from the ravages of the void, they can only do so for so long. As you continue to drift unhindered by air resistance, you have plenty of time to contemplate your fate.

Your adventure is at an end.

136

As you continue on your way, your searchlight illuminates something lying on the ground further along the passageway. The gleaming yellow armour is unmistakeable. It is an Imperial Fist. You have found Brother Barathon.

'Brother,' you say into your helm comm, expecting the vox to work at such close range.

Receiving no reply you try again.

'Brother Barathon?'

Still nothing.

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Warily you approach your fallen battle-brother. What you see shocks you to the core.

Brother Barathon's helmet is missing, as is one arm vambrace, allowing you to see quite clearly what has happened to him. His face is nothing but a fleshless skull, his arm nothing but glistening bone. Some powerful discharge has literally stripped the flesh from his bones.

Suddenly realising the potential danger you could be in yourself, you take a step back and take in the glittering portal of gauss emitters, inset with writhing circuits of green crystal and black stone-metal. Brother Barathon clearly triggered a trap when he passed along the passageway and underneath the archway but in doing so, he also drained it of all its energy, saving you from the same fate.

Lying beside Barathon's body, out of range of the lethal energy discharge, is his wargear – his heavy flamer, with the stencilled marker VII, and the plasma bombs he was carrying at the start of the mission.

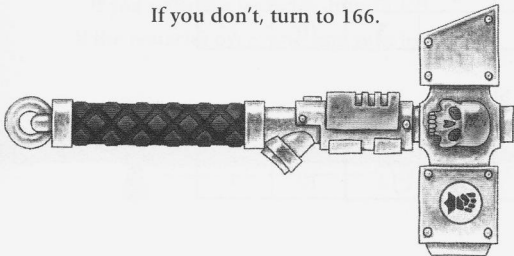
If you want to take the Plasma Bombs or the Heavy Flamer, remember to add them to your Adventure Sheet. (The Flamer has enough ammunition for 40 shots.)

	S	D
Heavy Flamer	6	3

Confident that the lethal portal is now inert, you return to inspecting your battle-brother's body. It turns out that only the flesh not protected by the Tactical Dreadnought armour was vaporised. As a result Barathon's progenoid glands are intact and his gene-seed could potentially still be saved. But do you know how to operate Brother Ordys's reductor?

If you do, multiply together the individual digits of the number you have associated with the reductor and turn to the paragraph which is the same as the sum's total.

If you don't, turn to 166.



You pass beneath a highly ornamented archway and enter a cyclopean chamber that, by your estimations at least, must be at the very heart of the Necron Tombship.

The chamber is as large as several combat chapels aboard the *Phalanx* put together and is dominated by the huge doors set into the far wall opposite. They bear an imposing device of the Necrontyr, a skull-like steel face at its centre.

In front of this, in the middle of the floor, a huge hemispherical crystal sits within an ornate gold and silver setting, glowing with a sinister inner luminosity that makes you feel as if you are deep below the ocean of some watery alien world.

Either side of the sunken crystal hemisphere stand too grotesque gleaming steel statues that resemble some manner of huge alien arthropod. Two more grand portals – one in the east wall of the chamber and one to the west – stand in line with the crystal, each one containing an impossible vertical pool of liquid silver within its glyph-etched frame.

As you stand and stare in mute amazement at this monument to a dead alien race that once ruled the heavens, the sudden flicker of movement alerts you to the danger you are in.

With a *crack* of seized metal joints moving again, the two arthropod automatons animate and scuttle down from their pedestals. They zig-zag across the floor towards you, layers of subroutines within their alien cogitator cores determining that they deal with you as they would deal with any who would desecrate this tomb with their mere presence.

The monstrous constructs' metallic mouth-parts click-clack together. You have no choice but to meet the Tomb Stalkers in battle.

Tomb Stalker

WS	S	T	W	A
4	3	3	10	1

Tomb Stalker

WS	S	T	W	A
4	3	3	10	1

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Weapon:

	S	D
Gauss Flayer	4	3

Initiative: You

Saves: Phase Shifter (3)

Advanced Rules: After three Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you must enter into Close Combat with the Tomb Stalkers.

If you defeat these monstrous Necron constructs, turn to 41.

If the ancient aliens defeat you, turn to 174.

138

As you expected, as you move towards the tentacles they start to writhe with greater ferocity, rearing up like serpents, ready to strike.

Ripper Tentacles

WS	S	T	W	A
2	5	3	8	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Claws	-	x0.5

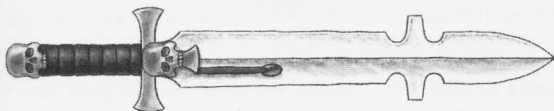
Initiative: You

Saves: None

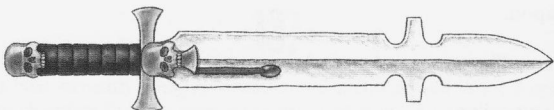
Advanced Rules: You must enter into Close Combat with the Ripper Tentacles straight away.

If you sever the tentacles, turn to 171.

If the tentacles overcome you, turn to 55.



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139

Your armoured fist closes around the rim of an oily plasteel bulkhead and you hang on for dear life, reciting the Chant of Holy Contrition over and over again.

As the pressures on your body ease, you are able to haul yourself over to the nearest bulkhead hatch. Punching the door release, you breathe a prayer of thanks to the Primarch as it grinds open. Fighting the torrent of atmosphere being sucked from the space beyond, you make it through the portal and slam your hand down on the closing mechanism. It shuts with a hollow clang, leaving you lying on the floor of an access tunnel, recovering your own breath for a few moments before continuing on your way through the hulk.

Now turn to the numbered paragraph you were instructed to write down earlier on your *Adventure Sheet*.

140

The passageway you are following takes you into another large pyramidal chamber.

This is *Node 3*.

If you have been here before, turn to 247.

If you have not been here before, turn to 164.

141

The weight of your armour combined with the brittle structure of the ice-cliff could really only have ever led to one outcome.

You are half way down when you hear the first ominous crack. As you punch a new handhold in the ice you hear another. And then, as you kick another foothold beneath you, with a crash like a glacier releasing an iceberg into the sea, the entire cliff-face gives way, with you still clinging to it.

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Hitting the bottom of the crevasse, you are promptly buried under a mass of ice boulders the size of battle tanks. If it were not for your Tactical Dreadnought armour, your fate would already be sealed. But, as it is, there may be hope for you yet.

Lose 4 Wounds.

If you are still alive, you pull yourself out of the ice avalanche; turn to 119.

If you are killed, turn to 114.

142

The undying warriors are still, their component parts scattered across the metal-stone floor of the chamber.

There is nothing for you here and there are only two ways out of the echoing vault, through an archway to the east or one at the opposite end of the guarded gallery to the west.

If you leave by the eastern exit, turn to 268.

If you leave by the western exit, turn to 163.

143

As you collapse, your lifeblood flowing from a dozen rents in your armour, your last thought is of an old Imperial proverb:

What is the joy of life? To die knowing our task is done.

What is the terror of death? That we die, our work incomplete.

For the first time, you understand the terror of death as you realise that your mission has failed and the aliens that infest the *Herald of Oblivion* have defeated you.

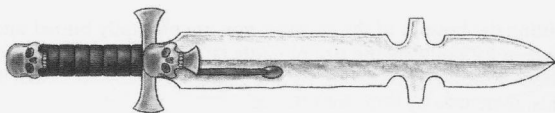
Your adventure is at an end.

144

The passage turns sharply to the west, forcing you to follow it this way now.

Turn to 10.

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145

You wonder if you are being punished for some former indiscretion as you are still unable to activate the reductor. You fervently wish that you had hastened to find Apothecary Ordysse sooner.

However, you might yet be able to extract Kael's gene-seed using your combat knife instead.

Make a note of the number 117 on your Adventure Sheet and then roll one dice.

If you roll 1–4, turn to 3.

If you roll 5–6, turn to 204.

146

The chugging boom of twin-linked bolters firing reverberates from the walls of the mustering halls. As the explosive echo of mass reactive rounds fades, it is replaced by blasphemous bellows of a heretical credo declaimed in a voice that you recognise – which is more a roar than a voice – that sends a dagger of ice stabbing at your guts.

Held immobile before the Archon's throne, you turn your head and see the immense form of Zathael, Angel of Vengeance, wreathed in smoke, as it crashes through a yawning bulkhead hatchway.

Incredible as it might seem, the Ancient somehow survived its fall and has been tracking your progress through the hulk ever since, only catching up with you at this precise moment in time. It is almost as if fate had planned it that way.

The Dreadnought pauses, suddenly silent and motionless as its armour's auguries read the battlefield before it. And then, vituperative curses thundering from its vox-casters, it opens up with its arm-weapons once more, raking the Archon's Raider with bolter-fire. It is just the distraction you need.

Seizing your stolen weapons from the Kabalite warriors who robbed you of them in the first place, you cut down the Archon's elite in vengeful fury before they know what's going on.

Under fire from the Dreadnought, the Dark Eldar are caught off guard as you rise to your feet. With a cry of 'For Dorn and the glory of

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Him on Earth!' imparted in a voice as strong as ceramite, you focus your attentions on the depraved Archon, as his bodyguards move to intercept your attack.

Roll one dice.

If you roll 1-4, turn to 108.

If you roll 5-6, turn to 168.

147

The Beastmaster and his pet are no more, but you keep a wary eye out for any more of their kind as you complete your journey.

It is clear that as well as attacking the *Shield of Dorn*, forces of the Dark Eldar have infiltrated the *Herald of Oblivion* as well – but to what end?

Reaching the reactor halls, you put what knowledge you possess regarding the safe operation of plasma reactors to good use as you rig them to overload.

Write the word **DAMNATUS** on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to 374.

148

With a bellow of rage you tear open the sarcophagus at the heart of the Dreadnought, exposing the pallid, atrophied thing cocooned within. It blinks at you pathetically for a moment with black, unseeing eyes, as mucus, shot red with blood, dribbles from the wasted flesh of its nose and mouth.

Its jaw moves as tries to speak, a blue-grey tongue flopping from between toothless gums, but before it can say a word, a crushing blow from your fist silences it forever.

The traitor is dead, and you have won a might victory indeed.

Gain 2 Purity points for putting an end to the Angel of Vengeance.

Turning your back on the mangled corpse at the heart of the ruined Dreadnought, you leave the chamber, and the dark secret that was buried here, behind.

Now turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one you were instructed to write down before.

You wend your way through the Adeptus Mechanicus vessel for some time and are eventually able to follow a course that you think will take you to Brother Kael. At the same time, it becomes patently clear that there is an already established Ork presence within the ark.

Whole sections of the ship have been removed, its guts exposed and then those ripped out as well, but for what blasphemous alien purpose you can only guess.

Entering another section of the ship you find yourself progressing through a thick mist and your auspex lights up, displaying a number of contacts, as the hammering of power tools reaches you.

Intoning a battle-prayer under your breath, you feel your muscles tense, your body preparing itself for combat, as you continue through the cloying chemical fog. The mists part before you and you lay eyes on the greenskins for the first time.

There are four of them altogether, each one as tall as a man, broader across the shoulders and heavily-muscled. They are clad in scraps of armour and leather, while one is even wearing a pair of thick-lensed goggles. Before you interrupted them, they were using a variety of hydraulic shears and cutting tools to dismantle the chamber you are now in. But they've seen you now.

Breaking off from the job in hand, with a series of guttural barks issuing from their ugly mouths, the Ork Boyz advance on you, various crude appliances in their meaty hands as effective weapons as they are tools.

Ork

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	3	9	1

Ork

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	3	9	1

Ork

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	3	9	1

HERALD OF OBLIVION

Ork

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	3	9	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Shoota	4	2
Power Tool	-	x0.5

Initiative: You

Saves: Ork Armour (6)

Advanced Rules: Fight the Orks in pairs. However, after 3 Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you must enter into Close Combat.

If your battle with the Orks is over in fewer than 8 Combat Rounds, turn to 310.

If it lasts longer than 8 Combat Rounds, turn to 173.

If it lasts exactly 8 Combat Rounds, roll one dice; if the result is odd, turn to 310, but if the result is even, turn to 173.

If you are killed, turn to 143.

150

You pass from the bony hospital gallery into another fleshy tube that glows with internal luminescence, and start to wonder just how far inside the Hive Ship you have penetrated. And where can Epistolary Radamus be, exactly?

From the glowing oesophageal tract you pass into a body cavity permeated by a miasmic gloom. The gloom is suddenly pierced by a spear of flame and you lay eyes on the Pyrovore, waiting for you there, for the first time.

It is a lumpen creature, bereft of the sleek lines or heavy chitin armour of other Tyranid species. In fact, it looks like little more than a series of digestive sacs on legs. Its belly and throat sac are distended and seethe with the volatile gastric juices contained within. As you watch, the Pyrovore turns your way. Its body hunched over, it anchors itself with its heavily-clawed feet in the soft floor of the gut-chamber. Its body starts to convulse as it prepares to launch an incandescent ball of incendiary stomach acid from the cannon-like creature latched onto its back.



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The projectile-vomit flames of the weapon-symbiote are powerful enough to reduce armour, as well as flesh and bone, to nothing more than a gooey smouldering mucous, so you need to think carefully before rushing to engage the beast in battle.

If you want to engage the Pyrovore in combat from afar,
turn to 106.

If you want to charge in and tackle the Tyranid in close
combat, turn to 75.

151

The scraping of the Genestealers' claws clattering from the grilled metal floor behind you, you fall back the way you came as quickly as your lumbering suit will allow. But these are hardly the actions of a hero of the Imperium!

Lose 2 Purity points for such cowardly behaviour.

The clattering behind you is getting louder as the xenos easily catch up with you. You have no choice but to turn and face the enemy before they are upon you. Asking the Emperor's forgiveness, you train your storm bolter on the approach horde and open fire unleashing mass reactive hell.

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

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Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Weapon:

Rending Claws S D
 * x0.5

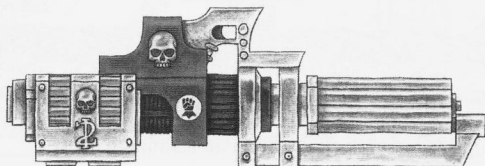
Initiative: You

Saves: Reinforced Chitin (5)

Advanced Rules: After two Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat move to Close Combat.

If you manage to kill all of the Genestealers, turn to 115.

If the aliens defeat you, turn to 55.



The first warning you receive that your progress through the super-organism is about to be challenged is the chiming of your auspex as it detects the presence of multiple life-forms moving towards you at speed. Then you catch sight of them for yourself.

The Ripper Swarm looks like a writhing mat of monstrous maggots, but maggots with glossy chitinous shells and slavering overlarge mouth-parts. Each of the creatures surging towards you now is little more than a broad maw of needle-sharp teeth attached to an armoured serpentine body.

The swarm is utterly relentless, driven by a voracious hunger, and poses a significant threat, even to a Space Marine in Terminator armour.

Ripper Swarm

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	6	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Teeth	-	x1

Initiative: You

Saves: Chitin (6)

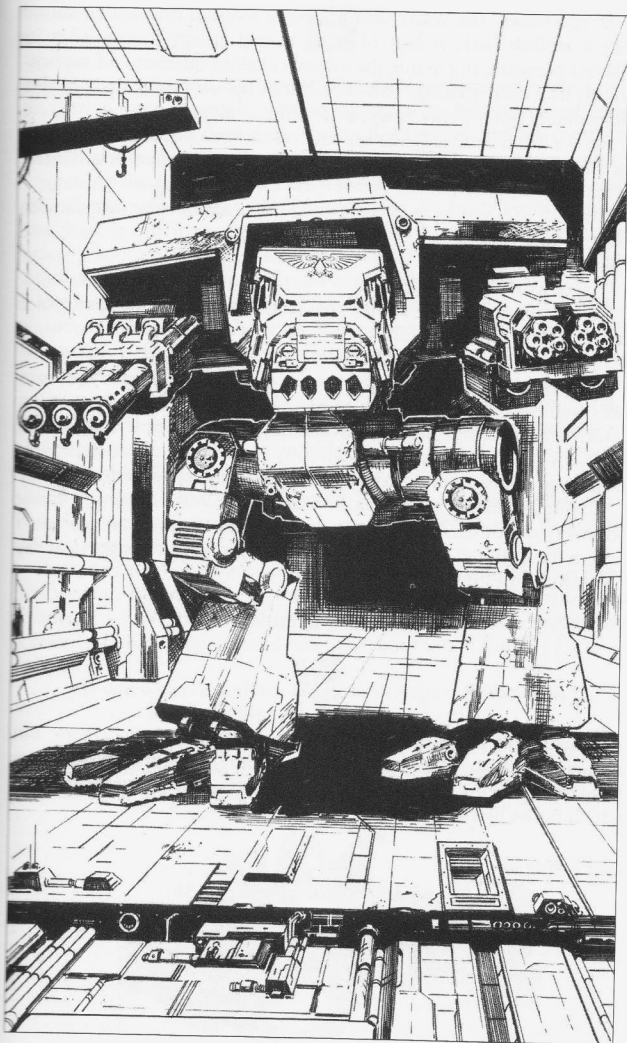
Advanced Rules: After four Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you must move into Close Combat with the Ripper Swarm as the serpentine Tyranids reach your position.

If you destroy the swarm, turn to 72.

If the swarm destroys you, turn to 55.

The deafening roar of another explosion drowns out all other sound for a moment, dragging your attention back to the battle now raging between the Warhound and the Stompa. The Orkish idol has already lost its supa-gatler while the Scout Titan is limping badly.

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As you watch, the Warhound's primary weapon fires with a sound like a wolfish bark. A bolt of super-heated energy flashes from its plasma blastgun, impacting the Stompa at close quarters and vaporising its hull belly plating. This is followed up with a fusillade of fire, delivered at point blank range, by its Vulcan mega-bolter.

Flames lick from inside the eye sockets and gun ports of the Stompa as the idolatrous machine is taken over by a succession of mechanical seizures.

It is then that you hear the crackle of the Magos's voice again inside your helm.

+ Run, Brother Nabor! +

'Magos Vorrich?' you begin.

+ There is no time + comes the Tech-priest's disembodied voice again. + Run while you still can! +

You do not hear him speak again.

The greenskins are milling about in confusion now as many of them are crushed underfoot by their erratic, out of control idol. You understand what is happening to the machine now. Its power plant has been critically damaged and it can only be a matter of seconds away from catastrophic meltdown. It is time to beat a hasty tactical retreat.

Moving as fast as your Terminator armour will allow, you make your way out of the hangar in a race to escape the Mechanicus vessel before the detonation of the Stompa's power plant cleanses it of the xenos filth infesting it.

Turn to 59.

154

At your killing blow, the Weirdboy opens its mouth to scream. But rather than a guttural roar, it vomits a torrent of pulsing green energy from its capacious mouth instead. You are caught by the psychic blast which burns like acid fire.

Lose 3 Wounds.

If you are still alive, turn to 130.

If the greenskin's foul psychic power kills you, turn to 143.

As you put an end to the Haemonculus's blasphemous creation, you succeed in freeing Brother-Sergeant Valerius from his endless suffering.

The abomination destroyed, Dravul the Twisted and his coterie of freaks are already in retreat, making for the crackling webway portal.

Ignoring the escaping Dark Eldar for the time being, you turn your attention to your sergeant. Valerius is dying, his body beyond saving, but there is one more thing you can do for him before you have to worry about dealing with his tormentors. And miracle of miracles, Brother Ordys's reductor activates at your first attempt!

Ripping apart the carapace of the Talos Pain Engine and exposing Valerius's ravaged flesh beneath, you plunge the excising probe into his neck and then his chest, removing his the progenoid glands still in place within his body.

The progenoid glands safely stowed inside the narthecium, as you are considering your next course of action, Sergeant Valerius speaks.

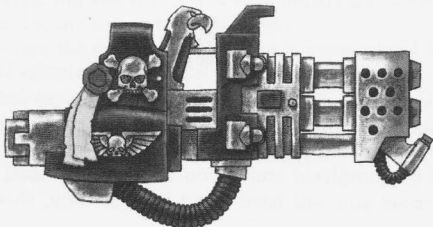
'Save yourself,' he splutters, bubbles of blood bursting at the corners of his mouth. 'Save the gene-seed.'

Before you can voice the question 'how', as if reading your mind Valerius goes on. 'I had a teleport homer. The Archon took it. It might still be within the wreckage of his barque.'

The sergeant is right; the personal teleportation retrieval device is there, among the scattered debris of the destroyed Raider, and – thank the Emperor! – it is still in working order. If you trigger it now, Techmarine Clavis and his minions should beam you back to the *Shield of Dorn*.

If you want to activate Valerius's teleport homer and return to the strike cruiser, turn to 97.

If, blinded by fury, you would rather pursue the fleeing Haemonculus, so that you might be revenged upon the surgeon-torturer, turn to 118.



With a furious ophidian hissing, the Ravener is suddenly in front of you, the blood of the bifurcated Ork still painting its claws. Uncoiling from an alcove-like sac in the muscular wall of the chamber is another of its kind, which swiftly circles round behind you, cutting off your only means of escape. You have no choice but to meet the Raveners' combined assault.

Ravener

WS	S	T	W	A
5	4	3	8	1

Ravener

WS	S	T	W	A
5	4	3	8	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Scything Talons	-	x1

Initiative: Raveners

Saves: Reinforced Chitin (5)

Advanced Rules: You must enter into Close Combat with the Raveners immediately.

If you kill both the beasts, turn to 355.

If the Raveners kill you, turn to 55.

You know that what you are doing goes against all your bonds of brotherhood and the oaths you swore on ascending to the rank of Space Marine, but you also know that the original mission still needs to be completed and if you end up entombed within the Necron vessel you will have failed in your duty. However, such

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white lies are, in truth, the first cracks in the armour of your contempt for all things unholy.

Lose 2 Purity points for abandoning Brother Barathon to his fate.

Turn to 353.

158

The cross hairs reticule of your helmet-display locking onto the fuel dump and bringing it into super-close magnification, you take aim and fire.

Deduct 1 from the Ammo total for the weapon you are using.

With a cataclysmic boom, the promethium tanks detonate, disintegrating as they are consumed by the expanding ball of greasy orange flame that is now rising from the centre of the Orks' ramshackle race-track. The shockwave from the blast hurls debris, vehicles and Orks in all directions.

You have their attention now.

Roll one dice.

If the result is odd, turn to 99.

If the result is even, turn to 74.

159

Your fingers tense around the trigger of the weapon in your hand as the Engine continues its menacing advance.

'Have mercy, Brother Nabor,' Valerius gasps, his every word riven with suffering. 'Do not allow such an abomination to live a moment longer,' he says, and you realise that he is talking about the thing he has become. 'For the love of Dorn, kill me...'

For a moment the excruciating pain he is being forced to endure becomes unbearable, causing Valerius to catch his breath.

'Before I kill you. And that is an order!'

Turn to 377.

160

Where will your exploration of the *Herald of Oblivion* take you next?

If you have the word *Primus* written on your Adventure Sheet, turn to 197.

If you have the word *Secundus* written on your Adventure Sheet, turn to 237.

If you have the word *Tertius* written on your Adventure Sheet, turn to 277.

If you have the word *Quartus* written on your Adventure Sheet, turn to 282.

161

Leaving the Tombship behind, glad to be free of its frigid depths, you lock your auspex onto the last signal you received from Epistolary Radamus's suit and resume your trek through the hulk. To begin with you make good progress, one freighter maintenance tunnel leading to one access shaft, leading to one disused mag-lev track after another. But then you access another bulkhead door and, as it opens, you are exposed to the blizzard winds beyond.

Space hulks are so vast that they can contain a variety of contrasting environments within their endless kilometres of passageways and forgotten cargo holds. Thanks to the humid heat of an engine reactor coupled with fractured coolant tanks, some wrecks can support what are effectively jungles, whereas what you are faced with here is a frozen, ice-bound wasteland – no doubt the result of malfunctioning heat exchangers. You are entering an ice-cave, possibly formed from the interior of a fractured, and trapped, comet. And there is something else here.

Through the ice at your feet you can see an external airlock hatch, bearing a pair of headsman's axes. Trawling your hypno-implemented memories for a moment, you recall that the paired axe symbol is the badge of the Executioners Chapter.

The Executioners are descendants of the Imperial Fists. Their origins can be traced back to the tumultuous years following the Great Heresy, when it is said that they were led by Fafnir Rann – a Space Marine with a reputation for being one of Dorn's most brutal captains. The Executioners believe that it is their express duty to seek out and slaughter the foes of Mankind.

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However, during the infamous Badab War they sided with the Arch-Traitor Huron Blackheart for a time, before seeing the error of their ways when the Astral Claws Arch-Centurion Commodus attacked the Salamanders battle-barge *Pyre of Glory*. They repented and became a rogue element in the conflict, attacking both Loyalist and Secessionist forces. In the aftermath of the Badab War the Chapter was commanded to undergo a hundred-year penitent crusade to atone for its actions during Lugft Huron's betrayal.

The ship trapped below you in the ice is clearly an Executioners vessel, but when did it become trapped in the warp and bound to the *Herald of Oblivion*? Was it before the events of the Badab War, during the conflict, or after it? And what secrets or treasured artefacts might it contain?

If you want to smash your way through the ice in the hope of entering the Executioners vessel, turn to 257.

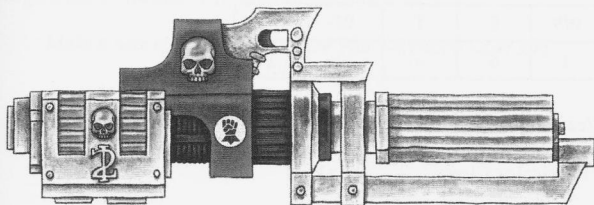
If you would rather not trespass within the vessel of a suspect Chapter, but continue your trek across the glacial vault instead, turn to 299.

162

The Tech-priest's remains clatter to the floor of the chamber, alongside the fallen Servitors, now just so much scrap metal, bone fragments and severed servo-limbs. Surveying the room you can see nothing else for you here, but you can't help wondering what the Tech-priest and the Servitors were doing here. It's almost as if the Adept locked himself away in here to hide. Or perhaps he was guarding something.

If you have a digi-wand, turn to the numbered paragraph that is the same as the number of lights on the barrel of the wand's casing.

If you do not have a digi-wand, you exit the Tech-priest's final resting place and turn your attention to getting out of the Mechanicus ark; turn to 346.



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163

It is not long before you find yourself entering another crypt-like space.
This is *Node 9*.

If you have been here before, turn to 275.

If you have not been here before, turn to 196.

164

The floor is etched with yet more radiating patterns of gold and silver hieroglyph circuitry which all connect at the foot of an obsidian-black plinth.

Rising from the top of this plinth is a pyramidal crystal, a metre and a half wide on every side, which pulses with a lurid green light. This in turn bathes the chamber with its eerie radiance.

There is something unsettling about the crystal and the lurid luminescence it's putting out. You can feel an uncomfortable pressure in your ears and a thrumming vibration through the circuit-inlaid stones at your feet. However, before you can do anything to resolve this problem, a form covered in the dust of ages rises from the floor of the chamber, the jointed legs hanging down from its bulbous body giving it the appearance of some alien arachnid.

The Canoptek Spyder moves from where it was working on maintaining a power conduit connected to the crystal and glides towards you, limbs twitching, its multiple eyes whirring as they focus on you, as you prepare to defend yourself.

Canoptek Spyder

WS	S	T	W	A
3	6	6	12	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Fabricator Claws	-	x1

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Initiative: You

Saves: Toughened Exoskeleton (3)

Advanced Rules: After three Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you may enter into Close Combat with the Canoptek Spyder.

If you defeat the Necron construct, turn to 186.

If you are reduced to zero Wounds, turn to 174.

165

You have been making your way along the passageway through the blood-red gloom for some time when it bulges to form an elliptical chamber ahead of you. And in that space something is waiting for you.

The chamber has been seeded with spore mines. These semi-sentient living bombs float above the spongy floor of the swollen passageway thanks to their internal gas bladders. The body of a spore mine is either a spherical, chitinous shell or a pulpy sac of poisons, which trails ganglia of trigger tentacles beneath it.

If you want to stick to your current path you are going to need to be very careful or have some cunning strategy in mind for dealing with the threat posed by the drifting spores.

If you want to return to the last junction and go the other way, turn to 17.

If you want to try to pass through the chamber without disturbing any of the mines, turn to 224.

If you want to open fire on the spore mines, turn to 195.

166

All is not yet lost. You might still be able to extract Brother Barathon's progenoids by means of your combat knife.

Make a note of the number 207 on your Adventure Sheet and then roll one dice.

If you roll 1-3, turn to 3.

If you roll 4-6, turn to 204.

Obeying Brother Clavis's command, you wait as unfathomable forces ripple and distort the air around you. Gradually the epileptic bursts of energy fade from brilliant white to a much calmer blue.

'Geller field stabilising,' announces a sweating Tech-adept from his place at a control lectern.

Finally the collapsing energy field dissipates altogether, leaving behind nothing but the stink of ozone in the air and an uneasy feeling in the pit of your stomach. Unease, yes, but not fear, for the Adeptus Astartes are untroubled by such pathetic emotions.

'Geller field stabilised!' confirms the Tech-adept.

'By the grace of the Ommissiah,' the Techmarine says.

'Brother Clavis, what happened?' you begin, only to be interrupted by yet another juddering crash.

'Shipmaster,' the Techmarine says, speaking to the dust-filled air. 'Status report.'

'The *Shield of Dorn* is under attack,' comes Shipmaster Traba's stressed response over the comm. 'They came out of nowhere.'

'Who did?' Clavis demands.

'Pirates. Xenos scum.' The shipmaster's voice echoes around the vaulted metal chamber. 'Eldar, and the most black-hearted of their kind!'

And then a host of other voices come crackling over the comm, sounding like they are echoing to you across space and time. They are the voices of your battle-brothers, carrying to you from wherever it is they have been transported to board the drifting space hulk. Then suddenly the vox-signal from the hulk cuts out.

'All available battle-brothers,' a voice booms through the ship's internal vox system, 'prepare to repel boarders!'

'Not you, Brother Nabor,' the Techmarine intones, as the teleportarium is bathed in the rippling glow of tamed lightning once again. Power has been restored and the device is ready to fire.

There is barely time to give utterance to your Chapter's motto before – with a burst of actinic light and a roar like the death-cry of stars – the teleporter tears a tunnel through space-time and hurls you through it!

Roll one dice.

If the number rolled is odd, turn to 214.

If the number is even, turn to 389.

Hissing with malevolent hatred, a hulking, serpent-bodied fiend rears up on a sinuous muscular ophidian tail before you. Two pairs of scaly reptilian arms project from its broad shoulders, armed with an array of lethal alien weaponry, while the creature itself is protected by a gold-chased cuirass.

Due to the treacherous and suspicious natures of the Dark Eldar, the Archons of Commorragh can only trust their own kin so far, and so regularly employ alien mercenaries to be their personal protectors. The Sslyth, with their powerful serpentine bodies and fierce warrior code, make ideal bodyguards – as you are about to find out first-hand.

Sslyth

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	6	12	2

Weapon:

	S	D
Shardcarbine	3	5
Klaive	-	x1

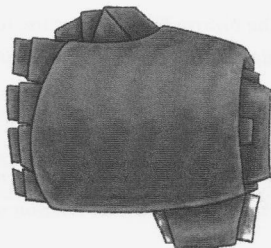
Initiative: You

Saves: Kabalite Armour (5)

Advanced Rules: After two Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat, you must enter into Close Combat with the Sslyth.

If you slay the Archon's bodyguard, turn to 231.

If the Dark Eldar creature vanquishes you, turn to 143.



The pipe is so large that even your Tactical Dreadnought armour can enter it without fear of becoming wedged inside.

Water, or some other liquid, drips from the curved roof of the pipe, collecting in a channel under your boots, before running away from you further into the gloom.

Your auspex return increases in rapidity and then you see it, caught in the beam of your searchlight. The creature is large, at least as bulky as the biggest Ork, but rather than being green, its leathery hide is blood red in colour and its body is almost entirely spherical.

The thing gives a croaking, belching cry and bounds towards you on a pair of powerful legs, its tiny forelimbs hugged tight against its body. The rest of the creature is little more than a vast mouth filled with great bony tusks and ferocious fangs.

Apparently unheeding of your own formidable appearance, the monstrous Squig attacks.

Gigantic Squig

WS	S	T	W	A
2	6	6	16	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Teeth	-	x1

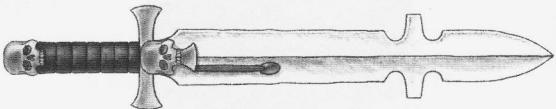
Initiative: You

Saves: None

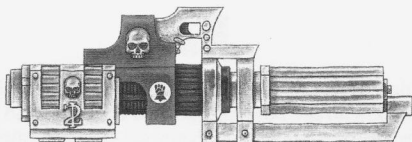
Advanced Rules: After two Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you must enter into Close Combat with the Gigantic Squig.

If you kill the bizarre Orkoid creature, turn to 43.

If the Squig gets the better of you, turn to 143.



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170

You enter another pyramidal chamber, the walls of which are covered with more of the silver and gold hieroglyphic circuitry.

This is *Node 8*.

If you have been here before, turn to 279.

If you have not been here before, turn to 191.

171

Having successfully fought your way past the bio-ship's internal defences, you follow the sticky passageway as it broadens out into a chamber the size of the strategium aboard the *Shield of Dorn*.

Two black-fleshed apertures on the other side of the cavernous space open and close in turn as the red walls of the chamber ripple with peristaltic motion. As the left-hand portal oozes open you hear a sound like a rushing torrent of water, or some other ghastly fluid. When the one on the right unseals itself you see wisps of some foul gas gust into the chamber.

The only way onwards is to choose an opening, wait for it to open and then pass through. But which opening will you choose?

If you choose the sphincter on the left, turn to 203.

If you choose the one on the right, turn to 239.

172

You continue your climb down into the frozen crevasse.

Roll one dice.

If the number rolled is odd, turn to 141.

If the number rolled is even, turn to 189.

173

A combination of its age, the cannibalisation of the ship by the Orks and your battle with the Boyz, has pushed the weakened structure of the vessel beyond all acceptable tolerances. As you continue to battle the greenskins, with a scream of rending metal, the metal floor plates give way under you and your enemies.

There is nothing you can do to save yourself as you are sent plummeting into the belly of the ancient ark. The Orks' bodies are smashed to pieces on the jutting spars that lie hidden beneath the floor, but bound inside your Terminator armour, you may yet survive the jarring impacts as you slam against the protruding spears of corroded metal.

Lose 3 Wounds.

If you are still alive, turn to 235.

If you are killed by the fall, turn to 114.

174

As you fall, your last sight is the death's-head visage of an ancient Necrontyr construct gazing impassively upon you. It raises its weapon and prepares to strike.

Your adventure is at an end.

175

With the Hive Tyrant occupied with the struggling Radamus, you dash across the chamber to where the Epistolary's wargear lies, making sure you keep out of the way of the monster's talons.

But the Hive Tyrant does not need to be able to touch you to cause you harm. Hissing with a savage alien hatred, the Hive Tyrant reaches out to you with its mind and unleashes a piercing shriek of psychic force that sends you reeling.

It is an attack so powerful it shreds both your body and soul.

Lose 3 Wounds.

If you are still alive, turn to 110

If you are reduced to zero Wounds or less, turn to 55.

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176

You enter the code 671 and successfully activate the reductor. Since Brother Kael has already been stripped of his armour it is a straightforward matter to extract his progenoid glands, storing the two gristly organs in their own stasis chamber inside Brother Ordys's narthecium.

Gain 2 Purity points for recovering Brother Kael's gene-seed.

Turn to 117.

177

The Mandrake comes for you, moving as fast as coal-black quicksilver, its piranha-teeth bared and whirling the blood-encrusted blade in its right hand with lethal dexterity.

Mandrake

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	8	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Sickle-sword	-	x1

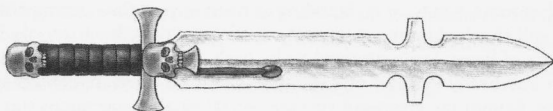
Initiative: You

Saves: None

Advanced Rules: After two Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you must enter into Close Combat with the Mandrake.

If you defeat the shadow-born creature, turn to 37.

If the twisted Dark Eldar defeats you, turn to 143.





178

You are lying on your back in the desert, your battle with the Korr clansman over. You have won but you are dying nonetheless.

And then, there above you in the bleached white sky you see a golden angel descending on wings of fire towards the honour arena...

Only they aren't wings of fire and the radiant being isn't an angel. You see it now for what it really is – an Imperial Fists Space Marine coming to ground, its jetpack slowing its descent...

Only it isn't the roar of the battle-brother's jetpack you can hear, it's the shrill whine of a circular saw. And then a sympathetic vibration starts up in your armoured suit, and your body, bound within it, begins to shudder in sympathy.

Opening your eyes, the patches of grey supernovae resolving into shapes, you sit up. In response to this simple action you hear what sounds like a guttural bark of surprise.

You are in a dimly-lit chamber that feels almost claustrophobic after the last room you were in. Standing in front of you, the running power saw still clutched in one meaty paw, is a large Ork with what looks like a pack of heavy tools strapped to its back. It grunts as it regards you with one beady eye and one eye that is an over-sized red-lensed augment. Behind the greenskin you see several smaller specimens run for the cover of the shadows at the corners of the chamber.

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It would appear that the Ork engineer was attempting to cut you out of your Terminator armour when you came round, just in time.

With another grunt, the Mekboy drops the cutting tool, picks up a pair of huge, hydraulically-powered shears instead, and comes at you.

Ork Mekboy

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	4	10	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Shoota	4	2
Choppa	-	x1

Initiative: Mekboy

Saves: Ork Armour (6)

Advanced Rules: You must enter into Close Combat immediately.

If you defeat the Mekboy, turn to 208.

If the Ork bests you, turn to 143.

179

Having failed to get rid of you by any other means, as a last resort the Hive Ship attempts to purge itself of you, just as a human body would a noxious bacterial infection.

As you make your way back through the cavernous hollows and aortic tunnels of the living spaceship, the convulsions increase in strength and rapidity. Preceded by a tsunami roar, what can only be described as a tidal wave of acid reflux crashes along the passageway behind you, sweeps you off your feet and carries you with it, along with every other living thing in the vessel.

All biomass will be rendered into slurry by the ocean of bile-acid that is even now dissolving your armour, flesh and bone, breaking everything down into useful minerals and protein strings from which the Hive Ship will start to re-build its malignant host.

Your adventure is at an end.

The Imperial Fists are renowned for their expertise in siege warfare. It is a trait inherited from your gene-father Rogal Dorn, who was Master of the Imperial Palace's defences during the Great Heresy ten thousand years ago. This expertise manifests in part in an Imperial Fist's ability to read an environment and automatically understand how best to use it to his tactical advantage.

Scanning the chamber, your eyes alight on a yawning hole where part of the chamber floor has fallen away in times past. All that is left are the girder struts which once supported that now missing deck plating. And in that instant an idea forms.

'Zathael, Scourge of Olympia, shall rend you limb from limb!' the Ancient's voice booms from crackling vox-casters in its armour.

Retreating before the hell-brute's advance, you reach the edge of the precipice and then step out onto one of the exposed steel struts. The Ancient keeps up its advance. Maybe your plan might actually work.

'Zathael, Perturabo's Chosen, shall write his name in your blood so that the False Emperor shall know who has slain his lapdog champion!'

Roll one dice.

If you roll 1-4, turn to 227.

If you roll 5-6, turn to 248.

And so it comes to pass that as you continue on your honour-bound trek through the drifting hulk you arrive at last to the Ecclesiarchy vessel *Spear of Ophelia*.

This ship, like so many others that have become amalgamated into the *Herald of Oblivion*, is empty, its crew and the troops it must once have carried, long dead and now naught but dust. The quickest way onwards is directly through the haunted, columned halls of the *Spear*.

And it is as you are following this pilgrim's penitent path through the ship that you come upon the derelict shrine. Once it stood to the glory of the God-Emperor of Man, a symbol of hope. Now it is nothing but broken window panes, toppled candle-plinths and torn banners.

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Even though, as a Space Marine, you do not venerate the Emperor as a deity – but rather as the paradigm of mankind, and ultimately the father of all your kind – to see this shrine to His glory in such a pitiful condition still fills you with a sense of loss and great sadness. And so you set about restoring the shrine as best you can.

With your self-appointed task complete at last, as you are regarding your handiwork, a ball of glowing luminescence appears as if from nowhere in the centre of the chapel. The sphere of glittering light expands, bathing everything in its blessed light.

As you are absorbed into its halo of illumination, every fibre of your being burns as if on fire. But rather than feeling pain you feel energised, as if there is nothing you cannot now accomplish in the Emperor's name.

Gain 3 Purity points and restore your Wounds to their starting level.

But the Shrine of Martyrs is more than just a place of worship.

As you pass through the templum doors, you notice the statue of the Battle Sister set within a gloomy alcove above the lintel, watching over the portal below; her hallowed armaments held in her hands. Only these weapons are not carved from stone but are actual holy relics of the Adepta Sororitas, once consecrated by the priests of the Ecclesiarchy and enshrined here in ages past.

If you want to take either (or both) of the sanctified weapons, add them to your Adventure Sheet. (The plasma gun has enough ammunition for 20 shots.)

	S	D
Blessed Blade	-	x1

(The Blessed Blade adds 1 to your Strength score while wielded)

	S	D
Plasma Gun	5	5

Turn to 289

182

The Carnifex is dead, its vital fluids running in rivulets across the bony matter at your feet. You are able to continue on your way through the gallery without further obstacles getting in your way.

Turn to 150.

Your auspex chimes, having picked up Brother Radamus's signal again, on the far side of the rendering chamber. You pause for a moment as you focus your thoughts. Perhaps if you concentrate hard enough he might be able to spy your consciousness through the foe-tid haze of the Hive Mind with his psyker-sight, and know that you are seeking him.

Radamus's signal isn't alone for long. Soon the built-in proximity alarm begins to sound and multiple returns paint your visor with glowing green runes.

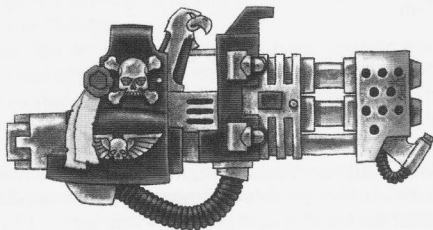
Since entering the Tyranid Hive Ship, how many of the following organisms have you encountered?

- Ravens
- Tyranno-forms
- Spore Mines
- Ripper Tentacles
- Carnifex
- Fleshborer Hive
- Lictor
- Pyrovore
- Venomthrope

If you have only had one encounter, turn to 152.

If you have had two or three encounters, turn to 123.

If you have had more than three with the denizens of the Hive Ship, turn to 92.



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184

With something like precognition you sense the approach of the Dark Eldar skyboard before you hear the blade-tips of its wings slicing the air apart with its passing.

Forewarned is forearmed and so you already have the sky-rider in your sights when it opens fire with the splinter pods slung beneath the wings of its hurtling skyboard.

Beastmaster

WS	S	T	W	A
4	3	3	10	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Skyboard	2	5
Agoniser	-	x1

Initiative: Beastmaster

Saves: Wychsuit (5)

Advanced Rules: After four Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you may engage in Close Combat with the Beastmaster.

If you defeat your opponent, turn to 147.

If you are killed, turn to 143.

Knocking aside more gibbering Gretchin, and even smaller greenskins bouncing around on their over-developed hind legs, you emerge somewhere within the head of the blasphemous idol. And there, apparently waiting for you, is a large, heavily-muscled Ork but unlike any you have seen so far.

It is bedecked with necklaces of skulls, bones and scavenged pieces of archeotech; whilst in its hand is a staff made from a length of copper piping adorned with more skulls and glittering glass shards that reflect the myriad coloured lights winking inside the cockpit chamber.

The Ork grunts rhythmically as it stomps towards you, almost as if it is chanting, green sparks of psyker energy crackling within its sunken eyes. Readyng your wargear, you prepare to engage the Ork witch in battle.

Ork Weirdboy

WS	S	T	W	A
4	3	4	10	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Frazzle	3	2
Staff	-	x1

Initiative: You

Saves: Ork Armour (6)

Advanced Rules: After two Combat Rounds you must enter into Close Combat with the Weirdboy.

If you put the Ork Weirdboy down, turn to 154.

If the greenskin defeats you, turn to 143.

The arachnoid construct destroyed, you turn your attention to the crystal atop the black-marble plinth.

The Canoptek Spyderys exist to maintain the ancient Necron tomb complexes and the ships of the Harvester Fleets. When you arrived

HERALD OF OBLIVION

within the chamber, the Spyder appeared to be carrying out maintenance work on one of the conduits leading to or from the crystal. Could the green-glowing mineral have something to do with the operation of the Tombship's systems? And, if so, would destroying it help you complete your mission here?

If you want to fire on the crystal with your storm bolter,
turn to 229.

If you would rather leave this chamber without further
delay, turn to 213.

187

You take a step towards the shimmering portal and then pause, taking a moment to compose yourself. When you are ready you step through it.

Your suit's auto-senses scream with static distortion and you feel inexplicable frozen right down to the marrow in your bones...

And then you emerge on the other side of the quicksilver pool – but where are you?

The chamber appears to be made of the same black material as the processional avenue. However, set into the green-tinged obsidian are the geometric patterns of gold and silver filigree circuitry.

The alien sigils and hieroglyphs are everywhere, running in long strings as if in mockery of the binaric language of the Tech-priests of Mars, even though you know this strange script pre-dates that of almost any other civilisation in the galaxy by tens of millions of years.

You check your auspex again but whatever it was that was interfering with its signal before is persisting now that you are inside the sepulchral Tombship. The runes demarcating the positions of your fellow battle-brothers throughout the derelict have been wiped from the scanner.

You do what you can to appease the device's vexed machine-spirit and, before it cuts out altogether, one final scan locates ten nodal points. These are connected by a maze of passageways but – just before your auspex dies altogether – the position of several of these seem to shift and change, as if the laws of time and space inside this Necrontyr vessel do not apply as they do elsewhere.

Curiously, but fortuitously, your helm's internal compass is still operational, as if some massive electrical force is creating its own magnetic field, by means of which you will be able to navigate your way through the Tombship.



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Behind you stands the shimmering portal by which you entered the silent, sepulchral craft. Before you is nothing but a wall of black marble inset with sunken hieroglyph-circuitry. The only routes open to you are to leave this chamber by the green-glowing passageway heading east or its opposite counterpart to the west.

If you want to head east, turn to 314.

If you want to head west, turn to 260.

188

You eventually emerge from the wound inside an arterial red passageway, the walls of which ripple with the pulse of some unbelievably slow heartbeat.

If your Purity score is less than 13, turn to 241.

If your Purity score is equal to or greater than 13, turn to 272.

189

Taking your time, you complete your descent of the glacial cliff-face. Safely at the bottom, you offer up a prayer of gratitude to the Master of Mankind.

Turn to 119.

190

Assuming that the Genestealers were patrolling away from their nest, you head in the opposite direction, monitoring the feed from your helm-auspex as you go.

However, the mission you were tasked with before boarding the *Herald of Oblivion* was to cleanse the hulk. Allowing the Genestealer Hive and its Broodlord to survive is a gross dereliction of your duty and the vows you swore, when you were first admitted to the Imperial Fists Chapter.

Lose 1 Purity point for not hunting down the xenos Broodlord.

Turn to 36.

Rising from the floor at the centre of the pyramid is a column of what looks like black marble. Set into the top of it is a huge crystal that pulses with a sickly emerald radiance.

A skittering sound draws your attention from the menacing Power Nexus to the shimmering, rippling host that is moving en masse towards you from the walls to where you stand at the centre of the pyramid. The beetle-like constructs are moving at speed, and with sinister purpose. Some even start to rise into the air on shimmering quicksilver wings.

You have no choice but to fight the Scarab Swarm.

Canoptek Scarab Swarm

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	6	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Entropic Strike	-	2

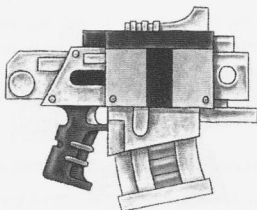
Initiative: You

Saves: Metal Plating (5)

Advanced Rules: After three Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you must enter into Close Combat with the Canoptek Scarabs.

If you destroy the Scarabs, turn to 218.

If the Necron constructs overcome you, turn to 174.



Slamming a ceramite-encased palm against the auto-lock mechanism of the door, you watch as the hatch-iris closes again.

A pair of the aliens reaches the door before it can close completely and, with a terrible rending of metal they tear their way through.

You have no choice but to engage the Genestealers.

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Weapon:

Rending Claws S D
 * x0.5

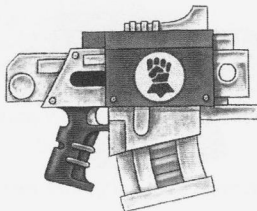
Initiative: You

Saves: Reinforced Chitin (5)

Advanced Rules: After one Combat Round of Ranged Combat you must move to Close Combat.

If you kill the Genestealers, turn to 115.

If the Tyranid creatures defeat you, turn to 55.



Accompanied by an almost imperceptible robotic whirring, what is clearly a weapon mount tracks your movements as you breach the chamber. At the same time, the crystal prisms within it begin to glow with a sinister emerald light. You are in no doubt that the weapon is charging in readiness to fire.

There are only two ways out of the chamber – through an archway in the north wall and another to the east.

**If you want to try to take out the alien weapon at range,
turn to 327.**

**If you would rather leave the chamber as quickly as
possible, turn to 341.**

194

When you come to again, an unnerving calm permeates the atmosphere of the chamber. The Hive Tyrant is dead and beside its gargantuan, body lies that of Epistolary Radamus.

Medicae-sensors built into your borrowed narthecium scan his life signs and confirms what you suspected – that the Librarian is beyond saving.

The veteran Space Marine's eyes flicker open.

'Brother Nabor,' he says with a smile, 'I knew that we could deal with this horror... together.' He coughs and his eyes half close for a moment.

When they open fully again – for the last time, as it turns out – you see the pupils of his eyes crackling with the last blue-white vestiges of psychic power.

'Beware the Sleeping God,' he says, his voice barely more than a whisper, his words no longer his own. 'Beware the Harbinger of Woe. And when Death dies, look to the west.'

And then he is gone.

A split second later you feel the first of the paroxysmal tremors pass through the bio-ship. It would seem that Radamus's psychic attack on the Hive Tyrant has fed back into the Hive Mind, and thereby the Hive Ship too. Instinct, and years of battlefield experience in all theatres of war, tell you that you should get out as quickly as you can.

If you want to turn tail and flee immediately, turn to 246.

If you want to recover Epistolary Radamus's wargear first, turn to 308.

**If you don't want to go anywhere until you've been able
to recover his gene-seed, turn to 212.**

Opening fire, you blast several of the spore mines apart, which in turn cause others to rupture as they blow apart, initiating a chain reaction. Very soon all of the mines have been eliminated.

Deduct 5 Ammo from the weapon you are using.

However, the downside of your strategy is that in the confines of the passageway you were caught within the blast radius of many of the mines. Bone shrapnel, chitin shards, virulent poisons and highly corrosive acids rain down upon you.

Lose 3 Wounds.

If you are still alive after your encounter with the Spore Mines, turn to 379.

**If you have been reduced to zero Wounds or less,
turn to 55.**

196

The chamber is octagonal in shape with more of the ancient circular, semi-circular and linear patterns of Necron circuitry adorning its walls. Set into the marble-like floor are conduits that radiate with a more intense form of the light that seems to permeate every passageway and compartment of the labyrinthine vessel.

These power conduits connect to a crystalline structure at the centre of the chamber. It looks like a huge green diamond – all light-refracting fractal facets and two metres in diameter – set within a plinth composed of the same metal-stone material as much of the rest of the Tombship.

The emerald light pulsing from the huge crystal makes you feel cold to your very core, for some inexplicable reason. It is as if your subconscious mind is trying to tell you that there is something very wrong here and to beware. But you are not a Techmarine initiated in the mysteries of the Priesthood of Mars and so there is very little you can actually do here.

If you want to open fire on the crystal with your storm bolter, turn to 230.

If you would rather leave this chamber without further delay, turn to 245.

197

Cross off the word PRIMUS and replace it with the word SECUNDUS.

Turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one you were last instructed to write down.

198

Weapons at the ready, a resolute war cry on your lips, you charge towards the giant Necron, determined to smite it with the power of your holy righteousness.

In response, the Harbinger blasts you with a bolt of wild green lightning that emanates from the tip of its staff.

Lose 5 Wounds.

If you are still alive, what do you want to do next?

If you want to persist with your attack on the Harbinger, turn to 276.

If you want to attempt to destroy the crystal instead, turn to 219.

If you have been reduced to zero Wounds, turn to 174.

199

Entering the code 671 you successfully activate the reductor. Without a moment's hesitation you plunge its whirring drill bit into Ordys's neck. Feeling the clamp-teeth bite down on the tough organ, you pull it free. Fortunately, you are also able to remove the second progenoid located within the Apothecary's chest.

With both the glands safely extracted you secure them in one of the sanctified stasis chambers inside the narthecium that is now in your possession.

Gain 2 Purity points for recovering Apothecary Ordys's gene-seed.

Turn to 256.

The Talos Pain Engine is destroyed. Ripping open what remains of the torture-machine's carapace, you release Sergeant Valerius from his unending torment.

'Thank you, brother,' Valerius gasps, his voice barely more than a breathless whisper.

His eyes close and your helmet-display registers the moment when his twin hearts stop beating, and the champion of the Chapter dies.

There is still one service you can perform for your sergeant, and that is to recover his progenoids for the gene-smiths of the Apothecarion to implant into another neophyte battle-brother. But you are to be denied even that honour as the battleship's overloaded systems you sabotaged earlier reach critical mass.

The space hulk is torn apart by the series of explosions that follow, as an apocalyptic chain reaction is initiated that causes parts of the ancient vessel to both explode and implode. And the chain reaction doesn't stop there either, the wave of destruction rippling through the other ships and pieces of trapped interplanetary flotsam and jetsam, tearing the hulk apart piece by piece.

Squad Scipio's primary mission has been achieved. The *Herald of Oblivion* has been destroyed, and cleansed of all alien infestation in the process. The hulk's demise, however, came at the cost of the lives of every last member of Squad Scipio.

Mercifully, the *Shield of Dorn* pulls clear of the space hulk as reality itself is ripped open and what is left of the derelict is claimed once more by the warp. And then the *Herald of Oblivion* is gone, dragging the souls of you and your battle-brothers into the Sea of empyrean with it.

Your adventure is at an end.

Your implacable steps bring you at last to the mustering halls of the battleship, where Imperial Guard commanders would once have addressed their troops, stirring them to great deeds of valour with fiery rhetoric and by reading passages from the *Life of Macharius*.

But a usurper lord has set up his court in the shadow of the desecrated Imperial Eagle. Aboard his personal Raider transport, surrounded by his chattel-slaves and mercenaries is a sinisterly handsome,

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androgynous creature. His lithe, muscular form is clad in blood-dark robes and tight-fitting armour, formed of segmented plates held in place by a variety of hooks and serrated blades that pierce his alabaster skin. His hair is tied in an elaborate topknot whilst precious gems have been implanted into the sparse skin of his high forehead.

'Seize the whelp-cur of the mon-keigh's corpse god,' the Archon commands, a pitiless smile playing about his ebon-painted lips. You can only assume that he is speaking in Low Gothic to wring every last drop of pleasure from your torment as you understand fully how demeaning your situation has become.

At the Archon's command, blade-armoured warriors, inhuman alien bodyguards and half-naked branded females move to surround you. Automatically you raise your weapons.

'You are a warrior, Space Marine,' the despot lord says, his voice dripping with malice. 'Yield to me and I, Tenebrax Nox, Archon of the Kabal of Endless Night, promise that your death, when it comes, shall not be an ignoble one.'

Standing alone against the full might of the Archon's depraved court of pain- and pleasure-seekers, what do you want to do?

If you want to resist the Archon's forces, even though such an action may appear futile, turn to 116.

If you would rather accept the truth of the situation and surrender in the face of overwhelming odds, turn to 134.

202

You may have defeated the Lictor but you know that you are not out of danger yet. Hunting Lictors give off a pheromone which sets other Tyranids nearby onto its prey.

It would be wise not to linger here any longer so you set off on your way, exiting the tunnel and entering a large, cathedral-like space. The chamber floor is pock-marked with pore-like craters and pits of what looks like bubbling tar. They are in fact the bio-ship's rendering pits.

Weapons at the ready, you cautiously make your way between the pools of primordial slurry, crossing the gristly platforms of cartilaginous matter that extend between them.

Turn to 183.

203

As the black lips of the orifice stretch open you step through into the space beyond.

The walls of the passageway you find yourself in are a sickening intestinal grey-purple and convulse with peristalsis. The sound of rushing water booms from the walls and ceiling, cushioning you with sound, and your auto-senses detect an increase in humidity here. And then the sphincter closes again.

With a great heave, the passageway suddenly contracts and you find yourself being forced down the constricting tube as if the bio-ship is trying to swallow you.

If you are wearing a Lightning Claw, turn to 354.

If you are without this particular piece of wargear,
turn to 295.

204

In the process of trying to salvage your fallen brother's gene-seed, you damage the delicate progenoid organs with your combat knife. You did your best, none could dispute that, but the glands are now irrecoverable and the genetic heritage they contained lost to the Chapter forever.

Lose 1 Purity point for failing to recover your battle-brother's gene-seed.

Now turn to the paragraph with the same number as you wrote down before coming here.

205

You move as quickly as you can – or at least as fast as your Terminator armour will allow – but the Orks have you in their sights, and aren't going to let you get away that easily.

You realise that you have no other option other than to try to take out the vehicles leading the hurtling convoy, in the hope that such an action will impede their inexorable advance.

Roll one dice.

If the number rolled is even, turn to 254.

If the number rolled is odd, turn to 226.

206

Do you have the word **DAMNATUS** recorded on your Adventure Sheet?

If you do, turn to 20.

If not, continue your battle with the Talos Pain Engine,
and if you destroy it, turn to 155.

207

Leaving Brother Barathon's body and the lethal portal behind, will you proceed along the passageway to the east or west?

If you head east, turn to 284.

If you head west, turn to 269.

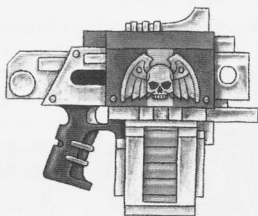
208

The Mekboy falls to the ground dead, its Gretchin crew running from the room jabbering in fear. The chamber is full of all manner of detritus, everything from salvaged toothed gears to what appear to be the cores of cogitator relays.

In front of you stands the open archway through which the Gretchin fled. There are no other obvious ways in or out of this room.

If you want to take a few moments to make a thorough
search of the chamber, turn to 270.

If you want to leave in pursuit of the Gretchin, turn to 307.



209

The ship is eerily quiet as you continue to wander through its shifting labyrinthine depths.

The tunnel you are following now turns sharply north. Continuing along it in this direction, you pass beneath an archway inlaid with more of the now familiar hieroglyph-circuitry.

Turn to 317.

210

The patterns formed by the gold and silver circuitry marking the walls and adorning sunken obsidian-carved cartouches are familiar. You are back at the spot where you first entered the sepulchral Tombship.

To the south stands the shimmering portal by which you entered the vessel. To both east and west, green-glowing passageways lead to other parts of the labyrinthine ship.

If you want to head east, turn to 314.

If you want to go west, turn to 260.

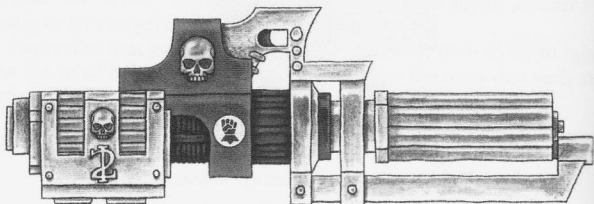
If you want to pass back through the portal in order to escape the Tombship, turn to 287.

211

Using your ceramite gauntlets to punch handholds for yourself in the face of the ice-cliff, you begin your descent.

If you are wearing a Lightning Claw, turn to 189.

If you are not wearing a Lightning Claw, turn to 172.



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212

Breaking the seals on Radamus's armour you open it, exposing the cooling body sealed within. But do you know how to activate Brother Ordyss's reductor?

If you do, add together the individual digits of the number you have associated with it, and turn to the paragraph with the same number.

If you do not, turn to 283.

213

There are three ways out of this chamber.

If you leave by the archway set into the eastern wall, turn to 24.

If you want to leave by the southern exit, turn to 268.

If you want to leave via the archway on the western side of the chamber, turn to 84.

214

For the briefest nanosecond it feels as if you are occupying two places in time and space as untrammelled forces, that like as not would kill a lesser being, assault your genhanced physiology.

The searing light of the teleport abruptly vanishes and you find yourself in darkness, your eyes and the auto-senses of your Tactical Dreadnought armour taking precious seconds to compensate.

Suddenly your senses are assaulted by the clatter of chitin on metal deck plates and a sibilant hissing as bone-white and entrail-purple shapes emerge from the murk, the helm-display of your suit revealing them as hot yellow blurs running towards you.

Years of training and psycho-conditioning that long ago became instinct allow you to react without the need to resort to conscious thought. But which weapon will you use to defend yourself against the sudden slavering attack?

If you lash out with the power fist on your left hand, turn to 258.

If you would prefer to bring your storm bolter to bear, turn to 329.

You hear the hiss of blades slicing the air and the hum of anti-gravitic motors a split second before the bat-winged thing hurtles into view, a crouched figure upon its back.

You bring your weapon to bear immediately, but your heightened reactions are not fast enough on this occasion. The skyboard only clips you, but its speed and momentum are enough to send you spinning off-balance.

It is then that you get a better view of its pilot – a lithe, humanoid figure wearing the bestial skull of some fanged alien beast.

The Beastmaster brings the skyboard round in a tight turn, sensing that there is some sport to be had here, targeting you with its under-slung splinter pods.

Beastmaster

WS	S	T	W	A
4	3	3	10	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Skyboard	2	5
Agoniser	-	x1

Initiative: Beastmaster

Saves: Wychsuit (5)

Advanced Rules: For the first two Combat Rounds you must reduce your WS and A by -1, as you regain your equilibrium.

If you defeat your opponent, turn to 147.

If the Dark Eldar gets the better of you, turn to 143.

The information you have gleaned from the data-file regarding the execution of Tyranid xeno-forms will prove invaluable to you whilst you are inside the living alien ship. If you are called upon to fight any form of Tyranid, you may apply a -1 modifier to any Saves that such creatures might get.

Now turn to the number you were told to write down before being sent here.

The Wyches are joined then by the Archon's elite warriors. Outnumbered by the Kabal of Endless Night, you are seized, divested of your wargear, and dragged aboard the Archon's personal transport.

'See how easily the sons and daughters of Commorragh bring you to your knees, mon-keigh?' the sickening creature gloats, massaging his long-fingered hands together in lascivious glee. His alien accent gives his words a venomous edge.

There is only one thing you can think to say in response. 'Why?'

'Why?' Nox laughs, and then turns to address his retainers. 'The mon-keigh seeks enlightenment!'

'Perhaps I might be permitted to explain, oh mighty Archon,' comes a voice from the shadows behind the Archon's throne, a voice that sounds more like a reptilian hiss. Its obsequious tone lacks any sincerity whatsoever.

'Very well, Haemonculus,' Nox agrees, grudgingly.

The Archon's Wyches and warriors willingly part before the advance of the creature that now reveals itself.

Ancient and horrific beyond imagining, the flesh-sculptor has clearly worked its twisted art upon itself. A total of six arms sprout from the swollen joints of its shoulders, while the rest of the creature is as stringy as a lashworm. In each hand it holds a carving knife or surgical instrument of some kind. Its face is mainly hidden behind a mask of flayed skin but much of what remains exposed appears to be flensed bone.

The creature moves towards you borne aloft by the sinuous, undulating things that writhe beneath the trailing hem of its blood-stained robes.

'You ask why,' the creature says, leering down at you, 'and it shall... amuse me... to tell you. It was Archon Nox's desire that we... arrange... for the warp-wanderer to emerge from the dimension of daemons at this time and this place that we might... lure a cadre of Space Marines on board... Archon Nox's magisterial plan was to capture you and your brethren, that he might return to the Dark City with you as his slaves... and receive the adulation from his kin-clans that he is... deserving of.'

The surgeon-torturer takes a sucking breath that bubbles with saliva, and you become unpleasantly aware of the mewling of the writhing horrors tying themselves in knots around the Haemonculus's clawed feet.

'However, the most gracious Archon Nox decreed that the Prophets of the Flesh, under the... guidance... of I, Dravul Kruach, be permitted to harvest your gene-seed for our own... purposes.'



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You feel sick to the pit of your stomach, making a conscious point of not looking at the narthecium affixed to your arm. This unholy creature desires your Chapter's geneticlineage above all else, and you have delivered it to him.

'But you fascinate me,' the Haemonculus drools.

You look the meat-smith in the eye, but do not give the horror the satisfaction of a reply.

'It was you who first asked the question "why". Are you not curious now? Are you not curious why you were... saved the indignities visited upon your brethren? Do you not wonder why the Dark Muses have... permitted you to survive this long? Do you not believe that Fate itself has marked you out for some reason? Some... higher purpose? You are so bound within its knotty skeins... how can you not believe it to be so?'

The Haemonculus's words chill you to your core, because you are beginning to wonder why yourself, and you don't like the answers you are coming up with.

'Some higher purpose, Kruach? Pah!' the Archon spits. 'Fate has forsaken *this* one. See how the mighty are fallen.'

If you have the word Ultio written on your Adventure Sheet, you will also have a name associated with it. Turn that name into numbers using the code A=1, B=2, C=3... Z=26, double the result, and turn to the paragraph which is the same as the final total.

If you do not have the word Ultio written on your Adventure Sheet, turn to 252.

218

The mechanoid insects are now just so much scrap metal and sparking circuitry at your feet, you turn your attention to the crystal once more.

And then a thought crosses your mind. Did the swarm launch *its* attack on you because you intruded into the chamber or were *they* specifically protecting the crystal? And if it was the latter – why?

If you want to open fire on the crystal with your storm bolter, turn to 242.

If you would rather leave this chamber without further delay, turn to 259.

219

What weapon do you have at your disposal that could possibly damage the crystalline Power Nexus?

If you have some plasma bombs and want to use these against the crystal, turn to the paragraph which matches the type of explosives they are.

If you have a Thunder Hammer and want to use this, turn to 236.

If you want to use a different item of wargear, turn to 253.

220

You are not certain what it is that lies beyond the blast shutters – although you could guess – but whatever it may be, you cannot stand by and watch such crass desecration being perpetrated before your very eyes. The greenskins must be stopped. But how?

It is then, as you are scouring the chamber for inspiration, that your gaze falls upon the emplacements positioned on either side of the archway by which you have entered the antechamber. Once, mono-tasked Servitors would have manned the emplacements, but time and decay have taken their toll and now the gun nests appear to be empty.

If you want to charge into the fray, blasting away and with the war cry of your Chapter on your lips, turn to 129.

If you would rather man one of the emplacements and use the cannon mounted there to fire into the Ork host, turn to 65.

221

Unfortunately you are unable to activate the reductor, no matter how hard you try, and are forced to improvise using your combat knife instead. However, such a cavalier method is not without its risks.

Make a note of the number 256 on your Adventure Sheet and then roll one dice.

If the number rolled is odd, turn to 3.

If the number rolled is even, turn to 204.

HERALD OF OBLIVION

222

Jacking the signum into your armour's in-built comm, you do what you can to improve your vox's reception.

'It's a trap, brother,' Valerius's voice suddenly comes again through your helm. 'It was from the outset. You must do all you can to destroy the *Herald of Oblivion*.'

A trap? What can Sergeant Valerius mean?

'But what about you, Brother-Sergeant?' you ask. 'Tell me where you are and we can put an end to this threat together.'

'No, Brother Nabor, my destiny has already been determined. It's up to you now! Do not allow yourself to fall for their wiles as well. You must do everything in your power to put an end to this blasphemy once and for all. Destroy the hulk! Destroy...'

The signal is breaking up again and no matter what you try you are unable to recapture it.

'Whose wiles? Whose trap?' you shout into the comm, but the only answer you receive is the ghosting echo of the Brother-Sergeant's final words to you.

Destroy the hulk... Destroy the hulk... Destroy the hulk...

Record the word ACIES on your Adventure Sheet and then turn to 319.

223

You have reached *Node 10*.

If you have been here before, turn to 255.

If you have not been here before, turn to 136.

224

Cautiously you begin to make your way across the chamber, aware that your Terminator armour makes you a bulky and obvious target.

Roll one dice.

If you roll 4 or less, turn to 290.

If you roll higher than 4, turn to 264.

Leaving the Tyranid ship behind and setting your target as the source of the signal originally picked up by your auspex, you come to a rift in what appears to be a captured asteroid. You feel a strange sensation of weightlessness and then in the next second what was up has become down and what was down is up.

Erratic gravitational effects on board space hulks are not unusual – as opposing artificial gravitic fields overlap or cancel each other out – but they can still be disorientating.

The only way across the rift now is via a thin spur of rock. However, two other things here attract your attention as well.

The first is the curious pyramidal structure that appears to have broken through the asteroid. It is formed of either a polished black marble-like material or some alien metallic compound. Set within the top of the black pyramid is a large cut-crystal that pulses with an ethereal emerald luminescence and that in turns casts its wan light over the inverted chasm.

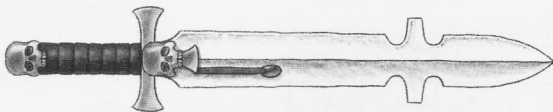
The second is the drifting spore mine that appears to have become trapped here by the opposing gravitic forces. It is a particularly large specimen and one that must have been laid by the hiveship some time ago to have drifted this far, possibly sent out as part of some early warning perimeter alarm to alert the bio-ship and its cargo to the approach of hostiles.

It is floating several metres above the arch of the rock bridge, glistening tentacles dangling beneath it, and it doesn't appear to have sensed your presence yet. However, if you venture across the rock bridge you suspect that it soon will.

**If you want to cross the rock bridge regardless, turn to
316.**

**If you want to fire on the Spore Mine, triggering it
prematurely, turn to 261.**

**If there is another battle-brother you could go in search
of instead, so that you can avoid having to cross the gulf
altogether, turn to 244.**



Under your wrathful onslaught, the Warbike and rider die in a welter of sparks, shrapnel, shredded tyres and broken body parts. But the customised Trukk is still heading straight towards you.

With mere metres between you and the speeding vehicle there isn't even time to turn your weapon on the Trukk. And then in that crucial moment you make a split second decision.

As the Trukk comes within reach you sidestep smartly to one side. As you do so, you grab hold of the bull bars at the front of the Trukk with the augmented fists of your Tactical Dreadnought armour and brace yourself for the inevitable.

What occurs next answers the age-old question of what happens when an unstoppable force meets an immovable object. The momentum of the hurtling Trukk spins you off your feet to land ten metres away, whilst your grip on the bull bars tears the flatbed apart.

Pieces of twisted metal crash down onto the floor of the vault even as the Trukk's ruptured fuel tank touches off, throwing up a great wall of flame between you and the other Orkish vehicles, which proceed to pile into it, their weapons magazines exploding as fuel lines ignite.

Surprised and angry Orks rain down all around you. As you heave yourself upright the Orks untangle themselves. Bellowing their enraged war cries the Boyz charge towards you, blunted axes and loaded guns in their hands.

'Waaaagghhh!'

Ork

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	3	9	1

Ork

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	3	9	1

Ork

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	3	9	1

HERALD OF OBLIVION

Ork

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	3	9	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Shoota	4	2
Power Tool	-	x1

Initiative: You

Saves: Ork Armour (6)

Advanced Rules: After two Combat Rounds, you must enter into Close Combat with the Orks

If you defeat the Orks, turn to 68.

If you are bested by the greenskins, turn to 143.

227

The Angel of Vengeance clearly intends to carve you out of your armour with its scourging blades, preferring to satisfy its misdirected need for revenge up close and personal. It could have fired on you with its bolter weapons long before now.

For a moment you wonder if you have underestimated the beast as it falters at the edge of the precipice. But it turns out it was only finding its footing. It takes a step out onto the girder and you feel the strut start to buckle under its weight.

'Zathael, Nemesis of the Sycorax Stars, shall make an aquila from your entrails and then squash them to a pulp!' the Dreadnought roars.

Unperturbed by the Iron Warrior's curses, you hold your position as the Dreadnought moves further out along the girder. Its all-consuming desire for revenge against all loyal Space Marines has blinded it to the danger of its current situation.

When the Dreadnought is out of reach of the precipice edge, you make your move.

With a cry of 'For Dorn and for Him enthroned on Earth!' you charge at the machine-brute, firing your weapon as you do so.

Deduct 12 Ammo from the weapon you are using.



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In the face of your unexpected attack, the Dreadnought automatically adjusts its footing to better brace itself. But in doing so, the metal toes of one foot miss the edge of the girder.

For a moment the Angel of Vengeance remains where it is, balanced precariously on the girder, and then it begins to topple. Its scourge clutches at thin air as its centre of gravity is exceeded and it plunges into the impenetrable darkness of the abyss below. Its scream of impotent fury is still audible long after it has disappeared from sight and only ceases when it hits the bottom with a resounding clang.

Making your way back along the girder, you return to the safety of the deck.

Gain 1 Purity point for tricking the Dreadnought and write the word ULTIO on your Adventure Sheet.

Turning your back on the empty drop-pod, you leave the chamber and its dark secrets behind.

Now turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one you were instructed to write down earlier.

228

Surmising that the Genestealers you encountered were heading away from their brood-nest, you retrace their clawed steps along the twisting metal corridors of the ancient wreck.

Your journey takes you deeper and deeper into the ship which is clearly of Imperial design. You wonder what fate befell the crew of the vessel, whether they were long dead before the Genestealers colonised their craft or whether the alien infestation was the result of an insidious takeover.

You do not encounter any Genestealers as you progress deeper into the ship with nothing on the auspex to alert you to the skulking presence of more of the alien infiltrators either.

You come at last to a sealed circular bulkhead door. As you approach, the hatch remains stubbornly closed. The machine-spirit that operates it is doubtless dormant after so many years lost in the warp. It might even have departed to be with the Omnissiah long ago. This leaves you with two options, if you are going to pass beyond the bulkhead: you are either going to have to try to rouse the slumbering machine-spirit or force your way through.

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If you want to try waking the machine-spirit, turn to 315.

If you want to use your power fist to tear the hatch from its hinges, turn to 304.

Alternatively, if you would rather give up on your hunt for the Broodlord and start searching for the rest of Squad Scipio, turn to 288.

229

The crystal shatters under your bombardment. As it does so, the eerie luminescence stutters and then fades altogether, leaving the chamber in almost total darkness.

Deduct 5 Ammo from the weapon you are using. Also make a note on your Adventure Sheet that you have destroyed a Power Nexus. Keep track of how many Power Nexuses you destroy.

Turn to 213.

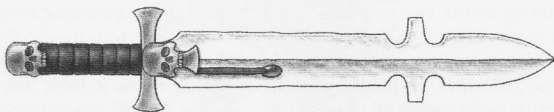
230

The roar of your storm bolter echoes loudly within the confines of the chamber, the mass reactive shells impacting against the huge crystal, first fracturing it before blasting it apart utterly, sending shards of glassy wreckage flying around the chamber like so much jade shrapnel.

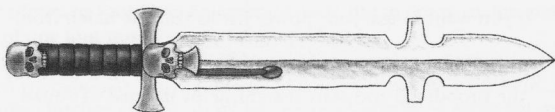
Deduct 7 Ammo and make a note on your Adventure Sheet that you have destroyed a Power Nexus. Also, keep track of how many Power Nexuses you destroy.

Painfully aware of how much noise your attack produced, you decide to leave the chamber before any of the Tombship's guardians stir from their slumber of aeons to investigate.

Turn to 245.



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231

Bludgeoning the next opportunistic Kabalite warrior who charges you to the deck of the Raider, you come face to face with the lord of the Kabal of the Endless Night at last. The time for acerbic rhetoric long passed, the Archon draws a curious pyramidal object from within the folds of his robes and holds it out towards you on a flattened palm.

Transfixed, you watch as the mirrored pyramid fractures and unfolds, piece by jagged piece. A whirling vortex contorts the air above the strange object and you hear a keening warp-voice call to your soul from within its impossible dimensions.

If your Purity score is less than 25, turn to 306.

If your Purity score is equal to or greater than 25, turn to 90.

232

Despite the echoing of your boots on the bony floor, you make it to the end of this curious sanctuary without disturbing the Carnifex's slumber.

Turn to 150.

233

Previously camouflaged against the wall of the muscular tunnel, but standing before you now in all its terrible glory, is a creature twice as tall as you are. A pair of mantis-like claws arches from its shoulders. It is also armed with a pair of lethally-taloned forelimbs and a mouth festooned with writhing feeder tendrils that make it look like the creature has a mouthful of wriggling annelids. So still was the creature that even your auspex failed to detect its presence.

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The chameleonic Lictor stalks towards you, moving in for the kill, its reinforced chitin armour and rending claws making it a deadly adversary indeed.

Lictor

WS	S	T	W	A
5	4	4	10	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Flesh Hooks	3	4
Scything Talons	-	x0.5

Initiative: If the Lictor successfully ambushed you it has the initiative; if not, the initiative is yours.

Saves: Reinforced Chitin (5)

Advanced Rules: If the Lictor ambushed you successfully you must enter into Close Combat straight away; if not, you do not have to do so until after two Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat.

If you overcome the Lictor, turn to 202.

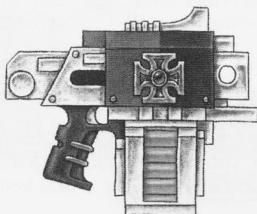
If the Tyranid kills you, turn to 55.

234

Clambering back up through the airlock, you haul yourself out of the open hatch, back into the glacial chamber above.

Leaving the ice-locked craft and whatever secrets it might hold behind, you continue to make your way through the frozen vault.

Turn to 299.



For a moment both your vision and your helm-display remain dark. The interminable oppressive darkness gives way to grey shadows and finally infra-red images, as your auto-senses come back on-line.

Slowly you get to your feet, using the rusted handle of a corroded bulkhead to help. As you rotate left and right, your searchlight penetrating the gloom, you build up a picture of the place where you now find yourself after plunging into the bowels of the ship.

It is a space as large as one of the great shrine-temples aboard the *Phalanx*, your Chapter's fortress-monastery.

It is only then that you look down at yourself and see that your golden armour is covered with thick greasy sludge. You are up to your ankles in more of the same. Judging by the lake of oily effluent and the cavernous space in which you find yourself, you are clearly in the bilges of the Mechanicus vessel. And if what your auspex is telling you is true, not even the Orks have dared delve this far.

Unable to return the way by which you entered the bilges, you have no choice but to set off across the lake of sludge, praying that the Pri-march will guide your steps so that you might be reunited with your lost battle-brother.

A miasma hangs over the surface of the sump lake, out of which rise the corroded buttresses that support the distant ceiling, islets of collected detritus and even the occasional purple tentacle – although the latter disappear again just as quickly upon sensing your approach.

And then, through the murk, a towering wall appears. You have reached the end of this particular compartment of the Ark's hold. The wall is pitted with corrosion and bedecked with jutting balconies, rising ramp-ways and ladders, so you are confident that you could scale it to escape the bilges. However, at the foot of the mountainous wall is a sealed bulkhead door and you can't help but wonder where it might lead.

If you want to try to open the door, turn to 371.

If you would rather escape the sump by scaling the corroded wall, turn to 346.

Dodging a bolt of disintegrating energy that streams from the tip of the Harbinger's staff, you swing Radamus's hammer over your head and bring it down hard on top of the crystal hemisphere. It connects

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with a resounding crack that jars your arms and sends you reeling.

But when you look back at the crystal, to see what damage you have dealt it, all you can see is a hairline fracture in the top of the crystal. Even a thunder hammer is not powerful enough to destroy the Power Nexus.

If you have some plasma bombs and want to use these against the crystal, turn to the paragraph which matches the type of explosives they are.

If you want to use some other item of wargear, turn to 253.

If you would rather take the fight to the gigantic Necron, turn to 198.

Alternatively, if you want to flee the chamber in the face of the Harbinger's wrath, turn to 174.

237

Strike the word *SECUNDUS* from your Adventure Sheet and write down the word *TERTIUS* instead.

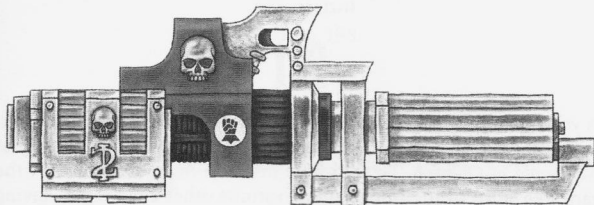
Now turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one you were last instructed to write down.

238

The towering hulk crashes to the deck with a resounding crash, its bestial roars silenced at last. However, as it does so, a flailing claw catches your helm, temporarily knocking out your auspex and your vision goes black.

If your Purity score is less than 14, turn to 215.

If your Purity score is equal to or greater than 14, turn to 184.



239

As the dripping sphincter opens you step through into the miasmic gloom beyond.

You are standing in a domed space, the air of which is thick with what your auto-senses soon inform you are a melange of toxic gases, while the necrotic grey flesh of its walls is riddled with thousands of tiny orifices. The floor of the chamber is covered with a mat of dense-packed cilia that writhe amidst the gas haze, while on the other side two bone-ringed archways lead to other parts of the bio-ship.

As the portal sucks shut again behind you, you cautiously begin to make your way across the domed chamber.

Roll one dice.

If the number rolled is odd, turn to 267.

If the number rolled is even, turn to 286.

240

As the smoking vapours rising from what is left of the Pyrovore slowly dissipate, you notice for the first time that the walls of the passageway have a purple-grey visceral hue. They begin to ripple and convulse with peristaltic motion. The sound of rushing fluid echoes from what can't be much further along the tunnel, while your armour detects an increase in humidity within the area.

With a great peristaltic heave, the passageway suddenly contracts, and you find yourself being forced down the constricting tube as if you are being swallowed.

If you are wearing a Lightning Claw, turn to 354.

**If you are without this particular piece of wargear,
turn to 295.**

241

As you make your way through the foetid gloom and blood-red darkness of the bio-ship's interior, you wonder how it came to be part of the *Herald of Oblivion*. Tyranid hive fleets do not travel through the warp like ships of the Imperium or various other alien races, having

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mastered instinctive manipulation of the gravity fields of star systems to achieve superluminal speeds instead.

However, considering the rent in the bio-ship's hide, it would seem fair to assume that this particular vessel suffered catastrophic damage at some point in the past causing it to enter a state of dormancy, or hibernation. If, after this, it had encountered the hulk which, by dint of its sheer size, could have pulled it in with its own gravity field, it is highly possible the two space-borne entities then became combined as the hulk continued to draw all manner of space debris to itself.

But one thought worries you. With both yourself and the potent psyker Brother-Librarian Radamus stalking the Hive Ship's foetid depths, how long will it be before the space-faring super-organism starts to awaken?

The unsettling passageway twists and turns with intestinal frequency until it branches into two distinct paths. All you know is that Epistolary Radamus is somewhere ahead but which branch of the passageway will take you to him?

If you decide to go left, turn to 285.

If you take the right branch, turn to 126.

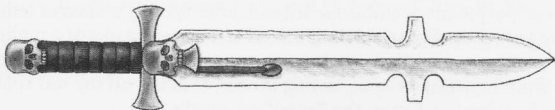
242

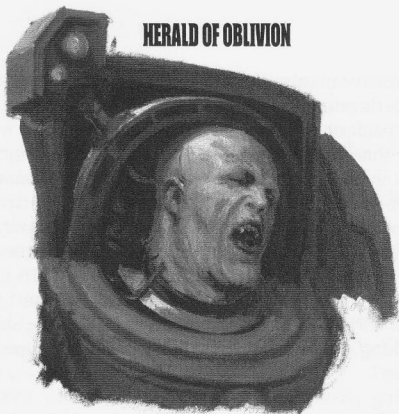
Your rattling bolter-fire sounds painfully loud within the confines of the pyramid. The bolter shells blast the huge crystal apart, emerald shards flying through the air like so much jade shrapnel.

Deduct 6 Ammo and make a note on your Adventure Sheet that you have destroyed a Power Nexus (and make a note of how many you destroy).

Not wanting to draw another swarm of Scarabs down upon you, you decide to leave the chamber as quickly as possible.

Turn to 259.





243

With a shout of 'For Dorn and the Emperor!' you open fire with your storm bolter. The mass reactive shells explode on contact with the awakening Genestealers, exploding flesh, bone and chitin.

Deduct 20 bolter rounds from your Ammo count.

Foul alien spawn die screaming, but that doesn't stop the survivors of your assault from suddenly coming to full wakefulness and attacking in a whirlwind of lashing claws and tearing talons.

A single bolter round punctures a container on the far side of the cargo hold and the Genestealers discover a new way to die.

Whatever the barrel contains is highly reactive. As the bolter round explodes within it, the contents ignite, becoming a fireball that then sets off a chain reaction in the rest of the barrels packed into the hold. You give a hasty prayer of thanks to the Emperor for the Rogue Trader whose cargo it is that has helped you purge the xenos nest.

But as the Genestealers die amidst the flames, with a terrible guttural roar, something leaps from the fires now consuming the hold and comes at you.

It is armed with a pair of deadly claws, its chest is protected by thick plates of purple-black chitinous armour, and its body a mass of lethal knotted muscles. The obsidian glimmer in its eyes speaks of a malign alien intelligence while a bright pink tongue, like a writhing worm, darts from between its jaws, tasting the air. Shaking off the last splatters of burning accelerant, the Broodlord attacks.

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Broodlord

WS	S	T	W	A
6	4	4	12	2

Weapon:

Rending Claws S D
 * x0.5

Initiative: Broodlord

Saves: Hardened Carapace (4)

Advanced Rules: You must enter into Close Combat with the Broodlord immediately.

If you win your battle with the Broodlord, turn to 78.

If the creature kills you, turn to 55.

244

You already know the fate of the Epistolary, and Brother Barathon remains out of reach, as far as you're concerned, for the time being. Your auspex still isn't picking up a signal for Sergeant Valerius so that only leaves Brother Kael.

If you want to try to regroup with Brother Kael,
turn to 82.

If you have already searched for Kael, return to 225 and
make another choice.

245

There are three ways out of the octagonal chamber.

If you want to leave by the exit to the north, turn to 388.

If you leave through the exit to the east, turn to 39.

If you leave via the exit to the south, turn to 144.

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246

By abandoning the Librarian's gene-seed to be consumed by the bio-ship, along with the rest of his body, you have condemned his soul to a fate worse than death and denied the Chapter Apothecaries the chance to create another like him.

Lose 3 Purity points.

Turn to 358.

247

Did you destroy the pulsing energy crystal last time you were here?

If so, turn to 271.

If not, turn to 300.

248

The Dreadnought comes to a halt at the edge of the precipice, one metal-clawed foot hanging in mid-air over the gulf for a moment, as if the cybernetic beast is about to take a step out over the edge. But then it returns that foot to the more stable deck plating.

A scream of 'Vengeance!' booming from the vox-casters set into its armoured body, the hell-brute opens up with its twin-linked bolters.

With nowhere to run, you are unable to escape the cruel barrage of bolter fire.

The force of the cannonade is too much for even a Terminator to resist and blasts you backwards, off your precarious position.

You plummet into the darkness below, and the abyss swallows you, the machine-brute disappearing way above as it celebrates its victory: 'Iron within! Iron without!'

It is only after several seconds – and hundreds of metres – that you hit the bottom, the resounding clang of your landing reverberating from the metal walls of the chasm.

Lose 4 Wounds.

If you are still alive after being blasted by the Dreadnought and plunging into the depths of the abyss, turn to 273.

If the fall kills you, turn to 114.

After a hundred metres the passageway ends at another door. However, this one opens as soon as you approach it, the lights on the digi-wand turning from red to green. You find yourself at the threshold to a near spherical room filled with ancient cogitator relays and obsidian-black memory matter data-stores.

At the centre of all this archeotech, sitting amidst a nest of cabling, is a polished human skull adorned with all manner of micro-electrical and mechanical accoutrements. As you enter the chamber, the bionic eye set within the orbit of one of its sockets begins to glow with a malevolent red light.

With a hum of electrical and mechanical activity the skull rises upwards on the end of a telescoping armature. The Cyber-Altered Task unit proceeds to scan you with a sweep of green laser light, chuntering to itself in binaric as it does so.

Finally a voice, rusty with age and faltering from lack of use, sounds through the vox-link in your helm.

+ Assessment: Adeptus Astartes + Designation: Imperial Fist + Tactical Dreadnought Armour + Threat Assessment: High +

'What is this?' you demand. You have never encountered a servo-skull that spoke before.

+ Increased tonal inflection and pheromone analysis indicates that subject is angry + Threat Assessment: Very High +

'I am Nabor, battle-brother of Squad Scipio, Son of Dorn and Imperial Fist of the Adeptus Astartes. I have come to cleanse this hulk of its xenos taint. Who are you?'

+ Query: Who am I? + comes the synthesised voice in a wash of static. Its tones carry something of great age within them. +I... This unit is C.A.T. 8473 + the voice replies at last.

'What is your name?' you continue.

There is a moment of rapid binaric burble and then: + My... name? I... I... I think I remember a name now. This unit remembers... Once I was Magos Tetros Vorrich of the Cult Mechanicus... Once. +

So this servo-skull is all that is left of a Magos of the Adeptus Mechanicus. Could it be that the cybernetic remains of the Tech-priest that attacked you were once his?

'How do you come to be like this?' you ask, your curiosity piqued.

The voice in your helm is silent for several seconds until Magos Vorrich finally finds his voice again.

+ The *Omnissiah's* Oath was lost + The warp had claimed it + The engines were failing + There was no way out + The crew were dying +



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The phage had seized control of our flesh + The Magos Biologis had recovered the alien virus from a lifeless planetoid + Now we knew why there was no life there + We were dying, all of us + Fearing the worst and the loss of every scrap of knowledge I had accumulated over the centuries, I downloaded my mind into this unit hoping that it would preserve my consciousness longer than my ailing body could + And then I locked myself away, away from those already infected, away from the phage and waited for the virus to eat itself to death +

'How long ago was that?' you ask.

+ What year it is now? + Vorrich asks.

'By Imperial reckoning it is the last year of the forty-first millenium,' you tell the skull.

+ It cannot be! + the voice of the Tech-priest crackles in your ear. + Can I really have been asleep all that time? +

'There's more,' you inform the Magos. 'This ship is now part of a derelict, a warp-born space hulk that goes by the name *Herald of Oblivion*, and it has been taken over by greenskins. I am here as part of a mission to cleanse the hulk of the taint of the xenos. Come with me, aid me in my quest, and fulfil your own oaths of allegiance to the Imperium of Mankind once again.'

Vorrich hesitates before answering.

+ I will help you, for I cannot stand by whilst the *Omnissiah's Oath* is robbed of everything it is and remade in the image of some heathen alien god +

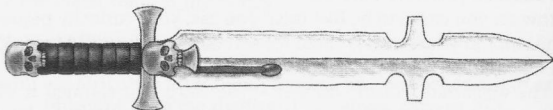
With that the CAT extricates itself from its nest of cables and trundles towards you on a pair of caterpillar tracks.

+ Follow me + Vorrich's voice say in your ear as the CAT trundles away as another hatch irises open, admitting you and the device into another passageway.

Gain 2 Purity points for gaining an ally and make a note of the CAT's designation number on your Adventure Sheet.

You see no reason not to follow and so set off after the whirring contraption.

Turn to 310.



The Archon falls, an ambivalent expression of rage and ecstasy on the vile creature's face. The dread lord of the Kabal of Endless Night is dead.

Gain 3 Purity points for putting an end to Archon Tenebrax Nox.

The clamour of battle comes to you again through the auto-senses of your helm: the clash of blades, the whisper-hiss of splinter rifles firing, all underscored by the frenzied roar of the Ancient's weapons.

A heartbeat later, the Archon's transport slews sideways and ploughs into the accursed Dreadnought.

It seems to you as if there is a moment's silence and then a subsonic boom as the Dreadnought's power plant is ruptured and the Angel of Vengeance dies in a coruscating cascade of flame. You close your eyes against the searing blast and see the after-image of Zathael's burning skull upon the inside of your eyelids as the hell-brute's sarcophagus is torn open by the bladed prow of the Raider.

Your heavy Terminator-armoured body is thrown through the air on the bow wave of the blast to land, twenty metres away, on the hard stone-flagged floor.

Your relentless foe is dead, as is the Archon and the majority of his wretched court. The charred corpses of the Dark Eldar are draped over the smouldering wreckage of the Raider.

As you slowly regain your feet, you catch sight of something glinting within the twisted wreck. With a shock of surprise that sends a thrill of adrenaline surging through your system and sets your hearts racing, you recognise it immediately; it is Sergeant Valerius's power sword. Without hesitation, you pluck the relic from the Raider's burning shell.

	S	D
Power Sword	-	x1.5

But if his sword is here, where is Valerius?

Over the crackling of burning debris you slowly become aware of a horrible rattling wheeze. It takes you a moment to realise that it is in fact laughter.

The Haemonculus hovers on the other side of the flickering flames of the dead Dreadnought and the wrecked Raider.



HERALD OF OBLIVION

'Space Marine,' Dravul Kruach cackles, 'do you see it now, how fate has a greater destiny... mapped out for you?'

'Yes, I see,' you growl, advancing on the wizened horror's position. 'I see that it is my destiny to slay you!'

'Ah,' the creature returns, 'if it is a test of arms you seek... then a test of arms you shall have.'

While the Haemonculus is still speaking, the warp portal crackles with black lightning and something emerges from it, accompanied by the whine of its anti-gravitic propulsion system and the whisper of the slicing shears of bladed forelimbs.

Twice as tall as a man, and bristling with barbed hooks and snagging chains, the arcane engine looks as much like a mobile torture chamber as it does Dravul's guardian pain-beast.

As this appalling amalgam of the organic and the mechanical glides over the wreckage-strewn stone flags a knot of cold hatred, like a ball of ice, forms in the pit of your stomach. You did not think you could be any more disgusted by the Dark Eldar than you were already, but you were wrong.

Locked within the segmented carapace of the Talos Pain Engine is a body in torment. It is the muscular form of a Space Marine, and an Imperial Fist no less. It is Brother-Sergeant Valerius!

His arms have been removed just below the elbow and spliced to crab-like mechanised claws. His legs are gone too, his lower body having been grafted to an artificial augmetic that is part distended spinal column and part agony-inducing weapon of war.

At the Haemonculus's command, the monstrous machine hums ever closer, while from behind the blank oubliette-helm that has been clamped over the sergeant's face comes a roar of fury and pain.

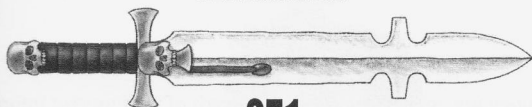
'Kiiiiiii!...'

If you want to attack the Valerius Engine, turn to 377.

If you cannot bring yourself to attack your sergeant, turn to 278.



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251

As you proceed along the gallery you become uncomfortably aware of how loud your footfalls sound on the bony plates that make up the floor of this part of the Hive Ship.

Roll one dice.

If the number rolled is odd, turn to 297.

If the number rolled is even, turn to 232.

252

On your knees, your head bowed in defeat, you are subjected to the ultimate indignity as the gnarled servants of the flesh-chemist strip you of your Tactical Dreadnought armour. Finally they place your sun-gold helm atop a spear-tipped lance, displaying it like a battle-field trophy behind the Archon's throne.

The wizened creature glides towards you upon its undulating carpet of annelid-forms, and applies finger-injectors to your flesh, introducing a concoction of toxins into your bloodstream to paralyse you. It takes mere moments to affect you; even your superhuman physique has been fatigued by your heroic trek through the space hulk, and after combating all that the *Herald of Oblivion* has thrown at you – from ravenous Tyranids, to soulless Necrons and war-crazed Orks.

With you secured to the prow, the Archon's cruelly majestic personal transport comes about, gliding arrow-swift over the stone-flagged floor, heading for a crackling hemisphere of black light that swells into existence at the centre of the mustering halls. As it reaches the perimeter of the dimensional disturbance the Raider doesn't slow for a moment, and passes through the portal into the impossible architecture of the webway beyond.

Somewhere within the twisted geometries of the labyrinth dimension, the accursed city-domain of the Dark Eldar awaits. For you are now a prisoner of the Kabal of Endless Night, and your ultimate destination is the gladiator pits of Commorragh.

Your adventure is at an end.

You open fire, unleashing the divine wrath of the Emperor upon the crystal, but your attack does not even scratch the surface of the pulsing hemisphere.

Disheartened, you lose 1 Purity point. You must also deduct 7 from your Ammo total for the weapon you used.

You are clearly going to have to try something else.

If you have some Plasma Bombs and want to use these against the crystal, turn to the paragraph which matches the type of explosives they are.

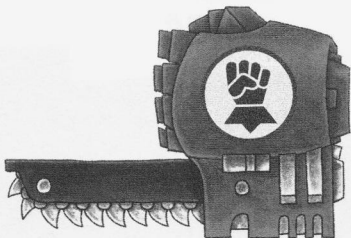
If you have a Thunder Hammer and want to use this, turn to 236.

If you would rather take the fight to the gigantic Necron, turn to 198.

If you want to flee the sepulchre, turn to 174.



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254

Training your weapon on the hurtling Trukk you open fire.

Deduct 6 from the Ammo total for that weapon.

Amazingly the Trukk withstands your attack but its driver doesn't. And as the Ork dies it pulls down hard on the vehicle's primitive steering controls, sending the ramshackle transport slewing sharply left and straight into the Warbike.

The collision sends orks flying through the air as the rest of the convoy piles into the back of the two colliding vehicles, the other drivers unable to stop themselves in time. Bikes, Trukks and Wartraks are all consumed by a rapidly expanding ball of greasy orange flame and promethium-black smoke as weapon magazines and petrochemical fuel tanks combust in one almighty explosion.

Turn to 9.

255

What is left of Brother Barathon and his Terminator armour still lie across the corridor under the lethal archway. However, since you were last here the trap has had time to partially recharge.

As you pass beneath it yourself, it activates a second time, lashing you with potentially-lethal molecule-shredding energy.

Lose 4 Wounds.

If you are still alive, turn to 207.

If you are killed by the trap, turn to 114.

There is nothing more you can do for Brother Ordys and so are forced to leave his body locked within the very fabric of the bulkhead. However, you are able to retrieve three clips of bolter rounds that are in the Apothecary's possession; each clip has 20 shots.

Add the bolter rounds and make a note of the word PRIMUS on your Adventure Sheet.

However, as you progress further through the bulk cargo hauler – following the only viable path open to you – your auspex begins to bleep and chirrup with activity.

Overlaying the information it is picking up on your helmet-display a wireframe scan of the hulk appears first. On top of this then appear the target markers indicating your battle-brother's life-signs.

A feeling of relief washes through you as you see that the rest of the boarding party are all still alive, although they appear to have been scattered throughout the hulk. All except for one; your auspex has failed to pick up Sergeant Valerius's signal.

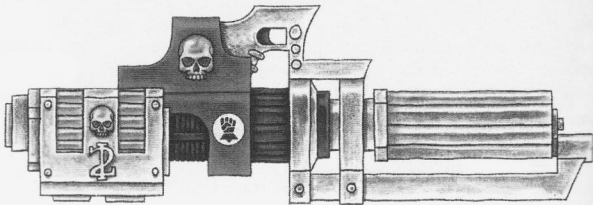
Based on the primary scan downloaded into your auspex whilst you were still on board the *Shield of Dorn*, and from the information your auspex has picked up since, including the locator signals relayed from your battle-brothers' suits, you know which direction you need to travel in to track each of them down. However, you have no idea what sort of environment you will find there or what secrets those areas of the *Herald of Oblivion* are hiding.

Which of your fellow Imperial Fists do you want to try to track down first?

To search for Brother Kael, turn to 301.

To hunt down Epistolary Radamus, turn to 299.

To attempt to join up with Brother Barathon, turn 128.





257

You punch through the ice with ease and, accessing the manual release, manage to open the airlock. A fresh gust of chill air rises from within. Your suit's searchlight illuminating the way for you, you lower yourself into the Executioners frigate. Accessing the inner airlock door you are then able to lower yourself down into the main body of the ice-locked vessel.

The interior of the ship is as frozen and frost-rimed as its exterior. The ship's artificial environment systems clearly failed long ago and so the frigate is now subject to the gravity field generated by the drifting derelict itself. The hold of the ship drops beneath you like some deep glacial crevasse. The only way you are going to progress any further through the ship is by climbing down the ice-cliff below you now.

If you want to descend the ice-cliff, turn to 211.

If you do not want to allow yourself to get side-tracked here any longer, turn to 234.

258

Your power fist connects with something hard and bony. You grab hold and feel whatever it is you have captured writhing and kicking to free itself as you hold it at arm's length. You close the huge servo-assisted fingers of the armoured gauntlet and hear bone snap as you crush the neck of the Genestealer you have in your clutches.

As you drop the twitching carcass the rest of the brood launch themselves at you. Each of the creatures is roughly human-sized but possessed of six cruelly-clawed limbs, incredible speed, strength and durability.

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Rending Claws	*	x0.5

Initiative: You

Saves: Reinforced Chitin (5)

Advanced Rules: Enter Close Combat immediately.

If you win, turn to 133.

If you lose, turn to 55.

259

There are only two ways out of the pyramidal chamber.

If you want to leave by the exit to the north, turn to 19.

If you leave by the exit to the east, turn to 302.

260

The passageway leads to a hollow pyramidal chamber. This is the point designated as *Node 1* by your auspex.

If you have been here before, turn to 64.

If this is your first visit, turn to 193.

261

Taking aim, you fire at the spore mine. You are a dead-shot. Your single bolter round cracks the mine's carapace, detonating within the fleshy sac of its body.

Deduct 1 from the Ammo total for your bolter.

Roll one dice.

If the number rolled is odd, turn to 280.

If the number rolled is even, turn to 296.



262

Its minions dead, before you can finish off the third Servitor, the Tech-priest's remains join the battle. You must fight the Tech-priest and the last Servitor together.

Servitor

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	5	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Servo Arm	-	x1

Dead Tech-Priest

WS	S	T	W	A
3	2	2	8	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Mechadendrites	-	x1

Initiative: Dead Tech-Priest, You, Servitor

Saves: Metal Plating (5)

Advanced Rules: You must enter into Close Combat with the Servitor and the Tech-priest straight away.

If you prevail against the undead cyborgs, turn to 162.

If you are defeated, turn to 114.

263

If your Purity score is less than 18, turn to 298.

If your Purity score is equal to or greater than 18,
turn to 328.

264

A ceramite shoulder plate comes into contact with the waving fronds of feeler tentacles and, in response, the spore mine detonates, bombarding you with bile acid and diamond-hard spines. The detonation of this first mine then triggers that of the mines next to it and those beyond, initiating a devastating chain reaction.

Lose 5 Wounds.

If you are still alive after your encounter with the Spore Mines, turn to 379.

If the Tyranid organism kills you, turn to 55.

265

Beyond the bony archway you find yourself in a much smaller space. The walls of this organ-chamber are made of pulsing black flesh etched with a spider's web of what look like pulsating blood vessels. But the appearance of the chamber itself is not what grabs your attention as you enter.

The monster must be at least six metres tall, the bony protrusions on its back reaching even higher than that. It stands on two enormous, armoured, trunk-like legs that end in both hooves and claws. Every part of the xeno-form's body has been genetically-engineered with only one end in mind – to maim and kill the Hive Fleet's prey.

The plates of obsidian-purple chitin that cover the ivory flesh beneath are studded with razor-sharp barbs. In one of its four taloned hands it holds a bonesword that crackles with neural energy. And in another it clutches the body of Brother-Librarian Radamus.

'Epistolary!'

You cannot help yourself. The shock of seeing the Librarian like this, snared in the claws of the monster, is too much for you.

The Hive Tyrant turns its needling stare on you and in the same moment you feel its alien consciousness probe your mind's defences, like talons scraping the inside of your skull.

There is a sinister intelligence at work behind those glassy, shark-black eyes.

'Brother Nabor!' the Librarian gasps. 'Stay back!'

Unconsciously you tighten your grip on the weapon in your hand. Radamus's own wargear – his force hammer and storm shield – lies



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not far from you amidst the viscous phlegm-like slime covering the spongy floor.

'But Epistolary,' you begin, taking a step towards the monstrous Tyrantid and its captive.

'The beast is too powerful!' Radamus gasps, clearly in a great deal of pain. It is only then, as the Hive Tyrant draws back the limb clutching the Librarian, that you see how the horror has breached the Librarian's armour and already has its claws inside his body. 'But I believe today is a good day for me to die.'

The Hive Tyrant turns its gaze on its prisoner, hissing savagely. You can feel the malign influence of the synapse creature's psychic powers so you hate to think what they must be doing to one whose mind is attuned to such otherworldly sensations. It must be pure torture.

You cannot simply stand by and watch as Radamus is forced to endure such suffering. But what can you do? A Hive Tyrant is a powerful beast indeed, easily capable of wiping out a regiment of Imperial Guardsmen by itself.

If you want to grant Epistolary Radamus the Emperor's peace and put him out of his misery, so that he need not endure this agony any longer, turn to 69.

If you want to attack the Hive Tyrant using your own wargear, turn to 110.

If you want to attempt to recover Epistolary Radamus's wargear in order to use the Force Hammer and Storm Shield against the Hive Tyrant, turn to 175.

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266

The Pyrovore is just as dangerous as the living cannon attached to its back. Driven by nothing more than the need to feed, the creature prepares to meet your faltering attack with its claws, and a fanged maw that continuously drips with corrosive bile powerful enough to melt ceramite and dissolve steel.

Pyrovore

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Flamespurt	2	5
Claws	-	x0.5

Initiative: You

Saves: Hardened Carapace (4)

Advanced Rules: Enter into Close Combat with the Pyrovore straight away.

If you kill the beast, turn to 53.

If the Tyranid kills you, turn to 55.

267

Other than the unsettling sucking noise that accompanies your every footfall, nothing untoward happens as you advance across the chamber.

On the other side, another two tunnels lead ever deeper into the Hive Ship. The one to the right descends at a sharp angle, whilst the one to the left rises steadily upwards. But which path will you choose to follow?

If you choose the upwardly sloping path to the left, turn to 313.

If you choose the steeply descending tunnel to the right, turn to 286.

268

The silence within the Tombship is unnerving. It is so quiet it's almost as if there is some kind of dampener field in operation, suppressing any and all sound whatsoever.

In time you reach a crossroads, but which way will you head now?

If you head north, turn to 140.

If you head east, turn to 19.

If you head south, turn to 260.

If you head west, turn to 39.

269

You find yourself at another junction within the black marble, circuit-inlaid Tombship tunnels.

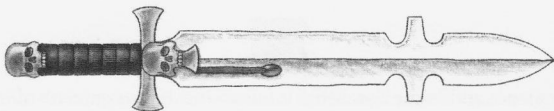
If you want to take the passage to the north, turn to 137.

If you want to follow the passageway to the east, turn to 223.

If you want to take the passage to the south, turn to 24.



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270

To begin with, every piece of junk you uncover in the Mekboy's workshop is just that – junk. That is until you find a storm bolter, an ancient relic of your own Chapter. The finely etched decoration on the weapon is wondrous to behold, the work of a master artificer. And, praise the Emperor, as far as you can tell it is still in working order.

But your heart sinks when you read the name inscribed upon the bolter's barrel: *Kael*.

For Brother Kael to have become separated from his holy storm bolter, and for it to end up here, his situation must be dire indeed.

It is your duty to recover this ancient relic and you sincerely hope that you will be able to return it to Brother Kael himself before too long.

Add the master-crafted storm bolter to your Adventure Sheet along with the fact that it has 20 rounds of bolter Ammo still in the clip. You also gain 1 Purity point for recovering this valuable treasure.

	S	D
Master-Crafted Storm Bolter	5	4

It is time you were about your original mission again. It is time you found Brother Kael.

Turn to 307.

271

The pyramidal chamber remains in darkness, other than for the glowing iridescent eyes of the thing even now working at repairing the damaged Power Nexus.

Sensing your presence, this new Canoptek Spyder breaks off from its restoration of the devastated plinth and moves towards you with ponderous gravitic propulsion.

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Canoptek Spyder

WS	S	T	W	A
3	6	6	12	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Fabricator Claws	-	x1

Initiative: You

Saves: Toughened Exoskeleton (3)

Advanced Rules: After three Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you must enter into Close Combat with the Canoptek Spyder.

If you defeat this second Necron construct, turn to 213.

If you are bested by the alien monstrosity, turn to 174.

212

+Brother?+

The psi-flash suddenly has you on your knees on the soft, yielding floor of the meat-walled passageway.

+Brother Nabor?+ the thought-words come again inside your head.

+Is that you, brother?+

'Librarian?' you gasp out loud.

+Aye, it is I. Now listen, I don't have much time,+ Radamus projects.

Such is the force of his telepathic communication that it sends waves of nausea rippling through you.

+I have the Hive Tyrant's psychic spoor now. Together we can defeat the horror, I know it. Join me brother, but do not antagonise the slave-beasts of the ship unnecessarily and beware the ripper tentacles.+

And then Radamus is gone again from your mind and the sick feeling in your stomach passes.

Bearing the Librarian's warning in mind, you set off again through the Tyranid super-organism.

Turn to 241.

273

Finally, some hours later, you come round, your advanced metabolism having begun repairing the damage your body has suffered.

Regain 3 Wounds.

You slowly pick yourself up. Having checked your auspex and worked out a new route through the hulk to reach your target, you set off again.

Now turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one you wrote down earlier.

274

You continue your advance through the Mechanicus vessel, still unhindered. Other than the growths of fungus you have not seen any sign of greenskins on board. Perhaps the toadstools are only the initial phase of a new infestation.

The further you advance, the further you head away from the source of Brother Kael's signal. As you pass beyond a steel-ribbed archway you come to the entrance to what looks like another gigantic effluent pipe. Its grilled metal cover is gone, torn open by something and recently too, by the looks of things.

And then, as you point your searchlight into the mouth of the pipe your auspex detects movement there, beyond the range of your light-beam.

If you want to enter the pipe to investigate, turn to 169.

If you want to proceed along the route you are currently following, turn to 149.

If you would rather re-trace your steps to the junction and head the other way, turn to 331.

275

When you were here before, did you open fire on the energy crystal?

If you did, turn to 293.

If not, turn to 196.

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276

The Harbinger of Woe bears down on you and you prepare to sell your life dearly.

As you start to move, the Harbinger turns its baleful gaze upon you. Lashing streams of molecule-shredding gauss energy shred first your armour, then your flesh, until your very bones are divided into their component atoms.

The Tomb of the Harbinger has now become your tomb.

Your adventure is at an end.

277

Remove the word TERTIUS from your *Adventure Sheet*, replace it with the word QUARTUS.

Now turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one you were last instructed to write down.

278

'...meeee!' Valerius finishes as he involuntarily fires a pulse of raw pain at you from the end of the Pain Engine's stinger pod tail.

Unable to escape the blast you are engulfed in agony. Your nerve endings feel like they are on fire. Such torture takes its toll on your body as well as your mind.

Lose 5 Wounds.

If you are still alive, turn to 159.

If the blast killed you, turn to 143.

279

When you were here before, did you open fire on the energy crystal?

If you did, turn to 259.

If you did not, turn to 191.

The spore explodes in a spray of fast-acting enzyme acids. This torrent of bile splashes over the narrow rock bridge and starts eating away at the meteoric minerals themselves. You have never seen anything so corrosive before and are only glad that you weren't within the spore's blast radius when it died.

However, in seconds the bridge is gone. You are not going to be able to continue your quest to track down Brother Barathon this way and so are going to need to choose another member of Squad Scipio to link up with.

Your auspex still isn't receiving a signal from Sergeant Valerius's suit so that only leaves Brother Kael.

If you have yet to search for Kael, turn to 82.

If you have already discovered Kael's fate, turn to 397.

Following the signal from your auspex you trudge on through the mire-marshes that have formed in the bowels of the lost pilgrim transport. But the pilgrims' mutated descendants are not the only denizens of this horrifically polluted environment.

You are alerted to the fact that you are being hunted when something breaks the surface of the muck only to vanish again as you turn your gaze upon it.

Suddenly, a torrent of filthy water explodes into the miasmic air and you find yourself face-to-fang with something that might once have been an arachnid but which is now a monstrous, eight-legged abomination with diamond-hard fangs and ceramite-rendering claws.

Bilge Spider

WS	S	T	W	A
2	3	3	5	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Claws	-	x0.5

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Initiative: You

Saves: Toughened Hide (5)

Advanced Rules: You must enter into Close Combat with the Bilge Spider immediately.

If you kill the abomination, turn to 88.

If the monster defeats you, turn to 114.

282

Strike the word QUARTUS from your *Adventure Sheet* and write down the word QUINTUS instead.

Now turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one you were last instructed to write down.

283

Cursing the Hive Tyrant and the entire Tyranid race, you are ready to quit the chamber as another paroxysmal shudder passes through the bio-ship. And then the idea hits you.

Desperate times call for desperate measures; you might yet be able to extract the Epistolary's gene-seed using your combat knife.

Make a note of the number 332 on your Adventure Sheet and then roll one dice.

If you roll 1-2, turn to 3.

If you roll 3-6, turn to 204.

284

After one hundred metres or more – you can't quite tell – the passageway turns sharply to the north.

Turn to 84.

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285

Corpse-grey cilia ripple and twitch at your passing, while your ceramite boots have to contend with the thick excretions of phlegmy matter coating the floor of the passageway you are now following. There is no sign, however, of any of the Tyranno-forms you would expect to be lurking within a bio-ship of the hive fleets. Perhaps the thing really is dead after all, and all its spawn with it.

In time you reach another natural junction. A draught is being drawn towards the rubbery pipe to your left, for some reason, while the fleshy tunnel to the right disappears off into a crimson gloom.

If you follow the passage to the left, turn to 17.

If you follow the passageway to the right, turn to 165.

286

As you make your way across the chamber, the cilia at your feet suddenly clench, causing you to freeze. The stillness of the domed space is broken by the sounds of gnashing teeth and bloated egg sacs discharging their contents.

And then, in a welter of gnashing mouth-parts and flea-like bounds, a host of tiny black bodies pour from the open orifices in the walls of the chamber. The seething mass of beetles turns the air black and blot out the view through you helm as they smother you.

Normally, creatures as small as these wouldn't bother you for a second, but these are Fleshborer Beetles, tiny Tyranid creatures as capable of chewing through ceramite armour as they are at devouring flesh and bone.

You have no choice but to battle the Fleshborer Hive before it overwhelms you.

Fleshborer Hive

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	2

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Weapon:

	S	D
Teeth	-	x1

Initiative: You

Saves: Chitin (6)

Advanced Rules: You must enter into Close Combat with the Fleshborer Hive immediately.

If you reduce the Fleshborer Hive's Wounds to zero, turn to 343.

If the myriad tiny creatures kill you, turn to 55.

287

Remembering the unsettling feeling that passing through the portal left you with last time, steeling yourself you push through the shimmering curtain of molten silver again...

... and find yourself back at the apex of the processional avenue but in another sepulchral chamber that you can only imagine is somewhere else inside the Necron ship.

Roll one dice.

If you roll 1-2, turn to 309.

If you roll 3-4, turn to 84.

If you roll 5-6, turn to 312.

288

Turning from the sealed bulkhead you retrace your path through the deserted wreck. Your heavy ceramite footfalls echo eerily through the hollow halls of the ancient ship. As you continue on your way you keep one eye on your helm-display auspex for your battle-brothers' unique marker tags.

However, in abandoning your quest to rid the vessel of its xenos infestation, you have betrayed the very oaths you swore when you were accepted into the Imperial Fists Chapter.

Lose 1 Purity point for this dereliction of your duty.

Turn to 36.

There is the hiss of static in your helmet-vox and a moment later, you hear a voice.

'Brothers, can you hear me? Squad Scipio, respond.'

The voice makes you stop, your two hearts racing.

'Sergeant Valerius!' you reply, unable to hide your relief. 'You are alive!'

'Brother Nabor,' Valerius's voice comes again, your Brother-Sergeant no longer able to hide the pain that comes through in his words. 'Thank Dorn! Where are the others? Are they with you?'

You are unable to hide your own sadness as you tell Sergeant Valerius what you know of the fate of the rest of Squad Scipio.

You finish with a question of your own: 'Where are you, sir?'

'The teleportarium malfunctioned... became separated... found myself in the wrec... it's...'

You are losing him. Sergeant Valerius's words are becoming more and more indistinct as his signal strength steadily degrades.

'...destroy the hulk...' his voice comes again briefly before dissolving into static.

If you have a signum, halve the number associated with it and turn to that paragraph.

If you do not possess a signum, turn to 319.

290

Taking your time you pass first one drifting mine, then another and then... But what's this? The other spores are slowly drifting towards you as you advance.

Of course! A spore mine is a living thing – like every other weapon in the Hive Mind's arsenal – possessed of a rudimentary intelligence, and no mere unthinking ordnance. Having detected the proximity of a non-Tyranid life-form the malignant mines are closing in on you, with but one purpose in their simple ganglion minds – to blow you to smithereens.

Roll one dice.

If you roll 3 or lower, turn to 318.

If you roll 4 or higher, turn to 264.

291

The construct stops mid-stride and topples to the ground as the unfathomable energies contained within it remain contained no longer. Coruscating ribbons of energy blast outwards from its colossal form, drawing reciprocating waves of golden fire from the fizzing silvered circuitry.

The light in the Harbinger's eyes grows in intensity, as does that within the crystal set within the Harbinger's chest. You suspect that the Harbinger's death-throes will be on a scale comparable to its size. You know you have to get as far away from the sepulchre as quickly as possible. But by which exit will you leave?

If you want to run through the shimmering portal in the western wall, turn to 338.

If you want to escape via the portal in the eastern wall of the chamber, turn to 60.

If you want to flee back through the Tombship the way you came, turn to 321.

292

Striding across the floor of the cathedral, which is embossed with more of the cybernetic skull devices of the Cult Mechanicus, you issue your challenge, your wrathful invective booming from the vox-casters built into your Terminator armour.

'Suffer not the alien to live! In the name of Rogal Dorn, the Emperor's right hand, and in the name of the Lord of Mankind, I swear that this ends here and now!'

Your booming polemic carries even over the roar of Trukks and Warbikes, reverberating from the steel and adamantium walls of the desecrated vault. A number of the savage brutes present turn to regard you with beady red eyes, staring at you in dumb surprise as strings of spittle drool from their yellow tusks.

And then, with a bellow of bestial fury, waving their crude cleavers and solid-shot weapons in the air, they break off from their racing and turn the snarling tracked and fat-wheeled vehicles towards you. A chorus of throaty roars rises from the phalanx of vehicles as the Orks gun their throttles and then, with a squeal of tyre rubber and amidst clouds of oily black smoke, the convoy is



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suddenly powering straight towards you across the hangar-vault.

Faced by the rushing onslaught of the mobs, you have three options. Right at the front of the pack are a kustomised Ork Trukk (to your left) and a Warbike (to your right). Both are carrying far too many hangers-on to be safe. You could either try to destroy one of these two vehicles before they reach you, or you could try getting out of the way of the convoy altogether.

If you want to target the Trukk, turn to 254.

If you want to target the Warbike, turn to 226.

If you want to try to get out of their way, turn to 205.

293

The light in the chamber is dim now that the crystalline power source has been destroyed. But your act of sabotage has not gone unnoticed. Standing before the strange stone-metal plinth is an implacable giant of a Necron. The glimmering green luminescence reflects darkly from its tarnished metal form, the endless aeons having stolen the sheen from its once gleaming metal body.

The fleshless features of the giant would strike fear into the hearts of lesser mortals. But you are a Terminator brother of the Imperial Fists Chapter and the only emotion their presence stirs in you is one of rage – a fury provoked by the arrogance that these ancient rulers of the stars believe they can now return and reclaim what was once theirs but which now rightfully belongs to the Emperor of Mankind.

Arming yourself, you prepare to deliver the Emperor's vengeance upon the soulless machine.

Necron Immortal

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	4	8	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Gauss Blaster	5	3

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Initiative: You

Saves: Toughened Exoskeleton (3)

Advanced Rules: After three Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you may enter into Close Combat with the Immortal.

If you defeat the Necron Immortal, turn to 245.

If the construct kills you, turn to 174.

294

In the stillness of the empty passageway you can just make out the binaric chatter of your armour's cogitator systems attempting to commune with the bulkhead door's machine-spirit.

Then suddenly there is the static-washed chirrup of a response and with the creaking of ancient hydraulics and a pneumatic hiss, as air pressures equalise, the hatchway irises open.

You check your auspex but there is still nothing. Boldly stepping through the portal, you make your way along the passageway beyond. Your footsteps echo eerily from the metal grille floor and you see signs of something – or more likely several somethings – having broken through the floor, walls and ceiling at several junctures. But whatever it was, it clearly isn't here now.

You reach another hatchway but this one activates automatically as you come within sight of its optical sensors. But what awaits you beyond causes you to catch your breath.

Contained within what appears to be an ancient cargo hold are the curled, sleeping bodies of dozens of Genestealers. Or at least they were sleeping until your arrival opened the bulkhead door. A sinister susurrus fills the vaulted chamber as the Genestealers begin to stir. You are going to have to act fast if you are to deal with the very real threat the xenos pose.

If you want to start firing with your storm bolter on full auto, turn to 243.

If you want to seal the door again while the Genestealers are still waking up, turn to 192.

If you want to flee the Genestealer nest as fast as the Emperor will allow, turn to 151.

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295

There is nothing you can do as the bio-ship pulls you deeper into itself.

Roll one dice.

If the result is odd, turn to 354.

If the result is even, turn to 326.

296

The spore dies dramatically, the uncertain gravity of this place causing the spray of viscous bile and corrosive ichor to be drawn to the strange pyramidal structure and the huge green crystal set within it. The bio-acid immediately sets to work on the crystalline structure, hidden internal circuitry sparking and bursting into flames as it shorts out.

Make a note on your Adventure Sheet that you have inadvertently destroyed a Power Nexus. You will need to keep track of how many Power Nexuses you destroy.

The way now clear, you carefully cross the rocky spur unhindered.

Turn to 128.



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297

The first sign you have that something is wrong is the sound of liquid sloshing within the swollen blister-alcove in the wall. This is quickly followed by the tearing of the blister membrane as the monster rips its way out of its recuperation pod.

As you had suspected might be the case, your presence here has awoken the dormant Carnifex. It lands on the bony floor, its heavy hooves ringing from the skeletal matter as it charges towards you, scything talons and crushing claws at the ready.

Carnifex

WS	S	T	W	A
3	9	4	10	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Scything Talons	-	x0.5

Initiative: You

Saves: Bonded Exoskeleton (3)

Advanced Rules: After three Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you must enter into Close Combat with the Carnifex.

If you kill the beast, turn to 182.

If the beast kills you, turn to 55.

Sergeant Valerius's signal has cut out again, but you doggedly continue onwards toward the location from where it was last sent.

Even though you suspect you know what awaits you there, at the heart of the ship, you know nothing of your ambushers' approach until they are right on top of you. For some reason your auspex failed to detect them. It is as if some malign power has exorcised the spirit of the machine.

There are three of the things – hideous, twisted troglodytes, denizens of the darkest pits of the labyrinth ziggurats of Shaa-dom. They come for you along the walls and ceiling, their all-fours gait making the bipedal aliens appear even more threatening.

The creatures do not have any eyes whatsoever, but rather rows of quivering sense-pits that deform their grotesque snouts even more. Able to perceive you in their own unfathomable way, the Ur-Ghuls move in for the kill.

Ur-Ghul

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Ur-Ghul

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Ur-Ghul

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Claws	-	x1

Initiative: You

Saves: None

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Advanced Rules: You must enter into Close Combat with the Ur-Ghuls straight away.

If you slay all of the Ur-Ghuls, turn to 201.

If the alien creatures defeat you, turn to 143.

299

With the signal from the Librarian's armour as your target, you set off deeper into the derelict. Echoing, empty chambers the size of Ecclesiarchy tempelums give way to the claustrophobic warrens of Xhalaxian nest-spheres, which in turn give way to passages that appear to have been hewn from the rock of captured asteroids.

Continuing to follow the signal, you eventually find yourself in a large chamber that tapers to a point before a fissure that rises thirty metres through the rock wall in front of you. Whatever else lies beyond the fissure, it is within that you will find Brother-Librarian Radamus – or whatever it is that remains of him.

You ease your Tactical Dreadnought armour through the rift and enter the strangely miasmic gloom beyond. The rock walls themselves appear to ooze with slime. Slowly you realise that the substance of the tunnel isn't rock at all.

What you took to be the rocky exterior of a trapped asteroid was in truth the void-hardened exterior shell of some unimaginably huge Tyranid bio-ship.

If you have read a data-file attributed to Inquisitor Kryptman, make a note of the number 156 and then turn to the paragraph with the same number as that tagged on the file.

If you have not read this data-file, turn to 188.

300

You are alone in the chamber, with the pulsing crystalline energy nexus.

If you want to open fire on the crystal with your storm bolter, turn to 229.

If you would rather leave this chamber without further delay, turn to 213.

Following Brother Kael's signal, you penetrate far into the hulk. You traverse broken, twisted corridors of sheet metal, and pass through fissures formed within accumulated space rock. Sometimes your way is lit by still flickering glow globes but most of the time you find yourself cloaked in shadows and darkness, forcing you to rely on your own enhanced senses, the auto-senses of your Terminator armour and your searchlight to help you navigate a path through the vast hulk.

Slowly the nondescript corridors, walkways and rifts give way to some rust-red walls, corridors wide enough to drive a Rhino APC through, and familiar blocky metallic structures. The repeated bas-relief images of cybernetic skulls removes any doubt in your mind as to where you are now, if there had ever been any.

You have entered the wreck of a warp-lost vessel of the Adeptus Mechanicus. Acres of grilled decking spreads out before you into a ruddy gloom permeated by the occasional flickering lumen-strip or glow globe, the disturbed dust of ages drifting in their ambient auras.

Based on the signal your auspex is receiving from Brother Kael's armour, he is somewhere within the ancient ark.

But as you progress further into the Mechanicus ship it soon becomes clear that something is wrong – other than the fact that the ark is now part of a drifting space hulk. There are things growing on the mounds of sludge dripping from various effluent discharges in the walls. The growths look like large fungi, their pointed caps the colour of stained copper.

Memories implanted inside your head during one of the phases of your initiation into the Imperial Fists Chapter means that you recognise the toadstools for what they are. The fungi are Orkoid in origin, part of the savage alien race's reproductive cycle. If allowed to grow to maturity, in time they will produce more of the savage greenskins, or one of the lesser Orkoid species, but that will still be troublesome to the Imperium. The only way to eradicate them effectively is to burn them.

If you are carrying a heavy flamer, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the numeral stencilled on the side of the weapon.

If not, you cannot damage the fungi enough to eradicate them entirely; turn to 337.

302

You find yourself at another junction within the black marble tunnels of the Tombship.

If you want to take the passage to the north, turn to 137.

If you want to take the passage to the south, turn to 317.

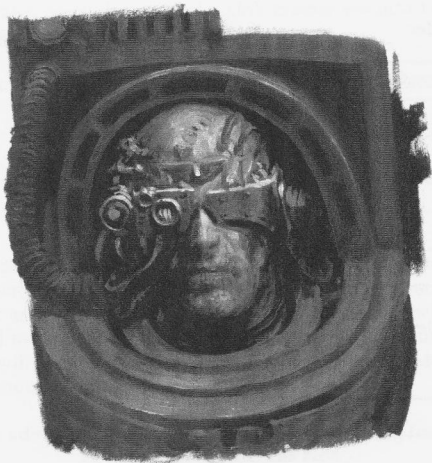
If you want to follow the passageway to the west, turn to 170.

303

Smashing aside fleeing Gretchin, you mount the Mini-Gargant's rear boarding ramp and enter the oily, stinking, smoky and, most of all, noisy interior of the Stompa. Bolted together sections of huge pipes that were probably once part of the ark's ventilation system lead both up and down through the ramshackle structure of the mechanised alien idol. But where is the war machine's power plant located?

If you want to head down, into the belly of the beast, turn to 122.

If you want to head higher into the structure, turn to 185.



Revered and feared in equal measure, a suit of Tactical Dreadnought armour is practically impervious to all but to the most powerful and devastating weaponry. The suit also enhances the already prodigious strength of the Space Marine inside to unprecedented levels.

When used in conjunction with all the fearful weaponry available within a Chapter's arsenal, a squad of Terminators is more than a match for a whole Tau cadre, a fully armed Ork battle-fortress or even a feral Chaos Warhound Titan. A simple bulkhead door doesn't stand a chance!

Attacking the door with your armoured fists, every blow you land results in a resounding clang that echoes away through the deserted corridors of the empty ship.

You are only halfway through, however, when your auspex goes wild, painting your helm-display with multiple contacts, as a Genestealer brood comes at you along the corridor beyond. They attack the hole you have torn in the bulkhead from their side, their adamantium-hard talons outstretched before them.

You have no choice but to fight off the attacking xenos. However, because they are coming at you through the hole you have made in the hatch, you may fight them one at a time.

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

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Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Weapon:

Rending Claws S D
 * x0.5

Initiative: You

Saves: Reinforced Chitin (5)

Advanced Rules: After one Combat Round of Ranged Combat you must move to Close Combat.

If you win, turn to 342.

If you lose, turn to 55.

305

It is as if the foetid passageway comes to life. You get an impression of flickering, chameleonic scales changing colour subtly and then slashing claws, as chitinous blades sink themselves into your body, penetrating your armour with worrying ease.

Lose 2 Wounds and adjust the total on your Adventure Sheet accordingly.

If you are still alive, turn to 233.

If the attack kills you, turn to 55.

306

Unable to resist the siren call of the alien artefact, agony like you have never known tears through you as your very life-force is sucked from your body and swallowed by the soul-trap. Its essence will be preserved and tormented for all eternity, to be supped like an exquisite wine that will keep your nemesis clinging onto his morbid youth for another thousand years.

Your adventure ends here, your soul a plaything for the dread Archon Tenebrax Nox.

Outside the Mekboy's workshop-cum-loot cache you find yourself in a passageway that is all exposed cabling and air circulation systems. This in turn leads you into another more brightly-lit chamber. But the sight that greets your eyes has you cursing the xenos to an eternal torment in the warp.

Lying on a slab of cold steel is Brother Kael's corpse. Stripped of his armour, it is quite clear that he is dead, the Ork surgeon standing over him having already amputated all of his limbs. The Painboy is now in the process of removing Kael's black carapace from the flesh of his torso.

Uncontrollable rage – as hot as the agony of the Pain Glove – consumes you. Focusing your anger and pain into a potent war cry you launch yourself at the Ork.

Ork Painboy

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	4	10	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Slugga	4	1
Choppa	-	x1

Initiative: You

Saves: Ork Armour (6)

Advanced Rules: You must enter into Close Combat immediately.

If you kill the Painboy, turn to 357.

If the twisted greenskins defeats you, turn to 143.

Radamus's arms are potent relics of the Chapter and their loss would come at an incalculable cost to the Imperial Fists' future. You may take both the Librarian's storm shield and his force hammer, although in the hands of a non-psyker it will act simply as a thunder hammer.

	S	D
Thunder Hammer	-	x2

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Storm Shield

The Storm Shield adds +1 to your Toughness score and improves your armour save by 1.

Without any prior warning, another paroxysmal shudder passes through the bio-ship, so powerful that it throws you off your feet.

If you want to turn tail and flee immediately, turn to 246.

If you want to attempt to recover Librarian Radamus's gene-seed before going anywhere, turn to 212.

309

Passing beneath an archway of glittering green marble, you enter a darkened vault, the walls of which are set with carvings of skull-like robotic faces.

This is *Node 5*.

If you have been here before, turn to 330.

If you have not been here before, turn to 100.

310

Making your way through the ancient Mechanicus vessel you come at last to a vast vaulted ante-chamber. Your auspex lights up with all the contacts it is detecting. The place is heaving with greenskins of all sizes, from scrawny Gretchin to hulking Ork Nobs but all of them are focused on the same activity.

On the other side of the vault is a pair of sealed, blast shutters. The huge portal looks large enough to admit a Titan, and does indeed bear the cog-skull seal of the Machine Cult.

The Orks and their lesser kin are trying to open the shutters, firing all manner of noisy and smoky weapons at the doors so that the chamber echoes with the report of missile launchers, heavy calibre weaponry and what seems like a continuous wave of explosions.

If you are being accompanied by a Cyber-Altered Task Unit, add together the digits of its designation and turn to the paragraph with the same number as the total.

If you are unaccompanied, turn to 220.

311

The last of the Wracks falls to your fury in a welter of blood and viscera. Turning your gaze on the crackling webway portal, you watch, helpless, as the Haemonculus is carried into the whirling vortex of black light atop the wriggling morass of worms at its feet.

You leap after the creature, sprinting for the portal as fast as you can, and are almost within reach of it – its eldritch energies coruscating from the ceramite plates of your Terminator armour – when it abruptly dwindles to nothing, vanishing with an audible pop.

Right at the last you have been robbed of your chance to be revenged upon the Haemonculus. Dravul the Twisted has escaped your holy wrath.

Dispirited by your failure, you return to Sergeant Valerius's body and activate the teleport homer.

Turn to 97.

312

You emerge from the sepulchral passageway into a strangely unadorned chamber, its obsidian walls unobscured by any carving or gold filigree hieroglyphs.

This is *Node 2*.

If you have been here before, turn to 86.

If you have not been here before, turn to 333.

313

With every metre you advance along the passageway the air thickens with a cloying mist that reduces visibility and even hampers your helm's infra-red capabilities.

And then you see it, a hideous snake-like thing that slithers towards you through the soupy air. Its scrawny body is surmounted by a heavy carapace, beneath which are hidden the gas bladders that not only enable it to support its own body weight and move, but which are also its primary form of attack.

As the horror continues to writhe towards you, whip-like tentacles dripping with alien bio-toxins reach for you, as if with a mind of their

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own. An alarm chimes in your ear as your helm informs you that the level of necrotising phage organisms carried in the yellow vapour all around you has reached a critical level.

You must deal with the Venomthrope before its spore cloud can penetrate your Tactical Dreadnought armour.

Venomthrope

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	4	8	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Lash-whips	-	x1

Initiative: You

Saves: Reinforced Chitin (5)

Advanced Rules: After two Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you must engage in Close Combat with the Venomthrope.

If you kill the Venomthrope in 4 Combat Rounds or fewer, turn to 387.

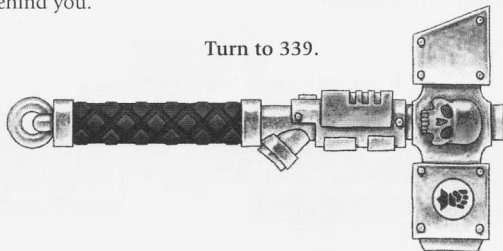
If the Venomthrope kills you, turn to 55.

If your battle with the beast enters a 5th Combat Round, turn to 368 immediately!

314

You pass beneath an ornate archway inlaid with golden glyph-circuitry and find yourself in what looks like a large mausoleum. At the same time a shimmering curtain of energy ignites within the portal behind you.

Turn to 339.



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315

Accessing the door mechanism terminal, you connect your armour's machine-spirit to that of the bulkhead door, offering a prayer to the Machine God as the cogitators greet each other.

If your Purity score is less than 5, turn to 375.

If your Purity score is equal to or greater than 5, turn to 294.

316

Keeping a wary eye on the hovering spore mine, and its trailing tentacles in particular, you set off across the rock arch.

If your Purity score is less than 11, turn to 335.

If your Purity score is equal to or greater than 11, turn to 364.

317

You come to yet another tunnel intersection.

If you want to follow the passage to the north, turn to 302.

If you want to choose the passage to the east, turn to 312.

If you want to follow the passage to the south, turn to 336.

318

With the mines closing with you en masse, you make a break for the exit from the mined chamber.

Roll one dice.

If you roll 1 or 2, turn to 349.

If you roll 3 or above, turn to 264.

319

So you now know that Brother-Sergeant Valerius still lives! According to the signal your auspex is now receiving from his armoured suit, Valerius is somewhere within the next section of the hulk, which happens to be formed from the wreck of a Retribution-class battleship.

Bearing in mind your brief exchange with your commanding officer, what do you want to do now?

If you want to go after Sergeant Valerius, turn to 347.

If you want to set about the nigh impossible task of destroying the space hulk, turn to 390.

320

Did you trigger any spore mines on your way here?

If so, turn to 297.

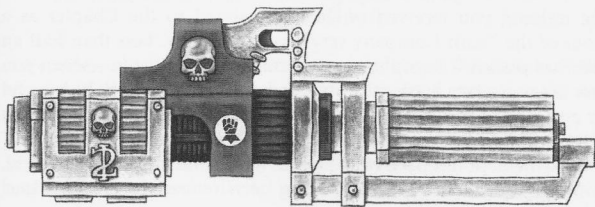
If not, turn to 251.

321

Moving as quickly as you can, you make it back into the tunnel by which you entered the Tomb of the Harbinger as the Necron construct perishes catastrophically behind you. Waves of coruscating emerald energy surge along the passageway, catching up with you and then overtaking you, scourging your Terminator armour and your genhanced body.

For you there can be no escape from the Tombship.

Your adventure is at an end.



Sweeping the dust and detritus from a cogitator console with one hand you uncover a corroded data-slate. Could it still be working after all this time?

Picking it up you press the rune-button at its base and its cracked screen flickers into life, accompanied by the grating grumble of the device's machine-spirit. Taking the knurled knob on the side of the slate carefully between finger and thumb, you scroll through the information the slate contains.

As you feared, little data actually remains that hasn't been corrupted or lost altogether over the centuries, but you do stumble across something worthy of your attention. It is a data-file originally penned by one Inquisitor Kryptman and concerns the extragalactic xeno-forms known as the Tyranids. Kryptman spent hundreds of years battling the Tyranid menace and his research, coupled with first-hand personal experience, showed him the best way to put down all manner of species of the xenos.

With the information contained within this data-slate at your disposal, should you run into any Tyranno-forms aboard the *Herald of Oblivion* you will be even more adept at killing them than you would have been without it.

Add the Data-slate on your Adventure Sheet, along with the fact that Kryptman's Data-file is tagged with the numerical code 216.

If you now want to search the bodies in the chamber, turn to 324.

If you would rather leave the dead be, exit the forgotten chamber and start to make your way out of the bilges of the Mechanicus ark, turn to 346.

323

The training you received on being admitted to the Chapter as a Scout of the Tenth Company serves you well now. Less than half an hour has passed – according to your suit's internal chron – when you pass the boundary markers of staked skull and Ripperjack hides, and lay eyes on the mutant encampment for the first time. Remaining in cover, you peer out at the camp.

The settlement has been raised in the lee of a curving hull bulkhead, girders and scaffolding poles having been re-used to create a steel

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stockade. Standing on guard outside the main gate is a devolved abhuman of a type widely recognised throughout the Imperium of Man.

The mutant is as tall as you are in your Tactical Dreadnought armour and just as broad across. Its green-grey hide is covered in tough crocodilian scales. In its huge hands it is holding a jerry-rigged spear gun whilst hooked over the belt of its bilge-rat loin-cloth is a hefty-looking axe.

These abhumans – sometimes known as the Scalie subspecies – are legendary on Hive Worlds across the galaxy for their durability and strength. And such a fearsome reputation is not unfounded, for they even have the ability to regenerate lost limbs, as certain reptiles do, and their centimetres-thick skin acts like natural armour.

Just like the other mutants you encountered, the Scalie's body has been daubed with crude war paint. However, it appears to be wholly unaware of your presence.

If you want to make the element of surprise and attack the gate guard, turn to 345.

If you decide that there's actually nothing to be gained from attacking the mutants' camp and that time spent here is time wasted in your quest to find Brother Barathon, turn to 88.

324

As you move between the bodies, disturbing the dust of ages, your attention is drawn to a blinking light that lies buried in the tangle of robes and mechadendrites that is all that is left of the Tech-priest. Reaching into the knot of servo-limbs your hand closes around a digi-wand, the kind of key used to unlock a digital lock. But what lock? And where is it?

Record the digi-wand on your Adventure Sheet along with the fact that it has a total of twelve blinking lights running the length of its cylindrical body.

A sudden whirring sound alerts you to danger, as the slumped tangle of robes and augmetics begins to move. It would seem that the dead do not sleep as easy here as you at first believed.

As the Tech-priest's remains rise up, its decayed vestments crumble and fall from its metallic body. There is no flesh left. The mass of metal and mechadendrites is all that is left of the adept, the machine-spirits



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still residing within them instinctively trying to defend the Tech-priest's sanctuary from interlopers.

And it's not just the Tech-priest either. As if at some unspoken command, the dead Servitors reanimate and jerk into action.

Servitor

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	5	1

Servitor

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	5	1

Servitor

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	5	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Servo Arm	-	x1

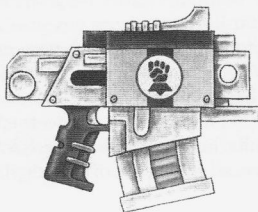
Initiative: You

Saves: Metal Plating (5)

Advanced Rules: After two Ranged Combat Rounds, you must enter into Close Combat with the Servitors.

If you manage to destroy two of the Servitors, turn to 262.

If you are killed, turn to 114.



You have lost track of how far you have travelled, wandering through the derelict, whilst the reading registering on your internal chron means nothing to you now. Some minutes pass like hours as, without anything else to occupy your mind, you recall memories of your induction to the Chapter and the campaigns you have fought as one of the Adeptus Astartes. And then there are hours that pass like minutes as each new region of the space hulk reveals new wonders or new horrors.

Passing through the twisted wreckage of yet another bulkhead door, you enter a high-vaulted chamber, deep within the *Herald of Oblivion*, which contains something you would never have expected to find here.

In the middle of the hold, wedged into an indentation in the floor at a slight angle, is an Adeptus Astartes drop-pod. Ten metres tall and six metres across at the base, you can just about tell that its scorched exterior was once painted silver and bore yellow and black hazard markings.

You look up and can see the hole the landing drop-pod smashed in the roof, as it penetrated the hulk. Judging by the thick carpet of dust you send rising into the still air in clouds around you, the drop-pod landed and was lost here long, long ago.

Approaching the deep strike insertion craft, you cannot contain your hatred as you lay eyes upon the symbol etched into its hull plating; it is that of an armoured helm. This drop-pod bears the markings of the accursed Iron Warriors!

However, the drop-pod has clearly been here a very, very long time, and since the Iron Warriors' iconography has remained almost unchanged since before the Great Heresy – other than for the adoption of certain Chaos iconography – it might just be possible that this particular craft was deployed during, or maybe even before, those dark days of galactic civil war.

You find it hard to believe that it wasn't carrying passengers when it was launched; a Thunderfire cannon, or some other slaved Adeptus Mechanicus weapon at least. But some fault must have occurred leaving its cargo trapped inside. But was it lost during the Great Crusade to reclaim the galaxy, or during Horus's uprising?

If you want to try to open the drop-pod, turn to 372.

If you want nothing to do with the unopened landing craft, turn to 344.

326

Your journey down the oesophageal tract ends as you are disgorged into the vast digestive chamber that lies at its end. Unable to save yourself, you plummet into a deep pool of foetid sludge that is one of the Hive Ship's rendering pits.

It is here that the biomass collected by the Tyranid broods, and the super-organism itself, is broken down into a primordial soup that can then be used to build whatever living tools are needed by the bio-ship.

The highly volatile acids and corrosive ichors set to work on your body immediately. You are dead in a matter of seconds but it will take the bio-ship a little longer to break down your mineralised bone structure, rendering it usable by the Hive Mind.

Your adventure is at an end.

327

Even as you fix the weapon in your sights, it fires a burst of lethal emerald energy at you. Caught directly within the beam of a gauss flux arc, that would not be out of place mounted on a Necron Monolith, first your armour and then your genhanced flesh is stripped away, one layer of molecules at a time, as everything that makes you 'you' is broken down into its constituent atoms in a matter of seconds.

Your adventure is at an end.

328

Sergeant Valerius's signal has cut out again, but you doggedly continue towards the location it was last broadcast from.

Suspicious of what might await you at the heart of the hulk, you are alert for danger from any angle. It is because of this that you are aware of the presence of the whip-thin hunters that have been stalking you through the corridors of the vessel, even though your auspex failed to read them for some reason.

There are three of the primeval horrors. First discovered by the Dark Eldar dwelling in the darkest pits of the ziggurats of Shaa-dom, they are hideous, atavistic troglodytes. They come for you along the walls and ceiling, their all-fours approach making the bipedal creatures

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appear even more alien. It is only then that you realise they are blind.

Their faces are deformed by quivering sense-pits that enable them to perceive their environment in a host of unknowable otherworldly ways. Their blindness does not appear to quash their desire to spill your blood either. You are going to have to fight the Ur-Ghuls all at the same time.

Ur-Ghul

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Ur-Ghul

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Ur-Ghul

WS	S	T	W	A
3	3	3	8	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Claws	-	x1

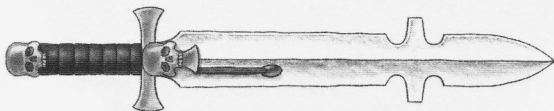
Initiative: You

Saves: None

Advanced Rules: After three Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you must enter into Close Combat with the Ur-Ghuls.

If you kill all of the primal monsters, turn to 201.

If you are defeated, turn to 143.



Even though the speed of your reactions outstrip those of any mortal warrior you are still not fast enough to beat the preternatural speed of the creatures assaulting you. Before you can even pull your finger tight on the trigger of your storm bolter the multi-armed monstrosities are on you.

As one of the slaving monsters knocks your weapon aside, another lashes at the exposed midriff of your armour. It is as if you are watching the scene from outside of yourself as, unbelievably, the obsidian talons of the hissing monstrosity gouge their way through your chest plate, delivering a savage wound to your augmented flesh beneath.

Lose 2 Wounds, and adjust your Adventure Sheet accordingly.

Batting the Genestealer clear with your power fist, you engage the snarling brood in Close Combat.

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Rending Claws	*	x0.5

Initiative: Genestealers

Saves: Reinforced Chitin (5)

Advanced Rules: Enter Close Combat immediately.

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If you win, turn to 133.

If you are reduced to zero Wounds either before or during the combat, turn to 55.

330

Recalling your encounter with the Wraith, and how they seemed to appear out of nowhere, you keep your weapon ready as you make your way across the chamber under the scrutinizing gaze of the deathless faces set into the walls.

Roll one dice.

If the number rolled is odd, turn to 348.

If the number rolled is even, turn to 366.



You continue to advance further into the Mechanicus ark, aware that with every minute that passes you are moving further away from Brother Kael's last recorded position.

You pass through one great vaulted gallery after another until, at last, you run into the Orks who have taken over this vessel.

At first it is a tremor in the deck plates at your feet. Then it is a distant roar, like a battle-barge's lance battery charging ready to fire. And then finally the acrid stink of hydrocarbon waste gases assails your heightened olfactory senses.

Reaching a grilled hatch cover you peer through it at the chaos and commotion consuming the vast cathedral-like hangar below. The air is thick with fumes and the roar of primitive combustion engines. As far as you can tell – going by the crude glyphs daubed onto the vehicles and some of the Orks themselves – two rival mobs of greenskins are tearing around the ruined vault in the kustomised Trukks and Warbikes that they must have constructed from whatever bits and pieces they could plunder from the Mechanicus vessel.

The Orks have created a crude arena in which to race their noxious machines, and you can see a stack of promethium barrels collected together to form a fuel dump at its centre.

Such profane desecration of this ancient, Omnissiah-blessed vessel makes your very blood seethe with barely contained rage. You cannot simply stand by and watch as the xenos continue to desecrate the ark with their sheer presence. They must be eradicated. Those were your orders and it will be your pleasure – not just your duty – to fulfil them.

Tearing the grille from the bolts holding it in place you use the projecting cyber-skull and cog gargoyles adorning the walls of the vaulted chamber to descend to the floor of the desecrated manufactorium-cathedral without being spotted by the Orks, who are far too busy driving their kustomised vehicles around their track at dangerously high speeds.

But how will you go about eliminating the greenskin menace?

If you issue the greenskins with a formal challenge, turn to 292.

If you try taking out the fuel dump to get their attention, turn to 158.

If you target one of the mobs, turn to 124.

332

Did you encounter a Lictor on your journey through the dormant Hive Ship?

If you did, turn to 358.

If not, turn to 384.

333

What you see as you enter the chamber brings you to a sudden halt.

In the eastern wall there stands a gigantic portal, ten metres high and almost as much across. This is adorned with all manner of Necrontyr cartouche-motherboards and golden hieroglyph-circuitry. But as you stare into the portal, you see yourself.

You take a step closer to the archway and your mirror-image does the same, and at that moment a ripple passes across the surface of the reflecting pool held within the portal in defiance of gravity.

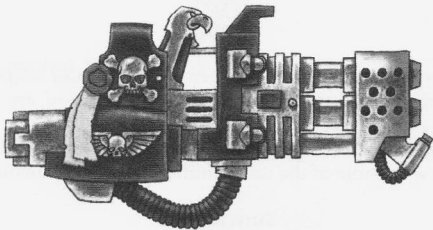
It is similar to the one by which you first entered the Necron Tombship. Could it possibly be a way out?

Other than for the dark mirror-portal there are two other ways out of this chamber, via smaller archways in the southern and western walls.

If you want to pass through the huge portal in the eastern wall, turn to 60.

If you want to leave the chamber by the archway in the southern wall, turn to 350.

If you want to leave via the archway in the western wall, turn to 317.



334

You now know the fate of Apothecary Ordysse as well as what befell Brother Kael, but which of your brothers within Squad Scipio will you go in search of now?

Doubling checking the readings you received from your auspex, pinpointing your battle-brothers' locations within the hulk, you see that there is still no indication of Sergeant Valerius's presence aboard the *Herald of Oblivion*.

If you set off in search of Brother Barathon, turn to 381.

If you choose to go in search of Epistolary Radamus, turn to 361.

335

You are halfway across the bridge when the spore begins to move. And it moves with startling speed, its moist appendages reaching for you as you try desperately to make it to the other side of the chasm without coming into contact with the pernicious bio-mine.

When it is still half a metre away from you, the mine triggers its suicidal detonation. You are caught in the blast of adamantium-hard shell fragments and corrosive ichor that eats through ancient ceramite armour as well as it does enhanced flesh and bone.

Lose 4 Wounds.

If you are still alive, with the Spore Mine gone, you are able to complete your crossing of the chasm; turn to 128.

If the detonation kills you, turn to 55.

336

The ship is eerily quiet as you penetrate deeper and deeper into its strange dimension-warping depths. The tunnel you are following now turns sharply east.

Continuing along it in this new direction, you pass beneath an archway inlaid with more of the now familiar hieroglyph-circuitry.

Turn to 351.

337

You make good progress into the ark, heading in a southerly direction, keeping one eye on your auspex and Brother Kael's signal at all times. Eventually you reach a solid wall of reinforced adamantium. At the same time you lose Kael's signal. You wonder if he is still alive or whether something about the make-up of this part of the vessel is blocking your signal. Either way, you had been heading directly towards the beacon of Brother Kael's signal but the structure of the ship is now forcing you to take a turning to the east or another to the west. Which is it to be?

If you head west, turn to 331.

If you head east, turn to 274.

338

There is a moment of unsettling dislocation that feels like your guts have been turned inside out, as the Harbinger explodes catastrophically behind you...

...and you find yourself back at the end of the processional avenue, where you originally entered the Tombship, the booming detonations and crackling eruptions of gauss fire now only a sensor-ghost echo in your helm's auto-senses.

Gain 3 Purity points for escaping the Tombship and putting an end to the Sleeping God buried within.

Make a note of the number 353 on your Adventure Sheet and then turn to 160.

339

You have reached *Node 6*.

If you have been here before, turn to 356.

If you have not been here before, turn to 376.

'For the Primarch and to the glory of Him on Earth!' you roar at the top of your voice as you charge the greenskins. The xenos turn and making barking sounds, which could pass for laughter, meet you in battle.

Ork

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	3	9	1

Ork

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	3	9	1

Ork

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	3	9	1

Ork

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	3	9	1

Ork

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	3	9	1

Ork

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	3	9	1

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Weapon:

	S	D
Shoota	4	2
Choppa	-	x1

Initiative: You

Saves: Ork Armour (6)

Advanced Rules: After four Combat Rounds you enter into Close Combat with the Orks.

If you defeat the Orks, you manage to clear a way through to the Stompa; turn to 303.

If you fall to the greenskins' onslaught, turn to 143.

341

Moving as quickly as your Terminator armour will allow, you make for an exit, praying that the Emperor is watching your progress now with beneficent eyes.

If your Purity score is less than 8, turn to 365.

If your Purity score is equal to or greater than 8, turn to 383.



The last of the Genestealers falls, giving you breathing space to finish tearing a hole in the door large enough for you to pass through.

You check your auspex but there is no sign of any more of the xenos guards within the vicinity. Boldly stepping through the portal, you make your way along the passageway beyond. Your footsteps echo eerily from the metal grille floor and you see signs of something – or more likely several somethings – having broken through the floor, walls and ceiling at several junctures. But whatever it was, it clearly isn't here now.

You reach another hatchway but this one activates automatically as you come within sight of its optic systems. But what awaits you beyond causes you to catch your breath.

Contained within what appears to be an ancient cargo hold are the curled, sleeping bodies of dozens of Genestealers. Or at least they were sleeping until your arrival opened the bulkhead door. A sinister susurrus fills the vaulted chamber as the Genestealers begin to stir. You are going to have to act fast if you are to deal with the very real threat the xenos pose.

If you want to start firing with your storm bolter on full auto, turn to 243.

If you want to seal the door again while the Genestealers are still waking up, turn to 192.

If you want to flee the Genestealer nest as fast as the Emperor will allow, turn to 151.

With the Fleshborer Hive's egg sacs depleted for the time being, and its initial assault now just so much crushed chitin and green ichor on the floor of the chamber, you decide on a way out before the Hive Ship can gestate any more of the lethal larvae.

If you leave via the left-hand upward sloping tunnel, turn to 313.

If you leave via the right-hand descending passageway, turn to 380.

344

Deciding that the Iron Warriors drop-pod is best left alone, you leave the hold behind and descend into an abandoned internal maglev transport system.

Now turn to the paragraph number you were instructed to write down earlier.

345

'For Dorn and to the glory of Him on Earth!' you bellow, as you leap from cover, weapons blazing. 'Thou shalt not suffer a Mutant to live!'

Scalie

WS	S	T	W	A
2	3	2	6	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Spear Gun	3	2
Axe	-	x0.5

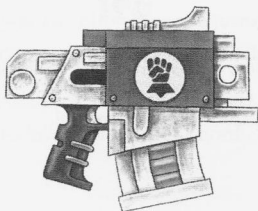
Initiative: You

Saves: Toughened Hide (5)

Advanced Rules: After three Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you may enter into Close Combat with the Scalie.

If you kill the abhuman Mutant, turn to 362.

If the lumbering beast defeats you, turn to 114.



346

Turning to the wall – like the curtain defences of some Chapter stronghold – assessing each hand- and foot-hold carefully in turn, you commence your climb.

As you do so, something long and sinuous emerges from the muck of the lake, whipping itself around your ankle. The tentacle pulls with surprising force, enough to pull you from the wall.

You land in the sludge that has pooled in the bowels of the ship as several more sucker-toothed tentacles rise from the cloying slime and shoot towards you. There's no time to bring your sidearm to bear. You're going to have to deal with this mutated cephalopod Sump-Lurker hand-to-tentacle.

Sump-Lurker

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	2	6	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Tentacles	-	x1

Initiative: Sump-Lurker

Saves: None

Advanced Rules: Enter into Close Combat straight away.

If you kill the mutated cephalopod, you commence your climb again; turn to 310.

If you are killed by the creature, turn to 114.

347

Do you have the word ACIES recorded on your Adventure Sheet?

If so, turn to 370.

If not, turn to 8.

348

The chamber remains as quiet as the tomb; nothing disturbs its peace other than the echo of your metallic footsteps on the cold marble floor. By which exit do you want to leave the chamber?

If you choose the exit to the east, turn to 386.

If you choose to leave via the exit to the south, turn to 19.

349

You make it past the last of the mines and keep on running, pounding the passageway as it narrows once again, until you push through a curtain of cnidarian pseudopods and escape the drifting mines at last.

Add 1 to your Purity score for not triggering a single one of the deadly spores.

Finding yourself in a new bodily conduit you must choose which way to go next.

To the right the passage soon ends at a portal of black muscle that contracts and relaxes, opening and closing with a heartbeat regularity.

To the left the curve of the tunnel to means that you cannot see where it ultimately leads.

If you follow the curving passageway away to the left, turn to 400.

If you head right, through the sphincter-door, turn to 203.

350

The carved corridor you are following soon turns into a crossroads.

If you want to follow the path heading east, turn to 369.

If you want to follow the corridor south, turn to 10.

If you want to follow the corridor north, turn to 312.

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351

You find yourself inside a huge rectangular chamber, its vaulted ceiling rising to a point some twenty metres above your head.

This is *Node 7*.

If you have been here before, turn to 4.

If you have not been here before, turn to 373.

352

You remain precisely where you are, not moving a muscle, the servomotors of your suit silent.

The Genestealers edge closer. There are six in total, pulling themselves along the walls, over the floor and even across the ceiling, using their powerful claws to help them find a purchase.

It isn't until they are virtually right on top of you that they react to your presence. But when they do, they do so with startling speed.

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

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Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Genestealer

WS	S	T	W	A
4	4	3	5	1

Weapon:

Rending Claws S D
 * x0.5

Initiative: Genestealers

Saves: Reinforced Chitin (5)

Advanced Rules: Enter Close Combat immediately.

If you win, turn to 133.

If you lose, turn to 55.

353

Make a note of the number 378 on your Adventure Sheet.

If you have the word Secundus written on your
Adventure Sheet, turn to 33.

If you have the word Tertius written on your
Adventure Sheet, turn to 325.

If you have the word Quartus written on your
Adventure Sheet, turn to 181.

354

You are drawn down the pipe and disgorged into a large chamber filled with what look like irregularly spaced bubbling tar pits. However, you know that they are in fact the bio-ship's rendering pits. That knowledge is all you need to find the strength to throw out a hand and hang on to the outlet pipe, stopping yourself from being broken down for biomass yourself.

Swinging yourself down in a more controlled fashion, you land on a gristly platform of cartilaginous matter, between the pits of bubbling primordial slurry.

Turn to 183.

355

The Raveners lie dead at your feet in a pool of their own slime.

A bleeping sound from your auspex alerts you to the fact that it has acquired Epistolary Radamus's signal again and judging by the direction of the source of the signal it can only mean one thing; Radamus is somewhere inside the bio-ship, trapped like you in the belly of the beast.

Swearing that you will not rest until you have discovered the exact whereabouts of the Librarian, you leave the Raveners' chamber via a blood-red arterial passageway.

If your Purity score is less than 13, turn to 241.

If your Purity score is equal to or greater than 13, turn to 272.

356

All is as you left it. The only difference is that the veil of scintillating energy bound within the ornate, glyph-decorated portal in the western wall is gone.

There is nothing else for you here, so you must decide by which exit you wish to leave.

If you want to exit through the portal to the north and proceed along the passageway beyond, turn to 10.

If you want to exit through the portal in the western wall of the chamber, turn to 210.

With the Painboy dead, you turn your attention to the violated cadaver of your battle-brother. No Imperial Fist should be forced to endure such an ignoble end as this.

Brother Kael's armour lies abandoned in one corner of the room, discarded like so much trash, along with one of his mighty lightning claws; you have no idea where the second one is. The close combat weapon is a truly magnificent armament, each of its long blades painstakingly etched with scenes of the Imperial Fists' defence of the Palace of the Emperor on Terra.

You may recover Brother Kael's lightning claw, if you wish, and use it in place of your own power fist.

If you do so, remember to record it on your Adventure Sheet.

	S	D
Lightning Claw	-	x1.5

There is one more thing you might yet be able to do for Kael, and that is recover his gene-seed. But did Ordys show you how to use his reductor before he died?

If you know how to use the reductor, reverse the access code and turn to the paragraph with the same number.

If you don't know the necessary code to activate the reductor, turn to 382.



Re-tracing the route you took through the bio-ship, your eidetic memory implants enabling you to remember every twist and turn of the super-organism's labyrinthine intestines, you soon find yourself at the rent in the creature's side by which you first entered its body.

You are genuinely relieved to be clear of the stinking viscera of the alien monstrosity and cast a prayer of thanks to the Emperor and your Primarch for watching over you whilst you were inside the Hive Ship.

Write the number 6 on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to 160.

359

Unable to raise your battle-brothers aboard the *Shield of Dorn*, you can think of only one way to escape the space hulk and that is by putting one of the Retribution-class battleship's saviour pods to good use.

As you are close to the stern of the great star-striding vessel, and knowing that its engines are effectively the *Herald of Oblivion's* means of propulsion, you make for the pods located towards the rear of the ship.

Finding one that is still accessible and operational, you board it, shut yourself in, and then activate the pod's slaved machine-spirit which then does the rest. Following a brief monotone countdown, the explosive bolts holding the life-pod in place detonate, blasting you clear of the haunted battleship and the vast derelict into the bargain.

But as the *Herald of Oblivion* dwindles from view against the velvet black void framed within the porthole of the lifeboat, you begin to have second thoughts. There was still time to at least try to find Sergeant Valerius and, even if you had failed, surely it would be better to die a noble Space Marine than live knowing deep within yourself that your actions were motivated by nothing more than a selfish desire to save your self.

There is nothing you can do now other than wait to be picked up by your battle-brothers aboard the *Shield of Dorn*. But you will have a lot of explaining to do when you have recovered.

Your adventure is at an end.

Opening fire on the dormant Carnifex, you manage to make its injuries significantly worse. However, you also manage to rouse it from its slumber.

Giving voice to a horrendous shrieking scream, the monster tears its way free of its cocoon and comes for you like a living engine of destruction.

Injured Carnifex

WS	S	T	W	A
3	4	2	6	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Scything Talons	-	x1

Initiative: You

Saves: Bonded Exoskeleton (3)

Advanced Rules: After two Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you must enter into Close Combat with the Carnifex.

If you kill the beast, turn to 182.

If the Tyranid kills you, turn to 55.



Getting a fix on the Librarian's position, you set off once again.

A noise from ahead and three hard returns on your auspex, have you raising your weapons. Heading towards you, along a tunnel formed on one side from the hull of the trapped Mechanicus ship and on the other by a scar in the side of a piece of planetary debris, is an Ork patrol.

You had thought you had wiped them all out. No matter – you soon will have.

Just as you are priming your weapon, in a sudden shock of speed, a ravening creature appears from a rift, half hidden in shadow, in the rock wall. It proceeds to both decapitate and disembowel one of the greenskins, using two pairs of scything chitinous claws. It then bites the head of another before disappearing back into its burrow, the third hapless Ork skewered on the end of a razor-sharp talon.

You only get the briefest glimpse of the creature but it is enough for your hypno-banked memories to allow you to identify its genus and species. The creature that attacked the Orks with such sudden savagery was a Ravener – one of the myriad soldier-organisms of the intergalactic entity known as the Tyranid race.

Your hearts race as adrenaline floods your body, ready for the battle that is surely to come any moment now. The Genestealers you encountered upon first arriving aboard the *Herald of Oblivion* clearly aren't the only Tyranno-forms here. But where the Genestealers were the colour of purple intestines and white bone, the Ravener's hide had a ruddy hue. Could it be that the creatures originated from different Hive Fleets?

Cautiously you approach the hole from where the Tyranid launched its ambush. Shining your searchlight into the hole you see that the walls of the rock glisten blackly, but of the Ravener and its victim there is no sign.

If you want to follow the Ravener into the tunnel, turn to 89.

If you would rather not risk battling the monster in its lair, turn to 26.

The battle at the gate has alerted the rest of the settlement to your presence. But it would appear that most of the menfolk are out hunting Bilge-rats or hull-clinging Ripperjacks, or scavenging for metal

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scrap, as the only 'people' left in the camp – if you can call them that – are the sick, the elderly, womenfolk and children.

Coming face-to-face with one of the Emperor's avenging angels, the mutants flee in panic, fleeing into the trackless wastes of the bilge-marshes before you can rain holy judgement down upon them.

Entering the hastily abandoned camp you are able to survey your surroundings without being disturbed.

At the centre of the settlement you find the mutants' ammo store. Ignoring the crude hand-bows and primitive musket, you haul back a mildewed tarpaulin to discover a crate containing 6 clips of storm bolter ammunition, each clip containing 20 bolt rounds.

Remember to add the ammo to your Adventure Sheet.

Your detour was well worth making. Delighted with your discovery you decide on your next course of action.

If you want to keep searching the camp, to see what else you can find, turn to 385.

If you would now rather continue your search for your lost battle-brother, turn to 88.

363

Amongst the other detritus littering this once magnificent Titan hangar are the armaments the Orks are still in the process of loading onto the mighty war machine.

Training your weapons-fire on a gurney loaded with missiles painted with snarling, fanged faces, you watch in satisfaction as the rokkits touch off. Warheads ignite in a display of noisy pyrotechnics while some of the missiles whizz about the hangar on contrails of dirty black smoke, impacting either against the hull of the Mini-Gargant itself or amidst the greenskin throng.

Deduct 4 from the Ammo total for the weapon you are using.

It is all the distraction you needed. With the Orks and Gretchin milling about in confusion, under the cover of the exploding rokkits and the thick pall of smoke settling over the hangar, you make for the Stompa.

Turn to 303.

364

With a prayer to your Primarch you hurry across the rock bridge, keeping a wary eye on the spore mine all the time. As you pass within a few metres of the thing, it starts to move towards you with deadly purpose only to detonate moments later.

But by the time it does, you are already on the other side of the bridge and out of range of the torrent of corrosive acid that erupts from the bio-weapon as it dies.

Turn to 128.

365

The only sound you hear, over the pounding of your metal footfalls ringing from the floor of the chamber, is the crackle of the air itself being rendered into its component atoms as the gauss weapon fires.

As you are constantly moving it is harder for the flux arc to target you, and you receive only a glancing hit from the molecule-shredding beam.

Lose 3 Wounds.

If the beam kills you, turn to 114.

If you are still alive you may leave the deadly chamber.

But which exit were you running for?

If it was the exit to the east, turn to 210.

If it was the exit to the north, turn to 268.

366

Hearing the rattle of hundreds of metal limbs on stone, you look up to see an undulating tide of glittering, multi-legged forms pour from the open mouths of the robot-skulls, scuttle down the walls and surge across the floor towards you. Their metallic wing-cases swim with the reflections of the blinking lights on your suit, making them look like iridescent jewels.

Knowing what will happen if the Canoptek Scarabs get too close, you prepare to fight the beetle-like constructs.

HERALD OF OBLIVION

Canoptek Scarab Swarm

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	6	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Entropic Strike	-	2

Initiative: You

Saves: Metal Plating (5)

Advanced Rules: After three Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat you must enter into Close Combat with the Canoptek Scarabs.

If you destroy the scarabs, turn to 68.

If you are killed by the constructs, turn to 174.

367

As the crystal energy contained within the crystalline structure dissipates the chamber is plunged into darkness.

Make a note on your Adventure Sheet that you have destroyed a Power Nexus (and keep a note of how many you destroy).

Hoping that none of the mausoleum's other sleeping guardians will animate in reaction to the destruction of the Power Nexus, you descend the steps of the pyramid with the intention of departing this place as quickly as you can.

Turn to 394.

368

As you battle the toxic touch of the Venomthrope, determined as you are to keep clear of its toxic touch, the phage spores in the atmosphere all around you steadily eat through the plates and joints of your armour. Even your genetically-modified metabolism and immune system cannot defend against the alien infection.

With your armour compromised, the Venomthrope's other corrosive



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toxins are able to enter and set to work on your flesh encased within. The venom is so virulent that almost immediately upon making contact it causes even your superhuman flesh to wither and slough from your toughened bones.

Death is not long in coming, and when it does it is a merciful release after the agonising torment you are forced to endure during those final minutes of life.

Your adventure is at an end.

369

The passage you are following turns sharply to the south, and there ahead of you is the arched entrance to another stygian vault.

Turn to 163.

370

Brother-Sergeant Valerius gave you a direct order – to destroy the warp-borne abomination that is the *Herald of Oblivion*. Disobeying the command of a senior officer is contrary to the statutes of the Codex Astartes and unbecoming of an Imperial Fists Space Marine.

Lose 2 Purity points for disobeying Sergeant Valerius's last command.

Now turn to 8.

371

The bulkhead door bears the cog and skull symbols of the Machine Cult. As you seize the two halves of the hatchway with your servo-assisted ceramite gauntlets, you wonder if it is a sign of what you can expect to find within the chamber beyond, or whether it is meant as a warning.

With a hiss of escaping stale air, the hatch slowing begins to open, even as the hydraulic mechanisms of the door groan in protest as they fight to keep it closed. There comes a series of clicks and four smaller hatches iris-open around the bulkhead door. From these orifices snake four thick mechadendrites. Each articulated robotic limb ends in a pair of vicious pincers which snap at your own armoured limbs even as the mechadendrites try to encircle you.

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You have no choice but to engage the door's defences before they tear you limb from limb.

Mechadendrite

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	4	1

Mechadendrite

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	4	1

Mechadendrite

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	4	1

Mechadendrite

WS	S	T	W	A
2	2	2	4	1

Weapon:

Mechanical Claws S D
 - x2

Initiative: Mechadendrites

Saves: Armour Plating (4)

Advanced Rules: Enter into Close Combat with the Mechadendrites immediately.

If you destroy the cybernetic limbs, turn to 398.

If you are defeated by the grasping metallic tentacles, turn to 114.

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372

Some mechanism or machine-spirit was obviously not supplicated sufficiently before the drop-pod was launched and so, as you scour the exterior of the landing craft for any way to open it, you pray to the Ommissiah for guidance.

If your Purity score is less than 15, turn to 391.

If your Purity score is equal to or greater than 15,
turn to 132.

373

The distant walls of the chamber are lined with alcoves, in which stand dozens of silver statues. But are they statues or are they Necron Warriors, waiting for the call from their Overlord to awaken and expel you from this place?

Twenty metres away stands a pyramid of dark stone and black metal, five metres wide at its base. Steps lead up to its flattened top, where you can see a pulsing green crystal, its eerie luminescence giving the metal figures a verdigris-like patina.

But the crystal is not unguarded. Standing before it, at the top of the black pyramid, is a silver statue that is much more heavily built than those visible in the alcoves around the chamber.

If you want to climb to the top of the pyramid to examine
the crystal, turn to 27.

If you want to leave the chamber without disturbing any
of its sleeping guardians, turn to 394.

374

It will take time for the conditions necessary for catastrophic failure to be achieved within the sabotaged systems, but the process has begun.

Sergeant Valerius is somewhere on board the battleship and you have a lock on his signal at last. Emperor willing, perhaps you even have time to find the brother-sergeant before the *Herald of Oblivion's* doom becomes inescapable and you are forced to escape the space hulk.

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If you want to evacuate the derelict as quickly as you can, turn to 359.

If you want to go after Sergeant Valerius, *roll one dice*; if the number rolled is odd, turn to 201, but if it is even, turn to 263.

375

It is no good. Despite your best efforts you are unable to coax the door's machine-spirit back into life. If you are going to get past the portal you are going to need to do so by brute strength alone.

If you want to tear the door from its hinges, turn to 304.

If you want to give up on your quest to find the Genestealers' Broodlord, turn to 288.

376

You gaze about you with a mixture of awe and downright contempt for the ancient alien race that created this edifice. The chamber is shaped like the inside of a pyramid. Only two exits lead away from here. There are portals in the northern and western walls of the sepulchre, the latter sizzling with a screen of lurid green energy. But it is not the exits that grab your attention.

At the centre of the chamber stands an altar-like structure adorned with all manner of Necron glyphs. Above it, suspended from a column of crackling green filaments, is a huge faceted crystal that must be at least two metres in diameter. The light being emitted by the crystal limes the robotic deaths-head carvings and glittering hieroglyphic circuitry with its eerie emerald luminescence.

But even this incredible structure is not enough to wholly distract you from the body lying beside the altar. Approaching it you soon discover that it is the dusty skeleton of a man. The mummified remains wear the ostentatious garb of a Rogue Trader, although the brocade of the corpse's jacket is now faded with age. It would appear that this poor wretch has been here a very long time ago.

If you want to examine the Rogue Trader's body more closely, turn to 49.

If you want to examine the crystal more closely, turn to 77.

If you want to leave the chamber without disturbing anything, turn to 392.

The Pain Engine prepares to meet your attack with its scissoring claw-blades as stimulant injectors depress, giving Valerius's modified nervous system an adrenal boost.

With both you and your Sergeant giving voice to the battle-cry of the Imperial Fists, you engage the Pain Engine imprisoning him as, unable to help himself, Valerius attacks.

Talos Pain Engine

WS	S	T	W	A
5	7	7	18	2

Weapon:

	S	D
Stinger Pod	6	5
Chain-flails	-	x1

Initiative: You

Saves: Armoured Carapace (3)

Advanced Rules: After two Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat, you must engage in Close Combat with the Talos Pain Engine.

After 7 Combat Rounds, or if your Wounds score drops below 4, turn to 206 at once.

If your Wounds score is reduced to zero, turn to 143.

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378

Brother Barathon is lost, the Sleeping God vanquished, the Necron Tombship returned to a state of stasis-hibernation once more. And yet there are still members of Squad Scipio to be accounted for.

There is still no indication of Sergeant Valerius's presence aboard the *Herald of Oblivion*, so which member of Squad Scipio have you not yet hunted for?

Brother Kael, turn to 25.

Epistolary Radamus, turn to 161.

379

Leaving the devastation created by the spore mines behind, you continue on your way.

Passing through a curtain of cnidarian pseudopods you find yourself in a new bodily conduit. To the right the passage soon ends at a sphincter of black muscle that contracts and relaxes, opening and closing with heartbeat regularity. To the left the curve of the tunnel to the left means that you cannot see where it ultimately leads.

If you follow the curving passageway away to the left, turn to 400.

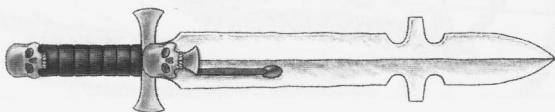
If you head right, through the sphincter-door, turn to 203.

380

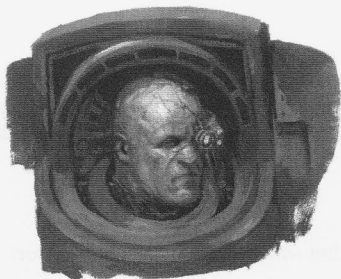
Climbing down the pipe, using the rings of cartilage to aid you in your descent – no mean feat in a full suit of Tactical Dreadnought armour – you emerge in a fleshy corridor which lacks the lamp-beetles you have seen elsewhere, but which is filled with a profusion of thorny protuberances that look like sea urchin spines.

If your Purity score is less than 9, turn to 305.

If your Purity score is equal to or greater than 9, turn to 396.



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381

The route you are taking through the hulk leads you continually downwards – or at least what passes for down within the warped gravity fields of the massive derelict – until, judging by the aquilas and other holy iconography you see all about you, you find yourself in the guts of some long-lost pilgrim vessel.

But your suspicions are immediately aroused when you see that the icons of the Ecclesiarchy have been daubed with much cruder totem-symbols in what appears to be some form of green paint.

It is not uncommon for the bilges of Imperial space-faring vessels to support whole communities in what are effectively make-shift shanty towns. But what you find, as you progress through this part of the hulk, doesn't look like a human settlement, so much as an Orkish one.

If your Purity score is less than 9, turn to 399.

If your Purity score is equal to or greater than 9, turn to 2.

382

Judging by the temperature of Kael's still cooling corpse, you may yet be in time to successfully recover his progenoid glands – if only you can get the reductor working.

With a prayer to your Primarch, you ask for guidance as you once again attempt to find the correct code to activate the arcane device.

If your Purity score is less than 6, turn to 145.

If your Purity score is equal to or greater than 6, turn to 176.

383

The Emperor is clearly smiling upon your endeavours this day. The potentially lethal beam of molecule-shredding gauss energy misses you by a hair's-breadth and you manage to escape the chamber unharmed.

Add 1 to your Purity.

But which exit were you aiming for?

If it was the exit to the east, turn to 210.

If it was the exit to the north, turn to 268.

384

Another rippling convulsion passes through the beast and you wonder what could possibly be coming next.

Roll one dice.

If the number rolled is 1-4, turn to 358.

If the number rolled is 5-6, turn to 179.

385

Stowed away in a hovel constructed in the lee of the hull, hidden in a box under a bed you find what is clearly a piece of archeotech. It looks not unlike a signum, a device you've seen used by the Techmarines of your Chapter.

Record the Signum on your Adventure Sheet, along with the fact that it bears the identification code 444.

Having now scoured the camp from top to bottom, and deciding that there really isn't anything else of use to be found here, you leave the mutant homestead.

Turn to 88.

386

Leaving the Wraith's chamber, you follow the passageway beyond the glittering archway, which leads you to another nexus point within the warren of passageways and corridors of the Tombship.

Turn to 24.

387

As the Venomthrope dies, its gas bladders deflate and the creature drops to the floor of the passageway, no longer able to support the weight of its own carapace. It lies there writhing on the floor, its tentacles whipping towards you, determined to the last to take you down with it. Bringing the heel of your boot down on its head, you put paid to such plans, crushing its skull and grinding what passes for the creature's brain into the floor of the passageway.

With the Venomthrope dead, the jaundiced vapour that followed it dissipates as well, leaving you to continue with your mission without the risk of your armoured suit being compromised by the toxic spore cloud.

As the foetid atmosphere clears, you see that the flesh walls here are a uniform sickly purple-grey. They ripple and convulse with peristaltic motion. The sound of rushing water echoes from further along the tunnel while your suit detects an increase in humidity.

With a great heave, the passageway suddenly contracts and you find yourself being forced down the constricting tube as if the bio-ship is trying to swallow you.

If you are wearing a Lightning Claw, turn to 354.

If you are without this particular piece of wargear,
turn to 295.

388

The passage turns sharply to the west, forcing you to go in this direction now.

Turn to 350.

The sensation of being turned inside out is replaced by an unsettling sensation of dislocation. As the furious light fades, you are left in near total darkness as your own heightened senses, and the auto-senses of your armoured helm, take a moment to adjust to the lower light levels.

All around you is smoke and darkness. Your auto-senses take over, revealing your new location in a lurid spectrum of contrasting heat signatures. And that's when you see them.

Coming towards you through the smoke and gloom are a number of unnatural monsters – xenos-spawn! They are multi-limbed monstrosities, each one as large as a Space Marine. Thanks to years of battling the enemies of Mankind you recognise them immediately: Genestealers!

Despite being foul inhuman monsters, you know from bitter personal experience that the creatures are possessed of a malign cunning, incredible strength, lightning-fast reflexes and claws so sharp they can tear through Terminator armour.

But something isn't right. Purestrain Genestealers possess all manner of unknowable senses but, judging by the way they are creeping through the grilled metal corridor you now find yourself in, they are, as yet, unaware of your presence.

And then you realise why. You have teleported on board what would appear to be a Rogue Trader vessel, judging by the motifs displayed upon the metal ribs of its hull. The ancient reactors that once powered this ship through the warp have come to the end of their life, after who knows how many centuries. The gases and heat they are pumping out as they fail is hiding you from the approaching aliens. However, it can't be much longer before one of them detects your presence, but for the moment you have the advantage.

If you want to enter into Ranged Combat with the Genestealers, turn to 11.

If you want to charge the Genestealers and engage them in Close Combat, turn to 81.

If you want to remain motionless, in the hope that the Genestealers pass by without ever becoming aware of your presence, turn to 352.

Sergeant Valerius has charged you with a mission worthy of a battle-brother of the First Company – that of destroying the drifting space hulk. But how can one man – even a superhuman genetically-engineered warrior such as yourself – engineer the end of the *Herald of Oblivion* when the massed guns of the *Shield of Dorn* could not achieve such a thing?

But then you are a Space Marine of the Imperial Fists Chapter, and the Imperial Fists are masters of siege warfare. When it comes to defending the indefensible the Imperial Fists are able to turn whatever benefits a location possesses to their advantage. And when it comes to penetrating the impregnable they are equally adept at turning whatever is to hand into a devastating weapon.

Altering the settings on your auspex, you detect that both the trapped battleship's engine reactors and warp-field generators are still active.

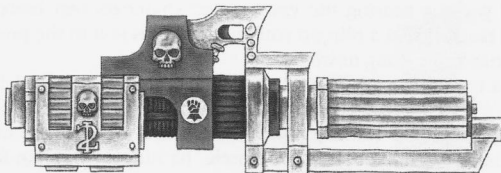
You are towards the rear of the space hulk now. The battleship's real-space engines protrude from the *Herald of Oblivion* and, if they could be fired, would be capable of influencing the derelict's trajectory. Recalling what you know of the hulk's current course, if you could overload the engine reactors, the explosion might well be enough to nudge the hulk onto a bearing that would ultimately result in it being caught by the gravity well of the Sargon system's star, thereby condemning it to destruction.

Alternatively, if a ship's warp generators fail, then that vessel will be torn apart by the forces of the empyrean so unleashed. So what is it to be?

If you want to head for the battleship's engine reactors,
turn to 393.

If you want to seek out the warp-field generators,
turn to 57.

If you would rather make finding Sergeant Valerius your
priority, turn to 347.



391

It feels like you have searched every square centimetre of the drop-pod's scarred surface but you still cannot find a way to gain access. You are unable to force entry using your servo-assisted gauntlets either.

The only option left open to you is to fire on the landing craft with your storm bolter.

If you want to take this approach to opening the drop-pod, turn to 29.

If not, turn to 51.

392

How do you want to leave the pyramidal sepulchre?

If you leave via the portal and passageway to the north, turn to 10.

If you want to leave through the crackling portal to the west, turn to 21.

393

Recalling the schematics of Retribution-class battleships from among the many memories implanted during hypno-therapy sessions aboard the *Phalanx* before you were fully inducted into the Imperial Fists Chapter, you head for the rear of the vessel and the factory-sized plasma reactors that once enabled the vessel to cross countless light years down through the millennia.

Despite the fact that the reactors are still hot, the ship itself is home now to nothing but shadows and a host of metallic creaks and groans. It is as you are nearing the vast vaulted chambers that house the ancient reactors that a blip on your auspex alerts you to the presence of another living thing nearby.

With a roar, the savage beast bursts from where it has been lying in wait.

The monster is a hulking mass of muscle and blue-grey fur. Its elongated arms are corded with muscle. Its hideous bat-like face is

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malformed by multiple eyes and sensory pits, as well as being split by a cruel maw packed with terrible fangs. It also possesses a whip-like, reptilian tail that ends in a bony barb.

Shrieking like a banshee, without a second thought the Donorian Clawed Fiend attacks – and its adamantium-hard talons are perfectly capable of shredding your Terminator armour to bits.

Donorian Clawed Fiend

WS	S	T	W	A
4	5	5	12	3

Weapon:

	S	D
Claws	-	x1

Initiative: You

Saves: Toughened Hide (6)

Advanced Rules: After one Combat Round of Ranged Combat you must enter into Close Combat with the Clawed Fiend. The Clawed Fiend also becomes even more dangerous when its blood is spilled. For every 4 Wounds it loses, it gains +1 Attack.

If you manage to defeat the Donorian Clawed Fiend, turn to 238.

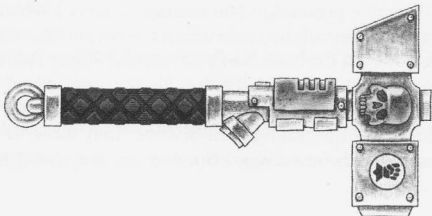
If the hulking beast kills you, turn to 143.

394

There are only two ways out of this vast, shadowy mausoleum.

If you choose to leave by the southern exit, turn to 84.

If you choose to leave by the western exit, turn to 209.



395

A squad of Imperial Fists Terminators may be more than a match for a fully armed Ork battle-fortress or even a feral Chaos Warhound Titan, but you realise that the only way you are going to be able to bring down the Stompa alone is from the inside.

Ork war machines are notorious for their unsafe construction and the implementation of unstable energy sources by their Mekboyz. If you could get on board and overload the Stompa's power plant that would surely initiate a catastrophic chain reaction that would result in the Mini-Gargant being blown to smithereens.

Only one question remains: how do you plan to get on board the Stompa while the massed ranks of the Ork host stand between it and you?

**If you want to try to create a distraction of some kind,
turn to 363.**

**If you want to try the more direct approach and charge
the Orks, turn to 340.**

396

Something at the periphery of your conscious mind – a warning from the Emperor himself, perhaps – alerts you to the fact that you are being watched.

Arming yourself, you spin round just in time, as that which was hidden – but which is now revealed to your appalled gaze – moves to attack.

Turn to 233.

397

There's nothing else for it: you're going to have to find another way to reach Brother Kael.

After a little gentle persuasion you manage to coax a schematic from your auspex of the surrounding area which reveals another way through Kael's location, via the bowels of a devastated Rogue Trader vessel.

As you make your way through the clammy tunnels of the ship's coolant system, water running down the tube-tunnel walls and dripping like rain from the ceiling, you discover that some of the craft's original passengers have survived the decades they must have spent

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trapped within the hulk. Ever since Man set out for distant lands, he has been accompanied by rats. The vermin you encounter within the dripping tunnels, after countless generations of inbreeding and mutation, are monstrous specimens with fangs half a metre long.

Time has also bred a feral ferocity into the vermin and since you have invaded their territory, they attack you without hesitation.

Giant Rat

WS	S	T	W	A
2	4	4	8	1

Giant Rat

WS	S	T	W	A
2	4	4	8	1

Giant Rat

WS	S	T	W	A
2	4	4	8	1

Giant Rat

WS	S	T	W	A
2	4	4	8	1

Weapon:

	S	D
Claws	-	x0.5

Initiative: You

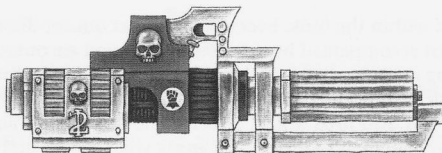
Saves: None

Advanced Rules: After three Combat Rounds of Ranged Combat, you must enter into Close Combat with the Giant Rats.

If you put down the mutated vermin, turn to 128.

If you fall beneath the creatures' teeth and claws, turn to 114.

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398

With a spurting sputter of sparks the last of the severed mechadendrites falls into the oily sludge and sinks out of sight. Taking the two halves of the bulkhead door in your hands once more, you pull them apart in a display of formidable strength.

Stepping over the threshold of the portal you enter a much smaller chamber beyond that has the air of a mausoleum about it. Entombed within, covered by centuries of collected dust, are four motionless forms. Each is in part flesh, although that flesh is now withered and mummified. Judging by the extensive modifications made to three of the bodies, these were once slaved Servitors. The fourth, however, is shrouded in a deep red robe. This one must have been a priest of the Cult Mechanicus.

If you want to search the chamber, turn to 322.

If you want to search the bodies, turn to 324.

If you would rather leave the dead be, exit the forgotten chamber and start to make your way out of the bilges of the Mechanicus ark, turn to 346.

399

As you are passing between a gorge created from the collected detritus of a thousand years of ferrying the penitent across the galaxy, from one relic world to another, without rest for ten centuries, with a sound like a falling vanquished Warlord Titan crashing to the ground, the stack to the left suddenly gives way and the jumble of scrap metal from which it is formed comes crashing down on top of you.

Lose 5 Wounds.

If you are still alive, you haul yourself out of the pile of debris now on top of you; turn to 23.

If you are killed by the falling scrap, turn to 114.

The tunnel leads you to a great gallery deeper within the Hive Ship. What you see there has you training your weapons on the walls, and checking your auspex and helmet-display for any sign of movement.

You recognise the creature immediately, for there can be no mistaking the terrible form of a Carnifex. One of the deadliest of all the Hive Fleet's assault creatures, the Carnifex is a living battering ram, powerful enough to take on a Vindicator tank and win.

And yet this particular specimen isn't about to kill you. Instead, it appears to be sleeping. It is cocooned within a huge serum-filled blister in the wall of this chilled chamber, its massive scything talons and crushing claws folded across its massive thorax or at its sides. Its chitinous hide is scarred by what might well have been las-blasts and half its head is laid open to the bone, thanks to some injury sustained in the past.

You wonder how long the Carnifex has been here like this, recuperating from its battle-injuries in the cold as the Hive Ship went into hibernation. And how long it is likely to remain so? For all you know, there may be pheromone sensors or trigger hairs here that will awaken the Carnifex if you try to proceed any further. So how do you want to proceed?

If you open fire on the Carnifex while it is still unaware of your presence, turn to 360.

If you want to proceed through the gallery, turn to 320.



ADVANCED RULES

This section adds some additional Advanced Rules to the core rules set presented at the beginning of the book. These are for players who have already faced the challenges posed by the *Herald of Oblivion* and now wish to add an extra layer of excitement.

COMBAT

When using the Advanced Rules, there are two different kinds of combat. **Ranged Combat** represents the use of storm bolters, plasma guns, or other ranged weapons to fire at approaching enemies, while **Close Combat** represents your attempts to fend them off once they are upon you.

Unless instructed otherwise by an Advanced Rules note in the encounter, all combats start with Ranged Combat. An attacker can only fight in **Ranged Combat** if they have a ranged weapon. If they have no ranged weapon, then they must skip their Combat Round until the encounter changes to **Close Combat**.

Anyone can fight in **Close Combat**, and all combatants will have some sort of close combat weapon, even if it is just claws! The **Advanced Rules** notes in encounters will tell you when to move from **Ranged Combat** to **Close Combat**. You may also voluntarily move from **Ranged Combat** to **Close Combat** at any time, though be careful, because you can't go back!

Combat works the same way as for the core rules, with the addition of a new step to the **Combat Round**. This comes after the **Roll To Hit** step and represents the chance of a hit being turned aside or leaving a flesh wound rather than doing any real damage.

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ROLL TO WOUND

For each attack that hits, compare the **Strength** of the attacker to the **Toughness** of the defender and roll a dice, consulting the following chart:

To Wound Chart

Strength	Toughness					
	1	2	3	4	5	6
1	4+	5+	6+	N	N	N
2	3+	4+	5+	6+	N	N
3	2+	3+	4+	5+	6+	N
4	X	2+	3+	4+	5+	6+
5	X	X	2+	3+	4+	5+
6	X	X	X	2+	3+	4+

N = Cannot Damage X = Auto Damage (saves still apply)

A dice roll equal to or greater than the number shown means that the hit has caused a wound.

*Example: An Ork with S3, has hit Brother Nabor, who has T4.
The Ork requires a dice roll of 5+ to cause a wound.*

If a combatant's weapon has a S value, they will use that S. If the weapon's S is marked as *, use the S from the combatant's statistics.

After rolling to wound, proceed to the Save step as normal.

RELOADING

When using the Advanced Rules, you need to reload **Ranged Weapons** when their ammunition clip, or power pack, runs out. **Reloading** takes a single **Combat Round**, during which you may not make any attacks, though your opponent may attack as normal. If you choose not to **Reload**, you can use a different weapon, or voluntarily move into **Close Combat** instead.

Adventure Sheet

Found at the front of the gamebook, this is where you record your *Statistics, Ammunition, Equipment* and any other information that you will refer to during your adventure.

Ammunition

There are several boxes on your *Adventure Sheet* to record the different kinds of *Ammunition* your *Ranged Weapons* can fire. Every time you fire your *Ranged Weapon*, reduce the *Ammunition* total for that weapon by 1.

Armour

Any item that grants you an *Armour Save*.

Armour Save

A *Saving Throw* provided by any armour or protective gear you may be wearing.

Attacks (A)

A Statistic that represents the number of times a character or *Enemy* can attack during a single *Combat Round*.

Attacker

During a *Combat Round*, the *Attacker* is the character or *Enemy* who is attempting to damage the *Defender*.

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Close Combat

Combat where only *Close Combat Weapons* may be used. Once a *Combat* has entered *Close Combat*, *Ranged Combat* cannot be re-entered.

Close Combat Weapon

Any weapon only used during *Close Combat*. They are easily distinguished from *Ranged Weapons* as they have no *Strength* score and their damage value is always shown as a multiplier (e.g. x1.5).

Combat

Combat occurs whenever you encounter *Enemies* during the course of your adventure. *Combat* is made up of a series of *Combat Rounds* and continues until your character is either killed or has vanquished all *Enemies*.

Combat Round

Combat is made up of *Combat Rounds* where each party involved in the *Combat* has the chance to attack and defend against their opponent.

Cover Save

A *Saving Throw* granted by anything that provides cover during *Combat*.

Defender

During a *Combat Round*, the *Defender* is the character or *Enemy* who is facing the attack.

Enemy

Any hostile entity that you encounter during the course of your adventure.

Equipment

Any item you may find during the course of your adventure that is not a weapon or *Ammunition*.

Fire

An ability possessed by certain weapons that causes an additional effect on top of the amount of damage it inflicts. Any character or *Enemy* hit by a weapon with this ability will continue to take an extra point of damage every *Combat Round* until the end of *Combat*.

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Initiative

Determines who becomes the *Attacker* and who becomes the *Defender* during the various stages of the *Combat Round*.

Poison

An ability possessed by certain weapons that causes an additional effect on top of the amount of damage it inflicts. Any character or *Enemy* hit by a weapon with this ability will continue to take an extra point of damage during every *Combat Round* of every *Combat* they engage in until the *Poison* is neutralised.

Purity

A numerical representation of how much faith you have in the Emperor of Mankind or your devotion to the Dark Gods.

Ranged Combat

Any combat that occurs at a distance using *Ranged Weapons*. Once you have exited *Ranged Combat* to commence *Close Combat*, you may not re-enter *Ranged Combat*.

Ranged Combat Weapon

Any weapon only used during *Ranged Combat*. They are easily distinguished from *Close Combat Weapons* as they have a *Strength* score and their damage value is always shown as a numerical value rather than a multiplier.

Reload

If your weapon runs out of *Ammunition* during *Combat*, you may choose to *Reload* but forfeit all of your *Attacks* during the next *Combat Round*. Reloading after *Combat* does not carry any penalty.

Save Phase

Once a successful *To Hit Roll* and *To Wound Roll* have been made, the *Save Phase* occurs and is the last chance the *Defender* has to prevent damage.

Saving Throw

A roll of a single *D6* that is made to determine whether an *Armour Save* or *Cover Save* prevents your character or an *Enemy* from taking damage. Even if your character or an *Enemy* has multiple *Armour Saves* or *Cover Saves* available to them, only one *Saving Throw* is made during each *Save Phase* and this is equal to the *Defender's* best *Armour*

HERALD OF OBLIVION

Save or *Cover Save* – i.e. the one with the lowest value.

Statistic

Any numerical value that represents a skill or ability possessed by your character.

Base Statistic

The value of a particular Statistic when you start your adventure.

Modified Statistic

The current value of a Statistic with any bonuses or penalties applied.

Strength (S)

A statistic used during *Combat* to determine the *To Wound Roll*. In *Close Combat* it also determines how much damage is inflicted by a *Close Combat Weapon*.

To Hit Roll

The roll of a single *D6* that determines whether an attack hits a *Defender*.

To Hit Table

The chart where *Weapon Skill* is checked to determine the *To Hit Roll*.

To Wound Roll

The roll of a single *D6* that determines whether an attack causes any damage to the *Defender*.

To Wound Table

The chart where the *Strength* of the *Attacker* or a *Ranged Weapon* is cross-referenced against the *Defender's Toughness* to determine the *To Wound Roll*.

Toughness (T)

A *Statistic* used during *Combat* to determine the *To Wound Roll*.

Weapon Skill (WS)

A *Statistic* used during *Combat* to determine the *To Hit Roll*.

Wounds (W)

A *Statistic* representing the amount of damage you can take before dying.

CHARTS

To Hit Chart

WS	Roll To Hit
1	6
2	5
3	4
4	3
5	2
6	1

To Wound Chart

Toughness

Strength	1	2	3	4	5	6
1	4+	5+	6+	N	N	N
2	3+	4+	5+	6+	N	N
3	2+	3+	4+	5+	6+	N
4	X	2+	3+	4+	5+	6+
5	X	X	2+	3+	4+	5+
6	X	X	X	2+	3+	4+

N = Cannot Damage X = Auto Damage (saves still apply)

ADVENTURE SHEET

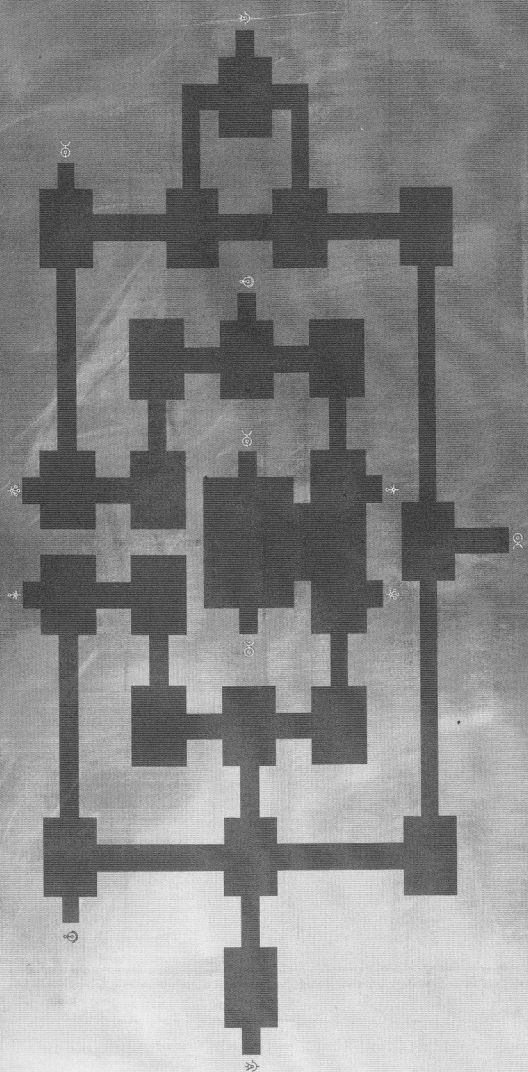
STATISTICS

WS	S	T	A	W	P
4	4	4	1	25	5

* Strength and Toughness statistics are only used in the Advanced Rules.

EQUIPMENT

<p style="text-align: center;">Weapons</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Ammunition</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Equipment</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Notes</p>



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