

TITAN



THE FIRST OF THE TITAN SERIES




TITAN




HEKATE
PRINCEPS (ACTING)



NALLEN
TACTICAL OFFICER



IMPERIUS DICTATIO
WARLORD TITAN



VOSS
WEAPONS MODERATI



DORN
CHIEF ENGINEER

SCRIPT DAN ABNETT ART ANTHONY WILLIAMS & ANDY LANNING

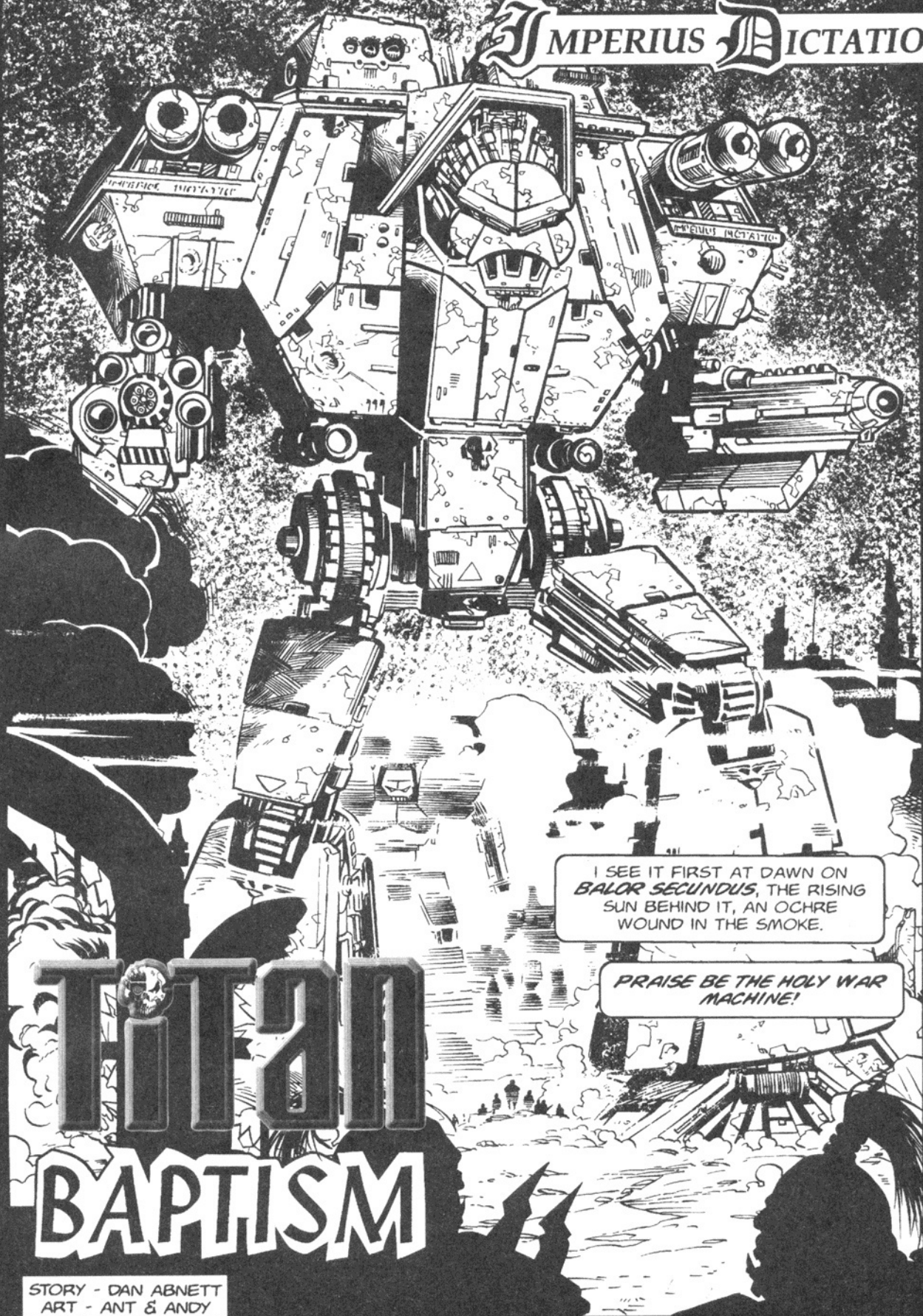
**TITAN EXPLODES INTO
ACTION IN ISSUE TWO!**

MACHINE GOD.

LORD OF WAR ENGINES.

TITAN.

IMPERIUS DICTATIO



I SEE IT FIRST AT DAWN ON
BALOR SECUNDUS, THE RISING
SUN BEHIND IT, AN OCHRE
WOUND IN THE SMOKE.

PRAISE BE THE HOLY WAR
MACHINE!

TITAN BAPTISM

STORY - DAN ABNETT
ART - ANT & ANDY

THIS BEGINS MY FIELD TRAINING, THE MOST IMPORTANT, MOST *LONGED-FOR* PART OF MY EIGHT-YEAR STUDY AT THE *COLLEGIATE TITANICUS*.

ALL MY LIFE I HAVE BEEN RAISED TO *BOND* WITH THESE GOD-MACHINES, AND THIS IS MY FIRST TASTE OF THE REALITY. I AM-

PRINCEPS CADET ERVIN HEKATE, REPORTING AS ORDERED, SIR.


I SAID, I AM-

I HEARD YOU, CADET, YOU ARE HERE TO WITNESS THE LIVING WONDER OF THE TITAN, SO YOU MAY BE BETTER PREPARED FOR THE *BLESSED LIFE* THE EMPEROR HAS CHOSEN FOR YOU.

YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

KNOW HIM? HOW COULD I NOT KNOW *RAMUS MACABEE*, POSSIBLY THE MOST DECORATED *PRINCEPS* IN THE LEGION! HIS TACTICAL RECORDS ARE REQUIRED READING AT THE COLLEGIATE.

Y-YES, PRINCEPS.



VERY WELL. THE
IMPULSE OF THE TITAN'S
OLD MIND CALLS ME. I MUST
JOIN IT *FULLY*.

GO STATION
YOURSELF BY THE
MODERATI, HE WILL
WATCH YOU.

THE *MODERATI*, MASTER OF
THE TITAN'S WEAPONS. HIS DEAD
EYES ROLL ROUND TO OBSERVE
ME AS I JOIN HIM.

I AM
VOSS. YOU WILL
CALL ME *MODERATI*.

THIS IS
YOUR FIRST
OBSERVATIONAL
TOUR?

DON'T SPEAK.
DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING.
BE HUMBLE THAT YOU ARE
EVEN *HERE*.

WE ARE
ABOUT TO
PROCEED.

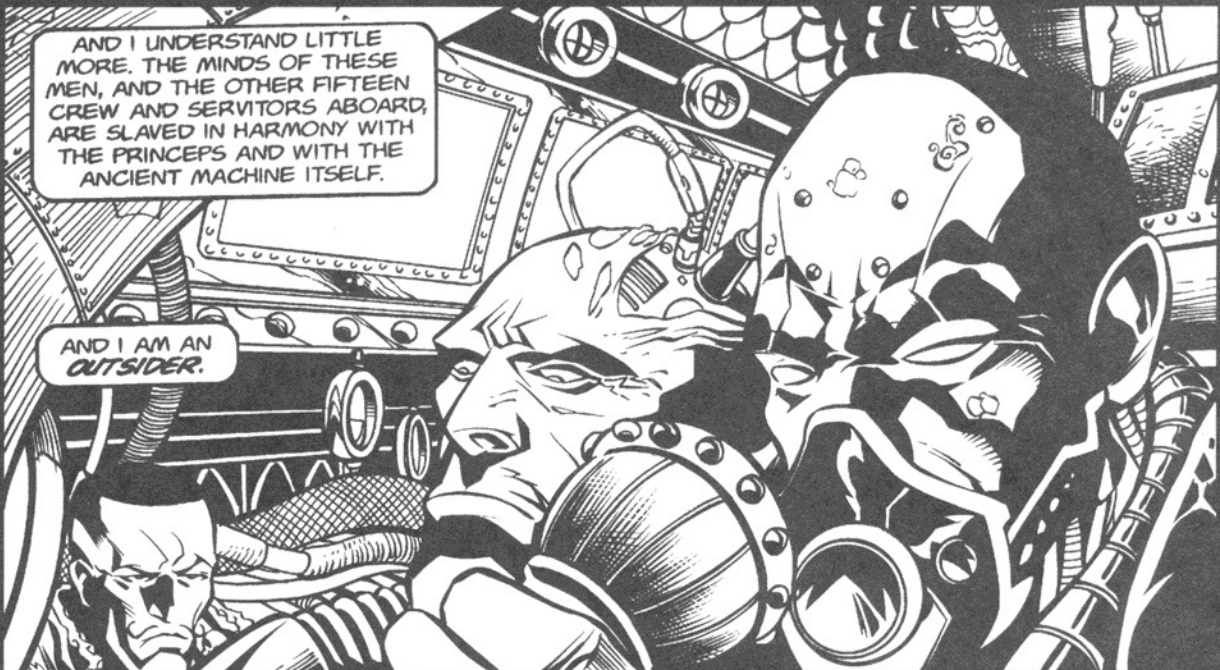
YES,
MODERATI.

IMPERIUS DICTATIO STRIDES
TOWARDS THE WARZONE.

GRUDGINGLY, AS IF IT IS WASTING HIS TIME,
MODERATI VOSS TELLS ME WE ARE
HUNTING AN ENEMY *GARGANT*
SOMEWHERE OUT IN THE FIREFIELDS.

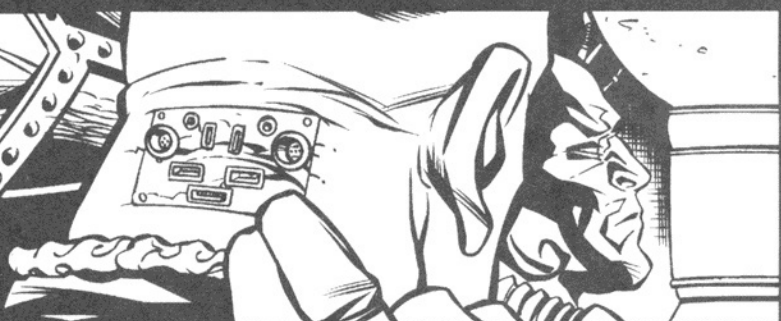
FOR THREE
WEEKS IT HAS
BEEN HARASSING
OUR CONVOYS.

THIRTY METRES ABOVE THE
GROUND IN A SWAYING ARMoured
BOX, I CAN SEE *NOTHING*!



AND I UNDERSTAND LITTLE MORE. THE MINDS OF THESE MEN, AND THE OTHER FIFTEEN CREW AND SERVITORS ABOARD, ARE SLAVED IN HARMONY WITH THE PRINCEPS AND WITH THE ANCIENT MACHINE ITSELF.


AND I AM AN **OUTSIDER**.



I BECOME PAINFULLY AWARE OF MY SCRATCHY **NEW UNIFORM**, OF THE SCAR-TISSUE STILL **FRESH-PINK** AROUND MY CRANIAL IMPLANT.


AND OF ONE OTHER THING...

...**ENVY**. IT TAKES ME A WHILE TO REALISE, BUT I **ENVY** THE OLD MAN!



I HAVE BEEN **RAISED** FOR THIS, **TRAINED** FOR THIS HONOUR! I AM THE **BEST** THE ADEPTUS MECHANICUS COULD PRODUCE!


ONE DAY THIS WILL BE **MINE**!



THEN **NALLEN**, THE TACTICAL OFFICER, CRIES OUT AND INTERRUPTS MY THOUGHTS-

I HAVE A CONTACT! SINGING STRONG, THREE POINTS EAST NORTH EAST!

FOR THE GLORY OF THE MACHINE GOD... **IT IS THE GARGANT!**



ENGINEER?
FULL POWER AS I BRING
US ABOUT!

MODERATI?
CHARGE AND AUTOLOAD
ALL SYSTEMS. I WANT YOUR FIRING
SOLUTIONS IN THIRTY SECONDS!


TACTICAL?
BOOST GAIN AND OPEN
MY EYES. I WANT TO *SEE* IT AS
I *KILL* IT!

THEY *WILL* IT AND
IT BECOMES
REALITY.

A THOUSAND TONNES OF STEEL
TURNS EAST NORTH EAST. I HEAR A
RATTLE OF AUTOLOADERS AND THE
WHINE OF SERVOS.

MY HEART IS IN MY
MOUTH. NOW I WILL SEE
THE STRATEGIC GENIUS
OF PRINCEPS RAMUS
MACABEE.

NOW I WILL SEE THE
MIGHT OF *IMPERIUS
DICTATIO*.




SOMETHING
IS WRONG! I AM
LOSING THE LINK!
FIRE CONTROL IS
FAILING!




SHUT UP
AND GET BACK
TO YOUR ENGINES,
DORN! WE'VE GOT A
SYSTEMS FAILURE!




GIVE US
A MOMENT
HERE TO ROUSE
THE LINK. I'M GETTING
NOTHING, DAMNIT!



WHAT IN
THE NAME OF
MARS IS GOING ON UP
HERE? I'VE JUST LOST
MAIN LINK TO THE
DRIVES!



MODERATI?
PRINCEPS MACABEE...
IS DEAD!



THAT
CANNOT BE! THAT
CANNOT BE! HE IS THE
PRINCEPS! HE-

THE
BOY IS RIGHT.
MACABEE IS
DEAD.

HE WAS
OLD, VOSS. OLD
EVEN WHEN I
JOINED DICTATIO.

LAST TOUR,
THE SURGEONS
TOLD HIM TO STEP DOWN.
THEY SAID THE STRESS OF
THE LINK WAS GETTING
TOO MUCH.
HE WOULD NOT.
HE COULD NOT BEAR
TO LEAVE THE
LINK.

WE'RE
DEAD
WITHOUT
HIM!

IN
THERE HE
WAS A
MACHINE GOD,
NOT A FRAIL
OLD MAN.

BY THE
GODS, WE'RE A
STANDING TARGET!

SOMEONE
MUST TAKE
OVER!

THE GARGANT
HAS US! I HAVE
DEFINITE TARGET CAPTURE
FROM THEIR SENSORS! THEY ARE
TURNING THIS WAY!

WHO, VOSS?
YOU?

MODERATI
JACKS AREN'T EVEN
COMPATIBLE WITH MAIN LINK
PLUGS... THAT'S ASSUMING YOU COULD
EVEN TAKE THE DATAFLOW!



HE COULD!

ME?

HE'S A PRINCEPS CADET, FINAL YEAR! HE'S GOT ALL THE THEORY! WE COULD FEED HIM THE PRACTICAL STUFF!



WELL, HE'S GOT THE RIGHT PLUGS. BUT, BY THE EMPEROR, HE'S YOUNG.

NALLEN?

DO WE HAVE TIME TO DEBATE THIS?

HELL, NO!



GET IN, HEKATE!

TIME FOR RESPECT LATER, PRINCEPS.

MACHINE-GOD HELP ME! THIS IS TOO SOON! TOO SUDDEN!



LET YOUR MIND GO, CADET!

THIS MAY HURT FOR A MO-



WHERE AM I-

OH- OH MY-

I HAVE NEVER
KNOWN PAIN LIKE
THIS, EVERY
NERVE, EVERY-

WHERE AM I?

MARS. MARS.
THE FORGES OF WAR
THAT BROUGHT
ME FORTH.

WHO?

YOU KNOW MY NAME.
WE ARE BONDED NOW,
YOU AND I.

NO!
NOOOO!

I'M SORRY,
HEKATE. THIS IS
TOO SOON FOR
YOU.

YOU'RE
INSIDE THE TITAN'S
MIND. ONE SO YOUNG AS
YOU IS PROBABLY NOT
READY FOR SUCH AN
EXPERIENCE.

PRINCEPS
MACABEE!

YOU'RE
DEAD!

NOT IN HERE. IN
HERE, I CAN BE YOUR
GUIDE AND *COUNSEL*. THE TITAN
NEEDS YOU TO LIVE, HEKATE,
WHETHER YOU'RE READY
OR NOT.

SO PULL
YOUR MIND
TOGETHER AND
DO IT!

I AM A MACHINE GOD.

LORD OF WAR ENGINES.

TITAN.

I AM IMPERIOUS DICTATIO.

I CAN SEE THIRTY KILOMETRES IN EVERY DIRECTION. THE POWER OF A SUN THROBS INSIDE ME. THE EARTH TREMBLES AS I WALK.

THIS IS THE POWER I HAVE DREAMED OF.

I HEAR MACABEE'S VOICE WARN ME "ONCE YOU'VE LINKED WITH A TITAN, THERE IS NO GOING BACK..."

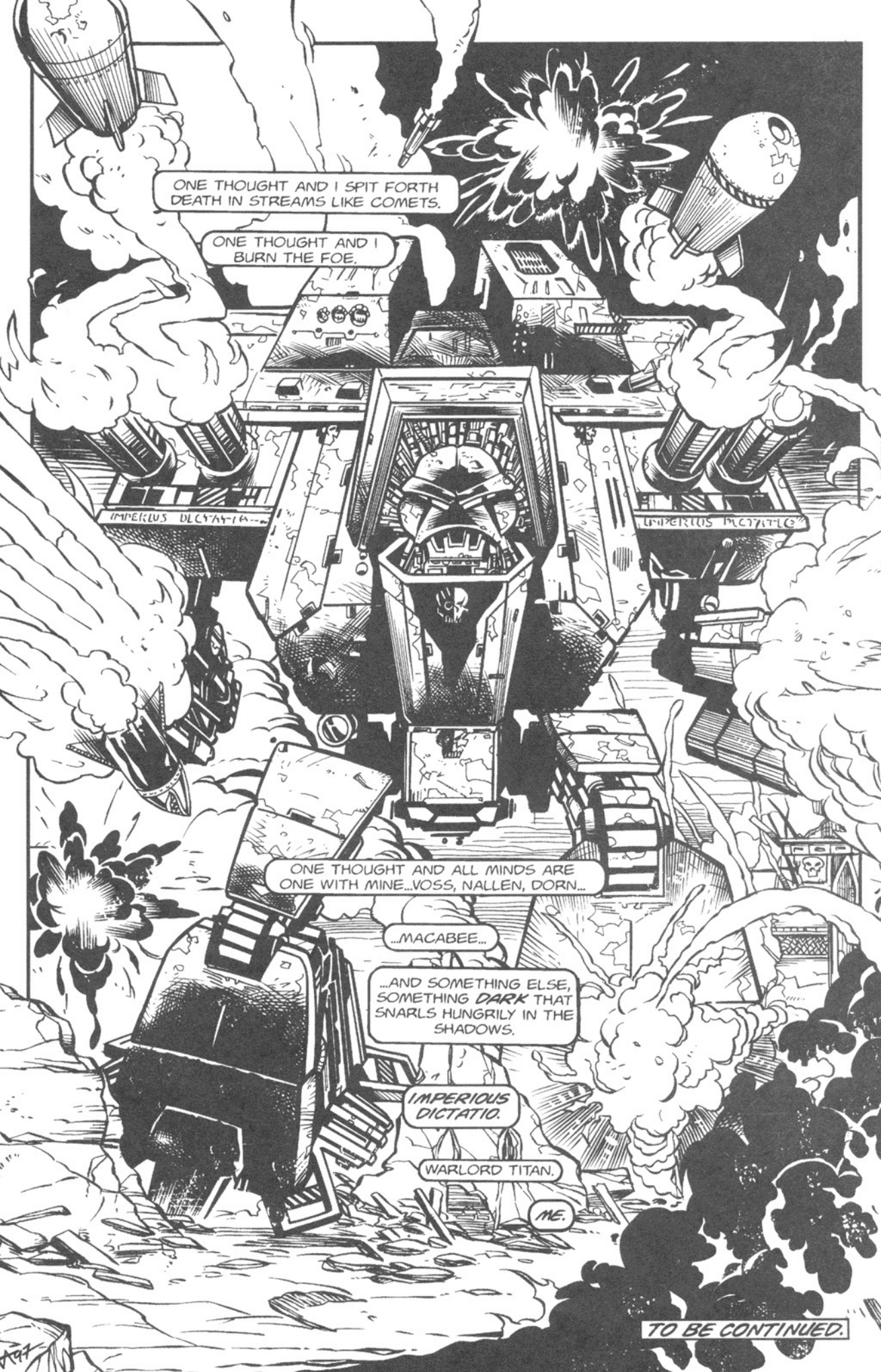
HEKATE!
THE GARGANT
IS ALMOST UPON US.



THATS
PRINCEPS
HEKATE, VOSS.

BRING THE
TURBO LASERS
TO BEAR...





ONE THOUGHT AND I SPIT FORTH
DEATH IN STREAMS LIKE COMETS.

ONE THOUGHT AND I
BURN THE FOE.

ONE THOUGHT AND ALL MINDS ARE
ONE WITH MINE...VOSS, NALLEN, DORN...

...MACABEE...

...AND SOMETHING ELSE,
SOMETHING *DARK* THAT
SNARLS HUNGRILY IN THE
SHADOWS.

IMPERIOUS
DICTATIO.

WARLORD TITAN.

ME.

TO BE CONTINUED.



FOR A WEEK, I HAVE
WALKED AS A GOD WALKS.

I HAVE FOUGHT AS A
GOD FIGHTS.

I AM IMPERIUS DICTATIO.

KNEEL BEFORE
ME AND BEG FOR
YOUR LIVES!

MY BATTLEGROUND IS
BALOR SECUNDUS. MY FOE,
THE ORK SCUM.

YESTERDAY, MY GUNS
RAZED A CITY IN THE
DUNE SEA AND
INCINERATED TEN
THOUSAND GREEN HIDES.
ARMIES CHEERED ME AS I
MARCHED PAST IN
TRIUMPH.

I DID NOT EVEN THINK TO ASK
THE CITY'S NAME.

SCRIPT *DAN ABNETT*
ART *ANTHONY WILLIAMS*
& *ANDY LANNING*

TITAN UNTO DUST

CITIES CRUMBLE AND
CHAR BEFORE ME,
LEGIONS CHANT MY
NAME. I AM IMPERIUS
DICTATIO. YET-

THE CREW ARE NOT YET
CONFIDENT IN MY ABILITIES. I CAN
NOT BLAME THEM. TAKE NALLEN,
THE TACTICAL OFFICER.

HE CANNOT HIDE HIS
THOUGHTS. HE REGARDS
ME AS A TEMPORARY
SPARE PART BOTCHED IN
TO MAKE DO, TO BE
STRIPPED OUT WHEN WE
RETURN TO THE SILOS.

I WILL PROVE HIM WRONG.
AND THE OTHERS TOO.

BY MARS! I HAVE BARELY
MORE FAITH IN MY
ABILITIES THAN THEY!

...I WAS PRINCEPS CADET ERVIN
HEKATE UNTIL A WEEK AGO,
POSTED ABOARD AS AN OBSERVER.
WHEN THE TITAN'S PRINCEPS DIED
IN THE HEAT OF COMBAT...


ONLY I WAS CAPABLE OF
TAKING HIS PLACE.

IT'S CALLED A FIELD
PROMOTION, I BELIEVE.

ENTERING THE
DUNE SEA REGION NOW,
PRINCEPS. SENSORS READ DUST-
STORMS RISING TO THE SOUTH.

PRINCEPS! WE
HAVE A WEAK
CONTACT! FOUR
KILOMETRES BEARING
SOUTH-EAST.

WHERE? I
SEE NOTHING!
RESOLVE THE
PATTERN! I WANT CLEAR,
HARD RETURNS!




BUT SOMEONE DOES. SOMEONE WHO
LURKS BEHIND MY EYES, BESIDE MY
VISION, A GHOST IN THE LINK...



YOU ARE
PRINCEPS
NOW HEKATE.
THERE'S NO
TURNING BACK...

...TRIUMPH OR
OBLIVION.



MACABEE, MY PREDECESSOR, A
CREAKING SPECTRE OF RUST AND
OLD BLEACHED BONES, WHISPERING
TO ME FROM THE DARKNESS OF THE
TITAN'S SOUL...

IT'S THE
RISING DUST-STORM,
PRINCEPS. IT'S BLOCKING
OUR LONG RANGE SWEEPS.
I'VE LOST THE SIGNAL.

REQUIRE IT,
TACTICAL. RIGHT
NOW.

I'M TRYING
PRINCEPS!

FIND IT
YOU DOG! WE
HAVEN'T GOT ALL
DAY!

YES,
MODERATI!

SHOULD I TAKE
THE WEAPONS TO
ACTIVE, PRINCEPS? JUST TO BE
READY?

PRUDENT.
DO IT MODERATI
VOSS.

VOSS...MY SENIOR
OFFICER...THE MAN WHO'S
IDEA IT WAS FOR ME TO
TAKE ON THIS ROLE. HE
MASKS HIS FEELINGS
BETTER THAN MOST BUT I
SENSE HIS UNEASE.

USING THE DUST-STORM AS
COVER, RUNNING ON BLIND UNTIL
IT WAS ON US, A MASSIVE ORK
WAR MACHINE COMES FROM
NOWHERE.

WE ARE HIT. VOID SHIELDS
FAIL. ANCIENT PLATING
SPLINTERS. PISTONS BURST.
CABLE LINKS SEVER. THREE
SERVITORS ARE VAPORISED.

OH HELL!
GARGANT! GARGANT!
RIGHT ON TOP OF US! TWO
HUNDRED METRES!

AGONY SPURTS
THROUGH MY RIB CAGE
AS I SHARE THE PAIN. I
SCREAM THE WORDS...

BRING ALL
BATTERIES TO BEAR!
FIRE LOW! AT GROUND
LEVEL!

THEY DO AS I ORDER, BUT
I SENSE THEIR QUESTIONS.

MY DECISION WAS SIMPLE. AT
THIS CLOSE QUARTERS, THERE
WAS NO TIME FOR A CLEAN
KILLING SHOT. WE MIGHT HAVE
BLASTED EACH OTHER TO
SCRAP TRYING.

BUT TO
IMMOBILISE IT, TO
FUSE THE SAND
AROUND ITS FEET
TO MICA GLASS.
THAT RESTORES
OUR EDGE.

IT STRUGGLES TO MOVE,
TO TRAVERSE ITS MAIN
WEAPONS. IT IS SET IN
GLASS, LIKE A FLY IN AMBER.

I MOVE TO THE SIDE,
AND LOWER THE
VOLCANO CANNON...

...AS AN INFANTRY OFFICER MIGHT
TAKE HIS PISTOL TO THE HEAD OF
A KNEELING PRISONER.

FWHO BOOOOM!!!



KILL
CONFIRMED.

PRINCEPS,
ARE YOU
ALRIGHT?

EMPATHIC
WOUNDING. IT
WILL PASS,
MODERATI. I'LL LIVE.

AND
LEARN, HEKATE.
QUICK WITS SAVED
YOU THERE. A FINE
TACTICAL PLOY.

BUT SAVOUR
THE PAIN, SHARE
THE GRINDING ACHE OF
THE WOUND IN THE
MACHINE'S BELLY. DON'T
SUPPRESS IT.

LET IT
REMINDE YOU
THAT EVEN MACHINE
GODS CAN DIE.

'MAKE IT A LESSON
YOU ONLY HAVE
TO LEARN ONCE.'

TO BE CONTINUED...

IT IS TORMENT.

IT COMES OUT OF THE
BLACKNESS, A RUSHING
HEADLONG PAIN THAT
SWEEPS ME UP.

MY VISION DIMS, MY
HEARING DULLS, I BECOME
AS WEAK AS A CHILD,
VULNERABLE, FLESHY...

AND THEN THE VICE
OF STEEL PAIN RIPS
ME APART.

HALF LIFE

SCRIPT DAN ABNETT
ART ANTHONY WILLIAMS & ANDY
LANNING

AND THEN I WAKE AND
FIND IT'S ALL TRUE.

NOOOOOO!

IT TAKES ME A WHILE
TO REMEMBER
WHERE I AM.

THE TITAN LEGION
FORWARD COMMAND DEPOT
ON BALOR SECUNDUS.

WE PUT IN FOR REPAIRS
HERE YESTERDAY AFTER A
MONTH IN THE FIELD.

AND THEY...
AND THEY...

...TORE MY SOUL APART.



PRINCEPS? YOU
CRIED OUT.

A BAD DREAM,
MODERATI VOSS.
WITHDRAWAL PAIN.

IT IS THE
SAME FOR ALL
WHO LINK...WORST OF
ALL FOR THE PRINCEPS,
OF COURSE.

ONCE YOUR MIND HAS
MERGED WITH A TITAN,
YOU CAN NEVER ACCLIMATISE
YOURSELF TO NORMAL HUMAN
PHYSICALITY AGAIN.

MACABEE WARNED
ME I COULD NEVER GO
BACK. THAT I WOULD BE
BOUND TO IMPERIUS
DICTATIO FOREVER.

EVERYTHING
FEELS WRONG... I FEEL
SMALL, WEAK, PITIFUL,
IMPOTENT. I CANNOT
UNDERSTAND WHY MY SENSES
ARE SO *INEFFICIENT*.


THERE ARE
DRUGS,
TREATMENTS TO EASE THE
WITHDRAWAL FOR THE
PERIODS WHERE YOU'RE OUT OF
THE LINK, BUT I DON'T
RECOMMEND THEM.

YOU'LL LOSE
YOUR EDGE.

LOOK, I
CAME TO TELL YOU
THE DEPOT COMMANDER
WANTS TO SEE YOU. HE'S IN
THE MAIN SERVICE BAY.



COMMANDER?



I'VE REVIEWED
THE REPORT,
HEKATE.

THE LEGION IS
TROUBLED BY THIS EVENT.
YOUR PLACEMENT AS PRINCEPS
WAS HIGHLY IRREGULAR.

THERE WAS LITTLE
TIME TO DECIDE SIR.
THE CREW JUDGED IT
THE BEST CHOICE.

YOU ARE STILL A
COLLEGIATE TRAINEE, HEKATE.
THERE IS A SHORTLIST OF **TWENTY**
FULLY TRAINED AND EXPERIENCED
PRINCEPS WHO ARE ANXIOUS
TO TAKE MACABEE'S PLACE.

WE'LL LET
YOU KNOW THE
DECISION.

YOU'RE NOT
THINKING OF
REMOVING ME? YOU
CAN'T, SIR!

IT'S **PART**
OF ME NOW!
YOU CAN'T DO
THIS!

BREEEP!BREEEP!BREEEEP!

THAT'S THE
GENERAL
ALARM, SIR!

HEKATE, I CAN-

WHAT IN THE
NAME OF MARS?

WE'RE
UNDER
ATTACK!

ORKS. A SNEAK ATTACK.
EXPLOITING A BLIND SPOT IN OUR
EARLY WARNING CORDON AND
DRIVING IN FAST.

I DON'T WAIT FOR ORDERS.

WE WILL BE
CRUSHED IN
MINUTES UNLESS
WE RESPOND IN
KIND.

I CLAMBER UP THE GANTRY AND
THROUGH THE MAIN HATCH. I CAN
HEAR THE OTHER CREW MEMBERS
CLATTERING ABOARD BEHIND ME.

SINCE I BROKE THE LINK IT HAS
BEEN *CALLING* TO ME, HOWLING
DEEP INSIDE MY MIND.

ONLY NOW DO I STOP RESISTING THAT
SUMMONS. I REACH OUT FOR THE LINK,
SO THAT THE PAIN WILL GO AWAY.

I AM MADE
WHOLE AGAIN.

I AM
IMPERIUS DICTATIO!

TO BE CONTINUED...



THEIR *DREADNOUGHTS* CAME FIRST, SPLINTERING THROUGH THE CONCRETE BAFFLES AND DYKES OF OUR STOCKADE.

BACK, BEYOND THE SMOKE, VAST *GARGANTS* RAINED LONG-RANGED DESTRUCTION ON THE MAIN DEPOT ITSELF.

BUILDINGS RUPTURED.

MACHINES EXPLODED.

MEN DIED.

NINETY-FOUR MEN, IN THAT FIRST MINUTE. SERVANTS OF THE EMPEROR ALL.

REDEMPTION

SCRIPT *DAN ABNETT*
ART *ANTHONY WILLIAMS*
& *ANDY LANNING*

TITAN

THERE WAS SO
LITTLE WARNING.

THE CHAOS WAS *TOTAL*.

THERE WAS NO TIME TO
STAGE A RALLIED
DEFENCE AGAINST THE
DEATH MACHINES.

THERE WAS ONLY *ONE*
READY TO STAND
AGAINST THEM.

PRINCEP HEKATE
TO ALL SYSTEMS...

...ENGAGE GATLING
AUTOLOADERS.

AUTOLOADERS, AYE!

GIVE ME MOTIVE
POWER, DORN.

IT'S YOURS,
COMMANDER!

ADVANCE,
FLANK SPEED.

TACTICAL!
NALLEN...I WANT THOSE
DREADNOUGHTS
TARGETED.

TARGET ONE LOCKED,
PRINCEPS.



BRRAAKKA-
FOOOOM!

TARGET ONE
OBLITERATED.

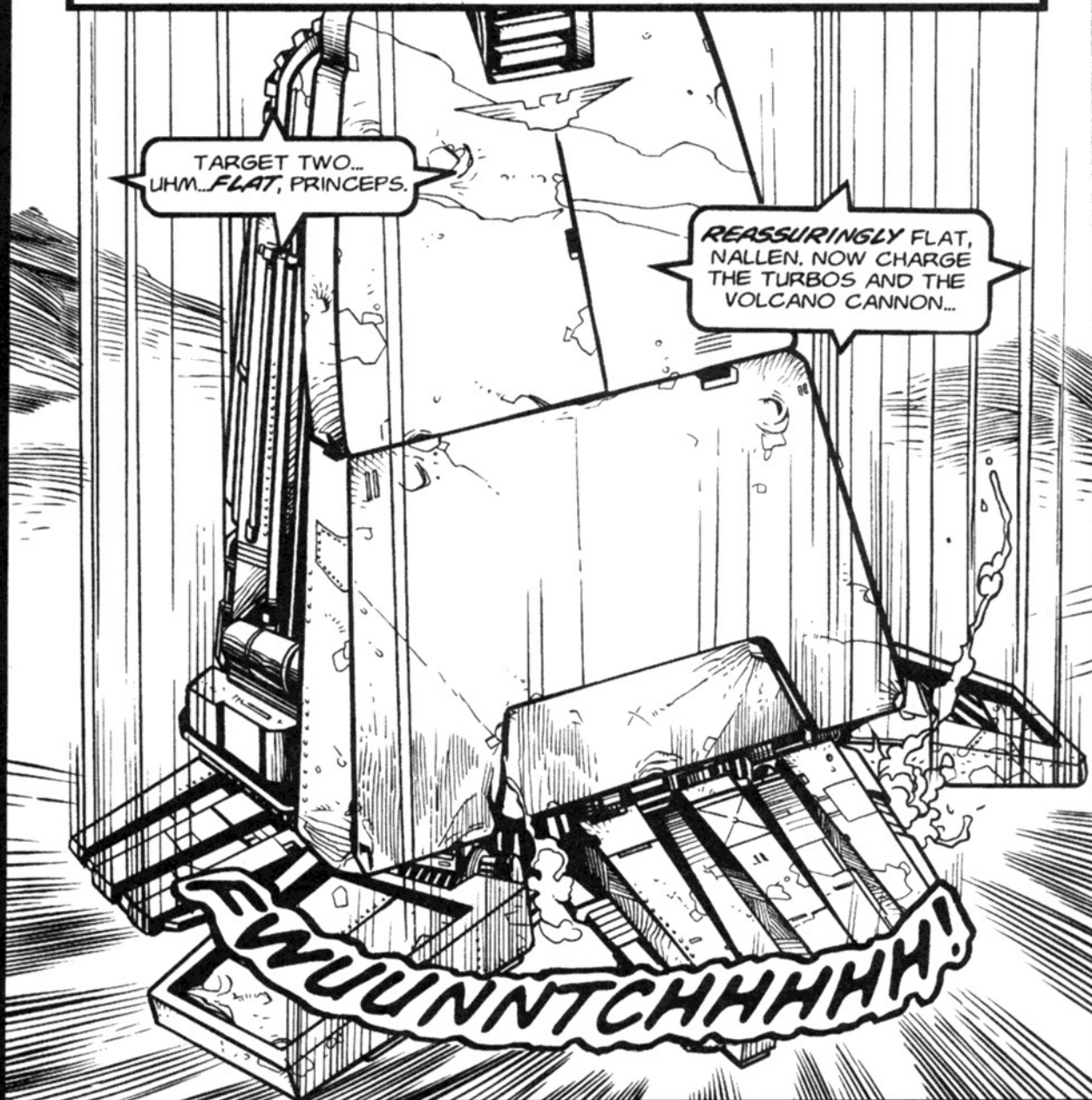
TRACKING
TARGET TWO...

WHOT THE
ZOG?



DON'T BOTHER,
NALLN...I HAVE HIM.

EHNN?
NOOOOOO!



TARGET TWO...
UHM...*FLAT*, PRINCEPS.

REASSURINGLY FLAT,
NALLN. NOW CHARGE
THE TURBOS AND THE
VOLCANO CANNON...

FWUUNNTCHHHHH!



...OUR WORK HAS JUST BEGUN!

OUR PEOPLE ARE
DYING IN DROVES.

THE DEPOT IS
ALMOST OVERRUN.

WE ARE THE ONLY
FUNCTIONING UNIT
OFFERING RESISTANCE.

BUT I AM *IMPERIUS DICTATIO*,
WARLORD TITAN, ONCE MORE...
AND *IMPERIUS DICTATIO* IS ME...

...AND MAY THE EMPEROR
HELP ME! IN THE FACE OF THIS
DESTRUCTION...

...I FEEL NOTHING
BUT JOY.

SHOW ME THE
GARGANTS, NALLEN.
RANGE AND LOCK.

MORE POWER,
DORN! TAKE US
TO THEM!

AYE,
PRINCEPS.

FULL POWER AT
YOUR DISCRETION,
PRINCEPS!

THE REACTORS
ARE AT OPTIMUM
AND SINGING
SWEETLY!

THE ENGINEER
DOESN'T NEED TO
TELL ME. I FEEL
THE GLORIOUS
ENGINE NOTE
ROARING IN MY
HEART VIA THE
LINK. I BLINK WITH
GIANT'S EYES...

...AND SEE THE ENEMY. THREE VAST
GARGANTS, THE BACKBONE OF THE
ASSAULT, GRINDING THROUGH THE
SMOKE WALL, WEAPONS BLAZING.

TARGET VOLCANO
CANNON...

MY LEFT ARM TENSES AND PULSES WITH
ENERGY AS REACTORS PUMP POWER INTO THE
VOLCANO CANNON. IT TAKES TIME TO CHARGE
AND IS SLOW TO FIRE, BUT WHEN IT DOES...



THE ORKS FLEE,
BROKEN. WE
POWER DOWN AND
TEND OUR DEAD.

ALL THAT IS LEFT
IS... *OUTRAGE.*

THIS IS
UNSPEAKABLE!

THE PRINCEPS
SAVED US ALL!

IN THE
NAME OF THE
EMPEROR, HE SAVED
THE WHOLE DEPOT!

REIN IN,
NALLIN! THERE'S
NOTHING WE
CAN DO!

INDEED THERE
ISN'T, MODERATI
VOSS.

I CANNOT
FAULT HEKATE'S
COURAGE...OR HIS
TENACITY...OR HIS
SUCCESS.


BUT THE
FACT
REMAINS HE TOOK
CONTROL OF A TITAN
AFTER *EXPRESS*
ORDERS DENYING
HIM THAT.

SO ARE MINE,
COMMANDER. I HAD
NO CHOICE.

LET THE
EMPEROR BE
MY JUDGE.

YOUR FATE IS
WITH *THE MAGOS*
NOW. MY HANDS
ARE TIED.

TO BE
CONTINUED...



HERE MY FATE
WILL BE DECIDED.

THE HALL OF
MACHINES, TITAN
LEGION FRONTLINE
DEPOT, BALOR
SECUNDUS.

HERE THEY WILL
SIT IN JUDGEMENT
ON ME.

HERE,
THE BRETHREN
OF THE ADEPTUS
MECHANICUS WILL
DEBATE ME,
EITHER IN PERSON
OR VIA AN
INTERWEAVING OF
MIND IMPULSE UNITS.

HERE THE MINDS
WILL MEET.

THE PARLIAMENT OF MINDS

THE MAGOS AWAITS ME. THE GRAVE
FACES OF THE ASSEMBLED RANKS
TURN TOWARDS ME. AND I FEEL THE
INVISIBLE PRESENCE OF *OTHERS*...

...MACHINE MINDS, WARLORD
TITANS, SOME HERE AT THE
DEPOT, SOME FAR AWAY IN DARK
CORNERS OF THE FIREFIELDS,
PAUSING IN THEIR HOLY WORK TO
CONSIDER ME.

I AM TERRIFIED.

LET THE
HONOUR GUARD
APPROACH!

THE
PRISONER WILL
TAKE THE STAND!
NAME YOURSELF!

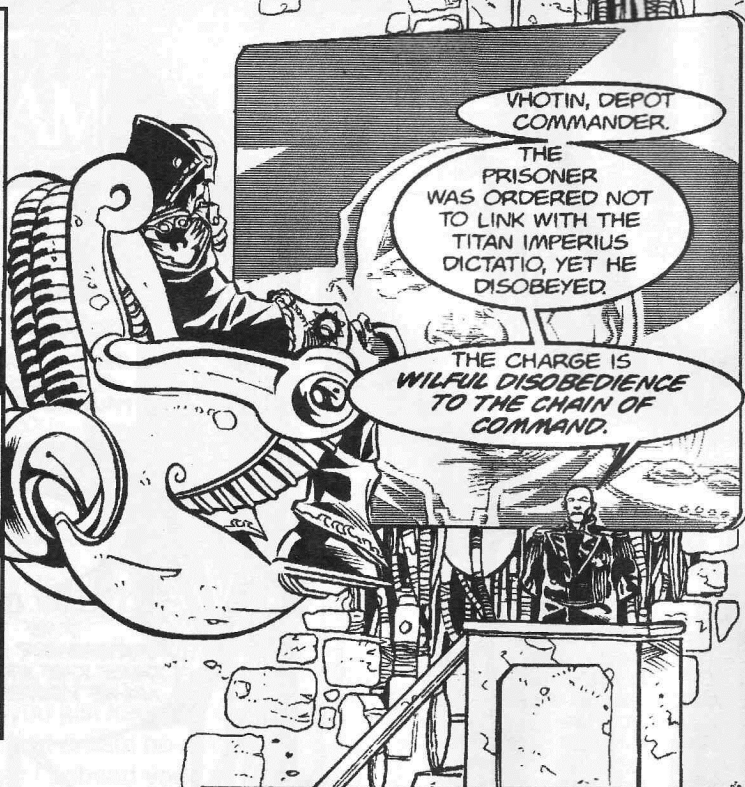
ERVIN HEKATE.
PRINCEPS.

TITAN

SCRIPT DAN ABNETT
ART ANTHONY WILLIAMS
& ANDY LANNING



WHO NAMES THE CHARGES?



VHOTIN, DEPOT COMMANDER.

THE PRISONER WAS ORDERED NOT TO LINK WITH THE TITAN IMPERIUS DICTATIO, YET HE DISOBEYED.

THE CHARGE IS **WILFUL DISOBEDIENCE TO THE CHAIN OF COMMAND.**



THE PENALTY IS **TERMINATION**, AS THE ANCIENT TEXTS DECREE.

HOW DO YOU PLEAD, PRISONER?

I CANNOT DISPUTE THAT I DISOBEYED THE COMMANDER'S ORDER, BUT-

HOW DO YOU PLEAD?

I... I DO NOT. I ASK FOR EVALUATION.



SO BE IT!

WHO SPEAKS FOR HEKATE?


WHO SPEAKS AGAINST?



GORTMUN,
PRINCEPS,
IMPERIUS
FURIOSO.



DISOBEDIENCE IS
DISOBEDIENCE. HE
MUST PAY.




THAT IS AN
END TO IT.




KRAVER,
PRINCEPS,
INDOMITUS
MECHANICUS.

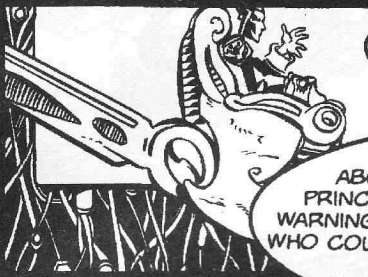
THINK CLEARLY,
BROTHER TITAN. DID
THIS MAN NOT HAVE
THE ROLE OF
PRINCEPS *THRUST*
UPON HIM? IS HE NOT
LITTLE MORE THAN
A *TRAINEE*, FRESH
FROM THE
COLLEGIATE
TITANICUS?



HE MAY LEARN
WISDOM FROM
THIS. PRINCEPS
ARE *VALUABLE*
COMMODITIES. DO
NOT WASTE HIM.




FOR THE
COURT, EXPLAIN HOW
YOU CAME TO BE LINKED WITH
THE WAR MACHINE IMPERIUS
DICTATIO.



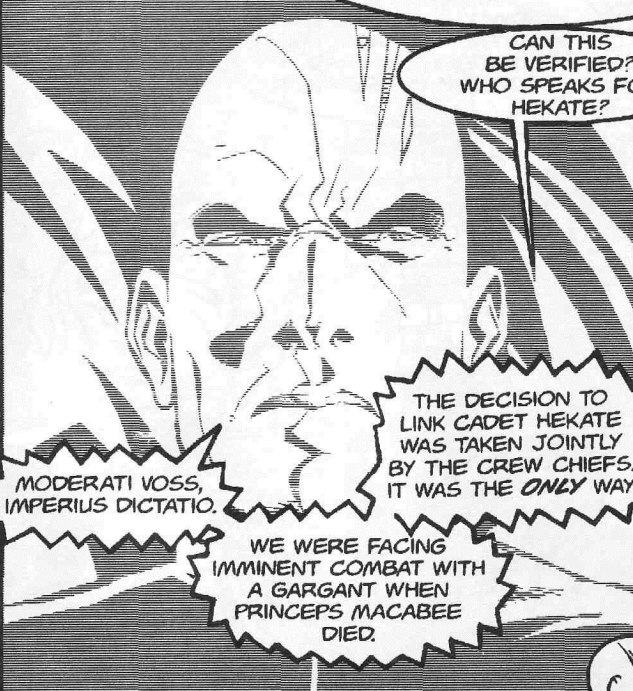
I WAS SERVING
ABOARD AS PRINCEPS CADET.
PRINCEPS MACABEE DIED WITHOUT
WARNING. I WAS THE ONLY ONE ABOARD
WHO COULD TAKE HIS PLACE IN THE MIND
IMPULSE LINK.



CAN THIS
BE VERIFIED?
WHO SPEAKS FOR
HEKATE?



A MATTER OF
EXPEDIENCY. SUCH
THINGS ARE DONE IN
WAR, BUT IT DOES NOT
MEAN THE STRIPLING
HAS ANY *CLAIM* TO
DICTATIO. HE MUST STAND
ASIDE FOR A MORE
EXPERIENCED
CANDIDATE.



MODERATI VOSS,
IMPERIUS DICTATIO.

THE DECISION TO
LINK CADET HEKATE
WAS TAKEN JOINTLY
BY THE CREW CHIEFS.
IT WAS THE *ONLY* WAY.

WE WERE FACING
IMMINENT COMBAT WITH
A GARGANT WHEN
PRINCEPS MACABEE
DIED.

BY COMMANDEERING
THE TITAN, HE DISPLAYED
HIS OWN ARROGANCE
AND NIAVE FOLLY. HIS
UNSUITABILITY. BURN
HIM.

HORTAN, PRINCEPS,
IMPERIUS INFERNUS.

DID HE NOT TAKE
COMMAND TO *SAVE*
THIS DEPOT?

THE ORKS HAD US
SURPRISED. NO ONE
WAS READY TO RESIST.
DID HEKATE NOT ACT
WITH THE HONOUR OF
THE EMPEROR
PARAMOUNT IN HIS
MIND?

DID HE NOT FIGHT
GLORIOUSLY?

AUTHORITY MUST
BE RESPECTED.
ORDERS ARE SACROSANCT!
HEKATE DISOBEYED! BETTER
THAT-

B-BETTER
THAT THIS
DEPOT AND EVERY
IMPERIAL LIFE IN IT HAD
FALLEN THAN I HAD
DISOBEYED YOUR
ORDER?

AS THE
EMPEROR IS
MY JUDGE...

...YES.

SEVERAL HAVE
SPOKEN TO *INDEMNIFY*
HEKATE'S ACTIONS, TO
EXCUSE THEM...

BUT NONE
HAVE BEEN ABLE TO
DENY THE CHARGE ITSELF.
THAT FACT REMAINS. HEKATE
DISOBEYED A *DIRECT*
ORDER. HE IS *GUILTY*.

WHO
ELSE
SPEAKS FOR
HEKATE?

OR SHALL
SENTENCE BE
CARRIED OUT?

I WOULD.



MACABEE,

FROM THE DEPTHS OF
DICTATIO'S MIND CORE,
WHERE MY SENTIENCE
LINGERS AS A
PHANTOM.

I WOULD SPEAK.



THEN
**SPEAK, OLD
WARRIOR.**

CAN IT
BE?

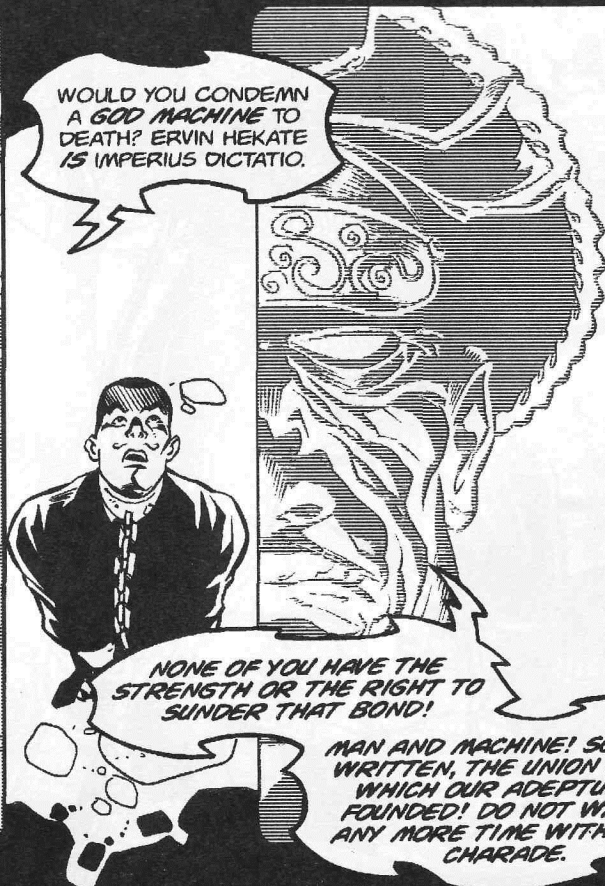
THE OLD
MAN!

THE
TITAN ITSELF
INTERCEDES.



YOU ARE ALL IGNORING THE
OBVIOUS. HEKATE IS **BONDED** TO
DICTATIO. THEY ARE **LINKED.** THERE
IS NO CHOICE OR DEBATE.

KILL HIM AND YOU AS
GOOD AS **KILL THE
TITAN.**



WOULD YOU CONDEMN
A **GOD MACHINE** TO
DEATH? ERVIN HEKATE
IS **IMPERIUS DICTATIO.**


NONE OF YOU HAVE THE
STRENGTH OR THE RIGHT
TO **SUNDER THAT BOND!**

MAN AND MACHINE! SO IT IS
WRITTEN, THE UNION UPON
WHICH OUR **ADEPTUS** IS
FOUNDED! DO NOT WASTE
ANY MORE TIME WITH THIS
CHARADE.



THE TITAN
ITSELF HAS
SPOKEN OUT FOR
HEKATE.

THE COURT
DECLARES IT *UNWISE* TO
PURSUE THIS MATTER FURTHER.
HOWEVER, PRINCEPS HEKATE MUST
CONSIDER HIMSELF *FORMALLY*
REPREMANDED.



ERVIN HEKATE,
DO YOU HAVE
ANYTHING TO SAY?

I THANK
YOU... YOUR
JUDGEMENT WILL BE
PROVEN WISE...



FOR WE ARE
TITANS, SHAKERS OF
WORLDS.

AND WHERE WE STEP, THE *EARTH*
SHUDDERS; WHERE WE RAGE *CITIES*
DIE...

...I AM *IMPERIUS DICTATIO*. LET MY
ENEMIES FEAR ME, LET THEIR DEATHS BE
DEATHS OF *FIRE* AT MY STEEL HANDS...



...AND BY THE GODS OF
MARS, LET ME SERVE THE
EMPEROR AS A TITAN
UNTIL THE END OF MY
DAYS!

END
OF
BOOK
ONE.

Art & Andy '98

WARHAMMER
PRESENTS

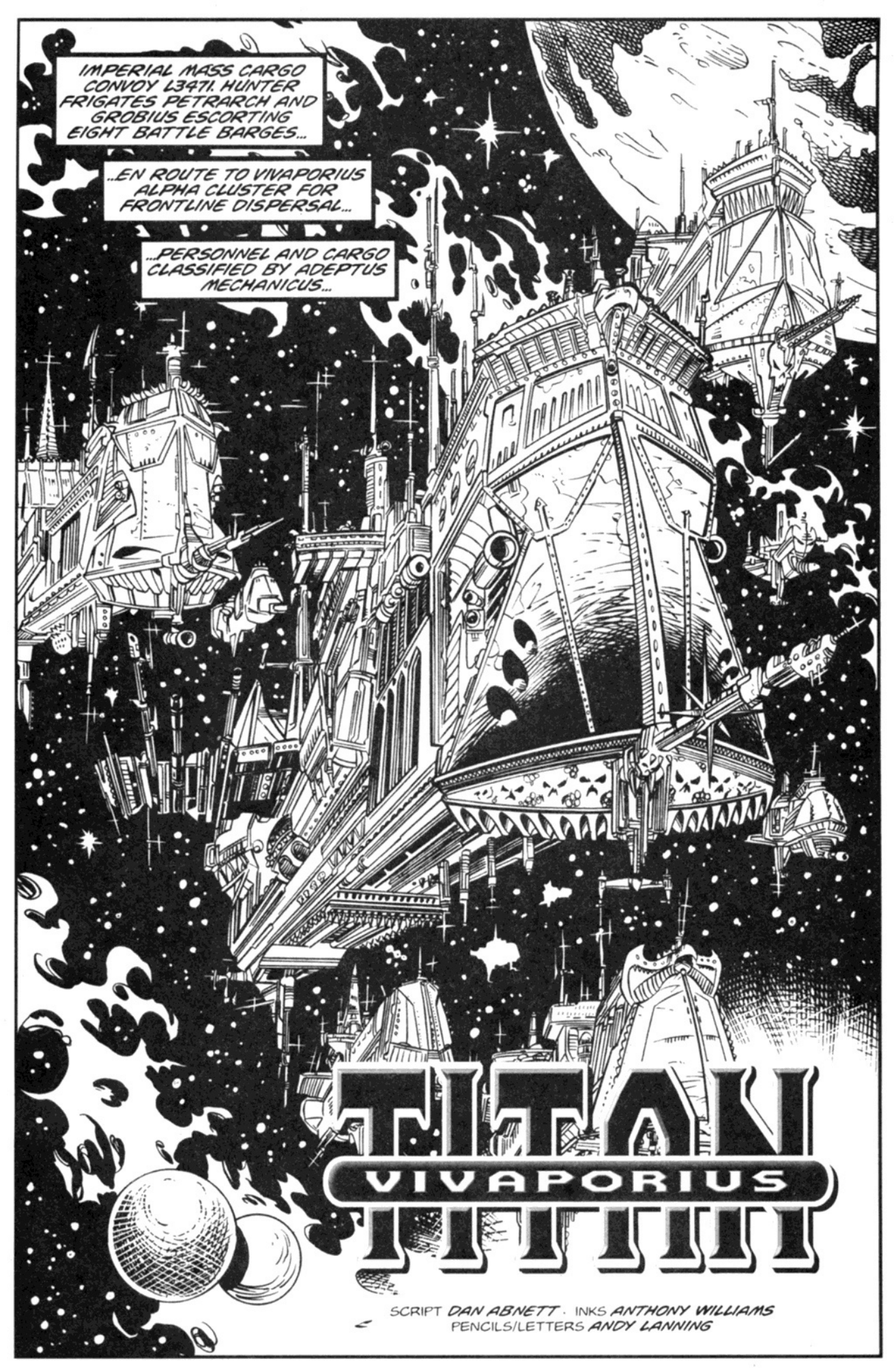
TITAN

II: VIVAPORIUS



DAN ABNETT • ANTHONY WILLIAMS • ANDY LANNING





IMPERIAL MASS CARGO
CONVOY L3471. HUNTER
FRIGATES PETRARCH AND
GROBIUS ESCORTING
EIGHT BATTLE BARGES...

...EN ROUTE TO VIVAPORIUS
ALPHA CLUSTER FOR
FRONTLINE DISPERSAL...

...PERSONNEL AND CARGO
CLASSIFIED BY ADEPTUS
MECHANICUS...

TITAN

VIVAPORIUS

TITAN

SCRIPT DAN ABNETT. INKS ANTHONY WILLIAMS
PENCILS/LETTERS ANDY LANNING

DECK OFFICER LEESE
HATES THE LONELY
PATROL ROUNDS DURING
NIGHT-CYCLE ABOARD
THE BATTLE BARGE
FULVIUS.

IT'S QUIET AND COLD, AND THE
DECKS THROB WITH THE DISTANT,
CONSTANT POWER OF
THE MAIN DRIVE.

JUNCTION CONDUIT
453-91 CLEAR AND
FUNCTIONING.
EMPEROR'S GRACE

HE HATES IT
PARTICULARLY WHEN
THE FULVIUS IS CARRYING
CARGO LIKE THE
ONE CURRENTLY
SLUMBERING IN THE
MAIN HOLD.

THAT SORT OF THING
WOULD SCARE *ANYBODY*.
AND HE'S HEARD
STORIES.

JUNCTION
CONDUIT 259-78
CLEAR AND
FUNCTIONING.
PRAISE BE.

STORIES LIKE...
THEY'RE **ALIVE**.

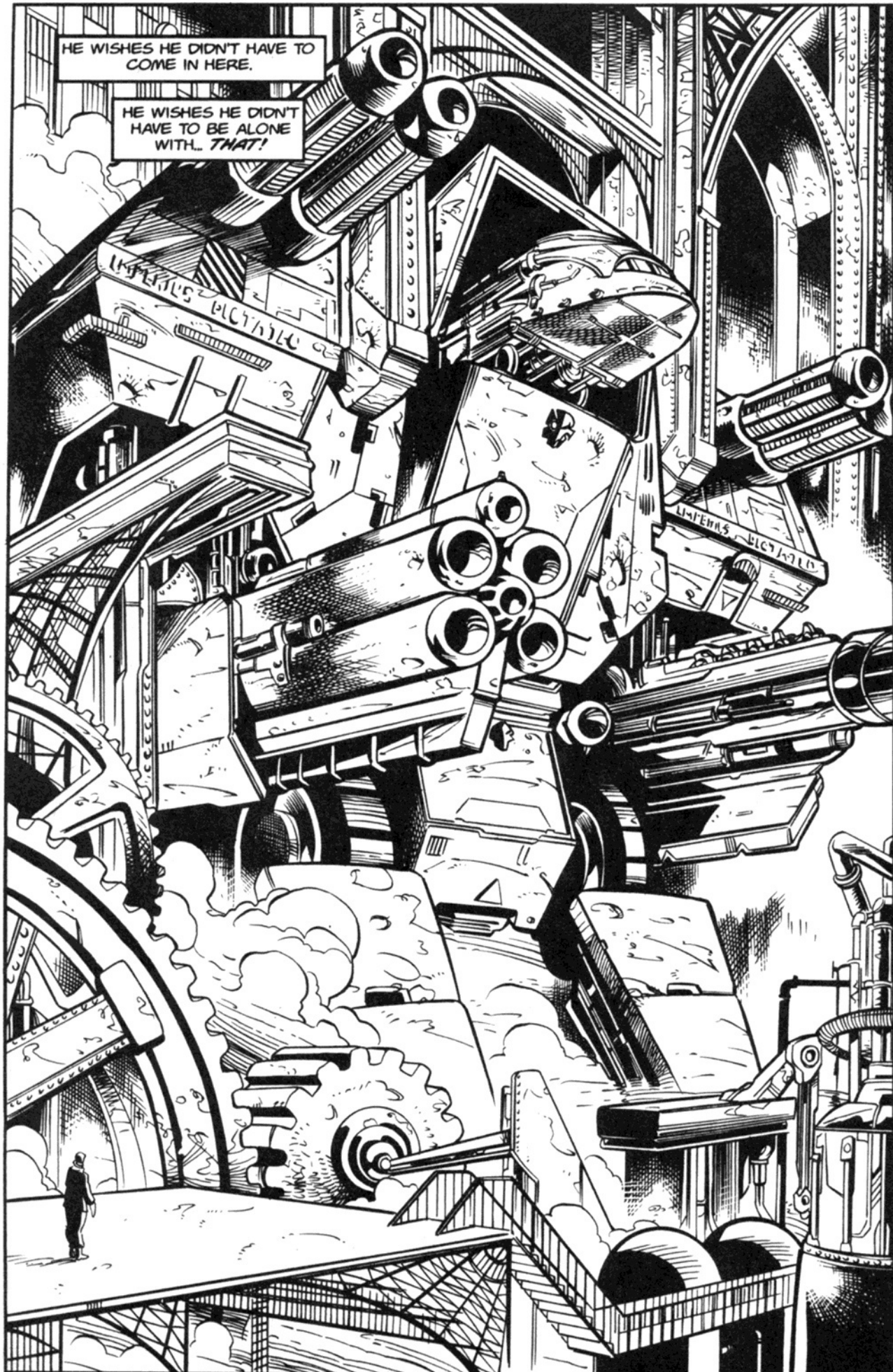
MAIN
FORWARD
HOLD

RAWA
HOLD

HATCH OPENING

HE WISHES HE DIDN'T HAVE TO
COME IN HERE.

HE WISHES HE DIDN'T
HAVE TO BE ALONE
WITH... *THAT!*





M-M-M-M-
AHEM!
HEM-HEM-M!

MAIN FORWARD
HOLD SECURE,
BY HIS GLORY!



EYES OF THE
EMPEROR!

KREEAA
KKKK!



IT *MOVED*! I
SWEAR IT *MOVED*!



WHAT MOVED?

YAAAAHHHH!



WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING
IN HERE?

I AM PRINCEPS
HEKATE OF THE
TITAN LEGION

I ASKED YOU *WHAT*
MOVED, CREWMAN?



MY APOLOGIES,
LORD. I DIDN'T
RECOGNISE YOU.

I THOUGHT...
THAT IS... I THOUGHT
THE **GOD-BEAST**
MOVED.



THAT **BEAST** IS
IMPERIUS DICTATIO,
WARLORD TITAN.

DON'T WORRY... HE WAS
PROBABLY JUST **DREAMING**.



DREAMING?

YOU TALK LIKE...
LIKE IT'S **ALIVE**.

THE MACHINE GODS ARE
NOT **DEAD METAL**,
CREWMAN.

AND THEY DISLIKE THE
CONFINEMENT OF STARSHIP
TRANSPORTATION.



WHY, SIR?

WHY DO YOU
THINK THE ADEPTUS
CLERICS SPENT SO LONG
PERFORMING THE **CALMING**
RITUALS AFTER HE WAS
BROUGHT ON BOARD?

WHAT WERE
YOU DOING IN
HERE, LORD?

LOOK AT THE SIZE AND
POWER OF DICTATIO, MY FRIEND.
WHERE HE WALKS, THE **GROUND**
SHAKES. IN HIS LIMBS RESIDE THE
POWER TO BURN **CITIES**.

HE IS USED TO
BEING **FREE**. TITANS
LOATHE BEING BOXED IN LIKE
THIS. THEY LOATHE THE
IMPOTENCE OF LONG,
SILENT VOYAGES.



ALONE NOW... ERVIN
HEKATE... PRINCEPS,
COMMANDER OF THE
WARLORD DICTATIO.

ON THE FRENZIED
WARZONE OF *BALOR
SECUNDUS*, HIS BEING
BE CAME ENMESHED
FOREVER WITH THE
MACHINE MIND OF
THE GREAT WEAPON.

THEY WERE BONDED
TOGETHER, BONDED
AS *ONE*. HUMAN SOUL
BRAIDED AND
SOLDERED INTO
THE MECHANICAL
SENTENCE

HE *FEELS* DREAMING DICTATIO
IN HIS MIND, REMEMBERS
THE DELICIOUS *JOY*
OF BEING A GOD.

DREAMING IN SYMPATHY,
PRINCEPS AND TITAN
RELIVE THE *FINAL*,
GLORIOUS HOURS ON
BALOR SECUNDUS...

MODERATI VOSS!
SWING US AROUND!
NINETY-EGT DEGREE
TRAVERSE STARBOARD!
INTERNAL DAMPERS AT
MAXIMUM TO KEEP US STEADY!
DON'T SPOIL MY AIM!

TACTICAL!
NALLEN! I WANT A HARD
SENSOR RETURN ON THAT
OTHER GARGANT! THERE'S OIL-
SMOKE FOGGING MY VISUAL
BEARING. I WANT TO *FEEL*
WHERE THAT THING IS!

ENGINEER DORN!
TURBINE PRESSURE TO THE
RED LINE! FULL POWER TO THE
LEGS! STRIDING SPEED!

ALL
AUTOLOADERS ENGAGE
AND RE-CYCLE! VENT SPENT
CASINGS! ARM THE TURBO-LASERS!
COMING TO BEAR ON A MARK OF
THREE... TWO... ONE...




FIRE!

STORMING THE LAST ORK
STRONGHOLD IN THE FINAL DAYS
OF THE WAR, OBLITERATING IN
A PLANET-WIDE FIRESTORM THE
LAST DESPERATE RESISTANCE
OF THE GREEN-HIDE WRETCHES.

CROSSING THE WESTERN
PERIMETER OF THE
EMPLACEMENT, FLANKED
BY FELLOW WARLORD
REGALIS ANNIHILATUS AND
THE SWIFT, DEADLY WARHOUND
VITAS FALCO.

THE THUNDER OF THE VOLCANO
CANNON, TOO LOUD FOR SOUND.
THE WHITE HEAT OF THE BLITZ-
FIRES. THE STENCH OF BURNING
FAT AND GRISTLE.

THE BERSERK *JOY*
OF BATTLEHOOD.



HEKATE OF DICTATIO TO
INDERON OF ANNIHIATIUS!

LASER BATTERIES TO
YOUR PORT FLANK!

I SEE THEM,
HEKATE!

THEY ARE
BURNED!

TREECE OF FALCO TO
BROTHER PRINCEPS!
THEIR FIRING DIMINISHES!

SIGNAL
ACKNOWLEDGED,
PRINCEPS TREECE!

NALLEN,
INFORM IMPERIAL
COMMAND... *BALOR
SECUNDUS IS OURS!*

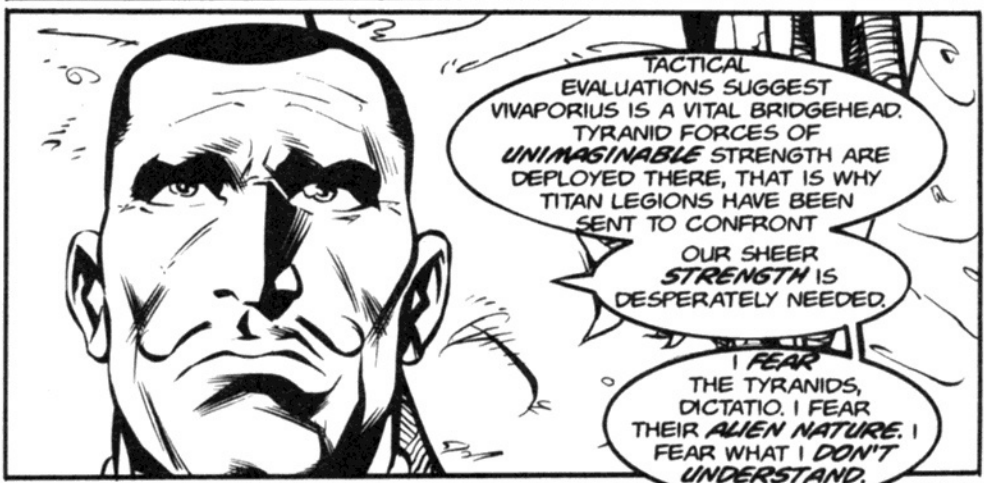
THE ORKS HAVE
FALLEN! *THE
STRONGHOLD
IS WON!*

IN THE NAME OF THE EMPEROR,
THE PLANET IS OURS!



WE GO TO A
WORLD CALLED
VIVAPORIUS,
WARLORD. A **NEW**
FOE AWAITS
US THERE.

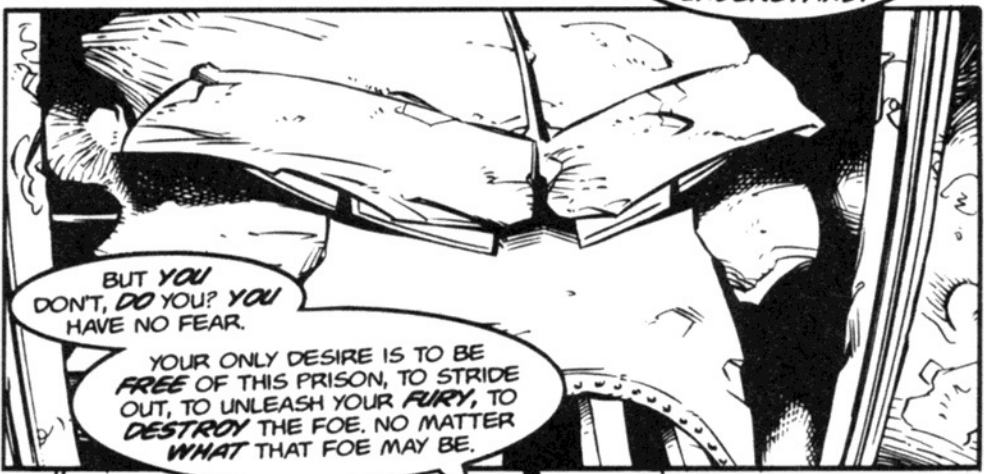
THE **TYRANID**.
THE DEVOURER OF
WORLDS. BEYOND OUR
UNDERSTANDING, A FOE AS
ABOMINABLE AS **CHAOS**
ITSELF.



TACTICAL
EVALUATIONS SUGGEST
VIVAPORIUS IS A VITAL BRIDGEHEAD.
TYRANID FORCES OF
UNIMASINABLE STRENGTH ARE
DEPLOYED THERE, THAT IS WHY
TITAN LEGIONS HAVE BEEN
SENT TO CONFRONT

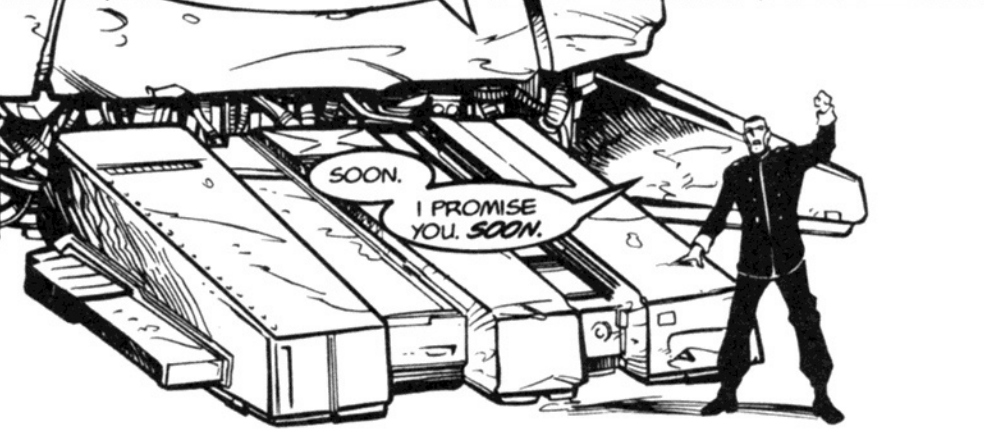
OUR **STRENGTH** IS
DESPERATELY NEEDED.

I **FEAR**
THE TYRANIDS,
DICTATIO. I FEAR
THEIR **ALIEN NATURE**. I
FEAR WHAT I **DON'T**
UNDERSTAND.



BUT **YOU**
DON'T, **DO YOU? YOU**
HAVE NO FEAR.

YOUR ONLY DESIRE IS TO BE
FREE OF THIS PRISON, TO STRIDE
OUT, TO UNLEASH YOUR **FURY**, TO
DESTROY THE FOE. NO MATTER
WHAT THAT FOE MAY BE.



SOON.

I PROMISE
YOU. **SOON**.

THE FIRST
VICTORY. **OUR**
FIRST VICTORY,
DICTATIO.

A WORLD
AT OUR FEET.
A **BILLION**
FOES DEAD AND
BURNING.

I PROMISED
YOU THEN SUCH
GLORIES WOULD BE
OURS **AGAIN**.

TITANI VIVAPORIUS IIIIII

DAWN ON THE WARWORLD *VIVAPORIUS*.
OUR *SECOND* DAWN HERE, BARELY
A DAY TO DISEMBARK THE TITANS
PLANETSIDE AND MAKE READY.

THE DESCENT VIA HEAVY CARGO VESSEL
FROM THE ORBITING BATTLE BARGE WAS
DONE AT EMERGENCY SPEED. THERE WAS
HARDLY TIME FOR EVEN THE MOST *BASIC*
ADEPTUS MECHANICUS CEREMONIES AT
THE LANDING FIELD.

AND NO TIME AT ALL
FOR A FULL SYSTEM
SHAKEDOWN TO ENSURE
BATTLE READINESS.
THERE ARE IMPERIAL
GROUND FORCES
SOMEWHERE OUT HERE
DESPERATE FOR OUR
SUPPORT.

WE HAVE YET TO MEET OR SEE...*ANYTHING*.

SCRIPT DAN ABNETT
ART ANT AND ANDY

THIS PLANET IS *MEANT* TO BE LUSH AND RAIN FORESTED.

ANYTHING NALLEN?

NOTHING, PRINCEPS HEKATE, PRAISE THE EMPEROR.

THE ASH SMOKE IS THICK...IT IS CUTTING THE RANGE OF OUR VISUAL AND HEAT SENSORS BY SIXTY POINTS.

SOMETHING HAS BURNED THE VEGETATION, SEARING THE VERY *SOIL*. THE AIR IS THICK WITH CARBON SMOG. ORBITAL SCANS SHOW TWENTY THOUSAND SQUARE MILES OF SCORCHED EARTH.

TACTICAL COMMAND HAVE DUBBED IT *THE CREMATION*.

AND NO RESPONSE TO OUR SIGNALS? WHERE ARE THE FORCES WE RACE TO RELIEVE?

THREE MILLION IMPERIAL GUARDSMEN ARE DUG IN SOMEWHERE OUT HERE, PRAYING FOR US TO ARRIVE. BUT WHERE? NO SIGNAL, NO SIGN, AND OUR SENSORS ARE ALL BUT BLIND.

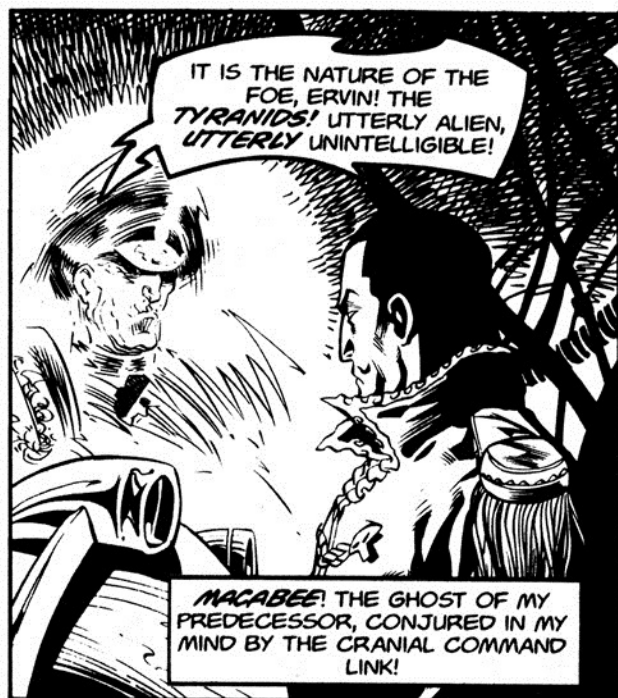
I AM UNEASY, BUT I TRY TO REASSURE MYSELF. WE ARE IMPERIUS DICTATIO, WARLORD TITAN, *DESTROYER OF PLANETS!*

BY OUR SIDE MARCH FELLOW WARLORD *REGALIS ANNIHILATUS* AND NOBLE WARHOUND *VITAS FALCO*.

NALLEN! I WANT A FULL ANALYSIS SWEEP. TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU CAN ABOUT THIS PLACE.

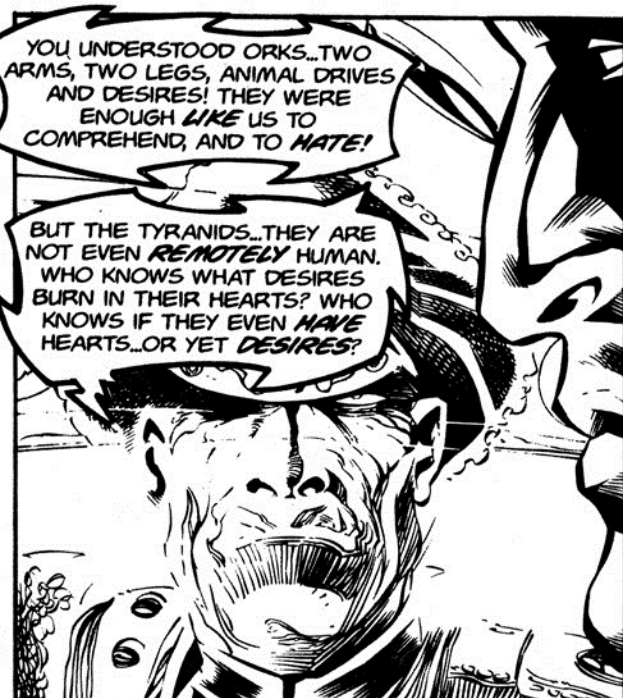
TOGETHER WE COULD SUNDER A *WORLD!*

THEN WHY DO I *FEAR* SO?



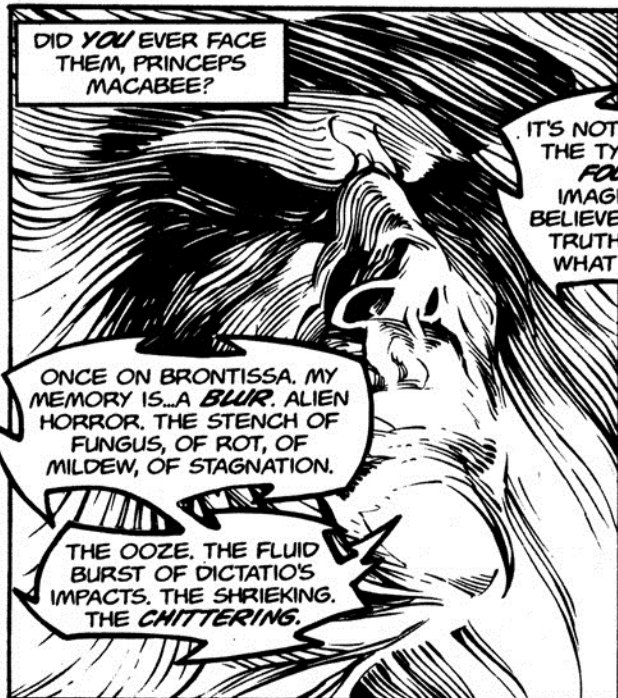
IT IS THE NATURE OF THE FOE, ERVIN! THE TYRANIDS! UTTERLY ALIEN, UTTERLY UNINTELLIGIBLE!

MACABEE! THE GHOST OF MY PREDECESSOR, CONJURED IN MY MIND BY THE CRANIAL COMMAND LINK!



YOU UNDERSTOOD ORKS...TWO ARMS, TWO LEGS, ANIMAL DRIVES AND DESIRES! THEY WERE ENOUGH *LIKE* US TO COMPREHEND, AND TO *HATE*!

BUT THE TYRANIDS...THEY ARE NOT EVEN *REMOTELY* HUMAN. WHO KNOWS WHAT DESIRES BURN IN THEIR HEARTS? WHO KNOWS IF THEY EVEN *HAVE* HEARTS...OR YET *DESIRES*?



DID *YOU* EVER FACE THEM, PRINCEPS MACABEE?

IT'S NOT MEANT TO, ERVIN! THE TYRANIDS ARE THE *FOULEST* THINGS IMAGINABLE! I NEVER BELIEVED IN SWEETENING TRUTH. WE MUST FACE WHAT WE MUST FACE.

ONCE ON BRONTISSA. MY MEMORY IS...A *BLUR*. ALIEN HORROR. THE STENCH OF FUNGUS, OF ROT, OF MILDEW, OF STAGNATION.

THE OOZE. THE FLUID BURST OF DICTATIO'S IMPACTS. THE SHRIEKING. THE *CHITTERING*.



THAT'S NOT ACTUALLY *HELPING*.

KNOW THEY ARE THE *WORST* KIND OF TERROR... KNOW THAT AND YOU WILL BE *PREPARED*.

ON BRONTISSA...DID YOU WIN?



WE DID NOT. EIGHT DAYS AT THE WHITE HOT HEART OF COMBAT. NINE HUNDRED THOUSAND DEAD. THINGS I *NEVER* WISH TO SEE AGAIN.

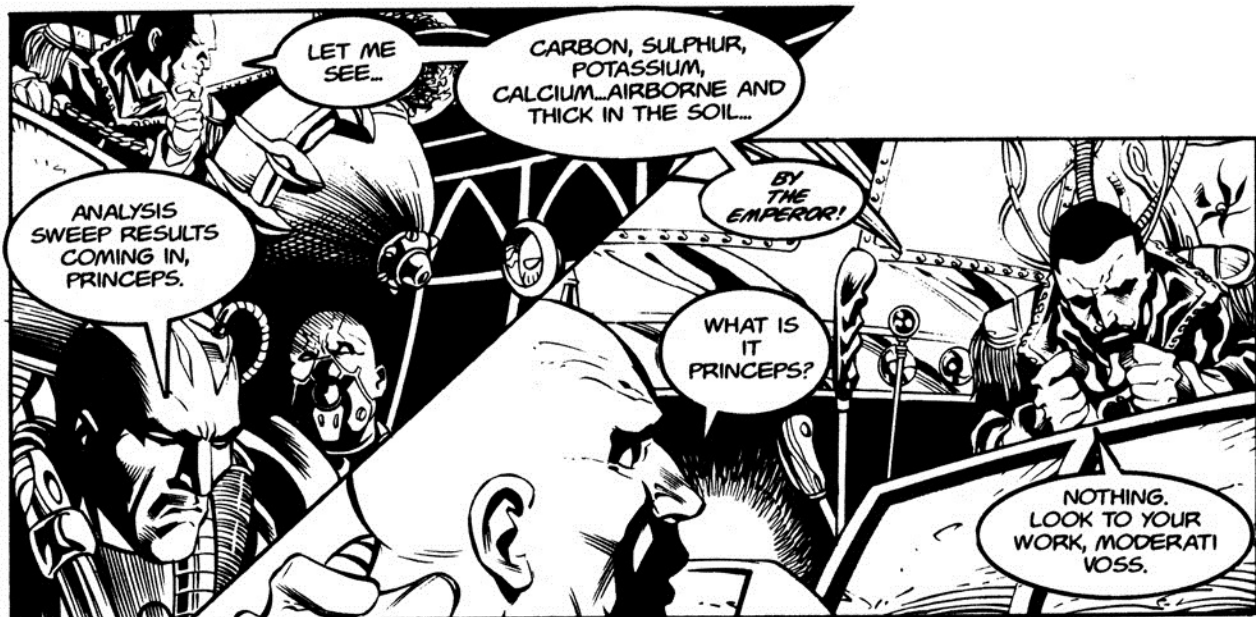


WE WERE PULLED OUT ON THE NINTH DAY. THEN THEY *PLAGUE BOMBED* THE PLANET.



GOOD LUCK, ERVIN...





LET ME
SEE...

CARBON, SULPHUR,
POTASSIUM,
CALCIUM...AIRBORNE AND
THICK IN THE SOIL...

ANALYSIS
SWEEP RESULTS
COMING IN,
PRINCEPS.

BY
THE
EMPEROR!

WHAT IS
IT
PRINCEPS?

NOTHING.
LOOK TO YOUR
WORK, MODERATI
VOSS.

I CANNOT VOICE THIS FOR THE
SAKE OF *MORALE*, BUT THE
SCANS CONFIRM IT...

THE SMOKE, THE BLACK ASH
UNDERFOOT...WE WALK UPON THE
DEAD. BONE DUST, CINDERED
FLESH, MOLTEN WEAPONS...THE
THREE MILLION GUARDSMEN WE
WERE SENT TO RELIEVE...



PRINCEPS! I
HAVE A READING
DIRECTLY AHEAD! BY THE
MIGHTY THRONE...THE RADIO
TRAFFIC...ALL I HEAR IS...
CHITTERING...



THIS IS IT! FIND
ME A TARGET! *NOW!*
MODERATI! *NOW!*

CHITTERING...
MACABEE'S
WORD...

MY FEARFUL HEART THUDS IN
MY CHEST, AND I *LOATHE*
THE FEAR IT SIGNIFIES.

I LOOK TO THE VIEWER,
DREADING WHAT I WILL
SEE...AND AS THE SMOKE
WAFTS AWAY...

...I UNDERSTAND
MACABEE'S FEAR...
I REALISE MY
OWN TERROR...

AND I
UNDERSTAND
WHY SO MANY
HAVE DIED.

NEXT:
KNOW TERROR

TITAN VIVAPORIUS TITAN

SCRIPT DAN ABNETT • PENCILS ANTHONY WILLIAMS

INKS/LETTERS ANDY LANNING



PART THREE

I AM NOT AFRAID.

I AM NOT AFRAID.



I AM PRINCEPS HEKATE
OF THE TITAN WARLORD
IMPERIUS DICTATIO.

I HAVE BECOME USED
TO BEING FEARED.

I HAVE COME TO THIS WORLD
VIVAPORIUS TO RID IT OF
THE TYRANID ABOMINATION.

I AM *NOT* AFRAID.

I AM A GIANT.
I AM A GOD.

MY WEAPONS EASILY
DISMEMBER THE
TYRANID MONSTERS
THAT TERRIFY AND
SLAUGHTER IMPERIAL
INFANTRY. THEY ARE
AS *FLIES* TO ME.

THEY'RE
ALL OVER US!
THOUSANDS OF
THEM! THEY'LL
EAT US
ALIVE!

SILENCE,
NALLEN! LOOK
TO YOUR POST!

WE
MUSTN'T BREAK
CONCENTRATION
FOR A
MOMENT.



ORDERS, SIR?
SIR... ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?

I AM **NOT** AFRAID.

I AM FINE.
THEIR GROUND FORCES
MEAN **NOTHING** TO US.
THEIR WEAPONS CANNOT
PENETRATE OUR VOID
SHIELDS AND WE CRUSH
THEM UNDERFOOT
LIKE LICE...



...THE IMPERIUM
DEPLOYED US HERE
FOR A PURPOSE, AND
THAT IS TO COMBAT
THEIR **BIO-TITANS**.

CUT US A PATH
TO THAT ABHORRENCE.
INFORM THE OTHER
TITANS WE ARE CLOSING
ON THE HIERODULE...
THAT BEAST
IS **MINE!**



REGALIS ANNIHILATUS
TO IMPERIUS DICTATIO... THIS
IS PRINCEPS INDERON. WE
STAND READY TO SUPPORT
YOU. VITAS FALCO WILL BURN
AWAY THE GROUND FORCES
THAT ASSAIL US.

**TURBO
LASERS TO FULL
YIELD! CHARGE
THE VOLCANO
CANNON!**

LET US SHOW
THEM WHY THEY
SHOULD FEAR
US!

ACKNOWLEDGED!
BY THE EMPEROR,
HEKATE! BURN THAT
BIO-TITAN!

WE PRESS FORWARD. WE CRUSH THE ENEMY UNDER FOOT. VOSS WARNS ME THAT THE CLAY SOIL IS NOW SO SLICK WITH PURPLE ICHOR AND SPILT ACID THAT WE MUST DROP SPEED TO AVOID SLIPPING AND COLLAPSING.

I ACKNOWLEDGE HIM. I...

I AM *NOT* AFRAID.

INCOMING
HEAVY WEAPONS
FIRE FROM THE
BIO-TITAN!

DAMAGE
REPORT!

OUR SHIELDS HELD AND DISSIPATED THE WORST OF THEIR BIO-CANNONS, PRINCEPS, BUT SEVERAL CLUSTER-SPINES HAVE IMPACTED IN OUR THORAX. ENGINEER DORN IS RUNNING REPAIRS.

THE HIERODULE FILLS MY SIGHTS. IT IS AN OBSCENITY. I...

PRINCEPS?

FIRE THE VOLCANO
CANNON! I WANT THAT
THING DEAD! I... I...

I AM *NOT* AFRAID.

THE VOLCANO GUN ROARS,
ITS SCREAM BEYOND THE
THRESHOLD OF SOUND.

BUT THE HIERODULE IS MOVING,
SCUTTLING LIKE A FILTHY ARACHNID,
MOVING FAR FASTER THAN *ANYTHING*
THAT SIZE SHOULD BE ABLE TO.

OUR SHOT GOES WILD.



AAAAAEE!

IT IS UPON US, A RAZOR CLAW TEARS OPEN MY BELLY...

NO, *NOT* MINE. *DICTATIO'S*. BUT THROUGH THE MIND LINK THE PAIN IS THE SAME.

PLATING RUPTURES. A VOID SHIELD FLICKERS AND DIES. VITAL SERVOS SEVER. THREE SERVITORS ARE PULPED OR DISMEMBERED.

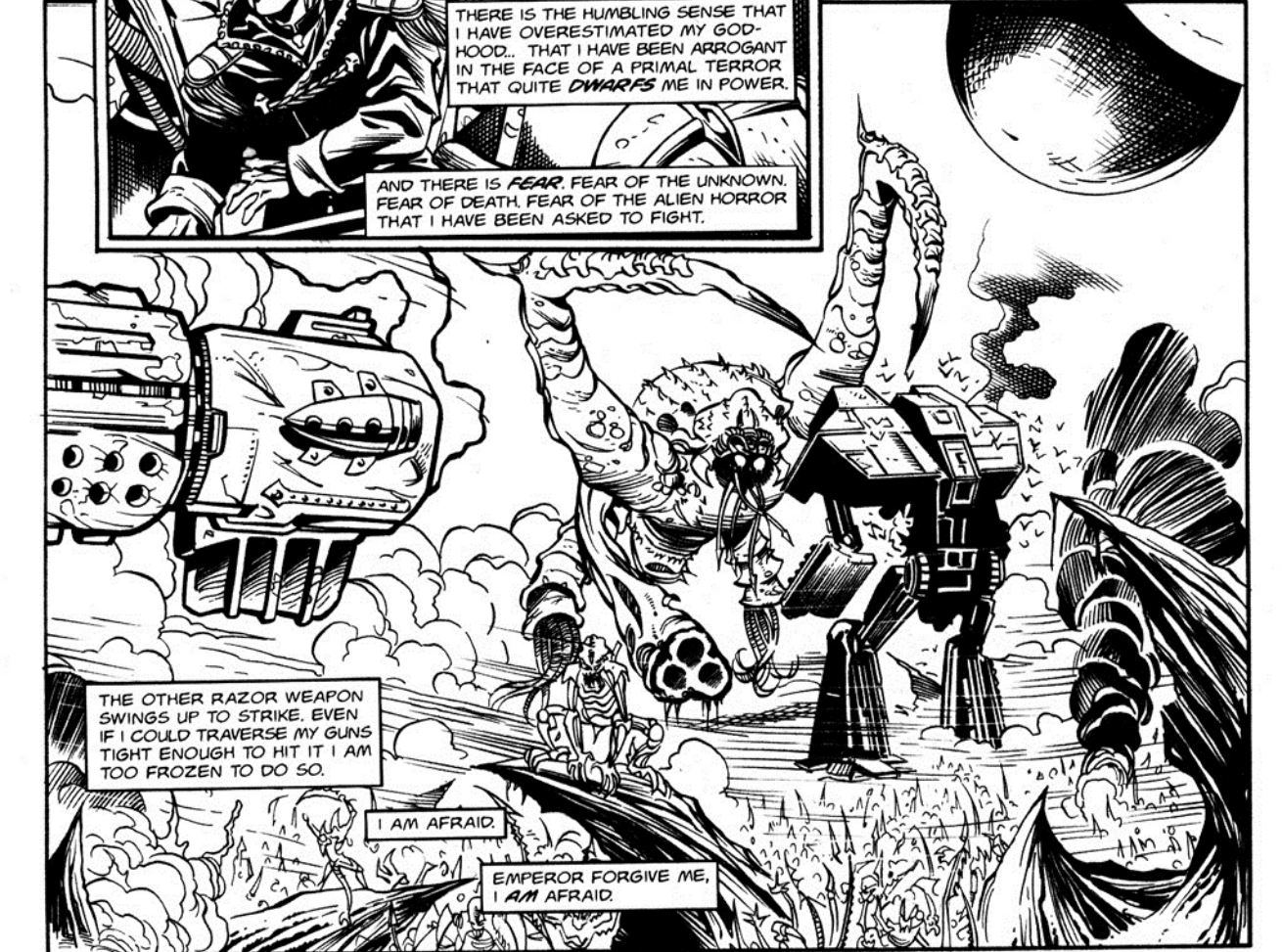
THE PAIN IS *ALL* I CAN FEEL.



AGAIN, I AM *WRONG*. THERE IS *MORE* THAN PAIN.

THERE IS THE HUMBLING SENSE THAT I HAVE OVERESTIMATED MY GODHOOD... THAT I HAVE BEEN ARROGANT IN THE FACE OF A PRIMAL TERROR THAT QUITE *DWARFS* ME IN POWER.

AND THERE IS *FEAR* FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN. FEAR OF DEATH. FEAR OF THE ALIEN HORROR THAT I HAVE BEEN ASKED TO FIGHT.



THE OTHER RAZOR WEAPON SWINGS UP TO STRIKE. EVEN IF I COULD TRAVERSE MY GUNS TIGHT ENOUGH TO HIT IT I AM TOO FROZEN TO DO SO.

I AM AFRAID.

EMPEROR FORGIVE ME, I AM AFRAID.



INDERON TO HEKATE! ARE YOU STILL ALIVE IN THERE?

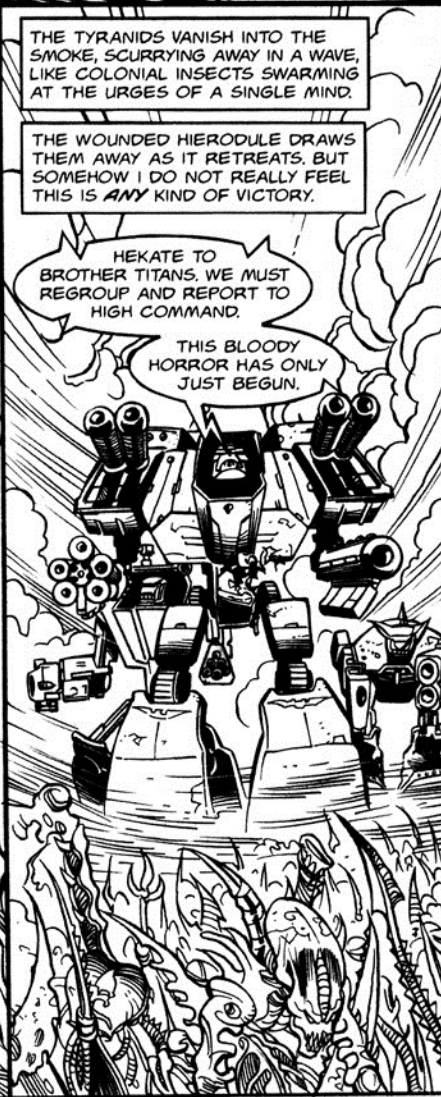
SPEAK TO ME, HEKATE!



I HEAR YOU, PRINCEPS. YOUR INTERVENTION WAS TIMELY.

SO CLOSE. SO CLOSE TO DEATH. SO CLOSE TO FAILURE.

PRAYSE THE EMPEROR, THE OTHERS, AT LEAST, REMEMBERED WE ARE MEANT TO BE A TEAM.



THE TYRANIDS VANISH INTO THE SMOKE, SCURRYING AWAY IN A WAVE, LIKE COLONIAL INSECTS SWARMING AT THE URGES OF A SINGLE MIND.

THE WOUNDED HIERODULE DRAWS THEM AWAY AS IT RETREATS. BUT SOMEHOW I DO NOT REALLY FEEL THIS IS ANY KIND OF VICTORY.

HEKATE TO BROTHER TITANS. WE MUST REGROUP AND REPORT TO HIGH COMMAND.

THIS BLOODY HORROR HAS ONLY JUST BEGUN.



AND FOR THE LIFE OF ME, I DON'T KNOW IF ANY OF US... IF ANY HUMAN MIND... HAS THE COURAGE AND FORTITUDE TO SEE THIS THROUGH.

THE ENEMY WITHIN

TITAN VIVAPORIUS TTTTTTTT

4: THE ENEMY WITHIN

SCRIPT DAN ABNETT
PENCILS ANTHONY WILLIAMS
INKS ANDY LANNING
LETTERS FIONA STEPHENSON



MECHANICAL LOG,
CHIEF ENGINEER DORN
RECORDING...

OUR FIRST CLASH WITH THE
BASTARD TYRANID HAS LEFT
US *HURT*... FIVE SERVITORS
DEAD, A VOID SHIELD DOWN,
AND SERIOUS DAMAGE TO
THE BELLY AND LOWER
THORAX.

I DEVOTE MYSELF TO TREATING THE
MACHINE GOD'S WOUNDS AS IT LIMPS
BACK TO THE IMPERIAL GROUND BASE.
A GREAT STORM CLOSES DOWN ON US,
WASHING THE GROUND TO OOZE AND
SLOWING OUR PROGRESS.

LIGHTNING STRIKES OFF OUR
UPPER CARAPACE AND ELDRITCH
FIRE LIGHTS THE PYLONS.

THE RAIN ROLLS A DRUMBEAT OFF THE GOD'S SKIN, AND THE WIND SHRIEKS LIKE A PHANTOM OUTSIDE. I TOUR THE LOWER LEVELS, SUPERVISING THE HEALING WORK...

HOW GOES IT, GORAN?

OUR LORD IS HURTING, CHIEF ENGINEER...

WE'RE LUCKY TO HAVE ANY POWER TO THE SACRUM AND LEGS AT ALL.

...THE POWER ARTERIES HERE ARE SHEARED THROUGH, AND WHERE THEY *AREN'T* SHEARED, THEY'RE *BURNT OUT*.

HHMM...

...BIND AND FUSE, AND RECITE THE LITANIES OF HEALING CAREFULLY. THE GOD MUST MAKE IT HOME. NONE OF US WANT TO GET *STRANDED* OUT HERE.

I HEAR THAT, HOW'S HEKATE?

THAT'S *PRINCEPS* HEKATE!

MY APOLOGIES, ENGINEER.

AH... IT'S OKAY, GORAN. WE'RE *ALL* A LITTLE TENSE.

THE PRINCEPS IS SHAKEN AND HE FEELS THESE WOUNDS LIKE THEY WERE HIS *OWN*. HOW DO YOU *THINK* HE IS?

NOW WHERE'S ALDOUS? HAS HE ANNOINTED THE OTHER WOUNDS?





ALDOUS?

ALDOUS? WHY
HAVEN'T YOU APPLIED
THE SACRED OILS TO
THIS HULL-
BREACH?

ALDOUS?!

" HE WENT DOWN INTO
THE PELVIC CAVITY TO
TAKE A LOOK AT THE
VOID WE LOST. "



HNH! MUST I
PERFORM EVERY
MINISTRATION
MYSELF?



GAH!
CURSE
THIS...



WHAT
IN THE...



BY THE HOLY THRONE!



HOW COULD THIS BE? *HOW* COULD THIS BE?



CHIEF ENGINEER TO PRINCEPS. EMERGENCY!

WHAT IS IT, DORN?



I'M IN THE PELVIC CAVITY, SIR... THERE'S SOMETHING DOWN HERE. SOMETHING'S GOT ABOARD.

I'VE JUST FOUND ALDOUS FROM MY REPAIR DETAIL BUTCHERED.

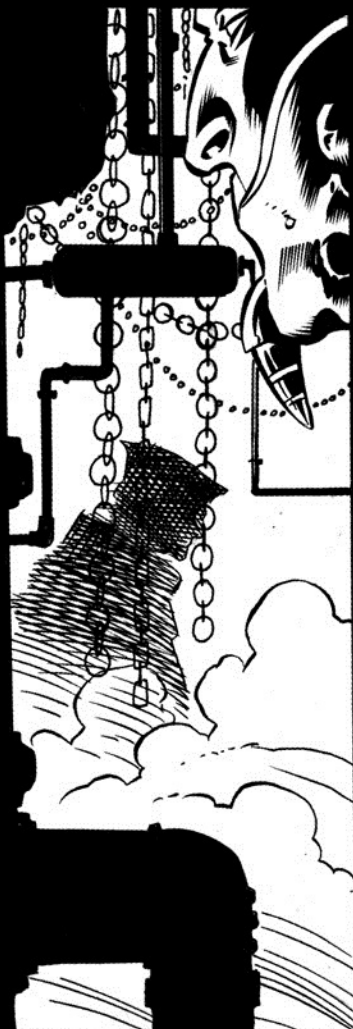
BLOOD OF THE EMPEROR! STAY THERE, DORN AND I'LL-



NEGATIVE, PRINCEPS. I'LL DEAL WITH THIS. WE CAN'T ALLOW WHATEVER IT IS FREE ACCESS TO ALL LEVELS.

SEAL ALL THE BULKHEADS FROM THE THORAX UP. DOUBLE SHUTTER THE COMMAND DECK AND MAIN ENGINEERING.

IF YOU DON'T HEAR BACK FROM ME IN TWENTY MINUTES THEN YOU CAN THINK ABOUT OPENING THE WEAPONS LOCKER AND GETTING INVOLVED. DORN OUT.



EMPEROR
SAVE ME!

WHAT THE HELL
WERE YOU DOING,
CHIEF? YOU SCARED
THE DAYLIGHTS OUT
OF ME!

SORRY,
GORAN.
SORRY!

WHAT ARE YOU
DOING DOWN
HERE?

I FINISHED WITH
THE ANNOINTING.
THOUGHT I'D COME
AND AID ALDOUS IN
HEALING PRAYER.
WHERE IS HE?

HE'S DEAD.

NOW STAY
QUIET AND KEEP
ALERT. THERE'S
SOMETHING DOWN
HERE.

S-
SOMETHING?
WHAT-

SSHHH!

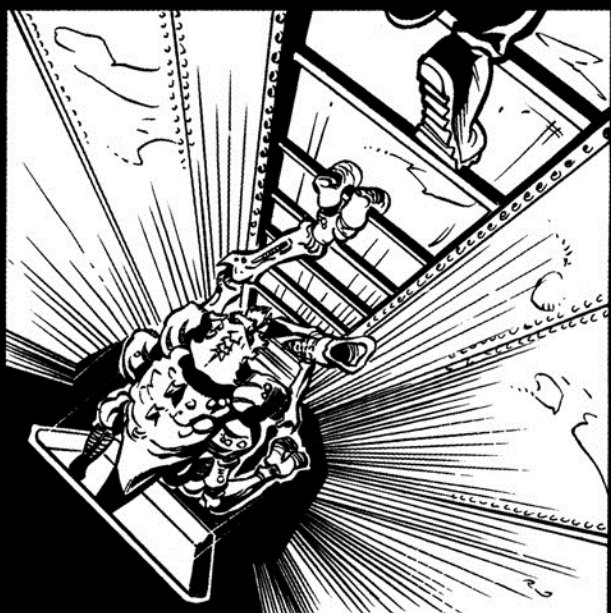
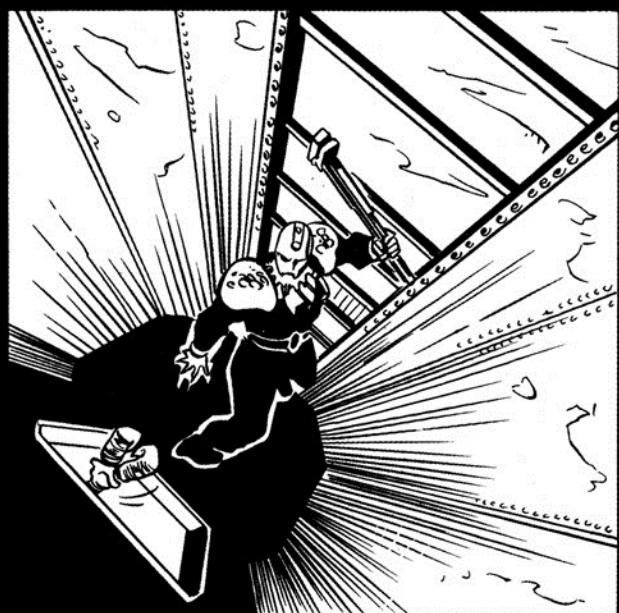
WHAT SORT OF
SOMETHING? DO YOU
MEAN... TYRANID
SOMETHING?

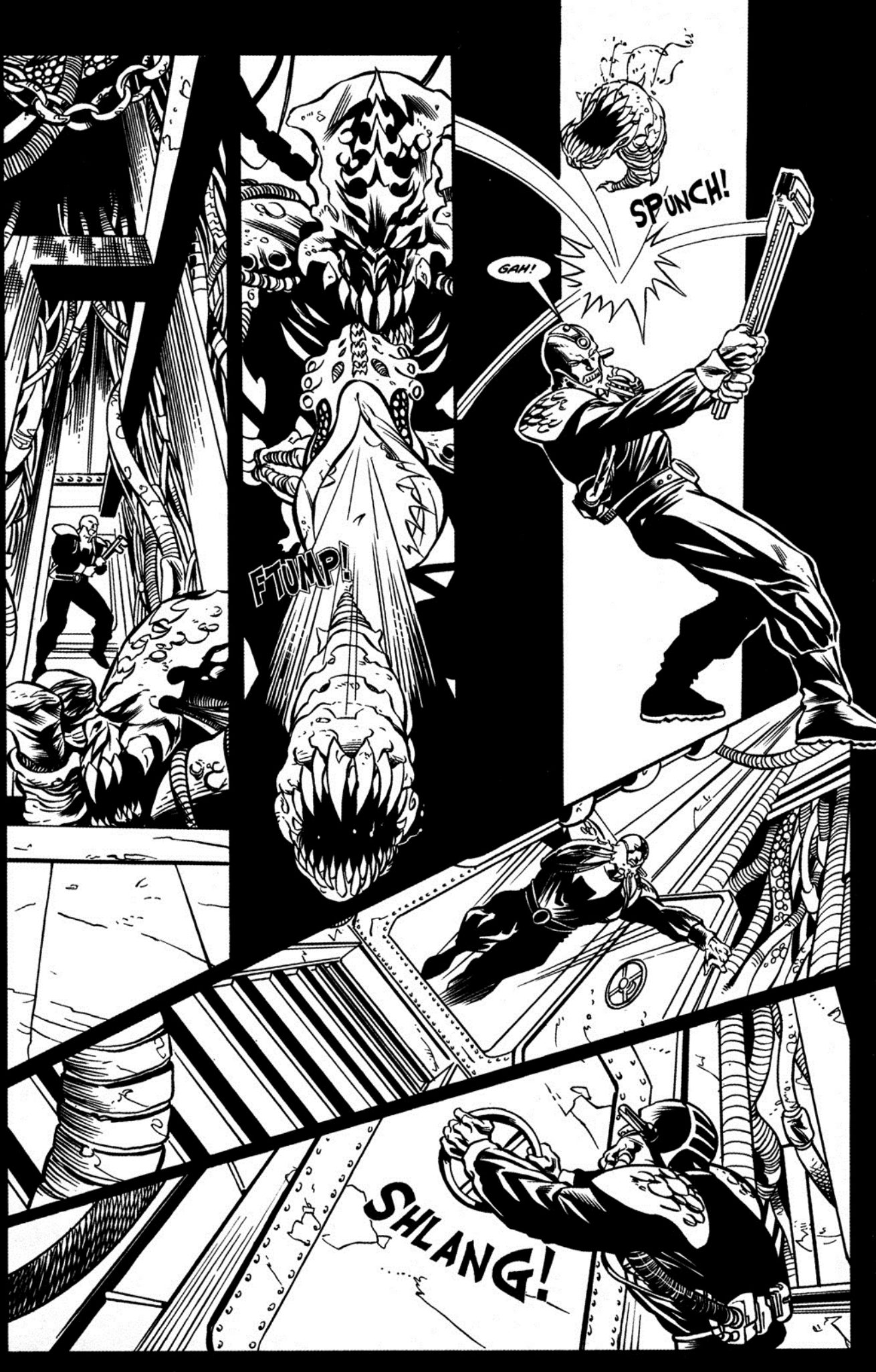
MAYBE.
WE'LL
SEE.

HEY
WAIT!
WAIT UP,
CHIEF!

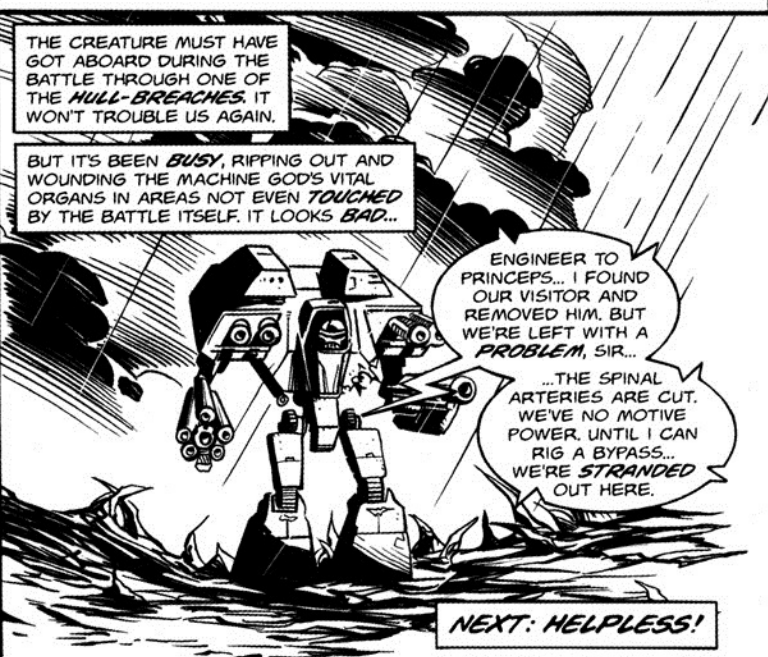












NEXT: HELPLESS!

TITAN VIVAPORIUS IIIIIIII

SCRIPT *DAN ABNETT*

PENCILS *ANTHONY WILLIAMS*

INKS *ANDY LANNING*

LETTERS *FIONA STEPHENSON*

PART FIVE

I AM PRINCEPS
ERVIN HEKATE.

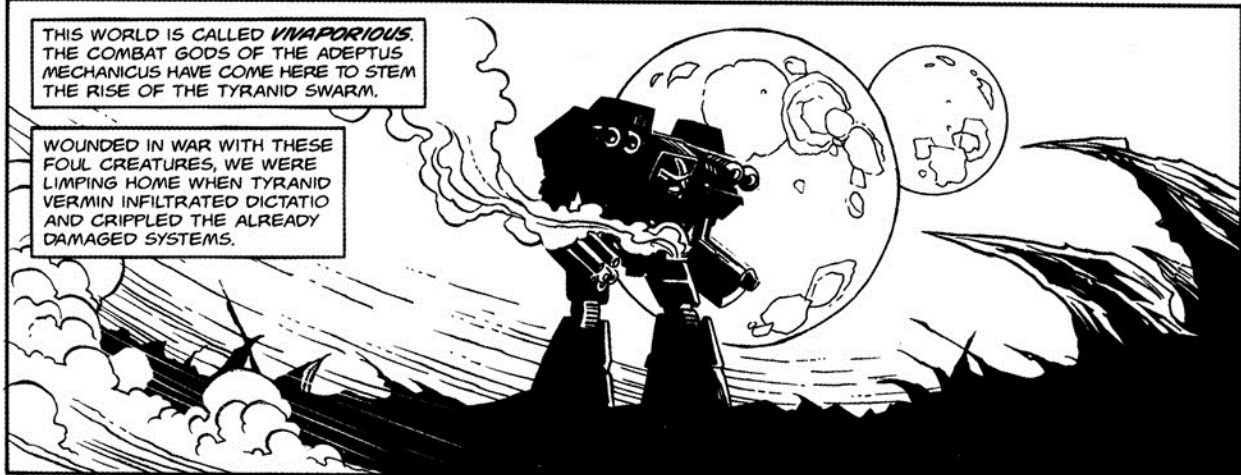
I AM THE TITAN WARLORD
IMPERIUS DICTATIO.

I AM A GOD
OF WAR.

AND I AM
HELPLESS.

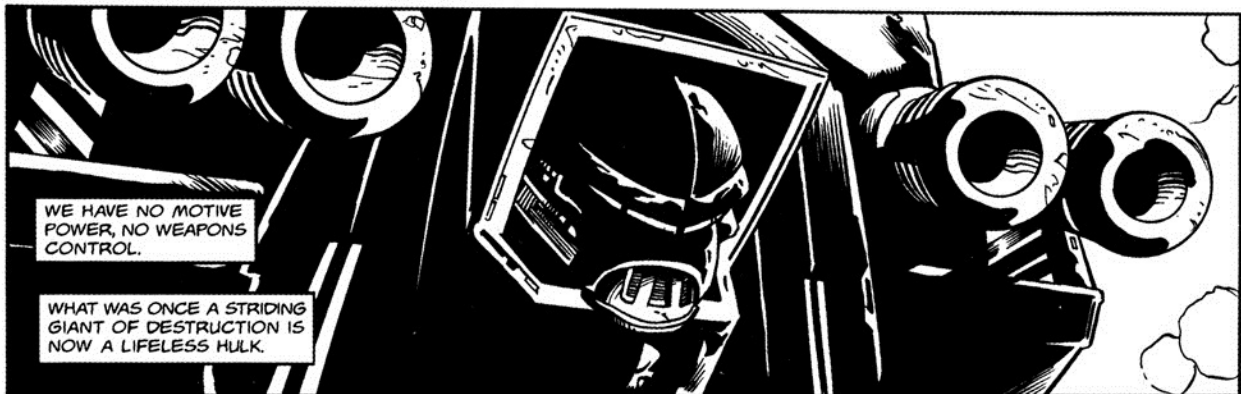
THIS WORLD IS CALLED *VIVAPORIOUS*.
THE COMBAT GODS OF THE ADEPTUS
MECHANICUS HAVE COME HERE TO STEM
THE RISE OF THE TYRANID SWARM.

WOUNDED IN WAR WITH THESE
FOUL CREATURES, WE WERE
LIMPING HOME WHEN TYRANID
VERMIN INFILTRATED DICTATIO
AND CRIPPLED THE ALREADY
DAMAGED SYSTEMS.



WE HAVE NO MOTIVE
POWER, NO WEAPONS
CONTROL.

WHAT WAS ONCE A STRIDING
GIANT OF DESTRUCTION IS
NOW A LIFELESS HULK.



WE HAVE SENT A
DISTRESS CALL TO
ADEPTUS COMMAND.

NOW THERE IS JUST
THE WAITING, AND
THE KEENING OF
THE WIND AROUND
OUR METAL BULK.



THE WAITING...
AND THE *PAIN*.

I FEEL EACH BLEEDING
WOUND AND ACHING
INJURY THAT THE
MACHINE GOD HAS
SUFFERED THROUGH
THE MIND IMPULSE LINK.



I HEAR THE VOICES OF
THE CREW AROUND ME...

... RESET
THE POWER
CORE...

... I DON'T CARE!
PERFORM THE HEALING
CHANT AGAIN!

... THE SPINAL
ARTERIES ARE
CUT...



THEN TACTICAL OFFICER
NALLEN CUTS THROUGH IT ALL...

PRINCEPS! A
SIGNAL RESPONSE!
IT IS VITAS
FALCO!

RELAY
IT.

I SPEAK ACROSS THE MINDSCAPE
LINK TO MY BROTHER TITAN...

THIS IS HEKATE OF
DICTATIO. I AM PLEASED
TO SEE YOU, BROTHER
PRINCEPS.

FALCO ADVANCES ON
OUR POSITION WITH A RELIEF
COLUMN OF IMPERIAL GUARD
SUPPORTED BY TWO SQUADS
OF ULTRAMARINES.

AND I YOU, WE
FEARED DICTATIO
LOST...





... WE WILL BE WITH YOU IN FIFTEEN MINUTES. I HAVE REPAIR CREWS WITH ME. HOLD FAST.

PRINCEPS TREECE OUT.



I FEEL THE RELIEF FLOOD THROUGH THE MEN, THROUGH THE BODY OF THE WARLORD ITSELF.

WE WILL LIVE TO FIGHT AGAIN.

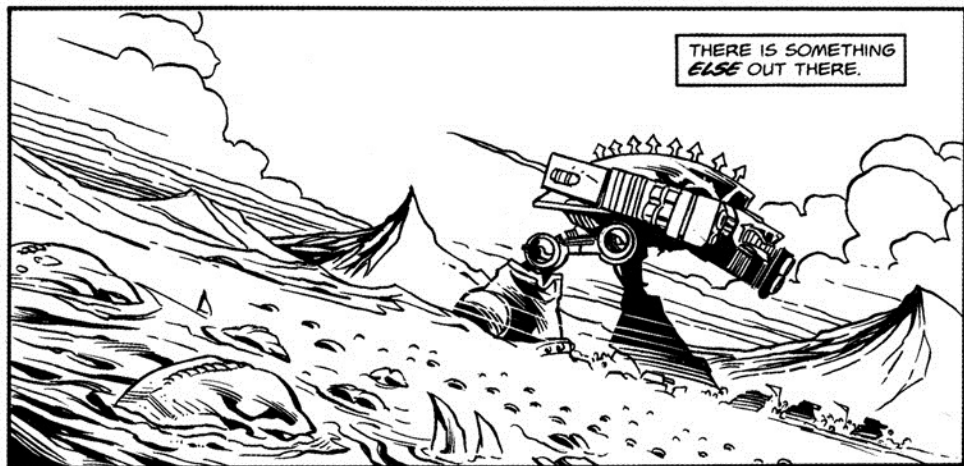
WE WILL LIVE TO AVENGE THIS-



MY SENSES WHIRL.

MY GUT CHURNS.

SOMETHING AT THE EDGE OF MY UNDERSTANDING BEGINS TO MOVE.



THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE OUT THERE.









IN THE
NAME OF THE
EMPEROR...

... NO!

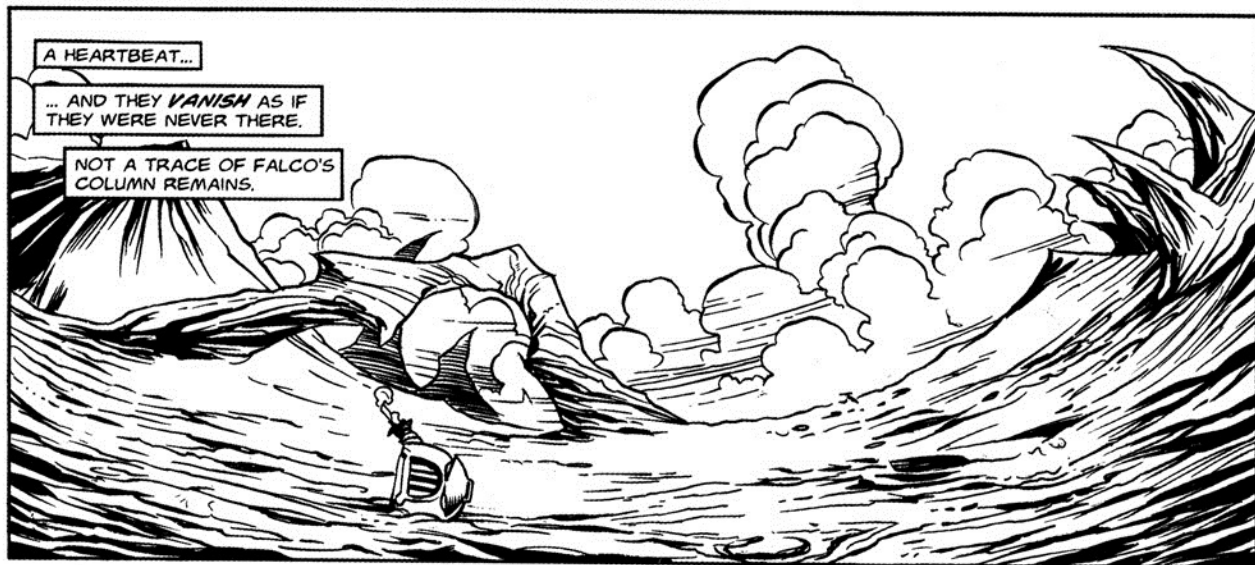


MODERATI VOSS...
DO WE HAVE ANY
WEAPONS SYSTEMS
AVAILABLE?

NO,
PRINCEPS.



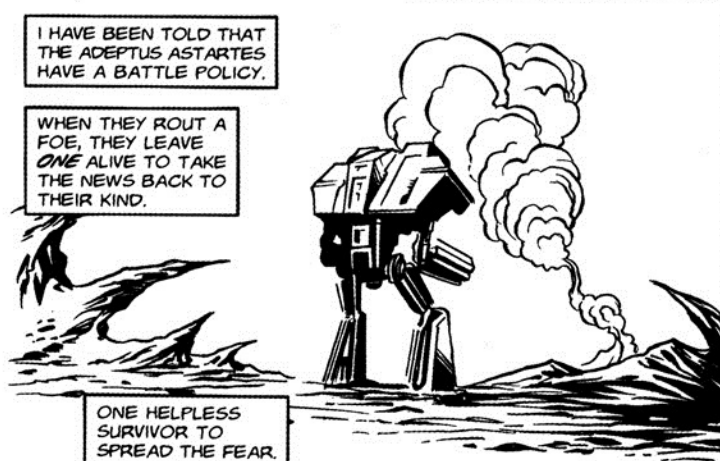
THEN THIS
IS WHERE IT
ENDS.



A HEARTBEAT...

... AND THEY *VANISH* AS IF THEY WERE NEVER THERE.

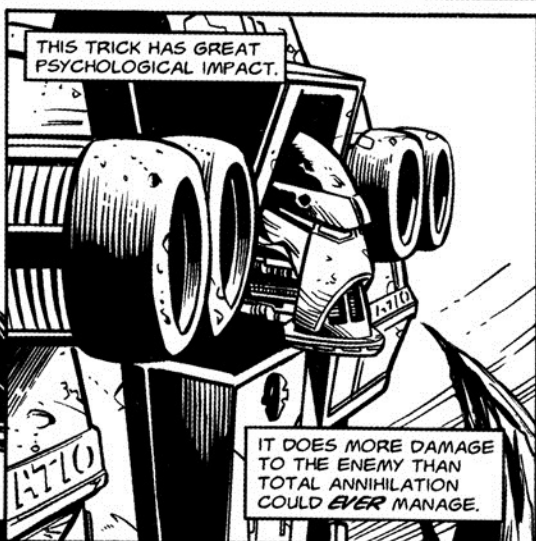
NOT A TRACE OF FALCO'S COLUMN REMAINS.



I HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT THE ADEPTUS ASTARTES HAVE A BATTLE POLICY.

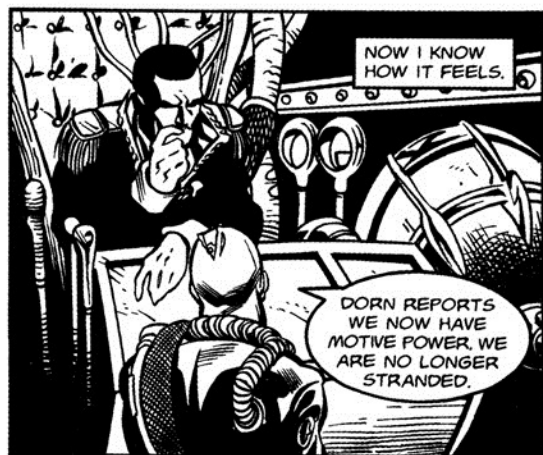
WHEN THEY ROUT A FOE, THEY LEAVE *ONE* ALIVE TO TAKE THE NEWS BACK TO THEIR KIND.

ONE HELPLESS SURVIVOR TO SPREAD THE FEAR.



THIS TRICK HAS GREAT PSYCHOLOGICAL IMPACT.

IT DOES MORE DAMAGE TO THE ENEMY THAN TOTAL ANNIHILATION COULD *EVER* MANAGE.



NOW I KNOW HOW IT FEELS.

DORN REPORTS WE NOW HAVE MOTIVE POWER. WE ARE NO LONGER STRANDED.



I SAY NOTHING. WE TURN FOR HOME.

WE HAVE BEEN SPARED ONLY TO TELL OTHERS...

... THAT WHEN THE RECKONING COMES, *NO ONE* WILL BE SPARED.



NEXT... GOD DEATH

TITAN

VIVAPORIUS

SCRIPT DAN ABNETT

PENCILS ANTHONY WILLIAMS

INKS ANDY LANNING

LETTERS FIONA STEPHENSON

PART SIX

ADEPTUS MECHANICUS
CENTRAL COMMAND, AT THE
FRONT LINE OF THE WAR
WORLD VIVAPORIUS...

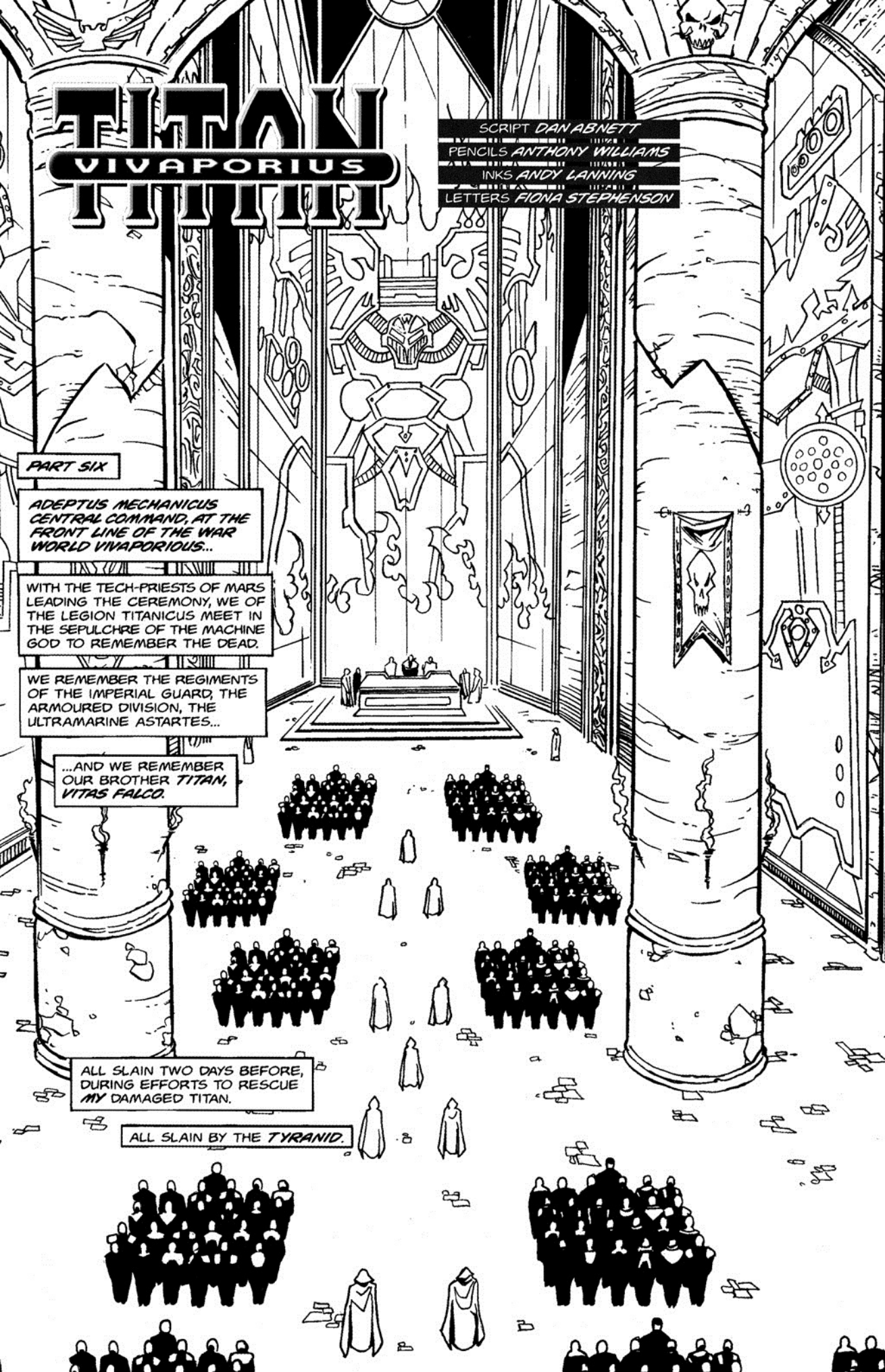
WITH THE TECH-PRIESTS OF MARS
LEADING THE CEREMONY, WE OF
THE LEGION TITANICUS MEET IN
THE SEPULCHRE OF THE MACHINE
GOD TO REMEMBER THE DEAD.

WE REMEMBER THE REGIMENTS
OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD, THE
ARMOURED DIVISION, THE
ULTRAMARINE ASTARTES...

...AND WE REMEMBER
OUR BROTHER TITAN,
VITAS FALCO.

ALL SLAIN TWO DAYS BEFORE,
DURING EFFORTS TO RESCUE
MY DAMAGED TITAN.

ALL SLAIN BY THE TYRANID.





I AM *PRINCEPS HEKATE*
OF IMPERIUS DICTATIO.

I REMEMBER THE SCREAMS OF THE DYING
AND THE SUDDEN SILENCE OF THE DEAD.

AND I REMEMBER MY
HELPLESSNESS.



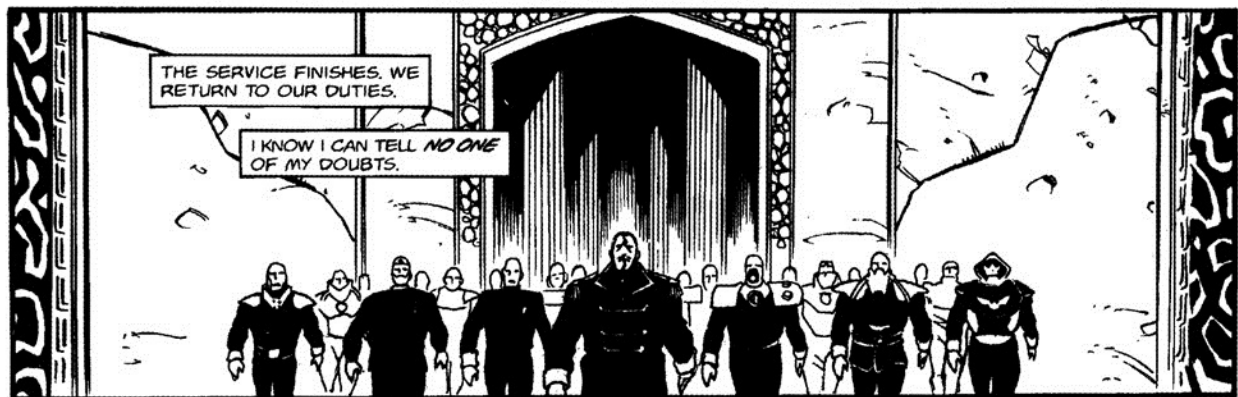
THE TYRANID ARE LIKE
NO FOE I HAVE *EVER*
FACED BEFORE.

I NEVER THOUGHT THERE
COULD BE A POWER IN
THE *GALAXY* TO MATCH
THE MACHINE GODS.



ONCE DICTATIO IS
REPAIRED, I KNOW I
MUST GO BACK OUT
AND FACE THEM.

BUT BY THE THRONE
OF EARTH, I AM
TERRIFIED THAT MY
COURAGE WILL FAIL.



THE SERVICE FINISHES. WE
RETURN TO OUR DUTIES.

I KNOW I CAN TELL *NO ONE*
OF MY DOUBTS.



PRINCEPS
HEKATE!



PRINCEPS
INDERON.

WELL MET,
THOUGH THE
CIRCUMSTANCES
ARE GRAVE.

WELL
MET, FLESH TO
FLESH.

TONIGHT I TAKE
REGALIS ANNIHILATUS
OUT INTO THE FIRE
ZONE.

LEGION COMMAND HAS
GRANTED ME LEAVE TO CARRY
OUT A *REVENGE STRIKE*
AGAINST THE FOE IN MEMORY
OF FALCO.

MODERATI
VOSS? WILL OUR
REPAIRS BE
COMPLETE BY
TONIGHT?

SO
THE TECH-
PRIESTS SAY,
PRINCEPS.

THEN IMPERIUS
DICTATIO WILL JOIN
YOU IN THIS.

THE
BLOOD OF
FALCO IS ON
MY HANDS.

IT PLEASES
ME THAT WE WILL
FIGHT TOGETHER.
GLORY OR
DEATH.

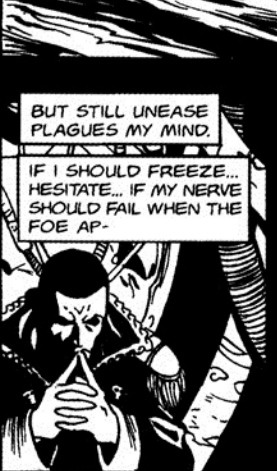
"GLORY OR DEATH" I ANSWER
HIM, BUT MY HEART IS HEAVY.

AM I ONLY AGREEING TO
GO ALONG BECAUSE I DO
NOT WANT TO VENTURE
FORTH ALONE?



NIGHT FALLS. OUR MISSION BEGINS.

THE PRIESTS HAVE MADE DICTATIO WHOLE AGAIN, AND I THRILL WITH THE RENEWED POWER AT MY COMMAND.



BUT STILL UNEASE PLAGUES MY MIND.

IF I SHOULD FREEZE... HESITATE... IF MY NERVE SHOULD FAIL WHEN THE FOE AP-



ANNIHILATUS TO DICTATIO!



I'M READING MOVEMENT IN THE WEED FOREST AHEAD. THEY LIE IN WAIT FOR US. LET US NOT DISAPPOINT THEM! **GLORY OR DEATH!**



INDERON'S BRAVE WORDS URGE ME ON, BUT A PULSE BEGINS TO BEAT IN MY THROAT.

VISIBILITY IS LOW. SHADOWS MOVE AROUND US...

...IN MINUTES, I HAVE
LOST SIGHT OF HIM.

ANNIHILATUS!
RESPOND! I HAVE
LOST VISUAL
CONTACT WITH
YOU!
ANNIHILATUS!

INDERON!
RESPOND! GIVE ME
YOUR POSITION!


SILENCE ANSWERS ME...

... SKKZZ
... EKATE! THEY
CAME F...
SKKKZZZ
... CAN'T...
... SKKZZ
... AIIGGH!

NALLEN!
SOURCE THAT
SIGNAL!
BRING US ABOUT!
FULL POWER! PRIME
THE WEAPONS!
FIND
ANNIHILATUS
NOW!

SCREAMS AND STATIC
FILL THE RADIO LINK.

I REACH OUT THROUGH
THE MIND IMPULSE TO
FIND INDERON...



...AND I SEE WHAT
HE SEES. I FEEL
WHAT HE FEELS.

THE BIOVORES RETCH
BALLS OF SLIME THAT
SPLATTER AND HARDEN
AROUND THE TITAN'S
HULL.

HIS LIMBS STIFFEN
AND FUSE.

TRAPPED,
HELPLESS,
STIFLED...

...INDERON SCREAMS
IN MY MIND.

AND HE IS SCREAMING AS
THEY DRAG HIM AWAY.



INDERON!
INDERON!



THEY HAVE HIM.
THEY HAVE DONE
THE IMPOSSIBLE.

THEY HAVE TAKEN
A TITAN *ALIVE*.



AND THEY HAVE DONE
ONE *OTHER* THING...

...THEY HAVE *FUELLED* MY
WILL. MY FEAR IS *GONE*. I
HAVE COURAGE AND REASON
TO *FIGHT* ONCE AGAIN.

"GLORY OR DEATH" I PROMISED
PRINCEPS INDERON.

I AM IMPERIUS DICTATIO.
I KNOW NO FEAR.

I WILL *HAVE* GLORY,
AND THE TYRANIDS
WILL HAVE *DEATH*.



NEXT -- THE PHANTOM TITANS

TITAN

VIVAPORIUS

IIIIIIII

SCRIPT **DAN ABNETT**
PENCILS **ANTHONY WILLIAMS**
INKS **ANDY LANNING**
LETTERS **FIONA STEPHENSON**

PART SEVEN

AT THE FRONT LINE OF THE
WAR WORLD VIVAPORIOUS...

INCOMING
ENCRYPTED SIGNAL,
PRINCEPS.

ON MY
MONITOR,
NALLEN.

DECODE,
AUTHORITY
HEKATE.

WHAT IN THE
NAME OF THE
EMPEROR...

GLEEP!

THEY *REROUTE* ME! THEY ASK
ME TO *ABORT* MY MISSION!

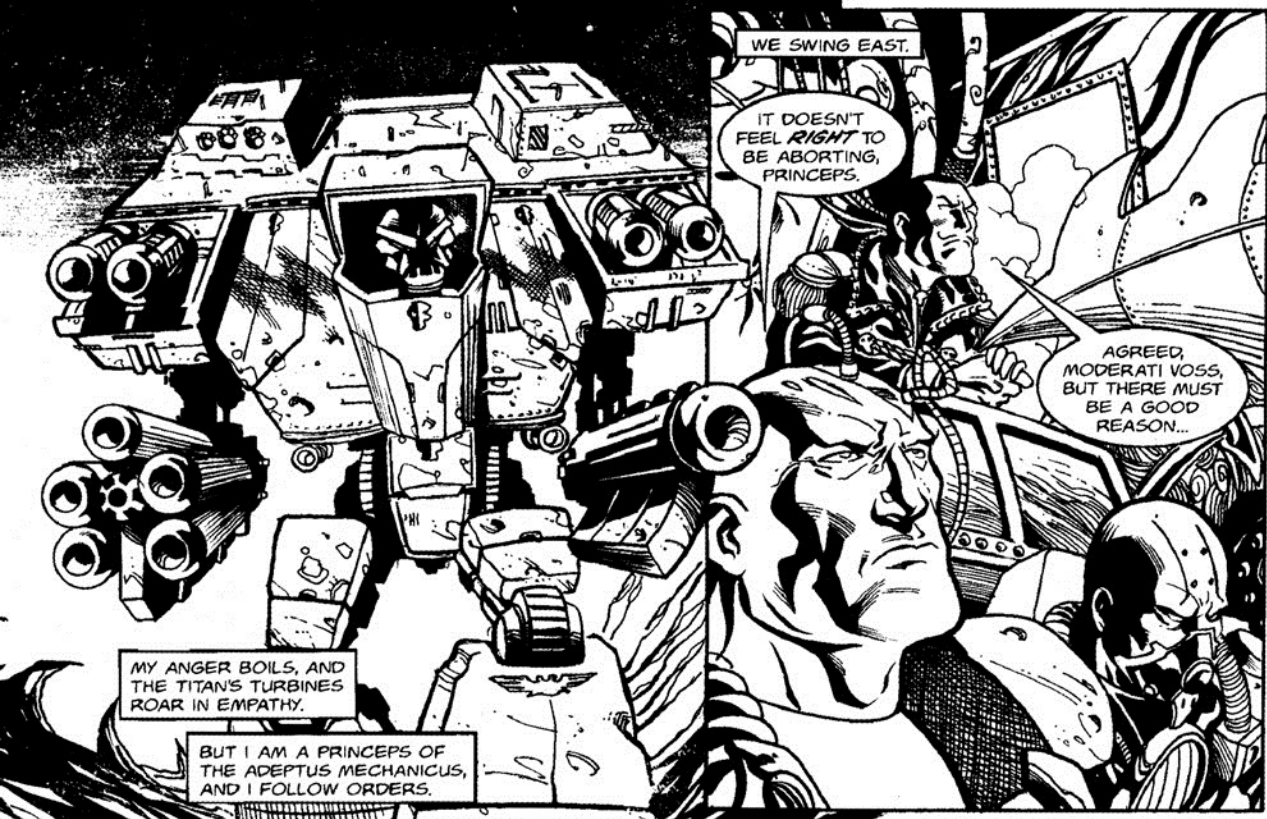
WHY!?

IT'S BEEN JUST TWO DAYS SINCE A
BROTHER WARLORD WAS TAKEN *ALIVE*
BY THE FOE! EVERY *OUNCE* OF OUR
EFFORT SINCE THEN HAS BEEN TO
ASSEMBLE THIS *RESCUE* FORCE!

AND NOW... WE ARE TO *ABANDON*
BEFORE WE HAVE EVEN *BEGUN*!

COMMAND ORDERS...
TO IMPERIUS DICTATIO
AND STRIKE UNIT...
ABORT MISSION AND
REROUTE TO GRID REF
K345/678, EFFECTIVE
IMMEDIATE... BELOVED
BE THE EMPEROR AND
THE GOD MACHINE!





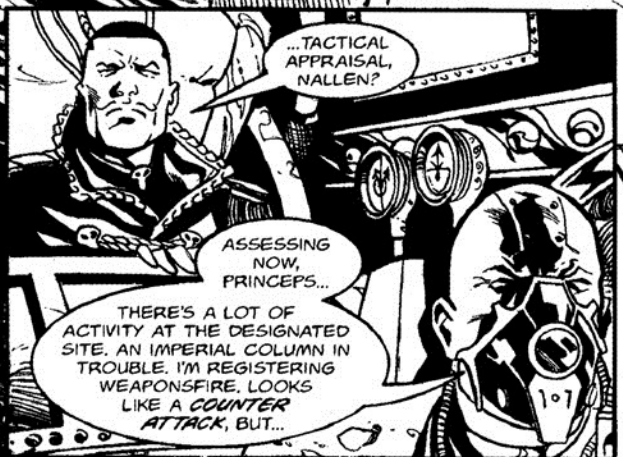
WE SWING EAST.

IT DOESN'T
FEEL *RIGHT* TO
BE ABORTING,
PRINCEPS.

AGREED,
MODERATI VOSS,
BUT THERE MUST
BE A GOOD
REASON...

MY ANGER BOILS, AND
THE TITAN'S TURBINES
ROAR IN EMPATHY.

BUT I AM A PRINCEPS OF
THE ADEPTUS MECHANICUS,
AND I FOLLOW ORDERS.



...TACTICAL
APPRAISAL,
NALLEN?

ASSESSING
NOW,
PRINCEPS...

THERE'S A LOT OF
ACTIVITY AT THE DESIGNATED
SITE. AN IMPERIAL COLUMN IN
TROUBLE. I'M REGISTERING
WEAPONSFIRE. LOOKS
LIKE A *COUNTER*
ATTACK, BUT...



BUT?

THE PATTERNS *AREN'T* TYRANID,
PRINCEPS! IT'S SOMEONE *ELSE*,
COMING ACROSS THE COLUMN'S
EASTERN FLANK!



THEN WHO? WHAT?

WE CLEAR THE HILL LINE...



ELDAR! *THE ELDAR!*

IT DEFIES IMAGINATION! ATTACKED BY
A *SECOND* FOE ON A *SECOND* FRONT!

ENGAGE
AUTO-LOADERS!
PRESENT AND
FIRE!

CHARGE MAIN
WEAPONS BANKS!
ORDER THE
STRIKE FORCE
FORWARD!

FORWARD,
AYE!

JETBIKE
COMING IN!
GOLDEN THRONE
OF EARTH!
PRINCEPS!

OUR
LEFT SIDE'S
EXPOSED!
PRINCEPS!

PANIC
DOESN'T
SUIT YOU,
MODERATI.

CHOOOOOM!



I REPEAT THE MANTRA OVER AND AGAIN...
"SELECT TARGET... RANGE... EXECUTE"

THE TITAN SHAKES AS WE
DISCHARGE ENERGISED DEATH.

THE EARTH SHAKES.

(SELECT TARGET...
RANGE... EXECUTE)

WE ADVANCE,
RELENTLESS, NO
TIME TO WONDER.

(SELECT TARGET...
RANGE... EXECUTE)

THEY ARE NUMEROUS
AND VICIOUSLY FAST.

(SELECT TARGET...
RANGE... EXECUTE)

EVERY SHOT MUST
COUNT OR THEIR SPEED
WILL OVERWHELM US.

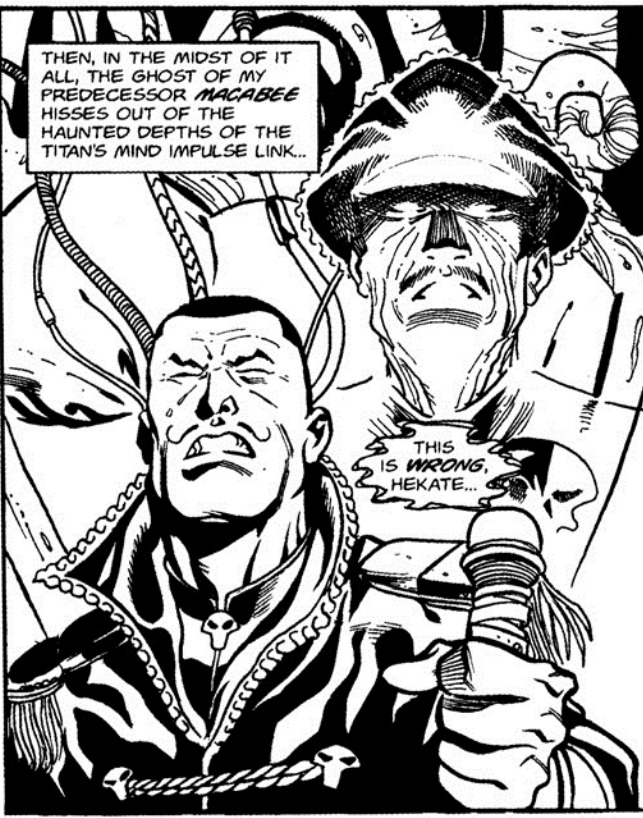
(SELECT TARGET...
RANGE... EXECUTE)

(SELECT TARGET...
RANGE... EXECUTE)

(SELECT TARGET...
RANGE... EXECUTE)

(SELECT TARGET...
RANGE... EXECUTE)





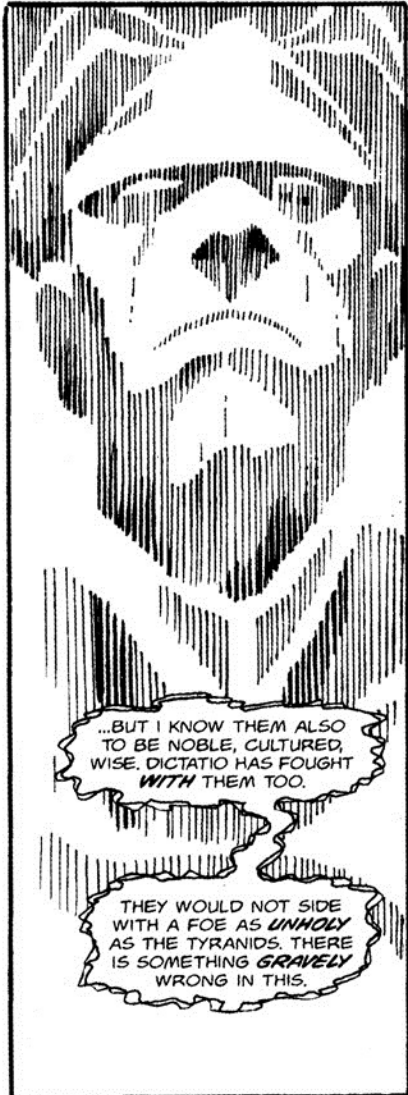
THEN, IN THE MIDST OF IT ALL, THE GHOST OF MY PREDECESSOR **MACABEE** HISSES OUT OF THE HAUNTED DEPTHS OF THE TITAN'S MIND IMPULSE LINK...

THIS IS **WRONG**, HEKATE...



WRONG? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

THE **ELDAR** ARE AN IMPLACABLE FOE... I KNOW, **DICTATIO**'S FACED THEM **BEFORE**...



...BUT I KNOW THEM ALSO TO BE NOBLE, CULTURED, WISE. **DICTATIO** HAS FOUGHT WITH THEM TOO.

THEY WOULD NOT SIDE WITH A FOE AS **UNHOLY** AS THE TYRANIDS. THERE IS SOMETHING **GRAVELY** WRONG IN THIS.



I SHAKE THE OLD GHOST OUT OF MY HEAD...

NALLEN! PREPARE A WIDE RANGE TRANSMISSION! TRY AND OPEN A COMMUNICATION LINK WITH THEM!

WHAT? I MEAN... **AYE**, PRINCEPS!

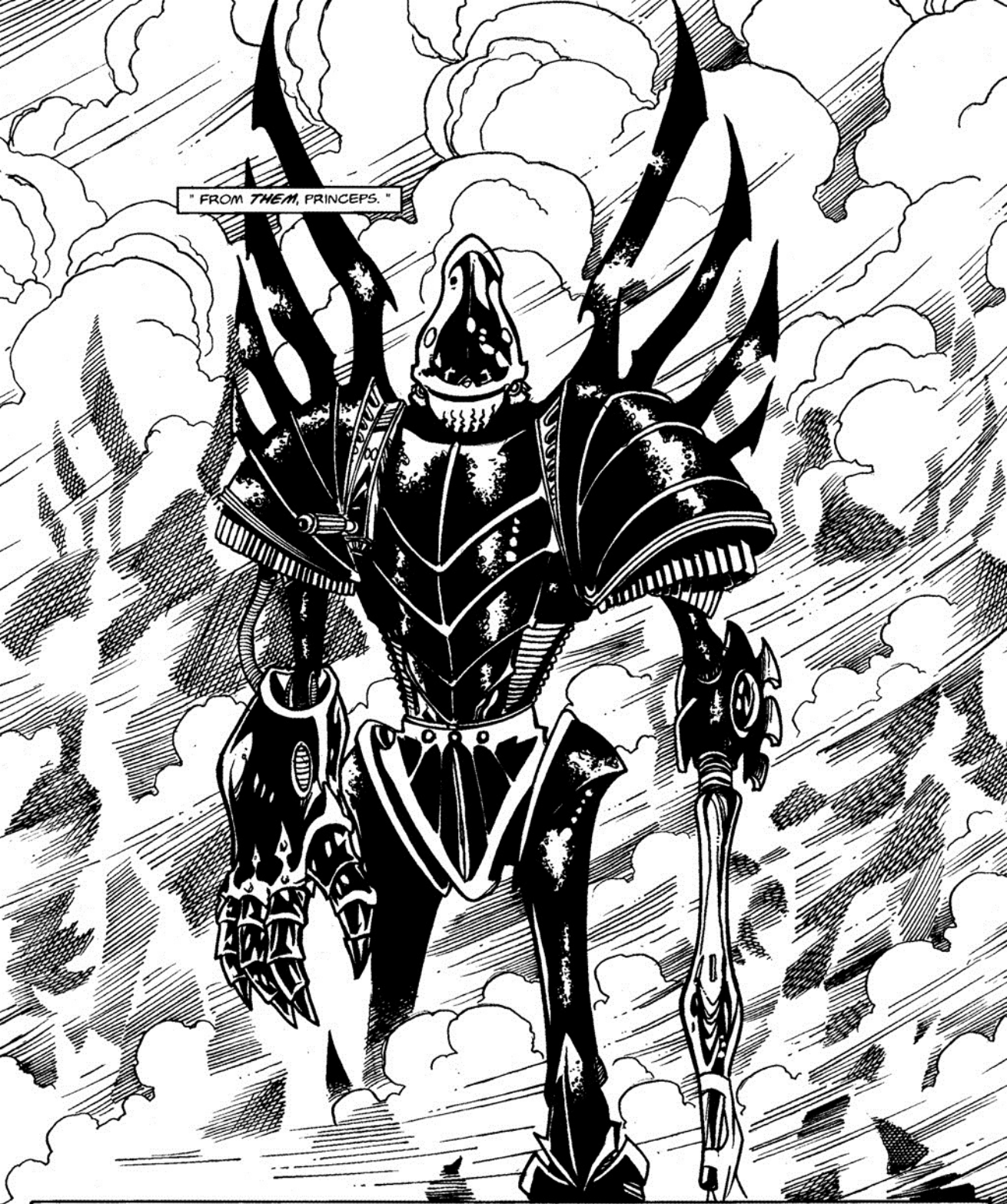


SIGNAL SENT, PRINCEPS.

SIR! AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT! AN **ACKNOWLEDGEMENT!**

FROM WHO, **NALLEN?**

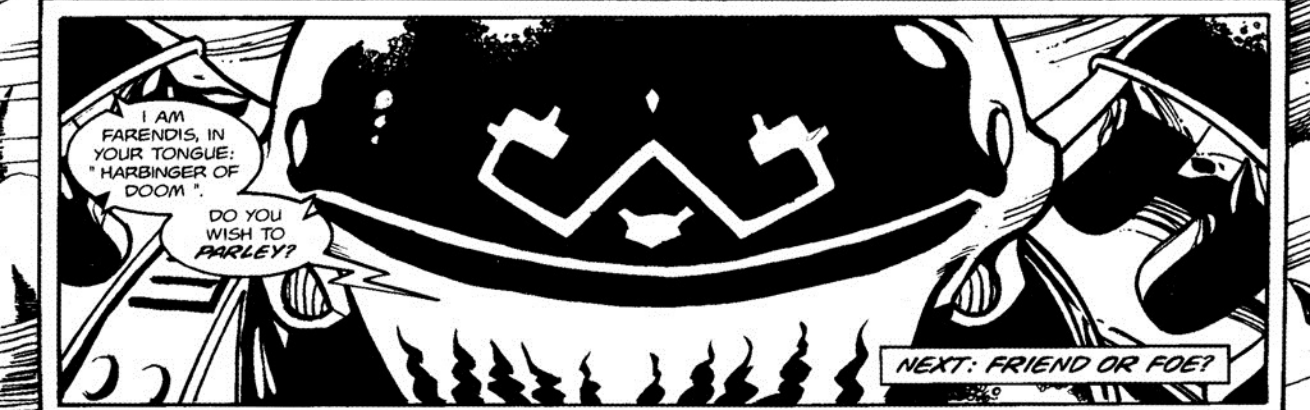
" FROM *THEM*, PRINCEPS. "



I AM
FARENDIS, IN
YOUR TONGUE:
" HARBINGER OF
DOOM ".

DO YOU
WISH TO
PARLEY?

NEXT: FRIEND OR FOE?



TITAN

VIVAPORIUS

SCRIPT **DAN ABNETT**
PENCILS **ANTHONY WILLIAMS**
INKS **ANDY LANNING**
LETTERS **FIONA STEPHENSON**

PART EIGHT

AT THE FRONT LINE OF THE
WAR WORLD VIVAPORIOUS...

IT'S A
TRICK! THIS IS
MADNESS,
PRINCEPS!

TO YOUR STATION,
MODERATI VOSS! I HAVE
FAITH IN WHAT I'M
DOING!

BUT PRINCEPS!
FOR THE LAST TWENTY
MINUTES WE'VE BEEN
TOOTH AND NAIL WITH
THESE ELДАР!

SO MAYBE
IT'S *PAST* TIME
TO PARLEY.

NALLEN AND DORN
WILL ACCOMPANY ME. SEE
TO THE GUNS, VOSS. I WANT
YOU *READY*.

HOW WILL
WE PARLEY,
PRINCEPS? DO
YOU SPEAK ELДАР
TONGUE?

NOT NOW,
NALLEN.

YOU *WON'T* NEED
THAT. WE'RE HERE
TO TALK.

OH.
AS YOU SAY,
PRINCEPS.



THERE THEY ARE.

DON'T EITHER OF YOU DO ANYTHING STUPID.



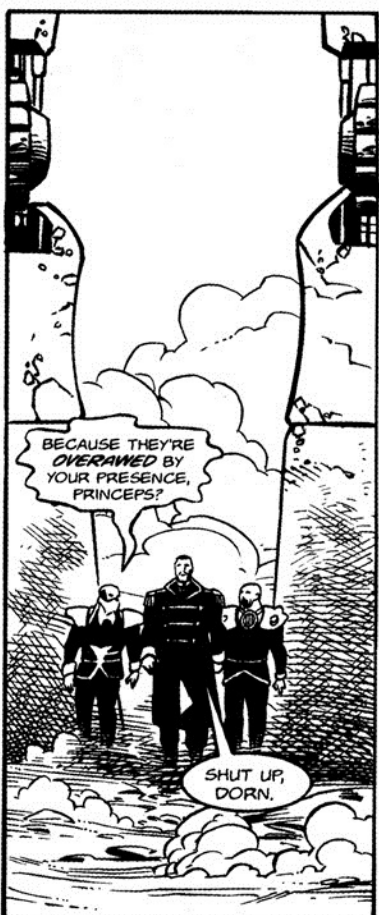
"WHAT IN THE EMPEROR'S NAME ARE THEY DOING?"

"KNEELING, PRINCEPS."



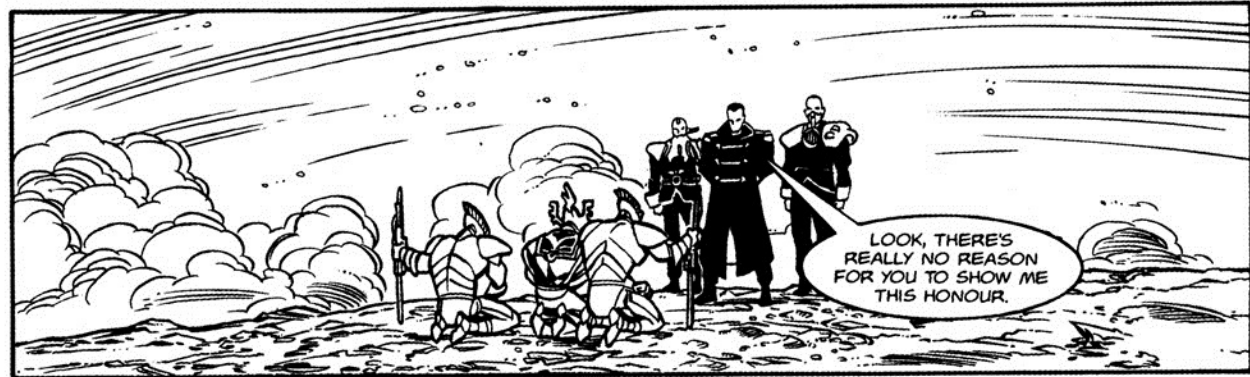
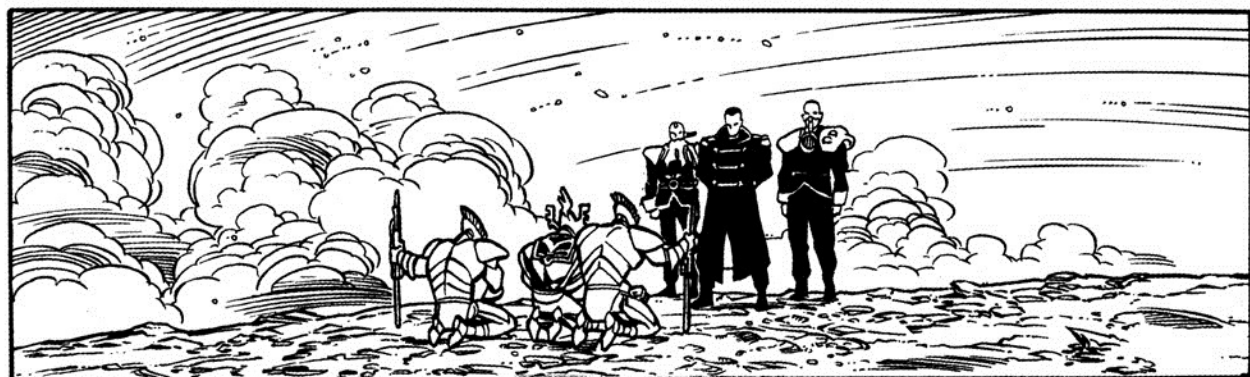
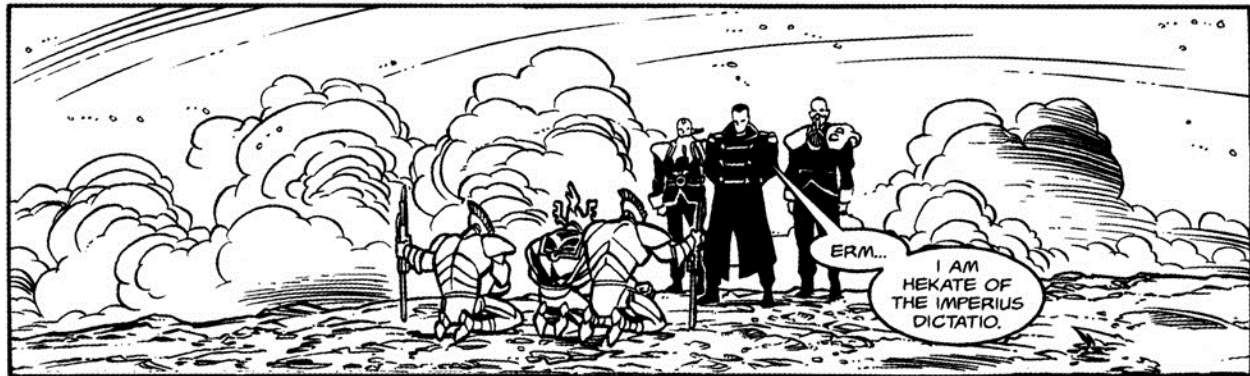
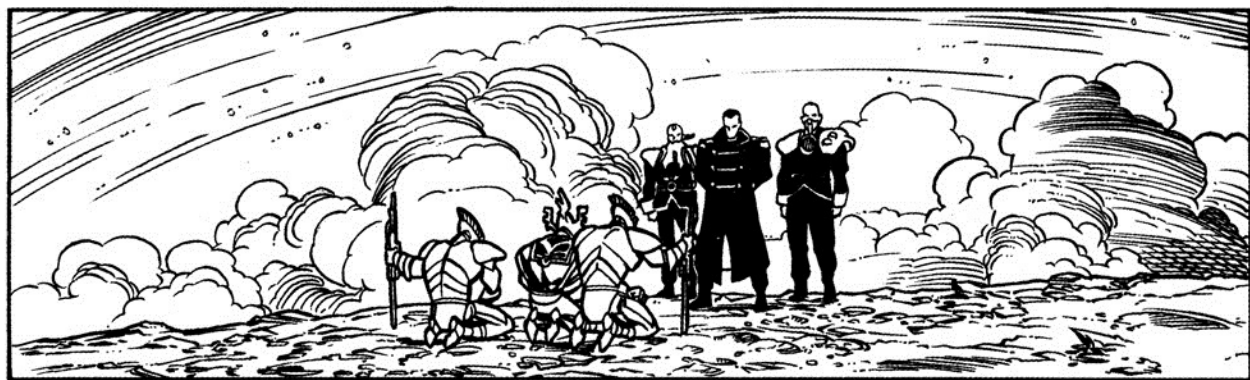
YOUR POWERS OF OBSERVATION ARE *ASTONISHING*, DORN.

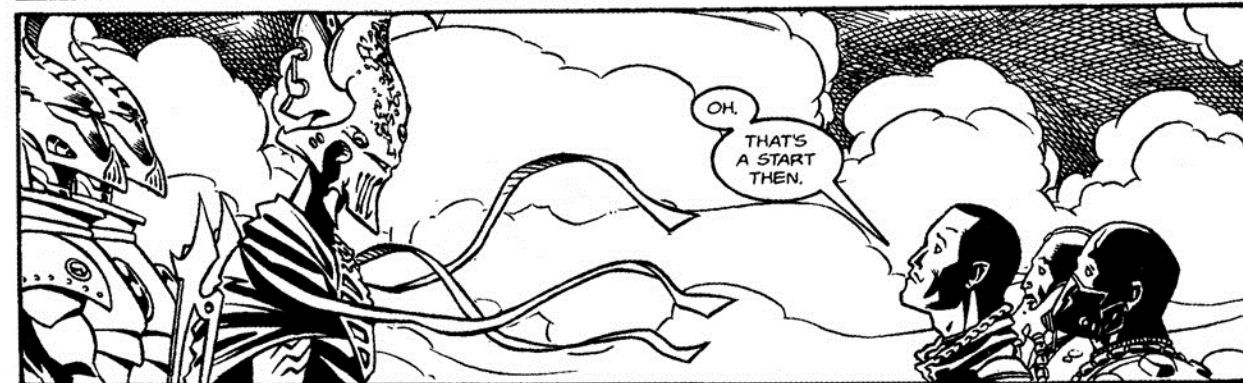
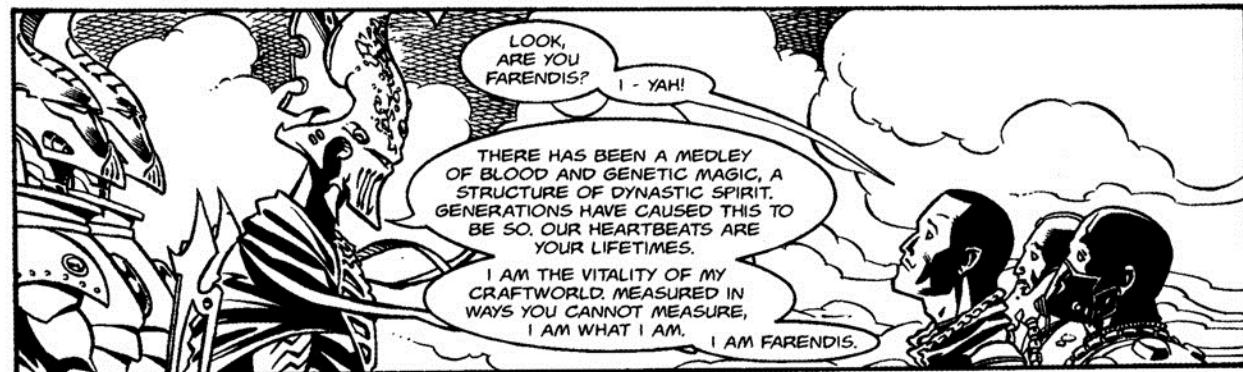
WHAT I REALLY MEANT IS *WHY?*



BECAUSE THEY'RE *OVERAWED* BY YOUR PRESENCE, PRINCEPS?

SHUT UP, DORN.











WOULD AN **UNAMBIGUOUS** STATEMENT REALLY KILL YOU, FARENDIS?

AH... IT IS SO EASY TO FORGET HOW **EPHEMERAL** YOUR MINDS ARE, HUMAN.



LET ME BE DIRECT AND **HUMANLY** SIMPLE...

...IT IS NO COINCIDENCE THAT BOTH IMPERIAL AND ELDAR TITANS HAVE BEEN DEPLOYED ON THIS WORLD.

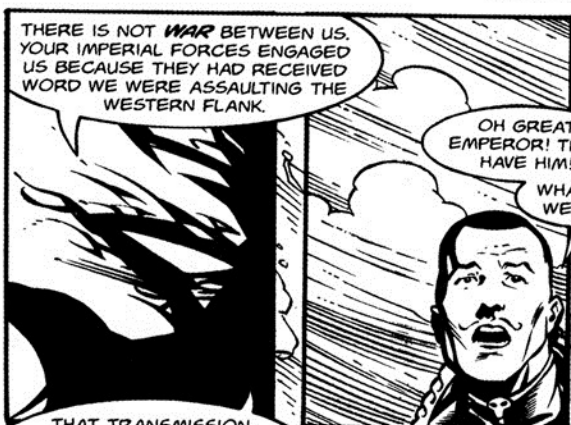
THE TYRANID HAVE FOUND A WAY TO **CORRUPT** THE MENTAL LINKS WE SHARE WITH OUR WAR MACHINES.



WE HAVE BEEN LURED HERE AS **PREY ITEMS**.

THEN WHY DID YOU ATTACK OUR CONVOY?

WHO TOLD YOU WE DID?



THERE IS NOT **WAR** BETWEEN US. YOUR IMPERIAL FORCES ENGAGED US BECAUSE THEY HAD RECEIVED WORD WE WERE ASSAULTING THE WESTERN FLANK.

OH GREAT EMPEROR! THEY HAVE HIM!
WHAT DO WE DO?

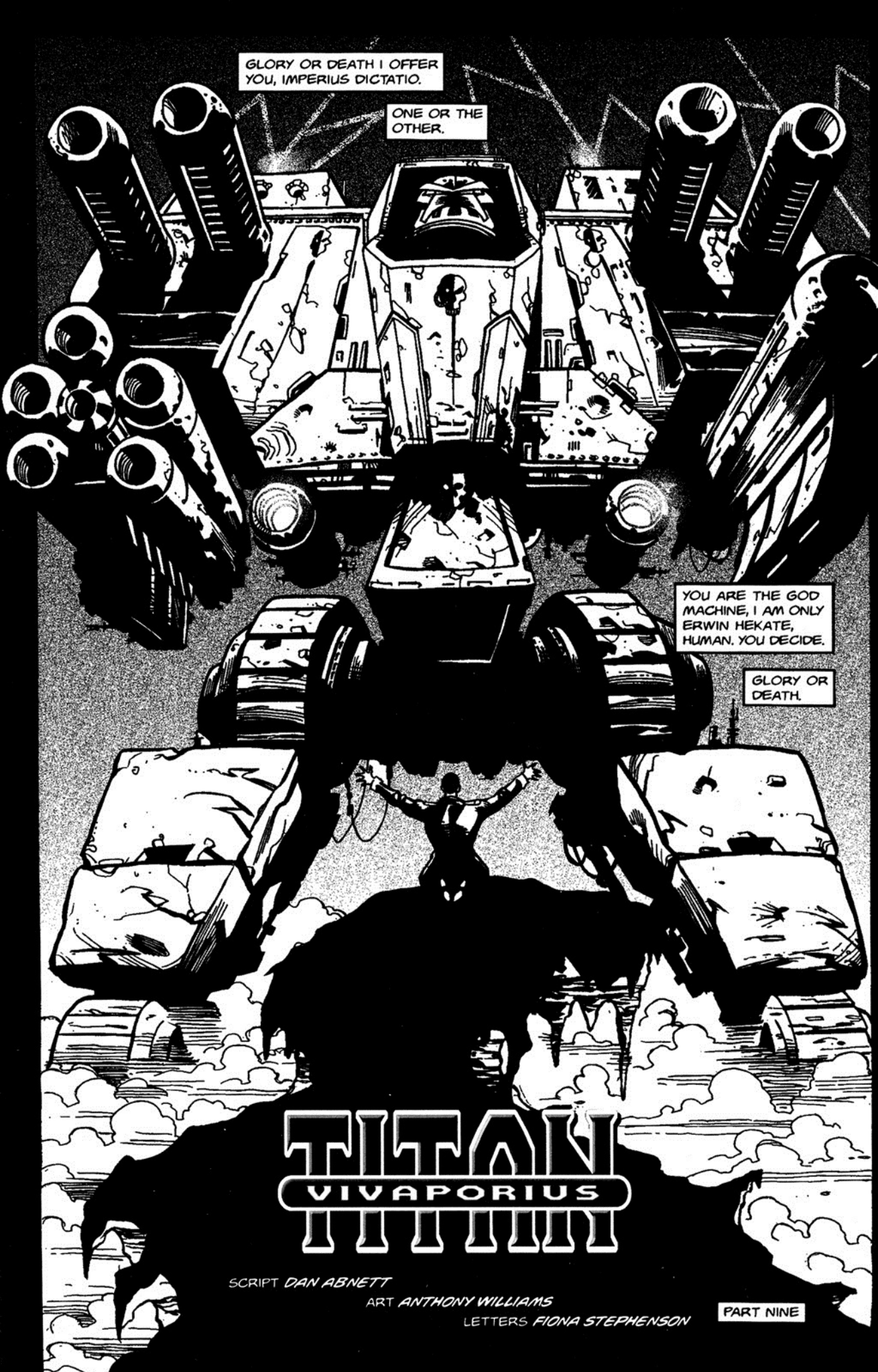
THAT TRANSMISSION WAS SENT FROM THE MIND IMPULSE UNIT OF AN IMPERIAL TITAN CALLED **REGALIS ANNILILATUS**.



"SOMETHING. NOTHING. **WHATEVER** WE CAN DO. IT SEEMS THE TYRANID WISH TO GET INTO THE MINDLINK, TO SEIZE CONTROL OF THE TITANS, AND IF THEY SUCCEED--

"ALL IS LOST."

NEXT: MADNESS LIES



GLORY OR DEATH I OFFER
YOU, IMPERIUS DICTATIO.

ONE OR THE
OTHER.

YOU ARE THE GOD
MACHINE, I AM ONLY
ERWIN HEKATE,
HUMAN. YOU DECIDE.

GLORY OR
DEATH.

TITAN

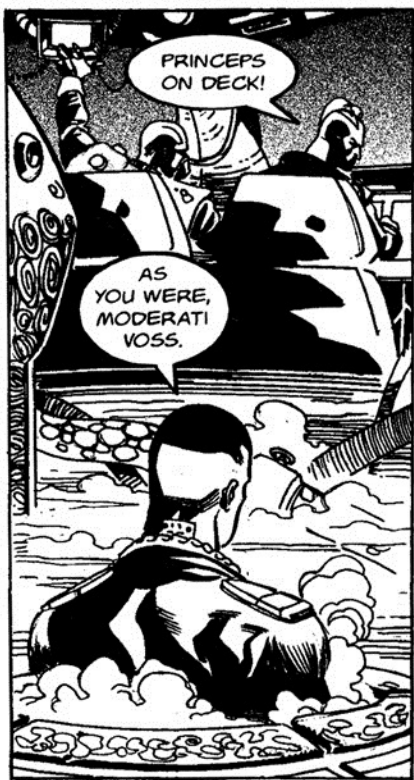
VIVAPORIUS

SCRIPT *DAN ABNETT*

ART *ANTHONY WILLIAMS*

LETTERS *FIONA STEPHENSON*

PART NINE









THIS IS IT, THE WINNING AND THE LOSING. FROM FARENDIS, I HAVE LEARNED THE **TRUE** PURPOSE OF THE TYRANID EFFORTS ON VIVAPORIUS.

THEY HAVE LURED US INTO BATTLE HERE, HUMAN AND ELДАР ALIKE, TO INFECT AND **CONQUER** US THROUGH OUR **MIND LINKS**.



THE VERY MIND-IMPULSE THAT MAKES ME PART OF DICTATIO IS THEIRS TO CORRUPT AND VIOLATE.

SO WE WILL GIVE THEM HALF OF WHAT THEY WANT.



WE WON'T GIVE THEM OUR MINDS.

BUT WE WILL SURELY GIVE THEM **BATTLE!**



PRINCEPS!
I HAVE CONTACT!
THREE KILOMETRES!
MOVING IN!



ENGAGE VOID SHIELDS! CHARGE ENERGY BANKS! CYCLE AUTO LOADERS!

YOU HEAR THE CRY, FARENDIS! THE ENEMY ARE **ON US!**

I HEAR, HEKATE. AND I SAY...


[CONTINUES AFTER CENTRE PAGES]



...GLORY
OR
DEATH!

THEY RISE FROM
THE DARKNESS LIKE
SCUTTLING GHOSTS.
WE DELIVER OUR
BEST DEATH INTO
THE NIGHT.

THEY ROAST
AND FRY AND
BURST, BUT
THERE ARE
SO MANY OF
THEM...



THEY CHATTER
AS THEY TRY TO
ENTER MY HEAD
AND POLLUTE THE
MIND-LINK.

I SHUT
THEM
OUT!

I FEEL FARENDIS
AND THE OTHER
ELDAR WINCE AS
THEY DO THE
SAME.

THEY SCAR
MY MIND! LIGHTS OF
THE WEB-WAY! THEY
ARE CLAWING
AT ME!

THE TYRANID
PROBE AT OUR
DEEPEST
THOUGHTS WITH
SPIDERY,
FEATHERY LIMBS.

SHUT THEM
OUT, FARENDIS!
FARENDIS!

SHUT THEM
OUT!

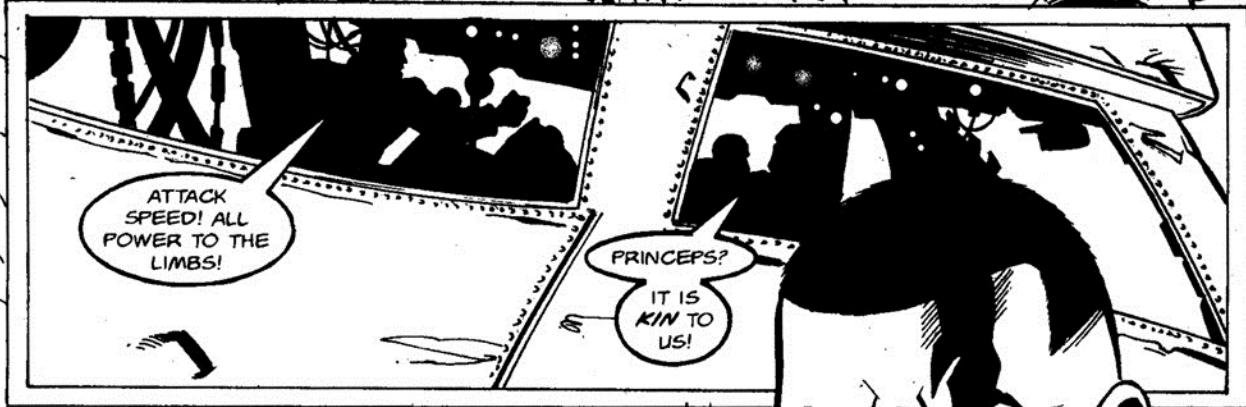
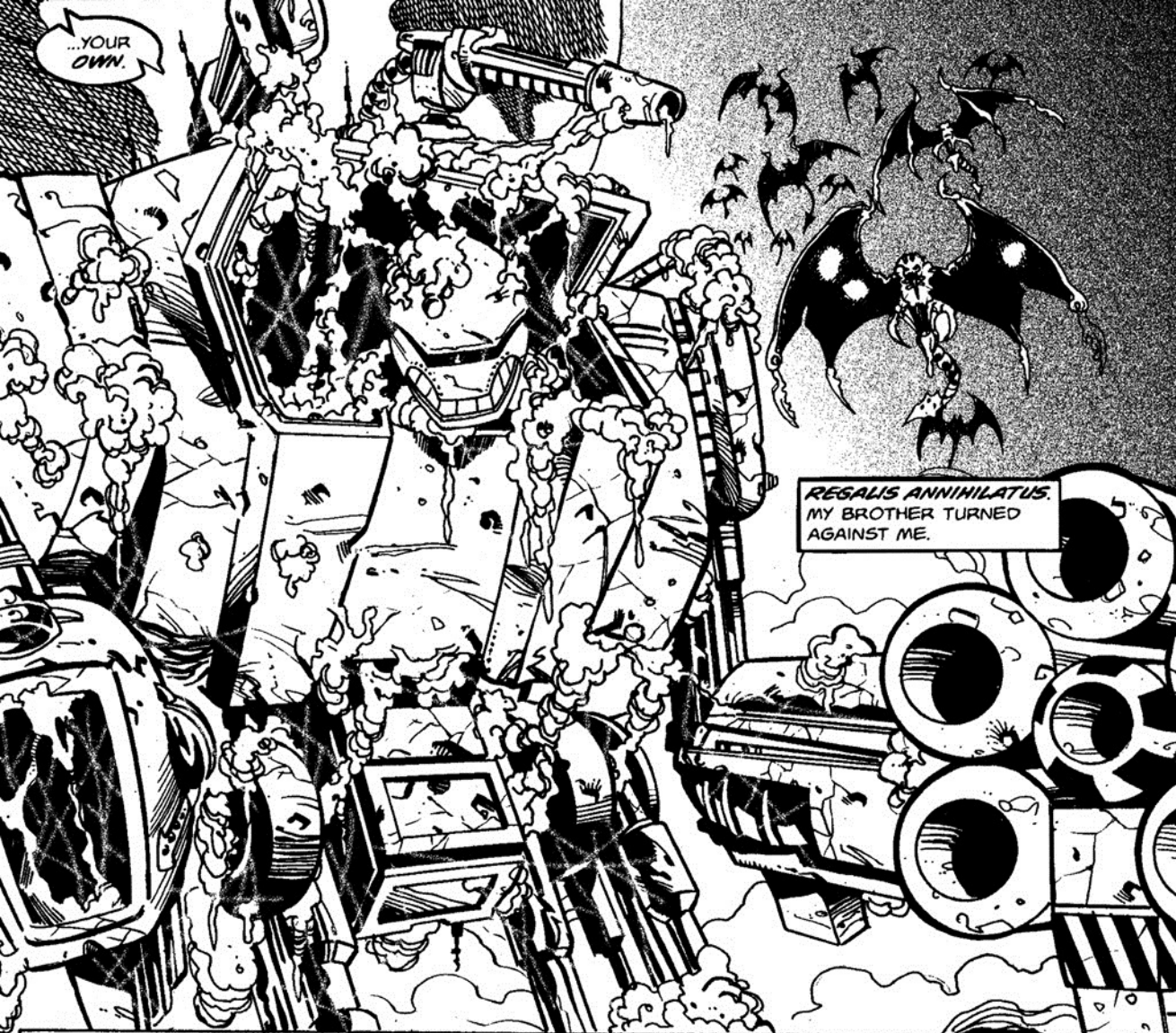
I WILL
CONQUER MY
FEAR. GLORY
OR DEATH.

YOUR CONSTANCY
SURPRISES ME, HEKATE OF
DICTATIO. YOU ARE SUCH A
BRIEF THING.

AND I DO NOT
THINK MY WORDS
WILL CONSOLE
YOU AGAINST
WHAT YOU *NOW*
FACE...

THIS
IS HEKATE OF
DICTATIO! CLOSE THEM
OFF! DON'T LET
THEM IN!

BURN THEM AND
TRAMPLE ON THEIR
BONES!



NEXT: THE SLOW DEATH OF MACABEE

IF A WARLORD TITAN IS THE
MOST TERRIBLE WAR-
MACHINE IN CREATION...

...WHAT THEN IS A WARLORD TITAN POSSESSED BY THE *TYRANID*?

LETTERS FIONA STEPHENSON

REGALIS ANNIHILATUS.
BATTLE-BROTHER.
FELLOW GOD-MACHINE.

MY ENEMY.

PART TEN



I BLOCK OUT MY MEMORIES.

I BLOCK OUT THE FACT
THAT INDERON, PRINCEPS
OF THE ANNIHILATUS,
WAS MY *FRIEND*.

ENGINEER
DORN! FULL GYRO
TURN! TRAVERSE
THE WEAPONS
PLATFORM!

MAIN
WEAPONS, AYE,
PRINCEPS.

I FEEL THE
MODERATI'S
LOATHING FOR
THE ORDER VIA
THE MIND-LINK,
BUT HE OBEYS.

THE CABIN
LURCHES, AND
RECOIL BAFFLES
HISS AS WE FIRE.

I DO WHAT I MUST.

MODERATI!
FIRE MAIN
WEAPONS!



SQUARE HIT!
THEY'VE SUFFERED
MASSIVE DAMAGE
TO THE PORT
WEAPON LIMB!

BUT
THEY'RE NOT
DEAD! RE-AIM
AND FIRE AGAIN
BEFORE-





HOLY
THRONE OF EARTH!
NALLEN!

HE'S DEAD,
PRINCEPS!

SHRAPNEL
BLASTED SIDEWAYS
THROUGH THE
CABIN.



THERE'S
NOTHING WE CAN
DO, VOSS!

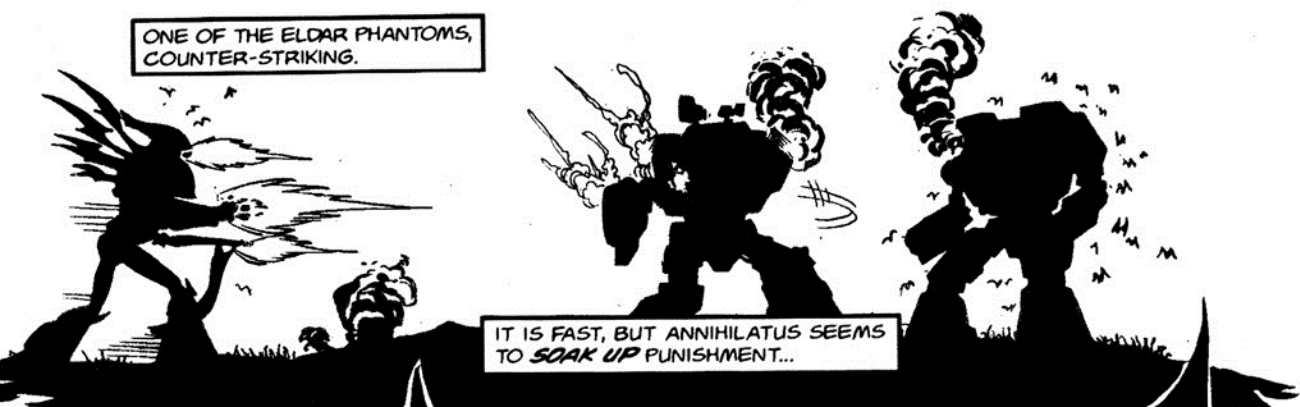
GET BACK
TO YOUR STATION,
FOR THE EMPEROR'S
SAKE, AND **RETURN
FIRE!**



ANNIHILATUS
HAS US COLD.

THEN VICIOUS
FIRE LANCES IN
FROM THE WING.

ONE OF THE ELDAR PHANTOMS,
COUNTER-STRIKING.

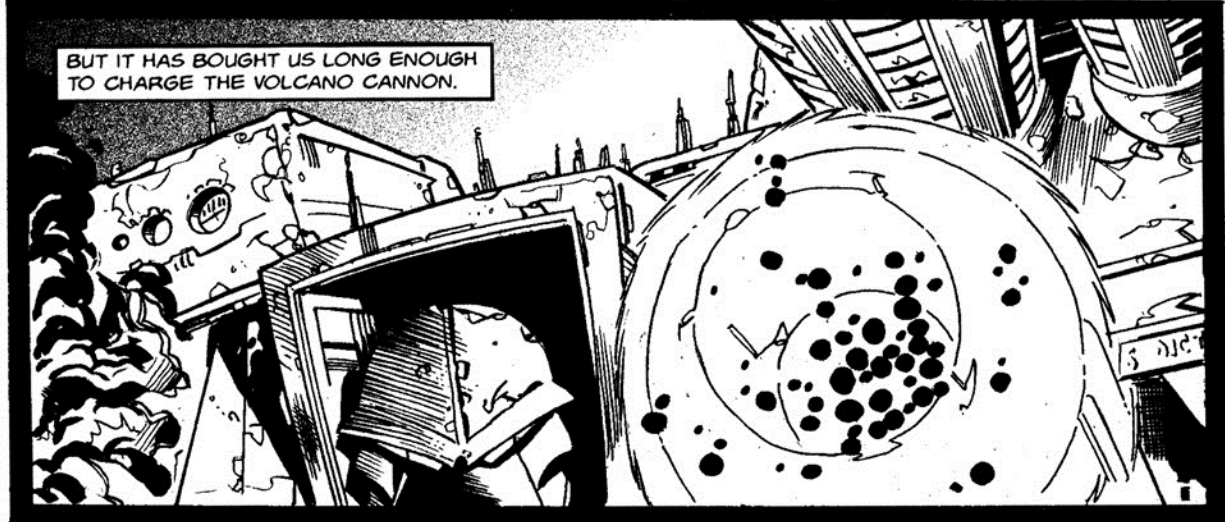


IT IS FAST, BUT ANNIHILATUS SEEMS
TO SOAK UP PUNISHMENT...

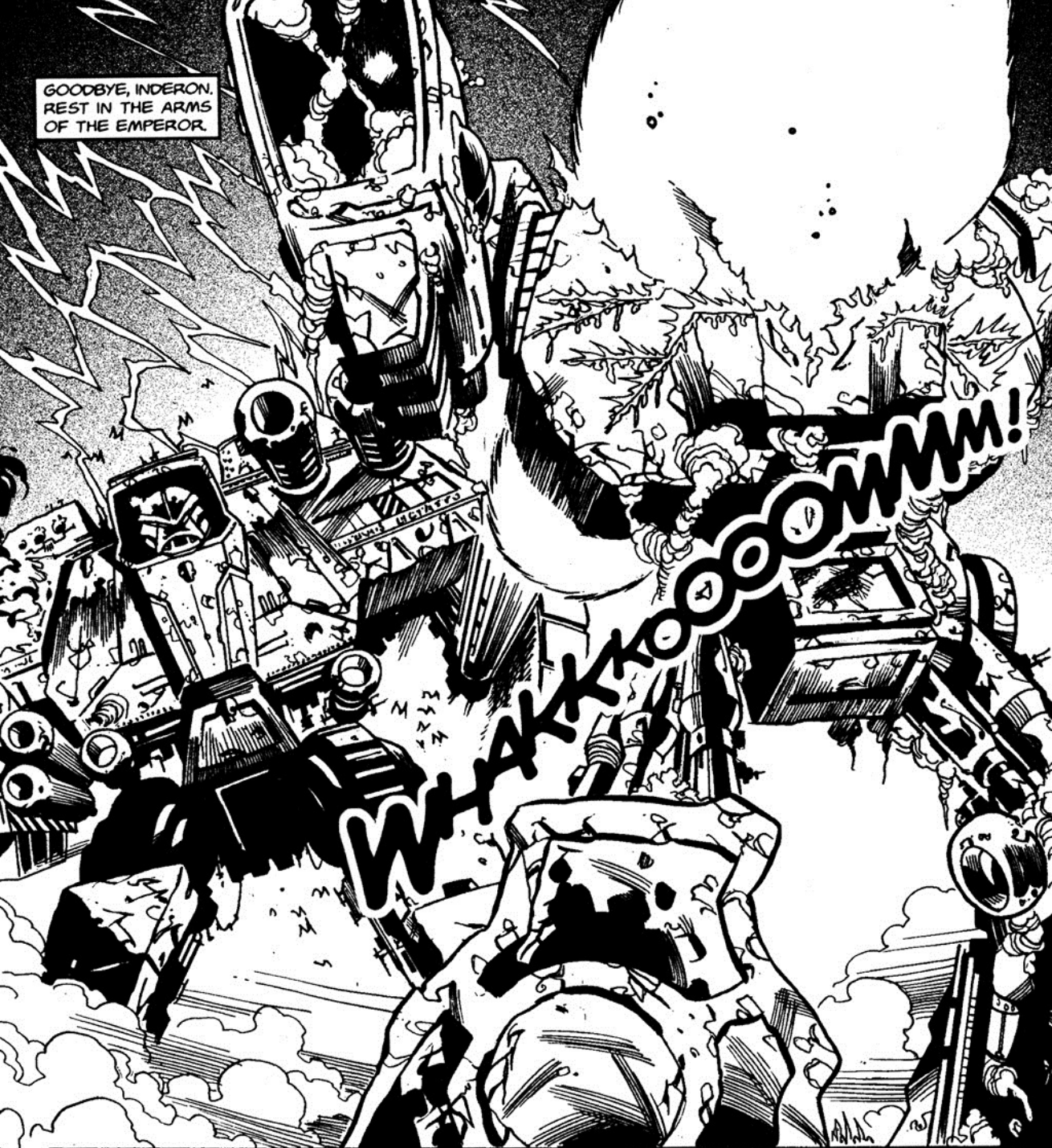
...AND METE IT
OUT IN KIND.



BUT IT HAS BOUGHT US LONG ENOUGH
TO CHARGE THE VOLCANO CANNON.



GOODBYE, INDERON.
REST IN THE ARMS
OF THE EMPEROR.



BOOM!

WHACK!


WE DID IT. THE
TIDE TURNS. THEY
ARE IN ROUT.

MACABEE? WHAT
DO YOU WANT, OLD
GHOST?

DON'T REST
ON YOUR LAURELS,
HEKATE! THE BATTLE'S
ONLY JUST
STARTING!

OUR MINDS, HEKATE!
JUST LIKE THE ELДАР
TOLD YOU!

ALREADY, I HEAR THEM AGAIN,
CHATTERING AND SCURRYING AT THE
EDGE OF THE IMPULSE-FIELD!
THEY TRIED BEFORE, BUT
NOW WE ARE TIRED AND WOUNDED,
VULNERABLE...




I FEEL IT AS HE SAYS
IT. I HEAR FARENDIS'S
PSYCHIC SCREAM.

AS WE FOUGHT, THE FOE
HAVE *AMPLIFIED* THE POWER
OF THEIR FOUL VERSION OF
THE MIND-IMPULSE.

WE CAN NO
LONGER SHUT
THEM OUT.

THEN, IN THE
MINDSCAPE, I
SEE MACABEE.


HE THROWS ME
A SALUTE AND
TURNS AWAY.




THEY ARE IN OUR *SOULS*,
AND WE HAVE BECOME A
PSYCHIC BRIDGE...

...CARRYING THEIR
ABOMINABLE URGES INTO THE
RACE-SENTIENCES OF
HUMAN AND *ELDAR* ALIKE.

TURN, AND STRIDES
TOWARDS THE BOILING
FILTH OF THE HIVE MIND.



THERE IS SOMETHING
LUMBERING AND FAMILIAR
ABOUT HIS STRIDE.



VENOMOUS SWARMS BREAK THE DESERT
CRUST AND RUSH TO MEET HIM.

BUT HIS LIMBS ARE
WEAPONS, AND HE
WALKS LIKE A GOD.

ON HE STRIDES, THE CHATTERING
HIVE MIND RISES BEFORE HIM.

THE SWARMS BEGIN
TO OVERWHELM HIM.

THEIR WEIGHT
TAKES HIM DOWN. I FEAR HE HAS
FAILED, UNTIL I
REALISE THIS WAS
HIS INTENTION.

HE SCORCHES THEM
FROM EXISTENCE.

FOR HE, LIKE ME, IS
IMPERIUS DICTATIO
TO THE VERY CORE.

TO LET THEM FUSE
INTO HIS MIND.

TO SHARE
HIS MIND'S
IMPULSE
WITH THEM.

AND THEN,
THROUGH FORCE
OF WILL, TO DIE...

...AND TAKE THEM
WITH HIM.

DAWN COMES. THE IMPERIAL FLEET REPORTS THAT SURVIVING REMNANTS OF THE TYRANID FORCE HAVE FLED VIVAPORIUS INTO DEEP SPACE.

FARENDIS WAITS FOR ME ON THE FIELD...

A GREAT DEAL HAS BEEN WON THIS DAY, IF BITTERLY.

INDEED.

THE FOE WERE SO *EASER* TO REACH INTO OUR MINDS, THEY WERE UNPREPARED FOR THE TASTE OF DEATH.

PSYCHIC FEEDBACK. A WEAPON I'M NOT USED TO USING.

YOU WERE TRUE TO YOUR WORLD. GLORY OR DEATH.

IN THIS CASE, *BOTH*.

SOMETIMES, THAT'S THE ONLY WAY.

TRUE ENOUGH, HUMAN.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN, MAY YOU FIND *ONLY* THE FORMER.

END OF BOOK TWO