

Escape from Cephalon

A bombastic battle report by Graham McNeill, Rowland Cox, Gavin Thorpe, Phil Kelly and Humpy the Servo-skull

Witch Hunter Tyrus lifted the sprawled body of Kessel from the cell floor, unable to mask the relish he felt at finally having the rogue inquisitor within his grasp. Kessel's features were bruised and battered, testament to the ministrations of Bravus and Stone. They had worked him over brutally and the only reason he had not allowed Malicant near him was the fact that the zealot would have killed him without thinking. No, Kessel was going to be made to face his crimes, and his accusers, face to face. His foe was shackled with a null-collar, a gold and silver artefact with bands of chased ormulite that negated Kessel's psychic abilities and kept him docile.

"Time to go Kessel," said Tyrus.

Kessel looked up and the Witch Hunter was pleased to see the defeated look in his eyes. He knew now the folly of breaking faith with the Emperor and his servants.

"You are strong and have resisted well, but that ends now. My ship is equipped with those who have had some of the greatest excruciations of all time implanted in their heads. You will break, and you will beg for death."

"Never..." spat Kessel, a defiant spark still burning within him.

"A shame that such strength is to be found in a heretic such as you," lamented Tyrus.

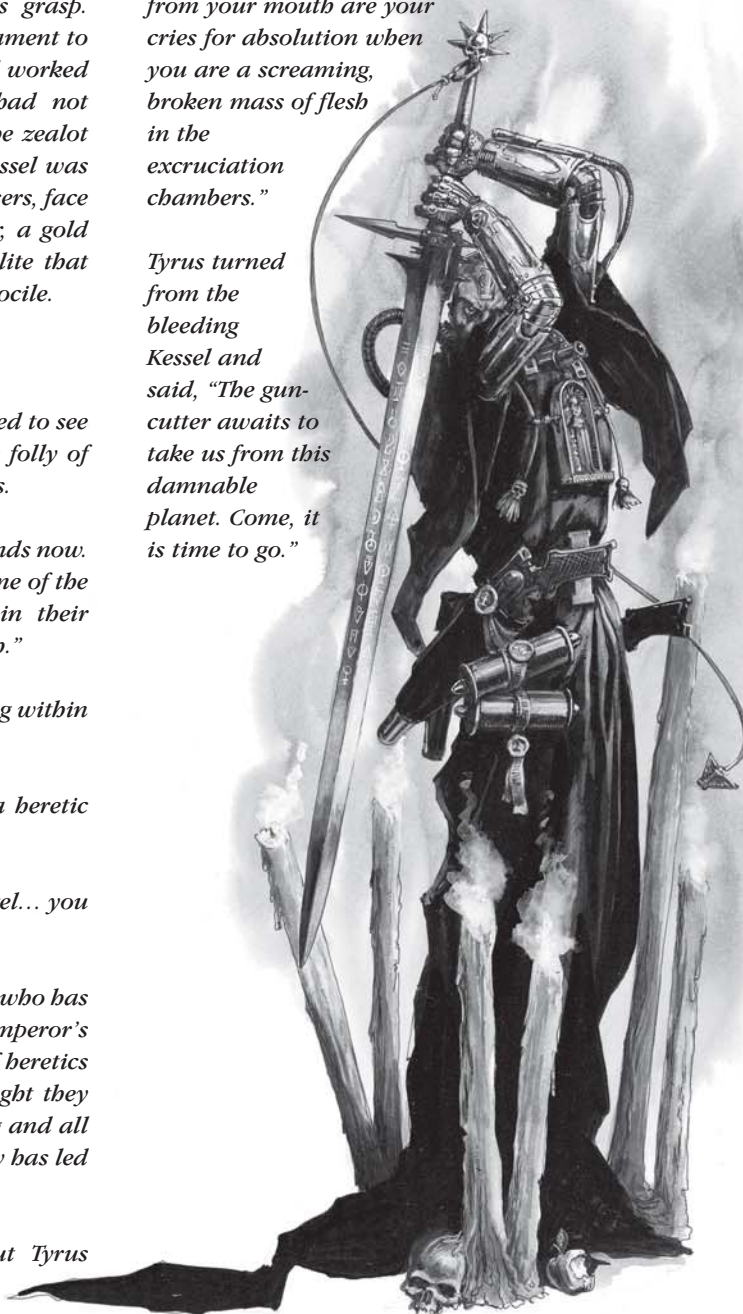
"You do not understand," gasped Kessel. "The Angel... you must not stand in my way."

"So like a heretic to feel he knows better than one who has been divinely appointed to enact the God-Emperor's will," sneered Tyrus. "I have broken thousands of heretics who thought they knew better than I, who thought they alone knew the true path. All were proven wrong and all are now dead. Do you see now where your heresy has led you?"

"You don't understand," continued Kessel, but Tyrus backhanded a blow across his chin.

"Silence!" he roared. "The words of a heretic mean nothing to me! The only sounds I shall enjoy hearing from your mouth are your cries for absolution when you are a screaming, broken mass of flesh in the excruciation chambers."

Tyrus turned from the bleeding Kessel and said, "The gun-cutter awaits to take us from this damnable planet. Come, it is time to go."



Last season on Inquisitor...

Obsessively searching for the Librarium Hereticus, Inquisitor Lichtenstein followed the words of the heretic Tech-Adept, Corteswain, to the world of Karis Cephalon, where he sought to question a bound Daemon Prince named Pharaa'gueotla. Following rumours of a haunted mine workings, he discovered its prison and, after fighting off the warband of Witch Hunter Tyrus, succeeded in interrogating a fragment of its consciousness. Using his bound Daemonhost, Ghaustos, Lichtenstein was able to learn the location of a warp portal that apparently led to the Librarium, housed in a forgotten temple known as the Paraelix Configuration.

Lichtenstein immediately set off, little realising that Pharaa'gueotla had lied to him and had escaped the shackles of its ancient imprisonment. The Paraelix Configuration was in fact a dimensional plug, set in place thousands of years ago to prevent the Immaterium from pouring into real space. Inquisitor Kessel also knew of the

Paraelix Configuration and was able to prevent Lichtenstein from unleashing hell on the

planet's surface. The two Inquisitors were to meet again in the capital city of Cephalon and formed an uneasy alliance, despite the violent intervention of Tyrus.



Graham: Welcome to this issue's battle report, a clash between rival Inquisitors as they fight to achieve their disparate goals on the bedevilled world of Karis Cephalon. Those of you with good memories might recognise the characters in this game from the battle reports we ran in White Dwarf at the release of the Inquisitor game. The last battle report we played saw Inquisitor Kessel banish the Daemon Prince, Pharaa'gueotla, only to be taken into captivity by the Monodominant Witch Hunter Tyrus. We always planned to come back to this storyline and play out more of the events surrounding them, but somehow never got round to it, what with things like the Studio campaigns rearing their time-consuming heads...

But not any more...

However, Lichtenstein was still furious at having been fooled by Pharaa'gueotla and bent his every effort to hunting and destroying the Daemon Prince. He was to get his chance in the remote mining town of Paganus Reach, where Kaludram the Deceiver, a Chaos Magus in the service of the Daemon Prince, had discovered a nascent psyker of frightening potential to utilise as a host body for Pharaa'gueotla. Kessel and Lichtenstein tracked the Daemon Prince to Paganus Reach, and in a titanic battle, Kessel was able to destroy the daemon's host body and banish the fiend back to the Warp. In the confused aftermath of this struggle, Witch Hunter Tyrus, with his trademark bombast, entered the fray with his guns blazing and downed Kessel with a shot to the head. Lichtenstein escaped, but Kessel was not so fortunate...

Witch Hunter Tyrus's Warband



Phil - Inquisitor Lichtenstein

After the daemon-slaying battle at Paganus Reach, you watched as Kessel's words of conciliation to Tyrus fell on deaf ears and the Witch Hunter shot him in the head. The daemon had been defeated, banished back to the

Warp by Kessel's own hand, but regrettably, unseen by the notorious Tyrus. With the Daemon gone, you and your warband made your escape back to Cephalon, learning that Kessel had been taken to an Arbites Precinct House, where he was no doubt forced to endure hours of painful excruciation and ordeals – much like the ones you yourself endured at the hands of Tyrus. Soon after, you watched him being taken to Cephalon Spaceport, shackled by a null-field collar to dampen his psychic abilities. Kessel, while not an ally, has helped you in your quest for the Librarium Hereticus (notably by preventing the opening of a warp gate below the southern mountains). The Witch Hunter's gun-cutter waits to take Kessel into orbit and to his starship and as you infiltrate the spaceport's perimeter, you feel the unmistakable presence of another daemonhost. Might Loa Gorg and the remainder of Kessel's warband be attempting a rescue? Freeing Kessel is your goal, but remember, he is merely someone you owe, not a friend, and it is likely he may still try to thwart your ultimate quest...



Rowland - Witch Hunter Tyrus

After the battle at Paganus Reach, you watched as the heretics Lichtenstein and Kessel consorted with daemons and filthy traitors to the God-Emperor. The daemon was defeated, banished back to the

Warp by your divine purity, but regrettably, Lichtenstein escaped, though you were able to drag him down Kessel with an expertly placed bolt round. Dragging him in chains to Cephalon, you subjected Kessel to many hours of painful excruciation, though the heretic refused to break and confess his evil. No matter, the facilities and Excruciator Specialists on your starship will break him before long. Shackled by a null-field collar to prevent the traitor's psychic abilities from swaying your followers in the same way as they were controlled at Paganus Reach, his daemonsword (as well as his other equipment) is carried in a pentagrammically warded stasis locker borne by Enforcer Bravus. Marching out into the hanger, your gun-cutter awaits to take you into orbit and to your starship. It is possible, probably even likely, that there will be some attempt to rescue the heretic, so you must be on your guard...



Inquisitor Lichtenstein's Warband



Inquisitor Kessel's Warband



Gav - Inquisitor Kessel

After the terrible battle at Paganus Reach, your words of conciliation to Tyrus fell on deaf ears and the Witch Hunter shot you in the head. The daemon had been defeated, banished back to the Warp by your own hand, but regrettably, unseen by the zealot Tyrus. Taken back to Cephalon, you were forced to endure hours of painful excruciation before being taken to Cephalon Spaceport. Shacked by a null-field collar, your psychic abilities are held in check and your daemonsword (as well as your other equipment) is carried in a pentagrammically warded stasis locker carried by one of Tyrus's goons. As you are marched out into the hanger, where the Witch Hunter's gun-cutter awaits to take you into orbit and his starship, you feel the unmistakable presence of Loa Gorg. Too close a connection exists between you and the Daemonhost for you to not register its presence; even with a null-field collar. You must be ready to act when your would-be rescuers make their move...

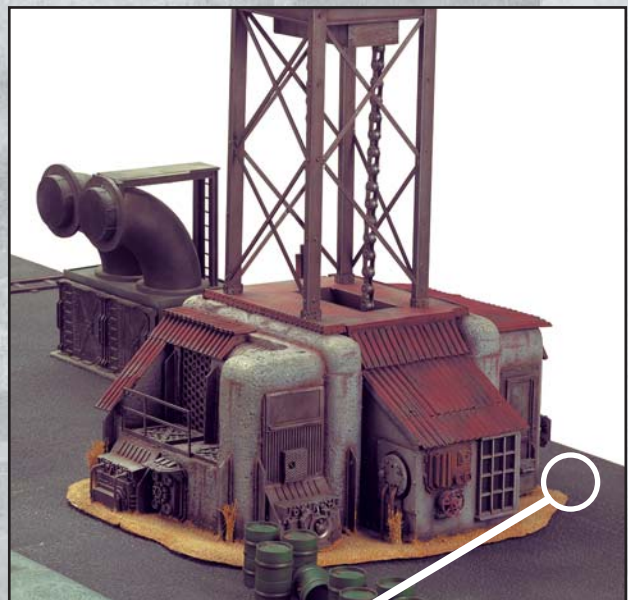
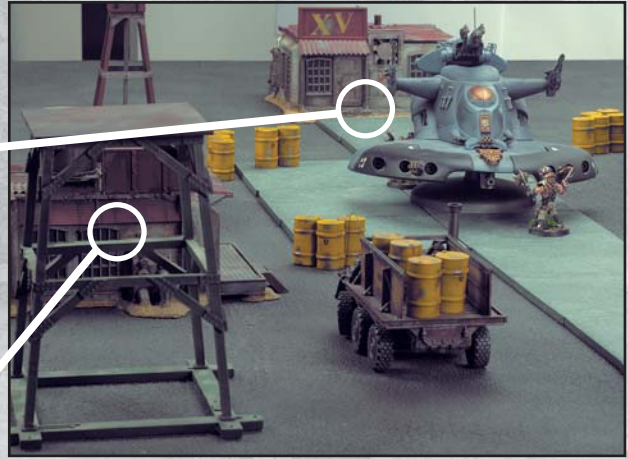


The Gamesmaster

I've been meaning to get back to the story of Inquisitor Lichtenstein and his fellow Inquisitors at some time, and the launch of Fanatic Magazine was a perfect excuse to get everyone together again for another bloody romp around the streets of Karis Cephalon. Given where we left off last time, the obvious next step of the campaign was to have Lichtenstein attempting to rescue the captured Inquisitor Kessel while Tyrus is transporting him to his ship. Rather than just a simple rescue, I planned to have some little twists along the way that would add a little spice to the game. Seeds of suspicion were planted in Lichtenstein's mind after the inconsistencies in his daemonhost's behaviour in the last few months, and Loa Gorg, Kessel's Daemonhost, has its own agenda after basking in the Immaterial energies of the Paraelix Configuration. All this, combined with the rules for vehicles and unbound daemons that I'd written for Exterminatus Magazine (and now appear in the Inquisitor Annual 2004), should also prove to be interesting...



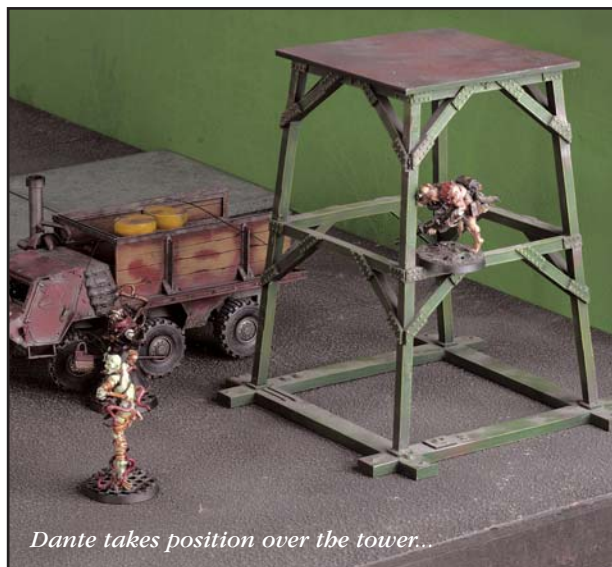
Deployment



The hangar was noisy, echoing to the sound of conveyors, working servitors and the whine of the gun-cutter's engines spooling up. Tyrus scanned the busy hangar, alert for any signs of danger, knowing that this was the most dangerous phase of his operation. He glanced round to ensure Enforcer Bravus and Sergeant Stone had the bound Kessel secured and that the warded container with the heretic's daemon weapon was safe. Satisfied, Tyrus waved his hand forward, stepping into the hangar towards his ship with the gamine Jeremiah behind him. The presence of the untouchable unsettled Tyrus, but he knew that the repulsive little wretch was his best defence against the heretical powers that Lichtenstein and the daemon creatures possessed. Malicant, pushed Kessel forward and, despite the zealot's often bumbling incompetence, Tyrus was forced to admire his purity of hatred. Soon Kessel would be shackled within the fully-equipped penitence chambers of his vessel and begging for mercy at the hands of mono-tasked Excruciators.



Further back, amidst the clanking machineries of the hangar, a lone figure clambered up an iron tower, a long-las slung over his shoulder. Below, Inquisitor Lichtenstein, his Mechanicus henchman, Dimitri, and the Daemonhost Ghaustos advanced through the flickering light of the hangar. Dimitri paused at the edge of the tower the sniper, Dante, was climbing, and focussed his mind to commune with the Machine Spirit of a nearby ore-transporter truck. Lichtenstein was troubled. Should he even be here? A foolish sense of obligation to Kessel had brought him here, but a dark prescience whispered at the back of his mind that this mission reeked of trouble. He could sense the presence of others here and could not shake the suspicion that he was walking to his doom.



Dante takes position over the tower...

The Daemonhost Loa Gorg, former servant of Kessel, smiled to itself as it felt the gnawing doubts worm their way into the other Inquisitor's mind, knowing that even a moment's hesitation would be all it needed. It flexed its mind, smiling as it felt the bonds that Kessel had placed upon it to hold it in this cage of flesh weaken yet again. But without the sword it was yet bound to Kessel and doomed to endless service. The sword was the key and it would allow nothing to get in the way of its desires. The gladiator creature known as Mechsimus ambled alongside it, his chainblade arms whirring as they idled, ready to roar into life when battle called. Alongside the cyber-warrior, the pitiful Logan Storm, whose body was now more machine than flesh, rolled forward on the track unit that had replaced the legs that had been seared away in a deadly conflagration below the surface of the world. Both were foolish creatures, easily swayed to aid Loa Gorg in its ambitions, but useful nonetheless.



Tyrus advances with his loyal retinue



Gav on Logan Storm: *"Poor bastard doesn't have much luck..."*

Lichtenstein ghosted his way through the hangar, pistol drawn and looking to secure a vantage point to better plan his strategy. Ghaustos floated alongside him and he craned his neck upwards, spotting a ladder leading to the roof of a nearby structure. He gestured for Ghaustos to continue round the building and nodded to Dimitri. The Mechanicus lumbered towards the truck as Lichtenstein headed for the ladder, but pulled up short as a man in filthy overalls at the corner of the building looked up to see him and the hideous form of Ghaustos. Too far away to reach in time. The man's eyes bulged in terror and he shouted, "Intruders! Intruders in the hangar!" before pressing himself flat against the building's wall. Lichtenstein cursed, knowing it would do no good to kill the man, everyone in the hangar would have heard his cries by now. Instead, he forged onwards, climbing to the roof of the building and running to its edge.

Tyrus heard the shout and drew his bolt pistol, knowing he had been right to trust his instinct for danger. The shout had come from the right, but further to the left he saw a mechanised figure rolling into sight. He relaxed for a second until he realised that this figure was no servitor, but one of Kessel's damned acolytes, a gun-carriage with a fearsomely powerful weapon. Tyrus shouted, "Get him to the cutter!" and raised his pistol as his enemy aimed his weapon. But Tyrus was faster and squeezed off a burst of shells before the machine man could fire.

Loa Gorg watched with faint amusement as Logan Storm's chest was ripped apart by heavy calibre shells. Each round detonated within his body, leaving giant craters in his flesh and spraying blood into the air. Loa Gorg could taste the man's blood and savoured its bitter tang. If Storm survived this latest wounding, the Daemonhost would be very surprised, but the man had proved his resilience

before. Blood was power and together with his own psychic energies, Loa Gorg summoned a crackling firestorm of electrical energy and hurled it towards Tyrus and his warband. Kessel was sure to be hurt in the ensuing blast, but that was a price Loa Gorg was only too willing to pay.



"Damn you!" Lichtenstein cursed...



This worker has a tête-à-tête with a late night visitor

Kessel's senses were dulled, his vision grey and colourless. The null-collar Tyrus had fitted him with dimming his psychic awareness and rendering him muzzy and thick-headed. He had not realised how much his abilities had enhanced his perceptions until now. Dimly he could hear the sound of gunshots and looked up in time to see a blazing corona of fire hurtling towards him. He opened his mouth to scream, but the pellucid blue fire swept over him. He heard Tyrus roar in pain and smelt the stench of scorched flesh. Pain wracked him as lightning arced from the bodies around him and a bolt struck him on the side of the head. Coils of electrical discharge wreathed his head and he gasped as though suddenly immersed in ice-cold water as the full spectrum of his senses returned to him and he knew the null-collar had been damaged in Loa Gorg's attack...

Another shot rang out, the distinctive crack of a long-las saw Sergeant Stone ducked as he felt the hot snap of a las round graze his cheek. Bravus scattered, running towards the cutter and taking aim at the floating daemon creature that had attacked them. Malicant charged towards the creature and Stone could see blood pouring from a terrible wound in the Fanatic's side. The man would bleed to death before long and Stone ran to join him, breaking out his medi-pack as he heard the unmistakable roar of chainblades powering up.

With Lichtenstein having ascended, Ghaustos drifted towards the cowering worker and lifted him from the ground, the mass of waving tentacles that surrounded the Daemonhost writhing in obscene hunger as they pressed against the man's flesh and wormed their way into his body. He tried to scream, but a thick, slug-like tentacle slithered into his mouth and down his gullet. Within moments, the man's body was little more than a shrivelled sack of bones wrapped in desiccated, leathery skin. The Daemonhost tossed aside the corpse, feeling a murderous sense of purpose fill it as it moved towards the ship in the centre of the hangar and the gunning roar of a truck's engine sounded from behind it.

Tyrus picked himself up from the ground, sparks still dancing before his eyes. The holy symbols etched on his armour were little more than smeared scorch marks now, but they had done their job, protecting him from the worst of the hell-beast's attack. Lichtenstein was insensible, also suffering from the attack and Tyrus's lip curled in a sneer, "Is there no end to your follower's blasphemies, that they would see you dead too?". The heretic didn't answer, but Tyrus didn't expect him to, the null-collar would be keeping him largely insensible to the outside world. He turned as he heard fresh screaming and saw Malicant fall before Kessel's frothing maniac who had twin chainswords where his hands ought to have been. Blood sprayed from the whirling teeth of the swords as the warrior leapt the prone Malicant and ran towards Tyrus. Seeing the danger, Bravus shifted her aim and fired



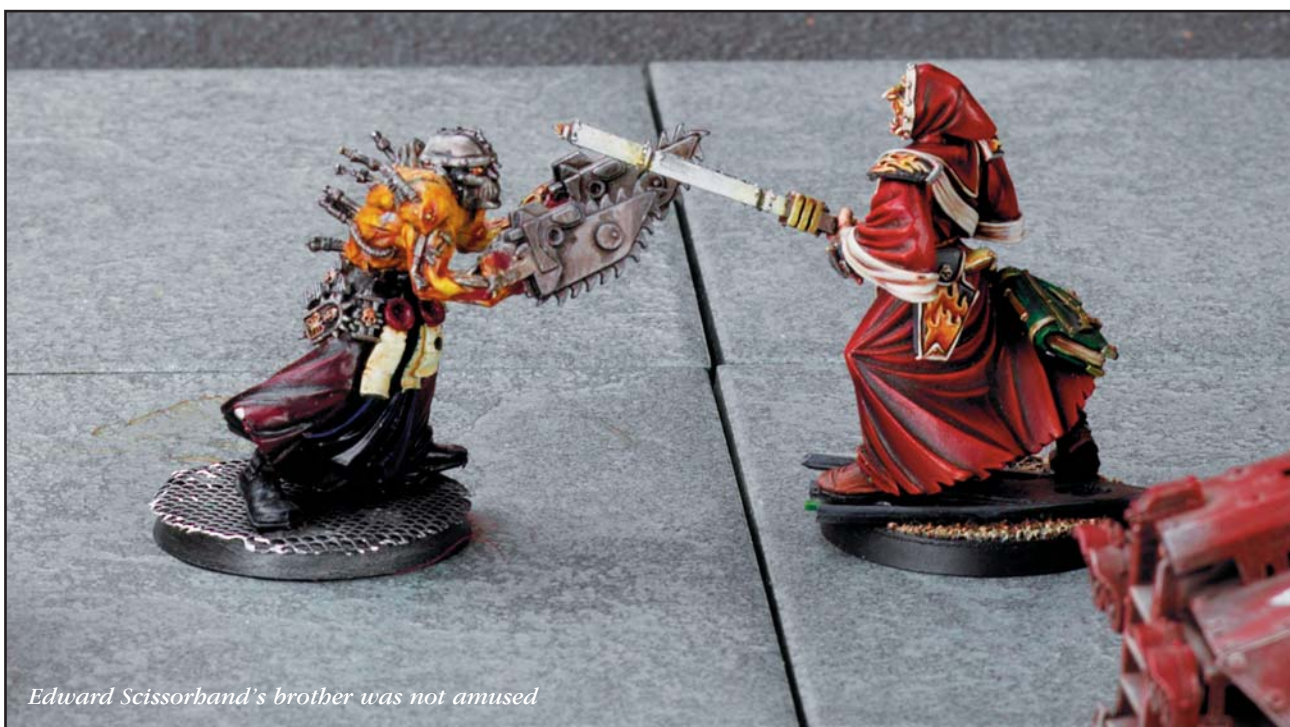
at the gladiator-warrior, a bullet from her stubber taking him in the leg, but failing to slow him.

Lichtenstein saw Tyrus wreathed in the after-image of a psychic attack and snapped off a quick, but well-aimed, shot. The round clipped Tyrus on the side of the head and he staggered. The Witch Hunter reeled from the powerful impact and crashed to the ground. Lichtenstein knew that with a wound to the head and his followers scattered, there would never be a better chance to get Tyrus away from the prone Kessel. He drew his psychic power into a focussed lance of energy and stood, ready to hurl a bolt of pure force towards the Witch Hunter. Almost immediately, he knew something was wrong as he felt the power well up inside him, blocked from release by some incredible barrier. He caught a glimpse of a small, blurred figure behind Tyrus and instantly recognised him for what he was; an untouchable, a psychic blank. Anathema to psykers, Lichtenstein desperately attempted to drain the power from his mind, but it was already too late and he felt the psychic feedback ravage his mind with agonising fury. He collapsed, blood pouring from his eyes and mouth, clutching his head as though his very skull might explode.

Despite wounds that would have felled a normal man, Malicant stood, his chest a ravaged ruin thanks to the none too tender attentions of a chainsword. He saw a floating creature, wrapped in glistening tentacles drifting towards him and lifted his massive eviscerator, though the effort of even holding the weapon was almost too much for him. Bravus's Cyber-mastiff stood beside him, ready to fight this abomination, but even as he shouted a prayer of



thanks to the God-Emperor, a ball of incandescent light exploded before him, blinding him suddenly, and he yelled in frustration. He swung his eviscerator wildly, but could see nothing to hit as a chill seized his heart and he felt a numbing lethargy sweep over him. He cried out in pain, dropping his sword and clutching his chest as his heart began to freeze within his chest and ice-crystals started forming in his bloodstream. His vision dimmed and he collapsed, cursing the fates that had damned him to such an ignominious end.



Edward Scissorband's brother was not amused



Ghaustos bites the dust but Lichtenstein doesn't seem to be worried...

Lichtenstein felt a tremor shiver up his arm, a snaking invasion of his flesh from the sword in his hand. The blade leapt with fire and he could feel the daemon bound within its steel surge into his mind, its fury at its enforced captivity a terrible thing. He fought its malign influence, but already weakened by the psychic backlash, he lacked the strength and moaned as he felt the daemon claim his flesh for its own. His eyes blazed with daemonic power and he leapt from the roof of the building, the daemon now in control of his body revelling in its sudden freedom and sensing the hateful presence of another daemonic creature. The fragments of Lichtenstein's will that remained fought the daemon's possession, but he was too weak and could only watch as he ran towards Ghaustos and swung his blade at the Daemonhost. Ghaustos was a denizen of the Warp and powerful, but the creature within him was a scion of the god of battle and blood and knew exactly where to strike, driving the blade deep within his chest. A truck roared past, with Dimitri at the wheel, heading towards the gun-cutter, but the daemon-Lichtenstein cared not. It could feel Ghaustos's fury at this attack, and laughed, sweeping the sword around and hacking its

head from its body. Ghaustos dropped, its flesh destroyed and its daemonic essence hurled back to the Immaterium. But there was another... and daemon-Lichtenstein charged towards yet another Daemonhost.

Towards the rear of the gun-cutter a furious battle raged between Sergeant Stone, Mechsimus and Bravus. Stone and Bravus were courageous, but Mechsimus had been



Who's gonna be the first to stand up?



bred and trained for battle, and avoided every strike, hammering one of his lethal arms into Stone's head. The man screamed and fell, blood pouring from a deep wound in his face. Bravus struck at Mechsimus, but could not penetrate his defences and the two leapt back and forth, attacking, counter-attacking, parrying and dodging in a dazzling display of skill and fury. But such a contest could end only one way, and Mechsimus smashed the shock-maul from Bravus's hand before ramming his chainsword through her head.

Loa Gorg desperately dodged another stroke from the possessed mortal, knowing that the daemon within the man's flesh would not stop until it had destroyed all other daemonic creatures in the vicinity. The man was fighting its possession, but Loa Gorg could not yet tell whose will was the stronger. The man screamed and dropped to his knees and Loa Gorg took advantage of the struggle within his skull to break away and head towards its goal, the case containing its

former master's sword. Even as it slipped away from its opponent, it saw a pair of trucks careening through the hangar. A red-robed figure leapt from one, aimed towards the gun-cutter, and a servitor controlled the other. The first truck hammered into the nose of the cutter and exploded, crumpling its front and showering the area with burning fuel and red-hot fragments of metal. Stray shots, Loa Gorg couldn't tell from where, struck a collection of barrels and a blinding explosion filled the hangar as they exploded. Burning fuel sprayed through the hangar and a billowing mushroom cloud of smoke rose from the centre of the blast. Dazed by the blast, Loa Gorg didn't see the second truck as it veered wildly out of control, narrowly avoiding the supine Malicant and slamming him into the side of the gun-cutter. The Daemonhost screamed in pain as the augmented servitor hurtled through the trucks windscreen and splattered itself against the side of the now crippled gun-cutter.

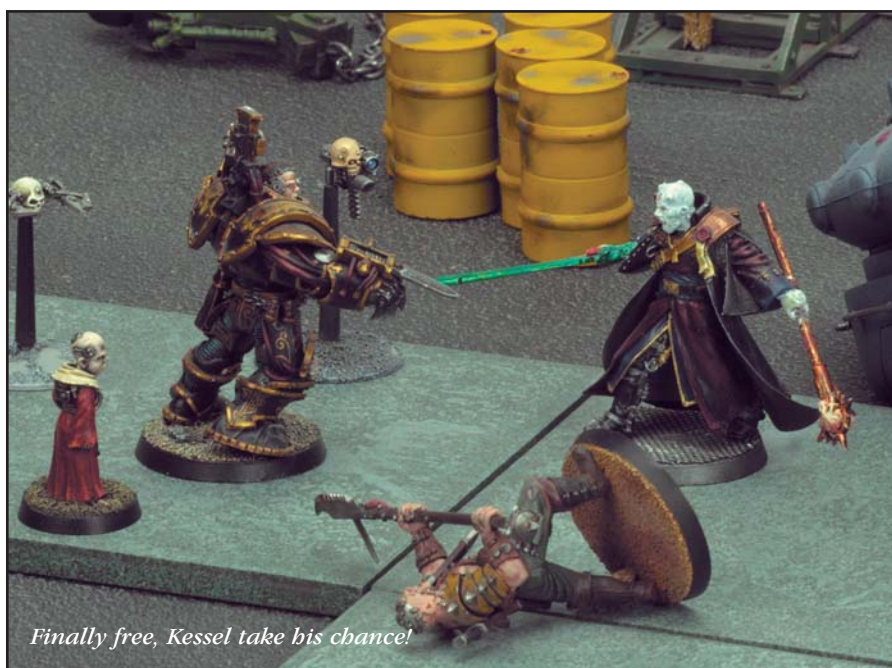
Lichtenstein felt the daemon's grip loosen a fraction and pushed harder to expel it from his body and back into the sword. He felt its rage at his resistance, but summoned every discipline he had been taught to ward out the daemonic, screaming in pain as he forced it from his mind. His flesh was ravaged and exhausted, but he was an Inquisitor of the Emperor and he was no weakling psyker to be dominated so easily. He felt the daemon's screaming frustration as he forced it back into the sword and hurled the weapon away from him, clattering towards Dimitri. "Secure the weapon, but for the Emperor's sake do not touch it with flesh!" he shouted. Even as he felt his body become his own once more, he saw Tyrus stand, his face a mask of blood and rage.



Kessel watched as Tyrus drew himself to his full height. Dripping in blood and silhouetted in the flames of his cutter's destruction, Tyrus was a fearsome sight, a fiery avatar of death and unthinking destruction. Kessel was still bound, but he had been captured before and shackled by more complex fetters than these. With his training and the full power of his psychic abilities at his disposal, it was a simple matter to cast them off then reach up to pull of the broken null-collar. Though he was no slouch in unarmed combat, he knew that were he to stand a chance against Tyrus, he would need his weapons. He could see the case where his guns and sword had been stowed and set off to retrieve them, when he saw Loa Gorg heading for the same objective. His blood ran cold as he realised that Loa Gorg had not come to rescue him at all, but to retrieve the sword...

A sniper shot rang out, grazing Tyrus's armour, and though he could see no shooter, he ducked back, seeing Lichtenstein climbing to his feet and run towards the walls of the hanger and a conveyor track as his damned Mechanicus stooped to retrieve a brazen sword with his swaying mechadendrites. The sword secured, the Mechanicus turned and ran off. Lichtenstein... he should

have known. Now more than ever was there proof that these two heretics were in league with one another. He heard movement behind him and saw to his amazement, that Kessel was free. Tyrus paused, unsure as he tried to choose which enemy to kill first. Both his foes were within reach, but which to attack? He directed his gun-skull to fire on Kessel as the choice was suddenly taken from him. The cyber-warrior who had felled Stone and Bravus leapt towards him, a blade scoring a bloody gash across his leg. This warrior may have felled his followers, but he had bitten of more than he could chew here. Tyrus activated his power fist and blocked a downward sweep of the



Finally free, Kessel take his chance!



Meschimus Oirelius charges the Witchhunter...



... just to find that Tyrus ready to fight back!

gladiator's chainswords, the deadly energies destroying both blades in a bright explosion. The warrior stood dumbfounded for a second and Tyrus did not give his opponent time to recover, slamming his fist into his face and virtually pulverising his skull with one blow.

Kessel grunted in pain and stumbled, dropping to one knee as a lasbolt blew out his kneecap. He could only watch as Loa Gorg approached the container with the daemonsword inside, and agonisingly dragged himself towards the Daemonhost. He watched as Loa Gorg took hold of the container and then roared in pain, floating rapidly away from it as though it stung. Only then did Kessel notice the mystical warding symbols on the container, realising that it had been pentagrammically warded against the daemonic. Gritting his teeth against the pain, he limped towards the container and began dragging it towards the exit on the far side of the hangar. Tyrus was occupied with some other foe and he was never going to get a better chance than this to escape.

Lichtenstein saw the cyber-warrior fall and Tyrus march towards him, furious and vengeful. The hangar was a broken, flaming ruin, pillars of smoke billowing towards the roof fans and pools of burning fuel flickering like a vision of hell itself. Tyrus said, "No mercy for you, Lichtenstein. No capture, no interrogation. This time I will kill you."

Lichtenstein knew that Tyrus meant every word; he would forego the pleasure of his disgrace for the simple pleasure of killing him right now, and Lichtenstein knew he could

do it. Without his sword, there was no way he could stand before the hulking figure of the Witch Hunter. Beside him was one of the railcars used to ferry fuel canisters from the blast-shielded stores and Lichtenstein knew there was but one way out of this. Kessel had already made his escape and it was now time to get the hell out of here. He clambered painfully into the rail cart and hauled the brass lever on the control panel, sketching a mocking salute to Tyrus as he was carried away into the darkness.





ESCALATION

My dear friend, Jens, I am afraid it is bad news that this message brings you. My attempts to quell the instability on Karis Cephalon have run into serious obstacles that I can no longer overcome with my current resources. The meddling of Lichtenstein has incurred the

ire of Tyrus, and the bombastic, blinkered fool has failed to see reason. My allies have recently informed me that he is moving for me to be declared Traitoris Excommunicate. Despite my centuries of dedicated service and sacrifice, and the influence of those who believe in my cause, I am aware that my enemies hold the trump hand at the moment. I expect Tyrus to move against me in force in the near future.

As you may have now guessed, dear Jens, it is time for you to fulfil your end of our bargain. First, I appeal to you as a comrade-in-arms, who requires your assistance now more than ever. Secondly, I require your co-operation as an Inquisitor of the Emperor. Thirdly, I demand this return of favour, under threat of disclosing certain facts that we are both aware of. As I am sure you understand, your current vaunted position would perhaps not survive if the less than salubrious activities of your youth were made aware to your colleagues and superiors.

I await your arrival with anticipation.

Kessel

Addendum – The Sisters Sanguis will meet you before departure, do not fail me.



NO MERCY

+++ TIGHT BEAM SECURE TRANSMISSION BEGINS +++

Following my report to the Grand Masters of my Ordo, of the escape of the heretic Kessel and his accomplice, the accursed Lichtenstein, it is necessary to inform all high-ranking Imperial servants of the outcome.

The Grand Masters of the Inquisition will not tolerate rogue Inquisitors. Following an Inquisitorial conclave, Inquisitors Kessel and Lichtenstein have had their Inquisitorial status revoked, their absence merely convicting them more. Currently, a force of Grey Knights has been dispatched to exterminate Kessel and his deluded followers. Given our convoluted histories, I will personally lead the effort to hunt down Lichtenstein. The Governor of Karis Cephalon will assist in this effort with anything I require. The Adepta Sororitas and Adeptus Astartes have pledged warriors should they be needed, and the Adeptus Arbites and Officio Assassinorum have offered their best agents in the pursuit and extermination of the heretic Lichtenstein. The Imperial Navy has blockaded the system – escape is impossible.

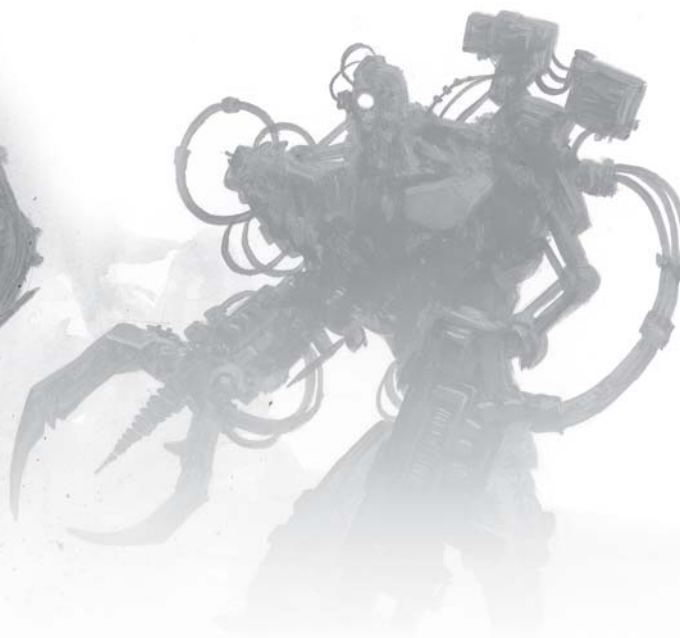
No Imperial organisation will grant them succour; no person will go unpunished for failing to follow leads that might lead to their capture. The Imperium of Man is focused on Karis Cephalon. Its will; the termination of the vile heretics Lichtenstein and Kessel.

The noose tightens and soon both heretics will be hanging by rope of my making.

Inquisitor Tyrus

Thought for the day: The rewards of tolerance are treachery and betrayal.

+++ TIGHT BEAM SECURE TRANSMISSION ENDS +++





TO EQUINOX!

+++TRANSMISSION BEGINS+++

+++DESTINATION "ASURYAN'S SWORD", VOIDSTALKER CLASS XENOS BATTLESHIP+++

My task upon Cephalon is finished; we can continue our works unbindered by any obligation. It irks me that I

found myself pandering to the dictates of honour, but Kessel has aided me in the past. Besides, I would not see such a talented and... open-minded ally reduced to a mewling wretch by Tyrus's excruciators. Now that debt is paid in full, though, in truth, I would have considered coming to Kessel's aid merely to rob the short-sighted buffoon of his ill-gained victory.

I fear the Witch Hunter will pursue me yet, however, as to thwart him is merely to inflame his obsession further. He will do everything he can, pull in all the might of the Imperium available to an Inquisitor of such high standing, merely to see me burn. That I use the powers of Chaos to thwart the designs of the Yngir is as nothing to him. Only the Librarium Hereticus and the artefact within it hold the key to our success, but with the full might of the Inquisition at my heels my passage to Equinox will be fraught with peril. It is imperative Tyrus is removed from the equation.

Therefore I ask you in turn to make good your debt – you were ever a slave to such notions, and I cannot kill Tyrus myself, or I would have done so thrice over already. Summon your fleet. Join me at the coordinates and time encrypted in my last missive. For my part, I have yet influence within the armies of Mankind. Tyrus will find his 'prey' a far more formidable foe than he could ever realise.

Pick up your sword and make ready for war. For though we do not look for it, it will find us soon enough.

Lichtenstein

+++TRANSMISSION ENDS+++

Tyrus surveyed the wreckage, knowing that his captive had escaped him. But ahead of him, disappearing into the depths of the storage facility was Lichtenstein. One of his prey had escaped him, but this one would not. There was no way out of the facility, and Lichtenstein had unwittingly fled into a trap of his own making. None of his followers still stood, either dead or out of action – he had no way of knowing nor did he care. Lichtenstein was all that mattered.

He limped towards the next railcart as it appeared from the facility, laden with barrels of fuel. Angrily he lifted them out, his power armour easily granting him the strength to do so, and climbed in. Behind him, all he could hear was the crackle of flames and the moans of the wounded. He spared neither a backwards glance as he pulled the lever and set off after Lichtenstein.

Only one of them would walk away from this day's struggle.



HIGH OCTANE THRILLS

Blimey Charley! Well, there wasn't much left in that hangar that hadn't been blown up, smashed beyond repair or had a chainsword stabbed through it. That was a fantastic game and was a fitting coda to the battle reports we played for White Dwarf – in fact, I think this one surpassed them all. From the

insanity of Lichtenstein's possession by the daemonsword, to the explosion of the gun-cutter and the man of the match heroics of Mechsimum, I don't think we could have crammed any more cinematic moments into the battle. Originally, I'd planned this as a final scenario, but, as is often the way with such in-character players, more plot threads came out of this game than expected.

Loa Gorg's true agenda is now clear to Kessel and he will have to ask himself how much he can trust the bindings he placed upon his daemonic creation. Lichtenstein has escaped into the darkness of the storage facility, but Tyrus has been pushed so far now, all thoughts of reason are beyond him and stands ready to give pursuit. Matters have gone too far now for the enmities built up here to be solved by mere warbands and calls have gone out to the Chambers Militant and the armed forces of Cephalon. Much blood remains to be spilled, that's for certain.

After we finished this game, we headed off to Bugman's for a nice, relaxing pint to chew the fat over what had just happened. Excited by the possibilities that had been opened up, we knew we could keep this going for much longer. I plan for a game just involving Lichtenstein and Tyrus as he hops onto the next railcar and follows Lichtenstein. I can just picture it now, the two of them being carried along, Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom style as they careen along towards the storage facility, then creeping around, cat and mouse as one tries to escape and the other to capture.



Beyond even that, we plan to play some Warhammer 40,000 games as well. What with Codex: Daemonhunters and the newly-released Codex: Witch Hunters, it would be a crime not to. Rowland already has his plans to add in units from the Witch Hunters army list to add to his existing Imperial Guard army and Phil has a fully realised Daemonhunters army ready to take him on. It's things like this that make Inquisitor such a joy to a Gamesmaster, because it allows you to vary the scale of a campaign easily, with the ongoing narrative developing as you see fit, with one-on-one games and battles of 40K merging back and forth. Who knows, matters may get so out of hand on Karis Cephalon that we may need to get some games of Epic in...

Rest assured, that whatever happens, we'll be sure to tell you all about it!