

WARHAMMER[®]

40,000



CODEX SUPPLEMENT
IRON HANDS



IRON HANDS

THE SONS OF FERRUS MANUS

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Games Workshop Ltd, Willow Rd, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS
games-workshop.com

INTRODUCTION

Hail, stalwart of gloried Medusa! This tome holds irreplaceable knowledge concerning the sons of Manus, the implacable Iron Hands. Within, you will learn the secrets of our unfailing battle-efficiency, our hierarchies and our inevitable victories. Wield this data as a weapon, and you will surely forge an Iron Hands strike force worthy of Omnissiah and Emperor!

The Iron Hands yearn for perfection. Abhorring their genetically infused bodies as weak, they strive ever for the unfailing resilience of bionics, tempering the frailty of flesh with the enduring strength of the machine. Unleashed to the forge of war by the collective wisdom of the Iron Council, they prosecute Humanity's never-ending war for survival with a cold-hearted determination as efficient as it is merciless. The Iron Hands fight their battles according to grand calculation, untainted by petty emotion and foolish notions of glory. Such were the precepts of their departed Primarch, Ferrus Manus; ten thousand years on, his inheritors uphold them as unbreakable creed. So it is that when the Iron Hands advance, they do so with unfalteringly methodical strategy.

Iron Hands prize resilience over all, their strike forces able to endure under the most punishing enemy onslaughts. Whether you are a collector, a painter or a gamer (or any combination) – whether you choose to embrace the Chapter's beloved engines of war, its bionically infused battle-brothers, or both – the stark heraldry of the Iron Hands elevates both battlefield and display cabinet to grim splendour. Moreover, the Iron Hands do not face the endless war alone; this book contains examples of successor Chapters, bound to the legacy of Ferrus Manus by oath and tradition. Should you wish to forge a new path with a Chapter of your own design, you'll find all the necessary guidance and inspiration within. Whatever your decision, this codex will be your guide, bringing a discipline to your collection worthy of the Iron Hands themselves.

The information within this book, alongside that found in *Codex: Space Marines*, provides all you need to collect an Iron Hands army and field it upon the tabletop.

A LEGACY OF IRON: Here unfolds the glorious history of the Iron Hands, including their greatest battles and grandest campaigns, and the secrets of the fortress world of Medusa.

THE FLESH IS WEAK: Here you will find a showcase of beautifully painted Citadel Miniatures that display the heraldry and clan company markings of the Iron Hands, as well as example armies to inspire your own collection.

SOUL OF THE CHAPTER: This section includes the datasheet and points value for Iron Father Feirros.

SONS OF THE GORGON: This section provides additional rules for armies drawn from the Iron Hands and their successor Chapters – Warlord Traits, Stratagems, Relics, psychic powers and Tactical Objectives – that allow you to transform your collection of Citadel Miniatures into an implacable Iron Hands army.

To play games with your army, you will need a copy of the Warhammer 40,000 rules and Codex: Space Marines. To find out more about Warhammer 40,000 or download the free core rules, visit warhammer40000.com.







A LEGACY OF IRON

The Iron Hands can be counted amongst the Imperium's most relentless defenders. They are driven by the desire for cold, emotionless perfection, to cast off weakling flesh and embrace the unyielding fortitude of the machine. Harnessing the power of logic above all, the Iron Hands wage an eternal war against the endless tide of heretics, traitors and corrupting xenos that threaten to unmake the Emperor's legacy – no matter the cost to the Chapter, or to others.

Though the cause of every Adeptus Astartes Chapter is the same, their means and methods often differ. Nowhere is this truer than in those Chapters originating from the First Founding.

Descended from the warriors who once followed Primarchs to war, these Chapters yet bear the scars and burdens of the Legions they once were – the legacy of the dark days of the Horus Heresy most of all. But none are so marked by the failures of the past as the cold and embittered brethren of the Iron Hands.

THE UNSCARRED WOUND

The Iron Hands bear an open wound upon their collective soul, a legacy borne since the earliest days of the Horus Heresy. Their Primarch, Ferrus Manus, was the first of his demigod brotherhood to fall in that galaxy-shattering conflict, cut down by his traitorous brother Fulgrim on the killing fields of Isstvan V.

Ever after blaming that tragedy on Manus' fateful descent into wrath, and determined not to suffer the same needless fate as their gene-father, the survivors of that bitter day embraced unfeeling logic and mechanical precision. Flesh, they despised as weak, reviling its transient matter as the wellspring of all emotion. Ever since, they have buried feeling deep beneath this dispassionate mantra, and ritually purge their worthless viscera in favour of the cold, reliable strength of the machine.

From without, the Iron Hands are rigid to the point of automata, and despite their heroic labours in the service of Mankind, they seem to despise the pride and valour that drives so many of their battle-brothers to victory. However, this is but a mask. The truth remains that for all their striving, for all the flesh and bone sliced away in favour of unfailing bionics, emotion rules the sons of Manus still. The Iron Hands may repress those emotions, but they are not free of them. Pride, wrath, compassion – these are merely transposed, filtered into endless self-hatred through the prism of catechism and ritual.

Deep down, every son of Manus knows he strives for an impossible goal. A machine cannot venerate the Emperor, nor can it uphold the storied traditions of a long-dead Primarch. But a man of flesh – post-human though he be – is not strong enough to defend the Imperium.

This contradiction is the unwitting legacy of Ferrus Manus, a dichotomy that drives the Chapter onwards even as it claws them back into the failings of the past. When the mask of implacability cracks, as it is wont to do during hard-fought battles, repressed hatred howls loose with force fit to shake the stars, carrying the Iron Hands to victory but leaving them inexpressibly diminished.



A GRAND TRADITION

Nowhere is the Iron Hands' contradictory nature more plainly revealed than in the Chapter's structure. Though they embraced the strictures of the Codex Astartes in the wake of the Second Founding, the sons of Manus clung to the traditions and designations of old. As with all Chapters who adhere to the Codex Astartes, the Iron Hands are organised into ten companies, each composed according to the statutes laid down by Guilliman in his seminal work.

Yet where other Chapters simply number these companies, the clan companies of the Iron Hands instead bear the honorific titles of the ten great clans of their home world, Medusa. These clans were believed – rightly or wrongly – to be the primogenitors of human civilisation on their world, and possessed a near-mythical significance even before the vast upheavals of Ferrus Manus' arrival. Though Medusa possessed a bewildering plethora of minor and major clans, the great clans were considered the original and most mighty – the men and women from whom all others of Medusan birth trace their heritage.

'The weak must be expunged in order for Humanity to survive. Only the strong can be trusted, my sons. Our will must be as steel, our resolve as adamantium; it cannot yield even for a moment. We few have been entrusted with a sacred duty to ensure the Emperor's reign is eternal. So shall it be, whatever the cost.'

- Ferrus Manus, speaking to the Iron Hands at the Gorgonos Conclave

In the days of the Legion, Manus insisted his companies be named for these clans, believing that bearing these names would remind his sons of their link to the mortal men they had once been, and hold at bay their more aloof, detached tendencies. And yet now, when detachment and aloofness are keenly sought, the Iron Hands cling to this tradition – and others beside – in the defiance of all logic.

WITHOUT MERCY

Whatever urge drives the Iron Hands to preserve past traditions, no such human weakness is present in their campaigns. Even in an Imperium often forced to excesses of shocking brutality in the name of survival, the Iron Hands' deeds stand out as ruthless. When war overtakes a world within their reach, the case for intervention is determined entirely by the benefit it brings.

Not for the Iron Hands the reckless bravado of the Space Wolves, the selfless heroism of the Ultramarines or even the blinkered zeal of the Black Templars. Should a world be deemed more important

than the projected losses, the Iron Hands intervene without hesitation, their campaign charted with inhuman precision.

Sable warriors make implacable advance across fortifications shattered by pre-emptive bombardment, shrugging off enemy fire through cyborg resilience. Columns of battle tanks roar across bone-strewn wastes, each punishing volley a hymn to the glory of the machine. Thus have countless worlds known liberation, and numberless enemies of Mankind met defeat.

However, it would be a mistake to consider the Iron Hands saviours in the truest sense. It is often said, and rightly so, that they do not fight to defend the Imperium, but rather to destroy its enemies – a distinction of supreme importance to those whose lives hang in the balance. This, like many of the Iron Hands' unseen motivations, can be traced back to the death of Ferrus Manus, and resentment at a fate that saw them unable to claim meaningful vengeance while the fires of Heresy yet raged. Or perhaps they simply see the Imperium as a machine beset by

wreckers and saboteurs, and its citizens as but cogs in a great and enduring work. After all, cogs can be replaced, once the threat to the machine is at last brought to an end.

A BROTHERHOOD ALONE

Whatever the cause of the Iron Hands' ruthlessness, it has seldom proven apt to cultivation of allies. Aside from their own successors, few Space Marines regard the Iron Hands with anything more than the most distant affection of brotherhood, and the Chapter's tendency to simply ignore 'frivolous' distress hymnals has led to many other organs of the Imperium dealing with them only as a last resort.

The adepts of Mars are the one key exception. The Adeptus Mechanicus are linked to the Iron Hands by treaties of mutual defence, shared mysteries of the Omnissiah, and passion for the infinite wonder of the machine. Such bonds are not easily broken, and will surely hold true for as long as the Imperium endures.

And quite possibly beyond...



Few foes rouse the Iron Hands' ire as the Heretic Astartes can. Every traitor cut down by an Iron Hand's sword or gunned down in a hail of Medusan bolts is one fewer for the Imperium to face. To slay one is a great act of vengeance, punishing crimes ten thousand years old.

MEDUSA

Medusa is a blasted and barren planet as riven by dichotomy as the Iron Hands themselves. It is a world of never-ending change, save for in those places where time seems almost frozen, unaltered for all that the passing aeons have bent their will upon them.

The world of Medusa is a harsh realm of perpetual gloom, situated precariously close to the Eye of Terror and the ruinous path of the Great Rift. The sun almost never breaks through the dark and polluted sky as it constantly churns over a land of frozen mountain ranges, volcanic ridges and seething geysers.

This is a landscape of unceasing flux, with ever-shifting tectonic plates raising new mountains from the polluted seas, only to dash them into the inky depths once more. Outsiders claim that Medusa is even more unpredictable and unstable since the formation of the Great Rift, but the Iron Hands themselves admit little difference. Medusa has always been a realm of death, and so shall it forever be. The Iron Hands would have it no other way.

The Karaashi, the great ice pinnacle where Manus' capsule first smote the world,

towers over lesser mountains that come and go with each convulsion of Medusa's tortured crust – though it is said to be half its former size. A great gaping hole at its peak spews ash and steam into the atmosphere; it is a wound, so it is said, caused by Manus' arrival. Still it rumbles with the anger of Medusa, serving as a constant reminder of the need for vigilance.

Likewise, the glowering countenances of the ten clan lords are still carved into the storm-wracked Felgarrthi Mountains near the Medusan equator. In this case, however, this is no simple serendipity, but deliberate conservation, for these ancient warriors are protected from tectonics and atmospherics by vast stasis generators built during the Dark Age of Technology. Indeed, it is beneath the pitiless gaze of these monolithic statues that the Iron Hands test their potential recruits during the yearly eclipse known as the Iron Moon.

THE TRIBES OF MEDUSA

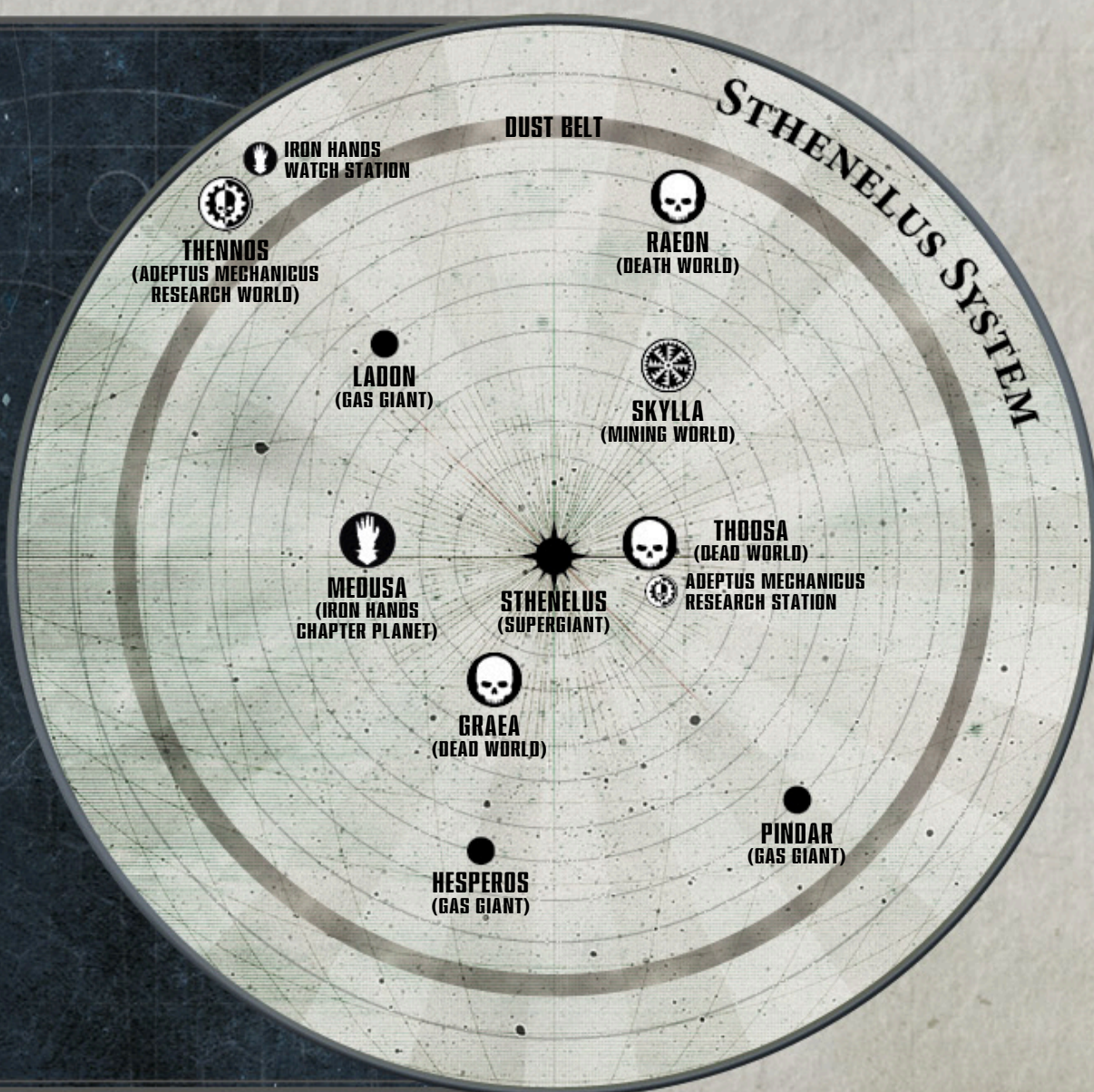
Iron Hands recruits are drawn almost exclusively from the Medusan natives, a hardy race that flourishes despite the hostile environment. They are in constant battle with the elements and with one another, as each clan vies for sparse and jealously guarded resources. The unpredictable nature of Medusa's geology ensures little that is built lasts for very long, except in the rare regions of relative calm. As such, the clans build very few permanent structures, but rather carry their possessions and livelihoods along with them as they traverse the landscape.

Though the clans remain nomadic, the passage of time and Medusa's changing fortunes have seen great changes to the means of transportation. In days gone, the Medusans hauled great caravans along by hand or behind yoked beasts of burden. In modern times, colossal caterpillar-

THE STHENELUS SYSTEM

Harsh as Medusa's environs may be, it is far from the only world of the nine in the Sthenelus System – sometimes called the Medusan System – that is inhospitable. Indeed, most of the stellar bodies in orbit around its angry star are either inimical to life, sparsely inhabited or only occupied by elements of the Adeptus Mechanicus. Cartographers theorise that the dust belt, located between the orbits of Raeon and Thennos, comprise the remains of an unnamed planet, destroyed by unknown means during the Age of Strife, though it is far from the only theory.

One particularly striking proposal of the Ordo Astra is that the Sthenelus System may have once been the site of a clash between the Necrons and their ancient foes. The hypothesis goes on to say that not only the dust belt, but possibly what are now the dead worlds of Thoosa and Graea, are fragmented remains of prosperous planets destroyed in that conflict. As yet, no proof has been uncovered to support this theory, but as elements of Medusan folklore might indicate a lingering Necron presence on Medusa itself as late as the Age of Strife, the Ordo Astra see no reason to abandon their beliefs.



like mining haulers crawl across the tumultuous plains in grand procession. These crawlers are technology of the basest and crudest sort, for nothing elegant endures on Medusa. Noxious clouds belch from their towering exhausts as they shudder and scrape across the rocks, adding to the sulphurous clouds that swirl about the planet like a shroud.

As should be of little surprise, the Iron Hands have a reputation for aloofness amongst the people from whose stock they hail. Indeed, they wish to forget the fragile, contemptible flesh-things that once they were. This has never been more true than with the baleful energies of the Great Rift blazing down, afflicting madness and tortuous dreamscapes upon all but the hardest. Deliberate contact between the Chapter and the clans who supply its recruits are few and fleeting outside of tithing season. Even when Drukhari raiders make planetfall in search of slaves, the Chapter seldom intervenes, reasoning that the attacks will serve to temper the Medusans to greatness.

Nevertheless, the two are not entirely separate, for the Chapter eschews a single permanent fortress monastery as an impractical luxury. Instead, each clan company maintains a roving Hall of Conquest that serves as armoury and barracks – no training chambers are required, for few artificial challenges could match those presented by the unpredictable tectonics of Medusa's mountains. These great land behemoths are wonders of arcane mechanistery, crafted by the Adeptus Mechanicus in recognition of a millennia-old alliance, and maintained by legions of servitors who manage the thankless and unending task of keeping them operational in Medusa's harsh climes.

Though every effort is made to chart a course that avoids contact with the Medusan natives, nomadic trails cross perhaps once in a generation. The natives' reaction has been known to run the full gamut from hushed reverence – the crawler caravans brought to a respectful halt until the Hall of Conquest has vanished into the sulphur-mists once more – to doomed assault by a clan chief more suffused with pride than good sense. Such follies are swiftly repelled by automated defences, but on rare occasions an attacker's defiance impresses sufficiently that they are captured and sealed in stasis in anticipation of the next round of tithing. For the most part the Iron Hands concern themselves

little with the conflicts between the tribes. Intervention is only considered on those occasions where the Chapter's sacred sites are endangered, or if it seems likely that one tribe, left unchecked, might wipe another out. Such mediation is invariably swift, delivered by the brute force of the closed fist.

Still, despite their studied dispassion, no clan company tolerates oppression of its recruiter clan by another, to the point that two or more clan companies occasionally come to blows in defence of their own. Such ire is provoked not by fondness, but pragmatism. No clan company's future stretches further than its supply of potential recruits, after all.



ANCIENT EDIFICES

Beyond the Halls of Conquest, the Iron Hands maintain few structures on Medusa's surface, favouring instead the orbital emplacements, defence stations and vessels of their Chapter Fleet. Those that do exist planetside – amongst them the vault known as the Eye of Medusa, from which the Iron Council decrees the Chapter's fate, and the sprawling, fortified tech-vaults of the Gorgon's Forge – are legacies from the days of Ferrus Manus, maintained in memory of the vanished Primarch.

Yet rumours remain of structures older still, buried deep in legendary Spukarri, the Land of Shadows, where Manus bested Asirnoth, the Great Silver Wurm. For the ancient Medusan tribes, this mountainous reach was a fearful domain of the ancients, a place of mystery where the ghost-spirits of the clans roamed – a necropolis of metal and stone. Chapter lore insists that Manus personally collapsed the encircling mountains, though whether he did so out of fear, or with the goal of preventing others from discovering what lay within, has been lost to history.

However, Manus was not the last of his kind to tread the Land of Shadows. Should a battle-brother fail in his sacred duties

and yet live through the aftermath, his only hope of regaining the trust of his Chapter is to make pilgrimage to the Land of Shadows and retrieve a silver scale fallen from Asirnoth's hide in that ancient, titanic battle. A handful of Iron Hands make this undertaking each decade. In ten millennia, only a dozen have returned in triumph. Not one uttered a single word concerning what they experienced and encountered.

THE TELSTARAX

Of all Medusa's Dark Age wonders, the greatest lies not on the surface, but girds the planet in a belt of crumbling technology. According to fragmented records, the Telstarax was constructed to harvest Medusa's mineral riches and convey them into space. But even then, there is little clue as to whether that was its original purpose, or merely work to which it was pressed as its systems began to fail. The only certainty is that if the Telstarax was ever a glorious sight, those days are long passed.

Even in Manus' time, the Telstarax was an abandoned ruin, a great portion of its being having plunged to thunderous and fiery demise on the world below. The last of its systems failed long before that day, and the fragments of technology recovered in the millennia since have clung jealously to their secrets, despite detailed study by the Iron Hands' Techmarines and the Adeptus Mechanicus, who maintain a score of orbital research posts that pick over the remains like trox-vultures squabbling over a rotting yarrk.

To all appearances, the Telstarax is little more than scrap, valuable only as a foreshadowing of the fate that might one day await Mars' Ring of Iron, and an explanation of how humans came to dwell on such a bleak and unforgiving world – for the Medusan clans are surely the descendants of its evacuated workforce. And yet, when those attuned to the wordless thoughts of machine spirits tread the decaying hulk, they feel... something. A sense of anticipation. Of purpose as yet undiscovered, and of prospects that seem to lie just out of reach. What these may be is as much a mystery in the dark days of the Imperium Nihilus as when the Emperor first arrived on Medusa, seeking one of his lost sons. Perhaps the truth will one day become known. Until then, Techmarine and adept of Mars alike continue their diligent studies, awaiting illumination.

CHAPTER ORGANISATION

The Iron Hands broadly adhere to the organisational decrees of Roboute Guilliman's Codex Astartes, recognising it as a firm foundation upon which to build. However, the Iron Council is far from slavish in the Codex's application. With true Medusan practicality, they preserve those elements deemed functional and adapt those that do not accord with their historic structure.

In accordance with the Codex Astartes, the Iron Hands are divided into ten companies, each with a notional strength of one hundred battle-brothers. However, where companies in other Codex-adherent Chapters are reinforced from a common pool of neophytes, each Iron Hands company recruits exclusively from one of Medusa's clans – although all recruits will learn their craft in the 10th Company before joining their clan. This structure means that the Iron Hands do not progress through Reserve Companies and into Battle Companies, as would be the case in more strictly Codex-adherent Chapters. Nonetheless, recruits are expected to display proficiency equal to that of their brothers, regardless of the company to which they belong. Iron Hands companies are often referred to as clan companies, or often solely by the clan's name, for each of the companies can be considered an extension of that clan's service to their fallen Primarch.

Another distinction between the Iron Hands and others who follow the Codex Astartes is the lack of a centralised armoury. Even from the first, the Iron Hands deemed their battle tanks and transports as much a part of the clan companies as the warriors themselves. Indeed, the war engines employed by the clan companies were gifted to their forebears by Ferrus Manus himself – and in many cases were struck from the forge beneath his oversight. That Clan Company Kaargul might make use of a Predator smithed for the use of Borrgos is an affront to tradition.

Each clan company has its own customs and practices. For example, Clan Company Sorrgol is tasked with defending those worlds that provide vital resources to the Iron Hands' war effort. While it is not unknown for warriors to transfer allegiance from one clan to another, it is rare, for a battle-brother's clan is the cornerstone of his identity. However, fealty to the Chapter comes before all. Should the Chapter's needs require a battle-brother to remake that identity for the common good – for example, by assuming officer's rank in a different clan company – he does so without question or hesitation.

Beyond that, another significant point of divergence lies in Chapter Command. Having long feared the folly of following a single figure, the Iron Hands are not ruled by a single Chapter Master, as is the case elsewhere, but the consensus of the Iron Council. The title of Chapter Master remains, borne by the one the Iron Hands call the Voice of the Council, but this is largely for the convenience of dealing with outsiders, who find a single point of authority more palatable than collective will. In truth, the Chapter Master is but one voice amongst many Iron Fathers, albeit the presiding one.

The Iron Hands otherwise make efforts to ensure they appear to follow the Codex closely, aware of the danger should intolerant eyes dwell upon them too long. For this reason, the Chapter's clan companies form into the squad types and numbers mandated by the Codex. Indeed, since Guilliman's return, the Iron Council have presented the Lord Commander with myriad technical revisions to the Codex's decrees, though what might come of this – if anything – is the business of seers and prognosticators, not beings grounded in rational wisdom.

Given the turbulence of recent times, it's impossible to know how many such missives have reached their destination. Most likely, those that have survived the vagaries of the warp will not reach Guilliman – much less receive anything approaching his full attention – for many longer years. Until that day, the Iron Council are content to continue as they always have, and pity the short-sightedness rampant elsewhere.

The Iron Hands 1st Company, the Avernii, is a formation of elite warriors. Though many lack the combat experience present in the Veterans of other Chapters, a panoply of augmetic implants and focused psycho-indoctrination more than compensate. Where an Iron Hands Veteran treads, he draws not only on his own experiences, but also upon those who once bore the bionic implants to which he is heir. Though it is not unknown for the 1st Company

to be deployed en masse, they are more commonly broken up across several battle zones, bringing millennia of accumulated battle-craft – and the fearsome might of precious Terminator armour – to wherever it is needed most.

Clan companies two through five – Garrsak, Raukaan, Kaargul and Haarmek – comprise the Chapter's Battle Companies, in accordance with the Codex Astartes' stipulations.

Clan companies six through nine – Sorrgol, Borrgos, Morlaag and Vurgaan – are designated the Chapter's Reserve Companies. While the Reserve Companies serve as training and support companies for more Codex-adherent Chapters, clan pride prevents such practice within the Iron Hands. Although they can be found reinforcing the other clan companies as the Iron Council wills it, Sorrgol, Borrgos, Morlaag and Vurgaan often prosecute their own campaigns in the same manner as a traditional Battle Company.

Because of this, the Reserve Companies suffer no fewer casualties than the Battle Companies, as would normally be the case. This burden is shouldered without complaint, there is no greater honour than to endure the greatest hardships. While the loss of warriors is regrettable, the Iron Hands recognise that, if they lack fortitude, then their deaths winnow out the Chapter's weakness.

The 10th Company, Dorrvek, is responsible for the indoctrination and training of the Chapter's neophytes. In times past, the 10th Company consisted solely of Scouts and training officers drawn from Clan Dorrvek, but following Guilliman's return it contains a complement of ten squads of Primaris Vanguard whose duties include reconnaissance in force, sabotage and assassination. The Iron Hands have been quicker to accept the Primaris Marines than many of their peers, out of trust in the Adepts of Mars, and also in perception that this new generation of Space Marines is a welcome step closer to true unity with the machine.

Seen below is the strategic disposition of the Iron Hands Chapter at the time of the Iron Crusade.

The Iron Hands do not maintain a centralised Armoury. Instead, each clan company maintains its own vehicles and war machines.



RECLUSIAM

Father of Iron
Ranek Varth

Reclusiarch
Raastus Korphaal

Iron Chaplains



THE IRON COUNCIL

Chapter Master &
Voice of the Council
Kardan Stronos

Master of the Forge
Malkaan Feirros



APOTHECARION

Chief Apothecary
Anaar Telech

Apothecaries



LIBRARIUS

Chief Librarian
Lydriik Noxyn

Epistolaries
Codiciers
Lexicaniums
Acolytum

1ST COMPANY

Avernii
'Forge-born'

Iron Captain
Caanok Var

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

10 Veteran Squads

Dreadnoughts
Techmarines
Transport Vehicles
Battle Tanks
Gunships



2ND COMPANY

Garrsak
'Tempered Wardens'

Iron Captain
Eutuun Hes

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

6 Battleline Squads
2 Close Support Squads
2 Fire Support Squads

Bikes
Land Speeders
Dreadnoughts
Techmarines
Transport Vehicles
Battle Tanks
Gunships



3RD COMPANY

Raukaan
'Firehearts'

Iron Captain
Klaarc Kalag

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

6 Battleline Squads
2 Close Support Squads
2 Fire Support Squads

Bikes
Land Speeders
Dreadnoughts
Techmarines
Transport Vehicles
Battle Tanks
Gunships



4TH COMPANY

Kaargul
'Watchers of Karaashi'

Iron Captain
Maarkol Rumann

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

6 Battleline Squads
2 Close Support Squads
2 Fire Support Squads

Bikes
Land Speeders
Dreadnoughts
Techmarines
Transport Vehicles
Battle Tanks
Gunships



5TH COMPANY

Haarmek
'The Relic Guard'

Iron Captain
Hastiim Haarmek

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

6 Battleline Squads
2 Close Support Squads
2 Fire Support Squads

Bikes
Land Speeders
Dreadnoughts
Techmarines
Transport Vehicles
Battle Tanks
Gunships



6TH COMPANY

Sorrgol
'The Watchkeepers'

Iron Captain
Kaldabane Vhor

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

10 Battleline Squads

Bikes
Land Speeders
Dreadnoughts
Techmarines
Transport Vehicles
Battle Tanks
Gunships



7TH COMPANY

Borrgos
'Will of the Ommissiah'

Iron Captain
Dourr Raan

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

10 Battleline Squads

Bikes
Land Speeders
Dreadnoughts
Techmarines
Transport Vehicles
Battle Tanks
Gunships



8TH COMPANY

Morlaag
'The Fist of Manus'

Iron Captain
Doroor Hesh

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

10 Close Support Squads

Bikes
Land Speeders
Dreadnoughts
Techmarines
Transport Vehicles
Battle Tanks
Gunships



9TH COMPANY

Vurgaan
'Brothers of Iburaani'

Iron Captain
Agaar Verrox

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

10 Fire Support Squads

Bikes
Land Speeders
Dreadnoughts
Techmarines
Transport Vehicles
Battle Tanks
Gunships



10TH COMPANY

Dorrvek
'The Crucible'

Iron Captain
Taahg Telavech

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

10 Vanguard Squads
Scouts

Bikes
Land Speeders
Dreadnoughts
Techmarines
Transport Vehicles





THE 1ST COMPANY

AVERNII, FORGE-BORN

The warriors of Clan Company Avernii are exemplars of Iron Hands doctrine and discipline. Despite this, shame burns darkly in all Avernii hearts. Their predecessors failed to protect Ferrus Manus during the massacre at Isstvan V, and that guilt echoes through the millennia.

In most Chapters, the 1st Company is made up of those who have attained Veteran status after decades of valiant service. The Iron Hands respect the tenacity and wisdom that come with experience no less than their distant battle-brothers. However, they consider the mere passage of time and the unpredictable tides of war as entirely too haphazard a forge – only the unfaltering perfection of the machine will serve. It is thus rightly said that the Iron Hands do not mould their Veterans so much as build them, so severe is Avernii's regimen of bionic replacement. It is not unknown for the clan company's warriors to be stripped of entire limbs and internal organs. Implanted cogitators provide access to the Chapter's datastores of battles lost and won, compensating for inexperience

with cold, hard facts and unfaltering logic. All Iron Hands make extensive use of stimulus chambers to test a battle's manifold outcomes before ever a shot is fired, but the Avernii maintain stimulus data-tethers even during combat, applying pre-cogitated solutions to developments as they occur.

Such drastic procedures lead to a horrific attrition rate, but surviving the ordeal is considered a test of worthiness. Each implant is a valued relic, borne by champions uncouned. Unburdened by mortal frailty, the initiate approaches perfection. Fortitude and inherited knowledge are tempered in battle, the benefit of experience multiplied exponentially by his machine half. And if the Avernii seem colder and more distant

than even other Iron Hands, this is seen only as beneficial, for was not reckless emotion the Primarch's undoing? It is said that the only emotions an Avernii feels are the inherited guilt for Manus' death, and the righteous anger to see it avenged upon those who would threaten the Imperium.

Thus can the Avernii be found at the forefront of any campaign, expunging the failures of the past in the blood of the foe. Such battles are fought without rest or reprieve, for the augmented Avernii are able to prosecute war beyond even the inhuman tolerances of other Space Marines. Death is the only reward for such unflagging service, but each Avernii faces the end without fear, knowing that another will bear his legacy in battles to come.

IRON CAPTAIN CAANOK VAR

Though Captain Var is known to have led the Avernii since before the Great Rift's manifestation, Chapter records do not detail his length of service. Such oversights are not uncommon. Indeed, how does one tally the age of a warrior whose bionic body is an amalgam of those who have come before?

Var's arms and augmetic hearts are relics dating back to the Horus Heresy; his left leg was reclaimed from the legendary Iron Father Karax Gaarman, after his death at the Siege of Tessar. Sparse flesh aside, only Var's left eye can be said to be truly his own, forged for him as it was in recognition of his role in the Varakon Decimation – a rare honour, seldom offered even to the Chapter's finest.

Outwardly, Var remains a stoic exemplar of the Iron Hands' desire for logic above all. But beneath the mask of flesh, he knows only rage – a shameful and self-sustaining fury that detracts from the perfection of the machine.



The symbol of Clan Avernii is a skull set in a hexagonal twelve-pointed cog. The symbol is typically worn on the right shoulder, with the Chapter symbol on the left.

Veteran Sergeant Kronoor, wielding his auto bolt rifle. Kronoor's right knee-plate decal indicates that he is part of the 5th Squad, while his left knee displays his Veteran status.



THE 2ND COMPANY

GARRSAK, TEMPERED WARDENS

Even amongst brethren who eschew personal glory, the warriors of Clan Company Garrsak are taciturn and dutiful. They set the lofty standards all others follow. Little wonder then that they are tasked with the most perilous of the Chapter's missions, always to emerge bloodied, but unbowed.

In the bitter days following the Horus Heresy, Clan Garrsak took the lead in salvaging the Iron Hands from near obliteration. While the Imperium reeled and some voices within the Legion called for retribution for harms suffered, Iron Father Arnok Kraan clung to dispassionate logic. Through the keen arguments and hostility of his clan brothers, he saw to it that logic also held sway elsewhere.

Under his auspices, the council known as the Tempering began. Kraan refused to join the debate. When questioned, he explained that it had been his purpose to make discussion possible, not to influence its outcome. None can even be certain he agreed with the Tempering's outcome, for he was struck down by a mysterious assassin at the conclave's close.

Had the assassin intended Kraan's death to rouse the Iron Hands to self-destructive rage, he must have been sorely disappointed. The treachery only served to remind Kraan's fellow Iron Fathers of his determination that reason, and not emotion, must rule the Legion's future. The assassin's identity was never revealed, and scholars have wondered how such a being could have infiltrated Medusa's formidable defences in the first place – in the days following the Heresy, it was said that only Terra itself was more keenly guarded. Even now, a few scholars whisper that Kraan arranged his own death so that the Tempering would be quenched in blood, and its accords less easily forgotten because of it.

Whether victim or martyr, Arnok Kraan's legacy lives on through the deeds of Clan Company Garrsak. Of all the Chapter's companies, it is the Garrsak who forever strive to emulate their forefather's dispassion. They seek no voice on the Iron Council beyond the one guaranteed by tradition, and their Captain serves as arbiter on occasions of disagreement between the clans when it would be unwise for the Iron Council to issue decree. This responsibility bestows neither rank nor status, but is in practice as inviolable as the oldest edicts of Chapter law.

Where other clan companies, notably Sorrgol and Vurgaan, seek to physically excise emotion through surgery and implant, the Garrsak strive ever to do so through force of will. Anything less, they argue, makes them unworthy of the machine. This self-control serves the Garrsak well upon the battlefield. Though the Iron Hands would never admit as much, excising emotion or ceding its control to augmetics leaves a warrior diminished, if in ways not immediately visible. By regulating their wrath through willpower alone, the Garrsak are able to call upon it when needed, balancing logic with fury, reason with ruthlessness.

Thus, while the Garrsak are forever understrength from battlefield attrition, not unlike most Space Marine companies in these dark times, this fact has negligible impact on their performance – chiefly because they scrupulously conduct all mission briefings via stimulus chamber. Anger, when unleashed, is always in service of a preordained plan.

As a result, the company's campaigns are marked by periods of measured advance interspersed with flashpoints of merciless – even savage – assaults. These occurrences are perforce analysed by their aftermath, for the Garrsak leave no witnesses to such deeds. This lack of testimony has led several prominent Inquisitors to express concern about the Garrsak's methods. They point to massacres at Alpha Proxima, Torbride and Inversus-Lhorrus VII and speculate as to whether their anger is so easily re-caged once set loose. Others find this detail of little concern, decreeing that so long as Clan Company Garrsak continues to serve the Emperor's light, their methods are no one's business save their own.

THE SIMULUS CHAMBERS

Arguably the Chapter's most valuable – and potentially controversial – devices are their stimulus chambers. Standing in humming banks along the walls of their warships' conditioning decks, each stimulus chamber comprises a harness-throne, lit with flickering blue electro-candles and recessed into an ornately frescoed alcove.

When a battle-brother is strapped into the chamber's throne, neural plugs engage at the base of the spine and plunge the user into a trance-like state in which massive quantities of data can be inloaded or exloaded. The battle-brother's mind can be stimulated to provide artificial combat scenarios or conduct super-efficient debriefs. Further, subconscious strategic protocols can be uploaded to prepare the Space Marine for any eventuality it has been predicted he may face in the field. Rumours persist that on rare occasions the stimulus chambers have driven their users insane, the battle-brothers' minds becoming inseparable from the data they were accessing. This possibility the Iron Hands deny profusely.

THE TEMPERING

The end of the Heresy found the Iron Hands in disarray. While many Imperial factions bayed for blood and rushed to vent their fury upon their betrayers, the Iron Hands gathered their strength on Medusa and convened the Iron Council in a conclave known forever after as the Tempering. It was this gathering that determined the Human race itself – in all its seething, contemptible emotion – was to blame for the Heresy, and must be purged of flaws, lest history repeat itself.

So it was that the Iron Hands determined their guiding mission. They would exact payment for the wrongs done to them, but with a measured ruthlessness. In their every thought and deed, they would seek out weakness and destroy it, replacing it with machine-like fortitude. Thus began a bloody campaign that continues to this day, fought by the Iron Hands and those amongst their successors shaped by their teachings.



THE 3RD COMPANY

RAUKAAN, THE FIREHEARTS

Nowhere is the Iron Hands' resolve shown more plainly than in Clan Company Raukaan. The 3rd Company has teetered on the brink of destruction many times, but has always clawed its way back from the precipice – often across the bodies of foes who mistakenly thought themselves victorious.

Clan Company Raukaan has a reputation for unpredictability. Whether or not it has irretrievably broken with logic in favour of unfettered emotion has dominated more than one conclave of the Iron Council. But even this body is not so hidebound as to overlook Raukaan's achievements, measured by a Hall of Conquest laden with ironglass plaques that proclaim unfaltering and diligent service.

Where unpredictability can serve as a useful weapon against one's enemies, it too often erodes the bond between allies. Medusan orthodoxy should have warned Clan Company Raukaan against the doomed Sabbyst Planetstrike. Likewise, without a yearning for vengeance and compassion's sway, Iron Captain Grolvoch would never have launched the assault, nor stood alone against the Daemon Primarch Fulgrim, buying with blood the

opportunity for refugees to escape. That his successor, Iron Captain Kalag, seems no less swayed by emotion, has seen some Iron Fathers openly discussing Clan Raukaan's final censure.

Yet Raukaan's efforts have served the wider Imperium well. As the Indomitus Crusade fleets push out from Terra, many worlds have cause to be thankful for Raukaan's unorthodoxy. Worlds deemed lost by the Adeptus Administratum are thrown into sudden contention by the arrival of the battle barge *Gorgon's Will* and the flaring of Drop Pods along its ebon flanks. Others are held long enough for reinforcements to arrive from other battlefronts, and make permanent claim on beachheads bought through Clan Raukaan's sacrifices – sacrifices immortalised by the presence of so many Dreadnoughts in the company's ranks, for the Raukaan are fortunate

enough to have a great many sarcophagi, and no shortage of noble fallen to fill them.

Armed with such reports, Iron Father Feirros has thus far managed to safeguard Clan Raukaan's grip on the mantle of 3rd Company. Such loyalty has earned suspicion from his peers, who cite recent strife with the Imperial Fists at Xalladin as proof that Feirros too is more guided by emotion than is proper, that he shields Kalag from the council's judgement as he once shielded Grolvoch. Little wonder then that both Feirros and Clan Company Raukaan remain in a state of near-permanent campaign, being seen to pay penance for past deeds even as their critics find new fault with their actions. Thus Clan Company Raukaan fights on, the watchful gaze of the Iron Council ever upon it, and their many enemies alert for opportunities to strike.





THE 4TH COMPANY

KAARGUL, WATCHERS OF KARAASHI

The battle-brothers of Clan Company Kaargul are precise beyond words, renowned for crafting far-reaching strategies. It is said that not one gunship leaves hangar nor a single bolt shell is loosed without the Kaargul having mapped the incipient campaign out to inevitable conclusion.

To the Kaargul, there is no greater virtue than patience. For ten millennia the company's battle-brothers have stood sentry over the icy expanse of the Karaashi, waiting for a sign of the Primarch's second coming. They will hold the vigil without complaint until the galaxy grows cold. The Kaargul place no stock in coincidence. There is no fortune, there are only the unbreakable bonds of cause and effect. The sons of Manus – indeed, the Imperium itself – need the father of the Iron Hands to return, and so he will.

For the Kaargul, this is not faith, but elementary logic, and few within the Chapter have the heart to challenge the claim, for the thought of Manus' return stirs emotions that even the most heavily augmented cannot easily suppress. For all that the Chaplains preach that hope is insidious, a weakness of the hated flesh, while the Kaargul maintain their vigil, hope remains.

In battle, Clan Company Kaargul apply their patience to the strategic arts. Their battle plans are multi-layered and complex, accounting for every unfavourable outcome. Such an approach has given the Kaargul a dour reputation in a Chapter not overly noted for its cheer. Inevitably, comparisons are drawn to the seeming optimism of their unfaltering watch over the Karaashi. How can warriors so assured of a dead man's return assume that every strategy is doomed to fall apart? The answer is always a simple one: where xenos and traitors are involved, even the best-laid plans falter.

But no matter how many detailed iterations there are to a Kaargul strategy, how many nested contingencies and branching objectives, the core remains the same: the application of overwhelming firepower until the skies bleed and the rocks tremble. Optimal firing lanes are calculated and redundancies prepared. Assaults and defences are crafted with an eye to potential kill-zones and enfilades. Core to the doctrines of Clan Company Kaargul is the tenet that the foe should be engaged at close quarters only if all other options have been exhausted. In the words of former Iron Captain Rumann, 'To see the light fade from your foe's eyes is to witness proof of your strategy's failure.'

It was Rumann who sought to expand Clan Company Kaargul's armoury of war machines. Such was the work of a lifetime, even for a Space Marine, a search that led to the scouring of the tumultuous Imperium Nihilus for relics long forgotten – a perilous and winding mission that cost many lives. But the labour repaid its dividends, as all stalwart labours must. By the time of Rumann's mortal injury at Kalametha, Clan Kaargul boasted twice as many Whirlwinds, Predators and Hunters as any other two Iron Hands companies combined. His successor, Iron Captain Brask, has since wielded these weapons with unfaltering precision across a hundred worlds.

Now encased in a Dreadnought's sarcophagus, Rumann joins his fire to theirs, determined that no enemy shall ever come close enough to his position that he might see his strategy's failure.

The outermost bastion disintegrated in a thunderclap of shattered ceramite. The roar of engines and harsh crackle of shoota fire mingled with a bellowed chorus.

'WAAAGH!'

Iron Captain Brask stared across the carefully prepared kill-zones to the bastion's mangled remains. Survivors of the Cadian garrison scrambled across the broken stone, a bloody smear of dead left behind them.

Colonel Tarn beckoned to an adjutant. 'Send word. Open the gate.'

'No,' intoned Brask.

The adjutant froze.

The Iron Captain let the echoes fade before pressing on. 'The bastion's fall was always a possibility. We hold to the plan.'

'And sacrifice my men?' demanded Tarn.

Brask inclined his head to meet the scarred colonel's gaze. Loyalty, he understood and admired. The bond of brotherhood forged in righteous struggle. But the guardsman's anger? His fear? Weakness. A pity, for he would otherwise have been tenfold the warrior.

The rampart shook again, this time to the hollow boom of earthshaker cannons as Militarum artillery opened up. Out of a volley of two-score shells, only a handful detonated amongst the greenskins, sending mangled body and vehicle parts flying in all directions amidst clouds of red mist. The rest crackled away in a blur of green light.

Brask's augmetic eye marked the flaring energy signatures that betrayed the presence of the xenos force-field generators.

'Defeat follows the bastion's fall in only seventy-three-point-seven per cent of projections,' said Brask. 'If the xenos breach the citadel gate, our prospects of victory slip to less than point-one per cent. We hold.'

Tarn crossed to the rampart's edge and stared out across the oncoming horde, unflinching as the incoming fire cracked and screamed across the battlement. A stray shell exploded amongst his colour party, reducing three veterans to sodden ruin. Tarn did not so much as blink.

Yes, thought Brask, a pity the colonel was otherwise slave to his emotions.

'So what would you have me do?' said Tarn. 'A thousand Orks come for our heads, and half my command clamours at a gate that will not open.'

'We hold to the plan.' Brask felt the familiar, exhilarating rush as cogitators processed the realigning circumstance. They provided the answer in less time than it took to clear his vox channel. 'Brother Rumann. I am relaying the coordinates for the xenos force-fields. I authorise contingency Kaddra one-eight-seven-point-two-three beta. Begin Drop Pod assault.'



THE 5TH COMPANY

HAARMEK, THE RELIC GUARD

The stock from which the 5th Company recruit serve as serfs in the Gorgon's Forge, the vast manufactorum complex located near Medusa's south pole. This duty continues for those of them who receive the gene-seed of Manus. Once inducted, they become the guardians of the Omnissiah's secrets.

All Iron Hands have an affinity for technology, the yearning and respect for the machine burned into their bones by upbringing and the spirit of their vanished forefather. The traditions and duties of Clan Company Haarmek take that affinity a step further, for they are the Relic Guard, charged with preserving Medusa's precious hoards of ancient technology.

Chief amongst these are the Standard Template Construct fragments housed within the Gorgon's Forge. Fiercely guarded from outsiders – save for a contingent of Adeptus Mechanicus Tech-Priests – Clan Company Haarmek believe these STCs form both a coded message and a schematic for Manus' inheritance. Alas, if any such communication lies buried in these STCs, it has been irreparably scattered by millennia of war and flawed – if well-meaning – attempts at conservation. Yet still the Haarmek wrestle with the mystery, wielding logic like a thunder hammer to crack apart the secrets where an outsider, less trammelled by reason, might find more success with the vibro-knife of intuition.

The Gorgon's Forge also houses many of the Chapter's Dreadnoughts, whether in sepulchric repose between battles, or endless vigil. Indeed, Clan Company Haarmek counts more Venerable Dreadnoughts within its ranks than any other. The Iron Council long ago decreed that there can be no better protectors for relics than those who trod the distant centuries. These guardians stir from their watch but rarely, called to distant campaign only in direst need. Where these ancient battle-brothers tread, victory follows, for no Iron Hands battle-brother can bear the shame of failure in their presence.

By nature and duty, Clan Company Haarmek are methodical in thought and monolithic in deed. Individuality is frowned upon here more than anywhere else within the Medusan domain. Not for the Haarmek the emotional responses of Clan Company Raukaan. Heroism is judged a weakness of flesh, a failure that places the individual in opposition to the

whole. They strive ever to move as one – a doctrine that is both their greatest strength and weakness, for despite their striving the Haarmek are as prone to wrath as any.

Nowhere is this more plainly seen than when an interloper manages to steal a relic from Clan Company Haarmek's keeping – whether from the adamantium vaults of the Gorgon's Forge, or the battlefield. Nothing is more certain to rouse the Haarmek to wrath, and provoke a punitive crusade. Such a campaign can only ever end when the relic is once more within Clan Company Haarmek's custodianship. There is no greater shame than to fail in the custodian's duty. Should an Iron Captain oversee such a debacle, his name is struck from the annals. Ironglass plaques denoting his achievements are removed from the Hall of Conquest and shattered.

Such displays of fallen pride once proved delightful to the Kabal of the Bladed Lotus. Thus, they enacted ever more elaborate thefts, as much to bask in Haarmek's

collective penance as in the pursuit of any material gain. These deeds proved costly to the Bladed Lotus, and the looked-for penance ever rarer. Many an Archon found his raiding party obliterated by the fearsome defences of the Gorgon's Forge. Others still saw their holdings ravaged and warriors slaughtered when the fury of Haarmek descended to reclaim that which was stolen and mete out remorseless punishment for the impudence.

The increased number of raids in recent years have seen the Haarmek successfully petition the Iron Council for permission to reclaim and restore the ancient Telstarax. Though the workings of the Dark Age orbital station are but fractionally comprehended, if its power systems were to be even slightly restored, it could prove the foundation for a planetary defence of immense proportion. Such would be the labours of many centuries. But for the Haarmek, whose duties are given shape by millennia long past, such a span is little more than an eye-blink.

Lumen glimmered darkly beneath the Hall of Conquest's ashen pall. Bitter forge-incense crowded the back of Tyrrod's throat even as his augmetic senses relayed its molecular composition. Even head bowed and kneeling, Tyrrod felt the impassive stares of his brothers. Those he had failed.

'Brother-Captain Tyrrod.' Iron Chaplain Jyrak's sonorous tones boomed about the statues of the honoured dead. 'You are accused of failing in your sacred duty. The Gorgon's Heart has been slighted, and a relic wrested from repose by unclean hands. Worse yet, despite your sworn oaths you have singularly failure to recover that relic, or to punish those guilty of its theft to the full and proper extent that such judgement should have been enacted upon them. How do you answer?'

Tyrrod fought to suppress his shame, to take solace in cold logic. But shame was even harder to purge than anger and fear. A failing of the flesh not yet discarded.

'I offer no contest,' he said.

'Will you make the Silver Pilgrimage, and prove anew your worthiness to the machine?'

The Silver Pilgrimage. A journey through the Land of Shadows, to reclaim a single scale shed in the battle between Primarch and the Great Wurm Asirnoth. A journey made without weapon or armour. A journey from which few returned. There could be no other answer.

'With flesh and with iron.'

'Indeed?' intoned Jyrak. 'Then by the will of the Iron Council, I take from you rank and brotherhood, duty and clan. Return in triumph, or not at all.'

Jyrak raised his crozius arcanum. Cowled serfs shuffled forwards and began the long process of stripping away Tyrrod's armour.



THE 6TH COMPANY

SORRGOL, THE WATCHKEEPERS

Sorrgol is tasked with protecting the Medusan Reach – a loose domain of systems and outposts scattered across the Medusan Sub-sector. It is rare for this company to be at full strength, for no defence can be made of the ever-shifting boundaries of the Reach without paying a harrowing cost.

Medusa is the heart of a compact but efficient stellar domain whose tally of tributary systems has fluctuated in recent years. Some worlds were lost to the anarchy following the birth of the Cicatrix Maledictum. Others petitioned the Iron Council for protection as the Imperium cracked asunder. In present times, a number of systems pay obeisance to Medusa, though it would be wrong to characterise the relationship as anything other than necessary.

The Iron Hands are too pragmatic to squander resources on valueless worlds; they hold innocence as merely the absence of corruption, and of no intrinsic worth. Moreover, their own overarching strategy remains an outwards expansion into the Noctis Aeterna – one which cannot be subverted out of mere sentiment.

Thus the systems granted protection are those able to contribute ore and other raw materials to feed the forges, and thus the

Iron Hands' endless war. In return, these worlds receive a pledge of protection – a promise fulfilled by the battle-brothers of Clan Company Sorrgol.

Of all Medusa's nomadic clans, only Clan Sorrgol ever showed the slightest inclination of continuing their travels into the stars. Such attempts were swiftly discouraged by the Iron Council, who recognised the waste of resources for what it was.

However, the yearning to reach the stars endures within the very blood of Clan Sorrgol, despite whispered tales of soot-belching rockets exploding beneath bolts of heavenly lightning within seconds of lifting off. Those the clan company find worthy enough of Manus' gene-seed may yet tread those stars in the Emperor's name.

Serving as the aegis of many worlds, Clan Company Sorrgol practise a swift, unrelenting style of warfare, balancing

methodical doctrine with focused urgency. Orbital assaults are followed by mechanised onslaughts, drop ships ferrying the company's Rhinos, Razorbacks and Repulsors into the planetstrike zone even as the first Drop Pod slams into the enemy fortification. The Sorrgol claim, and not without evidence, that they can conclude a campaign faster than any other clan company, ending invasion or insurrection with an efficiency that would make Manus proud.

Not for the Sorrgol the vainglorious pomp and pageantry of the Ultramarines, who so often make play at feudal overlords in the battle's aftermath. When the war is won, Clan Company Sorrgol offer no solace, and no inspiring words, but simply take ship to the next embattled holding. They leave only legend in their wake, and the hope that should tragedy befall, the ebon warriors will bring fire from the skies once more. And so they will, until the planet's mineral bounty runs dry.

IRON CAPTAIN RAKK GOLLOTH

Following the birth of the Cicatrix Maledictum, Golloth led Clan Company Sorrgol in an aggressive campaign to ensure that those tributary worlds most valuable to the Iron Hands did not fall into anarchy. Ultimately, not all such worlds were deemed worthy of preservation, the effort to resecure them outweighing any benefit for doing so.

At the same time, Golloth was loath to cede even a scrap of resource to the Imperium's enemies. Any world thus abandoned was subjected to Exterminatus, creating a breakwater of barren space between Medusa and the renegades spilling out of the Eye of Terror. Robbed of war materiel, the Chaos onslaught stalled, granting Golloth the opportunity to bring stability to the valuable manufacturums of Kholan, more than compensating for necessary sacrifices elsewhere.

To this day, the Iron Council acclaims Golloth's swift and uncompromising action as the main reason for Medusa's survival in those dark days. Golloth himself, however, did not live to see the future he had forged. During the liberation of Odissar, his gunship was downed by traitor skyfire, crashing in the heart of the enemy formation. Chapter history records that Golloth's last order was for Lieutenant Vhor to take command, and waste no resource recovering his body until the battle was won.





THE 7TH COMPANY

BORRGOS, WILL OF THE OMNISSIAH

The Iron Hands have always enjoyed a closer bond with the Adeptus Mechanicus than other Chapters. Nowhere is this plainer than in Clan Company Borrgos, whose long-ago transgressions during the Moirae Schism have never been entirely forgotten.

Borrgos is the second of the Iron Hands Reserve Companies. Unlike their compatriots in Clan Company Sorrgol, whose duty to the Medusan Reach oft-times calls upon them to campaign as a single strike force, Borrgos seldom fights together. The Iron Council insist this is simply a consequence of the Codex Astartes, which decrees that the Reserve Companies' primary purpose is to support the Chapter's Battle Companies.

This is a most selective truth. While the Codex Astartes indeed encourages such deployments, the Iron Council have never been above amending Guilliman's decrees to better suit them, or, as with the Chapter's company structure, deliberately only giving the appearance of following it. Their treatment of the Borrgos has been coloured with distrust ever since the Moirae Schism. While the matter was ultimately resolved, and the Chapter left stronger for it, old memories die hard. Not

least because any corruption of doctrine within Clan Company Borrgos runs the risk of spreading to other companies if any of its battle-brothers are required to change clan allegiance.

Thus Clan Company Borrgos is seldom far from the Father of Iron's thoughts, and closer still to a quorum of his most devout Chaplains. It is rare for even a single Borrgos squad to take the field without a Chaplain present, and since the emergence of the Great Rift, Ranek Varth often assumes personal command of any strike force where Borrgos are ascendant, and has been known to order purges of their ranks. Furthermore, a greater number of the 7th Company's recruits are made Primaris than any other. The Council of Iron's cogitations indicate that the additional technology used to develop Primaris Space Marines could possibly nullify weaknesses in Clan Borrgos genestock – a full example of the machine undoing the weakness of flesh.

Some would forgive the Borrgos' sin because of it being so long in the past. Others would expunge the company cog and gear, and erase it from memory. But the Iron Hands view Clan Company Borrgos as a malfunctioning machine, oft-repaired. It would be wasteful to consign it to oblivion while it was still capable of function. Varth's purges are simple maintenance, his oversight the engineer's studious gaze and new recruits the unguent that allows rusted gears to grind anew.

Despite this, or perhaps because of it, the battle-brothers of the clan company rise to their duty as no other. Some surely seek to earn transfer to other companies, away from the taint of schism. But it cannot be denied that pride plays a role. Primaris or precursor, every warrior of Clan Company Borrgos knows that the only hope of erasing the stain of their ancestors' actions is through unbending service and victory against their enemies.





THE 8TH COMPANY

MORLAAG, THE FIST OF MANUS

To outsiders, Clan Company Morlaag serves as the Iron Hands close support reserve. In most Chapters, the manner of war in which the 8th Company operates is aggressive and headstrong, governed by instinct as much as doctrine. Not so Clan Company Morlaag.

One of the key teachings handed down in the millennia since Ferrus Manus' death is that a single perfect blow more often brings victory than a hundred unready strikes. To a point, this is the guiding principle of the entire Adeptus Astartes, whose role as shock troops and liberators allows little margin of adaption once the call to battle is sounded. But what is principle elsewhere has been raised to the pinnacle of perfection by Clan Company Morlaag.

Whether the company fights as one, or in support of other battle-brothers, the combat doctrine remains the same. Fast-moving assault vehicles conduct auspex reconnaissance of enemy positions, engaging only to test the strength and resolve of the foe. Each clash gathers

vital information, reported via vox and telemetry, allowing the company's officers to calculate where to best place their forces. Subdermal augmetics permit wordless communication between the reconnaissance squads, allowing the pre-engagement phase of the battle plan to be performed with an efficiency seldom witnessed outside hardened veterans of the Adeptus Astartes. Every feint, every advance is calculated to the second and enacted without flaw, leaving the foe no wiser as to where the coming blow will fall.

Only when all is prepared does the Fist of Manus strike. Land Raiders thunder into the belly of the enemy position, disgorging close-combat specialising battle-brothers in a blaze of bolt fire. Assault Squads

come in close behind, clearing dazed pockets of resistance with chainsword and frag grenade.

Meanwhile, the reconnaissance forces close like a power glove's unfaltering grasp, cutting down foes who seek to escape, or herding them back into the fist's unstoppable advance. Soon, it ends; the enemy slaughtered, and bikers roaring away to recon the next target. All without battle cry given voice or orders issued.

To all appearance, the victory is one devoid of pride, won through cold calculation. Yet to walk through the sombre passageways of the Morlaag Hall of Conquest conjures a very different image. Here, trophies of battlefields unnumbered hang amongst the ironglass plaques and statues of heroes long departed. Banners ripped from vanquished Drukhari Kabals and traitor warbands, glyphs of greenskin Warlords and Necron dynasties returned to the stillness of death. Stasis-sealed technologies, carefully concealed from the Chapter's Techmarines, lest Mars wish to stake a claim. And weapons, so many weapons as to fill the armouries of Medusa thrice over.

The Morlaag tell themselves that these artefacts were claimed for study, to refine understanding of Mankind's foes. In this, they deceive themselves. Silent and reserved though the battle-brothers of Clan Company Morlaag may be on the battlefield, pride blossoms in the chambers of every augmetic heart.

The Iron Council are, of course, aware of this eccentricity. Thus far, they have turned a blind eye, for Morlaag's ruthless efficiency and effectiveness in battle is undeniable, and their information-driven manner of war is admirable. But this may not last forever. After all, ego is ever a demonstrable weakness of the flesh, and could not Ferrus Manus' own demise be attributed to his stiff-necked pride in refusing his allies' counsel to retreat when all was lost? The time may be coming where the risk presented by the 8th Company's strange vanity can no longer be tolerated.



Inceptor battle-brother Varrdon of the 8th Company's 7th Squad, as denoted by the icon on his right pauldron and the numeral on his right knee. The icon on his left knee indicates that he fulfils the battlefield role of close support.



THE 9TH COMPANY

VURGAAN, BROTHERS OF IBURAANI

Clan Company Vurgaan's squads fight in scattered strike forces as often as a single, unified whole. The Vurgaan have a reputation for precision fire – one that has been proven time and again. But for this, as for all achievement, there is a price.

Clan Vurgaan are accounted the most hot-headed of Medusans, bellicose and wrathful. Such fire is not easily tamed, and the Iron Council long ago judged that martial discipline alone could not bend the Vurgaan to the dispassion so prized by the sons of Manus. Thus did they resort to surgery and augmetic implants, controlling with science that which tutelage could not shackle. This, the Iron Fathers argue, is the true legacy of Manus – the overcoming of mortal imperfection through the machine.

Such traditions have gifted the battle-brothers of Clan Company Vurgaan an icy demeanour well-suited to the duties of the fire support squads that make up the entirety of the company's strength. Where wrath perhaps has its place in a Battle

Company or close support roles, it can only be a hindrance to Devastators, Suppressors and their ilk, for it is poor companion to the unflinching vigilance and precision aim they are called upon to practise.

With their emotions regulated by cogitators, the Vurgaan are the epitome of self-control, emulating the machine-like detachment the Iron Hands long for. They follow strategy without reserve or question, securing vantage points from which their heavy weaponry can dominate the battlefield.

Such strongpoints soon become fortresses of flesh, ceramite and adamantium, unflinching in the face of enemy assault. Only when the enemy have been shattered

do the Vurgaan press the attack, moving from high ground to high ground, with the more mobile Eliminator and Suppressor Squads providing covering fire while Devastators and bands of cold-eyed Hellblasters take up new advanced positions.

Where other Space Marines might succumb to hatred, the cold calm of the machine permits the Vurgaan to keep their discipline and pour on the fire. In the formation known as the Iburaani Star, the clan company's transports and battle tanks bear their passengers into the heart of the foe or roll in to block a crucial breach before taking position. The armoured fighting vehicles seamlessly array themselves around a central point, hulls jutting out to resemble a cog's teeth. Infantry take position in the spaces within, coldly scouring blistering fire lanes of all resistance. Thus is the Iburaani Star often likened to the Medusan volcano from which it and the clan company take their name, furious but unfeeling – a bastion against which all flesh must break.

Yet the practices of the Vurgaan are not without consequence. If their warriors are called upon to change their clan company, the implants are removed, but their legacy is not so easily discarded. Even without the leash of the augmetics, these once-Vurgaan often remain distant and dispassionate, as if a piece of them has become forever lost. Some display a slight hesitancy, as though their every decision is accompanied by a pause as they wait for now-absent augmetics to dictate a response. Such warriors are outwardly admired by their battle-brothers, for they have come to know true balance, uncluttered by emotion. Yet it is a rare soul who does not feel a pang of unease in a Vurgaan's presence – especially those few rendered as little more than automata by the implants' removal. So severe a price is by no means paid by all, but in extreme cases a battle-brother may be expunged from the battle line entirely, and assigned to the service of the Chapter's armouries where they see out their days as little more than a servitor.



Aggressor battle-brother Karoshk of the 9th Company's 4th Squad, as denoted by the icon on his right pauldron and the numeral on his right knee. The icon on his left knee indicates that he fulfils the battlefield role of fire support.



THE 10TH COMPANY

DORRVOK, THE CRUCIBLE

All Iron Hands recruits pass through the exacting tutelage of Clan Company Dorrrovok. Here they learn what it is not only to be a Space Marine, but also a dutiful son of Manus. Thus, no matter the traditions and eccentricities of Medusa's clans, all battle-brothers share a common beginning.

Clan Dorrrovok holds dominion over the testing grounds of Oraanus, where all new recruits must face a gruelling regimen of physical training and psycho-indoctrination. Freshly implanted with the Primarch's gene-seed in a ritual known as the Taking of the Soulsteel, neophytes purge themselves of fear, pain and anger, repressing mortal weakness with mantras of cold logic.

Once grounded in the lessons of Manus, the initiates are charged with especially dangerous missions. No allowances are made for their relative inexperience, nor their lack of bionics and power armour. Such a violent trial by fire takes its toll and many do not live to attain the rank of battle-brother, yet those who do are

tempered through war into something both less and more than the mere men they once were.

The 10th Company is unique in that it invariably contains far more than the one hundred active battle-brothers found elsewhere. This is due to the fact that it is home to all of the Iron Hands' aspirants. Only in Clan Company Dorrrovok does bloodline and lineage intermingle, an alloy of many metals, coming together to forge an enduring legacy. Indeed, while their training is underway, recruits are not permitted to bear the markings or practise traditions of any clan save Dorrrovok. Only upon elevation to full battle-brother is a recruit's original clan identity restored. Those of Dorrrovok's own remain with the

10th, guiding fresh cohorts through the trials, joining the company's Vanguard squads or serving as sergeants within the Scout Squads.

Alongside training and indoctrination, the 10th Company also has responsibility for the Chapter's dedicated Vanguard operations. The 10th Company's hundred-strong Vanguard force deploy either alongside the other clan companies as highly skilled scouting elements, or as Vanguard strike forces. In this latter guise they are capable of waging clandestine wars against enemies from well behind the lines for extended periods, capitalising on their Chapter's talent for mission optimisation to systematically dismantle the enemy war machine piece by piece.

THE FORGECHAIN

While the Iron Hands use skull-studs to denote long service, they also employ the forgechain. Taking the form of augmetic vertebrae, each linked by complex strands of neural relays, the forgechain literally puts steel in a battle-brother's spine. Each vertebrae replaced represents ten years of service, with particularly venerable warriors possessing spines more metal than bone. Each company forge these links from their own chosen materials. Clan Sorrgol's vertebrae are made of finely tooled galvanite alloy, while Clan Raukaan use black sigilanium veined with theldrite circuitry. In the rare circumstance that a battle-brother sets aside one clan loyalty in favour of another, new links are added to old as years of service are accrued. Eventually, the hues of the warrior's spine reflect his honoured progression through the Chapter, a testament to a battle-brother who has put the needs of Chapter before loyalty to the clan. The first link in every Iron Hand's forgechain is that of Dorrrovok, earned uniquely after their first year in the Chapter, a reminder of humble beginnings shared with all.



The Iron Hands Chapter symbol is typically displayed on the left pauldron.

The right pauldron denotes the battle-brother's company – in the case of Dorrrovok, a twelve-point cog with a skull at its centre.

Brother Vorrsk, an Infiltrator of the 3rd Squad of the Iron Hands 10th Company, armed with a marksman bolt carbine. The iconography on his left knee shows his strategic designation as battleline.

CHAPTER COMMAND

The Iron Hands are almost unique amongst the Adeptus Astartes in that they do not bend knee to a Chapter Master. They are governed by an assemblage known as the Iron Council, a machine in which the Chapter Master is but a single, if influential, cog. As with many of the Chapter's traditions, the Iron Council's dominion can be traced back to Ferrus Manus.

After the close of the Horus Heresy, at the conclave known as the Tempering, grave concern arose that Ferrus Manus all but destroyed his own Legion in a moment of emotional misjudgement. It was decreed that the Chapter born from the Legion's sundering would never again be imperilled in this way. Thus began the Iron Council's rule, the many voices of the Chapter's Iron Fathers coming together in judgement.

The first individuals to bear the title of Iron Father were engineer-mystics who maintained the Dark Age machineries of the Medusan clans. These original Iron Fathers wielded considerable influence thanks to their vital contribution to life on Medusa, and enjoyed positions in the hierarchy of each clan. When Ferrus Manus forcibly introduced his Legion to the world they would call home, the rank of Iron Father was adapted by those battle-brothers whose duty was the care of the

Legion's weapons, vehicles and armaments. Though the title has remained constant over the millennia, its meaning continued to change after the Iron Council's formation – by the dawning of M41 it had become an honorific, a title awarded to esteemed individuals who exemplify the Chapter's principles.

Many Iron Fathers have been Techmarines, but neither rank nor duty is a barrier to receiving this honour. The current Iron Council draws from across the Chapter, comprising Chaplains, Librarians, Apothecaries, Veteran Sergeants and even a few notable battle-brothers without rank. Every clan company must always have at least one Iron Father amongst its number – and most will have more. The word of these individuals carries great weight, and is often heeded over that of higher-ranking officers who are not themselves members of the Iron Council.

In other Chapters, Iron Fathers would perhaps be proclaimed heroes. However, the Iron Hands scorn the idea of heroes – a notion often concurred with by those outsiders who have borne witness to their ruthless methods. A hero, the Iron Hands argue, strives ever for glory, to bask in adulation for the fulfilling of duty, when duty should be its own reward. The golden statues of Baal and of Ultramar, the sagas of Fenris – these they regard as signs of weakness, of all-consuming pride cousin to that which claimed the traitor Fulgrim. Thus they watch their brother Space Marines closely, alert for that weakness blossoming to damnation. What statues the sons of Manus raise, they do so to serve as example to the battle-brothers who will carry their burdens in the millennia to come. Or so they claim. Pride, to the Iron Hands, is the most insidious of emotions, and finds purchase even in a heart burnished to a mirror sheen.



CHAPTER MASTER KARDAN STRONOS

In the Iron Hands, the position of Chapter Master is not held for life. Rather, it is an elective honour, one renewed or stripped away as the Iron Council see fit. After all, what purpose is there in having the Chapter speak with a single voice if that voice does not hold the confidence of those it represents? There can therefore be no greater testament to the wisdom and ability of Kardan Stronos than the fact that he has held the position for far longer than any previous incumbent.

In the challenging years since the birth of the Cicatrix Maledictum, Stronos has guided his Chapter with the same unfaltering reason he first displayed during the darkness of the Gaudinian Heresy. Unlike many of his peers, he is not so rigid as to disdain all emotion as weakness – indeed, his harnessing of the Chapter's collective rage proved pivotal during the defeat of the Sapphire King. Such a stance is not without its detractors, but the utilitarian Iron Council are nothing if not swayed by results.

Indeed, Stronos' adherence to creed and tradition are otherwise so without flaw that several voices on the council have proposed restoring to the position of Chapter Master much of the authority that was stripped away. Yet Stronos more than any has argued against such measures. Despite his achievements, he remains bound by humility – but what else could one expect of a warrior who refuses to allow the raising of statues in his likeness, and disdains the commemoration of his own mighty deeds?

One oddity of the Iron Council is that representatives from the Adeptus Mechanicus, known as the Voice of Mars, have been granted honorary status upon it. The bonds between Medusa and Mars have ever been close, due in no small part to shared reverence for the Omnissiah. Never has this been more true than following the arrival of the Primaris, and the further involvement of Magi Biologus into the Chapter's Apothecarion. The Adeptus Mechanicus was offered closer military ties than ever before during the Tempering, as in it the Iron Hands saw an ally with a mirror doctrine of steel over flesh who would not fall prey to hubris. In exchange for the Iron Hands' alliance and protection, the Martian Priesthood would grant them unprecedented access to the sacred mysteries of the Omnissiah, augmenting their Techmarines' knowledge far beyond that possessed by their counterparts in other Space Marine Legions.

Beyond the Iron Council, the Iron Hands are structured much the same as other Codex-adherent Chapters. Apothecarion, Librarius and Reclusiam all take their lead from the Iron Council, while maintaining authority over their own vital disciplines. Like the Iron Council, these individuals

are drawn from across the clan companies, ensuring a balance of voices and approach. Each of these chambers have set aside the autocracy practised in other Chapters, forming councils of their own to ensure that an individual's folly holds no greater sway in, say, the Reclusiam, than the Chapter as a whole.

The Iron Hands maintain no centralised armoury. Instead, each clan company is responsible for the maintenance of the transports and war machines they bring to battle. Techmarines, too, remain with their clan companies. This forges an unusually close bond, with Techmarines prevalent in Iron Hands' front-line engagements. A further side effect is that Iron Hands rely less on dedicated vehicle crew. As the extension of a clan company's own might, all battle-brothers are expected to be as familiar with a Predator as they are a bolt rifle, and for an Impulsor to pose no greater a mystery than a chainsword. As for the Master of the Forge, he is nominally without allegiance save to the Iron Council itself. In practical terms, however, most Masters of the Forge take to the field alongside their clan company, acting as a second Iron Captain and respected as such.



The Iron Hands Chapter banner commemorates their origins as the X Legion. The staff is said to contain iron from the Primarch's own blood, that he might always accompany his sons to war.



HISTORIES OF THE IRON HANDS

The deeds of many Legions during the Great Crusade are shrouded in mystery. However, the earliest histories of the Iron Hands are well preserved. These indicate a fighting force with a well-earned reputation for stalwart determination and unfailing loyalty stretching from the latter days of the Unification Wars all the way through the tragic crucible of Isstvan V.

The X Legion recruited from across Ancient Terra, including areas that had long supported the Emperor, as well as those who had previously fought against him in the Unification Wars. It was the bellicose and brutal traditions of Old Albia that most greatly influenced the Legion, however, as substantial numbers of recruits were drawn from this region.

Formations of the X Legion saw their earliest action as part of task forces in the climactic battles on Ancient Terra, but soon came into their own prosecuting the Emperor's will against xenos incursions into the Sol System. While histories record commendable performance in these engagements – often in battlezones complicated by unique environmental challenges, it was not until the Battle of Rust that the Legion's character would be fully revealed.

THE HAMMER AND THE STORM

Assigned the duty of securing the Ork-held world of Rust, the X Legion approached the challenge with the ruthlessness for which they would later become known. Spending the lives of the Urshan Velites placed under his command lightly, the X Legion's commander – one Amadeus DuCaine – drew the greenskin defenders out into a single, seething mass. Ignoring pleas for support, he watched and waited until he was certain that the Ork horde, big enough to be seen from space, was fully committed to the slaughter. Only then did DuCaine loose his brothers in a single, wrathful hammer-blow of tanks and infantry that ground all before it to bloody ruin. It took days of relentless fighting before the Orks were finally defeated, but the outcome was never in doubt. The X Legion emerged victorious, their casualties far lower than projected. Even the Velites, who had suffered greatly during their efforts to rouse the greenskin storm ultimately emerged halier than any could have predicted. Thus was the liberation of Rust seen as doubly successful – not only had the world been freed, but at a smaller tally of lives than any had expected.

In the wake of victory, the X Legion employed this tactic of 'the Hammer and the Storm' to great effect across the wider campaign, earning a reputation for disciplined and coordinated warfare. These nascent strategies were adopted by several other Legions, though not always with success. In truth, few other Space Marine Legions possessed the discipline to emulate the X Legion's feats; it was well on its way to forging an identity distinct from that of its peers. What legend DuCaine and his fellows might have built upon this foundation will remain forever unknown, for it was not long after that Ferrus Manus – the Gorgon – was discovered amongst the mountainous wastes of Medusa.



THE PRIMARCH

Ferrus Manus had flourished in his unforeseen exile, bringing unity to the barbarous tribes of his world and lifting them out of darkness. Shaped by his experiences to trust in no other judgement save his own, Manus wasted little time in reforging the X Legion into the Iron Hands. He built upon their discipline, finding it a fit match for his own methodical mind, and bound their belligerence with chains of ritual and logic as he had his own.

Manus was a harsh taskmaster, but never less with himself than his sons. Nothing was more abhorrent to him than failure, and his smouldering wrath was seldom far from the surface. But he was also honest, despising duplicity as readily as the weakness he strove to purge from himself and his Legion. Such uncompromising standards moulded the 'Iron Tenth' into a fighting force famed for its ability to confront overwhelming odds head-on; they were shock troops even amongst a broader brethren created for lightning warfare, and

uncaring of the cost those actions too often levied on those who fought at their side.

Nevertheless, as the Great Crusade wore on, shared battlefields forged close alliances between the Iron Hands and other branches of the growing Imperium; amongst them, the machine-savants of the Mechanicum, whose passion for technology the Legion shared. Also of note was the Iron Hands' close allegiance with the Emperor's Children and their Primarch, Fulgrim. In other quarters, the Legion's unchecked ruthlessness found only detractors, disdained as impatient and unsubtle.

However, Manus and his Legion never lost the trust of their Emperor, who ever applied the tools of war to the most appropriate situation. As the Iron Hands' character hardened, they were deployed less as liberators and more as ruthless conquerors. While others built a new Imperium, the Iron Hands destroyed, fighting always on the front lines and earning glories untold.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Despite his reputation, Manus displayed no resentment when Horus Lupercal ascended to the singular rank of Warmaster. Indeed, the Iron Hands shirked no responsibility under Horus' command, and Manus himself was ever at his brother's side in times of need. Yet despite his closeness to he who would come to be known as the Arch-traitor, and his firm friendship with the damned Fulgrim, Manus somehow remained free of the intrigue and conspiracy that characterised the Great Crusade's fading days.

Was Manus' stance determined by forthrightness of character? Loyalty to his golden father? Or did the conspirators simply judge him too direct and unbending to weave into their circle of treachery until rebellion was well under way? The truth will never be known. Whatever the cause, Ferrus Manus and his Legion were destined to pay a steep price for loyalty.



THE FATE OF THE GORGON

The Great Crusade could not last forever. Proud Horus, first amongst the Emperor's sons, cast aside loyalty in the service of vainglory and heretical gods. Acting in secret, Horus twisted many of his brother Primarchs to his cause, marshalling his forces until he was ready to strike. For the uncompromising master of the Iron Hands, there could only ever be one response.

What is often considered to be the first true salvo of the unfolding Heresy is also its most infamous. His treachery brazenly unveiled during the loyalist purges and virus-bombing of Isstvan III, Horus established his grand strategium on the volcanic fields of nearby Isstvan V and prepared for the inevitable counter-blow.

Seeing in Horus' deeds the ruin of all the Emperor had laboured to achieve, Rogal Dorn dispatched seven Legions as well as elements of his own to crush the rebellion. Thus far, only three of Horus' brother Primarchs – Angron, Fulgrim and Mortarion – had openly followed him into damnation. To dispatch such a force against four already wounded from internecine conflict was therefore less a military necessity than a stark message intended to echo across the Imperium.

Alas, of those seven, the Night Lords, Iron Warriors, Word Bearers and Alpha

Legion all harboured secret loyalty to Horus and allowed the righteous advance of the loyalists to outpace their own vessels. Furthermore, Dorn's own Imperial Fists became becalmed in the warp, and separated from the vengeance he had decreed. For the Salamanders, Iron Hands and Raven Guard, Isstvan V was the jaws of a trap waiting to spring closed.

WRATH'S HAND UPON THE TILLER

Manus, in command of the Iron Hands, Salamanders and Raven Guard, was desperate to attack, driven by rage. It is unclear whether he ordered the assault despite warnings of caution from Vulkan or Corax, or heeded their advice to wait until their reinforcements were near. Regardless, these three Legions led the attack. The Iron Hands still reeled from a surprise attack by the Emperor's Children, and the Primarch himself from

the personal betrayal of his close friend, Fulgrim. But it cannot be discounted that long-shackled resentment stoked Manus' ire – visions of what might have been had the Warmaster's mantle fallen to him, and not Horus, clouded his judgement.

Whatever the case, the assault on Isstvan V proceeded according to Manus' design. Scarcely had the thunder of the orbital bombardment fallen silent when the first Drop Pods fell like iron rain upon black sands. Explosions blossomed like bitter flowers as the traitor skyfire engaged, but so overwhelming was the assault that these wounds were but grazes on the hide of a bellicose titan roused to vengeance.

Manus' meticulous preparations had delivered the loyalists to Horus' gate, but only fortune and fury could carry the day. As Salamanders and Raven Guard spearheaded the flanks, Ferrus Manus led a thousand terminators of the

THE GORGON AND THE PHOENICIAN

The friendship between Ferrus Manus and Fulgrim was struck at their first meeting, and was tempered across the course of long campaigns in the Emperor's name. Even at the time, before Fulgrim's traitorous destiny stood revealed, it was thought a most unlikely pairing to many. The plain-spoken master of the Iron Hands must indeed have seemed strange contrast to the vainglorious primogenitor of the Emperor's Children. And yet a bond there was – perhaps the only true friendship Manus knew amongst his brother Primarchs, for his manner made him a difficult soul to like.

And yet their kinship should not be thought surprising at all. Both Fulgrim and Manus strove for perfection, if one through refined elegance and the other through direct, uncompromising means. Thus it seems likely that even had Horus not ordered Fulgrim to attempt turning Manus to the cause of rebellion, the gilded Primarch would have done so on his own initiative.

Of course, Manus gave Fulgrim the only answer of which he was capable, sundering friendship forever and paving the way for a tragedy that shone brightly in an age overwrought with woe. But the question of what might have happened had Manus chosen brother above father remains a fascinating one. Had the Iron Hands pledged themselves to Horus in those early days of Heresy, the fate of the galaxy would surely have diverged far from the one we know.





Avernii clan directly at Horus' throat. To him rallied the survivors of the initial planetstrike, a battle-shocked and ravaged band of loyalists granted fresh valour by the stirring sight of the Primarch in his untrammelled fury. None could stand against Manus' wrath in that hour. Only when the Emperor's Children brought the shrieking fire of their sonic weapons to bear did Manus' advance falter.

TREACHERY UNVEILED

Back and forth the battle raged, a bloody stalemate on a scale seldom seen before or since. But Manus remained untouched by weariness. Surveying the arrival of the Night Lords, Alpha Legion, Word Bearers and Iron Warriors, he deemed the worst of the storm to have passed, and drew fresh strategies to guarantee deserved victory. Then the newcomers turned their fire on Manus' embattled loyalists, and dreams of triumph turned to nightmare.

Manus' beachhead, seldom more than tenuous, now slid into disaster. And yet he refused to countenance withdrawal. Where cooler heads strove to salvage something from unfolding horror, Manus saw only unthinkable failure laid bare and pressed the attack with what forces would

follow him. Perhaps he might have done otherwise had it not been for the presence of Fulgrim, whose mocking laughter shattered the last chains of self-control. The sundering of the trust that had existed between those two brothers was more than Ferrus Manus could bear, and so did fraternal love sour into seething hate.



As the loyalist forces were slaughtered by warriors once thought allies, Ferrus Manus met Fulgrim in single combat. It is said the two traded the sorest blows struck during that blackest of days, the contest embittered by long friendship soured. Manus must

have known he was outmatched, for he was wearied and worn from a hundred wounds, while Fulgrim was fresh to the fight and every strike of his hammer possessed of unnatural vigour. Nonetheless, Manus battled on, his sword *Fireblade* chiming dolorously against his brother's armour, never once acknowledging the possibility of defeat until Fulgrim at last struck a final, decapitating blow.

It is rumoured that Fulgrim hesitated in that final moment, his wickedness laid bare before his soul one last time. Imperial records make no mention of such hesitation, rendering it one more mystery birthed in that hour of quickening slaughter. The fate of Manus' body, too, remains in contention, with numerous contradictory tales vying for dominance. But that which is known is terrible enough. The Drop Site Massacre did more than break the power of three loyalist Legions – it inked in blood the battle lines for untallied slaughter to come. Battered by void-born ambush by the Emperor's Children, and with their spirit crushed by their Primarch's fall, the Iron Hands would not fight as a Legion again. Scattered into numerous cells, they went on to inflict enormous damage to the traitors in a long campaign of guerilla warfare.



THE MOIRAE SCHISM

The Nova Terra Interregnum saw the Ur-council of Nova Terra reject the authority of the Adeptus Terra and claim rule over the Segmentum Pacificus. Though the Interregnum's creeping madness did not cause an Imperium-wide civil war, its insidious instability echoed outwards, and so began the greatest ideological threat to the Iron Hands since the Heresy itself.

The Moirae Schism began simply enough: as a flicker of unexplained fluctuations in a forge world's data-looms. A pico-second more or less, and it would have escaped notice entirely, amounting to nothing more than a beat of a somnomoth's tiny wings. But these fluctuations were observed by a triad of tech-mystics who divined the word of the Omnissiah within its gematric patterns. From that brief flaring, they extrapolated predictions of apocalyptic import – the fate of Mankind writ large in a

flicker of light. By the time their heresy had come to the attention of the Inquisition, their 'findings' had spread through Moirae's encrypted archives like a machine plague, exhorting the scattered brethren of the Adeptus Mechanicus to overthrow the yoke of Mars in favour of a new and glorious Imperial Cult founded through fusion with the Ecclesiarchy.

By the time a Martian fleet had blasted Moirae from history, it was already too late.

The heretical word had spread throughout not only the Adeptus Mechanicus, but also those organs of the Imperium most closely associated with them: Titan Legions, Knight Houses... and the Iron Hands.

The Moirae doctrines were soon embraced by a significant portion of not only the Iron Hands, but many of their successor Chapters. Conditioned to embrace the perfection of logic and the pre-eminence of the machine, they were easy prey for the Moirae Creed. While Clan Company Raukaan rejected these siren promises to the last battle-brother, such fortitude was not witnessed across the Chapter. The Borrgos saw almost total conversion to the Moirae Creed – a fact surely not unconnected to the high level of augmetic implantation practised by that clan company. The remaining companies, notably Avernii, Haarmek and Vurgaan experienced the subversion of anything from a handful of battle-brothers to almost half their fighting strength. Before long, Medusa was hurtling towards civil war.

TAINTED COGITATIONS

In truth, that circumstances progressed as far as they did was the fault of the Iron Council. Even as allied worlds tore themselves apart over the Moirae Creed – even as some successor Chapters collapsed into civil war – the Iron Council remained frozen by inaction. Logic had little purchase on what was, first and foremost, a matter of faith. Worse, even the Iron Fathers of the council were not immune to seduction. Before long, a second breakaway Iron Council convened in the Gorgon's Forge, and denounced the staid folly of their peers.

Matters came to a head when the Moirae faction within the Chapter sought to seize control of not only Clan Company Dorrvek (which had striven for politic silence throughout the whole affair), but also the gene-banks. Unable to convert their battle-brothers to the Moirae Creed, they intended to impose adherence at a genetic level, forcing unity by ensuring all new recruits would see the light of Moirae for what it was. This folly was thwarted



only by the intervention of Clan Raukaan, who evacuated both Clan Company Dorrwok and the gene-banks to their own Hall of Conquest, and swore swift death upon any who sought trespass.

Both factions were equally appalled by the actions of Clan Company Raukaan, provoking a three-way stand-off that seemed certain to accelerate running skirmishes into open warfare. Fortunately, Raukaan's audacity succeeded in shocking the divided Iron Council back to common purpose – or at least the common purpose of survival. The Inquisition's unblinking eye would not easily overlook a full-scale civil war on Medusa. If the Chapter wished to survive its gaze, a solution would have to be found.

Seeing little other choice, the Iron Council reconvened. With the Decree Ecrutis, they imposed a solution imbued with their famous pragmatism. Those who had embraced the Moirae Creed were exiled, there joined by battle-brothers similarly cast out from the Iron Hands' successor Chapters. Thus was born the brotherhood that would later be known as the Sons

of Medusa Chapter, which clings to the surviving precepts of its divisive beliefs to this day, albeit in embellished form.

As for the Moirae Creed itself, it did not otherwise outlast the fall of Nova Terra. The Iron Hands and several of their successors played no small part in its extirpation, seeking repentance in their merciless annihilation of those who clung to its heretical ways. Only those who would become the Sons of Medusa were spared their wrath, for a sworn accord guaranteed no conflict between the Iron Hands and their wayward successor.

What had once sown division across the Imperium served now to bind the disparate ambitions of Mars, the Ecclesiarchy and the Inquisition into a single point of searing focus that burned the Moirae Creed from the stars. It is believed that only one unsullied copy now remains, held deep in the vaults of the Ordo Hereticus, who are more certain than ever before that its predictions – the Fall of Cadia and the formation of the Cicatrix Maledictum amongst them – shall never again bring instability to the Imperium.



'We must be one brotherhood. Unflagging. Unfaltering. United in purpose. Those who cannot abide by the will of this council must seek their own future, lest they bring ruin unto us all.'

- Iron Father Blaen Gihl

THE SONS OF MEDUSA

Though the Moirae Schism lies long in the past, the Sons of Medusa fight stoically on in the Imperium's defence. Indeed, they consider themselves the only true sons of Ferrus Manus, and their banishers as little more than hidebound fools who have abandoned the perfection of the Moirae Creed out of weakness. Their Medusan traditions endure well into the days of Imperium Nihilus, with their three war clans – the Lachesis, the Mageara and the Atropos – owing genesis to the breakaway brotherhoods founded by Iron Father Setol Sollex following their exile.

Each of the three war clans maintains three companies of its own, their replenishment sustained by forced recruitment from a handful of hive worlds near the dead world of Moirae. The Lachesis companies – formed originally around the exiled Averni – are roughly analogous to the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Companies of a Codex-adherent Chapter, while the Mageara and Atropos each contain a single Battle Company and two Reserves. The Chapter maintains no separate company for aspirants, with each clan seeing to its own recruitment.

Ironically, the Moirae precepts held in such regard by the Sons of Medusa bear little resemblance to those so determinedly excised in millennia past, having distorted under the pressure of embellishment and retelling designed to align the visions of Moirae with the wisdom of Manus. Nevertheless, the Sons of Medusa hold their version of the Moirae Creed to be the only truth. It is doubtful that any living battle-brother recognises how warped the interpretation has become. And even this

flawed version does retain a certain prognostic aspect, if viewed correctly. This in no way approaches the runic foretelling of the Aeldari, owing more to hyper-logical cogitation of percentages and probabilities filtered through the lens of apocryphal augury. Nonetheless, their remarkable talent for auto-prescience allows the Sons of Medusa to intervene in spectacular fashion – and far more tellingly than their limited numbers suggest.



This combination of wayward prophecy and iron logic makes the Sons of Medusa a fearsome foe. The prophecies of the Creed interlace with the logical teachings of Ferrus Manus in a way that makes the Sons of Medusa seem almost impulsive. Nothing could be further from the truth – it is simply that the plan goes far deeper than any not acquainted with the Moirae Creed could possibly identify, let alone predict. Moreover, that the Sons of Medusa received the gift of Primaris technologies and the corresponding gene-seed from Battle Group Gehenna of Indomitus Crusade Fleet Quartus goes further to validate their creed – in the eyes of the Chapter's battle-brothers, at least – than any other single gesture on the Imperium's part since their exile. Rumours abound that the Primaris battle-brothers born of this gene-seed have exhibited actual, if limited, prophetic abilities, but such whispers remain unsubstantiated.



THE PURGING OF CONTQUAL

The Iron Hands have ever been a wrathful and merciless Chapter, and many would-be usurpers and heretics have renewed their faith in the glory of the Emperor under the threat of the Iron Hands' fearsome retribution. Nowhere was this seen more plainly than during the reclamation of the Contqual Sub-sector.

Contqual had ever been a prosperous domain, considered by its citizens to be an earthly paradise far removed from the turmoil and ugliness of the rest of the universe. Alas contentment has ever turned to complacency, and so it was at Contqual. Soon enough, that complacency begat decadence, and at last, decadence begat heresy.

As best as can be determined, the corruption of Contqual began in late M41, when the high governor succumbed to the false promises of the Chaos God Slaanesh. Whether he did so knowingly was never discovered, and nor did it greatly matter. By the time his fecklessness was discovered, the taint of Chaos had blossomed like a sickly rose. Feeding off the desires and weaknesses of those in power, it rippled through Contqual society, the perversions of the rich trickling down through social strata to infect the poor. Soon the six deadly seductions of Slaanesh held unbreakable sway on Contqual itself.

Formerly productive hive cities became fanes to twisted perversion and the rapacious quest for sensory excess at any price. Defence garrisons threw down their weapons and abandoned their posts in favour of bloody bacchanal, or else turned those weapons upon those they had once protected, as Astra Militarum officers appointed themselves the petty tyrants of their own twisted kingdoms. Imperial shrines and cathedrums echoed to the screams of excruciated clergy whose mortal forms were sustained far past their physical limits by foul warpcraft, so that their former flocks could torment them all the longer. Profane banners unfurled from the highest spires of Contqual's cities, obscene sheets of flapping skin flensed from the bodies of donors willing and unwilling alike; they bore the sigils of Slaanesh embossed upon them in tainted inks and visceral fluids. Gunfire echoed through ruined hab-blocks as the last loyal defenders of Contqual were hunted down by packs of barely human cultists and the hellish entities they had rashly conjured into reality. Within a month, the entire sub-sector writhed with the corrupting essence of Chaos.

The task of cleansing Contqual fell to the Iron Hands, chiefly to the warriors of Clan Company Raukaan and a conclave of Librarians assembled in anticipation of daemonic sorceries. The battle-brothers embraced their duty with accustomed stoicism, but all felt the seed of wrath burning within. The scions of Medusa have ever loathed Slaanesh above the other Chaos powers, not just for Fulgrim's slaying of Ferrus Manus on the killing fields of Isstvan V, but because those who follow the Dark Prince practise abandon with as much dedication as the Iron Hands themselves pursue restraint.



Thus, Clan Raukaan stormed the sub-sector, taking several planets before any form of resistance could be assembled. The sprawling pleasure cults that had overtaken society were ruthlessly wiped out, slaughtered while their pleas for mercy went unheard – the Iron Hands had no time for those who would let corruption take over their worlds. The death of every heretic and traitor only strengthened the Imperium. Yet for every planet scoured of Slaaneshi filth, another shuddered in the grip of unbridled, unclean emotion. Such challenge could be met only with unflagging fortitude. Chanting the mantras of Ferrus Manus to ward off the temptations of false pleasures, Clan Raukaan marched mercilessly on.

The pivotal battle came on the hive world of Shardenus, where a tear had appeared in the fabric of real space, opening a direct and hungry link to the warp. Daemons poured through the rift to be welcomed

and embraced by the twisted inhabitants of the planet. Once this was discovered by the Iron Hands, it served only to feed and inflame their righteous wrath.

By this time, the sons of Manus had been joined in duty by several regiments of the Astra Militarum, and even a handful of god-machines of the Adeptus Titanicus. Clan Raukaan took the god-machines' arrival as proof positive of the Omnissiah's favour, but did not allow themselves a moment of laxness. Disdaining calls for caution from Militarum command, the Iron Hands launched an all-out assault on the bunker complexes of Shardenus Prime. Untold thousands of traitors and twisted mutants assailed the invaders, but the Iron Hands merely cursed their names and fought on. Daemons taunted the sons of Manus, hoping to goad them into additional rash action, but the Iron Hands remained committed to their purpose.

Casualties were heavy, especially within the Militarum formations that advanced in Clan Raukaan's wake. But the Iron Hands never slowed and never yielded, meeting each fresh battle with redoubled determination. Spire by spire they cleaned Shardenus Prime, until their unremitting fury washed up against the walls of the capitol itself. In that desperate hour, treachery within the Militarum High Command saw Clan Raukaan abandoned by its supposed allies, but they simply did as Ferrus Manus would have done: cursed the weakness of lesser men and strode anew into the fire.

During a climactic battle to seal the warp rift, the architect of Contqual's horrors at last revealed himself: Julius Kaesoron, Fulgrim's right hand and slayer of countless loyal sons of Manus, First Captain Gabriel Santar amongst them. Now elevated in Slaanesh's sight as a loathsome Daemon Prince of terrifying power, Kaesoron toyed with the Iron Hands, boasting of his past deeds and taunting them with claims of Ferrus Manus' final words.

Yet Kaesoron had been so long in the warp that he had forgotten the fortitude of the sons of Manus, or else he was so



blinded by his own dark brilliance that he grew careless in the moment of triumph. Thus, even as the Daemon crowed of victories past and yet to come, Chief Librarian Telach made the ultimate sacrifice, harnessing the power of his own unbending soul to collapse the warp rift, weakening Kaesoron's connection to his blasphemous patron and leaving him vulnerable to the righteous fury of the surviving Iron Hands.

With the warp rift closed and the Daemons banished, Clan Raukaan were free to purge the world of Shardenus of all taint. Their judgement was exacting, their punishment uncompromising. Like reapers of ancient legend they strode through the ruined streets, driving mutants and madmen before them. They rooted out all lingering corruption, driving all suspected of heresy or contamination into the cleansing flames.

No tally of the dead exists in Imperial records, for Clan Raukaan found little evidence of innocence on Shardenus, and proof of guilt all around – the corpses were simply too numerous to count. The pyres burned for days, fed by an implacable advance that left no sector of Shardenus free of scrutiny. Those few who survived the purges carried with them tales of black-garbed executioners who

slaughtered at will and had only unfeeling metal where their hearts should have lain.

After the scouring of Shardenus, the rest of the sub-sector was quickly forced into submission as these tales spread. One by one, worlds turned on their perverted overlords and begged for clemency from the vengeful Space Marines, but the Iron Hands were without pity for such callow folk. In the year of bloodshed that followed, fully a third of Contqual's population was deemed to be in the grip of the heretical cults, and Clan Raukaan executed every last one – a grim tally, but one far lesser than that inflicted on Shardenus, where the dead outnumbered the living many times over.

The message was clear – to court damnation was to invite only complete and utter destruction. Not one survivor doubted that the Iron Hands stood ready to mete out punishment once more, should the slightest need arise.

In the years since, faith in the Emperor has blazed like never before over Contqual. Its cowed populace pray, praise and worship not for his beneficence, but for his mercy, out of hope that the warriors of Clan Raukaan will never have cause to return to finish what they began.



'There can only ever be one answer to weakness, and that is the mercy of death. This, and this alone, is the only such mercy in our gift.'

- Iron Chaplain Garnon Daar



THE STYGIAN REFORGING

With the coming of the Indomitus Crusade, the Iron Council recognised that the Chapter had lost its focus over the long millennia. Decreeing such wastefulness at an end, the Iron Hands now move with a new determination, fighting to secure not just Medusa's immediate environs, but also worlds locked in the hopeless gloom of Imperium Nihilus.

The Iron Hands were grimly pleased to offer support to the opening stages of the Era Indomitus. Those forces that could be spared from the defence of the Medusan Reach they swiftly committed to the quickening fury of War Zone Stygius, fighting with unflagging brutality in the Mordian, Tarkan and Prismata Systems against the forces of Tzeentch. However, it had been many centuries since the Chapter had fought alongside so broad a coalition of the Imperium – at least, for so sustained a period – and soon the cracks began to show.

The Iron Hands disdained the Space Wolves as too anarchic and impulsive; the Dark Angels were assessed to be unreliable, their efforts always split between the war at hand and other, secretive agendas – their efforts to withhold information from the Iron Hands were successful but adjudged entirely suboptimal. As for the common soldiery of the Imperium's beleaguered

worlds and the forces of the Astra Militarum, these were naturally viewed as too weak to serve any real purpose upon the battlefield – save perhaps as distraction and a means to sap the foe of vital ammunition. By the time of the Disaster at Rimenok, the Iron Hands had already become a force apart, heeding little the demands of their comrades.

That the Crusade's command then kowtowed to Aeldari predictions of defeat and made plans to abandon the resource-rich worlds of Stygius to the enemy became the final faltering gear in the rusted machine. Despising the weakness of their allies, the Iron Hands broke from the withdrawal and laid plans of their own.

It is said that when word reached Lord Commander Roboute Guilliman, he showed no surprise. He merely gave a cryptic shake of the head – as his father had so many times done upon learning of

Ferrus Manus' deeds – and announced that he had no doubt the Iron Hands would play their part.

FORTRESS MORDIAN

As the great Imperial withdrawal gathered pace, the Iron Hands descended on the world of Mordian, which had once again come under siege from traitor forces. Mordian's discipline had ever been famed, and the Iron Council deemed that if any of the beleaguered worlds deserved their aid, it was the home world of the Iron Guard regiments. These Astra Militarum forces alone amongst the dozen-or-more alongside whom the Iron Hands had fought in the Stygius War had been found 'combat competent' by the Medusans' merciless assessment protocols.

Though the Iron Hands led the assault to relieve the Siege of Mordian, they did not fight alone. The Iron Council



had struck common cause with others enraged by crusade command's defeatism. Thus did Mordian see liberation through the combined efforts of Ferrus Manus' disparate sons, many of which had diverted from other battle zones.

The subsequent victory drew yet others to the Iron Hands' banner. By the time Mordian was cleared of invaders and its defences raised anew, no less than five other Chapters had joined this 'Iron Crusade'. The Brazen Claws and Iron Lords came readily, grimly enthused to see their progenitor Chapter restored to old confidence. The Fire Lords and the Silver Skulls pledged support in payment of old debts come due. Even the wayward exiles of the Sons of Medusa broke off from the retreating forces having concluded, after long and often bitter discourse, that the Iron Council's strategy had been foreseen in the Moirae Creed.

Combined with the regiments of Mordian Iron Guard and defence forces rescued from disaster – and timely reinforcement from the nearby forge world of Cypra

Mundi – the Iron Crusade was able to stop simply fighting desperate defensive actions and instead turn its efforts to nearby worlds.

RESPIRE AND RECALCULATION

Throughout the fortification of Mordian, the Iron Council continued its analysis of the fluctuating war zone, and found the results acceptable – though not encouraging. The wider sector was slipping further into anarchy as the withdrawal of Imperial forces continued.

Initial projections of a recoverable situation were methodically reassessed, and the Iron Council concluded that the inconstant xenos of Ulthwé had crafted a self-fulfilling prophecy to the detriment of Mankind. Kardan Stronos in particular came to believe that had the Imperial forces held their ground, four of the six systems could have been held for acceptable cost. This, he now revised to two. The warp corridor between Mordian and Cypra Mundi had proven resistant to the grasp of the Noctis

Aeterna, offering a ready supply of materiel from the forge world, but this alone would not be enough. The bounteous worlds of the neighbouring Khravos System would have to be secured – a campaign whose outcomes fell well within acceptable parameters.

THE WAR RENEWED

Thus, ignoring the perfidious whispers of the Aeldari concerning doom descending upon them, the Iron Council unleashed the second phase of their grand design: securing the surviving worlds of the Mordian System, and wresting the refineries and shipyards of Khravos from the grasp of Chaos. Such an undertaking is likely to test the Iron Hands beyond the challenges of the past, for as the last of the retreating forces takes ship for other war zones, the forces of Chaos will surely turn their eyes to defiant Mordian once again.

What would happen then, none could say – but it is assuredly a fact that if anyone could triumph against such odds, it is the sons of Manus. The Iron Crusade fights on.

THE SECOND RELIEF OF MORDIAN

Though abandoned by the Imperium, the Mordian populace fought a bitter war amongst the ruined hives and manufactorum complexes, holding the Night Lords of Ahrak Deathshriek at bay. Raptors and Warp Talons roamed Mordian's perpetual gloom. Terror raids seized countless defenders to power a bleak ritual in the ruins of the old capitol – one intended to drag the entire world into the malefic tides of the immaterium.

The Iron Hands struck with their customary bluntness, emerging without warning from the roiling warp. Even as vessels of the traitor fleet moved to engage, the assault began. Drop Pods rained down on the capitol, Thunderhawks screaming in close support. Clan Company Averni led the charge, storm bolters roaring as they slaughtered the ritualists. Enraged, Ahrak Deathshriek drove his cultists onto the Averni's guns, seeking to drown the implacable Iron Hands in bodies. One by one, the remaining clan companies joined the battle, enfolding the capitol in a rampart of ceramite and flesh.

Sorely wounded in single combat with Iron Captain Var, Deathshriek fled the planetary surface and demanded aid from his heretical brethren. Even as the Iron Hands' drop zone came under fresh assault from Deathshriek's allies in the Benedictian Guard and the Cult of the Whispered Word, renegade warlords from across the sector recognised their opportunity to utterly erase the Iron Hands from the annals of history. As the Iron Hands' relentless purge of the Mordian hives seemingly faltered, the skies blackened with warships and blazed bright with flaring nova cannons and plasma projectors. From the strategium of his battle cruiser *Virnacht*, Deathshriek crowed over the victory

soon to come. For every vessel the Iron Hands commanded, three had marshalled to his dark banner. Once their fleet was destroyed, victory would surely be his and he would scour the surface clean and begin anew.

But even as the first salvoes flared, new vessels arrived out of the warp. Drawing on the ancient strategies of the old Legion, the Iron Council had embraced the Hammer and the Storm on a scale not seen since the Great Crusade. Only this time, the rousing of the Storm had fallen to the Iron Hands, and not their allies. Already engaged with the Iron Hands fleet, Deathshriek's grand armada was caught in disarray by a combined fleet of Brazen Claws, Iron Lords and the Sons of Medusa.

With Deathshriek's void-borne force adrift, the combined loyalist fleet rained obliteration onto the world below. To the Mordian populace, the bombardment must have seemed indiscriminate, but nothing could have been further from the truth. The doctrine of Hammer and the Storm had been pursued planetside as well as in the trackless void, the Iron Hands' assault calculated to stir the renegades and traitors into reckless deeds. What had seemed a faltering advance had merely paused while Techmarines laboured to erect void shields and reinforce the capitol's surviving bunkers. Thus the Iron Hands and those portions of the populace they deemed worthy of survival endured the firestorm. Their foes, caught in the open and drunk on the prospect of imminent victory, were not so fortunate. In a little over one standard hour's bombardment, the Chaos hold on Mordian was broken for the second and final time... at least, so far as histories record.

THE WARS OF IRON

The Iron Hands have won many campaigns and sent untold foes of the Imperium screaming into the void, yet the sons of Manus are apt to dwell on their defeats, and opportunities lost through the failings of the flesh. Nonetheless, theirs is a record of which any Chapter would be proud, and indeed is envied by many.

M30-M31 DAWN OF THE IMPERIUM *Rise of the Gorgon*

Ferrus Manus, the Primarch of the Iron Hands, is discovered amid the industrial ruins of Medusa. Named the Gorgon after a terrifying beast of local folklore, he establishes himself as the cold and unforgiving god-king of the Medusan clans. Once reunited with the Emperor, he does the same with his Legion, integrating them with the peoples of his adoptive home world and reforging them in his own image.

Strength Through Iron

The Iron Hands Legion win themselves a reputation as cold, merciless conquerors, and are pivotal in a number of major engagements during the Great Crusade. During this time, Ferrus Manus' doctrines of extreme efficiency and strength above all come to the fore, and the first instances are recorded of Iron Hands battle-brothers undergoing voluntary cybernetic augmentation to improve and strengthen the machines that are their bodies.

The Fall of Gardinaal

Ultramarines forces are mired in a brutal war of attrition in the Gardinaal System. The Legions of Ferrus Manus and Fulgrim, by now sworn brothers and close allies, arrive to assist Guilliman's sons. The war that follows is apocalyptic in its brutality, and the warlords of Gardinaal are crushed without mercy.

Unfolding Heresy

Horus reveals his treachery and plunges the nascent Imperium into a civil war more bloody and vast in scale than anything Humanity has faced since the darkness of Old Night. When news of the rebellion reaches Ferrus Manus, he is overwhelmed by fury, overriding the fetters of cold logic and self-restraint. He is slain at Istvan V, beheaded by the traitor Fulgrim.

M31-M33 THE AGE OF REBIRTH *A Broken Legion*

Terrible scars are left upon the Iron Hands' collective soul, and many among their number remain in denial about the death

of their Primarch. A new Iron Council forms to rule the Legion. Under their guidance, the Iron Hands score numerous peripheral victories during the Heresy, but play no part in the pivotal battles.

The Tempering

In the wake of the Heresy, the period known as the Scouring begins as the traitors flee Imperial justice. Iron Hands forces are drawn together on Medusa for the conclave known as the Tempering, where the Legion's path is set, for better or worse, for the next ten thousand years.

A Brotherhood Reforged

The Legions of the First Founding are separated into smaller Chapters in accordance with the Codex Astartes. The surviving clan companies of the old Iron Hands Legion are divided, with the Iron Hands retaining the ten great clans of Medusa for their own.

M34-M41 THE IRON PATH *The Moirae Schism*

The Iron Hands and their successors are caught up in the divisive Moirae Creed. Civil war on Medusa is averted only by exiling the Moirae acolytes, who would in time be recognised as a new Chapter: the Sons of Medusa.

The Occlusiad

The heretic servants of the Blind King plunge a whole segmentum into war. Despite doctrinal wrangling within the Iron Council, a strike force drawn from across the clan companies brutalises the Blind King's forces in battles collectively remembered as the Conflagration of Gold.

The Gaudinian Heresy

The Iron Hands are tested as never before by the twin threats of Iron Father Kristos' growing influence and the unfolding schemes of the Sapphire King.

M41 IMPERIUM NIHILUS *The Brimstone Heart*

The relic known as the Brimstone Heart is stolen from the Gorgon's Forge by the Kabal of the Bladed Lotus. Clan Company

Haarmek pursues the thieves and wreaks bloody slaughter upon them, only to lose the Brimstone Heart a second time to the Necron Trazyn the Infinite. Iron Captain Tyrrod is stripped of rank and duty for his failure, and embarks on the Silver Pilgrimage.

The Iron Crusade

Finding new purpose in dark days, the Iron Hands march to war with new determination. The Chapter initially focuses on securing the Medusan Reach, but swiftly pledges the bulk of its forces to the Stygius Crusade.

Contemptuous of the readiness their allies show to abandon the Stygius Sector to the forces of Chaos, the Iron Council launches its own Iron Crusade to preserve these vital worlds. They are joined in this endeavour by several successor Chapters, including the Brazen Claws and Iron Lords – although the Sons of Medusa pointedly never share an open battlefield with their forebears.

The Battle of Xalladin

Word reaches the Iron Council that the Brimstone Heart has been located in the Xalladin System. Clan Company Raukaan are detached from the Iron Crusade and ordered to retrieve the relic at any cost. Complications arise when it unfolds that the Brimstone Heart has since been employed as the power source for a planetary shield generator on Xalladin II, where the stranded Imperial Fists 3rd Company fight to save the last of the population from Waaagh! Boneskar. Determined, against all logic, to waste lives and resources defending the doomed Xalladini, the sons of Dorn refuse to countenance the Heart's removal.

As the Orks mass for a final assault, the two companies nearly come to blows – the argument only ending when the overtaxed relic detonates, destroying the shield generator. With the source of conflict removed, the two companies strike an uneasy truce, uniting with a Raven Guard relief force to defeat Waaagh! Boneskar. Thereafter, the relationship between Iron Hands and Imperial Fists is a strained one.







IRON FATHER MALKAAN FEIRROS

SOUL OF THE CHAPTER

No living Iron Hand can recall a time when Feirros' sardonic tones did not grace the Iron Council. Nor does any remember another wielding the axe Harrowhand during their Rite of Severance. The lopping of the left hand so that an augmetic fist may take its place is the moment in which a recruit truly becomes an Iron Hand, and makes for a most amaranthine memory.

Perhaps oddly for one so ingrained in the Chapter's most formative rituals, Feirros is considered something of a maverick by his peers upon the Iron Council. He clings to his emotions with a grip no less iron than that of his own left hand, and refuses all augmetics that might ease his transition into a life of pure logic. For Feirros, true wisdom lies in a balance between logic and emotion – a balance that forever eluded fallen Manus. Without the former, there can be no reason, and no certainty of the onward path. But to discard the latter, Feirros believes, is to lose all hope of intuition – an ephemeral concept that no machine has hope of embracing.

That Feirros yet holds the rank he does despite such borderline-heretical beliefs is proof positive of his achievements in the Chapter's service. It doesn't hurt that his old pupil Kardan Stronos – the current Voice of the Council, and Iron Hands Chapter Master – has often expressed similar views, having many times witnessed first-hand the perils to which a purely logical approach has led his brethren. Thus Feirros' brothers revere him for his service, and tolerate wry gallows humour which many of them no longer have the capacity to properly comprehend. Only the wisest realise that the balance Feirros has struck requires greater discipline, rather than less.

But such is the way of emotion: those who suppress it seldom understand its strength.

There are those amongst Feirros' peers who believe him a corrupting influence – a cog in the Chapter's mighty machinery that might yet bring the whole endeavour to a grinding halt. In truth, Feirros does not seek to overthrow the Chapter's long-held values, nor instil revolution in the augmetic hearts of his brothers – he has learnt too well the lessons of old for that. He desires only to serve as a counterpoint to a destructive instinct that has ever led the Iron Hands to seek false solace in the certainty of logic, and if he sways a handful of his battle-brothers to recognise this, then he is well-content. If the Iron Hands can any longer be said to have soul, that essence resides within Feirros.

Feirros' careful balance allows him to serve his Chapter in ways no other can. Following Clan Company Raukaan's near-destruction during the Skarvus Ambush, the Iron Council was minded to censure the Raukaan entirely as punishment for their weakness. Few of their number were prepared to speak in Raukaan's defence, for the facts of the clan company's failure were indisputable and the necessary tithe clearly laid out in Chapter doctrine. However, Feirros argued long and loud that the company be permitted to prove itself anew under new leadership. After all, was such not the way of all broken machines, that with but one flawed component replaced the entire mechanism could function again anew?

Ultimately, the staunchly conservative Iron Father Kristos aligned his voice with Feirros', though not out of agreement. Over the course of long decades, Kristos had come to view Feirros as a relic better suited to the waking sleep of a Dreadnought than to the living duties of Iron Father. He seized on Clan Raukaan's fate as a chance to prove Feirros' waning to the rest of the Iron Council – only to suffer apoplexy when it was decided that he himself, and not Feirros, would be responsible for reforging Raukaan from its battered shards. Too late, Kristos realised that Feirros had



goaded him, subverting emotions he struggled to conceal in order to achieve his victory.

Such deviousness was hardly the manner in which an Iron Hand – much less an Iron Father – was expected to comport himself, but Kristos could hardly denounce Feirros without also confessing his own failure of self-control. This was the first time that Kristos understood how Feirros' refusal to forsake emotion was strength, and not weakness. It was also the first time he acknowledged a grudging respect. Though the two could never be said to be friends, Kristos honoured Feirros' victory by working ceaselessly to shape Clan Raukaan into a force of which both could be proud. Alas, he failed to learn the lesson Feirros had endeavoured to teach and strove ever for the cold certainty of logic – in the end, his own inflexibility ushered him into the corrupting embrace of the Sapphire King.



When the Iron Hands received word that already-inducted battle-brothers could cross the Rubicon Primaris and become Primaris Space Marines, Feirros was amongst the first to volunteer. The Primaris' capabilities in battle were undeniable, and to him a clear demonstration of the capabilities of flesh. He welcomed the opportunity to vastly improve his strength and endurance without need for mechanical enhancement.

As Master of the Forge, Feirros has access to knowledge of the Omnissiah denied to all others in his Chapter, as well as access to arcane wargear and ancient relics. In addition to Harrowhand, he is armed with Gorgon's Wrath, a unique and devastating heavy bolter. In addition, his signum array enables him to support the battle-brothers around him, presenting them optimal targets and enemy weak points.

Feirros can often be seen leading the assault. Harrowhand arcs bright against the gathering darkness; his sonorous voice challenges the all-consuming roar of his servo-harness' armament. Where he treads, the Iron Hands fight with redoubled fervour, for even Feirros' detractors know that when death at last claims the indomitable Iron Father, an age passes with him.

THE KRISTOSIAN CONCLAVE

The period known as the Kristosian Conclave is a bleak chapter in the Iron Hands' history. Iron Father Kristos – growing ever more inflexible with age – sought to bend the Chapter fully to logical means, and logical means alone. Gaining support in the Iron Council, he came close to holding supreme command. This alone should have warned that something was amiss, for it went against the Tempering's primary decree. However, only Feirros and a handful of his proteges – Kardan Stronos amongst them – detracted.

Even as Kristos led the Iron Hands to crush the Gaudinian Heresy, the Chapter teetered on the brink of disaster. Too late, the Daemon known as the Sapphire King stood revealed as the architect of Kristos' ascension. Birthed in the psychic howl of Ferrus Manus' death, the Daemon had long been a hidden hand in the Iron Hands' affairs, goading them into spending away their humanity like coin. As Kristos drove the Chapter to demonise their wants and needs, the greater the hold their repressed emotions gained upon them. As war raged across Gaudinia Prime, the Sapphire King judged the Iron Hands ripe for harvesting and loosed his Daemons to the hunt.

Corrupted by their own repressed emotions, Kristos and his followers were poisoned from within. Passions they had long denied themselves manifested in a gruesome meld of fleshy growths and biomechanical extrusions as the Iron Hands swelled and mutated into twisted enginespawn one after another. The monstrous abominations turned upon their former brothers with gibbering binharic shrieks. Only those Iron Hands who heeded Kardan Stronos' exhortations to embrace and give vent to their rage – Feirros and Clan Raukaan foremost amongst them – were able to resist. Empowered by their unfettered wrath, Feirros and his fellows executed the revolting remains of their lost brethren before banishing the Sapphire King amidst a storm of optimised firepower and roaring flames. A hard lesson had been learned, one that the Iron Hands would never forget.

'It is as Master of the Forge Malkaan Feirros says: "A Titan is a mighty weapon of the Omnissiah, but without the fires of its reactor it is but cold, dead metal."

- Brother Urloch, Intercessor

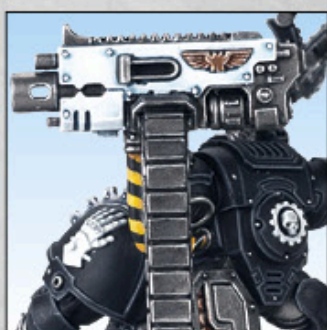
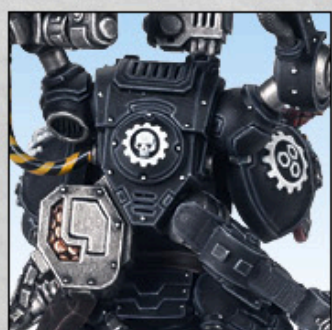
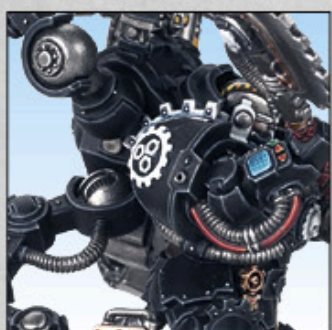


THE FLESH IS WEAK

The strike forces of the Iron Hands execute war clad in stark-black ceramite. Trimmed with enduring iron and their extensive bionics, they display the logical melding of man and machine. These pages show examples of stunningly painted Citadel Miniatures showcasing the cog-toothed insignia of the clans of Medusa.

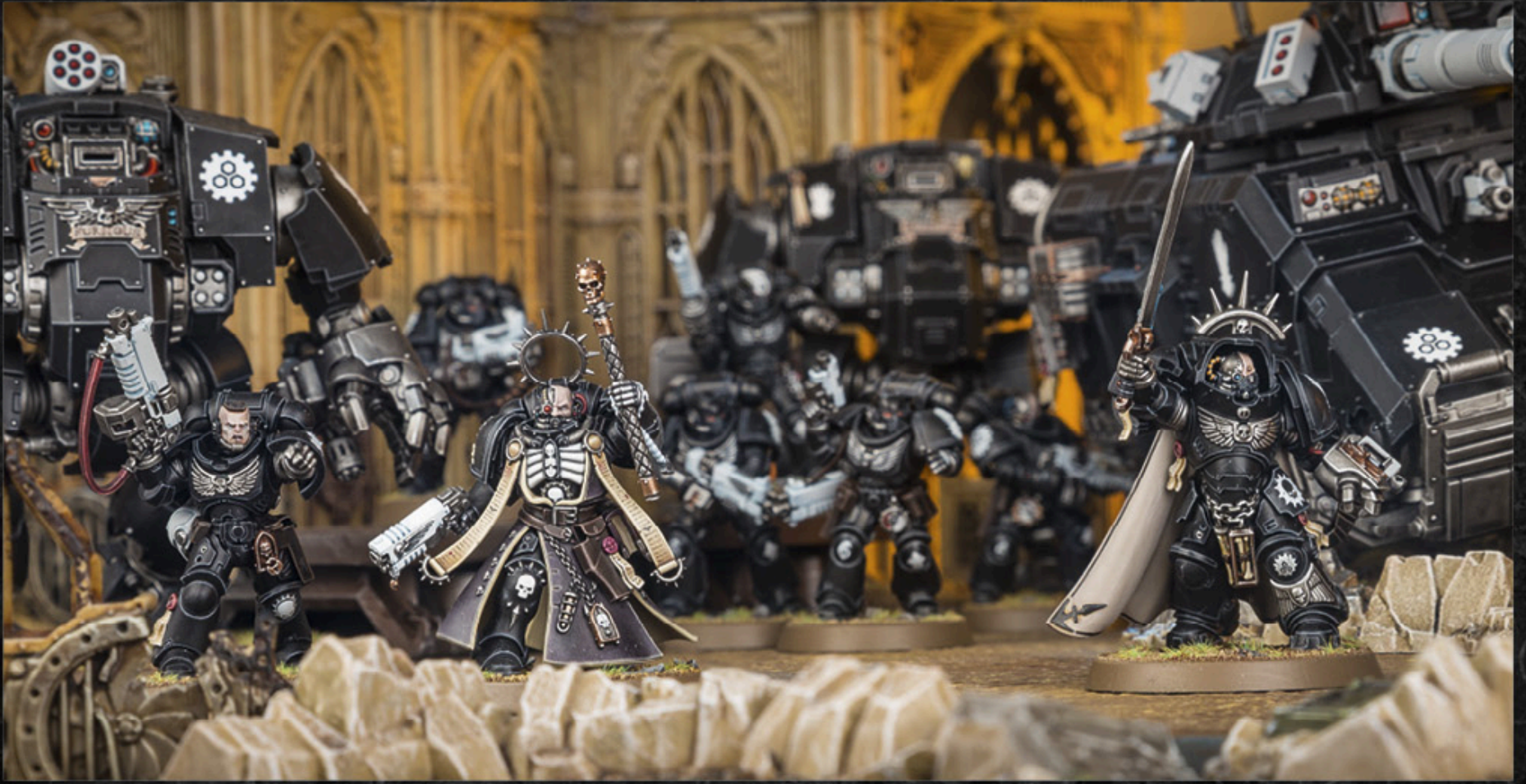


Iron Father Feirros

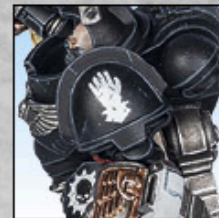
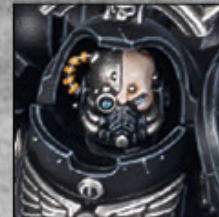




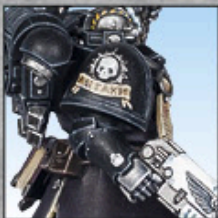
Iron Father Feirros leads the defence of a promethium refining plant upon Trentor Prime. The fires from the manufacturums continue to burn fitfully, but the cold and calculating precision of the Iron Hands is immutable.



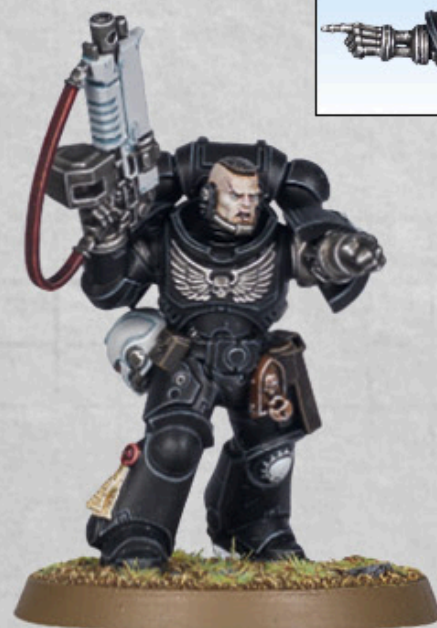
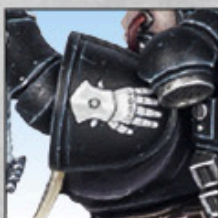
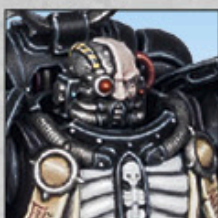
After many hours in the Simulus Chambers in which the Iron Hands assess the enemy's weaknesses, their officers lead from the front. The Iron Hands Chapter have employed such rational ideals for millennia, meting out death to the Imperium's foes time and again.



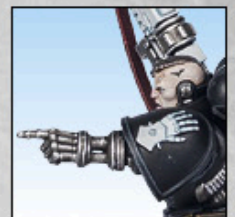
Captain in Gravis Armour



Primaris Chaplain

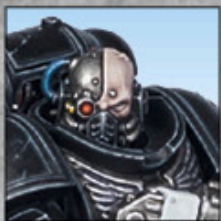


Primaris Lieutenant with master-crafted auto bolt rifle

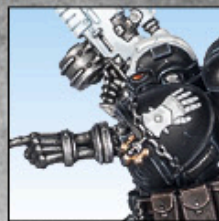




Intercessor with auto bolt rifle



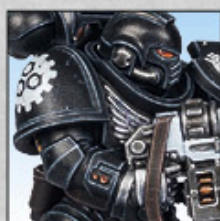
Intercessor Sergeant with bolt rifle



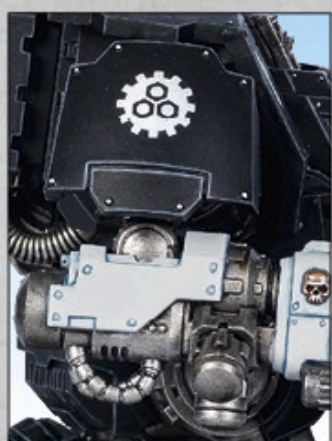
Intercessor with auto bolt rifle



Intercessor with auto bolt rifle

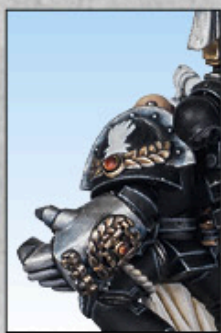


Intercessor with auxiliary
grenade launcher



Redemptor Dreadnought with macro plasma incinerator, Icarus rocket
pod, onslaught gatling cannon and fragstorm grenade launchers

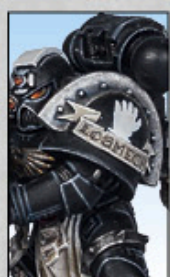




Sternguard Veteran Sergeant with boltgun and power fist



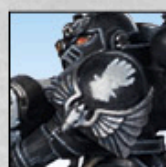
Sternguard Veteran with special issue boltgun



Sternguard Veteran with combi-plasma



Sternguard Veteran with grav-gun



Sternguard Veteran with heavy bolter



Brother Santos and the Sternguard Veterans of Squad Brakkan show the xenos of the T'au Empire the full wrath of the Ommissiah with their overwhelming firepower among the shattered manufacturums and thermic plasma coils of the factory world X'irtam.



Centuries of battlefield experience allow Brother Furnous to calculate a fatal flaw in the Alpha Legionnaires' charge. Sharing his data with Aggressor Squad Renik, they unleash a storm of fire upon the heretics among the armoured containers of Thannar Dock.



Aggressor Sergeant with auto boltstorm gauntlets and fragstorm grenade launcher



Aggressors with auto boltstorm gauntlets and fragstorm grenade launchers



Incursor





Repulsor Executioner with heavy laser destroyer



Guided by fierce machine spirits, armoured behemoths of the Iron Hands use their devastating weaponry to ruthlessly tear through the Orks' mechanical barbarity.



Hunter with skyspear missile launcher





Upon thrumming anti-grav fields, an Iron Hands Repulsor Executioner easily negotiates a cratered mining complex at the very frontiers of Imperial expansion, while its flank is covered by the unrelenting siege weaponry of a slab-fronted Vindicator tank.



Intercessor of the Sons of Medusa successor Chapter



Infiltrator of the Sons of Medusa successor Chapter



Reiver Sergeant of the Brazen Claws successor Chapter



Hellblaster of the Red Talons successor Chapter



Intercessor of the Iron Lords successor Chapter



Infiltrator of the Iron Lords successor Chapter

THE MACHINE ENDURES!

The strike forces compiled by the Iron Hands do not leave the elimination of their enemies to chance. To that end, they can include a huge variety of elite warriors, deadly armoured vehicles and advanced wargear tailored to exterminate any opposition. Below, you can see two example starting forces using collections of Citadel Miniatures.

The first collection below is formed around a core of five Intercessors. These potent warriors wield deadly weapons, and can shrug off injuries that would fell lesser fighters. They are led in their advance by Iron Father Feirros, a champion of the Chapter. He adds to the Intercessors' firepower with his own shots, and cuts down all but the most titanic of enemies up close. Though this force is compact, it is made up of elite fighters each capable of defeating foes many times their number. This collection can be fielded as a Patrol Detachment, as detailed in the *Warhammer 40,000* rulebook. The force is therefore Battle-forged and provides the player with Command Points, which can be spent on Stratagems; ploys that can turn the tide of battle.

The second collection, while also compact and led by Iron Father Feirros, represents a significant upgrade in tabletop strength. Feirros, two Redemptor Dreadnoughts and three Aggressors each wield numerous weapons, and are capable of destroying foes both at range and in the press of close assault. This force can be fielded as a Vanguard Detachment, contributing to the army's Command Point total.

These armies reflect just two ways in which the Gorgon's sons wage war. There are many other fantastic ways to start an Iron Hands army, each offering exciting painting and gaming challenges.



Iron Father Feirros brandishes the immense power axe Harrowhand as he leads an Intercessor Squad through an embattled industrial district towards distant mission objectives.



Melded with the controls of monstrously powerful Redemptor Dreadnoughts, the ancient warriors of the Iron Hands anchor the flanks of Iron Father Feirros' strike force, as Aggressors unleash a storm of fire against the enemy.



THE WRATH OF MEDUSA

As a collection of Warhammer 40,000 Citadel Miniatures is added to, it soon grows into a sizeable battlefield force. This impressive Iron Hands army, led by Iron Father Feirros, comprises both a Battalion and a Vanguard Detachment, and is an excellent example of how an Iron Hands collection can become a truly spectacular tabletop army.

This Iron Hands strike force, codenamed the Wrath of Medusa, was formed to combat a suspected xenos insurrection across the mining worlds of the Glassic Strait. Upon the tabletop, this stunning collection provides a wide range of tactical options and a blistering array of firepower, enough to defeat the greatest of opposing armies.

Squads Gremaldh, Draspekh and Nekurr are Intercessors. Their bolt rifles and auto bolt rifles never cease firing as they advance towards the enemy, capturing ground the enemy has abandoned and resisting all but the most devastating heavy weaponry.

Alongside them fight the Aggressors of Squad Agssek, eviscerating the enemy with fusillades of bolt shells and frag shrapnel.

Such is the import placed on this mission by the Iron Council that Iron Father Feirros himself leads the army. Bolstering his command are Captain Skornn and Lieutenant Kherrn, while Chaplain Ralguur intones precise litanies of hatred for their xenos enemies.

While the Intercessors and Aggressors advance on foot, Squad Tredhor's veterans use the Land Raider *Inescapable Ruin*. They advance within its inviolate hull, its heavy weapons carving a



path of destruction through the foe, before disembarking and unleashing their own weapons. The veterans of Squad Dhresbul, meanwhile, employ the swift Razorback *Rigid Clarity* to deploy where their experience can be put to optimum use.

Brothers Furnous and Santos, too, are veterans of the Chapter. From within the sarcophagi of their Redeptor Dreadnoughts, these warriors use the devastating weaponry at their command to eradicate any enemy who come near. Finally, the battle tanks *Iron Talon* and *The Gorgon's Roar* obliterate the stubbornest resistance with their violent weapons.

The army is Battle-forged, and so benefits on the tabletop from the special detachment rules available to Iron Hands, including the use of their Warlord Traits and Relics. This strike force grants the player a number of Command Points that can be spent on deadly Stratagems calculated to overwhelm the enemy.

1. Iron Father Feirros
2. Captain Skorrn in Gravis Armour
3. Primaris Chaplain Ralguur
4. Primaris Lieutenant Kherrn
5. Intercessor Squad, Squad Gremaldh
6. Intercessor Squad, Squad Draspekh
7. Intercessor Squad, Squad Nekurr
8. Aggressor Squad, Squad Agssek
9. Sternguard Veteran Squad, Squad Tredhor
10. Sternguard Veteran Squad, Squad Dhresbul
11. Redeptor Dreadnought, Brother Furnous
12. Redeptor Dreadnought, Brother Santos
13. Repulsor Executioner, *Iron Talon*
14. Vindicator, *The Gorgon's Roar*
15. Land Raider, *Inescapable Ruin*
16. Razorback, *Rigid Clarity*



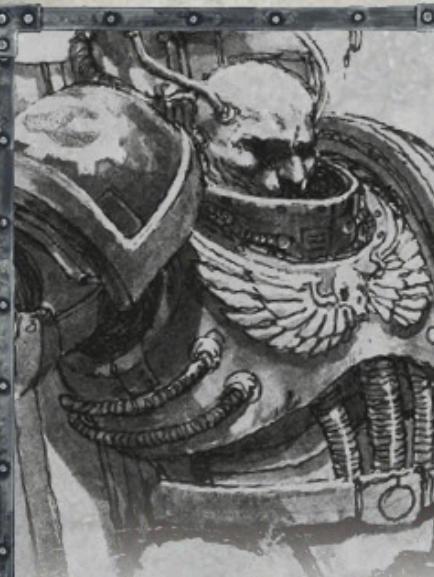
SOUL OF THE CHAPTER

This section contains the datasheet that you will need to fight battles with your Iron Father Feirros miniature, as well as points values for this datasheet. The datasheet includes the characteristics profile, wargear and abilities of Iron Father Feirros.

POINTS VALUES

If you are playing a matched play game, or a game that uses a points limit, you can use the following list and the lists in *Codex: Space Marines* to determine the total points cost of your army. Simply add together the points costs of all your models and the wargear they are equipped with to determine your army's total points value.

UNITS		
UNIT	MODELS PER UNIT	POINTS PER MODEL (Including wargear)
Iron Father Feirros	1	110



‘Feirros is the best of us: disciplined; resolute; loyal. In his centuries of service he has learned every lesson of combat – the data from which we all know. Thus are our wars driven by uncompromising logic and total confidence in victory.’

- Brother Barrgus Ghorrean





IRON FATHER FEIRROS

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Iron Father Feirros	5"	3+	2+	4	5	7	5	9	2+
Iron Father Feirros is a single model equipped with: bolt pistol; Gorgon's Wrath; Harrowhand; 2 servo-arms. You can only include one of this model in your army.									
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE		S	AP	D	ABILITIES		
Bolt pistol	12"	Pistol 1		4	0	1	-		
Gorgon's Wrath	36"	Heavy 3		5	-2	2	-		
Harrowhand	Melee	Melee		+3	-2	2	-		
Servo-arm	Melee	Melee		x2	-2	3	When the bearer fights, no more than one attack can be made with each servo-arm. When resolving an attack made with this weapon, subtract 1 from the hit roll.		
ABILITIES	Angels of Death (see <i>Codex: Space Marines</i>)						Artificer Bionics: When this model would lose a wound, roll one D6; on a 5+ that wound is not lost.		
	Signum Array: At the start of your Shooting phase, you can select one friendly IRON HANDS unit that is within 3" of this model. Models in the selected unit have a Ballistic Skill characteristic of 2+ until the end of that phase.						Rites of Tempering: Models in friendly IRON HANDS units have a 5+ invulnerable save whilst their unit is within 6" of this model.		
	Master of the Forge: When this model repairs a VEHICLE model using its Blessing of the Omnissiah ability, that VEHICLE model regains up to 3 lost wounds instead of up to D3.						Blessing of the Omnissiah: At the end of your Movement phase, this model can repair one friendly IRON HANDS VEHICLE model within 1" of it. That model regains up to D3 lost wounds. Each model can only be repaired once per turn.		
FACTION KEYWORDS	IMPERIUM, ADEPTUS ASTARTES, IRON HANDS								
KEYWORDS	CHARACTER, INFANTRY, MK X GRAVIS, PRIMARIS, IRON FATHER, MASTER OF THE FORGE, TECHMARINE, FEIRROS								



Hefting Harrowhand as Gorgon's Wrath pours fire into the enemy, Iron Father Feirros leads the charge.





SONS OF THE GORGON

In this section you'll find rules for Battle-forged armies that include **IRON HANDS** Detachments – that is, Detachments that only include **IRON HANDS** units. These include unique Warlord Traits, Stratagems, psychic powers and Tactical Objectives that help to reflect the tactics and strategies used by the sons of Ferrus Manus on the battlefield.

ABILITIES

If your army is Battle-forged, then in addition to the Detachment abilities gained from *Codex: Space Marines*, units in your army with the Combat Doctrines ability (see *Codex: Space Marines*) gain the Calculated Fury ability so long as, with the exception of **UNALIGNED** units, every unit from your army is an **IRON HANDS** unit or every unit from your army is from the same Iron Hands successor Chapter (see below).

CALCULATED FURY

The Iron Hands advance machine-like into battle. They are without mercy, and wage war with cold logic and calculated fury.

Whilst the Devastator Doctrine is active, models with this ability do not suffer the penalty for moving and firing Heavy weapons. In addition, whilst the Devastator Doctrine is active, when resolving an attack made with a Heavy weapon by a model with this ability, re-roll a hit roll of 1.

SUCCESSOR CHAPTERS

When you include an **ADEPTUS ASTARTES** unit in your army that has the **<CHAPTER>** keyword (see *Codex: Space Marines*), you must decide what Chapter that unit is from. Unless you choose one of the First Founding Chapters available to you (White Scars, Imperial Fists, Iron Hands, Ultramarines, Salamanders or Raven Guard), then your Chapter is a successor Chapter, and you should decide which of the aforementioned First Founding Chapters it is a successor of.

If the successor Chapter you have chosen is one established in the background of our publications, its founding Chapter will often be known (for example, the Red Talons Chapter is a known successor of the Iron Hands). If the successor Chapter you have chosen does not have a known founding Chapter but has the Inheritors of the Primarch Successor Tactic,

and you selected the Chapter Tactic of a First Founding Chapter, your chosen Chapter is a successor of that First Founding Chapter. Otherwise, choose a founding Chapter that best fits your successor Chapter's character.

If your Chapter is a successor of the Iron Hands, the following rules apply:

Warlord Traits

If your Warlord is a **CHARACTER** model from an Iron Hands successor Chapter, you can use the Iron Hands Warlord Traits table opposite to determine what Warlord Trait they have. Replace the **IRON HANDS** keyword in all instances in that Warlord Trait (if any) with your Warlord's **<CHAPTER>** keyword.

Chapter Relics

Iron Hands successor Chapters have access to the Special-issue Wargear Relics (pg 59); Relics of Medusa cannot be given to a **CHARACTER** model from a successor Chapter unless you use the Bequeathed by the Iron Council Stratagem (pg 61).

Stratagems

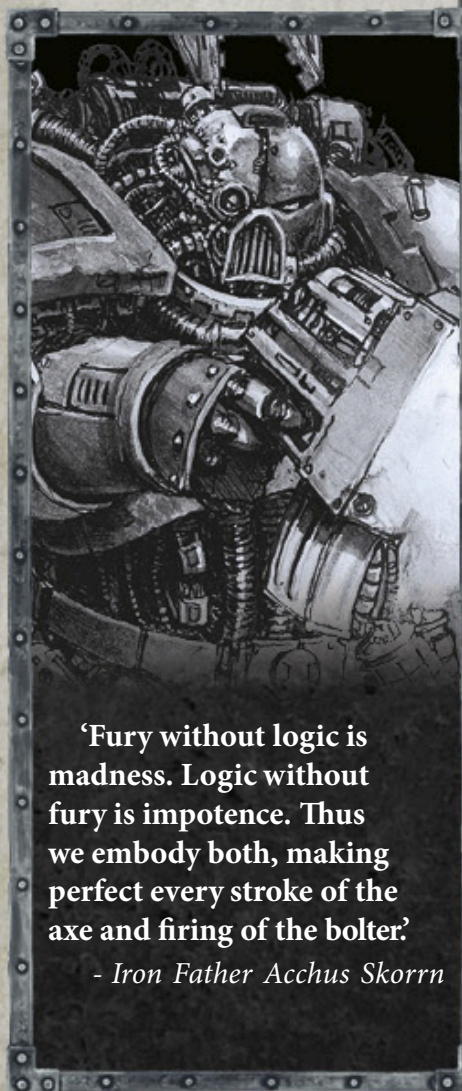
All units from Iron Hands successor Chapters are considered to have the **IRON HANDS** keyword for the purpose of using Iron Hands Stratagems.

Psychic Powers

LIBRARIAN models from Iron Hands successor Chapters can know psychic powers from the Technomancy discipline (pg 62) in the same manner as **LIBRARIAN** models in **IRON HANDS** Detachments. When such a model uses one of these psychic powers, replace the **IRON HANDS** keyword in all instances on that power (if any) with that model's **<CHAPTER>** keyword.

Tactical Objectives

Units from Iron Hands successor Chapters are considered to have the **IRON HANDS** keyword for the purposes of using Iron Hands Tactical Objectives.



'Fury without logic is madness. Logic without fury is impotence. Thus we embody both, making perfect every stroke of the axe and firing of the bolter.'

- Iron Father Acchus Skornn

WARLORD TRAITS

The lords of the Iron Hands are steeped in machine knowledge and take a relentless and methodical approach to warfare. Each command is absolute and every movement calculated to inflict the maximum possible damage on their unfortunate foes.

If an IRON HANDS CHARACTER model is your Warlord, you can use the table here to determine what Warlord Trait they have. You can either roll one D6 to randomly generate one, or you can select one.

1 ADEPT OF THE OMNISSIAH

This warlord is a master of both the art of war and the rites of the machine.

At the end of your Movement phase, this Warlord can repair one friendly IRON HANDS VEHICLE model within 1" of them. That model regains 1 lost wound. Each model can only be repaired once per turn. If this Warlord is a TECHMARINE, each time they use their Blessing of the Omnissiah ability, the model they are repairing regains D3+1 lost wounds instead of D3.

2 WILL OF IRON

Even under the most desperate circumstances, this warlord's will remains as unyielding as adamantium.

This Warlord can attempt to resist one psychic power in your opponent's Psychic phase in the same manner as a PSYKER by taking a Deny the Witch test, if this Warlord is within 24" of the enemy model manifesting that psychic power. If this Warlord is a LIBRARIAN, they instead can attempt to deny one additional psychic power in your opponent's Psychic phase.

3 ALL FLESH IS WEAKNESS

This warlord bears so extraordinary a number of cybernetic enhancements that there is little true flesh left.

When this Warlord would lose a wound, roll one D6; on a 5+ that wound is not lost.

4 STUDENT OF HISTORY

This warlord's knowledge of historic victories and defeats allows him to perceive unerringly when to fight on and when to withdraw.

When this Warlord consolidates, they can move up to 6" instead of 3", and do not have to end this move closer to the nearest enemy model.

5 MERCILESS LOGIC

To the Iron Hands, and this warlord in particular, mercy is for the weak.

When resolving an attack made by this Warlord, on an unmodified hit roll of 6 you can make one additional attack against the same unit using the same weapon. This additional attack cannot generate another attack.

6 TARGET PROTOCOLS

This warlord uses his advanced augmetics to distribute targeting data and direct the fire of his battle-brothers.

At the start of your Shooting phase, select one friendly IRON HANDS unit within 6" of this Warlord. Once that phase, when resolving an attack made with a ranged weapon by a model from that unit, you can re-roll the hit roll. Once that phase, when resolving an attack made with a ranged weapon by a model from that unit, you can re-roll the wound roll. Once that phase, when resolving an attack made with a ranged weapon by a model from that unit, you can re-roll the damage roll.



'There are those who call us cruel. For assessing the military value of those who cry for aid, for disdaining those too weak to look to their own survival, we are damned by countless bleeding hearts. Yet who truly is more cruel? He who saves only those who make him strong, or he who squanders his might in self-aggrandising mercy-missions and thus stands helpless when the enemy strikes their final blow? There can be only one logical solution to this cogitation.'

- Iron Father Karrsak

NAMED CHARACTERS AND WARLORD TRAITS

If one of the following characters is your Warlord, they must have the associated Warlord Trait shown below:

CHARACTER

Iron Father Feirros

WARLORD TRAIT

Student of History

RELICS OF MEDUSA

Each clan company of the Iron Hands maintains mighty forges within their mobile fortresses. Within these holy places, Iron Hands of all ranks work upon great artefacts of technology. The relics of the Iron Hands are not often ornate or decorative, but all are undoubtedly potent when brought to the battlefield by the warriors of the Chapter.

If your army is led by an **IRON HANDS** Warlord, you can give one of the following Relics of Medusa to an **IRON HANDS CHARACTER** model from your army instead of giving them a Relic from *Codex: Space Marines*. These are considered to be Chapter Relics for all rules purposes. Named characters (such as Iron Father Feirros) and **VEHICLE** models cannot be given the following Relics.

Note that some Relics are weapons that replace one of the model's existing weapons. Where this is the case, you must, if you are using points values, still pay the cost of the weapon that is being replaced. Write down any Relics your models have on your army roster.

THE AXE OF MEDUSA

The Axe of Medusa, said to have been forged by Manus' own hand, is held by the Iron Council and given to the Chapter's chosen war leader as a badge of office. For over three centuries this weapon has been wielded by Kardan Stronos, but when dispatching another champion of the Iron Hands on a vital mission, Stronos has been known to bestow it as a mark of favour and faith.

Model equipped with a power axe only. This Relic replaces a power axe and has the following profile:

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D
The Axe of Medusa	Melee	Melee	+3	-3	3

THE AEGIS FERRUM

Inspired by Cawl's new marks of battle plate, the Iron Fathers sanctioned the creation of the Aegis Ferrum. Forged by the combined effort of artificers hailing from every clan company, the armour's indomitable resilience is said to symbolise the Chapter's own.

PRIMARIS model only. Add 1 to the Toughness characteristic of a model with this Relic. When resolving an attack made against that model, reduce any damage inflicted by 1, to a minimum of 1.

THE MINDFORGE

Consisting of a web of psycho-circuitry that is relayed through the wearer's helm and gauntlets and into the force weapon they wield, this remarkable device possesses a rudimentary machine sentience. It bonds irrevocably with its host, augmenting their strength and optimising the blaze of psychic power that surges through their chosen weapon.

Model equipped with a force sword, force axe or force stave only. This Relic replaces a force sword, force axe or force stave and has the following profile:

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D
Mindforge-enhanced weapon	Melee	Melee	x2	-3	D3

BETRAYER'S BANE

This combi-weapon contains an auto-sanctified thermal generator that allows it to fire at an accelerated rate. Its case is inscribed with the name of every battlefield upon which it has slain warriors of the Emperor's Children, and serves as a potent symbol of vengeance.

Model equipped with a combi-melta only. This Relic replaces a combi-melta and has the following profile:

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D
Betrayer's Bane	When you choose this weapon to shoot with, select one or both of the profiles below. If you select both, subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made with this weapon.				
- Boltgun	24"	Rapid Fire 1	4	0	1
- Meltagun	12"	Assault 2	8	-4	D6
Abilities: When resolving an attack made with this weapon's meltagun profile against a target that is within half range, roll two D6 when inflicting damage with it and discard one of the results.					

THE IRONSTONE

This device is mag-clamped to the gorget of the bearer, where it gathers power from his armour, gradually awakening the cluster of potent machine spirits that lurk within its coldly glowing shell. When a nearby vehicle suffers battle damage, the Ironstone connects to the beleaguered machine, possesses its spirit and swiftly begins guiding repairs of the damage.

When resolving an attack made against an **IRON HANDS VEHICLE** unit within 3" of a friendly model with this Relic, reduce any damage inflicted by 1, to a minimum of 1.

THE TEMPERED HELM

The savant-processor within this helm filters incoming information and presents it in compartmentalised strategic sermons, granting a near-omnipotent level of instant battlefield cognition.

Whilst a model from your army with this Relic is on the battlefield, you can roll one D6 for each Command Point you spend to use a Stratagem; on a 5+ that Command Point is refunded. You can only have 1 Command Point refunded per battle round by this Relic.

THE GORGON'S CHAIN

This small augmetic module is fitted within its owner's armour, linking through his black carapace and extending monomolecular mechadendrites into his hearts. Thus connected, it draws power from its owner to generate a potent protective field that robs incoming shots of their strength.

A model with this Relic has a 4+ invulnerable save. When resolving an attack made with a ranged weapon against that model, subtract 1 from the wound roll.

SPECIAL-ISSUE WARGEAR

The Iron Hands have a proud tradition of crafting specialised weaponry and wargear that aid in the optimisation of their warriors' lethality. That many of their designs verge on technological heresy is a detail tacitly ignored by the Adeptus Mechanicus, who benefit greatly from the shared lore.

If your army is led by an **IRON HANDS** Warlord or a Warlord drawn from an Iron Hands successor Chapter (pg 56), you can give one of the following Special-issue Wargear Relics to an **IRON HANDS CHARACTER** model from your army, or a **CHARACTER** model from your army that is drawn from an Iron Hands successor Chapter, instead of giving them a Relic from *Codex: Space Marines*. These are considered to be Chapter Relics for all rules purposes. Named characters and **VEHICLE** models cannot be given any of the following Relics.

Note that some Relics are weapons that replace one of the model's existing weapons. Where this is the case, you must, if you are using points values, still pay the cost of the weapon that is being replaced. Write down any Relics your models have on your army roster.

ADAMANTINE MANTLE

These flowing cloaks are laced through with threads of braided adamantine. When combined with armour and energy fields, it has been shown time and again that these symbols of office are proof against even the very strongest attacks.

When a model with this Relic would lose a wound, roll one D6; on a 5+ that wound is not lost.

ARTIFICER ARMOUR

Crafted by the finest artificers of the Chapter, these ornately detailed suits of armour provide superior protective capabilities that rival even Terminator plate. All who set eyes upon the wearer know that an honoured champion of the Imperium stands before them.

A model with this Relic has a Save characteristic of 2+ and a 5+ invulnerable save.

MASTER-CRAFTED WEAPON

Where other Chapters labour long in the decoration of their finest blades and firearms, the Iron Hands care only for functionality. Of course, any who would denigrate the works of Medusa's skilled sons are soon silenced when the power of these weapons is unleashed.

When you give a model this Relic, select one weapon that model is equipped with (this cannot be a weapon whose profile includes the word 'master-crafted'). Add 1 to the Damage characteristic of that weapon. That weapon is considered to be a Chapter Relic.

DIGITAL WEAPONS

Digital weapons are concealed lasers fitted into finger rings, bionic implants or the knuckles of a power-armoured gauntlet – in the case of the Iron Hands they have been known to replace entire digits. Short-ranged and powerful, they are typically triggered in the midst of melee in order to blast the enemy from an unexpected angle.

When a model with this Relic fights, it can make 1 additional attack using the close combat weapon profile (see the *Warhammer 40,000* rulebook). When resolving that attack, if a hit is scored the target suffers 1 mortal wound and the attack sequence ends.

AUTO-MEDICAE BIONICS

Some of the most complex bionics grafted onto the sons of Ferrus Manus incorporate systems similar to an Apothecary's narthecium gauntlet. Rapid-suture applicators, hyper-adrenaline dispensers and the like render a warrior so augmented as to be almost indestructible.

If a model with this Relic has lost any wounds, at the start of your turn it regains up to D3 lost wounds.

TEETH OF MARS

The Iron Hands and their successors share a close bond with the Mechanicus of Mars. Those who show a particular affinity for communing with machines may be granted a cog-toothed chainsword bearing the sigil of the Omnissiah. Such blades were developed in concert between Mars and Medusa, and are believed to have been blessed by the Machine God to bring ruination to impure machines.

Model equipped with a chainsword only. This Relic replaces a chainsword and has the following profile:

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D
Teeth of Mars	Melee	Melee	User	-2	2
Abilities: When the bearer fights, it makes 1 additional attack with this weapon. When resolving an attack made with this weapon against a VEHICLE unit, this weapon has a Strength characteristic of x2 for that attack.					

HAYWIRE BOLTS

Containing implosive cores refined from Medusa's electro-conductive sagatellum ore and guided by auto-fulminatory machine spirits, these bolt rounds detonate with crackling blasts that exorcise hostile machine spirits and burn out cogitator circuitry.

When you give a model this Relic, select one bolt weapon (see *Codex: Space Marines*) that model is equipped with. When the bearer shoots with that weapon, you can choose for it to fire a haywire bolt. If you do, you can only make one attack with that weapon, but when resolving that attack, if it is made against a **VEHICLE** unit, an unmodified wound roll of 4-5 inflicts D3 mortal wounds on the target in addition to any other damage, and an unmodified wound roll of 6 inflicts 3 mortal wounds on the target in addition to any other damage.

FORTIS-PATTERN DATA SPIKE

The Techmarines of the Iron Hands and their successors have a much stronger affinity with the machine spirits of their weapons and vehicles than those from most other Chapters. Fortis-pattern data spikes allow these warrior-priests to commune directly with the machines, both to placate their spirits and to facilitate more efficient repairs.

TECHMARINE only. When a model with this Relic uses their Blessing of the Omnissiah ability, roll two dice when determining how many lost wounds are regained and discard one of the results.

STRATAGEMS

If your army is **Battle-forged** and includes any **Iron Hands Detachments** (excluding **Auxiliary Support Detachments**), you have access to the Stratagems shown here, and can spend **Command Points** to use them. These reflect the unique strategies used by the Iron Hands on the battlefield.

1CP

MERCY IS WEAKNESS

Iron Hands Stratagem

Logic dictates that, once a foe has been marked for destruction, the Iron Hands must not relent until the target is annihilated.

Use this Stratagem in your Shooting phase or the Fight phase, when an **IRON HANDS** unit from your army is chosen to shoot with or fight with. Select one enemy unit. Until the end of that phase, every attack made by a model in that **IRON HANDS** unit from your army that can target the selected unit must do so, but when resolving such an attack, an unmodified wound roll of 6 wounds the target unit twice instead of once.

2CP

WRATHFUL MACHINE SPIRIT

Iron Hands Stratagem

Carefully cogitated binharic prayers can focus a machine spirit's ire into near-obsessive hatred of its chosen target.

Use this Stratagem in your Shooting phase or the Fight phase, when an **IRON HANDS VEHICLE** model from your army is chosen to shoot with or fight with. Until the end of that phase, when resolving an attack made by that model, you can re-roll the hit roll.

1CP

METHODICAL FIREPOWER

Iron Hands Stratagem

Often inloaded via simulacra chambers before the battle even begins, pre-cogitated fire solutions aid inescapable accuracy.

Use this Stratagem at the start of your Movement phase if the Devastator Doctrine is not active. Select one **IRON HANDS** unit from your army. Until the start of your next Movement phase, when resolving an attack made by a model in that unit, the Devastator Doctrine is treated as being active in addition to the currently active doctrine.

1CP

SOULS OF IRON

Iron Hands Stratagem

What purchase can the madness of the warp find on the minds and souls of those who would make themselves machines?

Use this Stratagem in your opponent's Psychic phase, when an enemy **PSYKER** model manifests a psychic power within 24" of an **IRON HANDS** unit from your army (after any Deny the Witch attempt). Roll one D6; on a 4+ that psychic power is resisted.

1CP

SCION OF THE FORGE

Iron Hands Stratagem

The Iron Hands do not lack for optimised combat armaments, distributed to the most logical bearers before battle begins.

Use this Stratagem before the battle. Select one **IRON HANDS** model from your army that has the word 'Sergeant' in their profile. That model can have one of the following Special-issue Wargear Relics, even though they are not a **CHARACTER**: Master-crafted Weapon, Digital Weapons, Teeth of Mars, Haywire Bolts (pg 59). All of the Relics your army includes must be different and be given to different models.

1CP

MARCH OF THE ANCIENTS

Iron Hands Stratagem

More than one Iron Father in the Chapter's history has known the honour of ascending to a Dreadnought sarcophagus.

Use this Stratagem before the battle, after nominating a model to be your Warlord. Select one **IRON HANDS DREADNOUGHT** model from your army. That model gains the **CHARACTER** keyword; add 1 to the Attacks and Leadership characteristics of that model.

1CP

REJECT THE FLESH, EMBRACE THE MACHINE

Iron Hands Stratagem

By trusting in the ironclad gifts of the Omnissiah that stud their flesh, the Iron Hands can withstand even the most punishing attacks of their enemies.

Use this Stratagem in any phase, when an **IRON HANDS INFANTRY** unit from your army is chosen as the target for an attack. Until the end of that phase, when a model in that unit would lose a wound, roll one D6, adding 1 to the result if that model has the All Flesh is Weakness Warlord Trait. On a 5+ that wound is not lost.

1CP

VENGEANCE FOR ISSTVAN V

Iron Hands Stratagem

Memory fades, the details of betrayal eroding before the merciless winds of history's passage, but hatred is eternal.

Use this Stratagem in the Fight phase, when an **IRON HANDS** unit from your army is chosen to fight with. Until the end of that phase, when resolving an attack made with a melee weapon by a model in that unit against a **WORD BEARERS**, **IRON WARRIORS**, **NIGHT LORDS** or **ALPHA LEGION** unit, you can re-roll the hit roll.

2CP**ENGINE PURGE***Iron Hands Stratagem*

The deviant war engines of the foe are works of heresy in its most brazen form, for they offend the sight of Emperor and Omnissiah both. End them swiftly.

Use this Stratagem at the start of your Movement phase if the Devastator Doctrine is active. Until the start of the next battle round, when resolving an attack made with a Heavy or Grenade weapon by an **IRON HANDS** model from your army, on an unmodified wound roll of 6 add an additional 1 to the Armour Penetration characteristic of that weapon for that attack. You can only use this Stratagem once per battle.

1CP**THE GORGON'S RAGE***Iron Hands Stratagem*

When the smouldering rage of their gene-sire breaks its chains, the Iron Hands exchange logic for terrifying fury.

Use this Stratagem in the Fight phase, when an **IRON HANDS** unit from your army is chosen to fight with. Until the end of that phase, when resolving an attack made with a melee weapon by a model in that unit, add 1 to the hit roll. In addition, until the end of that phase, when resolving an attack made with a melee weapon by a model in that unit against an **EMPEROR'S CHILDREN** unit, add 1 to the wound roll.

1CP**COGITATED MARTYRDOM***Iron Hands Stratagem*

It is not a difficult sum for a warrior of the Iron Hands to cogitate, that his commanding officers' lives are worth more to the Imperium than his own.

Use this Stratagem at the start of the Shooting phase. Select one **IRON HANDS INFANTRY** unit from your army. Until the end of the phase, when a friendly **IRON HANDS CHARACTER** model within 3" of that unit would lose any wounds as a result of an attack made against that model, that unit can attempt to intercept that attack. Roll one D6; on a 2+ that model does not lose those wounds and that unit suffers 1 mortal wound for each of those wounds. Only one attempt can be made to intercept each attack.

1CP**MACHINE EMPATHY***Iron Hands Stratagem*

Some gifted warriors can understand and heal the agonies of war engines with great ease.

Use this Stratagem in your Movement phase, after an **IRON HANDS TECHMARINE** model from your army has used their Blessing of the Omnissiah ability. That model can use that ability again, and can repair a model that has already been repaired that turn.

1CP**PARAGON OF IRON***Iron Hands Stratagem*

This warrior has absorbed well the lessons his Primarch taught, and has mastered his Chapter's ways of war.

Use this Stratagem before the battle, after nominating an **IRON HANDS CHARACTER** model that is not a named character to be your Warlord. You can generate one additional Warlord Trait for them; this must be from the Iron Hands Warlord Traits table (pg 57). All of the Warlord Traits your army includes must be different (if randomly generated, re-roll duplicate results). You can only use this Stratagem once per battle.

1CP**OPTIMAL REPULSION DOCTRINES***Iron Hands Stratagem*

Pre-plotted and painstakingly cogitated defensive fire-patterns cut the onrushing foe to pieces.

Use this Stratagem in your opponent's Charge phase, when an **IRON HANDS** unit from your army fires Overwatch. Until the end of that phase, when resolving an Overwatch attack made by a model in that unit, a hit roll of 5 or 6 scores a hit. If that unit has the The Flesh is Weak Chapter Tactic, when resolving an Overwatch attack made by a model in that unit, a hit roll of 4-6 scores a hit instead.

2CP**MNEMONIC AUTO-SAVANT***Iron Hands Stratagem*

It is only logical that, if a successful military action brings the possibility of victory closer, then its belligerent repetition has a high chance of increasing that possibility.

Use this Stratagem at the end of the turn, after achieving a Tactical Objective, if an **IRON HANDS** Warlord from your army is on the battlefield. Do not discard that Tactical Objective: at the start of the next turn, it is once again active. You can only use this Stratagem if the mission you are playing uses Tactical Objectives. You can only use this Stratagem once per battle.

1CP**BEQUEATHED BY THE IRON COUNCIL***Space Marines Stratagem*

Should cogitation-choristry commend it, the Iron Council may bestow a relic of Medusa upon one of their successors for a time.

Use this Stratagem after nominating a model drawn from an Iron Hands successor Chapter to be your Warlord. You can give one Relic of Medusa (pg 58) to a **CHARACTER** model from your army that is drawn from an Iron Hands successor Chapter instead of giving them a Special-issue Wargear Relic (pg 59) or a Chapter Relic from *Codex: Space Marines*. If you do, replace the **IRON HANDS** keyword in all instances on that Relic (if any) with that model's <CHAPTER> keyword. You can only use this Stratagem once per battle.

TECHNOMANCY DISCIPLINE

The Librarians of the Iron Hands turn their attention to the manipulation of machines on a spiritual level. Able to commune with or attack the spirits of machines, as these warriors stride through the maelstrom of battle their foes find their weapons failing or Iron Hands war engines they thought disabled suddenly roused to fight again.

LIBRARIAN models in IRON HANDS Detachments can know all of their psychic powers from the Technomancy discipline instead of the Librarian or Obscuration disciplines (see *Codex: Space Marines*). Before the battle, generate the psychic powers for PSYKER models that know powers from the Technomancy discipline using the table below. You can either roll one D6 to generate each power randomly (re-rolling duplicate results), or you can select which powers the psyker knows.

1. BLESSING OF THE MACHINE GOD

The Librarian reaches out with his mind and binharically amplifies the anger of a nearby machine spirit, driving it to lash out at the enemy with renewed purpose.

Blessing of the Machine God has a warp charge value of 5. If manifested, select one friendly IRON HANDS VEHICLE model within 12" of this psyker (you can only select a TITANIC model if the result of the Psychic test to manifest this power was 8 or more). Until the start of your next Psychic phase, when resolving an attack made by that model, add 1 to the hit roll.

2. OBJURATION MECHANICUM

Extending their hand, the Librarian compels the enemy's equipment to betray them. Grenades spontaneously detonate, weapons backfire, and power cells overheat in a deadly fashion.

Objuration Mechanicum has a warp charge value of 7. If manifested, select one enemy unit within 18" of and visible to this psyker. Until the start of your next Psychic phase, when resolving an attack made with a ranged weapon by a model in that unit, on an unmodified hit roll of 1 that unit suffers 1 mortal wound after resolving that attack.

3. FURY OF MEDUSA

The psyker channels the might of Medusa's furious electrical storms, unleashing a leaping psychic gheist that surges through the enemy.

Fury of Medusa has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, select one enemy model within 18" of and visible to this psyker. Draw the shortest possible imaginary straight line, 1mm wide, between this psyker's base and that model's base. Roll one D6 for the selected model's unit and each other enemy unit that this line passes across, adding 2 to the result if the unit being rolled for is a VEHICLE. On a 4-5 the unit being rolled for suffers 1 mortal wound; on a 6+ the unit being rolled for suffers D3 mortal wounds.

4. PSYSTEEL ARMOUR

At the Librarian's command, warp energy flows in streamers from thin air and winds itself around his allies, glowing like forge-hot steel. The flowing psysteel coats the armour of nearby tanks or Dreadnoughts, or else wraps fellow warriors in a second skin capable of turning aside bullet and blade alike.

Psysteel Armour has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, select one friendly IRON HANDS unit within 12" of this psyker. Until the start of your next Psychic phase, when resolving an attack made against that unit, add 1 to the saving throw. Invulnerable saves are not affected.

5. REFORGE

Pressing his hand against rent vehicle armour, the psyker chants binharic incantations that urge the machine to repair itself. Wiring reknits, damaged energy cells are sealed and buckled armour flattens and reforms.

Reforge has a warp charge value of 5. If manifested, select one friendly IRON HANDS VEHICLE model within 3" of and visible to this psyker. That model regains up to D3 lost wounds.

6. MACHINE FLENSE

The psyker lashes out with his mind at an enemy war machine to shred its armoured hull. The strips of razor-edged shrapnel torn from the vehicle's iron flesh are hurled like daggers at a nearby foe.

Machine Flense has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, select one enemy VEHICLE unit that is within 18" of and visible to this psyker. That unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. You can then select one other enemy unit that was within 6" of and visible to that VEHICLE unit when this power was manifested. Roll one D6 for each mortal wound that VEHICLE unit suffered; for each 3+ the other selected unit suffers 1 mortal wound.



'To commune with the spirit of the machine as we do is to see its soul unlike any other can. Every Predator, Vindicator and Impulsor is a battle-brother, as eager to vanquish the foe as we.'

- Librarian Gryvuus Krohl

TACTICAL OBJECTIVES

The Iron Hands are equal parts heroic saviours of mankind and merciless killers. Through extensive use of bionics and driven by a legacy of bitterness and hatred, they bring death to their enemies in a cold, logical manner.

If your army is led by an **IRON HANDS** Warlord, these Tactical Objectives replace the Capture and Control Tactical Objectives (numbers 11-16) in the *Warhammer 40,000* rulebook. If a mission uses Tactical Objectives, players use the normal rules for using Tactical Objectives with the following exception: when an Iron Hands player generates a Capture and Control objective (numbers 11-16), they instead generate the corresponding Iron Hands Tactical Objective, as shown below. Other Tactical Objectives (numbers 21-66) are generated normally.

066 TACTICAL OBJECTIVE

- | | |
|----|------------------------|
| 11 | Methodical Destruction |
| 12 | Advance and Secure |
| 13 | March of the Machines |
| 14 | Destroy the Weak |
| 15 | The Strength of Metal |
| 16 | Cold Fury |

11

METHODICAL DESTRUCTION

Iron Hands

Utilise optimised fire patterns to destroy your targets.

When this Tactical Objective is generated, select up to three enemy units on the battlefield. Score 1 victory point for each of those units that was destroyed as a result of an attack made with a ranged weapon by an **IRON HANDS** unit from your army this turn. Score D3+3 victory points instead if all three units were destroyed in the same phase.

14

DESTROY THE WEAK

Iron Hands

The weakness of the enemy forces cannot be tolerated. Purge all trace of them from the battlefield with bolter and blade.

Score D3 victory points if at least one enemy unit was destroyed as a result of an attack made by any **IRON HANDS** models from your army during both the Shooting phase and the Fight phase of this turn.

12

ADVANCE AND SECURE

Iron Hands

Your objective has been identified; converge on the target coordinates and await further instructions.

Score 1 victory point if you control the objective marker closest to the centre of the battlefield at the end of your turn (if several objective markers are equally close to the centre, you achieve this Tactical Objective if you control any of those objective markers at the end of your turn).

15

THE STRENGTH OF METAL

Iron Hands

Look upon the strength of the machine and know for certain that the flesh is weak.

Whilst this Tactical Objective is active, keep a tally of how many times **IRON HANDS** models from your army would lose a wound that is subsequently not lost (e.g. due to the The Flesh is Weak Chapter Tactic or the Artificer Bionics ability). Score 1 victory point if this Tactical Objective is still active when the tally reaches 10.

13

MARCH OF THE MACHINES

Iron Hands

The honoured Ancients of the Chapter who have transcended their bodies of flesh shall lead us to victory.

Score 1 victory point if an **IRON HANDS DREADNOUGHT** from your army either finished an Advance move or charge move wholly within the enemy's deployment zone this turn.

16

COLD FURY

Iron Hands

The machine spirits have been roused to war – let the enemy feel their wrath.

Score 1 victory point if any enemy units were destroyed as a result of an attack made by an **IRON HANDS VEHICLE** model from your army this turn. Score D3 victory points instead if three or more enemy units were destroyed as a result of an attack made by an **IRON HANDS VEHICLE** model this turn.

‘Heretics. Stand against us and we shall crush you. Capitulate, and we shall purge you for your weakness. Flee from us and we shall pursue you untiring until you can run no further. Attempt to trick us, to outmanoeuvre or misdirect us and by our logic we shall see through your pitiful ruse. There is no version of events in which you survive what now comes...’

- Iron Father Feirros before the Scouring of Omshep

IRON HANDS NAME GENERATOR

The names of Iron Hands Space Marines owe much to the guttural clan dialects of Medusa. As with so much about this insular Chapter, many of their names appear ugly and strange to outsiders, yet to the Iron Hands themselves they convey layers of intricate meaning that they see no reason to share with those outside of their ranks. If you wish to randomly generate a name for one of your Iron Hands warriors, you can roll a D66 and consult the table below. To roll a D66, simply roll two D6, one after the other – the first represents tens, and the second represents digits, giving you a result between 11 and 66.

D66	NAME
11	Arrven
12	Gorloch
13	Shorrgol
14	Galorr
15	Dorrghun
16	Kaagos
21	Barrgus
22	Ghorrean
23	Orros
24	Gdolkin
25	Raastus
26	Ghaarshak
31	Dorrkol
32	Acchus
33	Nolkorr
34	Gryvuus
35	Maarkol
36	Storrgos
41	Varrdon
42	Torvokh
43	Kolgrimm
44	Lorrvus
45	Storrvim
46	Draak
51	Mascuus
52	Tarrvim
53	Nuurlech
54	Shaschuus
55	Hastiim
56	Josphuus
61	Skorrgok
62	Uhlkar
63	Norrvus
64	Krysstos
65	Phorrdun
66	Agaar

D66	NAME
11	Feirrus
12	Graevarr
13	Bannus
14	Lydriik
15	Terrek
16	Korvaan
21	Urloch
22	Rauth
23	Varrox
24	Xeriis
25	Shurrgar
26	Grymm
31	Kruyyvan
32	Dourr
33	Strakkh
34	Skorn
35	Brysek
36	Skarden
41	Krohl
42	Noxyn
43	Draskh
44	Shastak
45	Trakkus
46	Glorh
51	Hkathem
52	Duskhus
53	Trull
54	Laspykh
55	Korphaal
56	Jaigus
61	Bostohr
62	Rethavin
63	Naehr
64	Pystokh
65	Ghyros
66	Drasthin



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