

In the first of a new series telling the tales of the universe's most legendary characters, we take a look at Ahriman – the Primarch of the Thousand Sons, a man who seeks to control Chaos.

# HEROES & VILLAINS OF THE 41ST MILLENNIUM

## AHRIMAN OF THE THOUSAND SONS

And what are the achievements of your fragile Imperium? It is a corpse rotting slowly from within while maggots writhe in its belly. It was built with the toil of heroes and giants, and now it is inhabited by frightened weaklings to whom the glories of those times are half-forgotten legends. I have forgotten nothing, and my wisdom has expanded far beyond mere mortal frailties.

– Ahriman of the Thousand Sons

**A**hriman was among the foremost of the Thousand Sons when they set their feet upon the long path of learning the secrets of magic. Like his Primarch, Ahriman had become obsessed with arcane mysteries as he fought through the galaxy on the Great Crusade. He had encountered isolated cultures where magic had re-emerged as the dominant form of power after the machines had died. Magnus the Red's thirst for knowledge was imprinted into all of his sons, and they pursued the quest with equal fervor. Towards the end of the Great Crusade, the Primarch compiled a truly monumental tome of sorcery called *The Book of Magnus*, sometimes known as *The Book of the Thousand Sons*, filled with arcane lore from across the galaxy. As Chief Librarian, Ahriman was keeper of this book on the Thousand Sons' home world of Prospero, and he studied its inner mysteries extensively. His power gradually grew and expanded as he grasped the subtle nuances of magic discovered by wise men across the galaxy over millennia of study. Like all of the Thousand Sons, Ahriman came to believe that the untapped power of the Warp could be harnessed for the good of Mankind. Only weakness of mind and spirit prevented ordinary men from controlling the Warp utterly.

Over time, the most powerful and influential of the Legion's brethren began to think of themselves as sorcerers, and they devoted more time to uncovering the mystical secrets of the universe than to fighting the Emperor's wars. But the Emperor could



not tolerate the gradual shift of the Thousand Sons towards Chaos. He knew that no man, not even a Primarch, could master Chaos. The Legion's warning that his most trusted Warmaster was plotting against him seemed to confirm the Emperor's worst fears that the forces of Chaos had insidiously corrupted the whole Legion and now sought to fragment the newborn Imperium.

The Emperor unleashed the Space Wolves Legion on the Thousand Sons' tranquil home world of Prospero. Ravening, grey-armored assault squads of Blood Claws seized Prospero's neglected orbital lasers and missile batteries within hours of arriving. Thereafter, the Thousand Sons were almost bombarded out of existence. Delicate towers of vast antiquity were smashed to rubble by energy beams from above. Vast libraries of incalculably precious works burned beneath a rain of fusion fire. Stunned by the magnitude of their betrayal, the Thousand Sons saved what they could and fled, breaking through the Space Wolves' blockade in their surviving ships to seek sanctuary with the Warmaster.

The Thousand Sons soon dedicated themselves to Tzeentch, the Power of Chaos who is the greatest master of magic. He became their patron God, and as they fought their way through the Heresy, Magnus and the Thousand Sons used their dedication to Tzeentch to avoid the deeper corruption suffered by the other Traitor Legions. After Horus's defeat, the Thousand Sons escaped to the Eye of Terror. Only then did the other aspects of their patron's nature begin to reveal themselves to the Thousand Sons.

The first visible signs were the grotesque mutations that began to manifest themselves among the battle brethren. Ahriman and the other sorcerers were even more horrified when some of their own number began to warp and change. They had failed to master Chaos - instead Chaos was mastering them.

Ahriman was determined that the long path to knowledge they had trodden would not end in madness and abomination. He formed a secret conclave consisting of many of the most powerful sorcerers that had resisted the insidious spread of mutation. Secretly, he began to study the Book of Magnus again, seeking some way to prevent the Legion devolving any further. In time, he prepared the Rubric of Ahriman, a spell so potent that it would unleash forces far beyond the control of the sorcerers. If it worked, the Legion would be rendered immune to the warping effects of Chaos.



*The Thousand Sons prepare to exact vengeance on their enemies - the Space Wolves.*

The cabal of sorcerers refused to help Ahriman at first, but when Magnus was elevated to the ranks of Tzeentch's Daemon Princes, it became clear that the last vestiges of humanity were being driven from the Thousand Sons. Soon they would be nothing but mewling Chaos Spawn robbed of all their hard-won knowledge and power; the destruction of their home world and the Heresy would have all been for nothing. At last, the sorcerers agreed to join their power together, and a terrible cataclysm of magic was summoned about the Planet of the Sorcerers.

It is said that even the Daemons fled before the roaring maelstrom of magic that Ahriman and the others sent against their world. Crackling clouds of multicolored energy descended from the skies and enveloped the great silver towers of the Thousand Sons. Forking bolts of blue and yellow lightning struck down the corrupted Space Marines one after another. No sorcerous protection or physical defense could keep the powers at bay. The storm of magic raged for an eternal night, which could have lasted days or centuries, until finally Magnus himself used his unearthly powers to end it.



Knowing he had little time, the Savant hurriedly tapped his 37-digit identifier into the ancient cogitator. He glanced at the door to ensure that it was locked, and then turned back to the machine. The green light of its brass-framed pict slate danced across his anxious, hooded face.

Accessing archives that fewer than a score of men in the Imperium could penetrate, the Savant began his search, pulling together scraps of information, reports, and logs – anything linked to the subject of his inquiry: Inquisitor Czevak.

He soon found that all mention of Czevak had been purged from every Imperial database, but he had not spent over half a millennium hunting down blasphemers and traitors without learning something of the nature of information. The arrogant believe they can purge the networks of the taint of a name, but the enlightened know that information strives to be free, as a virus seeks to replicate. So it is that a scrap of data will lurk in the darkest corners of ancient logic-stacks. Sometimes data would become physically isolated from the vast logistaria of the Imperium as they were archived in hard form, only to be retrieved by a Servitor or Acolyte many years later and unknowingly released once more to spread throughout the networks.

"The information is here," muttered the Savant with another nervous glance at the door. "I know it's here." Lines of text sped

across the pict slate, the Savant's implanted cyber-engrams absorbing it all at a rate no normal human could hope to match. His hands danced across the keys as he isolated certain scraps of information and requested entry to deeper and deeper levels of the archives. Soon, he could see a picture emerging. First came a transcript of Inquisitor Czevak's address to the Conclave of Har in which he claimed to have penetrated the secrets of the legendary Black Library. Next, an oblique reference to The Stern Codex, a body of knowledge Czevak clearly had an interest in. So too, it seemed, did others, and soon the Savant sensed a taint within the information; like a sheen of oil on the surface of a stream, there was an almost indiscernible hint that something was not as it appeared.

Pausing briefly and cracking his knuckles, the Savant took a deep breath and glanced around before connecting a multistranded, purity-sealed cable from the socket at his temple to the cogitator. Closing his eyes, he muttered a prayer to the Emperor before diving headlong into the polluted logister stream.

The lit candles in the chamber flickered, though no breeze could penetrate its sealed environs.

Fully immersed in the omniscient logister network, the Savant was almost overwhelmed by the weight of ten millennia of raw, unprocessed information. The data he sought came to him in a flood now, events and names filling his consciousness: The Black Library, the xenos Eldar, the Traitor

Legions. He halted the flow when he discovered mention of an incident on the outskirts of the Eye of Terror, described

by the Astropath who logged the report as a "psycho-temporal event of unparalleled magnitude." The Black Legion. The Guardians of Ulthwé.

Diving deeper, he uncovered another vein that caused him to halt in shock. The Arch-Traitor, Abaddon the Despoiler, a beast who had caused the Imperium untold grief since he first led his Black Crusades from the Eye of Terror ten millennia past. Movements and incidents in the vicinity of the Eye came into sharp focus; a pattern was emerging.

The candles were extinguished, though the Savant was too deeply immersed to pay them any heed.

Czevak was a key; he possessed knowledge that another craved. One searched for him, a schemer, a manipulator, a servant of the Changer of the Ways. With a start, the Savant saw the Eldar Webway through which the Black Library may be entered, and he saw that someone was working to gain entry to it. This manipulator stood at the side of Abaddon the Despoiler, assisting him in some great, terrible endeavor, though he did so purely to further his own ends.

In a moment of clarity, the Savant saw the ruin of the Imperium in sharp relief. He unplugged the cord and became suddenly aware of the cold, dark chill that had entered the chamber.

"The Gate. The Despoiler. The Fields of Unbelief. The Traveler. The Hidden Way. The Manipulator. Oh God Emperor, protect us..."

Behind him, a multihued shimmer appeared in the air and resolved itself into a massively armored, humanoid form.

The Savant turned, met the gaze of the figure, and knew instantly that this man was the being whose machinations he had glimpsed behind the tainted data flow.

"Ahriman."

The figure raised an archaic pistol, and a single shot filled the chamber with its thunderous report. The Savant slammed back against the cogitator, the bolt round passing straight through his frail body and destroying the machine in a shower of sparks. Every surface of the small room ran with the Savant's lifeblood as his failing eyes took in the sight of the intruder standing over him. Before dying, the Savant heard a distant, echoing whisper as the figure dissolved and was gone.

"The way is indeed hidden old man, but no longer from me."







In the aftermath, it was clear that the Rubric of Ahriman had both surpassed his expectations and failed horribly. Those of the Thousand Sons with sorcerous powers had either survived and had their knowledge and powers greatly augmented, or they had been utterly destroyed.

The battle brethren whose powers had been slight or nonexistent had been changed. Their armor was sealed shut as if every clasp and joint had been welded together. Inside the heavy shell of ceramite and adamantium, the physical bodies of the Chaos Space Marines had been reduced to handfuls of dust, but their spirits remained, trapped inside their battle armor for all eternity. They had been reduced to little more than automata, but Ahriman was satisfied - the physical corruption of the Thousand Sons had been halted even if it was at a terrible price. The Cyclopean eye of Magnus soon fell upon Ahriman and his cabal as the culprits. The Daemon Primarch was furious and summoned Ahriman and the others before him in order to destroy them utterly. However, as Magnus raised his fist to crush the unrepentant sorcerers, Magnus heard a distant, sibilant voice: "Magnusss, you would smash my pawns too readily."

Tzeentch, Changer of the Ways, had guided the plot to its fruition for his own purposes. Who can say what the most enigmatic of the Chaos Powers planned to bring about? Whatever the Dark God's reasoning, Ahriman had been an unknowing puppet. Magnus was secretly pleased by the arcane skills

exercised by his followers. But still, they had to be punished, and so the Daemon Primarch banished Ahriman and the others from the Planet of the Sorcerers for all eternity. He doomed them to



*Ahriman of the Thousand Sons*

wander the Eye of Terror and beyond in an eternal search for perfect understanding.

Over the millennia, Ahriman has sought out magical artifacts, ancient arcane books, talented psykers, and any aspect of sorcerous knowledge or power. He has led raids specifically to acquire such things, even going as far as to attack museums and the private collections of antiquarians, much to the mystification of his victims. In many instances, magical artifacts are acquired by local Chaos cults, and

Ahriman merely comes to take them away, together with any humans who might make promising servants. It often comes as an unpleasant surprise to a cult's magus to find that his efforts to summon help from the Thousand Sons merely result in losing his sorcerous artifacts and most of his coven.

Untouched by the warping influence of Chaos these ten thousand years, Ahriman still believes that Chaos can be mastered with knowledge and cabalistic strength. Deep in his black heart, Ahriman believes that he can find the final pieces of the puzzle within the hidden dimensions of the Black Library of the Eldar. The Eldar fear him greatly and live in terror of him finding his way into the ancient labyrinth of the Webway. Somewhere within its secret ways lies the Black Library, a vast repository of arcana from across space and time that details the Realm of Chaos.

Most recently, Ahriman has been following the psychic spoor of Inquisitor Czevak, one of the few humans to have entered the Black Library and lived. Should Ahriman succeed in capturing Czevak, there would be little the Inquisitor could do to conceal the path to the Black Library from Ahriman. He would hold the keys to the vast accumulated wisdom of the Eldar race about Chaos. Such knowledge would make Ahriman a new and deadly God.



Chem-master, Primogenitor, Manflayer - Fabius Bile is known as many things in the Warhammer 40,000 universe. As our new series continues, we turn our focus towards a man who claims to have unlocked the secrets of the creation of the Emperor's Primarchs.

# HEROES & VILLAINS OF THE 41ST MILLENNIUM

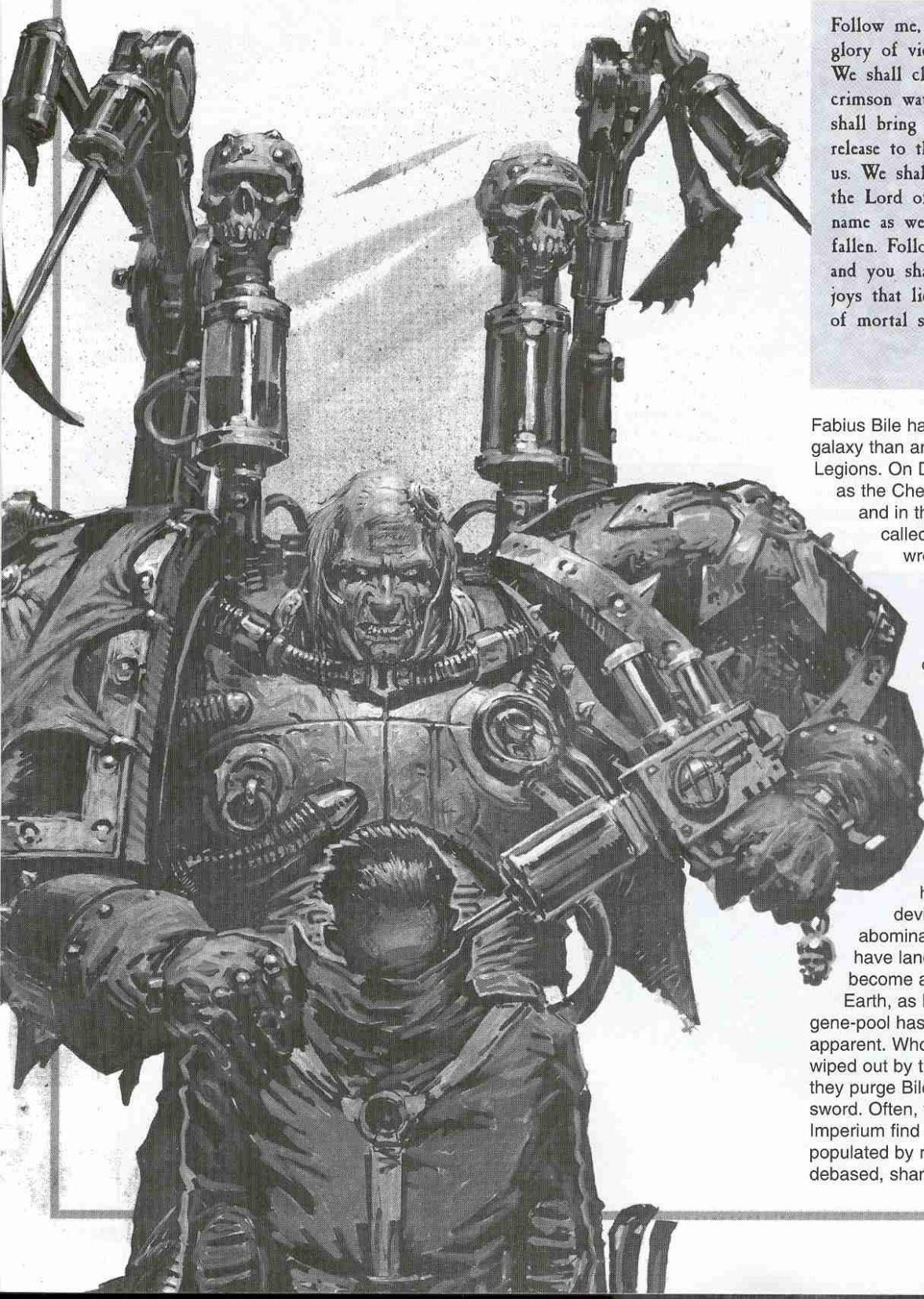
## FABIUS BILE, PRIMOGENITOR OF THE TRAITOR LEGIONS

Follow me, my children, and the glory of victory shall be yours. We shall cleanse ourselves in the crimson waters of the enemy. We shall bring the ecstasy of quick release to those who stand before us. We shall give bloody praise to the Lord of Pleasure and sing his name as we dance across the fallen. Follow me my children, and you shall taste the undreamt joys that lie beyond the bounds of mortal sense.

Fabius Bile

Fabius Bile has traveled the more of the galaxy than any other lord of the Traitor Legions. On Dimmamar, he is known as the Chem-master; on Arden IX and in the Bray system, he is called Manflayer; to the wretched tribes living among the ravaged hives of Paramar V, he is the Clonelord. He calls himself "Primogenitor," claiming that he has unlocked the secrets of the Emperor's work in the creation of the Primarchs and the first Space Marines.

Every planet that Bile has contacted can attest to his alchemical knowledge and skills, for he has left a trail of foul deviants and twisted abominations wherever his ships have landed. His name has become a curse to the Adeptus of Earth, as his pollution of Mankind's gene-pool has become ever more apparent. Whole populations have been wiped out by the Adeptus Astartes, as they purge Bile's creations with fire and sword. Often, the Space Marines of the Imperium find once-civilized planets populated by ragged hordes of debased, shambolic monsters.





However, in several battles, the Emperor's Space Marines have encountered fierce resistance from a hardened cadre of enhanced humans that fight with the strength and cunning of devils. These altered spawn of Bile's experimentation exhibit strength, speed, and intelligence many times higher than the human norm and are depraved, psychotic killers. These are Bile's proudest creations, the pinnacle of his arts, the New Man he would see spread throughout the galaxy: fickle, selfish, obsessive, aggressive, treacherous, and murderous. Each of Man's worst traits has been bred into these creatures and married with the psychology of a tyrant and the strength of a madman. Even the Inquisition does not know how many of these abominations have escaped into the galaxy but does know that they are almost impossible to locate until their incipient psychosis sends them on a manic killing spree.

Bile is a renegade from even his own Legion. He held the position of Lieutenant Commander of the Emperor's Children at the time of the Heresy. The Emperor's Children invaded Earth with Horus but took little direct part in the fighting around the Imperial palace. Instead, they descended upon the civilian population of the Administratum, the complex infrastructure of clerks, bureaucrats, curators, and menials who coordinated the efforts of the far flung Imperium. Whole families of staid scribes and haughty prefects fleeing the battle zone were hunted down by the Emperor's Children and incarcerated in dreadful conditions. More than a million prisoners were rendered down to supply an array of stimulants and intoxicants for the corrupt renegades as they sought ever wilder pleasures.

Perhaps it was at this time that Fabius Bile started along the dark pathway that would bring such woe to populations of entire planets. He was certainly foremost in experimenting on living prisoners and kept them alive in their torment for weeks at a time. Even amid the carnage of the Heresy, his fascination was with life, not death. Bile aided the Emperor's Children as they slipped further into the embrace of Slaanesh. He altered their brain chemistry to sharpen their senses and connected their pleasure centers to their nervous systems so that any stimulus would bring them unholy joy. However, as the Emperor's Children lost themselves in sensuality, Bile moved further and further from them.

Bile left Earth before Horus's defeat and was accompanied by a handful of altered followers. He moved through the war-torn Imperium from planet to planet and system to system and offered his assistance to the rebel forces in



Another settlement falls to Bile and his Black Legion cohorts.



RECOVERED EXTRACTS FROM THE PAGES OF  
THE GRIMOIRE MUTATIO CURATUS

# THE FORBIDDEN WRITINGS OF FABIUS BILE

## ON NEOPHYTE ZYGOTE IMPLANTATION AND THE RITES OF TRANSMUTATION

Each of the Legions has now nominated aspirants seeking to throw themselves upon our mercy in the vain hope that we may deem them worthy to join our ranks. Those loyal to the shrunken corpse on Terra still cling to their own processes by which perhaps one in a hundred neophytes may survive to become a battle brother. The methods I have developed over the last millennia are more stringent, for we must be pure in our hatred and hard of heart, body, and soul. Fewer than one in every thousand survive, and I strive each day to lengthen these odds still further.

Where the loyalist lackeys may take but a short span of years to complete the zygote implantation process, I will draw the process out for as long a period as the aspirant may bear. The strongest of subjects will assert the power of his will upon the process itself, thus speeding the transformation: these aspirants by far make the most promising initiates.

The exact implantation procedure depends upon the Legion by whom I am employed, as I have striven for these long millennia to maintain the individual purity of each. While some Legions are missing certain zygotes, and others suffer to varying degrees from mutation and degeneration, each Legion seeks to maintain the genetic link to its Primarch.

The Night Lords display the purest of gene-seed in terms of resistance to mutation, yet the gene-stock passed down by the Primarch Konrád Curze is characterized by extremely pale skin and jet-black hair. This peculiarity of the Night Lords' Melanchrome and Mucranoid glands is as much part of them as their delightful capacity for pain and torture.

In contrast, the mighty Black Legion is highly prone to physical mutation due to their voluntary hosting of all manner of daemonic entities. On the orders of Abaddon, I have taken steps to ensure the continued survival of the Legion in the face of the potentially disastrous effects of this symbiotic relationship. Utilizing the prize recovered by the Iron Warriors at Hydra Cordatus, the Despoiler and his Legion shall soon stand superior to even the Astartes of old.

Other Legions are affected by mutation to varying degrees.

The Iron Warriors, the embittered sons of Perturabo, suffer from an asynchronous Biscopoea gland, which makes them prone to occasional minor deformations of the limbs. They routinely substitute mutated extremities with cybernetic replacements. The Thousand Sons were so affected that Ahriman was forced to invoke his Rubric.

Each of the Legions reveres the gene-seed passed down from its creator, and in many ways, the smallest of flaws defines the strengths of the Legion.

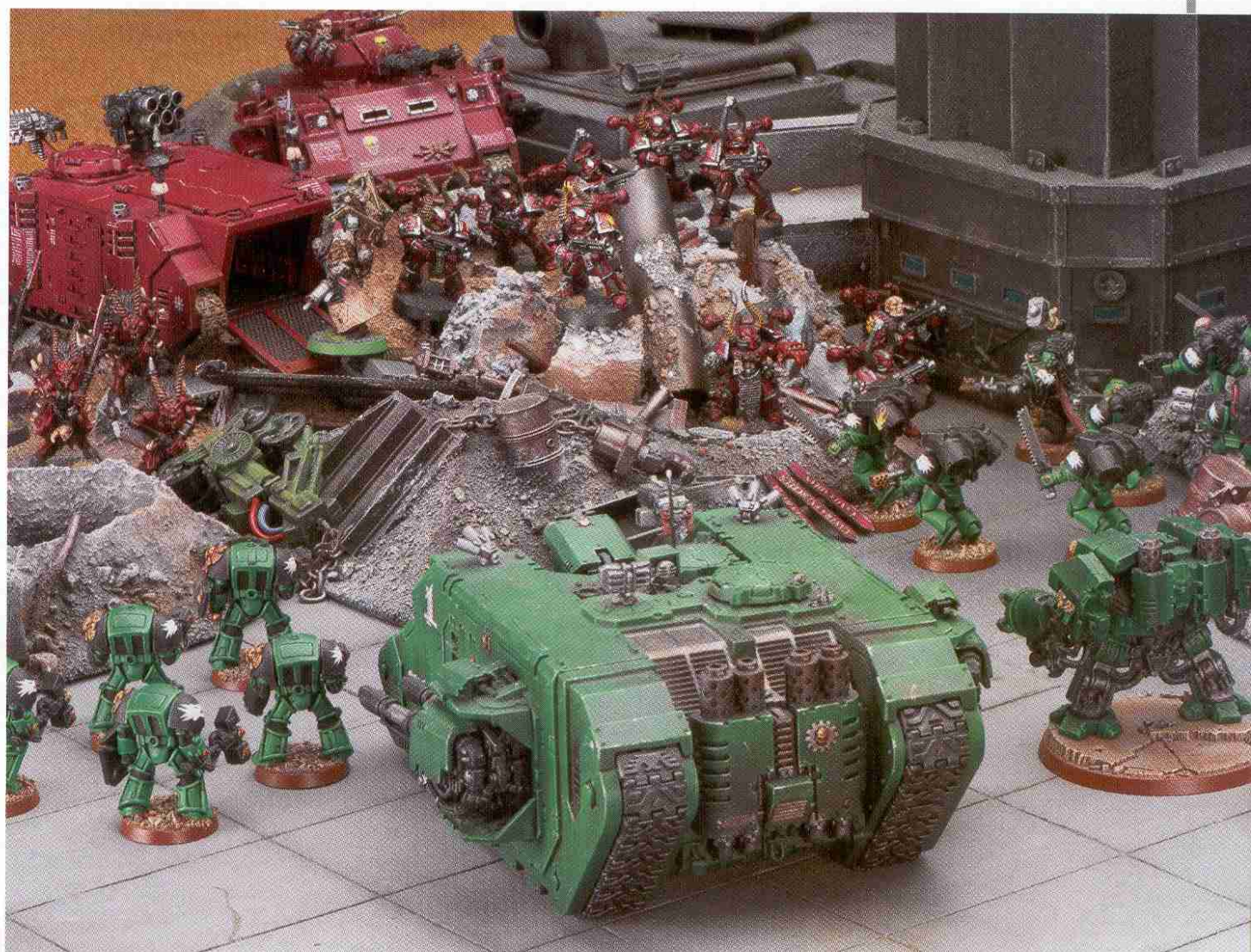
## ON GENE-SEED RECLAMATION

I now hold within my grasp the very secret of gene reclamation! For seven centuries now, the Emperor's Children Legion has suffered a gradual wasting of the Catalepsean node, the implant that allows a Space Marine to endure long periods with little or no rest, induced by the sheer potency of the toxic stimulants imbibed by the members of the Legions over the millennia. This affliction takes the form of hallucinatory episodes and periods of extreme paranoia triggered whenever the subject attempts to sleep. At first, the Emperor's Children welcomed this new experience, for there exists within its ranks a cult that encourages its effects. However, for the remainder of the Legion and for new aspirants, such an affliction is undesirable. Following the capture of a scout belonging to the feeble Space Wolves Chapter and the subsequent extraction of his Catalepsean node and Progenoid gland, I have synthesized a serum for a course of corrective therapy, which can be applied to any subject bearing the Primarch Fulgrim's gene-mark. It appears that the Canis Helix of the Space Wolves is able to counter the negative effects experienced by the Emperor's Children, due perhaps to the pitiable predominantly nocturnal metabolism of the Sons of Russ. To date, few Emperor's Children have opted for the treatment, as most prefer to explore every new experience to its very limit.

## ON GENOMANCY

At the heart of my reclusium, sealed behind wards of unbreachable power and guarded by the finest of my Praetorians, lies the means by which Chaos shall win the long war against the False Emperor. Through forbidden ceremonies not attempted in aeons, I have called forth and bound a power from the Warp, a composite being of mutated flesh and primal spirit. This being serves but one purpose; it is no more than a massive, bloated womb, within which I have cultivated the next generation of our kind. The process is fueled by the sacrifice of the Progenoid glands of our erstwhile Brethren in the weakening "loyal" chapters. Even now, as I create these creatures to swell the ranks of the Legions, those forces go forth into the Imperium of Man to bring down the Emperor's lackeys. What delicious irony that their very deaths shall fuel our own rebirth!





*Fabius Bile makes his escape from Arden IX, as his Word Bearers allies attempt to halt the oncoming Salamanders.*

Fabius Bile, as his atrocities and acts of mass genocide often repelled even their own supporters. Nonetheless, the assistance that Bile could offer was potent. His sera could transform mediocre defense troopers into ravening super soldiers, or he could use the black technology of cloning to mobilize thousands of "perfect warriors" within a matter of months.

But all the spawn of Bile's experiments could not hold back the furious tide of loyalists that boiled outward from ravaged Terra. Retribution finally caught Bile in the Arden system, where he was supporting the excesses of the renegade Lord Tyrell in exchange for fetal material. The Adeptus Astartes plummeted down upon the corrupted world of Arden IX like fiery angels of vengeance. The flesh refineries and cloning vats burned in a single night before the righteous fury of the Space Marines of the Salamanders Chapter, and Bile had to flee once more. This time, Bile barely escaped with his own life; his ship was crippled by an Imperial

Gothic Class Cruiser as he fled once more into the dubious safety of the Warp.

Like much of the flotsam of warp space, Bile's vessel was drawn into the Eye of



*The sinister presence of Fabius Bile*

Terror. He drifted there for an age, until, by chance or by design of some Dark God, his ship was caught in the gravity well of an ancient Daemon World. Once this planet had harbored the brilliant, scintillating civilization of the Eldar before their spectacular fall from grace. Now it was a crone world of twisted darkness and crawling madness. Here, Bile made his new home.

He soon discovered that the shattered Traitor Legions in the Eye of Terror had desperate need of his services. They needed cloned warriors and slaves by the score, but most of all, they needed the precious progenoid gene-seed organs to create more Space Marines so that they could attack the Imperium with renewed vigor. Fabius Bile eventually negotiated a delicate position with the Traitor Legions. They each needed his services, but he refused to aid any one Legion more than any other. In this way, his safety has, thus far, been assured.





This month, *Heroes & Villains* takes a look at one of the greatest heroes the Imperium has ever produced: Logan Grimnar. He is a man who, over the centuries, has earned the respect and trust of his men and those of almost every other Chapter of the Adeptus Astartes.

# HEROES & VILLAINS OF THE 41ST MILLENNIUM

**WOLF LORD LOGAN GRIMNAR OF THE SPACE WOLVES**



Logan Grimnar,  
Bloody-handed warrior.  
He piles the skulls of his enemies.  
He builds a mound of the fallen.  
His foes weep rivers of woe.

Logan Grimnar,  
The strong wolf of the pack,  
His sword hungers for red flesh.  
His guns thirst for battle.  
He laughs amidst the battle-din.  
Logan Grimnar, father of wolves,  
His sons hunt his enemies.  
Slay them where they falter.  
And bring their pelts to Fenris.

taken from  
"The Saga of Logan Grimnar"

**O**f all the Chapter Masters, Logan Grimnar is the most belligerent and headstrong. He is the latest in a line of Space Wolf Masters that stretches back to the Great Crusade and the time of the Space Wolves' Primarch, Leman Russ. He is also one of the Imperium's oldest and most renowned warriors. He has an immense martial pride and tolerates no interference in the running of the Chapter by any outside authorities. He is more willing than any other Chapter Master to fight for autonomy.

Logan's suspicion of other Imperial organizations, including other Space Marine Chapters, runs deep, and with good reason. Ever since the Age of Apostasy, the Space Wolves have been wary of the intentions of others and have had numerous clashes with

the Ministorum of Terra. This cunning and fierce old man has led the Space Wolves for over 500 years and has earned the nickname "Old Wolf." Five hundred years is a long time even for a Space Marine, many of whom live for several centuries. During this time, Logan has willingly and fervently led his Great Company and the forces of his fellow Wolf Lords in open battle against the forces of other Imperial organizations whose actions he deemed threatened the Space Wolves and their thinly scattered domains. These confrontations have led many to accuse Logan of heresy, treason, and fostering genetic deviancy within the Chapter. However, more than any other Chapter, the Space Wolves stand ever ready to fight the foes of the Emperor.



## THE SPACE WOLVES

The Space Wolves are one of the most famous of all the Space Marine Chapters, and their name and deeds are known throughout the galaxy. The Space Wolves were one of the original 20 Space Marine Legions, founded by the Emperor over 10,000 years ago.

From these times, there are few details of any certainty. It was a time of legends. It was an age of war. Such records as were made have not survived, and only later did chroniclers of the Administratum describe the bloody events of those days. The Imperium was rent by a terrible civil war, commonly known as the Horus Heresy after the Warmaster that led half of the Space Marine Legions in rebellion against the Emperor. According to their own tradition, the Space Wolves were pivotal in one of the early campaigns in this war, when the entire Legion attacked and devastated the rebel Thousand Sons Space Marines on their homeworld of Prospero. The superhuman Primarch of the Thousand Sons, the cyclopean giant Magnus the Red, is said to have fought against the equally superhuman Space Wolves Primarch, Leman Russ, while all around, the rival Space Marines battled for supremacy. Eventually, the Thousand Sons gave way, and Magnus the Red fled with what remained of his forces.

For 10,000 years since the end of the Horus Heresy, the Space Wolves have continued to serve the Emperor faithfully and with honor. The Chapter has endured ages of constant battle. It has survived times of anarchy within the Imperium and periods of occasional isolation from Earth. The Imperium itself has weathered crises from within and without, but at times, it has been deeply riven by rebellion or

divided by invasion. On other occasions, tumultuous warp storms have stranded parts of the galaxy for hundreds of years. Through all these years of mixed fortune, the Space Wolves have held true to the vow of Leman Russ to serve the Emperor, though not always in ways that the High Lords of Terra might have approved. As many administrations have found to their cost, the one way you can guarantee to get the Space Wolves to do something is to order them not to do it.

This headstrong attitude means that the Space Wolves have fought in more conflicts and campaigns than any other Space Marine Chapter - so many in fact, that it would be impossible to describe at any length the wars fought by the Space Wolves over their 10,000-year history. Indeed, not even their own extensive records give a full account.

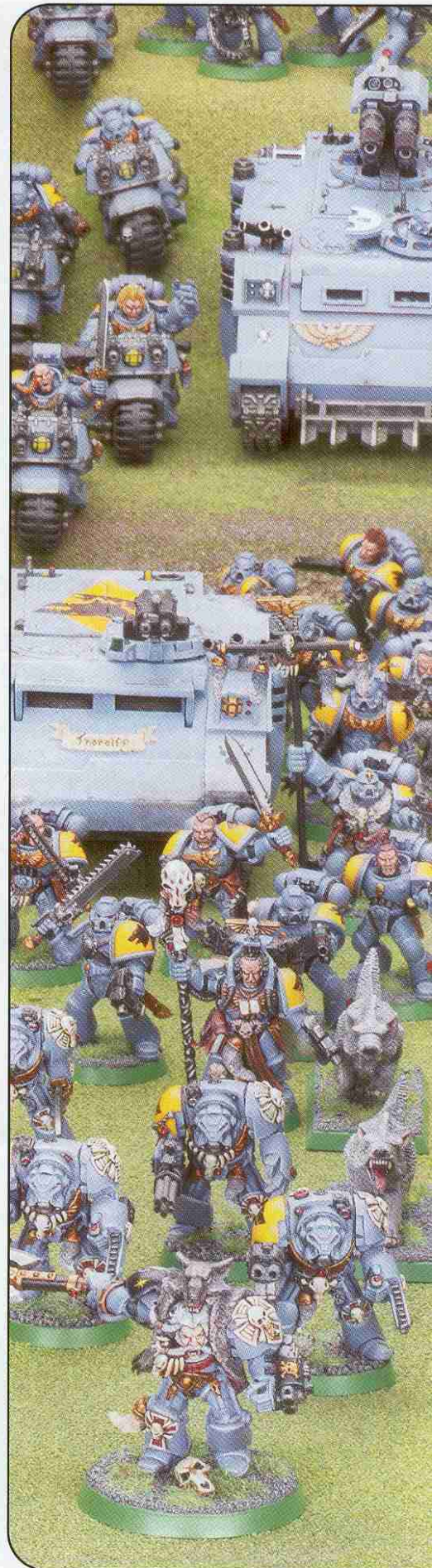
Legends tell of fierce battles fought against the Chaos Space Marines after the Horus Heresy. However, no formal history of those times has survived. Some of the Chapter's earliest history is preserved only in the form of epic sagas, tales of heroism composed by Fenrisian bards at the courts of the Wolf Lords.

Such tales form an important part of the Space Wolves' tradition, and it is in this form that all Space Wolf warriors habitually recall the deeds of the past. There are many thousands of these sagas. Some seem so improbable as to be pure invention. However, most contain a germ of truth, and all are accepted for what they are - a fitting testament to the heroes of the past.

Led by Logan's wisdom and encouraged by his renowned thirst for battle (which many of his supporters claim equals that of the legendary Leman Russ himself), the Space Wolves have defeated many threats from without and within the Imperium. The majority of the Imperial commanders within the sectors surrounding Fenris are grateful to be under the Old Wolf's watchful eye. A large and powerfully built warrior, Logan Grimnar towers above even his own Wolf Lords. His great mane of hair is grey and coarse, and his beard stretches to his waist. Like all older Space Wolves, his canine teeth have grown into substantial fangs.

Logan Grimnar's rise through the ranks of the Space Wolves began many years ago, and now only one living Space Marine remembers him as a young Blood Claw. Ulrik the Slayer, greatest of the Wolf Priests, witnessed the rise of Logan Grimnar and accompanied him during many of his greatest exploits, fighting every imaginable kind of foe, from brutal, unforgiving Orks to the foul abominations of Chaos.

Logan Grimnar has fought battles in space as well as upon the surface of planets and has led expeditions into the Eye of Terror to attack the Chaos Space Marine Legions. It was upon one such expedition that he acquired the Axe







The rune stones clattered across the rough-hewn wood of the feasting table and filled the dark, lonely room with echoes. Logan Grimnar regarded the wizened features of Gretrir the Rune Priest as he studied the meaning of the casting. Grimnar cared little for the vagaries of fortune telling but knew better than to test the patience of the man who had made their study his life's task by interrupting him.

At length, Gretrir looked up, meeting the steady gaze of the Great Wolf. "Once more the runes tell of dire events my lord. Once more the Enemy approaches the Gate."

Grimnar cast his mind back to the war against Chaos on Armageddon. The conflict had seen him lead the defense of an entire world against the filth that had vomited forth from the Eye of Terror, led by Angron, Daemon Prince Primarch of the World Eaters Traitor Legion. That war had seen the millions-strong horde rampage across the surface of the Hive world and reduce an entire continent to ashes. Only with a terrible cost in lives was Angron stopped, and the rebuilding of Armageddon took generations to complete.

As if he read the Great Wolf's mind, Gretrir spoke against the crackling roar of the hearth. "Aye, my Lord, Armageddon was Hell itself. But what I see in these stones makes the First War for Armageddon seem like a drunken scrap among Blood Claws."

"Speak on, old friend, for you know I have sworn before the Gates of Morkai that I will not allow what happened at Armageddon to be repeated."



Gretrir knew that Grimnar spoke of the atrocities committed by the Administratum in the aftermath of the war as much as the horrors perpetrated by the forces of Chaos during it. Deemed tainted by Chaos, the survivors were dispatched to forced-labor camps where they lived out their miserable lives in brutal slavery. Only Grimnar had spoken out against this injustice, but his words had fallen upon deaf ears.

He stared at the rune stones scattered between them. "I was always a poor student of the stones. Speak their meaning plainly."

"See, here," said Gretrir as he indicated a group of stones that lay close to the table's edge, the glow of the fire glittering from their polished surfaces. "These indicate the sū, the horde. 'Op ke' means 'to attack,' and the configuration suggests in great strength."

Grimnar's blood began to rise as he pictured the servants of the Ruinous Powers intruding once more on the Emperor's domains. His proud warrior spirit railed against the thought, and with a grunt of disgust, he slammed his fist down upon the heavy table. The runes leapt several feet into the air before coming to rest once more.

Grimnar made to sweep the runes from the table with a backhanded gesture, but Gretrir's vice-like grip caught his arm before he could do so.

The pair froze – gazes held for a tense moment – before Gretrir indicated with a glance that his lord should look down at the runes.

Grimnar's steely gaze left the Rune Priest and took in the new pattern of the runes.

"Damn it, priest, I would have you tell me plain the riddles you read."

Gretrir ignored his master's fit of pique and ascribed it to the distaste a dyed-in-the-wool warrior always feels towards matters as abstract as rune-casting. He released his grip on the Wolf Lord's arm and indicated three runes that had landed together behind the main mass.

"The Ulfhedinn," Gretrir said, and it seemed to the pair that the fire crackling in the hearth died down as the word left the Rune Priest's lips.

Comprehension dawned in the Wolf Lord's eyes as he recalled the teachings of the Rune Priests and other, whispered sagas that only the most senior of the Chapter were permitted to hear.

"The Lost – they return?" asked Logan.

"Aye, my Lord. For good or for ill, the Were-kin shall once more stalk the domains of Man."





Logan leads his company into battle against the Space Wolves' mortal enemies, the Thousand Sons.

Morkai, taken as a trophy from a defeated Champion of Chaos. This weapon has been reforged by the Iron Priests but still glows darkly with the power of Khorne, the bloodthirsty God of Chaos. It is engraved with the symbol of Morkai, the double-headed wolf guardian of the Gates of Death.

Logan's exploits are known throughout the Imperium. He is one of the great heroes of Mankind, whose image is universally recognized and respected, and his conquests span the galaxy. Many human worlds owe their existence to his might, and on several planets, he is hailed as a savior and patron. Every year, prayers are offered up in his name on a dozen worlds. To this day, tributes continue to arrive at Fenris from grateful planetary lords, and the Old Wolf remains possibly the most highly respected and best loved warrior in the entire galaxy. Only enemies of Mankind fear his name and curse the warrior who has driven them to defeat and despair.



Logan Grimnar

	Points/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Grimnar	250	6	5	4	4	3	5	4	10	2+

**A** Space Wolves army of 2,000 points or more may include Logan Grimnar. When you include him in your army, he counts as one of the army's HQ choices. He must be used exactly as described here and may not be given extra equipment or Wargear. In addition, he may only be used in a battle when all players have agreed beforehand to allow the use of special characters.

**Wargear:** Terminator armor, storm bolter, wolf tooth necklace, wolf tail talisman, wolf pelt, the Axe Morkai, Belt of Russ.

### SPECIAL RULES

**The Axe Morkai:** Logan carries the Axe Morkai, a fearsome weapon taken from a defeated Chaos Champion and reforged into the image of Morkai, the guardian wolf at the Gates of Death. Morkai is a master-crafted weapon that Logan can choose to use either as a frost blade or as a power fist. He can choose to split his attacks between the two different weapon types; for example, he can make two of his attacks as frost blade attacks and two as power fist attacks.

**Legendary Leader:** Logan Grimnar is a name that instills fear in the hearts of the enemies of the Imperium. Because of his reputation, Logan can, once per battle, call on all those nearby to redouble their efforts and attack with all their might. When he does so, all friendly models within 12" of Logan, whether they belong to the Space Wolves or not, get a +1 Attack bonus for the rest of the turn. Note that Logan can make this call during the opponent's turn if desired.

**Wolf Guard Bodyguard:** A Wolf Guard bodyguard may accompany the Wolf Lord. See the Wolf Guard entry in the army list for details.



This month, *Heroes & Villains* tells the story of Cypher. Wherever Cypher goes, trouble is never far away. Held in equal measures as the thorn in the side of the Dark Angels and as their only savior, Cypher and his fellow Fallen Angels' cursed history is a famous legend.

# HEROES & VILLAINS OF THE 41ST MILLENNIUM

## CYPHER, THE FALLEN ANGEL

"I know not if he represents the greatest threat or greatest hope for the future of the Imperium. I only pray we stop him before we find out."

Inquisitor Bastalck Grim

Cypher is an enigmatic and sinister character. He appears as if from nowhere, brings death and destruction with him, and then vanishes just as abruptly as he appeared. Strangely, it is rare that Cypher himself instigates the violent acts that invariably occur when he is present. Rather, he seems to act as a catalyst who fans any feelings of hatred or mistrust into a raging, uncontrollable fire.

Cypher rarely speaks. When he does so, his tones are clipped, and his words few.

No one knows his real name, and no one in living memory has dared ask him what that name might be. However, the occasional glimpse of the dark power armor beneath the long robes that Cypher wears indicates, without a doubt, that he is one of the Fallen. In many ways, he epitomizes the fate of the Fallen Dark Angels, cursed to wander time and space, never able to return home.

The Fallen Dark Angels originated in the dying days of the Horus Heresy, when Lion El'Jonson, Primarch of the Dark Angels Space Marines, returned to his home world of Caliban. As the unsuspecting ships of Jonson's fleet moved into orbit, they were met by a devastating barrage of defense laser fire. Stunned by the attack, Jonson withdrew and attempted to find out what had happened on his home world.

A captured merchant ship soon provided the answer. When Lion El'Jonson left Caliban to take part in the Great Crusade, Luther, his second in command and life-long battle brother, was left in charge of the remainder of





*Cypher and his Black Legion cohorts blast their way through a Dark Angels blockade.*

the Legion. Despite the importance of Luther's position, it was not one that suited his ambitious personality, and soon his role as planetary governor of some half-forgotten backwater world seemed more and more like an insult to him. The seeds of jealousy grew until Luther became a man obsessed, whose own neuroses pushed him over the edge. He became easy prey for the Chaos Gods, who used their terrible powers to make Luther one of their followers and dangerous beyond imagining. Using his renowned oratorical skills, Luther convinced the Dark Angels under his command that they had been shamed and that the Emperor had turned his face from them. Luther instilled his own Chaos-fueled feelings of jealousy in the Dark Angels who were left on Caliban during the Great Crusade. When Jonson returned, these feelings erupted in open rebellion.

The fury of Jonson and the loyal Dark Angels at this terrible betrayal knew no bounds. Jonson himself immediately led an attack against Luther's headquarters. What followed was a fight of titanic proportions during which the two equally matched adversaries struck blow upon blow against each other. The battle tore down the monastery around them until the whole massive edifice was leveled. Meanwhile, the massed guns of the fleet pounded the planet, until the surface of Caliban began to crack and heave under

Every segmentum, indeed almost every sector of the Imperium, has a Cypher legend, some of them dating back thousands of years, and the number of bounties offered for his capture would buy a subsector were anyone able to collect them. It is clear that the popularity of Cypher legends is tied to nonconformists throughout the Imperium. Self-deluded radicals believe that Imperial institutions attempt to repress individuality and, in a perverse reaction, subconsciously approve of the maverick mystery man.

Cypher has become an iconic figure in the minds of these neurotic radicals. He is hooded, clearly implying that he is an outlaw who wishes to avoid recognition, a pointless gesture because everyone clearly does recognize him! In fact, most sightings are only the result of an imaginative observer conferring Cypher's identity on some unknown man. Anyone who foments rebellion and defies capture can become Cypher in the popular imagination. Tales commonly emphasize Cypher's prodigious skill with pistols: normally he is portrayed firing both a plasma pistol and a bolt pistol with uncanny accuracy. This technique is normally associated with hive gangers,

particularly outlaws of the sort that attract a mystique similar to that of Cypher. Such "sightings" are clearly a product of uncontrolled wish fulfillment rather than accurate observation. Finally and most perplexing are the frequent references to the sword that Cypher carries. There are no credible examples of the sword being drawn. However, the rumor most commonly heard is that the sword is broken and is somehow connected to the early history of the Dark Angels. The link with the Dark Angels is a difficult one to prove, as they are among the most secretive of the Adeptus Astartes. It is known that the Dark Angels and their successor Chapters sometimes refer to themselves collectively as the Unforgiven and are frequently seen hunting down renegade and traitor Space Marines with or without official sanction. It is assumed by some, therefore, that Cypher is a former Dark Angel and that his sword may be one of their sacred relics. This is pure supposition and an insult to the reputation of the Emperor's most devoted warriors.

From *The Heresy of Cognitive Dissonance*  
by Cardinal Elyass Vallkante





Seeing Cypher's crippled Rhino in the distance, the Dark Angels Assault Squad tries to seize their foe.

the strain of the bombardment.

As the planet itself started to break apart, the battle between Jonson and Luther reached its climax. Luther, aided by the powers of Chaos, unleashed a

Upon the dead world of Cthelmax, our Adeptus Mechanicus Explorator team researched the ruins beneath the fractured crust of this barren rock. Several previous expeditions to this planet had already been lost, but an entire company of veteran soldiers and a squad of Space Marines guarded this expedition. Upon our arrival at the site of the previous expedition, we were astounded to find a battle underway between a group of dark-armored warriors and strange silver-skinned constructs of gleaming metal. They fought before a rippling gateway of jade-veined darkness as a being with skin of shimmering gold killed the warriors with ease, each languorous blow from its hand cutting a warrior down.

But I saw that, alone among the dark warriors, a single figure darted through the combat, fired twin pistols, and evaded every blow. As the golden being turned to face him, he slashed its torso with a shining silver knife. No sooner had the blade struck than it was wrenched from his hand and swallowed whole within the being's golden flesh. The sounds of battle continued, and a dark veil dropped around the combatants. When next I looked, there was no sign that anything had occurred. The area was completely empty.

Explorator Majoris Doreth [suppressed] M41  
Cthelmax - Primus Site

furious psychic attack that knocked Jonson to his knees and left him mortally wounded. As the dying Primarch struggled to stand, his noble features wracked with pain, it was as if a curtain was lifted from Luther's eyes. He realized the full extent of what he had done. His was a triple betrayal, of his friend, of the Dark Angels, and of the Emperor. The truth shattered his sanity, and no longer willing to fight, he slumped down beside Jonson.

Luther's psychic cry of pain and despair echoed through the Warp, and the Chaos Gods realized that, once again, they had been defeated. They lashed out in fury and frustration. A rent appeared in the fabric of space, and a warp storm of unprecedented power engulfed Caliban. In an uncontrollable, swirling flood of psychic energy, the Warp rushed into the physical universe.

Those "fallen" Dark Angels who had served under Luther and his clandestine masters were sucked from the face of Caliban into the Warp and scattered throughout space and time. Caliban, already weakened by the loyalist bombardment, was ripped apart and sucked into the Warp.

This story of treachery and betrayal is the Dark Angels' secret shame. None know of it other than the Dark Angels, their Successor Chapters, and possibly the Emperor on his Golden Throne. Even within the Chapter itself, very few brother-Marines know exactly what happened during those fateful days. It is only when Dark Angels are inducted into the Deathwing that they learn the story of Luther's betrayal. More terrible still, they learn that many of the Dark Angels who followed Luther are still alive. These damned warriors are the Fallen Angels.

You may say he doesn't exist, but I know better. When I was crewing on an ore freighter back in '73, we were laid up on Dagohma making repairs. That was the time the mining Guilders sent in their hired guns to clear the colonists from the Shantos Hills. The colonists were all for packing up and leaving until Cypher arrived, but his prowess and his words gave them courage. Before long, the Guilder compound was under siege. He didn't stay till the end, but by then, there was no stopping the colonists. They stormed the compound and hanged the Guilders from their strip-mining rigs. No one else could have done what he did - so what if he didn't tell anyone his name? When the Space Marine Angels of Death arrived weeks later, he was all they were interested in, but no one told them anything, even when they were declared rebels and the trials began. No one forgot what he had done for them. They died proud and free.

Arsann Crowe,  
Recidivist and Heretic

Not all of the Fallen Angels have succumbed to the power of Chaos to the same degree. A large number of the Fallen have embraced the ways of the Dark Gods and are now true Chaos Space Marines. However, many others realize that their actions during the fall of Caliban were wrong. Disgusted by the corrupting influence of the Chaos Gods and unable to reconcile themselves with the Dark Angels, they lead a solitary existence. Many become mercenaries, roaming the galaxy as masterless men. Others are



willing to atone for their sins and, in an attempt to do so, have integrated themselves back into human societies.

However, the subsequent actions of the Fallen are irrelevant in the eyes of the Dark Angels, who believe that the only way they can rid themselves of their shame and restore their honor and trust within the Emperor's eyes is to find all of the Fallen and assure that they are either slain or made to repent. This task is by no means an easy one. The Fallen are dispersed throughout space and time either as isolated individuals or in small bands, and the Dark Angels can go for years without hearing any rumors that might lead them to one or more of the Fallen. When the Dark Angels are able to follow up on such rumors and their missions are successful, those Fallen that are captured are taken back to the Dark Angels Chapter Monastery, The Tower of Angels. Deep inside its dungeons,



Cypher of the Fallen Angels

Interrogator-Chaplains attempt to make the Fallen repent. Occasionally, they do and, for their pains, die quickly. More often than not, though, the captured Fallen refuse and suffer a long, drawn-out and agonizing death at the hands of those who would save their souls.

However, there are some who whisper that Cypher may in fact represent the Fallen Angels' only chance of redemption, and that his seemingly random appearances hide a pattern that reveals that he is slowly moving across the galaxy towards Earth and the Emperor himself. Those who speculate along these lines also point to the fact that Cypher carries a sword that he never draws or uses in combat, and that this

Transmitted: Hunter Fleet Phaleg  
Received: Tower of Angels  
Destination: Grand Master Azrael  
Intercept/Redirect: None, Inner Circle members restricted  
Date: 3677999M41  
Telepathic Duct: Epistolary Kheros  
Ref: FLN/30724592/IP  
Author: Interrogator-Chaplain Phaleg

The tarot has guided me truthfully as always. On Amistel, I captured three of the disciples of a heretic calling himself the Voice of the Emperor. They proved quite informative. They received their orders on Lclithar where the cult of the voice is the strongest. Their descriptions of the Cult Magos conforms with Fallen one-zero-zero. I urge you to bring the Tower of Angels and all the might of our Chapter to Agrapinna sector. One-zero-zero's machinations

have destabilized the entire sector and provoked a substantial response from the Ecclesiarchy. Stealth will not serve. We will need to fight our way through to him. That he should be sighted so openly, so close to the remains of Caliban in times such as these demands urgency.

I believe that the Gate is about to be stormed. Our final reckoning with the Fallen is at hand.

	Points/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Cypher	151	5	5	4	4	3	6	3	10	3+

**A**ny Chaos Space Marine or Imperial Guard army may include Cypher as a special character. He counts as an Elite choice. Cypher is an independent character and must be used exactly as described. He may not be given any extra equipment from the Chaos or Imperial Armories.

**Wargear:** Cypher is armed with a master-crafted bolt pistol and a master-crafted plasma pistol.

### SPECIAL RULES

**Space Marine.** Cypher and any Fallen Angels benefit from the *And They Shall Know No Fear* special rule published in *Codex: Space Marines*.

**Fallen Angels.** If you include Cypher in your army, then you may also include a squad of Fallen Angels. These are treated as a unit of Chaos Space Marines, selected as normal from *Codex: Chaos Space Marines*. The Fallen Angels hate the Dark Angels with a fiery passion and must assault them if able to do so in the Assault Phase. Note that if Cypher joins the Fallen Angels and they are forced to assault, then he must also assault.

**Animosity.** The very presence of Cypher foments discord and animosity among the troops he leads. When Cypher joins a squad (with the exception of the Fallen Angels), roll a D6 at the start of each turn he remains with it. On a roll of a 1, the members of the squad begin to argue and suffer a -1 penalty to their Leadership for the rest of the turn. Note that this rule does not apply to other independent characters or to vehicles.

**Divine Protection.** If Cypher is ever killed or otherwise reduced to 0 Wounds, he vanishes from the battlefield; remove the model from play. Note that removal of Cypher confers his Victory Points to the opposing player. If mission-specific rules require the opposing player to capture Cypher, then roll a D6 when Cypher has been "killed." On a 6, Cypher has been captured, though of course he will no doubt escape soon after, whisked away by his mysterious patron.

**Gunfighter.** Cypher is a master marksman and can aim and shoot with a pistol in both hands. This ability enables him to shoot with two weapons in the Shooting Phase: once with his master-crafted bolt pistol and once with his master-crafted plasma pistol. If Cypher remains stationary, he may *Rapid Fire* both pistols at the same time, giving him four shots in total! Such is Cypher's skill with his pistols that he continues to fight with them in close combat where he counts as being armed with a power weapon and gains the +1 Attack bonus for being equipped with two close-combat weapons.

**Hunted by the Dark Angels.** The name of Cypher carries millennia of hatred for the Dark Angels. Since the destruction of Caliban, the Deathwing and Ravenwing Companies have hunted him throughout the galaxy. All members of the Deathwing and Ravenwing, and all Dark Angels characters must charge Cypher or Fallen Angels if able to do so in the Assault Phase.

weapon could be the fabled Lion Sword, wielded by Lion El'Jonson himself and thought lost forever after the Primarch's final confrontation with the arch-heretic Luther. Whether or not these speculations are true, it is certainly the case that Cypher's presence in one place seems to attract the members of the Fallen, though none know how or why they gather.

Probably because of this, the members of the Dark Angels Inner Circle hate and fear Cypher more than any other Fallen Angel and would willingly perform almost any act, no matter how vile, in order to capture or kill him. That they have not yet managed to do so speaks volumes for Cypher's almost supernatural ability to escape capture.



This month, *Heroes & Villains* brings you the legend of Typhus. A walking embodiment of disease and death, Typhus was chosen by Nurgle to lead the Chaos Plague Marines. Striking from the Eye of Terror in his ship *Terminus Est*, Typhus continues to blight the Imperium.

# HEROES & VILLAINS OF THE 41ST MILLENNIUM

TYPHUS, THE TRAVELER, HERALD OF NURGLE

"Look upon me and know that I can slay you at will. You have no defense save one: to look into the darkness at the back of your own mind. There, you will find Father Nurgle waiting to offer you life in return for your submission. Deny him, and you are mine."

When Mortarion, Primarch of the Death Guard, allied his Legion with the forces of Warmaster Horus against the Emperor of Mankind, he did not know the price that would be paid for his treachery. One among the Death Guard knew full well though; his name was Typhon, and he had been recruited like so many others into Mortarion's forces on the feral world of Barbarus where the Primarch had grown up. Barbarus was home not only to men but to inhuman overlords that preyed upon them.

In his early days, Mortarion had overthrown these monstrosities. However, many crossbreeds resulting from their cruel dominion survived. The bloodlines were not easy to follow, and Mortarion had more pressing concerns. Typhon was of such a bloodline. He possessed formidable psychic powers that allowed him to navigate the mist-shrouded world of Barbarus freely. These powers were largely latent at this time and would only develop later with training.

When the Death Guard began to recruit on Barbarus, it was Typhon's warrior skills that marked him out. In modern times, the recruitment process is far more exacting – and should be. Much more is known about preserving the purity of the gene-seed, and a Space Marine Chapter of a thousand men can be more discriminating about potential candidates. In the days of the Great Crusade, the Legions needed recruits with a good right arm and the courage to follow their Primarchs into battle. When it was realized that Typhon was also a Psyker, he was readily welcomed, as each Legion was building up its strength by adding Librarians.

So it was that the Death Guard harbored a tainted soul. Even as





The Herald of Nurgle watches on as a plague washes over the landscape.

Mortarion led his legion on the Emperor's Great Crusade, Typhon communed with the Dark Powers. They already favored him, and with their aid, Typhon rose to the rank of Captain-Epistolary, commander of the battleship *Terminus Est* and a full company of the Death Guard. When the Death Guard joined Horus, it was Typhon who slew

the Death Guard's Navigators and claimed that they remained loyal to the Emperor. It was Typhon who promised Mortarion that his powers could lead the Death Guard through the Warp to Terra, and it was Typhon who led them to damnation, becalmed in the Warp, adrift and helpless.

The journey to Terra was the first time that the Traitor Legions had to pay the price for turning on the Emperor. This voyage was a nightmare that would mark them in the most horrific way. Time flows differently in the Warp, and the ordeal that Typhon led them into could have lasted days or centuries. By the end, none of the warriors aboard the

#### The Cadian System 2675999.M41

The teleportation chamber of the *Terminus Est* pulsed with unholy life. Walls that once contained banks of the most advanced circuitry now dripped with slime and writhed with the contortions of the damned. Typhus stood at the center of the room.

He was crouched. The single horn atop his helmet nodded in turn at each of five malformed green candles that burned at the corners of a pentagram, causing each to gutter and emit thick, greasy smoke. As the smoke rose, the teeming flies that surrounded Typhus poured all over him and crawled back into his armor through cracks and vents. At his feet, a carpet of squealing Nurglings gathered closer to him. The

smoke from the candles formed a circle around him, and each strand of smoke accelerated ever quicker.

Typhus tapped the haft of his great scythe once on the floor, and the strands of smoke coalesced. A second tap and the chamber was empty. The Herald of Nurgle was elsewhere.

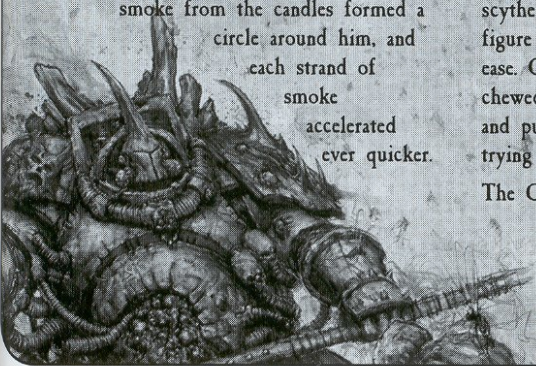
The night was moonless. Rain impaired visibility, and the roar of artillery was deafening. Typhus stood in a well built communications trench, and to either side, Cadian soldiers gaped at him in surprise and horror.

The plague stirred within him and poured out, as a black cloud of Nurgle-marked flies swarmed around the doomed Cadians. Some of them were dying of blight even before Typhus's bellow of rage sounded and boiled their flesh into puddles of diseased matter. Typhus strode through the miasma, his dread scythe swinging before him in an unstoppable figure eight that reaped men with terrifying ease. Capering ahead of him, his Nurglings chewed on the exposed faces of the fallen and pulled at the legs of those who were trying to escape.

The Cadians fought back as best they could, but their lasgun fire pattered harmlessly from Typhus's massive Terminator-armored form. No bayonet could pierce the web of death from

Manreaper. As he marched along the trench, he harvested the souls of the Cadians. Their officers rushed at him, their finely-crafted power swords raised, but each was dismembered in turn. After a while, there was only the rain, the flies, the shrieks of the Daemons, and the hulking, one-horned personification of death stalking through the trenches. Like a leviathan of legend, the Herald killed men by the dozens and then by the hundreds. In his wake, the dead and the wounded swelled with pustules before bursting to unleash more plague flies. This battlefield was now a place of death in more ways than one. The diseases that had taken root would spread, and what was once a defensive strong point was now a festering wound.

Typhus nodded his satisfaction. The Cadian soldiery were veterans, brave and tenacious. They could not blame this defeat on "the numberless hordes of Chaos." The Cadians would know that one of Nurgle's captains had slaughtered an entire company, and they would know terror. The knowledge would gnaw at them. The tale would be magnified. Many would turn. Others would falter. The fall of Cadia was one step closer, and with it, the godhood Typhus craved.







Death Guard's Battle Barge *Terminus Est* could judge how long their fleet had been becalmed. By the time the full horror emerged, none were able to resist it.

One by one, the Death Guard were afflicted with a plague so virulent that even their multi-lung and oolitic kidney failed to protect them. They remained conscious but were paralyzed and helpless to do anything other than endure the burning pain that filled their bodies. Only their unquenchable instinct for survival preserved them.

That instinct was pushed to its very limit, and then the background hum of the warp shield generators died and was replaced by a distant vibration that grew steadily more intense. Suddenly, the sound turned into the buzz of a million



*Typhus of the Death Guard*

wings as countless black, bulbous, Warp-spawned flies poured through every bulkhead. The Destroyer had arrived, foulest of Nurgle's plagues. The flies swarmed over the paralyzed Death Guard, fed off their sweat, infected their wounds, and infested every orifice.

Throughout the vessel, the bodies of the Death Guard twitched uncontrollably, as the plague flies laid their eggs inside them. Flesh and armor swelled as the corruption filled the warriors. Their bodies bloated and distended until they burst, leaving entrails hanging from their wracked bodies and pus-filled lesions all over their skin.

On the bridge, ship's master Typhon was the first to stir. Through a miasma of death, he rose to his feet. From deep within him came a rattling, phlegm-laced roar – "More."

All over the vessel, the flies left their hosts and flew to him. The tide flowed into him ceaselessly until it was gone. Impossibly, the giant figure still stood – no longer Typhon. Now, he was host to the Destroyer Hive, the favored son of Mortarion. Now, he was Typhus.

*Typhus advances backed by his trusted Death Guard.*





He had received his reward from his true master, Nurgle, Lord of Decay, the God he had served even before the corruption of Mortarion. Even when Typhus was subordinate to Mortarion, only Nurgle was his true master.

In the Eye of Terror, Mortarion shaped his Daemon World to resemble Barbarus. Typhus was sickened by the sentimentality. His loyalty was to Nurgle, and Nurgle waxed strong when mortals feared death. Taking his ship and his followers, Typhus returned again and again to the mortal realm, and the legend of the traveler, the Herald of Nurgle, was born. The rewards granted him by Nurgle are testament to a score of blighted worlds and countless damned souls.



	Points/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Typhus	230	5	5	4	4(5)	4	5	3	10	2/5+

**T**yphus, the Herald of Nurgle, may be included as the Chaos Lord of any Death Guard Chaos Space Marine army of at least 1,500 points. He may be accompanied by a retinue of Chosen selected as normal but must otherwise be fielded exactly as specified.

**Wargear:** Mark of Nurgle, Sorcerer, Daemonic Essence (+1 W, included in profile), Daemonic Aspect, Nurgle's Rot, Nurgling Infestation, Terminator armor (+1 A, not shown above), Manreaper, Warp Talisman.

#### SPECIAL RULES

**Psychic Abilities:** Wind of Chaos, two minor powers – always has Affliction and Miasma of Pestilence.

**Destroyer Hive:** Typhus's armor and body are host to a horrific plague that manifests as a swarm of insects that pour from the cracks and vents in his armor. When he charges into combat, he counts as using frag and blight grenades. When he is charged, Typhus and his retinue (if any) count as being in cover. In addition, units with models within 6" of Typhus contract Nurgle's Rot on a roll of 5+ instead of the normal 6.

**Independent Character:** Unless accompanied by a retinue, Typhus is an independent character, and all the rules regarding independent characters apply to him. See the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook for full details on independent characters.

### TERMINUS EST

The Terminus Est was one of the first capital ships assigned to the Death Guard by the Emperor. It was of a unique design that pre-dated the Great Crusade and was copied in M36 as part of the Garcox Prerogative to create the Despoiler Class. As might be expected, the older vessel was considerably more powerful than the later copy.

Nothing definite is known of the pre-Heresy configuration of Terminus Est. References exist that suggest it was primarily employed as a planetary assault ship. This assessment seems accurate, as the Terminus Est conforms to the design of vessels of the Space Marines Legions assigned to similar roles. Many of the vessels used in the Great Crusade were handicapped by system failures that the Imperium could not repair. Thus, many systems on these vessels were replaced with less efficient but easily maintained alternatives.

The role of the Terminus Est during the Heresy is better known. At Istvaan, the Terminus Est engaged and destroyed the Shadow of the Emperor, the flagship of the Raven Guard. It is argued that this engagement was the earliest recorded conflict between Battleships specialized to carry Attack Craft. The engagement was

swift and deprived the loyalist forces of any air support in the massacre that followed.

When the Terminus Est was sighted as part of the armada that followed Horus to Terra, the ship had changed. The Mark of Nurgle was upon it and upon all the other vessels of the Death Guard. When Mortarion led the assault on the Lion Gate starport, Typhus controlled the Plague Fleet and, it is suspected, began the orbital bombardment of the Emperor's palace.

Following Horus's death and the arrival of loyalist reinforcements, the Terminus Est's formidable reserves of Attack Craft were expended as a rearguard while the Death Guard were evacuated back to their ships. With the rest of the Traitor Legions, the Death Guard fled to the Eye of Terror and disappeared from human knowledge for centuries.

In the Eye, it is suspected that the Traitor Legions fought amongst themselves. It is the boast of the Death Guard that their Primarch-turned-Daemon Prince Mortarion conquered a mighty empire within the Eye and transformed it to his own tastes. Typhus and the Terminus Est were among the first of the Death Guard to be sighted again when they brought plague to the Agripinaa system in M35. The success of

the Terminus Est in defeating the battle groups sent against it had a major effect on the thinking of the Imperial Navy. In M36, an Adeptus Mechanicus expeditionary force found schematics of the Chaos ship's design on the perditia world of Barbarus and began building the Despoiler Class. Little did the Adeptus Mechanicus know that the core architecture and design of the Despoiler's warp shields hid a fundamental corrupting flaw. Only in the following centuries, when the vessels of this class were either lost in the Warp or turned renegade, did the realization strike home.

The Terminus Est and Typhus did not play a central role in the Gothic War. A single sighting near Anvil 206 was the only evidence of their presence. However, considering the later incidents traced back to Anvil 206, it is clear that Typhus's mission was accomplished.

Now, in M41, the Terminus Est is one of the oldest ships known to the Imperium. The power of Nurgle holds its ancient hull together, and the most virulent plagues seethe through its dank corridors. Nurgle gives the Terminus Est license to travel the stars to spread death at the behest of its damned captain. There will be no rest for the Imperial Navy until the Terminus Est is finally hunted down and cleansed for ever.