

DARK HERESY™

BOOK OF JUDGEMENT™



NONE SHALL
ESCAPE PUNISHMENT

WARHAMMER®
40,000
ROLEPLAY

DARK HERESY™

BOOK OF JUDGEMENT™



ROLEPLAYING IN THE GRIM
DARKNESS OF THE 4¹ST MILLENNIUM

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INTRODUCTION

"You can't escape the Adeptus Arbites. They have eyes on every world, ears on every ship, and hands on every weapon."

—Advice given to patsies by Gui, Inquisitorial Agent

The tithe of the Imperium of Mankind must be maintained. The scum, the xenos, the heretics, they all dwell beneath the faithful servants of the God-Emperor, eroding the backbone of the Imperium's war machine. Whether it is a planetary noble skimming off the top, or a seditious terrorist planning the destruction of an entire Hab-block, it is the Adeptus Arbites who bring them to judgement.

The Arbitrators care little for minor planetary affairs, these matters are left to the planet's ruling body, as long as the tithe is maintained they sit silently in their monolithic Fortress-Precincts, watching. It is the Enforcers of the planetary governments that are tasked with the day-to-day civil order. Investigating petty murders or theft, these Enforcers differ greatly between planets, they may be little more than thugs, or valued allies of the Imperial government.



WHAT IS IN THIS BOOK?

Book of Judgement is a powerful resource for campaigns featuring Imperial Law and investigations as a cornerstone of the storyline. It describes the Calixian Adeptus Arbites, as well as many criminal groups unique to the sector. New tools of the criminal trade, as well as equipment and rules for the Adeptus Arbites can be found within. This tome is a vital resource for many mystery heavy **DARK HERESY** campaigns.

CHAPTER I: CALIXIAN LAW

Chapter One discusses the current state of the Arbitrators within the Calixis Sector. Notable characters, their origins, and its current mission.

CHAPTER II: BOUND TO LAW

Chapter Two provides new character options for Arbitrators and Scum alike. New Backgrounds, Alternate Career Ranks, and Cell Directives allow both new and experienced **DARK HERESY** players to create a variety of characters tied closely to the Adeptus Arbites or the Calixian Underworld.

CHAPTER III: ARBITES ARMOURY

Chapter Three contains the weapons and Armour used by the Adeptus Arbites, or found within their cold vaults. Gear and Equipment commonly in use on Scintilla, Iocanthos, and other Calixian worlds are presented for use in a variety of campaigns.

CHAPTER IV: INVESTIGATION

Chapter Four presents tools for the Game Master to create Investigation-focused adventures to challenge even the most canny of Inquisitorial Acolytes. From a quick crime scene sweep to a protracted search for a dangerous heretic, these rules can help any Game Master quickly build a complex tale of intrigue and betrayal.

CHAPTER V: CALIXIAN MOST WANTED

Chapter Five includes a variety of dangerous criminals and crimes, outlining their plots and past. In addition, Hive Subrique is detailed, from its martial law under the Arbites to the villains deep within the lowest foundries.

CHAPTER VI: JURISDICTION

Chapter Six contains a **DARK HERESY** adventure, Jurisdiction, taking Acolytes into the midst of a complex conjunction of Adeptus Arbites, Adeptus Mechanicus, and Ecclesiarchal interests.



CALIXIAN LAW

ARBITRATORS

•

FORTRESS OF THE JUST

•

SCINTILLA

•

IOCANTHOS

•

ARBITRATOR DOCTRINE

•

CALIXIAN UNDERWORLD

CHAPTER 1: CALIXIAN LAW

"The Emperor's law is a hammer. With it, we will smash the unjust."

—From the Oath of the Arbites

The Imperium of Man encompasses millions of worlds and countless souls. Planets entirely dedicated to agriculture deliver their crops to feed and fuel industrial worlds covered in bustling manufacturums and huge forge-complexes that pierce the atmosphere. The workers of the factories spend their entire lives constructing weapons of war—ammunition, guns, armour, tanks, and ships—that are in turn shipped to fortress worlds and the mighty fleets and armies of the Imperium, that they may defend the Emperor's domain from its many enemies. One of the Imperium's most plentiful resources is people. For most, their assigned task is to dig, hammer, operate some form of machinery, or otherwise toil to build, grow, or mend. Some are employed in the impossible, endless, gargantuan bureaucratic effort to record, collate and codify—for every transaction must be recorded and filed, the correct tithe calculated and collected. Some are press-ganged into the crews of city-sized space vessels, destined to spend their days sweating and straining in some dank engine deck without ever seeing the stars. Many more are recruited into the regimen of the Imperial Guard, subjected to a short but harsh training regime before deployment to one of the thousands of deadly war zones where life expectancy is measured in hours and minutes.

Yet for all its vast complexity and power, the Imperium's million worlds are like specks of dust in the sea of stars that make up the galaxy. And it is not a calm sea. Raging Warpstorms tear ships apart as they attempt to traverse the void, or toss them wildly off course across the stars or even through time. Merciless foes assault the bastions of Mankind from all sides—brutal Orks that exist only to fight and conquer, insidious Eldar who would use and enslave humanity for their own ends, rapacious Tyranids that consume whole planets as their swarms spread, and even bitter traitors who strive only to tear down the Imperium from within.

For an individual planet in the encroaching darkness, the Imperium may well seem a distant, abstract concept, whose existence must be taken on trust rather than evidence. An isolated outpost world might go years, decades, or even generations without receiving any communication or visit. Those ships that do arrive come for the tithes, paid in produce or people, and rarely offer anything in return. If aid is requested, military or otherwise, it may take years or never come at all. The Emperor himself is a distant myth, a half-forgotten deity whose worship has become diluted, twisted, and meaningless. And it follows that the Emperor's law may seem like a harsh constraint with no real reason or authority.

On such a world, the only evidence of the Imperium's authority, if not the Imperium's very existence, are the Adeptus Arbites. The stern, unshakeable men and women of this organisation serve as a stark reminder of the Emperor's laws and the duties of every

Imperial citizen. One glance at the stalwart shape of an Arbites' armoured Precinct Fortress looming over the other buildings is enough to keep all but the most hardened criminal, rebellious activist, and heretical cultist from stepping out of line.

ARBITRATORS

"By the Authority of Lord Marshal Goreman, Inquisitor Larker, you are hereby bound by law and ordered to stand down."

—Judge Guifoyle

A massively populated and strategically important hive world may have hundreds of Adeptus Arbites stationed throughout its sprawling environs, in dozens of bunker-like Precinct Houses. On the other hand, a far flung world on the outer reaches of the Imperium may be the responsibility of a single Arbitrator enforcement officer. Either way their mandate is to uphold the Imperial law—the Dictates Imperialis—and as such they are heavily armed and armoured in order to better enforce the Emperor's word. They generally wear reinforced carapace armour of a dark colour, often with extra plating strapped on top, usually with a solid helmet and face visor to protect from blows and to preserve anonymity.

Though boltguns are also utilized, their standard armament is a combat shotgun—a distinctive badge of office as well as a fearsome and versatile weapon, capable of loading different ammunition types. As well as the more common solid slugs and scatter shells, Arbitrators carry executioner rounds. This ammunition type, feared and hated by miscreants, is used almost exclusively by the Adeptus Arbites. It houses a tiny machine spirit which is capable of locking on to an enemy's energy signature, and as such can home in on the target—even one completely hidden behind cover. Once depleted of ammunition, the combat shotgun is still robust enough to batter opponents senseless; however, most Arbitrators carry further weaponry for this purpose.

While they do not hesitate to kill, many Arbitrators are armed with brutal but non-lethal equipment so they can subdue and capture those criminals wanted for interrogation or trial. Most common is the power maul (or shock maul), a heavy club that crackles with energy—a single blow delivers enough charge to send even the largest foe's nervous system into convulsions (although it is perfectly able to crack skulls and end lives if necessary). The suppression shield features similar technology; often used in riot situations, its power field deflects incoming blows and when used in close combat to bash an opponent it discharges a burst of energy that will knock the enemy to the floor, usually unconscious. Other equipment is used to ensnare foes who attempt to escape, including electro-net launchers and pulse-charged bolas.

Arbitrators also make use of Cyber mastiffs to accompany them on operations. These artificial attack-constructs are often locally called by other names such as kill-dogs or razorfangs. While the mastiffs have inbuilt hunting and attack instincts, to be used most effectively they require a skilled handler to issue verbal commands so that they act as an extension of their handler.

RECRUITMENT AND PROMOTION

Adeptus Arbites are recruited from exceptional members of the Schola Progenium from all over the Imperium. This organisation fosters the orphaned children of high-ranking Imperial servants (whether they are scholars, scribes, or soldiers) and grooms them for their own life of dedicated service. Those chosen for the Arbites are selected for a variety of reasons, they could be those who dominated their fellow progenia through force of will, or those who show an attention to detail and an analytical mind. Ultimately, any candidate must be exceptional if they are to serve within the Adeptus Arbites. It is ensured that new Arbitrators have no ties or connections whatsoever to the world on which they are to be stationed, so there is no weakness, for blackmail or coercion to exploit—the Adeptus Arbites are famously incorruptible.

Though the term ‘Arbitrator,’ is often used to indicate the members of the Adeptus Arbites as a whole, there are in fact many ranks within the Calixis Sector that may be bestowed upon such individuals. These titles are selected for each world or sub-sector to instil fear in the local culture. As rife with heresy as the Calixis Sector is, it is crucial that an Adeptus Arbites officer is instantly obeyed. Lord Marshal Goreman has, therefore, allowed individual precincts to title their officers as they best see fit, and these titles often deviate greatly from precinct to precinct. Furthermore, the specialists found within the Calixis Sector have found their titles altered, even from one locale to another. Interrogation specialists may be known by a variety of names, such as Tongue-Cutter or Mindscour, so that a suspect can easily be threatened with the care of an agent with another, even more intimidating, title.

Once trained and deployed on-world, the lowest ranks are most commonly seen patrolling the streets in small squads, discouraging trouble by their menacing presence. This is especially true in many of hives of Scintilla, which serve as a proving and burial ground for many fledgling Calixian Arbitrators. These novice Arbitrators who prove themselves may be promoted to the ranks of Investigator, a title chosen to strike fear into the nobles of Scintilla, who have many secrets. Some may show themselves to be highly capable in the field, even in high pressure, life-threatening situations and be tasked with guiding field operations. Others are tireless at rooting out evidence and leads, as well as having an excellent command of Imperial Law and how to apply it, and they may be promoted to even higher ranks.

Lord Marshal Goreman values skill, tenacity, and faith, and to that end, higher and more specialised appointments are awarded to those officers with exceptional talents in particular areas. Those who truly excel in the detection of crime may become the ultimate spymasters, tacticians, and forensic experts. No wrongdoer is too well hidden to escape their notice or evade their cunningly laid traps. Those who specialise in trial and prosecution, who boast an encyclopaedic knowledge of the Lex Imperialis and a gift for oratory and incisive accusation, may be tasked with presiding over glorious show-trials and passing judgement upon those great individuals who have failed in their duties to the Emperor.

ARBITRATORS AND ENFORCERS

Arbitrators are concerned with the safety of the Imperium's infrastructure and the Adepta as a whole. It is their duty to maintain the status quo and prevent actions that would threaten the flow of the tithe. A riot at a manufactory, the assassination of an important bureaucrat, or major acts of sabotage will warrant a response from the Adeptus Arbites. On worlds with a large enough presence, the Arbites may even mobilise to put down a planetary revolt or to support the Ecclesiarchy in times of strife.

The Arbitrators are not, typically, concerned with everyday crimes, such as murder or theft. These are the purview of the colloquially named Enforcers (known locally by as many names as there are planets in the Imperium). While the effort put into maintaining this justice varies greatly between one planet and another, the individual planetary governors are charged with keeping the peace. The justice (or lack thereof) on a planet falls to the Enforcers of that planet's law, who may find themselves working under the Arbitrators during an investigation, or indeed being trained by them.

Of course, these lines occasionally blur. When powerful men and women are involved, such as Ecclesiarchical leaders, Inquisitors, or even Rogue Traders pull strings or demand the services of particularly skilled Arbitrators or Enforcers the distinction can become hazy, or non-existent.

Arbitrators whose particular skills lie in the application of extreme brutality and military force or the command of men in battle, and who have proven time and again that they are nigh impossible to kill, may be promoted to the level of Proctor or Marshal. Proctors derive their name from ancient military traditions in the underhive of Gunmetal city, a term that carries with it an air of divine justice. They specialise in crushing riots and insurrection in the most hostile of districts deep within the Hive's steel and iron caverns. Arbites High Marshals are the commanders who control the deployment of resources across entire planets or even planetary systems. They serve at the direct appointment of Lord Marshal Goreman, and there is no higher legal authority on a planet, unless an Inquisitor decides to “open a dialogue” on the subject. It is they who bear the heavy burden of allocating men and equipment, trusting to their own judgement and the Emperor's will that their forces will be in the right place at the right time. A few remarkable individuals may, after a long and illustrious career, be elevated to the rank of Judge. Judges are iron-willed lords of justice, who have far-reaching powers, mandate, and influence not far below that of an Inquisitor. They investigate and sit in judgement over those who commit the most heinous crimes, and will go to any lengths to pursue and capture or destroy a perpetrator.

All those of high rank will readily deliver their sentence personally, through the barrel of a gun, and have the power to deploy the uncompromising force of the Arbitrators when it is necessary. Should the need arise, perhaps if an entire

planet has fallen to civil unrest, they even have the influence to request, and receive, the full might of the Imperial Guard to restore the Pax Imperialis (though in such cases, the population of the planet is often substantially reduced).

It should be noted that while the Adeptus Arbites enforce galaxy-wide Imperial law, every world and system will have its own laws, inherited through tradition or imposed by autocratic ruling families and severe planetary governors. Each world's rulers will maintain their own policing force, recruited locally, and often outnumbering the Arbitrators a thousand to one—these are commonly known as Enforcers, though they are each called by their own title on each world they serve. These native enforcers often mimic the Arbites in appearance, but their local ties and often less rigorous standards mean that they are far more susceptible to corruption. The objectives of local Enforcers and Imperial Arbitrators often overlap, and the two work in conjunction when it is mutually beneficial. However, there are also occasions when they come into direct conflict.

In practice, the Arbitrators are tasked to punish criminal activity, root out cultists and illegal gatherings, eliminate organised gangs, and are often unleashed en masse to quell riots. They must be as willing to dispense justice as they are to pronounce it. Often the punishment will be a swift bullet to the brain (or the perpetrator will have expired during the process of apprehension and interrogation). Other sentences, amongst the hundreds of thousands available, include flogging, limb amputation, exile to a prison world, condemnation to a penal legion, public execution, or conversion into a servitor. They have the power to commandeer local enforcers and other resources such as ground vehicles or air transportation, the services of freelance bounty hunters if their own manpower is lacking, and in dire circumstances can summon military assistance. Their authority supersedes even that of the planetary governor, who will be closely scrutinized if there is any suspicion that his duties are not being undertaken with all diligence. If the governor is late in the payment of tithes, is less than thorough in enforcing the population's proper worship of the Emperor, or is tempted to decline sending troops to the aid of an embattled neighbour, the Arbites will be watching. In times of crisis and conflict, it is possible that a planetary governor may be assassinated, deposed, incapacitated, or even implicated in one of the Arbites' investigations. If this should happen, then the highest ranking member of the Adeptus Arbites available has the authority to temporarily take over rulership of the world, until a suitable replacement can be put in place. This duty generally falls to a Judge or a Marshal, but where an isolated world has only a token Imperial presence, even the lowest ranked Arbitrators have, on rare occasion, stepped in to fill the breach.

PRECINCT FORTRESSES

The Arbitrators operate out of massive Precinct Fortresses, located within capitol cities in close proximity to the Planetary-Governor, of major Imperial worlds. Sprawling hive cities may also have their own Courthouse Precinct to aid in large scale monitoring. Remote planets of little importance may have just a single fortified Precinct House for the single Arbitrator stationed there. Whatever their number on a world, or relative size and importance, every Precinct Fortress is broadly similar. They are severe, utilitarian buildings with black armoured walls as thick as a military bunker. Their towering shapes exude an air of menace, frowning down on the other buildings nearby and the citizens who hurry fearfully past. Though each Precinct varies based on the needs of the world it is built on, many include the same basic elements—billets for the Arbitrators, an extensive armoury to ensure they are well equipped for the job at hand, secure cells in which to detain suspects ready for questioning or trial, and a court of judgement where guilt and punishment is determined. These resources can vary greatly, a Precinct with only a single Arbitrator may have limited ability to hold the guilty to await punishment, and summary execution may be the Arbitrators' only viable course of action. Monitoring arrays allow the users to listen in on local communications and heavy calibre automated weapon turrets track passing vehicles. Larger precincts may contain additional facilities at the discretion of the High Marshal or Judge such as specialised interrogation rooms fitted out with all manner of devices for extracting information from those who find themselves strapped to the table, medicae centres containing automated equipment and surgeon-servitors to treat the wounds of injured agents, and Astropathica shrines where pleas for aid can be transmitted to other planets and incoming messages painstakingly decoded.

The planetary governors often resent the oversight represented by the Precinct Fortresses. However, in the event of widespread civil unrest and rebellion, they can provide sanctuary from the raging mobs and form the base from which the uprising will be crushed. In the case of a hostile invasion, the Arbites may well be the only ones with the means to send for reinforcements, and their armoured fortresses often become a rallying point and central hub of the resistance. Assistance rarely arrives quickly enough to save the population, but behind their thick walls and heavy doors, it is the Arbitrators' duty to hold out for as long as possible, until the last scrap of food is gone and the last round has been fired.



THE EMPEROR'S LAW

The laws of the Imperium that the Adeptus Arbites uphold are formally known as the Dictates Imperialis, or Lex Imperialis (alluding more literally to the Book of Judgement). Because of the widespread heresy present in the Calixis Sector individual Precincts often find themselves processing cases very rapidly. To aid the investigation rate most Precinct Fortresses boast a cogitator stack containing a massively abridged version of just a portion of those judgements and precedents that fall commonly into the Arbitrators' local purview. These include rulings by Calixian Judges, High Marshals and even Lord Marshal Goreman himself, designed to expedite the work of an individual Arbitrator. Of course, the entire body of the law is vastly greater than a single volume; no individual could ever comprehend more than a tiny fraction. It has been painstakingly collated over the millennia, and includes the words of the Emperor himself and every decree and ruling ever passed by the High Lords of Terra.

The most ancient articles are written on crumbling parchments, enscribed in unknown tongues by the nameless functionaries of a forgotten age. Every day a hundred new volumes of encoded holoscript and hand-illuminated lettering are added. Volume upon volume sits upon the endless rows of ornate bookcases that fill the Hall of Judgement on Terra. Every row is home to ten thousand volumes, the shelves soaring a hundred metres up towards the vaulted ceilings. Over the ages, the Hall has been expanded and extended many times, so that it is now an entire complex covering many acres, with miles of corridors, levels, and rooms. Scholars, scribes, and law lords pace the time-worn marble floors, while above their heads, on the narrow gantries and ladders that cover the shelf stacks like a spider's web, crawl legal assistants and low-ranking functionaries, searching through the detritus of judgement for weeks and months at a time to find just a single reference.

Every Adeptus Arbites Judge, at some point in his career, attempts a pilgrimage to the Hall of Judgement, there to study the full intricacies of the law. Many spend long years there, for the most heinous, subtle, or far-reaching crimes often require a lengthy process of research to pass judgement. While the Dictates Imperialis are extensive, the huge volume of prior cases and sometimes contradictory rulings can make it difficult to determine the correct decision. In especially complex cases, it may take centuries to reach an outcome—a Judge may spend his entire life deliberating, scrutinising, and trying to fathom out the issues, only to pass his work on, unfinished, for others to continue. Millennia later, though the accused are long dead, a ruling is finally made and justice must be meted out upon the distant descendants and those obscurely associated with the original transgressor.

INVESTIGATIONS

In special cases, Arbitrators may be granted a considerable degree of independence and latitude in pursuing transgressors of the law. This may take them away from their regular duties for extended periods and even necessitate travel off-planet, if that is where the trail leads. It is hardly surprising then, if their enquiries bring them to the notice of an Inquisitor, who may request their ongoing services as an Acolyte. This is usually a harmonious relationship, as both are implacable servants of the Imperium and

are dedicated to rooting out those that would see it fall, and many Inquisitors count Arbitrators among their most trusted servants. Of course Inquisitors are invested with completely discretionary powers to determine a course of action and punishment, in stark contrast to the iron dictates of the law that the Arbitrators follow. Any bending of the rules or leniency granted to wrongdoers by the Inquisition in return for information and favours may well cause friction. As such, members of the Adeptus Arbites are better suited as the Acolytes of Puritan Inquisitors. It is not unheard of for Arbitrator Acolytes to turn upon Radical Inquisitors if they perceive an unforgivable law has been broken.

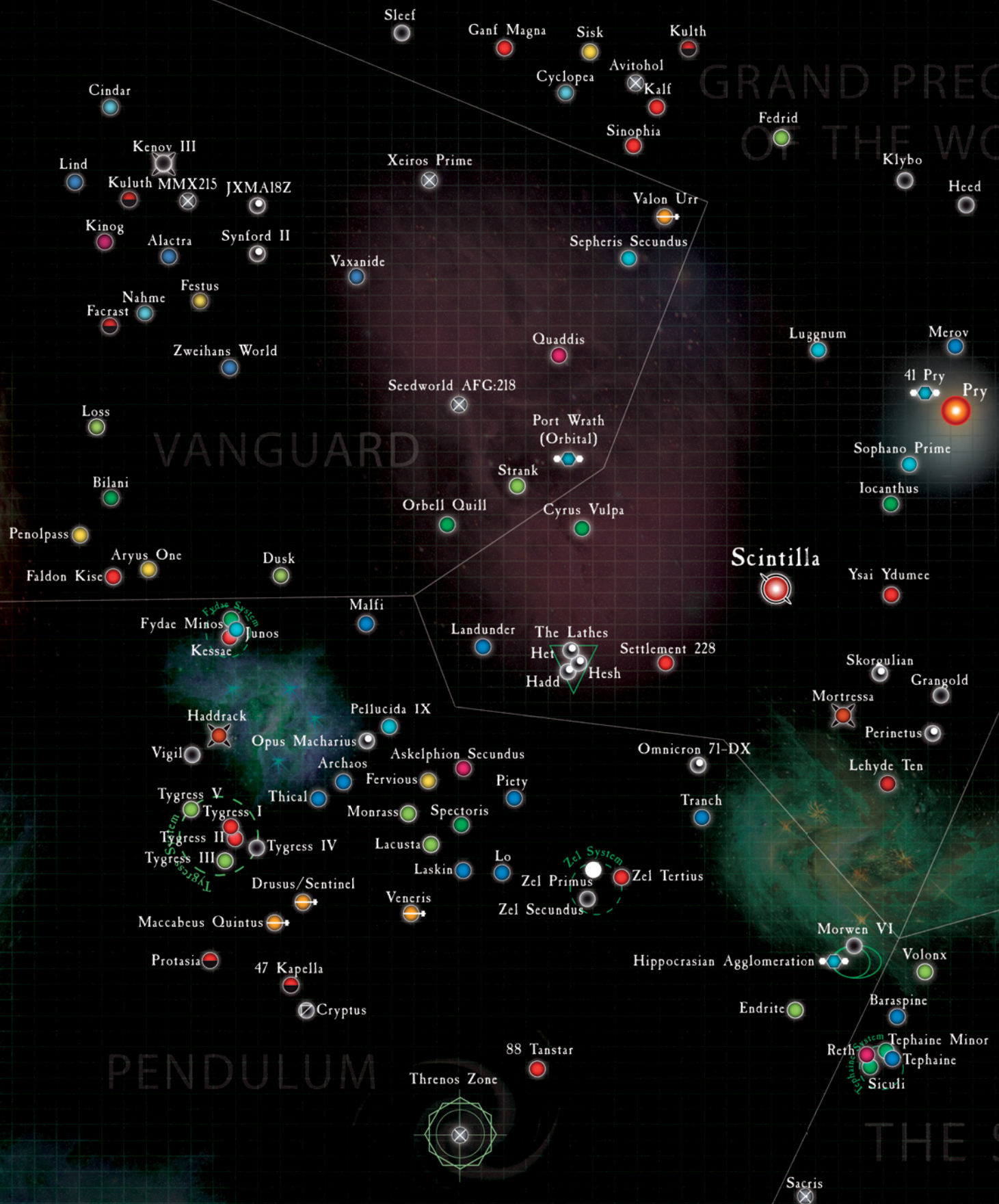
The sponsorship of an Inquisitor can provide a considerable boost to the career of an Arbitrator. The word of a senior member of the Holy Ordos goes a long way to improving the chances of elevation to the high rank of Judge. Of course, the Inquisitor will then expect the Judge to serve him as well as the Arbites, gaining by extension the Judge's sweeping power and authority of a level few other agents possess. In fact, given a Judge's great standing and responsibility, his relationship with an Inquisitor is often something close to an equal partnership. Facing such a combination, the enemies of the Imperium will surely fall.

THE ARBITES IN THE CALIXIS SECTOR

The Adeptus Arbites did not arrive in the Calixis Sector in full force until the Angevin Crusade was well under way. The settlement trains that came in the wake of the Crusade's military gains brought small clades of Judicial advisers, on hand to ensure Imperial governance was built on a bedrock of law and to give guidance to the newly minted planetary governors. By early M38 the fortified Courthouses on Sinophia and Scintilla were fully populated, and a taskforce of Judges and legal scribes were working to copy, illuminate, and consecrate the foundation works for the Corpus Presidium Calixis. Portions of this document were dictated by Warmaster Angevin and ratified by Saint Drusus himself, and they carry considerable legal and political weight amongst the Calixian elite.

The Adeptus Arbites carve the Calixis Sector into five distinct areas, not aligned with the sub-sectors. The Pendulum makes up the cluster of worlds in the rimward/trailing corner of the sector, extending from the Precinct command at Malfi out to the far edge of the Drusus Marches. The Vanguard takes in the systems to spinward, from Dusk up to Valon Urr and contains all the Rimward border worlds up to Xeiros Prime and Port Wrath—the Precinct command is at Sepheris Secundus. The Scales begin at Sozomen's Last Stand and extends to Prester Myra and then over to the borders of the Adrantis Nebula, with its Precinct command at Solomon. The Stave begins at Gunpoint and extends out to the trailing border at Seprony and Hesiod's Wake, with the Precinct command at Barsapine. The worlds along the Scarus Sector border, from Fedrid and Sinophia, fall into the neighbouring Grand Precinct of The Word that reaches back into Scarus proper. Scintilla is not part of a High Precinct but locks directly into the Great Precinct command. The Adeptus Arbites have a small and usually overworked fleet of three ships, whose home ports are the orbital docks at Scintilla and Landunder. Lord Goreman and his advisors are conscious of how the opening of the Koronus Expanse has swelled the sector's shipping, and Goreman's ambition is to double the size of the fleet by the end of his tenure.

PIIWARD



INCT
ORD

THE SCALES

STAVE



THE CALIXIS SECTOR

- Hive World
- Shrine World
- Agri-world
- Feudal World
- Feral World
- Pleasure World
- Penal World
- Mining World
- Forge World
- Cemetery World
- Frontier World
- Special
- Forbidden World
- Dead World
- Gas Giant
- Death World
- War World
- Unclassified

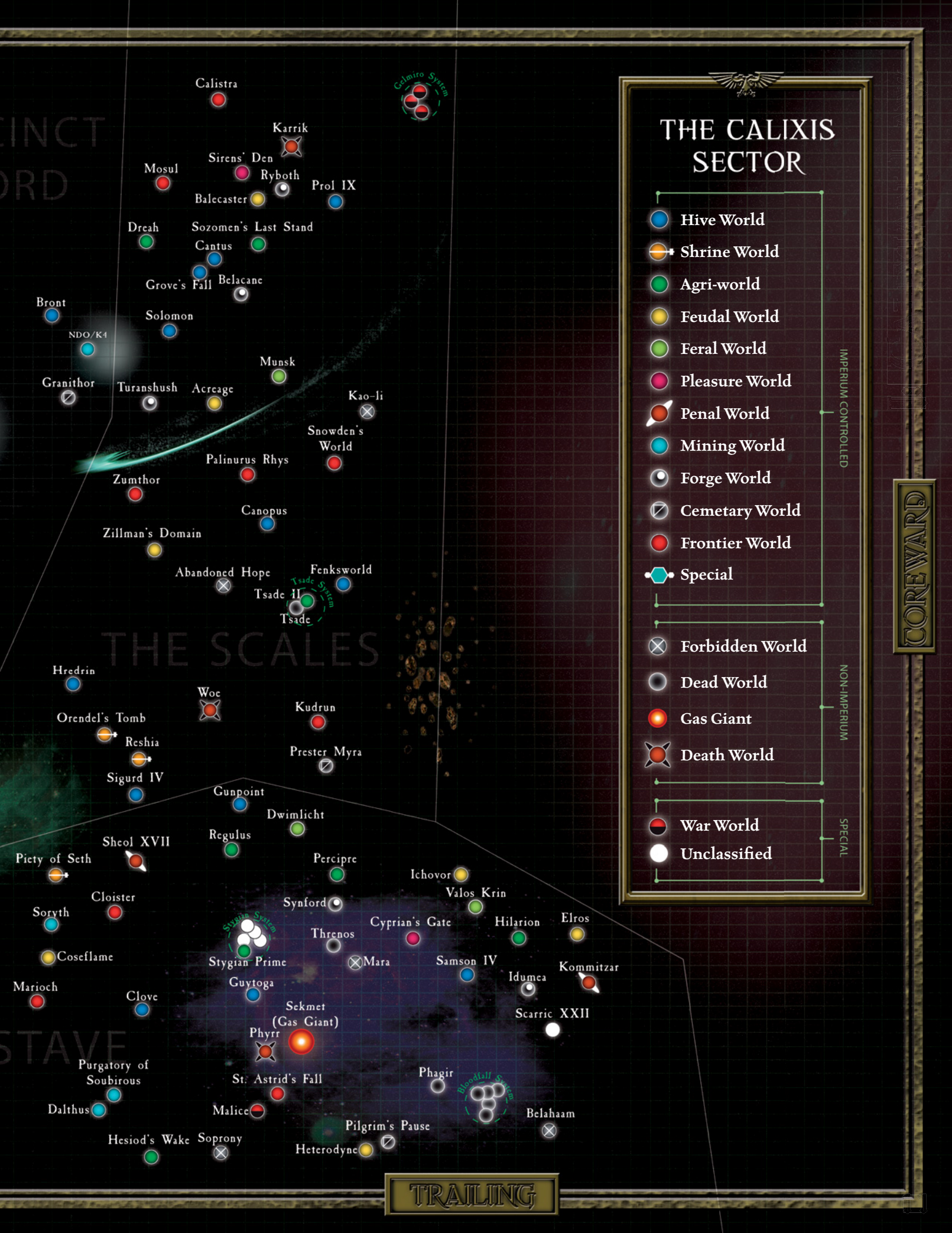
IMPERIUM CONTROLLED

NON-IMPERIUM

SPECIAL

COREWARD

TRAILING



THE FORTRESS OF THE JUST

"The dream comes often. I know it very well now. I stand at the doors to a great Basilica, one that exists only in my dream. Above me in the wall is a stained-glass, the Golden Throne and the Aquila spreading its wings. I weep to look up at them. Around me are more windows, every branch of the Adeptus, and below them stand the Emperor's servants in their livery, singing praise to the eagle. The building lurches and grinds, the windows shudder as though about to splinter. The earth beneath the Basilica is subsiding. This beautiful temple is being held on the shoulders of a great mass of grey, faceless forms, who squabble and ignore their burden. The whole of them shift under the cathedral like sand. I strike with my maul, and these shapes fall silent and still for a moment. But this does not last. No matter how relentless the blows, they will not stay resolute. It comes to me that I will spend forever doing this, that they will never have strength other than that I beat into them for a moment. It is then that I wake."

—Lord Marshal Goreman

The Precinct Fortress on Scintilla is spoken of as a traditional command, a place that refuses to slip into abstractionism. This is a positive reputation in an organisation that values tight regimentation and scrupulous adherence to procedure, and it is accurate. The Fortress of the Just (as it is known amongst some locals) has the usual balance between the judicial and paramilitary, and contains some of the most extensively experienced militant Arbitrators.

The weight of duty shows in the recruitment numbers, with Arbitrators and Chasteners finding no end of suspects and heresies to investigate, but also in the culture of the organisation. Calixian Arbites take great pleasure in the blunt and brutal aspects of law enforcement, favouring quick and simple action and disdaining protracted research, conflicting interpretation, and unrelated scholarship when possible. While any loyal Imperial citizen in the sector would hold this attitude up as righteous, heretics and scum consider the Calixian Precincts a refuge for thugs and simpletons, whose enforcement of the law is too unrestrained, lacking the proper intellectual rigour and legal knowledge necessary to keep their actions within the bounds of Imperial law. However, the Fortress of the Just contains massive libraries in which an army of Adeptus Arbites adepts collate and collect judgements and information from every planet in the Calixis Sector, and if any Arbitrator's justice is found lacking the appropriate legal precedent (or political clout), he may well find himself the target of an internal investigation.

LORD MARSHAL GOREMAN

For Arbitor Luthir Veremonn Goreman, Lord Marshal of the Calixian Great Precinct, every medal pinned to his dress uniform, every honorific and citation attached to his name, every pennant, seal, and chain hanging from the plaque atop his staff of office, all prove the same thing: that he is right in his ironclad disdain for the great mass of the Imperium's populace.

Goreman hails from the once-grand Sorascine Canyon conurbation on Sinophia, steeped in all the many kinds of decay that that world had to offer. He was born into an extended family of butchers and flesh-thieves, descended from once proud dynasties of medicae and lay biologists adepts back when the world had been in its prime. The old family seat, with its surgical chambers and tissue molds, where generations ago the sub-sector's nobility had come for medicae and juvenat treatments, or to buy exquisitely flesh-sculpted servitors, had become a charnel house. Their old family name now lost, the Gore-Men conducted a lively and ruthless trade in spare organs and tissues to any who could meet their price, and trained their young man in the brutal skills needed to ensure a constant supply of "donors."

That was Luthir's work, and he excelled at it until the day he was sent to subdue and bring back an offworlder who had set up house in one of the neighbouring habstacks, and he never returned. The woman Luthir was to abduct was a former Enforcer from Scintilla who had left her post after a religious awakening and come to Sinophia as a wandering Confessor. Luthir slipped into the shrine during a prayer meet, shock-fork and slap-syringe at the ready, planning to spring an ambush once her small congregation had left. But as he listened from the shadows her words began to sink in, and the fire in her voice lit up his soul. At the end of the prayers, when the supplicants had gone, Luthir the Gore-Man came forward with his hands in a clumsy sign of the Aquila, hoarsely begging for his confession to be heard.

GOREMAN'S EDICTS: TITLES & UNIFORM

Lord Marshal Goreman allows his Precincts to give titles that strike fear and awe into the local population. This practice allows a certain flexibility when interrogating suspects and determining duties. It is quite possible that no two agents in a Precinct have exactly the same title. Each Judge uses this freedom as he sees fit, some creating convenient ranks to identify specialisations, and others treating them almost as nicknames, easy monikers for identifying who is capable of a task.

In an effort to make it easy for each Arbitrator to identify the role of their colleagues from other precincts, Goreman has instituted a system of armbands, sashes, and collars. A red collar, for instance, shows that an Arbitrator has been trained and proven capable of detailed investigations. Sashes are also used, so that an individual may be identified as having more than one area of expertise, such as the brown sash of the Chastener. Finally, a thin armband may be worn on an Arbitrator's upper arm, to signify further specialised skills and experience.

Luthir Goreman stayed at the shrine for a week, learning prayers and listening to sermons and scriptures, and to his Confessor's stories of her Magistratum days. Of all the expressions of the God-Emperor's will that she was able to teach to him, her experience as an enforcer was the one that resonated with him the most. He listened to her talk of stamping order into the face of disloyalty and anarchy, and reflected on the cynical, treacherous, nihilistic wastes that were the lives of his clan-family. He imagined himself in a Magistratum uniform, weapon in hand, battering the worthless human detritus into shape with the force of his arm, his will, and his faith. Within a month he had made the trek to the Horst-Kosada hive, home the Governor's personal enforcement militia, the so-called Wide Cohort.

Every day in the Cohort's gold-and-black uniform was an insult to the ideals that had ignited Luthir in that little shrine in the slums. Barely trained, and treated with contempt by the cliquish nepotism around him, Goreman watched his unit divide its time between lounging in its palatial barracks amid the spoils of its many extortion and protection rackets, and swaggering about the capital, bullying and terrorising anyone the Cohort thought might be incurring the Governor's displeasure, or their own. All that it taught him was that the sneering shiftlessness he had learned to despise ran all the way up through Sinophian society. It was a cruel realisation, and it wasn't long before he was looking for an escape. Once again it came from the Adeptus, but this time his salvation found him; in the form of a brutal Arbites roundup of the Wide Cohort. Another platoon's plans to steal from an Administratum tithe-train had reached the ears of the Detectives, and like a scalpel through gangrenous flesh the Arbites were cutting into the Cohort to see how far the rot had spread. The interrogators were somewhat startled when they brought in the fresh young recruit with the fierce eyes; instead of cowering or lying, he seemed viscerally pleased by the thought of his corrupt fellows facing Imperial justice, and by the end of the interview he had almost turned the interrogation around, quizzing the Detectives on the Adeptus, its law, and its enforcement. By the time the cull was over, Goreman had gone from being a suspect to being a recruit.

This was what he had wanted. This was his calling. This was what had kept him going through the long trek to join the Wide Cohort. Now Goreman was finally part of something he could believe in, enforcing the ideals that were burned into him by the Confessor's words. Doing the work of an Arbitrator filled Goreman with a ferocious pride. His early posting was riot-breaking on Barsapine. He then distinguished himself in punitive culls in Gunmetal City, hunting fish-poacher rigs on Spectoris, and spending many distinguished years in the honour garrison at the Lucid Palace itself before taking command of the Precinct Fortress that governed Scintilla. By now his reputation was firmly cemented in the Arbites command: his iron will, the force of his personality, and the constant, simmering anger that blunted his undeniable charisma (and, some said, took the edge off his judgement).

Goreman took command of Scintilla at a troubled time, when the Precinct Superior was being targeted by a violent outlaw insurgency from without and vicious schisms and feuds from within. Goreman's response was to denounce the same root cause for both: a backslide into moral laziness and foppish intellectual degeneracy, and a show of strength was the only cure. With the support of then Lord Marshal Kheth, Goreman purged his Precinct from bottom to top, personally drawing up the cull lists and overseeing the denunciations before each consignment of demoted Arbites was marched away to the penal transports. The longer it dragged on the more controversial the purge became. Goreman, the accusations went, was now forgetting about ending the internal tribulations of the Precinct and using the purge as a blunt instrument to rid his Precinct of anyone whose idea of the law did not exactly match his own. The persecution of the Praetors' Chamber in Hive Tarsus seemed especially egregious. Faced with the assassination of two senior Judges there, Goreman asserted that the Chamber had brought it on themselves with their degenerate focus on book-study at the expense of martial action. The token effort at tracking the assassins was matched by the wholesale reassignment of the Judicial contingent to front-line duties on the Tarsine docks.



When Kheth was replaced as Lord Marshal by Jhemek-Naad, a Judge from the Scarus Precinct Fortress, Goreman was forced into a more moderate role. His new commander had no time for the entrenched Calixian bias against the Judiciary, and actively worked to re-establish libraries, exegetic academies, and fully-constituted legal trials throughout her command. Goreman was one of her most outspoken opponents for years, his private tirades against her becoming the stuff of minor legend within his command, but he had no choice but to follow orders, and as years passed he seemed to accustom himself to the new regime and spoke little of it. After complications to a deep-regen juvenat treatment on his hundred and eighth birthday he spent six months convalescing on Quaddis and seemed a changed, more mellow man when he returned.

That lasted for another six years, until Jhemek-Naad departed to make a second pilgrimage to Earth, accompanying a casket full of legal relics recovered from Valon Urr. Arbitor Vey Orloph, commander of the the Pendulum High Precinct, was brevetted to fill in the command while the Grand Precinct formally appointed a successor, but within two years of the temporary commander being sworn in the succession was sinking into controversy. Orloph's immediate objective seemed to be to roll back the work of his predecessor in rooting out the Great Precinct's prejudices and rebalancing its organisation, and the operations of the Precinct began to stall as commanders sympathetic to Jhemek-Naad's agenda effectively withdrew their obedience to their new superior. News of the gridlock convinced an exasperated Great Precinct command to promote Goreman to the Lord Marshal's post with a simple charter: get the damned organisation working again. Goreman took office in a curt, abbreviated version of the full ordination ceremony and within a day was prowling the upper levels of the Fortress of the Just, barking orders and demanding reports.

Every time Goreman looks out upon the mass of Imperial citizenry he sees exactly the same thing he remembered from Sinophia: dissipated, lazy, disobedient wastrels slouching through aimless and worthless lives. To him, the Imperial Adeptus is the one worthy creation of human society, to serve in it the one worthy ambition. The Adeptus, under the guidance of the Immortal Emperor, shows the rest of humanity what they could be had they the discipline, the faith, and the strength. Those outside the Adeptus are contemptible, and should think themselves lucky they are allowed to toil to support it; those who disobey or disrespect the Adeptus, or even court ambitions outside it, are beneath contempt.

Goreman's vigour for his job is not born out of a positive inspiration to bring order but by his smouldering hatred of those who disrupt it. This makes him relentless in keeping his grip on disobedience and sedition, but some in the senior ranks are starting to think that his savagery in dishing out punishment is corroding the rigid adherence to the Lex Imperialis to which the Arbites swear themselves. Too willing to cut corners, the whispers say, too soft on Abstractionism and unorthodox free-agent behaviour like the Divisio Immoralis. The laws and traditions of the Arbites have been crystal-clear for ten millennia, they say—what manner of Arbitor, let alone an Arbitor General, refuses to trust them and bypasses them in

this way? Lord Marshal Orloph has found himself at the centre of this dissatisfaction, somewhat against his will; he considers himself dutiful and bound by the Grand Precinct's decision. If another high-ranked Arbitor appears more willing to encourage these whisper campaigns they may be able to gather support among the broader commands and the Grand Precinct may find themselves with another schism on their hands.

Luthir Goreman is of average height and lean of build, which surprises people who have seen the portraits and statues portraying him as a muscular giant. His complexion is pale, his eyes and hair grey, and his features broad, stern and handsome. He wears a black and gold Arbitrator dress uniform for most of his duties, with his rank pins and medals arranged on a separate banner that is carried to formal occasions by an adjutant. He always has a small purity seal pinned to his left lape, copying a verse of Imperial scripture onto a new parchment each morning and having a garrison preacher bless and attach the seal at his private morning prayers.

KAE DRUSIL OF THE DIVISIO IMMORALIS

Senior Arbitrator Kae Drusil, Marshal-in-Chief of the Divisio Immoralis, was destined by birth for the other side of the law, born into a long line of scholars and adepts and apprenticed to a great-aunt at the Universitariate in the trailing marches of the Scarus Sector. The family had a distinguished history of close ties with the Adeptus, even boasting a scattering of Adept initiates among its numbers, and Kae was told from a young age that she was to embrace a proper and prestigious field of study: theology, or maybe poetry and literature of the better, classical, inner-Segmentum traditions, perhaps the history and lineages of the better-known aristocratic families of the sector. Twelve-year-old Kae arrived at her new home planning only on making the next ten years as painless as possible, until the inevitable family-enhancing marriage was arranged and she was given somewhere else to go.

Mere days shy of her fifteenth birthday Kae was working on a performance piece: a recitation from memory of the names of the first six hundred Judges to be assigned to the Segmentum Obscuras and their most notable accomplishments. She had retreated to a sealed cell in the Universitariate polis originally built for anchorites, so that she could declaim at full voice without any mistakes being overheard. Her self-consciousness about her oratorical style saved her life—the cell was defence enough against the threadneedle bomb that murdered her great-aunt and her noble household.

Threadneedle worms are a potent bioweapon, used by the most expensive assassins for their most prestigious contracts. When the capsule was popped the wire-fine gene-woven fungus tendrils grew with sickening speed, seeking out the human pheromones that had been encoded into their stimulus matrix, seeding the air with invisibly tiny neurotoxic spores when they were close enough to feel the warmth of a body. It was a filthy, ugly way to die.

Kae Drusil remembers the Universitariate Enforcers, with their frock-coats, silver staves, and wire-lace hoods, and she remembers the looming, black-armoured Arbitrator that replaced them. She remembers the Judge with the green augmetic eye and the soft voice, telling her that this crime was

part of something larger that she was too young to understand, something that had endangered the Adeptus and the practice of the Lex Imperialis. Kae barely remembers her interrogation. Hours spent at the hand of the Judge and his staff, recalling every detail of her families affairs. She recalls calling for the God-Emperor's justice, not for her family, but for the Imperium, whose tithe would suffer without her family's efforts.

The Judge, whose name she never learned (and never sought), saw Kae's faith in the law, and her anger. He believed that these two traits would make her a fine recruit, and he was correct. As far as Kae Drusil could tell, that was her recruitment examination.

Kae Drusil served out her basic training in a half-dozen unremarkable postings around Thracian Primaris, and then enrolled in the Judicial cursus. She was quick-witted, well-read, and loyal, and rose through an orderly series of promotions. That ended when she was assigned to enforce quarantine on a refugee fleet that had surged out of a cluster of systems adjacent to the Eye of Terror, broadcasting frantic messages about planet-engulfing Warpstorms and dire omens. The quarantine flotilla was itself broken up by those same storms. Her ship reunited with its squadron-mates to find that they had lost eighty years to the Warp, in a voyage that seemed to last only six storm-tossed weeks. The sole ship that had broken through on time had been absorbed into the madness of the refugee enclave it had been sent to contain. The refugees had succumbed to their taint and become a wolfpack of corsairs, cutting a path of frightening and seemingly random atrocities across the Scarus Sector, heading for the Calixis border. The Arbites commander who had been sent to take control of the quarantine had slid into desperation, had seen the massacres of the loyal Arbites and the still-sane refugees, and left only a few badly damaged pict records of the events. He never gave up hope that reinforcements would arrive, his guerilla actions intended to slow the corsairs until help could arrive.

This was a dark moment for the crews of the other ships. Drusil's immediate superior took over command of what was left of the flotilla and they began a pursuit of the wolfpack, grimly aware that their own lives would be forfeit for incompetence if they failed to destroy the threat. As the pursuit whittled down the pack's numbers, and scrutiny from Battlefleet Scarus and the Inquisition grew harsher, the fleet's methods grew more ruthless, and more unorthodox. Drusil found that her role as the new chief Judge aboard the fleet was less to cite, interpret, and lay down the law for her Arbitrators to enforce, and more to find ways to pick, choose, and twist the Imperial Edicts to allow the pursuit to act as it wished: to tear the taint out of every system the wolfpack fleet had passed through. Somewhere along the line she found herself leading not only the delegation of Judges who would land and bully the planetary Precincts into co-operation or extort assistance from the local governor and Adeptus, but teams who would round up, denounce, and summarily execute swathes of locals among whom wolfpack refugees might have scattered or whom they might have influenced. Although she had never formally cross-trained in the detecting arts, she began to command investigators; by the time the last of the Pursuit crossed the border into the Calixis Sector she was

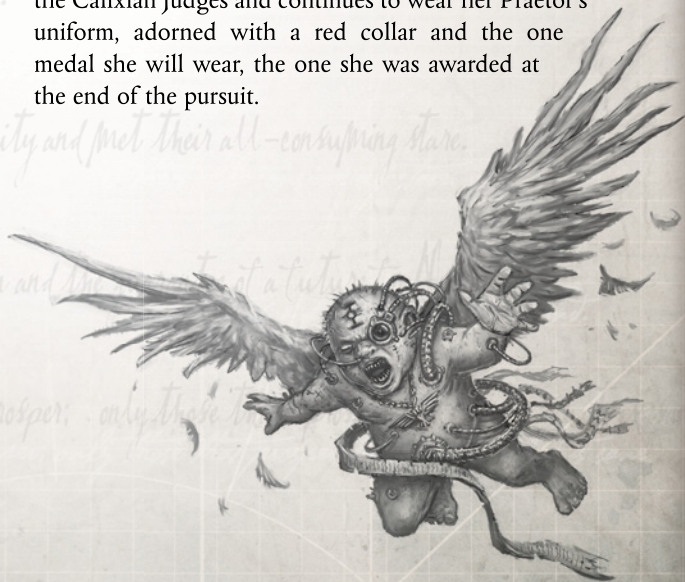
being treated as a Detective-Commander rather than as the Praetor that was still her substantive rank.

She was also fed up and burned out. Her devotion to the purity of the Law had been tarnished beyond recognition by what she had been forced to do to keep the tattered cloak of legality over the pursuit. Her belief in the incorruptibility of the Arbites and the inevitability of a future rule of perfect law had been demolished beyond repair by the things she had been forced to do in pursuit of the wolfpack, all in the name of the "law." After the pursuit ended at the Battle of Cyrus Vulpa, she asked to remain in Calixis once the year-long investigative tribunal was over. Exhausted and bitter, she waited in the gardens at Solomon for her next assignment. What she got was a visit from Arbitor Luthir Goreman.

Goreman had watched the pursuit and its methods carefully as it came into Calixian space, and unlike Drusil he had not been shocked by the legal interpretations of its discipline and methods. Goreman faced heretics that threatened planets with taint, and it was his way, and that of his Precinct Fortress, to do what they must to preserve the law. Talking with Drusil about her experiences he began to think he had found the person to command the Divisio Immoralis, his new experiment in enforcement. Drusil was too exhausted to refuse.

These days Kae Drusil tells herself that her earlier shiny idealism was a self-delusion. There is taint in all things; rather than provide proof against it, the law simply provides a handhold by which the Imperium can avoid being immersed in it. She believes now that the best the Divisio, and the Arbites in general, can hope for is to blunt the worst excesses of lawlessness and hope that those they protect are strong enough to do the rest of the work themselves.

Kae Drusil is a thickset woman with a heavy-jawed, mournful face under a cap of slicked-back grey hair. Her skin is a dark copper-tan and her sleepy eyes a startling bright blue. Her body language is unassuming and she usually converses in a sighing mutter, but she has a powerful, ringing orator's voice when she chooses to use it. Drusil is unsympathetic to the Calixian Judges and continues to wear her Praetor's uniform, adorned with a red collar and the one medal she will wear, the one she was awarded at the end of the pursuit.



DETECTIVE-COMMANDER JAANYI

Detective-Commander Jaanyi “The Brute” Doyenko, Great Precinct Master of Espionists, doesn’t like his nickname. He doesn’t have to hear it very often, since only Lord Marshal Goreman will ever use it to his face (usually when he wants to get a rise out of him), but just the knowledge that it’s universally used behind his back is enough to bring a scowl to his craggy, chem-burned face. He understands why he has it, of course. Anyone glancing into the quiet cloisters of the Detective chambers will see Jaanyi Doyenko standing out like a battle-tank in a procession of nobles’ sedan-chairs.

The eldest son of an Administratum Adept on Fenksworld, he grew up aboard a giant convoy of land-trains slogging back and forth between Nova Castilis and the hellhole of Volg, carrying subsistence supplies, basic trade goods, and cage-loads of condemned exiles. Jaanyi grew up strong, brawny, and prideful. His mother was an Imperial Adept, and he exacted the respect he felt his family was due from the convoy labourers with his brass-knuckled fists. When he was fifteen his family was killed in a scum-raid, Jaanyi escaping from the massacre and disappearing into Volg’s hellish warrens. There he spent five years living by his wits and muscles while he hunted down and murdered all he could find of the gang who had killed his family. Finally, he was tracked down by bounty hunters on a surprising contract: the Adeptus’ files had shown a son unaccounted for when Shima Doyenko was killed, and they were following procedure by recruiting him for the Schola Progenium.

One of the most difficult decisions Jaanyi ever made was to walk away from Volg and his unfinished vengeance, but inside his hulking body was a keen mind. He told himself that here was a chance to carry his family’s name off Fenksworld and into the stars, rather than give the scum the final victory by sputtering out from chem-poisoning or dust choke in this lightless Fenksworld sump-hole. His last act before he clambered aboard the dune-crawler was to turn and spit down the stairwell up which he had climbed out of Volg. Then he put the place at his back forever.

Doyenko was an oddity at the Schola. He was already years older than his eldest classmates and had endured a lifetime’s worth of trauma and violence. There was talk among the instructors of fast-tracking him into the military streams, putting his proven capacity for violence to work as a Stormtrooper or trainee Commissar; some even wondered if he was too old for the Officio Assassinorum recruiters. Doyenko knew where he wanted to go, however, and had already made his contacts. When the Schola received a joint petition from Doyenko and the Arbites recruiters for early release from the Schola they let him go, and Doyenko was already in training aboard the Arbites carrier by the time they broke Warp for Scintilla. He mastered the basic training quickly and thoroughly, and was soon back in transit for a Chastener’s posting at Malfi.

That posting revealed Doyenko’s real and unexpected gifts. His work hunting his quarry as a Chastener brought out the chilled edge of his intellect and his intuition for analysing people’s motives, relationships, and actions. After a couple of rapid promotions up the Chastener ladder he transferred

into the ranks of the Detectives and for the first time since his youth aboard the land-train he felt he knew where he belonged. This was work he could really throw himself into, unravelling Malfi’s baroque culture of intrigues and studying its threads and shadows for threats and insults to the God-Emperor’s laws. Doyenko’s work was invaluable in the timely prevention of the Braquerade Coup, and as deputy to the Chief Detective-Espionist he drew on his old skills to pose as a hive scummer and infiltrate the Fourth Ashen Resurgency from the ground up, exposing the layers of manipulation that led back to its secretive masterminds. After the attempted assassination of Lord Goreman’s previous Detective-Commander, Doyenko was brought to Scintilla both to follow the assassin’s trail back to its origin and to act for Detective-Commander Ilkram during her convalescence. When it became clear that Ilkram’s injuries would never permit her to return to her old role, Goreman appointed Doyenko to the office and he has validated the Lord Marshal’s decision many times over.

Jaanyi Doyenko is a great slab of scarred flesh packed into an oversized regulation uniform. His face is heavy-boned, usually unshaven, and pitted from long-ago acid burns. His eyes are deep-set, dark, and unfriendly. His left shoulder is packed with augmetics and he often fidgets with it, sometimes even slipping off his tunic to work the kinks out of both flesh and metal. He wears a brown Chastener sash as well as his red Detective’s collar, and a solid-slug pistol in a thigh holster. He is an expert with this and will often be found in the Fortress gun-range, intimidating his colleagues with his size, his glowering features, and the speed and accuracy of his shooting.

SENIOR ARBITRATOR LEUKALA MHAL

Senior Arbitrator Leukala Mhal, Marshal-Commodore of the Calixia Castilis Precinct Fleet, is the Calixis fleet’s commander, its figurehead, and its lucky charm. She and her four sisters were void-born aboard an armed trader pressed into service for the tense and bloody Second Sepherine Interdiction. When a miscalculated trajectory resulted in the ship arriving ten days overdue at the Arbites blockade, the shipmaster was fined not only part of his pay, but also some of his cargo, ship’s supplies, and crew. Although the youngest of the five, Leukala volunteered herself to the cull to spare her sisters the pain of separation, and joined the frightened throng shuffling through the transit locks off the ship that had been her world for thirteen years. Most of the tithed were put straight into menial positions, but any young enough to be potential recruits were sidelined for aptitude testing. Leukala, made fierce by desperation, passed the tests with honours and when the Interdiction ended and the Arbites squadron moved on, she was riding in the garrison decks in the uniform of a trainee.

From there the records show little about Arbitrator Mhal apart from her presence aboard a series of Precinct ships, until the bloody guerilla war with xenophile raiders through the Drusus Marches. The traitors’ strange weapons and fearsome boarding actions took a heavy toll on the Arbites crews and many younger Arbitrators found themselves yanked up the promotion ladder. Mhal rose to the challenge, commanding

ships' troops and crew sections with an equal measure of resourcefulness, charisma and quickly demonstrating an intuitive grasp of shipboard combat. It took three years for the Arbites and the Navy to turn the tables, hunt out the raiders, and exterminate them. At the final triumph aboard the Arbites flagship *Radiant Decree*, the raider chieftain was dragged the length of the ship in chains and ceremonially flushed from the airlock with his hands nailed to the small of his back and his writ of execution branded into his chest. Mhal was there to watch as Provost-Commander of the *Radiant Decree's* fighting Arbitrator contingent. Within five years she was commanding a ship of her own, a squadron within ten more years, and when the newly-appointed Lord Marshal Goreman needed a commander he trusted to efficiently run his very small, and thin-spread fleet there was only one name he had in mind.

Marshal-Commodore Mhal has never lost the unflagging drive that propelled her through the recruitment trials, and works herself and her fleet calmly and efficiently, but relentlessly. She hates inactivity, always restless for the next mission, the next challenge, the next task—she even walks with an odd forward-leaning gait, as though desperate to arrive where she's going that few seconds sooner. The *Radiant Decree* is now her flagship, but when that ship is in port for any lengthy refits she will transfer her flag to one of the other two ships so as to be back out and in active command

again. Her temperament is an excellent match for the Lord Marshal's, and just the right one for the small and overworked fleet she commands. For her the relentless work is a given, rather than a burden, and her own unflappable demeanour and endless energy are an inspiration to her command. Her personal charisma and strong leadership have turned the usual prejudices about void-born inside out and "The Lady" has become something of an iconic figure to her fleet. Portraits of her adorn many halls and quarters, and fleet folklore holds that any ship with her aboard will always prevail and return to dock safely. She has never set foot on a planet's surface in her life, and has no plans ever to do so.

Leukala Mhal is a startlingly tall woman of slender build, with the trademark pallor of the void-born. She has long, haughty features and blue-grey eyes with prominent epicanthic folds. Her hair has been a glossy gunmetal-grey all her life; more recently it has turned the lighter grey of advancing age. She wears it in a thick, braided cable across her shoulders. She usually dresses in a formal Arbitrator-General's cloak over neat shipboard fatigues, the cloak pinned carefully so it won't billow or tangle in low gravity.

ORRIK VON DARNUS AND THE PROMISE OF THE PAX IMPERIALIS

A very senior Judge of the Calixis Sector almost a millennia ago, Orrik Von Darnus turned to intellectual pursuits late in his career, devoting nearly a century to research and analysis of the Pax Imperialis and how it is implemented in the Calixis Sector. Though he wrote many books and treatises, his seminal work was *The Promise of the Pax Imperialis*, a volume so large that a printed copy requires two cargo-hauler servitors to move. Later scholars argue whether Von Darnus wrote *The Promise* in an attempt to simplify the application of Imperial Law in the Calixis Sector, or simply because the old man derived far too much pleasure worrying away at thorny issues of legal precedent.

Von Darnus's primary arguments focused on the idea that the Calixian Arbites' attentions should focus on crimes of sedition, treason, and actions that undermined the Adeptus Terra, while leaving most "lesser" crimes to a planet's local enforcers. He went on to say that as isolated as the Sector was from the rest of the Imperium, such crimes posed the greatest threat to Imperial rule, and should be prosecuted aggressively.

The most common punishments in the Calixis Sector are based on "The Promise of the Pax Imperialis". Field interrogations and executions are not only warranted, but encouraged. It falls to the individual Arbitrator to determine the extent to which a crime requires punishment. Treason and Sedition are the most painfully punished crimes, with familial execution all but demanded by Orrik Von Darnus' work.

Strangely, recent versions of the work have begun to appear, pointing to a more Ecclesiarchal slant in the texts. These recently discovered works claim that the Arch-Cardinal's command should supercede the Adeptus Arbites, even in matters concerning the Tithe. It makes the claim that the spiritual health of the Imperium is the most important factor in the safety of mankind. Most Judges dismiss these works as frauds, but a small and secretive minority of the clergy are attempting to push this version of "The Promise of the Pax Imperialis" into more common use.

Even now, a thousand years later, many senior Calixian Arbitrators regard Von Darnus's writings as something of an authority on the implementation of Imperial Law. Currently, Lord Marshal Goreman's opinions cemented the high regard with which many Calixian Arbites hold Von Darnus's works. The Lord Marshal has a habit of quoting *The Promise of the Pax Imperialis* when pronouncing rulings, and is said to keep a near-complete collection of Von Darnus's books in his personal offices. Some of the Judges in the Calixis Sector wryly comment that Goreman is such a fan of Von Darnus because he finds it easier to refer to a single set of books than to spend weeks researching the original volumes those books were based on. It is certainly true that the Lord Marshal would rather be dealing decisively with malcontents than researching in a library, though those same Judges never make a point of mentioning this to his face.

SCINTILLA

"I've been a lot of places boy. I've tussled with Enforces on more worlds than you've got hairs on your head. If you're going to peddle your cold trade services here... well... you're going to need to be a bit faster on the draw."

—Gui, Acolyte of the Inquisition

The home of both the Lord Sector and of the Sector's Precinct command, Scintilla inevitably has the largest population of Arbites of any world in the Calixis Sector. It is to Scintilla that new Arbites are shipped at the completion of their training, to swear their final oath to the Emperor, don their badge for the first time, and be shipped out to their first postings. It is where the most prized medals and the most senior promotions are handed out, and where every ambitious Arbitor wants to be posted, for the chance at a career-making position under the eye of Lord Goreman himself.

Scintilla's most iconic symbol of impregnable Imperial law is familiar across the sector, though few civilians have ever set eyes on it: the Fortress of the Just, the gigantic, sheer-sided black obelisk standing tall from the desert hardpan near Hive Tarsus. The work of decades to build, the Fortress holds a small city packed inside its thick walls. In the highest level, beneath the broad cap of landing pads and the thickets of auspex and uplink towers, Lord Marshal Goreman has his command centre. Thinking best on his feet, he spends his day prowling through a chain of austere office chambers where his thousands-strong staff analyse data and synthesize briefings out of the endless stream of reports and alerts from across the sector. At one end of this command complex is a tiny, private Astropath's eyrie, and there is no end of rumours about its use. Some claim that Goreman put a power-maul beneath Astropath Xiao's chin and extorted the use of a seer out of him, others that the tower is a penance posting for Astropaths guilty of crimes against their own Adeptus charter, others still that the eyrie has been empty for years, that no Astropath can be found whose mind can manage the horrifying accounts constantly transmitted to it.

On the levels below are the carefully guarded data-loom chambers of the Detective headquarters and the great libraries of legal texts shipped from Terra, including the sealed shut, ash-filled rooms where the most precious tomes are kept by a horde of servitors and servo-scrubbers. Below this are the massive vaulted chambers originally built for the Judges to conduct legal ceremonies and hold the most important trials, but these rooms are now mostly dark and quiet, full of stale air. The judicial cohort at the Fortress is often in the field, and most Judges prefer to use summary measures at the scene rather than drag offenders to the Fortress for elaborate set-piece trials. These rooms are most often reserved for politically sensitive cases, or those that could set sector-wide precedent.

Below these are the packed and noisy barrack levels. The Fortress is designed not only as a self-contained bastion but as a hub for Arbites operations for light-years around, and the Arbites it holds number enough to turn the tide in an uprising or to fight a sizeable engagement on their own. These levels also hold armouries, chapels, evidence vaults, and medicae with

capacity more than enough to serve the Fortress' entire garrison. The Fortress could easily hold and support half again its current number of occupants if it had to. The lower levels are the technical levels, the forges, machine-shrines, and hangars for the Fortress' vehicle fleet, and Verispex laboratories of breathtaking complexity and specialisation. In the lowest levels, extending into the rock beneath the Fortress, are the giant generatoria crypts and life support machinery that keep the Fortress running. The Fortress' void shield projectors have not been used in living memory, but they are maintained in impeccable order by a cabal of Fluxmechanic Magi covenanted from the Lathes.

The second centre of operations on Scintilla is the Pan-Iudicaeum in Hive Sibellus. While the Fortress of the Just makes a point of its isolation and heavy defences, the Pan-Iudicaeum is the edifice that ensures the Arbites remain prominent in the minds of Calixis' rulers, planted squarely and visibly in the teeming capital hive. It looms out of the slope of Sibellus in a great oval of stark, off-white rockcrete, clearly visible from the Lucid Palace (and from most other points along that skirt of the hive, since the Arbites will forcibly halt the construction of any building nearby that might obscure it). The Pan-Iudicaeum has a small garrison of fighting Arbitrators and a fair contingent of Detectives who report to the Lord Marshal on the goings-on in the Governor's halls. It also has a fair-sized contingent of Judges, librarians, and legal savants, and is where citizens can bring petitions to be heard by the agents of the law.

A permanent queue of petitioners clutching scrolls and letters they hope to bring before a Judge spills out of the giant arched doorway of the building. Most will become disheartened and leave, sometimes after mere weeks; some, particularly the emissaries of families powerful enough to arrange it, will be part of a rotating group who takes turns keeping their place in the queue as it shuffles forward. The luckiest and most persistent will make it into the hall and up the stairs to crowd underneath a half-circle of balconies shouting their petitions up at impassive Judges and waving their scrolls over their heads. From here, most will be thrown out over some trifling error of protocol of which they were unaware. Those who manage to have their grievances taken up and handed to an Arbitor leave the building with joyful smiles, graciously allowing others in the queue to touch their clothes in the hope that their luck will rub off. They know that their plea is in safe hands, and that on some distant, shining day, their descendants will hear word on its judgement.

The endless queue has spawned a lively supporting industry—sellers of food, sleeping slabs, or tomes of scripture, or those advertising their services as scribes or advocates. Some swindlers peddle utterly spurious advice about how to move faster up the queue or tips on how to format a plea to the court, and it is not unknown for thugs to hire themselves out to help a frustrated plaintiff try to fight their way forward. The early halls of the Pan-Iudicaeum are lined with stern grey statues of long-dead Arbites of old, and a superstition has sprung up that stating one's case to these statues has a similar effect to stating it to a real Arbitor. It is not uncommon to see citizens making tearful pleas or ferociously arguing cases back and forth under the uncaring stone gaze of an Arbitor a thousand years dead, and of course there are many self-appointed guides working the queue who will, for a handsome payment, point a petitioner to a statue sympathetic to their case.

The third centre of activity on Scintilla is at the orbital docks high above Hive Tarsus. Here, roving squads of Arbitrators ensure that the unruliness of the docks does not endanger the work of shipping out tithes and shipping in supplies, and cybermastiff handlers and Verispex adepts stage snap inspection raids to catch captains in breach of the demanding quarantine laws. Two vessels in the last ten years have been pushed back from dock and purged at great cost by Arbites and Protectorate forces after xenos infestation was discovered on board; dock gossip mutters darkly about four-armed beasts cohabiting with contaminated crew. More recently, Lead Verispex Mortyffe eluded two assassination attempts to expose an outbreak of Ganfian Lung-Clot aboard the *Prayer of Crake*, using encrypted vox to arrange the destruction of the vessel while he was still aboard it once he realised he himself had become a carrier.

As is standard, the visible efforts of the Arbitrators are backed up by a covert cell of Detectives. The Tarsine docks make fertile grounds for spy-work. With nearly all transit to and from Scintilla being funnelled through them there is always something happening behind the scenes. Travellers may not be what they seem—a simple pilgrim or merchant envoy may be a fleeing outlaw, a roving dissident, or even a psyker. Organised rackets steal and extort a living from the endless stream of trade, and deal in smuggled contraband or forged Adeptus paperwork. The Arbites take little notice of crime for crude commercial gain, but those who seek to corrupt the authority of the Adeptus, endanger the smooth running of the docks, or abet the secret movements of outlaws get them very interested indeed. The docks are often used as a training ground for Detectives, particularly Espionists and Personators. Trainees can be exposed to a great variety of

Calixian appearances, dialects, and customs, and the swirl of travellers from all over the sector means that a trainee's own mistakes on their false personas are less likely to be spotted.

One half of the Calixia Castilis Precinct fleet is based at Scintilla, and although its ships spend most of their time out on circuit, there are often one or two craft at the docks for refit or on a special assignment to the Lord Marshal. The dock Detective bureau has found it pays to note whose behaviour changes visibly when Arbites craft come in to dock—guilty consciences have a way of showing.

GUNMETAL CITY

The cramped furnace-warrens of Gunmetal City have an infamous reputation for violence and lawlessness, and a common wisecrack elsewhere on Scintilla is that Gunmetallicans don't even know what a Magistratum uniform looks like. Be that as it may for the Scintillan Enforcers, Gunmetal City knows all too well the grim sight of the Arbitrators, and the Arbites themselves make a point of keeping it that way.

The Imperial Adeptus presence in Gunmetal revolves around the city's industrial output, the endless stream of weapons and munitions that are so vital to Scintilla's Imperial tithe and to the Emperor's ever-hungry war machine. Administratum adepts ensure that the foundries are running smoothly and their Imperial commissions are being fulfilled, while the Adeptus Mechanicus oversees the quality and purity of the manufacturing processes themselves, and police the sacred knowledge that underpins them. The Arbites garrison is there to ensure that these Adepta are discharging their functions as they should, free of corruption and from the feral lawlessness of the rest of the city.



The noble families of Gunmetal are in constant competition for the fattest trade deals, and routinely sign lucrative contracts with private concerns—notable buyers include the armourers for the Lord Governor's palace guard and the household militias of Rogue Trader Aspyce Chorda. A single contract would be the making of a noble house on many worlds, but in Gunmetal they are almost a diversion from the real prize: a commission from the Adeptus Terra. Some of these are similar to the mercantile contracts, as an Adeptus makes a direct purchase of weapons for its members. Battlefleet Calixis and the Departamento Munitorium both commission weapons shipments to meet needs for troop raisings or warzones elsewhere. The biggest commissions, however, are for consignments to be rendered up to the Administratum as part of Scintilla's planetary tithe.

Families who land these commissions work their foundries day and night under the watchful eye of Adeptus scrutineers to meet the rigorous tithing quotas. Once a consignment is completed the house hands it directly to the Adeptus on behalf of the Lord Governor, and is reimbursed handsomely from the Governor's coffers in turn. As the tithing cycle ends the intrigues among the nobility reach white heat, as they wait for the Administratum "Exactors" (called mockingly such for the suspect precision of their numbers) to publish the next round of quotas and scramble to make their bids.

Crime is a natural byproduct of the wealth and power at stake in these commissions, and the razor-thin margins for success and survival. Corrupt Exactors distort the bidding rounds for their own personal ends, or accept bribes and favours to ignore cut corners and falsified production tallies. Noble houses offer illegal inducements or simple threats to try to strengthen bids or conceal production failures. Nobles get carried away by the buccaneering culture of Gunmetal City and, through arrogance or desperation, allow a gambit of sabotage or assassination to endanger the production of a commissioned tithe or the Adeptus officers presiding over it. While the Arbites are indifferent to the families' everyday crimes against one another, anything that threatens or compromises the tithe is a profound crime against the Imperium and invites the full and merciless force of the law.

The start of the most recent tithing cycle has been particularly contentious, with clashes between the Fochtmont and Lempaeda families almost leading to open war. A string of highly suspicious gun-duels picked off the Fochtmonts' intended envoys to the Exactors' bidding meets. The family has had to suppress violent unrest among its labour force and spend more resources than it can afford on forcibly stopping the defection of two retainer families once the news of the deaths leaked out. The Lempaeda, for their part, are trying to contain the damage after one of their elders brought down the wrath of the Mechanicus by declaring the family should have permanent rights to the melta archprints they had been entrusted with the previous cycle. Each family saw the other's moment of weakness as the chance to make a move to shore up its fortunes and credibility, and the border between their two holdings, along the great ridge of magmafractal towers known as the Lateral Vent, has seen a rash of duels, sniper exchanges, and two major engagements involving heavily-armed family militias and gangs hired wholesale out of Infernis. The Arbites have been keeping a close watch against several eventualities—the violence damaging the production capacity of either house's foundries, the Fochtmonts resorting to illegal

means to try to win standing with the Exactors, or the Lempaeda showing any further defiance of Mechanicus authority over their tech-lore. Arbitrator squads have already intervened with lethal force when one running battle came dangerously close to a vital cluster of orbital-loader platforms, and armoured patrols along the Vent are under instruction to make an example of any gang gunslingers who show their faces in the open air. The Arbites are also carefully observing the Magistratum's handling of the lesser battles in this miniature war, laying the groundwork should they ever need to make a case for incompetence by the authorities.

The Arbites of Gunmetal City make no attempt to correct these crimes with secrecy or discretion. Long-standing custom sees them prosecute their targets with maximum force and visibility, and Garrison Provost Tolan Eress has continued this practice with gusto. Corrupt adepts and overambitious nobles alike are arrested and dragged away while in public company; whole levels and sometimes whole spires are ransacked with overwhelming force in search of evidence. Executions are public and performed with full pomp and ceremony. As a way of cowing the city's population and taking some of the outlaw swagger out of its collective step, these methods are only barely effective, but at the very least Eress wants to provide Gunmetal City with regular reminders that there is a higher, harsher gaze on them than the weakling Magistratum. Eress has even been pushing for an old-fashioned underhive-style cull on the Infernis gangs, but to date cooler heads in the senior planetary commands have prevailed. The benefits from such a cull seem too small to justify the dangers of such an operation, both the dangers to the Arbites force undertaking it and the danger that the violence would spread far enough to damage the skill base of the workforce higher in the city.

Gunmetal City makes for bloody work even by an Arbitrator's standards. In Gunmetal a brawl becomes a shootout, a riot becomes a pitched battle, and a simple suppression deployment that another garrison might take on with shock-mauls and choke gas almost becomes a military engagement. Eress drills his garrison relentlessly on their marksmanship and urban firefight tactics, and insists that even his second-line Verispex and Detective units maintain their shooting skills. Arbitrators coming off a posting at Gunmetal City often find themselves promoted as gun instructors or to specialist fire-support teams—that is if they aren't being put through remedial drills for their rusty close-combat skills.

The Gunmetal precinct also has the more difficult task of policing the Adeptus Mechanicus. Enginseers attend upon the machines in every foundry of Gunmetal, and a precious part of a tithe commission is the dispensation to utilise holy archprints and rites of forging. The Tech-Priests make these available in strictly controlled ways, and attempting to steal or misuse such knowledge is a crime against the Adeptus. The whole matter is complicated further by the inscrutable and often bizarre behaviour of the Mechanicus themselves, interfering in Gunmetal's industrial works as though blithely unaware of the law. The precinct's Verispex teams are currently convinced that the Mechanicus has some kind of heavily modified and brutally effective techno-assassin hidden away in one of the sealed machine-shrines that dot the city, which they are using to terrorise a number of foundry houses in defiance of Adeptus law. However, the Mechanicus have enough privilege and sovereignty over their secret business to deflect any investigation so far, and the Verispex and Detectives continue to hunt for clues to the real nature (and motive) of this killer.

IOCANTHOS

The war-battered world of Iocanthos hosts a single Precinct based in the little Adeptus capitol of Port Suffering, and that Precinct is one of the smallest in the sector—a dozen Arbitrators to police a world whose population is made up of roving armies millions or billions strong. It is a daunting task, one to make even the most steadfast Arbitor feel overwhelmed. A stint at Iocanthos tends to quickly show which newcomers are able to rise to the work and keep their faith focused on their duty. Policing the place in any conventional manner is laughably out of the question, and so Iocanthos also quickly reveals Arbites who are able to adapt to a role that their academies did not prepare them for.

As the largest city and only Adeptus base on a world of great importance to the sector, on paper Port Suffering looks like a first-rate assignment. In practice, Arbites from the surrounding Precincts will put Iocanthos firmly on the list of “dead taper” stations, a popular Adeptus slang referring to coming off worst in a drawing of lots. The Port itself is a drab, stagnant little prefabricated town, its garrison just a single squad operating out of a “Precinct Fortress” barely bigger than a barrack-house, with nothing to do, so the stories go, but endlessly clean the powdery street-dust off their boots and look forward to whatever excitement they can wring out of standing guard when the loaders arrive to collect the Ghostfire crops.

It's true, Port Suffering is every bit the depressing little place that the reports suggest, and its garrison every bit as tiny: a dozen Arbitrators, a single Rhino APC, and a handful of bonded menials to act as auxiliaries. The stuffy prefabricated five-floor Courthouse is designed, as are all official Imperial buildings, to inspire an intimidated deference in those outside it; for the Arbitrators inside, it inspires the stout hope that they will never have to try and defend the place against even a moderately determined aggressor. Going by the book, the work of the garrison is indeed to monitor the Adeptus counting house and observe the Ghostfire shipments being loaded, and not much more. But the work of the Precinct is anything but dull.

One of the roles of the Arbites is to monitor the planetary government and keep Imperial Governors mindful of their responsibilities. Since the governorship of Iocanthos attaches to whichever roving warlord has the largest load of Ghostfire to deliver, maintaining the careful policing of more traditional planets is clearly impossible. The tiny garrison hasn't the

capacity to divide itself between Port Suffering and one or more wandering warlords' courts. Even when it is attempted, as it has been a few times in the Precinct's history, the Arbitrators find themselves either pushed aside from the court and unable to get near the warlord (for what kind of barbarian general would make a place at their court for an outsider whose explicit role is to judge his actions and punish, even kill them, for reasons they are not obliged to reveal?) or, worse, get too caught up in the war-horde's affairs, becoming effectively another courtier of the general and unable to act impartially.

Instead, the Arbitrators have taken on a broader, more subtle role, more like that of their Espionist colleagues. Arbitrators will leave Port Suffering for weeks or months at a time, shadowing the warlords' armies, mapping out their Ghostfire harvesting, and watching and recording the battles they fight. Each Arbitrator maps out a basic set of routes back and forth across the continent and will follow them unless they find something that diverts them away. While travelling they will check in with village enclaves, hermits, and warband patrols, exchanging rumours and listening to the tales of traders and camp followers from the warlords' entourages. During these long circuits their role changes from that of a classical Arbitrator to a combination of scout, spy, ranger, and peacekeeper.

They do none of these jobs in secret. On the contrary, the Iocanthos Arbitrators have become locally known as “Flags” or “Suffering Marshals” riding their circuits with a brightly coloured banner atop a tall flagstaff which can be planted in the ground, thus making themselves easy to find. The Suffering Marshals are adapted to tracking a quarry into new settlements, making contacts quickly by playing the local underworld against itself. While some roam Iocanthos in search of their quarry, others are directed to establish known places of call where people know to look for them. They have come to command respect from those they encounter on the road, sometimes through their fighting skill and stubbornness, sometimes through their willingness to pass petitions and trade proposals back to Port Suffering, and sometimes through their growing reputations as fair and impartial judges. In particular, minor warbands or non-aligned communities will often seek out a passing flagman or woman to broker a ceasefire or alliance, or mediate a feud. Arbitrators have been attacked in their travels, sometimes killed, especially when they have needed to pursue and sanction a dangerous threat like a fleeing Imperial criminal, a rogue warband, or a wild psyker. However, their status among the planet's natives has brought greater safety with it, as they are known to be under the protection of the Emperor and any who raise a hand to them face expulsion from the trade meets at Port Suffering and a bounty of fresh water and supplies placed on their heads.

Generally three or four members of the garrison are out on their circuits at one time. They are allowed considerable latitude in planning their travels and in what leads they pursue while on the road, although they are answerable for all of it down to the last detail. The Flags are very well-equipped, with a small but fully stocked Arbites armoury to draw upon, as well as the resources of Port Suffering to requisition. Their travelling gear tends to be individual also, shaped by personal preference, the continent they must pass through, and what they expect to be doing en route.



One might observe a ranger in Arbitrator uniform returning from the southwestern badlands driving a rumbling, high-riding cargo-eight, the hull hung all around with rattling panniers of supplies and trade goods. She tows a water tanker behind her and her truck's cab is full of audio-slates on which she has been recording her contacts' observations about Ghostfire growth over the past season and which warbands know about what blooms. Meanwhile, another Flag is setting out through Port Suffering's opposite gate, heading for the broken and mountainous country of the Barrelshear Fault, trudging out on foot, one hand loosely gripping the leashes of the two giant, rangy pack-dogs that pad behind him carrying his supplies. He is protected by tight-wound dust wrappings, the Arbitrator helmet covered by a cloth veil, and his shrouded shotgun hangs at his back. Behind him walks a bonded clerk, likewise wrapped up and shaded, leading a pack-dog of his own. His stub rifle is slung at his shoulder and the data-slate he will use to record all the ranger's conversations with his contacts is at the other hip.

The chief of the little Port Suffering garrison (and technically, therefore, the Commander of Court for the system, although he never uses that title without loading it with irony) is Proctor-Laureate Lestano Dietz. Dietz was one of the most promising recruits from his Schola Progenium intake and excelled in his training at the Fortress of the Just, but on his training postings became keenly interested in the study of Imperial legal philosophy and tradition. Before long he ran into the brick wall of Calixian prejudice on such matters, and found that instead of the plum assignment to the Praetoral chambers at Solomon he had been shunted off to lead a squad of bored Arbitrators on Iocanthos on an indefinite posting.

Although he remains bitter about the politics behind his assignment here, Dietz has refused to allow it to slow him down. He has actively encouraged the ranger work that his Arbitrators take on, formalising it as an official part of the garrison's operating doctrine. He has also begun lobbying the High Precinct Command for explicit support for the Flags, including training in Detective techniques and the allocation of an actual Espionist to deepen the available skill set. He has also requested, albeit without much optimism, the addition of a Morturge to the garrison, well aware that tough though the Flags are, his garrison is still at a disadvantage if they have to deal with an openly defiant warlord. Dietz's squad, who initially resented the soft-handed scholar dumped on them by Command, have warmed to him as they have seen his belief in them and the work he has put in on their behalf, and currently morale among the Iocanthos Flags is high.

Ironically, given the post's reputation among other Arbites, finishing a stint on Iocanthos can be as problematic as starting one. Flag work is solitary and freewheeling, demanding versatility, lateral thinking, and resourcefulness, and those who excel at it find they chafe at a return to the regimented life of an Arbitrator at a large garrison. Many former Iocanthos rangers are now working as Detectives and Mortirges, and the Divisio Immoralis counts several among its agents.

ARBITRATOR DOCTRINE

"We determine the guilty. We decide the punishment."

—Emblazoned in black stone in front of the Iocanthos Precinct

The Adeptus Arbites police the most fundamental of crimes—those that strike at the Imperium as an institution, at the Imperial Adeptus and the order it represents, and through this at the orderly reign of the Emperor Himself. Some of these crimes are committed by the Adeptus themselves, for any member of the Adeptus who fails to do the duty that the law stipulates of them is guilty of a crime, whether that failure comes from wilful disobedience, corruption, or incompetence. Most are committed by the Imperial citizenry, acting in ways that breach their lawful obligation to give the Imperium their obedience, their labour, their respect, and their lives.

It is not the simple physical scale of a crime that decides whether it is a matter for the Arbites or whatever mundane justice system the local governor has seen fit to set up. Rather, it is at whom or what the act was directed. A brawl between gangs of rakes in the upper streets of a hive is beneath the Arbites' notice. A handful of murders in that brawl would be treated no differently—worth a sneer beneath an Arbitrator's helmet for their degraded natures perhaps, but nothing more. But let a stone thrown in that brawl miss its mark and bruise the cheek of a humble Administratum functionary who's trudging past with a satchel full of replacement stylus nibs, and then the courthouse gates will grind open for the blocks of armoured Arbitrators to march out. The Detectives and Verispex will track the brawlers, and Emperor have mercy on the stone-thrower when the Chasteners drag them into a cell beneath the courthouse to begin their punishment. Human life has no intrinsic value in Imperial law: obedience is what it enshrines over all.

The Imperium is a theocracy, and although the Arbites wield and police temporal authority, religious concepts make up the bedrock of Imperial Law. The Lex Imperialis holds that the Emperor rightfully expects service and obedience from every human being in the galaxy, and that within the Imperium that expectation is made manifest through the scripture of laws. To break the Lex Imperialis is not only to disobey a law of government, it is to violate the immaculate moral order those laws set out. This violation of a divine order is present in every crime the Arbites investigate, and once this is understood the need for harsh methods and stern penalties becomes clear. For the Arbites, there is no such thing as a petty crime.

This is also why the heresy of Abstractionism, notoriously present in the Calixian Precincts, is so reviled by right-thinking Arbites. It places the flawed and hubristic whims of an individual above the clean, majestic structures of the Emperor's laws as made manifest through the due scripture of His servants. The letter of the law is immaculate—to claim access to the spirit of the law is to claim equality with the Emperor, a crime and a blasphemy which no Arbitrator should countenance.

CHASTENERS

The Arbitrators constitute the military might of the law, the hammer with which the Imperium breaks lawlessness, but Arbites doctrine accepts that not every reprimand must be lethal. Lord Marshal Goreman professes that perfection only belongs to divinity, and divinity only belongs to the Emperor—to claim otherwise is heretical pride. And if none can be perfect, then all must deserve rebuke, and if every rebuke brings death then what of humanity would survive? Death-dealing will always be part of the Arbites' charter, but the many Judges believe it cannot be all of it. While not all Precincts make use of less than lethal punishment, the Scintillan Precinct trains some Arbitrators for less deadly roles, and occasionally sends them out to other Fortress Precincts to aid in legal investigations. The role of capturing, questioning, and punishing without killing falls to the specialists Goreman has named the 'Chasteners'.

The Chasteners administer every aspect of the capture and handling of living prisoners. While any Arbitrator can take down a target in combat and bundle them into a strait-cape or barbu-cuffs, a Chastener spends hours training beneath the Precinct Fortress on Scintilla learning how to disable and drag away a target in any situation and by any means: from harpooning them in the middle of a riot and winching them up to a coleopter hatch; to moving silently through a guarded mansion, drugging a sleeping mark, and spiriting them away without awakening the spouse or concubine sleeping next to them. Training rooms in a variety of locations, from the faux lava-slag flows beneath Gunmetal City to orbital drop simulations, can be created in one of the Precinct Fortress' underground chambers, and no two Chasteners undergo the same regiment.

Once a prisoner is in custody; more macabre skills come into play, as the Chasteners go to work administering punishment and breaking the prisoner's will. Physical torture is one tool in their armoury, finely sharpened by instruction from some of the greatest Interrogators in the Calixis Sector. Often, these Inquisitorial Interrogators train Chasteners with the understanding that they will spend time with Acolyte Cells before returning to their Adeptus Arbites Precinct. While these Chasteners are schooled in the scientific application of force to

the human body, it is only one tool in an array of careful torments that erode away the pretences and unmask the lawbreaker underneath. The Arbites' brutalized subjects suffer extremes of noise and temperature; stifling, claustrophobic spaces or frighteningly open ones; maddening solitude; or the crowded company of dozens or hundreds of other prisoners for days or more. They are deprived of sleep, paraded and humiliated before other prisoners or the masses, and made to deliver endless pleas denouncing their own weakness and criminality.

The ministrations of the Chasteners have a direct use for the Arbites, of course, since an important part of their work is obtaining confessions and information that will incriminate others in turn. Any citizen, a Chastener will say, has information of interest, no matter how unaware they may be of the importance of what they know. But these careful, will-destroying punishments have a deeper purpose. The Arbites punish crimes against the Imperium itself. To break their laws is to affront the Imperium and the sacred order it enforces, and so the punishments are not just correction, deterrent, or retribution, but a symbolic reassertion of Imperial sovereignty, the reconquering of a body and soul that rightfully belonged in service to the Emperor and was stolen away from Him by lawlessness and criminality.

For such a crime a simple eye-for-eye penalty will never suffice. By the end of the punishment the Chasteners must be sure that every last scrap of rebellious spirit has been burned away, and the prisoner reclaimed for the rule of law. The conclusion of a prisoner's punishment (whether that be release once their criminality has been broken, passage into further servitude on a prison world or in a penal legion, or execution) is usually marked by a short ceremony proclaiming the return of the prisoner to the ways of the law. The convict is often marked in some way, usually a brand, tattoo, or sometimes the grafting of a plaque to the face or forehead.

The distinctive livery of a Chastener is a russet-brown sash, tunic, or cloak worn over the standard Arbites armour and helmet. Chasteners are also often marked out by their size: while there are exceptions, the typical Chastener is bullish and broad-shouldered, fully able to control prisoners through sheer brawn.

Summary notes, Day Four of Interrogation:

In hour six, subject was shown transcripts demonstrating that he had heard conversations among fellow workers expressing disrespectful sentiments about the Imperial Adeptus. Subject indicated awareness of the penalty for failing to report expression of anti-Imperial thought. Claimed he had twice travelled to the Precinct House but was unable to approach. Subject was shown surveillance agent dossiers recording his movements to the front concourse of the Fifth District House but making no attempt to approach further. Subject was made aware that this constituted remaining within restricted distance of an Adeptus building without cause, and informed of penalties for same. Subject became unresponsive. Subject was reminded of statement made aloud during day two of solitary confinement, "I wish I could tell you something so I could give you what you wanted." Open expression of the desire to possess a criminal history is four offences, all of which were outlined to the subject along with their penalties. Subject still unresponsive. Upon questioning about subject's unusual route from food-hall to hab-cell at the end of evening work shifts, subject claimed a wish to conceal a serial liaison with fabricatory forewoman. Interrogators produced records from said forewoman stating that liaison had terminated. The number, nature, and penalties of all offences deriving from false testimony to Arbites were enumerated. Subject spent prolonged period in an emotionally agitated and unresponsive state. In hour fifteen of day four, subject agreed to earn the deferral of immediate penalties by detailing worker expressions of anti-Imperial sentiment.



DETECTIVES

The hallmarks of a planet's Arbites presence are all too obvious—the grim black block of a fortified Courthouse rearing up among hab buildings, a column of stark black Rhino and Repressor tanks rumbling down a thoroughfare, or the expressionless, mirror-visored gaze of an Arbitrator over the top of their suppression shield. A Precinct relying only on their paramilitary might would soon fail, however, able only to react to the most open and obvious signs of criminality. As well as warriors for the law, the Arbites must be hunters of the lawless. Refusing to rely too heavily upon the Inquisition or the planetary Enforcers, Lord Marshal Goreman expects each precinct within the sector to train and maintain agents specialised in investigation. Pulling heavily upon old favours owed and new promises made, Lord Marshal Goreman, worked tirelessly to build a cadre of Detective-Arbitrators, trained in a variety of pursuits and esoteric knowledge. Their red collars mark them amongst their peers, although the wary glances of their fellow Arbitrators and shrewd minds are almost as clear a marker of their skills. The Detectives are the Arbites' eyes and ears out among the populace, gathering up the whispers and clues that would scurry into hiding at the first sight of an Arbitrator uniform, coldly bearing witness for the day when the hammer of judgement falls.

Lord **Marshal** Goreman is content to let the existence of his spies be an open secret in most Imperial societies, since the nagging fear that someone is listening becomes another tool to help keep the citizenry in line. The specifics of Detective operations, however, are scrupulously protected from view, even that of most other Arbites. A Detective command will attempt to insinuate information gatherers into every corner of its jurisdiction, through infiltration, surveillance, and the use of outside spies. These are not simply different techniques but time-honoured specialisations with their own rank structures and formalised operational dogmas.

The Detective-Surveillor specialises in direct observation and recording of lawbreakers and suspected lawbreakers (two categories which between them cover practically every person in the Calixis Sector). Surveillors are the most heavily technical of Goreman's Detectives, adept with the use of concealed pict arrays, vox-thieves, pheromone and chem-trackers, and subtle devices with cunning machine-spirits to intercept transmechanical communications. Surveillors' work can be more direct, sending them out among the crowds to eavesdrop on their targets or tail suspects. Sometimes they must even slip unnoticed into homes, vehicles, or places of work or worship to pick up conversations, plant devices, or to steal biological traces to add to a suspect's dossier. It can come as a great and terminal surprise to a lawbreaker who thought their tracks were covered when they are hunted down by a cyber-mastiff working with a fragment of hair and a scrap of undergarment that a Detective-Surveillor stole from their hab weeks, months, or years before.

Detective-Espionists preside over webs of spies, informants, and agents-provocateurs, some of whom may be fellow Detectives but most of whom will be outsiders who may not even know it is the Arbites to whom they are passing their reports. Informants are recruited through trickery, through

their sense of Imperial duty, or most frequently, through terror. When the case against a suspect becomes substantial enough for action, Detectives will make an assessment of that person's worth as an informant, and what leverage they have to force them to become one. Calixian procedure has been authorised (and duplicated) by Inquisitorial powers and includes making a showy example of one of a group of arrestees in order to spur co-operation from the others, and Espionists are not above manipulating a potential recruit into a compromised position from which the only way out is onto the informant register. In target areas or organisations where the Judges' suspicions are strong, he may have whole webs of informants, none of whom know of each other, all informing on one another. The Calixian Precincts are not concerned with the duplication of information; by checking and comparing reports against one another they can monitor their informants for reliability and signs of treachery.

Detectives have no problems with employing outright agents-provocateur to stir up trouble. Entrapping a suspect has shown remarkable success on the outlying worlds of the Calixis Sector—if a citizen engages in disloyalty, crime, or sedition, then they have exposed themselves as weak, flawed, and unworthy of the privilege of even the limited freedom that Imperial daily life allows. Notably, more than twenty noblemen were arrested and sentenced to death after Judge Harmahk convinced them to turn against the Barsapine Planetary Governor in the wake of massive damage to one of the world's most beloved Cathedrals. Whether their crime came of their own behaviour or through the efforts of an Arbites provocateur is irrelevant and, in fact, an accused who claims otherwise is simply adding a self-confessed count of culpable moral weakness to their roll of charges.

The Adeptus Arbites make use of assistance or information from other Imperial organisations as well. Investigators utilize Adepts (both within the Precinct Fortress and those serving the Administratum) to pore over mountains of data. A detective may spend months within the Precinct scouring statistics and legal actions looking for patterns or odd behaviour. Astropathic or similar assets are rare and carefully-controlled. When psychic abilities are required, agents look to the Scholastia Psykana who have shown an aptitude for psychometry or cognito-mnemonic drilling to lend aid.

The Detectives's work crosses over into many other specialties—with Chasteners as they handle and break captives and with Verispex as they compile their dossiers of evidence. It is common for Arbites to cross-train and straddle these specialties, ranking in one and acting in another. Arbites who transfer into the Detective specialty will often use their old rank and position as a cover so that they can blend in with Arbites operations and not give away their presence. Detectives have no distinct uniform of their own; when they wish to, they signify themselves with a red collar or lanyard worn over whatever uniform they wore before they began Detective work.

VERISPEX

Every criminal act leaves its track, and the Arbites must lay that track bare. The Chasteners reveal it running through the confessions of the prisoners in their cells. The Detectives see it running through the furtive actions and words of citizens who think themselves unobserved. Many Calixian Judges maintain the usefulness of physical evidence, often debating its viability with those Precinct commanders on the outskirts of the Calixis Sector. Taken from the Calixian Ordos, where individual Inquisitors maintain a variety of specialised adepts for their own purposes, the highly specialised knowledge of these adepts lends itself to inter-agency co-operation. These Verispex adepts are the ones who see the track in the most literal way; it is they who piece together the physical traces of crime, to weight the hammer of the law with irrefutable evidence before it is brought down on the head of the criminal.

The Verispex specialists are the Calixis Sector's forensic scholars, their charter covering material evidence rather than the human intelligence collected by the Detectives. It is they who will track a weapon from the spent slug, determine the exact pattern and temperature of the las-burn or the tear-pattern of the chainsaw blade, filter out and separate the tiny organic traces clinging to a burgled Adeptus shrine so that the cyber-mastiffs can be put on the scent, or identify the print-mill three systems away whose stolen inks were used on underground pamphlets full of incitement and sedition. Individual Inquisitors maintain a vast array of agents, many of whom possess skills so specific that they may never see practical use. It is these Acolytes that a Judge will occasionally conscript, just as an Inquisitor might make use of an Arbitrator when his duties require someone of singularly rare knowledge.

Such broad work means that the Verispex themselves are recruited by the Inquisition from a bewildering variety of specialties and sub-hierarchies that even other Arbites can find impenetrable. A Verispex may spend years of their career on cataloguing the unique signatures of the artificial atmospheres aboard every starship in a sub-sector fleet so that a suspect can be traced by the tiniest residue trapped in their hair or lungs. Another might pour all their effort into a treatise on the differences in blood-spatter between a wounded native of the slightly higher-gravity Sepheris Secundus and one of the infinitesimally lower gravity of Malfi, both on their own homeworlds and on each other's. The Verispex who routinely work in the field with Arbitrator and Detective teams tend to have very specific skill sets, but without the work of these painstaking specialists to draw upon, the Inquisition would likely find themselves at a dead end. Verispex who specialise in exotic weapon wounds and toxins are especially sought after by Inquisitors heading into the Koronus Expanse, who often need to trace and combat the most unusual of enemies.

Many of the skills required by Verispex venture into scientific and technical fields, infringing upon the borders of the Adeptus Mechanicus' traditional domains. While the Mechanicus draws the line at inducting Verispex directly into their own techno-esoterica (in the way that, for example, an Adeptus Astartes Techmarine becomes an initiate of the Martian Priesthood), each of the Calixian Precincts will have a treaty with their Mechanicus shrine whereby selected Verispex receive carefully vetted instruction in the lesser mysteries of the Cult—Biologis, Alchemys, and Physick are three of the common choices. These privileged few will sport a blue steel arm band, marking them as ordained laity under the eye of the Omnissiah. Essential as these initiates are, they represent perennial headaches for Precinct commanders who must balance the fact of their induction into another arm of the Adeptus with the need for rigid and incorruptible loyalty to the Arbites.

With this you will find the notes for the case you brought me two days ago. The Chartist Captain was found dead in the hall outside the rooms of the acting Intendant of Tithes. There were no visible wounds, no sign of struggle, and his scroll-case emptied. I've tagged all the main files.

We've tracked the chemical blocks used for the metabolic tailoring of the trinary poison, and the manufacture of the picowire streamer they used to administer the third element. There were stress-marks in the scroll-case cap that show a mismatch of gripping forces. That matches the patterns for augmetic hands from the Hourgleam works, they go out of tune in just that way after two years of disrepair. I've cross-referred that to a list of recipients of Hourgleam augmetic hands of the right age to match the pattern, and tagged the ones whose biological traces match ones we've recorded in the Intendant's towers over the last month. Flicker-shrouds leave a charged field that we'd have seen evidence of in some of those gloss surfaces, so we checked the chutes coming out of the sublevels and two of the filters show traces of a sym-collagen compound that can be used for removable Malfian flesh-graft disguises. When we knew where they'd burned their false-face we swept the same filters and the incinerator blocks, and worked back from the ash-scrap to a textile rendering that matches clothing from eight possible visitors to the tower on the day of the death.

All eight match bio-dossiers we've assembled as a matter of routine. One of those dossiers matches gene-spore scrapings on a rough railing that anyone leaving the sublevels has to grip to pull themselves up the ladder-stairs. Only the right rail has the traces. The other has patterns of grip-stresses, at the same intervals, that match the augmetic marks on the scroll case. The dossier's owner matches the description of the passenger in a livery-hire gyrocarriage that carried him downhive matching the timing of the escape. That carriage had new grit in its carpet that matches the footpath from the sublevel gate. Last month your man also had consecutive late-night meetings with small-claim brokers who also work for the fabricator guild who made that picowire, and the carriage that brought him that morning has residues on the seat from the tailoring chemicals. His hands must have slipped as he was loading the streamer.

The name is in the top data tag. Next time bring us something challenging.



CYBER-MASTIFFS AND GRAPPLEHAWKS

Two trademarks of the Arbites' armoury are the combat and hunting constructs known as cyber-mastiffs and grapplehawks. Most Precinct Fortresses of any size house at least a handful of each type of construct, while the larger Courthouses are able to field sizeable packs. The distinctive clatter of metal claws or the buzz of anti-gravity pinions can chill the heart of lawbreakers as surely as the sound of an Arbites shotgun being racked.

The most common makes of cyber-mastiff or grapplehawk in the Calixis Sector are built on Landunder, in Hive Surbrique. The chemicals present in the Landunder's ocean are required to process the cortical-capture technology of the Adeptus Mechanicus a procedure, developed locally for use in these fierce mechanical beasts. Faced with the frustrating process of trying to create servitors that could compete with the instincts of a living being, the process of creating cyber-mastiff's and grapplehawks is a closely guarded secret. Although the facilities to produce these creatures are simple enough to be created at any reasonably sophisticated fabricatory, the devices to perform the arcane processes are rare and esoteric, their operation a high machine-mystery in which only a few of the priesthood have been schooled. Accordingly, while both kinds of construct are relatively common and come in a variety of utility builds, there are only a small number of patterns in service in the Calixis Sector.

The cyber-mastiff is a combat and hunting construct based on the form of large hunting dogs. It generally stands hip-high or so on an adult human and over a metre long from tip of head to hindquarters, its lean body composed of high-speed actuators and motor systems over a carbon skeleton and wrapped in angular, interlocking armour-plates. On some worlds the dogs retain some organic internals, generally muscles and nerves, and on some frontier worlds "cyber-mastiffs" are in fact conventionally-bred hounds with armour and controller grafts. Arbites models are almost completely mechanical, with only the central nervous system using vat-grown or printed organic layers to take the cortical imprint. Heavily-sprung legs give the units tremendous sprinting speed on their splayed and sharpened steel claws. Their jaws use fibre actuators to snap with blinding speed, with backup hydraulics to exert merciless, crushing force. There are often multiple adjustable teeth in their mouths for different attack patterns: a set of blades to clip off their quarry's gun-hand, or a set of armour-piercing spikes that can grip flesh. The design takes advantage of the dog's cortex's ability to process tremendously intricate sensory input, particularly scent, and most Subrique pattern mastiffs have a battery of sense and tracker systems loaded into their headpieces, made possible by the unique chemical reagents mined from the ocean's toxic sludge. "Vanes out" is the order for the mastiff handlers to extrude their dogs' specialised sniffer arrays, and has become common idiom among the Arbitrators serving on Hive Subrique for maximum alertness.

Grapplehawks are hunt-and-capture constructs borne up and propelled by a suspensor field. The basic grapplehawk frame bears a passing resemblance to an eagle, and the symbolism has been exploited by designers who tend to give them exaggerated pinion-wings, aquiline “heads” and metal feathers. Some models go so far as to fully reproduce the heraldic Aquila of the Adeptus, although these are unusual and tend to be reserved for powerful individuals, as they require extremely intricate construction methods that are rare amongst the Adeptus Mechanicus stationed in the Malfian Sub-sector. Grapplehawks use their speed and mobility to the fullest, swooping unerringly onto fleeing targets or picking a single important felon from a group or a melee.

Grapplehawks are equipped with scalpel-sharp talons and can use them to quick and deadly effect, but generally their use is capture rather than execution. The central body of each ‘hawk is studded with grips, hooks, and paralysis needles or taser-spikes. Hurtling forward ahead of an Arbites pursuit squad they can leave their quarry crippled or immobilised with one pass, or stay grappled onto their enemy and drag them away. The suspensors on most grapplehawks are not powerful enough to simply carry a target aloft, but they can usually lift a human a little way off the ground and move them slowly back toward their handlers. This tends to be the endgame of a pursuit operation, since a ‘hawk in this position is very vulnerable should the quarry have allies close to hand.

Grapplehawks must be used carefully, since they are bigger and easier targets than cyber-mastiffs and not as robust. The teeth-vibrating buzz of their suspensors can telegraph their final swoop, and Arbites doctrine is to close at full speed to minimise that disadvantage. The suspensors make a sound very similar to a particular ventilation pump used in Hive Tarsus, and the Tarsus garrison have become adept at steering their ‘hawks past vent openings to mask their approach beneath the sound of the fans. “Vent-buzz” or ‘bird-buzz’ is Tarsus criminal slang for the difference between a false alarm and an actual threat.

Both kinds of constructs can act independently to some degree, following programming that builds on the natural instincts captured in their construction. At the limits of the Subrique-pattern programming specially-trained handlers take over, distinctive in their bulky forearm cybernetics covered in control studs and vox-pickups and the feedback plates and eyepieces on their custom built helmets allowing them to see out of the pict-lenses of their charges. Handlers can control these constructs through a mixture of verbal commands, signals through their controls, and pre-crafted manoeuvre macros. The handlers serving in the Precinct Fortress on Canopus take pride in developing intricate customised command lists, making sure their attack patterns can’t be cracked or predicted by the agile cultists they often find themselves pursuing through the hive.

Some of the most skilled of these Adeptus Mechanicus controllers can lead two or even three constructs through a complicated attack sequence with as few as three or four commands while fighting right alongside them. Many handlers tend to be proud and insular, spending countless hours working with fellow Tech-Adepts to hone their charges’ performance and revising and further customising

their command routines. Most handlers are conversant with both hound and hawk, but the two are so different to operate that nearly all will end up specialising in one or the other.

While Cyber-mastiff Handlers are specially trained Tech-Priests, Cyber-mastiff’s and grapplehawks may find wider use in the Adeptus Arbites force. Though a Precinct will require a dedicated Tech-Priest to care for the constructs, their complex routines and some of their controls can be placed in the hands of Lord Marshal Goreman’s finest. While not able to control the creatures with the same level of expertise, they will respond to the vocal commands and hand signals of an Arbitrator (or other caretaker) who the Cyber-mastiff Handler has authorised.

The bulk of Arbites cyber-mastiffs in service in the Calixian Sector are produced in Hive Subrique, which crafts them from brightly-polished steel with a distinctive barrel-chested and square-bodied silhouette. A small portion are made at the Omicron 71-DX forge world as a symbolic tribute from the Mechanicus to the Precinct Command, and so are found almost exclusively in the elite Arbitrator and Chastener formations on Scintilla. These mastiffs are often nicknamed “sleeks,” for their more rounded lines and fluidly elegant movements, or “smoke-dogs” for the matte-grey metal used for their exteriors.

Grapplehawks are still produced by Hive Subrique, although to add to the Hive’s current woes a well-organised consortium based at Barsapine seems to have caught the ear of the Mechanicus with a bid to begin producing cortices, which could conceivably strip the entire production charter from Subrique permanently. Currently, a complicated dance is taking place between the two—the Subrique fabricators are too weak to enter a proper trade war, while the Barsapine consortium doesn’t dare begin hostilities as long as doing so means, in effect, starting a war with the Arbites.



THE CALIXIAN UNDERWORLD

"They're all around us, they number more than us. They don't understand how this Imperium works, or they don't care, or they do understand and they've made a conscious decision to turn around and start fighting against the order of things. Our work is unending. And it gets more unending every day. What? Shut up, you know what I meant."

—Attributed to Senior Arbitrator Kae Drusil

The Calixis Sector is riddled with criminality and sedition. The crimelords of a single hive might only prey on their own population, and even the master criminal of a whole world, mighty though he may be in his estimation, is still a buzzing gnat to the great machine of the Arbites.

There are a number of broad crimes the Arbites constantly find themselves fighting. There are crimes of destabilisation, committed on scales taking in whole planetary populations. These are the waves of anarchy that can break across a world from disobedient anger at Adeptus rule, or the criminal loss of discipline in the face of disaster or famine. It can be panic at imminent or actual invasion, or a hive-, continent-, or planet-wide religious fervour that skews the perspective of the masses and sees them in flagellant processions or hysterical mass confessions rather than keeping the wheels of the Imperium turning. Where a planetary governor cannot restrain their citizens the Arbites must take the lead and set the example, breaking rioters, crushing panics, and showing the mob the meaning of Imperial loyalty and discipline. Invariably, when the Arbites must take such action, the governor will be called to account for their loss of control, and few survive their verdict.

It is said the Lex Imperialis allows that crimes of destabilisation may arise from raw passions ineffectively contained. Crimes of sedition have no such mitigation—they result from the cold and careful intention to strike at the perfect machinery of Imperial rule. Blasphemy, heresy, the spreading of freethinking propaganda, and the deliberate and knowing defiance of Arbites law are all crimes of sedition, as are physical and moral assaults on the instruments of Imperial rule. A mind, capable of deliberate sedition could be capable of anything, and the punishments for it are ruthless and terrifying to contemplate.

Where sedition rises up to strike at Imperial rule, the type of crimes Arbites generalise as 'thoughts of self' are more venal and contemptible; it is the degradation of Imperial duty and loyalty through indolence, moral laziness, and greed. Those guilty of thoughts of self forget the duties beaten into them by the Ecclesiarchy and ignore the demands of them made by the law, instead diverting blood, labour, and treasure that is rightfully the Imperium's to their own indulgence. Thoughts of self can be as minor as daydreaming during a sermon, the reading of charges before an Arbites execution, or as grandiose as misappropriating a planetary tithe.

These are broad conceptual categories rather than rigid legal ones, and many crimes in the ten millenia worth of Imperial statute will straddle the categories. Most prosecutions a planetary Precinct will carry out can be summed up in one of them, however, and the majority of most Precincts' work is to police their own planetary populations, governments, and Adeptus to see that none of these crimes take root.

But the Calixis sector has wider, grander, and more frightening threats to the rule of law, and some are detailed below.

THE KASBALLICA

The Kasballica has existed in the Calixis Sector ever since there has been a Calixis Sector to exist in (and arguably before, with its foundations being laid down in the settler ships en route from Ixaniad). Barely a world in the sector is without its Kasballican prince or princess, with its own hierarchy, outposts, and secret channels through which its collectors and enforcers roam.

On many Calixian worlds the Kasballica's operations merit barely more than a slender dossier in the Detectives' bureau stacks, worlds where their ambitions are devoted to nothing more than co-ordinating a shadow industry of tiny crimes whose aggregate wealth flows upward through Kasballica patrons into the prince's coffers. As long as they restrict themselves to mundane squabbles with the planetary authorities, such networks are ignored, except when an enterprising Detective-Espionist might cultivate them for informants. At a number of hotspots throughout the sector, however, Kasballica operations have grown big and assertive enough to push into Arbites territory, infringing on the operation of the Imperium in ways that cannot be ignored.

Out toward the rimward stars the increasingly brazen piratical enterprises coordinated by the Kasballica of the Periphery have stretched the Precinct fleet thinner and thinner still. The princes of Merov, Lo, and Grove's Fall have been collaborating on a ramshackle but vicious fleet of their own, terrorising trade coming back from Port Wander and specifically targeting vessels that have crossed the Kasballican mission on Footfall. Some of the fleet is run directly by the princes, some of it is made up of hapless traders who could not repay Kasballican backing for their own ventures in the Koronus Expanse and have had their choice laid out for them—the risks of turning corsair themselves to work off their debt, or the certainty of Kasballica retribution. Lord Marshal Goreman and Marshal-Commodore Mhal would dearly like to strike out directly at the mission on Footfall but have not yet been able to muster the resources away from the rest of the sector.

Along the spinward border a multi-directional war between several Kasballican princes has escalated well past the usual petty exchanges of crude assassinations and small-scale sabotage and grown to the stage where stable Imperial governance is being disrupted and orderly tithe collections threatened. The crash of the Hexenwide, an in-system barge loaded with radioactive fuel whose disintegration in the lower atmosphere of Sozomen's Last Stand irradiated hundreds of thousands of hectares of plantation-land, has been firmly linked to the opening of hostilities by Ghonan Dyexx, the prince of Bront. The reprisal raid, a showy affair that

rampaged through Bront's upper capitol hive, was designed more to stir up savage riots and labourers' insurrections, and was eminently successful, paralysing the hive for a month and badly damaging Dyexx's personal holdings. Since then the princes of NDO-K4, Cantus, and Mosul have all joined in the war in similarly spectacular fashion. Given their preferences, the Vanguard High Precinct command would tell the planetary governors to grit their teeth, tighten their belts, and wear the trouble while the Kasballica thinned out each others' numbers and forced each other into the open, ready for a mop-up, but the chorus of complaint from the governors and the Administratum has goaded Goreman into demanding a quick and permanent end to this, and so Arbitrator contingents are being drawn from all over the High Precinct to come down on the Kasballica with overwhelming force.

To trailing, at Hadrack, Detectives are carefully infiltrating the Governor's court and the Departamento Munitorium to try and track Kasballica efforts to manipulate the Imperial Guard tithe for the nearby warzone at Protasia. Princess Ignetta has involved herself on two fronts—using none-too-subtle bribery and coercion on the planetary authorities so that the human tithe falls heavily on the planet's two major northern continents, while her own main power base across the three southern continents remains strong, and ensuring that a number of Kasballica agents personally loyal to her are shoehorned into command positions in the Guard tithe. Ambitious and optimistic, she is looking forward to the day when the Hadracki regiments take Protasia and claim it, and the new settlers will be led by her own catspaws and established as a Kasballica fief subject to her control. The Arbites have not yet tarnished that optimism by launching into righteous prosecution against such a shameless crime against the Adeptus, but the case against her is almost complete and the day of reckoning is not far off.

THE AMARANTHINE SYNDICATE

If the Arbites knew of the true nature and extent of the corruption that the Amaranthine Syndicate is injecting into the heart of the Calixis Sector there would be no delay and no mercy. Anyone with even a passing knowledge of the name could expect to find themselves barb-cuffed to a rail in the Chasteners' dungeons in short order. So far, however, the Syndicate's foul masters have not only been able to keep their nature hidden, but have had the audacity to add the Arbites to their growing list of resources and puppets.

The Arbites have only once knowingly prosecuted an Amaranthine Syndicate operation. A number of times they have rolled up a criminal network that answered to the Syndicate—the Vidian's Children sub-cult that had infiltrated half a dozen Planetary Defence Forces in the Drusus Marches, the cruel reign of the self-styled Underlord Hurango and his string of notorious slave-farm stations, and the vicious campaign against the bribe-broker rings in the fanes of Gunmetal City on Scintilla itself. No clue ever reached the investigators that it was the ruthless squeezing of the Amaranthine Syndicate that forced these enterprises into the recklessness that left them exposed



"I know about the Arbites. Know very well. I know how far back their rule goes. I know when the first precincts were founded here. I know it because my own predecessors were already here and watched them land, look around at the new sunlight, and measure the ground for their fortresses. The Kasballica has been in calixis for longer than they have.

Let's not demean ourselves by fearing them."

~Yenga Kwill, Princess of the Landwyder Kasballica

and vulnerable. If any Detectives across the sector have noticed that routine attempts to place informants in this new Syndicate's ranks invariably cost them said informant, then to date it has only been recorded as an oddity, a slight upward blip in attrition statistics in a field of operations known for its high turnover.

The Slaught, however, are extremely aware of the Arbites, and in the Precinct of Canopus they have scored a great success in their early moves against them. The Commander of Court there, Senior Arbitrator Reig Reigssen, a direct appointee of Lord Marshal Goreman, has fallen into dereliction of duty and borderline criminality through the outlawed doctrine of Abstractionism. Reigssen's attempts to purge his Chamber of Judges, both from general prejudice and from their efforts to reign in his excesses with the codes of law, put many of the Precinct's Judges in fear for their lives and the Chamber took the astonishing step of relocating itself out of the Precinct Fortress, commandeering an accretion-mining station in the system's outer dust belts. With Arbites throughout the Precinct openly moving to take sides, Amaranthine agents managed to persuade the already-compromised Arbitrator Reigssen to accept illegal help in saving himself from the retribution that would follow once reports of his crimes left the system, and caused the spectacular destruction of the station through wanton sabotage.

Reigssen knows how the station was destroyed, and is terrified that some of its Judges might have survived. The Syndicate is exploiting this, offering him more and more support, eliminating other Arbites whom his paranoia paints as possible informers, helping him hide his crimes and shore up his command so that all within the system appears in order. Reigssen sees no immediate way out of his involvement with the Syndicate, but is past the point where he can rationalise his deeds away using Abstractionist platitudes. He knows that the Syndicate knows the value of such a powerful agent; he does not know what depths his new masters will eventually push him to.

For its part, the Syndicate is delighted at the opportunities that a single weak link has brought it, and, with Reigssen's reluctant help, they are starting to sniff out similar opportunities in the surrounding systems. Their fondest hope is that Reigssen will be rotated to a more central position where he will be of even more use to them—the High Precinct command at Solomon would be splendid, a position at Scintilla better still.

THE BEAST HOUSE

Only in the last few years have the Arbites made the chilling realisation that their persecution of the Beast House is far from the success they had thought. Full-scale Arbitrator assaults have broken the House's operations with two major prosecutions at Malfi and a string of successes across the Adrantis sub-sector, but Detective-Intelligencers at the Great Precinct level are now piecing together clues that imply that the House is not reeling from these setbacks, or even ignoring them, but actively benefiting from them by using such prosecutions to prune their less capable cells. The House's backbone operations and leaders, as far as the Detectives can tell, have remained entirely quarantined from the Arbites' efforts.

The response to this was a second wave of rigorously-planned assaults on the Beast House's walls of secrecy, conducted by taskforces of Surveillors and Personators organised across the the Pendulum and Stave High Precincts with astonishingly little of the usual politicking and territorial feuds. The operations were catastrophic failures, with entire teams of field Detectives vanishing with no intelligence to show for it, and traps and ambushes being laid for the Arbitrator squads who attempted to scour their sites of operations for clues or bodies. Since then the Beast House investigators have been on notice that Detective-Commander Doyenko is taking a particular interest in their progress, and are feverishly working to vindicate themselves.

With infiltration proving such a costly and fruitless approach, the Arbites are switching tacks and exploiting a defining weakness of the Beast House: its constant need for exotic and vicious animals. The thinking is simple: force the Beast House into visibility by choking the trade in combat creatures down to so small a fraction of itself that no hunting and transportation operations can escape scrutiny. Arbites ships are staging rolling interdictions of Fedrid and its cousin deathworlds, seeding the system with spy stations when they move on. Quarantine edicts at space docks across the sector are being tightened, and ships whose routes have even brushed a deathworld, or one noted for dangerous fauna, are liable to be scoured by teams of Verispex. A small detachment of the bravest and most capable cyber-mastiff handlers is currently in special training on Scintilla, working with customised dogs whose sensory arrays have been built specifically to hunt down the Beast House's cages.

The backlash against the operation has begun. The beast trade is small, but its market is elite, and the sector's bluebloods have been listening to the complaints of their procurers and passing them on with interest to their Imperial governors. The backbone of the operation, the fleet interdiction, needs far more ships than the Precinct fleet can afford to give it and despite its best efforts its coverage is patchy. The taskforce has had to resort to placing Chartist vessels under Adeptus commissions to assist with the interdiction, much to their chagrin. The Detectives are trying to make a virtue of this necessity by setting careful watches on these privateers, watching for evidence of Beast House collusion or infiltration.

THE PALE THRONG AND GENETIC DISSIDENCE

The Adeptus Arbites have become a hated nemesis of the Pale Throng, crushing beneath their boots the mutant insurgencies that have metastasised from the rotten tumour of the Tranch War. The war itself, and the seditious work of the Shroud Masters since, has taught every Precinct command the importance of genetic policing, and every fresh Throng atrocity or unmasked conspiracy brings another sharp lesson.

Precinct commanders whose jurisdictions include mutant populations have been building up their vigilance against the twisted mobs, and Verispex and cyber-mastiff units are now regularly staging snap raids on shipping checkpoints, performing tissue analyses on travellers and crews alike, trying to head off the emissaries of the Throng before they can find their way to a new mutant ghetto and infect it with violent rebellion. Since the Tranch War a string of senior Arbites across the Hazeroth worlds have corresponded in detail about the most effective methods to monitor and control mutant activity, and have begun publishing collections of these letters within the organisation as a guide for other commands to follow. Lord Marshal Goreman reputedly disapproves of this (he is on the record as believing that Arbites who have time to traffic in words are slacking off on their true work, which is done with a weapon in hand) but has made no move to stop it so far and the books are appearing as training texts in Precincts as far spinward as Scintilla itself. It is this more measured scrutinising of the mutant underground that first revealed an ominous new strategy by the Shroud Masters, to which the Arbites are only just organising their reaction.

Rather than work on fostering hatred and violence between mutant and genotypical populations, at least one new Shroud Master seems to be working to reconcile them. Careful work by Detectives across two dozen systems has revealed a spreading trail of foul disinformation and seditious propaganda. The words are sometimes different, deliberately paraphrased to suit local idiom and outfox attempts to link propagandist cells together, but the message is always the same: tolerance of mutation, a rejection of Imperial reverence for the classically-defined human gene-template, and the urging of resistance and violence against those who enforce the purity laws. The Arbites are inevitably singled out for denunciation and vengeance, and the author of the tracts shows a remarkable familiarity with the brutal Arbites repression actions at Tranch, Pieti, Thical, and Junos.

None of this is unusual for Pale Throng agitators, but what is unusual is the target audience. The tracts are not intended for the mutant slums but for the literate, prosperous families of the hive spires and steadholds. These gene-dissident movements are trying to erode support for mutant repression among those who are traditionally the bastion of righteous and traditional hate, and trying to seed sympathy and perhaps even collaboration with the classes who are so often the Pale Throng's first victims.

To most Arbites who first learn of it, these tracts seem like a bad joke. How could anyone openly admitting to foul mutation simply ask for the compassion of pure-gene folk and expect to wheedle them into it? The laughter lasts exactly as long as it takes them to hear about the numbers of sympathisers

the tracts seem to be creating, and the speed with which the sedition spreads. Perhaps they could if they could handle one of the tracts themselves, but seized tracts are now immediately destroyed or sealed for handing over to the Holy Ordos of the Inquisition. It has become obvious that the source of this propaganda is an accomplished and subtle psyker, and their witch-gift is the syringe by which they push their moral poison into unsuspecting minds. Reliable Arbites have testified that when they handled an original copy of the tracts they could feel the sweet words trying to corrode their will, and the outright heresy and anti-Imperial thought seeming to take on seductive weight and persuasiveness, as an optical illusion might make a shape on a page appear to stretch into three dimensions.

In its present form the spread of genetic dissidence seems to pose little physical threat to the Imperium. This wandering Shroud Master seems more interested in setting up disinformation networks and moving on than in rousing up the Pale Throng's trademark revolts. However, the moral threat, and long-term consequences for the rule of law, is profound. The tracts carrying the Shroud's taint can cause Arbites to briefly blanch; their effect on civilians without the Arbites' rigorous indoctrination is far more pronounced. On world after world where this toxic literature has appeared, the Detectives have unearthed whole networks of apparently stolid and faithful Imperial citizens who have taken it on themselves to study the dissident tracts, reproduce them, and circulate them (although the copies, thankfully, lack the infectious psykic reek of the originals) and try to pass on their messages. The treacherous whispers of these dupes drift up into hive-spire soirees and percolate down into mutters over hand-stewed liquor after lights-out in the manufactorum barracks. Suspects in the interrogation cells confess to being swayed into the heretical belief that a human soul could exist in a mutant body, and turning a jaundiced ear to the preachings on genetic purity. The spectre of this sedition reaching an officer of a planetary Magistratum or worse, a courtier of an Imperial governor, is growing stronger each time a fresh network of traitors is exposed. The Arbites are bracing themselves for the day when the two threats come into alignment, and a Throng revolt breaks out on a world whose will to oppose it has already been dissolved from within.



TWO-AND-MIRROR

In the cluttered mid-hive of Sibellus, a journeywoman metal fabricator suspected of stealing Mechanicus archprints and using them to build cages for the Beast House vanished from her family's modest forge less than an hour before the Arbitrators blasted in the entry hatch. There was no spoor for the Mastiffs to track, and whatever papers she used to escape from the hive and possibly from the planet, were good enough to pass Arbites checkpoints that had been put on alert for her.

At the far borders of the Malfian Sub-sector the shipmasters of the long-haulers *Tread of Generations* and *Rock of Sybea* arrived in orbit at Cindar to confer with a delegation of the Machenko Dynasty. Detectives had set their traps very carefully. The ships were suspected of conspiring to delay shipments of fissile elements to Cindar, running the fuel stocks for the reactors critically low and driving prices so high in the resultant panics that the Dynasty could charge almost any price they wished. When the doors closed, however, every trick, device, and spy the Surveillors had planted went dead, their machine-spirits struck blind and deaf until the doors opened and the Dynasty delegation graciously showed their visitors out. The next day both ships departed, and, by amazing chance, every informant the Detective-Espionists had placed onboard ended up in the same drunken group that just happened to be left behind on the docks when the ships pushed back and left for their jump points.

Such alarming reports have been crisscrossing the Great Precinct more and more frequently. The Arbites can see the evidence of activities of Two-and-Mirror, but have barely begun to piece together any information about the organisation, let alone land any counter-blows to it.

Two-and-Mirror has no real criminal aims of its own. It is an enabling organisation, one with a unique channel of information into the heart of Adeptus Arbites operations and the skill to construct countermeasures that it sells to any criminal willing to meet its prices. It knows techniques to foil very specific design loopholes in cyber-mastiff and grapplehawk sensors, and it knows Verispex doctrine and can wreck the evidence those adepts look for. It knows the techniques of the Detectives, and can extract information on their informants and operations. It knows many of the Arbites' codes and their code-breakers, and can translate the former and thwart the latter—always for a price.

The most unnerving thing about Two-and-Mirror's techniques is that they are obviously based on intimate knowledge from within branches of the Arbites, and they are able to update that knowledge as it changes. That indicates multiple points of failure within the Arbites, all organised and made available for buying, or to a handful of senior Arbites who can obtain the information through proper internal channels before they sell it outside. Neither option helps Precinct Commanders sleep at night.

Two-and-Mirror is elusive, even to its customers. It is almost impossible to find; rather, its representatives will discreetly make it known to clients that they have skills which may shortly become very valuable. Agents, drops, and meeting-places are marked with the combination of symbols that give the organisation its name—there will be some combination of a hand, a bird, and a mirror, different each time, that will provide the clue. The symbology is a wry crack at Two-and-Mirror's nature: the eagle of the Adeptus and the gauntlet of the Arbites, inverted in reflection.

GENTLE ORDER OF THE GARDEN DOOR

The Calixian Arbites often picture their role the way their Lord Marshal does: the Imperial Adeptus stands, inviolate and impeccable, above a great wretched mass that must be kept in order by stern law. While they are aware of the Arbites' charter to police the operations of the Adeptus itself, and there are many records of the Arbites taking down individual Adeptus renegades, in general the Arbites turn their gaze outward toward the self-evidently corrupt and criminal Imperial citizenry. It is this focus that has given the Esteemed and Gentle Order a niche in which to thrive on many worlds of the Golgenna Reach, most notably the mining worlds such as Spheris Secundus and Luggnum.

The Order is a mutual-support network for corrupt Adeptus officials. It has no initiation ceremonies, no distinctive garb, and certainly no hierarchy or leaders. Its bylaws are mostly encoded in unspoken understandings among its members about how to behave toward one another and what to expect of one another. They have no interest in undermining the Imperium or elevating themselves to lords and nobles, nothing so vulgar. The Order is the logical outcome of shrewd operators realising they can collaborate to make far freer, safer, and more prosperous criminal lives for themselves together than they could apart.

Every member of the Order has been chosen because they have something to offer. Military Procurators divert tithed supplies, manipulate purchases, or introduce "specially tailored" systems for issuing Imperial Guard scrip that happens to require a massive increase in the size, resources, and, therefore, influence of another Order member's Administratum bureau. An Administratum archivist might introduce retroactive "errors" into a bonded tithe-hauler's records that pull the gaze of the Magistratum (or indeed the Arbites) away from the activities of an Order member in the Adeptus Astra Telepathica who is ensuring that tithe quotas for a neighbouring system go out carefully adjusted. The Order members there will turn in a lower tithe than the planet legally owed and divert the rest back into the coffers of the Governor, who then will show her appreciation with lavish "donations" to keep the adepts in fine style, with any irregularities in her own finances concealed by forged religious donations courtesy of an Order member in the Adeptus Ministorum cloisters.

The Order is something of a different beast from the ruthless and openly violent private guilds or noble houses; an adept of any standing is someone who has learned how to slip through the vast Imperial bureaucracy like an eel in murky water, using quieter and more elegant tools to achieve their goals. They do best on populous and civilised hive worlds where the life of the elites is easier and scrutiny less rigorous, or on feudal worlds where the Adeptus enclave is an unchallenged power and an Order member is freer to make their own rules. They shy away from frontier worlds and warzones, where the grey bureaucracy that is the Order's element is leaner and provides poor concealment. They also avoid the Adepta Sororitas and Adeptus Mechanicus, whose values are too at odds with the Order's to be safe, and the

Navigator Houses—while wealthy and eminently happy to dabble outside the law, the politics of the Navis Nobilite are apt to turn murderous far too often for the Order's liking.

Potential recruits bring themselves to the attention of the Order by demonstrating intelligence, resourcefulness, and a suitably loose set of morals concerning their sacred oaths of duty (they will certainly have sworn a number of these during the course of their careers—the Order only interests itself in adepts with a high enough rank to be useful to the existing membership. Once a recruit has been suggested by a member of the Order and considered and approved by two others, the courting can begin. The approaches are always subtle and delicate, gauging the potential recruit's suitability and willingness to co-operate while scrupulously avoiding anything that might actually incriminate them.

The most delicate phase is when the topic turns to corruption. So many things can go wrong at this stage: the subject may panic when they find out that another knows of their illicit dealings or refuse to believe that their interlocutor does not intend to act on that knowledge. Reactions upon learning that there is a wide, hidden network of criminals like themselves can vary wildly—some try to alert the Arbites in a fit of conscience, or some attempt at a double-cross, some attempt to attack the Order directly, others flee, and some refuse all entanglements and continue on their own. If the recruit sees reason and becomes a member, they are taught some of the simpler ciphers, code-words, and Order etiquette, and are shown, by way of a couple of carefully-prepared favours, how much they stand to profit from their new association (then are shown what the Order expects of them in turn). Few Order members know very many other conspirators directly; this is both a security measure and a deliberate tactic, since by keeping the identities of their contacts to themselves an Order member can broker deals and siphon off part of the pickings.

Of all the trans-planetary crime networks in the Calixis Sector, the Esteemed and Gentle Order is probably the least dangerous, both to the Imperium as a whole (the Order has a vested interest in a strong and stable Imperium that can continue to line their pockets) and to individuals within it (the Order generally considers violence vulgar and prefers to discredit and impoverish those they need out of the way). On the other hand, any Arbitor would agree that the Order constitutes the foulest imaginable crime against the laws of Him on Earth. It is not a question of who they hurt, the harm they do is to the oaths they swore to the God-Emperor and their crime is the violation of duty by one in whom the Emperor and the High Lords have put their trust. If the Arbites ever realise the full extent of the Order and the nature of the crimes they facilitate, the purge will be swift, ruthless, and bloody enough to become the stuff of legends generations from now.

That said, to date the Order has successfully kept itself hidden from Arbites scrutiny—its members are under no illusions about the stakes if they are caught, and take no chances on discovery. As a matter of policy no Arbitor, no matter how apparently pliable, has ever been approached for membership, and the slightest hint of Arbites involvement during the Order's extensive vetting process will see the recruit dropped like a stone and never approached again.

Contained in this file is a partial list of the most common crimes you will encounter during your Sibellus assignment. Memorize them.

Theft of Imperial Citizens Property	Defer to lower authority (Planetary Enforcers)
Theft of Imperial Noble Property	Field Interrogation, Field Judgement (Execution)
Theft of Adeptus Ministorum Property	Field Interrogation, Field Judgement (Execution)
Theft of Adeptus Arbites Property	Field Interrogation, Field Judgement (Execution)
Theft of Ecclesiarchy Property	Field Interrogation, Field Judgement (Execution)
Theft of Holy Ordo Property	Defer to Ordo authority
Intent to commit Theft of Imperial Citizens Property	Defer to lower authority (Planetary Enforcers)
Intent to commit Theft of Imperial Noble Property	Field Interrogation, Field Judgement (Execution)
Intent to commit Theft of Adeptus Ministorum Property	Field Interrogation, Field Judgement (Execution)
Intent to commit Theft of Adeptus Arbites Property	Field Interrogation, Field Judgement (Execution)
Intent to commit Theft of Ecclesiarchy Property	Field Interrogation, Field Judgement (Execution)
Intent to commit Theft of Holy Ordo Property	Defer To Ordo Authority
Suspected Intent to commit Theft of Imperial Citizens Property	Defer to lower authority (Planetary Enforcers)
Suspected Intent to commit theft of Imperial Noble Property	Field Interrogation, Field Judgement (Discretionary)
Suspected Intent to commit Theft of Adeptus Ministorum Property	Field Interrogation, Field Judgement (Discretionary)
Suspected Intent to commit Theft of Adeptus Arbites Property	Field Interrogation, Field Judgement (Discretionary)
Suspected Intent to commit Theft of Ecclesiarchy Property	Field Interrogation, Field Judgement (Discretionary)
Suspected Intent to commit Theft of Holy Ordo Property	Defer To Ordo Authority
Public Desecration of Building	Precinct Interrogation (2 days), Judgement (Discretionary)
Public Desecration of Shrine	Precinct Interrogation (2 years), Judgement (Familial Execution)
Dangerous Conduct	Field Judgement (Execution)
Sedition	Familial Execution (2 generations removed)
Treason	Public Familial Execution (2 generations removed) - Prolonged
Intent to commit Public Desecration of Building	Precinct Interrogation (2 days), Judgement (Discretionary)
Intent to commit Public Desecration of Shrine	Precinct Interrogation (2 years), Judgement (Familial Execution)
Intent to commit Dangerous Conduct	Field Judgement (Execution)
Intent to commit Sedition	Familial Execution (2 generations removed)
Intent to commit Treason	Public Familial Execution (2 generations removed) - Prolonged
Suspected Intent to commit Public Desecration of Building	Precinct Interrogation (2 days)
Suspected Intent to commit Public Desecration of Shrine	Precinct Interrogation (2 days)
Suspected Intent to commit Dangerous Conduct	Field Interrogation, Field Judgement (Execution)
Suspected Intent to commit Sedition	Familial Execution (1 generation removed)
Suspected Intent to commit Treason	Public Familial Execution (1 generations removed) - Prolonged



Unsanctioned Assassination	Precinct Interrogation (2 days), Judgement (Execution)
Unsanctioned Execution	Field Judgement (Execution)
Unsanctioned Murder	Field Judgement (Execution)
Unsanctioned Massacre	Precinct Interrogation (2 days), Judgement (Execution)
Intent to commit Unsanctioned Assassination	Precinct Interrogation (2 days), Judgement (Execution)
Intent to commit Unsanctioned Execution	Field Judgement (Execution)
Intent to commit Unsanctioned Murder	Field Judgement (Execution)
Intent to commit Unsanctioned Massacre	Precinct Interrogation (2 days), Judgement (Execution)
Suspected Intent to commit Unsanctioned Assassination	Precinct Interrogation (2 days), Judgement (Execution)
Suspected Intent to commit Unsanctioned Execution	Field Interrogation
Suspected Intent to commit Unsanctioned Murder	Field Interrogation
Suspected Intent to commit Unsanctioned Massacre	Field Judgement (Execution)
Adeptus Ministorum Impersonation	Field Interrogation, Field Judgement (Execution)
Adeptus Arbites Impersonation	Precinct Interrogation (2 weeks), Judgement (Execution)
Ecclesiarchy Impersonation	Precinct Interrogation (3 days), Defer to Ecclesiarchal Authority
Holy Ordo Impersonation	Precinct Interrogation 3 days), Defer to Ordo Authority
Intent to commit Adeptus Ministorum Impersonation	Field Interrogation, Field Judgement (Execution)
Intent to commit Adeptus Arbites Impersonation	Precinct Interrogation (2 weeks), Judgement (Execution)
Intent to commit Ecclesiarchy Impersonation	Precinct Interrogation (3 days), Defer to Ecclesiarchal Authority
Intent to commit Holy Ordo Impersonation	Precinct Interrogation 3 days), Defer to Ordo Authority
Suspected Intent to commit Adeptus Ministorum Impersonation	Field Interrogation, Field Judgement (Discretionary)
Suspected Intent to commit Adeptus Arbites Impersonation	Precinct Interrogation (2 days), Judgement (Discretionary)
Suspected Intent to commit Ecclesiarchy Impersonation	Precinct Interrogation (3 days), Defer to Ecclesiarchal Authority
Suspected Intent to commit Holy Ordo Impersonation	Precinct Interrogation 3 days), Defer to Ordo Authority
Unsanctioned Psychic Manifestation	Imprisonment to await transport
Witness to Unsanctioned Psychic Manifestation	Field Judgement (Execution)
Survived Unsanctioned Psychic Manifestation	Field Judgement (Execution)
Injured in Unsanctioned Psychic Manifestation	Field Judgement (Execution)
Intent to commit Unsanctioned Psychic Manifestation	imprisonment to await transport
Intent to Witness Unsanctioned Psychic Manifestation	Precinct Interrogation (2 years), Judgement (Discretionary)
Suspected Intent to commit Unsanctioned Psychic Manifestation	imprisonment to await transport
Suspected Intent to Witness Unsanctioned Psychic Manifestation	Field Interrogation, Field Judgement (Execution)
Failure to Confess Guilt	Precinct Interrogation (2 months), Judgement (Discretionary)
Deception of an Arbitrator	Precinct Interrogation (2 years), Judgement (Execution)
Attempted Deception of an Arbitrator	Precinct Interrogation (2 years), Judgement (Execution)
Suspected Deception of an Arbitrator	Precinct Interrogation (2 years)
Intent to fail to Confess Guilt	Precinct Interrogation (2 months), Judgement (Discretionary)





BOUND TO LAW

BACKGROUND
PACKAGES

•

ALTERNATE CAREER
RANKS

•

ARBITES AND CRIMINAL
CELL DIRECTIVES

CHAPTER II: BOUND TO LAW

"Imperial Citizen, you can no longer be classified as loyal. You are ordered to stand down for judgement."

—Enforcer Vasquez

The Calixis Sector is rife with heresy. In every shadow, a recedivist claws at the fabric of Imperial society. The Adeptus Arbites come from a variety of backgrounds, as do the lawless scum they seek to punish. The thin line between the Imperium of Mankind and Chaos is maintained not just by the war machine of the Imperial Guard and the Imperial Nave, but by the Enforcers and Arbitrators who scour the underhive for criminals. It is not threatened just by the forces of Xenos and Chaos, but by the weakness of men who turn from lawfulness.

BACKGROUND PACKAGES

"I am rare amongst the teeming throngs. I was innocent, and it just so happened to help."

—Malifixer Dubuix

The following section presents a variety of optional Background Packages for **DARK HERESY** characters. These backgrounds offer the Acolytes ways to fill in details of their past and experiences before joining the Inquisition, and provide the characters with a story of their own, complete with story hooks tied into their personalities, beliefs, and goals. All of the Background Packages set out here provide additional insights into the origins of characters with a strong tie to the law of the Calixis Sector. Depending upon the character's career, the Background Package may involve terrible events of the characters past or deeds that set the character apart from others of his ilk. Each origin describes a turning point in the character's past that led him to service.

Each Background Package affects the character's Skills, Talents, or Traits in ways that reflect his unique origin. Not all of these effects are advantageous; sometimes a character's past has harmed his health, reputation, or sanity.

USING BACKGROUND PACKAGES

Background Packages provide several adjustments to a character's Skills, Talents, and, in some cases, Traits. Adjustments made as a result of Background Packages do not count as Advances for the purposes of increasing Ranks, nor do increases or reductions in Characteristics count towards, or affect, their normal means of improvement.

To select a Background Package, the character must meet any requirements set out under the description of the Package. Some Packages are restricted to particular Careers, while others include a Homeworld or other origin requirement, which must also be met. All Background Packages have an xp cost, which is paid from the character's starting experience during character creation. The Background must be purchased in its complete state: players cannot purchase half the Package with half the xp. Players may find that the Background Packages grant Talents and Skills not normally available due to character restrictions. A character does not have to meet the normal prerequisites of any listed Talent gained from a Package.

Players may only acquire a Background Package at character creation. A player cannot go back and select a Package later in the character's career; these are intended to represent the character's past, not his present or future. A player can only ever have one Background Package. Background Packages are entirely optional, and a player should always get his GM's permission before selecting one for his character.

EXAMPLE

John has created an Adept, but wants to take a Background Package to better reflect his vision of a character who recorded criminal judgements for the local Enforcers on Scintilla. He looks up those backgrounds available, and settles on the "Enforcer" Background Package. He gets the approval of his GM for this Package, and applies the effects to his character. He adds the Skills and Talents listed under "Effects" to his character sheet. He also marks off 300 xp (the Package's cost) from his starting xp, and goes on to spend the rest of the starting xp given by the GM on the Skills or Talents available under the Adept Career.

The stories included in these Background Packages are not intended to be restrictive; they are intended to inspire and intrigue players. All players are free to vary the details of the story that underpins each Package to reflect their own views and tastes, provided the effects and cost are the same as those listed.



COLD TRADER

Career: Adept, Assassin, Cleric, Scum, Tech-Priest

Cost: 200 xp

Requirements: Void Born Homeworld

Criminal merchants have lives that are filled with danger and threat. Despite the many Enforcers they have bribed—or thugs they have standing guard, the Emperor's Law is always vigilant. To work for the Cold Trade is much worse, as to deal in xenos artefacts can easily draw attention from members of the Calixian Ordo Xenos. It also requires knowledge of a variety of areas forbidden by the Imperium of Mankind. A dealer in illegal weapons might only need to be familiar with the workings of bolt shells or plasma venting. A Cold Trader, however, is dealing in alien weapons and needs intimate details on strange toxins, bizarre ammunition, and even xenos physiology. Some clever traders specialise in forging their own xenos artefacts, for there are very few who could tell the difference.

Cold Traders sometimes enter the lifestyle by accident, often unknowingly acquiring a xenos device and deciding to look for more once they count the enormous profits made on the deal. Other merchants might be pressured into it from powerful nobles demanding they find such products or else face their official wrath. A very few deal in such hazardous materials to better spread them across their sector, perhaps unknowingly doing the bidding of long-dead alien race. It is very rare indeed that contact with such works, even something as seemingly innocuous as a swath of glistening fabric or a lumpen idol, will result in the betterment of mankind. Behind every xenos device lies a possible threat to the Imperium.

Notably, Inquisitor Artanyan has begun an aggressive sweep of cold trade vessels near the Koronus Expanse. Combining efforts with a dedicated Kill-team and the conscription of the Rogue Trader vessel *Purity of Wrath*, thousands of crewmen from cold trade vessels have been detained. The sheer volume of xenos artefacts confiscated and destroyed is staggering, suggesting a concentrated effort by Stryxis agents to move all manner of alien technology into the Calixis Sector. Ever the pragmatist, Inquisitor Artanyan has chosen to make use of some of the more "redeemable" ship hands, and has begun to provide a small number of these poor souls to other Calixian Inquisitors who believe their cells may come into contact with xenos technological perversions.

EFFECTS

Apply all of the following to your character:

Skills: The character treats Forbidden Lore (Xenos) and Tech-Use as Basic skills.

Talents: The character gains one the following:

- Exotic Weapon Training (Needle Rifle) and a Needle Rifle with 2 additional reloads.
- Exotic Weapon Training (Web Pistol) and a Web Pistol with 2 additional Reloads.
- Speak Language (Pick One Xenos) and a suit of Xeno Mesh armour.

ENFORCER

Career: Adept, Arbitrator, Assassin, or Scum

Cost: 300 xp

The countless worlds of the Imperium of Mankind have an equally uncounted number of planetary governments. From loose dictatorships, to representative republics, to feudal lords battling over scarce resources, the only thing that matters is that these governments are able to provide their tithe to the God-Emperor's cause. As varied as these governments are, so too are the Enforcers found in equal variety. Every planetary governor is left to his own devices to maintain the laws set in place on his world.

Enforcers are often on the front lines of lawlessness, working closely with the Adeptus Arbites (when a crime is large enough) and aiding in keeping the civil order on many worlds. In the hives of Scintilla, they function as constables, investigating those crimes that do not threaten the Imperial tithe. While this justice is often slanted towards the more affluent, it can be said that individual Enforcers are not chastised for investigating the troubles of lower citizens, as long as the nobles are well taken care of.

On Iocanthos, Enforcers are known by many names, their primary task to drag the accused before the roaming "Flags" for judgement. They are little more than thugs, soldiers of each individual tribal leader.

Hive Subrique, which is under martial law, sees Enforcers working for the remaining planetary government (the part of it that hasn't been dissolved by the Adeptus Arbites). They man the walls of the upper hive, preventing the war beneath the waves from spraying up to the 'proper' hive citizens. This paramilitary force is regimented much like an Imperial Guard garrison.

EFFECTS

Apply all of the following to the character:

Granted Authority: Enforcers are used to being given authority, and service in the Inquisition is often a comfortable role. All Enforcers may re-roll one Fellowship Test per game session when invoking a higher authority for whom they work.

Homeworld Enforcer: Each Enforcer has served for some time on their homeworld, and as every world is different, these benefits are unique to the type of world. Each Enforcer gains Talented (Pick One). This Talent must enhance a Skill that the character's Home World grants the character as either Trained, or a Skill the character's Home world allows him to treat as Basic.



HIVE GANG MEMBER

Career: Assassin, Guardsmen, Scum, Sanctioned Psyker

Cost: 200 xp

Requirement: Hive Home World

The dark, claustrophobic, underhives of places like Gunmetal City and Hive Subrique are dangerous, and near lawless, places. Where the Enforcers or Arbitrators rarely venture, the Gangs are the only law. Operating in loose groups, these gang members protect their territory and collect their own taxes from the local population. Sometimes they are respected protectors, other times they are tiny tyrants, lording over their fellow underhive citizens.

Agents of the Inquisition will often conscript local gang members to aid in their investigation, and if the scum proves useful, an Inquisitor may make this appointment permanent.

A more common route into Inquisitorial service is for gang members to be drafted into any number of Imperial organisations, as they are Imperial Citizens, after all. Sent with a tithe of recruits to the Imperial Guard, or even placed on one of the fabled Black Ships, the ganger must survive in extreme circumstances. This flexibility makes him a perfect recruit for the Inquisition, and some undoubtedly find their destiny in service to the Holy Ordos.

EFFECTS

Apply all of the following to your character:

Skills: The character is trained in two of the following skills: Awareness, Dodge, Concealment, Gamble, Evaluate, or Tech-Use.

Talents: The character gains one of the following Talents: Basic Weapon Training (SP), Heavy Weapon Training (SP), Pistol Training (SP), or Melee Weapon Training (Primitive).

Income: Regardless of his career, the character's Income becomes Outcast (see page 124 of the **DARK HERESY** Rulebook).

IMPOSTOR

Career: Any

Cost: 400 xp

The Calixis Sector is a vast, grinding machine that very rarely operates with effective coordination between agencies or even personnel in an agency. Official documentation is everywhere, but often decades out of date or simply incorrect due to bureaucratic mistakes such as transcription errors. Few, for example, know who really is working in other areas of the Administratum beyond perhaps a name or title. With proper costumes and props, a man could take on the role of almost anyone as long as he has the correct confident air about him. An Impostor moves throughout the Calixis Sector, segueing from one fictitious past to another and staying one step ahead of a great many agencies that would see him dead or worse.

There are as many motivations for living as an Impostor as there are roles for him to assume. Some desire to break free from the intensely ossified nature of Imperial life. Random fate might have intervened for others, forcing them to assume a false identity for survival in a hostile location or under pressure from threatening cabals. Many are simply con artists, using their impersonations to serve their criminal livelihood. Only the best survive for long though, as few officials appreciate such art and quickly have the charlatan executed. A canny Inquisitor may realise the value of such an individual and offer to spare his life in return for service, bringing (usually unwillingly) the Impostor into his stable of Acolytes. Some Impostors are never discovered and are still thriving, their peers and underlings still trusting their fictitious backgrounds.

EFFECTS

Apply all of the following to your character:

Skills: The character is trained in Deceive and Disguise.

Talents: The character gains the following talents: Talented (Deceive).



KASBALLICA "NOBLE"

Career: Adept or Scum

Cost: 300 xp

Requirements: Hive or Imperial Home World

The crime barons of the Drusus Marches have agents across the Calixis Sector and even within the Koronus Expanse. The sheer audacity with which many of these men conduct "business" can rocket the unscrupulous to positions of power well above their station. These "Low Dukes" (as they are mockingly called in Hive Tarsus) are often considered little more than con men and crooks whose influence allows them to rub elbows with more proper nobles.

When this occurs, the Kasballica leadership will often attempt to reign their operatives in, as their actions can disrupt proper business and draw unwanted attention. The Kasballica will cut ties, forcing their agent to operate independently. Rarely, a clever "Noble" will find ways to protect himself, maintaining his position and rising to power on his own. More commonly, they are brought up on charges, and only the intervention of a Judge or Inquisitor will save them from a bullet in the brain-pan.

This combination of savvy, ambition, and an ability to deal with other cultures without "going native" has drawn the eye of several Calixian Ordo Xenos Inquisitors, most notably Inquisitor Vilane. His missions into the Jericho Reach have brought him in contact with the Tau, and it is this rare blend of resourcefulness and an air of stolen authority that make his Kasballica "Nobles" so useful.

Most often pressed into service by the Inquisition as part of a sentence for crimes (often crimes for which they are innocent), many ex-Kasballica agents dislike the Acolyte lifestyle, and strive hard to improve their own comfort while on assignment. This "questionable" loyalty can lead to strife in the cell, but thus far, the results have been worth it.

EFFECTS

Apply all of the following to the character:

Skills: The Character gains Blather as a Trained Skill.

Do You Know Who I Am?: The Kasballica "Noble" imposes a -10 penalty to any Intimidate Tests that include him as a target.

Shady Income: In addition to his normal Income, the Kasballica "Noble" generates additional income each month using the following chart (like a Scum):

KASBALLICA "NOBLE" INCOME

D10	Result	Earnings
1	Grift	1d10 + 10
2-3	"Honest" Trade	2d10 + FB
4-5	Embezzlement	2d10 x IB
6-7	Extortion	2d10 x SB
8-9	Short Con	2d10 x FB
10	Long Con	4d10 x FB

PROVEN INNOCENT

Career: Any

Cost: 100 xp

It is a common axiom among the Holy Ordos that "Innocence Proves Nothing." This dire phrase has been repeated to countless heretics as they were executed amongst pleas that they were not guilty. The phrase has possibly as many meanings as there are Inquisitors and Acolytes. One held by some Inquisitors is that ignorance of an action's consequences does not absolve one of responsibility. Another is that a plea of guilty is useless, failure to be above suspicion is crime enough.

On extremely rare occasions, however, someone can prove their innocence, and the words do not fall upon deaf ears. This incredibly rare confluence of events will not see the accused go free, rather they will be jailed for such a time that they can be observed, in case they are guilty after all.

Even more rare, is that one of the accused and imprisoned is needed—for their special skills, or the secrets they know, and is placed with an Acolyte cell to operate at the beck and call of an Inquisitor. This service is penance for their failure to avoid accusation of sedition in the first place.

EFFECTS

Apply all of the following to your character:

Against the Odds: The character loses one Fate Point.

Special Circumstances: The Acolyte gains +3 to every Characteristic and +1 Wound.

Institutionalisation: The Acolyte has been indoctrinated into the belief that the Holy Ordos are infallible (after all, he was innocent, and his prison branding proves it). The Acolyte is immune to any attempts to Charm, Command, Deceive, or Intimidate him into acting against his Inquisitorial masters. If he wishes to act against his own cell or the Inquisition he must succeed in a Hard(-30) Willpower Test.



SIBELLUS SCROUNGER

Career: Adept, Arbitrator, Guardsman, Scum, Tech-Priest

Cost: 200 xp

Requirements: Hive Homeworld

Hiveworld living is often a matter of surviving with limited resources. Unless one is a spire noble, most make due with whatever woeful job they are assigned, but some decide to make their own way. From the spires of Sibellus to the cramped underhive there is always a need for food, shelter, and ammunition.

A Scrounger is part opportunist, part thief, and always on the lookout for the next chance to get something he needs. He operates throughout Sibellus, finding what others cast off and acquiring it. This could be as easy as rummaging through the refuse, or as difficult as fishing through molten slag with enormous poles.

Groups of scroungers will occasionally make expeditions into the dangerous depths of the hive sumps, braving collapsing caverns and vicious mutants in search of fabled lost treasures. Most searches will be relatively less dangerous, such as bribing a low level functionary for a moments access to the reclamation compressors.

More rarely, a band of scroungers will slip their way to the spires of Sibellus to rob the more wealthy. To the denizens of the underhive, even the lowliest of the Imperium's servants is wealthy beyond understanding. It is not uncommon for an Adeptus Ministorum Hab-complex to experience a raid, minor items disappearing in the middle of the night. A minor inconvenience most of the time, but if an item of enough importance goes missing, it is often blamed on the scroungers, and the local Sibellus Enforcers will press-gang a small group into service to find the missing item.

Most notably, a raid on the Tertiary Scriblock Hab-complex resulted in a servo-skull theft. The servo-skull was specially altered to feed information to agents of the Ordo Hereticus. With key information missing, a cell of Acolytes recruited dozens of scroungers to locate and retrieve the vital servo-skull. Many of the scroungers were never seen beneath Sibellus again, and it is rumoured that the action was so successful that the Inquisitor either placed them all into Acolyte Cells, or had them all executed on principle.

EFFECTS

Apply all of the following to your character:

Skills: The character is trained in the following skills: Barter, Evaluate, Tech-Use, Trade (Prospector).

Hive Operator: In the Underhive, the Acolyte treats items with Availability of Average or less as one step lower, to a minimum of Abundant.

UNDERHIVE MERCHANT

Career: Adept, Arbitrator, Cleric, Guardsman, Scum, Tech-Priest

Cost: 200 xp

Requirements: Hive Homeworld

The Underhives of Scintilla and other Hive Worlds are possibly the most dangerous places to be found in the Calixis Sector, outside of outright battlezones or Death Worlds. Here, the rule of law is often merely a suggestion, and only when one is heavily armed (or surrounded by bodyguards) is there any sense of security. There is always a strong demand for weapons, armour, and other such necessities of underhive life, and merchants are the people who fill that need. Some work as part of organised gangs, some operate independently and rely on their own bodyguard force for defence, but all fill an essential role in the violence.

Most merchants have long established deals with suppliers, who live higher in the hive, to smuggle in low grade wargear and supplies. Some hive lords even condone this, knowing weapons and equipment will always exist and preferring the dregs below their feet to fight amongst themselves over scraps that the Hive Enforcers can easily ignore, should the need arise. Few underhive factions are content with such cast-offs though, and the Merchant who can find better goods to sell will prosper, but often attract unwanted attention from local authorities.

The Merchant may have arranged for interceptions of more powerful munitions destined for the hiveworld's defences, from military grade lasguns to heavy weapons designed to stave off invasion. Wily merchants may have even attempted to bribe Munitorum officials to look the other way ensure these interceptions go smoothly. Whatever the path that lead him to the authorities attention, an Inquisitor has found such an "enterprising individual" extremely useful to the mission of a cell of Acolytes.

Merchants are expected to know their way around the lower levels and work well with criminals, and can effectively deal with many official barricades to the smooth flow of materiel. They also generally know how to use their products—not necessarily the best shots in the hive but able to use a very wide range of weapons. In many ways, they are the guides of the underhives, for it is their quick wits that fuels the economy of violence in the depths.

EFFECTS

Apply all of the following to your character:

Skills: The character is trained in one of the following skills: Barter, Evaluate, Trade (Armourer), or Trade (Merchant).

Talents: The character gains a Basic Weapon Training Talent of his choice.

Make Do: When the Acolyte succeeds on a Ballistic Skill Test to clear a jammed weapon, it does not waste the ammunition in the weapon, and the weapon does not need to be reloaded.

ALTERNATE CAREER RANKS

"I can't tell you what goes into the Inquisitor's decisions. If you're here, there must be a good reason for it. You aren't going to like what we have to do over the next few days. I know I'm not. So, here is the ragged truth of it. You're going to die, out there, on a planet you've never even heard of. We are going to get off this ship, we are going to find Hexamortist, and I'm going to bring him to justice. And you, you... you'll bleed when he speaks."

—Arbitrator Heinz-Hillie, "inspiring" the new recruits

The following section details a number of Ranks which may be taken during your character's Career progression as alternatives to the normal path of his Career. These Alternate Ranks change your character's potential abilities and direction, but not his fundamental nature. A player won't swap his character's Career Path, but rather his character's fate takes an unusual detour for one Rank along the way.

These Alternate Career Paths serve two functions: The first is to offer the player an opportunity to personalise his character. The second is to give characters a very definite place within the legal infrastructure of the Calixis Sector.

TAKING AN ALTERNATIVE RANK

Alternate Ranks are attractive, and for good reason. Gaining new Skills, Talents, and tools to distinguish a character from others of the same path are all excellent reasons for acquiring an Alternate Rank. To select an Alternate Rank, a player must first secure his GM's permission. Several of the Alternate Ranks require adopting a specific social role that may be at odds with an existing plot line or campaign. Second, most Alternate Ranks include one or more prerequisites that a player must fulfil before taking the rank. Finally, Alternate Career Ranks have a minimum level at which they can be taken by the character (and some can be taken by more than one Career Path). The Rank can be taken at this minimum Rank or at any Rank thereafter.

Once his character meets all the requirements and the GM agrees, a player may select the Alternate Rank. In every case, the Alternate Rank is "swapped" for the Rank he would otherwise take, and its Advance Scheme is exchanged for the one found in his Career's normal Path. From this point onward, the character has access to these Advances, and the player may spend his xp freely on them. The rank may also indicate some unique ability or Trait that is gained as well—apply this immediately.

Despite offering up a slew of new abilities and potential, taking an Alternate Career has its downsides. A character may (and probably will) miss out on certain Skills and Talents from his original Rank, have his maximum ability with certain Skills capped out early, or be forced to pay more xp for them. This is simply the price a character pays to study

a new and specialised area. The GM may allow a player to pick up missed Skills and Talents if appropriate, but only as Elite Advances (see Elite Advances from Missed Career Ranks below) during the player's next Career Rank.

Because taking an Alternate Rank complicates the character progression system, it is only recommended for experienced players and GMs.

EXAMPLE

Voxlete, a Tech-Priest in service of the Ordo Xenos, decides to become a Cyber-Mastiff Handler, trained by his Inquisitor and elements within the Adeptus Arbites to track fugitive aliens. He exchanges his usual Rank 1 of the Tech-Priest Career for Rank 1: Cyber-Mastiff Handler and fulfils the requirements listed in the Cyber-Mastiff Handler Alternate Career Rank. He doesn't cease to be a Tech-Priest, he is now just a Tech-Priest who also trained for a specific purpose. Voxlete's player now has access to the Skills and Talents listed under the Cyber-Mastiff Handler Advances at the costs listed there, and may spend xp freely on them from this point forward. However, all the time he spends expanding his knowledge of tracking and the training of beasts means that he misses out on certain opportunities from Tech-Priest Rank 1. When he moves on to Tech-Priest Rank 2, if he wishes to still obtain Tech-Priest Rank 1 Advances, and has the xp to spend, he must pay additional Experience Points for them.

MOVING ON

Once a player has accumulated and spent enough xp to advance his character to the next Rank, he does so as normal. If his Career Path splits, he must choose one path as he normally would, his Alternate Career standing in the stead of any previous choice he needed to make. The player must then follow his chosen Career Path normally, although again he may find that this tangent has left his character missing certain Skills needed as prerequisites for some of the Advances offered by the new Rank and to acquire them he must obtain them as Elite Advances. More likely, however, he will continue to develop Advances from his Alternate Career to make up for missed Advances.

MISSED CAREER RANKS

Having taken an Alternate Career means a character has deviated from the regular path of experience and training he would have undergone, and while the character will have gained new and often unique abilities from this extracurricular activity, he misses out on what would have been his regular development. In this case, Talents and Skills from the missed rank that can be reasonably obtained by the character (with the GM's approval) can be gained as Elite Advances for their listed costs in the missed rank plus an additional 50 xp.

CHASTENER

"Who can truly return to the grace of the God-Emperor without the searing pain which accompanies having one's sin revealed in His just light? This brand I have here is but a small thing by comparison, but the pain you feel should serve as a sufficient representation. Now, shall we begin?"

—Marcus Danturian, Chastener of The Pendulum

To be gunned down in the street, cornered by a squad of black-armoured Arbitrators, is the deserved end for those who have threatened the stability and constance of the Imperium of Man, but some Calixian Precincts believe that this is not the only end. For every criminal who is laid out on a hive street by the blast of an Arbites shotgun, there are those who have warranted a different, though certainly no less terrifying, fate. To warrant such an end one must only show the briefest chance of rehabilitation or contrition, for this is what Lord Marshal Goreman's Chasteners demand. It is the duty of the Chasteners to return the body and soul of such criminals to the service of the Emperor, which He so rightly requires. To achieve this, each Chastener is trained within the Precinct Fortress on Scintilla in a network of specialised simulation rooms to fight to subdue and restrain any prisoner, regardless of the environment. They are also skilled in torture and coercive force, the better to exact confessions and repentance from their wayward captives. For those criminals who would prefer a quick and heroic death, standing against the might of the Adeptus Arbites encountering a Chastener will put a quick end to their dreams of glory, for when one is sought by the Chasteners, death is an escape they will not be afforded.

The purpose of the Chasteners is rooted in the needs of Lord Marshal Goreman, who holds to the notion that each man's first duty is to serve the Emperor in life and deed. To act contrary to the law is to not only disobey this duty, but to spit in the face of everything the Emperor has built. It is for this reason that Chasteners seek to rehabilitate their prey rather than execute them right off, as it is not the Chastener's place to take from the Emperor one who might still serve the purpose for which he was born. If a Chastener succeeds in his task, not only will he have returned a wayward soul to the service of the God-Emperor, but he will have also saved a soul from damnation.

The ways in which crime is punished non-lethally are many and varied, but only a few outcomes exist for the criminal. In the eyes of the Lord Marshal's Chastener, the most desired outcome is to return the prisoner to Imperial

society, entirely free of his lawless ways and truly repentant of his crimes. This is a rarity, but it is not unknown. Less rarely, a subject serves the God-Emperor in other ways, as servitor candidates or service within the Penal Legions of Kommitzar are always a viable punishment. Some may think this a dangerous prospect, for who can say whether the Chastener's torments ever truly succeeded, but the minuscule number of released prisoners who have ever returned to their criminal ways speak to the validity of the Lord Marshal's decision.

Since the most likely fate for one taken by the Chasteners is a term of service on a penal world or among the ranks of a penal legion, the criminals who deserve this end are largely those who serve the cause of the God-Emperor only under extreme duress. It is likely that this sort of recalcitrant scoundrel has thus far resisted the ministrations of the Chasteners and is beyond hope of voluntary rehabilitation. The final option left to criminals against the God-Emperor's Law is execution. When it appears that no amount of coercion or torture will have any lasting effect on a prisoner, they are instead put to death in order to ensure that their treasonous ideas and ways are eliminated once and for all. The Chasteners do not hesitate to put a criminal to death, often weighting the efforts a subject would require against more pressing duties, sometimes executing a redeemable citizen for the sake of expediency.

To reach any of these ends is no easy thing, for those who have started down the path of impiety and criminality have already forsaken their duty to mankind in the Lord Marshal's eyes, favouring their own desires, fears,

and cowardice. In order to return a prisoner to

the lawful path, the deviant mind must first be broken free of the taint of lawlessness. In order to do this, Chasteners are masters of not only physical torture but methods of psychological readjustment.

Breaking the subject's errant spirit is only the first stage of the process of rehabilitation, but an important one. Only after they have been reduced to little more than gibbering shells of the criminals they once were are the prisoners prepared to be reformed by the Chasteners into proper Imperial citizens. This process has been known to take years for truly heinous villains, but can be done as quickly as a few solid months for criminals less dedicated to befouling the Imperium.

However, a Chastener's job does not start in the interrogation room. While Arbitrators are perfectly capable soldiers of the law, they are merely that—soldiers. The art of capturing and detaining prisoners is one left to Goreman's Chasteners of the Arbites,

men who are trained with a mind to finesse and restraint rather than overwhelming force. As a result, Chasteners receive extensive training in all sorts of subdual weaponry,



including shock-weaponry, stun grenades, disabling toxins, and grapple-nets. In addition, Chasteners are trained to use their bodies as weapons with which to restrain their prey. These agents of the Arbites are masters of martial traditions which focus on grappling and holds to subdue one's opponent. Chasteners are trained in a specialized form of martial art which combines specific aspects of several combat regimens in order to most effectively control and restrict their quarry without endangering their life.

All of these skills combine to make Chasteners dangerous foes to criminals and valuable agents of Imperial law. Indeed, for these reasons, Inquisitors of the Holy Ordos often conscript Chasteners to complete their retinues. Their collection of skills and training makes them uniquely capable for work as an investigator and interrogator for their Inquisitorial masters. Truly it is no rare thing for the target of a Chastener's mission to be the target of an Inquisitorial investigation; a convergence of goals which is rarely displeasing for either party.

BECOMING A CHASTENER

Joining the ranks of the Chasteners is as much a choice as joining the cadre of an Imperial Inquisitor. While some may strive for the position, ultimately it is up to the Precinct Command on Scintilla to choose capable men and women for service. The time and effort placed into training these individuals (who may be called upon to perform alone or in the service of the Inquisition) makes recruitment a serious affair. Those in charge of putting prospective Chasteners through the program beneath the Precinct Fortress are encouraged to create tasks that escalate in danger and require ever increasing creativity on the part of the candidate. Arbitrators who have shown significant skill in interrogation and uncommon restraint in the apprehension of criminals are natural candidates for the rank of Chastener. Few chosen deny the position, for while many Arbitrators prefer a more straightforward approach to dealing with criminals, the rank and honour paid to a Chastener is a valuable asset to anyone wishing to one day command a Precinct of his own.

Required Careers: Arbitrator, Assassin, or Guardsman

Alternate Rank: Rank 3 or higher (1,000 xp)

Requirements: Inquiry and Interrogation Skills.

CHASTENER ADVANCES

Advance	Cost	Type	Prerequisites
Chem-Use	100	Skill	—
Common Lore (Underworld)	100	Skill	—
Common Lore (Underworld) +10	200	Skill	Common Lore (Underworld)
Concealment	100	Skill	—
Concealment +10	200	Skill	Concealment
Inquiry +10	200	Skill	Inquiry
Interrogation +10	100	Skill	Interrogation
Intimidate	100	Skill	—
Intimidate +10	100	Skill	Intimidate
Scholastic Lore (Judgement)	100	Skill	—
Scrutiny	100	Skill	—
Scrutiny +10	100	Skill	—
Shadowing	100	Skill	—
Silent Move	100	Skill	—
Silent Move +10	200	Skill	Silent Move
Disarm	200	Talent	Ag 30
Iron Jaw	200	Talent	T 40
Melee Weapon Training (Shock)	200	Talent	—
Nerves of Steel	200	Talent	—
Peer (Adeptus Arbites)	200	Talent	Fel 30
Sound Constitution (x2)	200	Talent	—
Takedown	200	Talent	—
Sure Strike	200	Talent	WS 30

CYBER-MASTIFF HANDLER

"Augur scan indicates target is spire-bound on tertiary deck thoroughfare. Initiate attack pattern omicron-delta. Confirming kill-order. Chain-jaws active. Awaiting confirmation. Kill-order confirmed. Implement attack pattern. Happy hunting!"

—Borus Vhalkov, Arbites Cyber-mastiff Handler

The heavy scraping of metallic claws, the static of heavy breathing transmitted through rough vox-casters, the roar of data barks coordinating a hunt, these are the sounds of doom for criminals throughout the Precincts of the Calixis Sector. The Subrique-pattern Cyber-mastiffs are a well-known sight on those worlds which have a strong Arbites presence. When not needed for a man-hunt, they remain within the walls of the Calixian Precinct Fortresses or in the training yards, running coordinated attack and subdual patterns with their master and a specially trained Tech-adept. When on the hunt, these plasteel beasts hound their prey, sniffing their trail using rare chemicals from the ocean of Landunder in cybernetic sense-nodes, resting only when they have their prey or are commanded to stop. At the signal from their master's unique augmetic, the beasts engage their quarry and either dispatch or disable the criminal, depending on their master's instruction. To their comrades within the Calixian Precincts, the Cyber-mastiff Handler is not just a single valued ally, but often acts with the effectiveness of an entire Arbites squad.

A Judge (or similarly high ranking Adeptus Arbites official) may choose to use some political might or call in a few favours to have Arbitrators trained to command a Subrique-Pattern Cyber-mastiff. This is a rare instance (often only for Arbitrators serving away from their Precinct Fortress, such as those working with the Inquisition) and their skill with the charge is limited by their lack of augmentation. The vast majority of Cyber-mastiff Handlers are Tech-Priests, agents of the Adeptus Mechanicus, who serve the Imperium within the Precincts of Calixis Sector, and caring for their charges.

Handlers spend years with their hounds, training them for the hunt and the kill. They spend countless hours running their charges through drills and training simulations, implanting commands and attack patterns into their cogitator-augmented brains through sheer repetition and rote. All of this training is culminated on the beasts' first actual hunt, in which the handler takes his charges into the field to be put to the test. Giving signals directly to their built-in vox receivers, the Cyber-mastiff Handler is able to coordinate extremely complex engagements through a dizzying number of pre-programmed patterns. Using powerful auspex arrays and visual sensorium data from the beasts themselves, Handlers can control their beasts at incredible ranges, directing their attacks from several miles distant.

Many Cyber-mastiff Handlers do more than instruct and train their charges. When chosen for their position, many who become Handlers are chosen for their proficiency with machine-spirits. While the construction and imprinting of such beasts is a mystery to all save the Tech-Priests involved in their fabrication, it is not unknown for Handlers to perform battlefield repairs and make minor but effective modifications to the original design of the Cyber-mastiff. These modifications are often expressive of the particular needs of the Tech-Priest.

Those who favour close-quarters combat often apply circuit-rune scribed armour plating, and rare unguents and sacred oils to grease the melee weaponry, honing the already substantial original armaments. Handlers who specialize in tracking are known to burn rare chemicals to train the Cyber-mastiffs' olfactory sensor vanes. Still others might require their charges to carry powerful remote auspex scanners for patrol work and sniff-scan assignments. Indeed it is fairly common for a Cyber-mastiff Handler to train and maintain a stable of several constructs, modified in a number of ways, so that he might be prepared for any situation.

Within the training grounds on Landunder, the specific modifications of a Cyber-mastiff Handler's creations are a point of pride among his peers. It is common for the Tech-Priests deep within Hive Subrique to build different specializations and to add an element of competition to their work, making each construct unique to the Handler or Precinct where it will serve. This competition is most often a simple matter of friendly boasting and jest, occasionally boiling over into minor rivalries. Despite this, in the face of true danger to a pack, Precinct, or Imperial peace, the hounds of several Handler's packs will work together or even sacrifice themselves for one another at their master's command; for when truly threatened they form a single, greater pack whose safety outweighs petty rivalries.

Just as a Handler's Cyber-mastiffs become valued and specialized members of his own personal retinue, so too do



the Acolytes of an Imperial Inquisitor form a trusted and capable cadre to be used by the Inquisitor himself, however they might be best used to combat threats to the Imperium. When requisitioned by an Inquisitor, a Cyber-mastiff Handler provides combat and retrieval as well as surveillance and security; each a service of great importance to those who serve the in the Inquisition. Indeed, what better device with which to ferret out the horrors of the Warp, which would

drive a man's mind to madness, than with a pack of steel hounds as immune to madness as they are to fear itself?

BECOMING A CYBER-MASTIFF HANDLER

Those Tech-Priests who are chosen to train on Landunder, and maintain and command a Precinct's stable of Cyber-mastiffs are those who have shown remarkable promise in either technical capacity or pack-hunting skills. This decision is usually made during the early stages of training and the Tech-Priest, therefore, is likely to spend brief periods among Arbitrators who he must become accustomed to serving alongside. They spend their first several months on Landunder among the technical staff of the Precinct Tech-Priests learning the proper procedures to maintain the mechanical bodies of their future charges as well as the rituals and commands to appease and direct the machine-spirits housed within. This training is supplemented with more experience working with the Arbites, and when they have completed their instruction, the Cyber-mastiff Handler is able to work closely with both his mechanical beasts as well as the Adeptus Arbites.

Required Careers: Tech-Priest

Alternate Rank: Rank 1 or higher (0 xp)

Benefits: Upon taking this career the Acolyte automatically receives one "Bloodhound" Cyber-mastiff (see page 73 and a Constructor Interface Augmetic (see page 77).

TALENT: PACK HUNTER

By relaying sensory data from multiple cybermastiffs to one another, the Handler is able to combine their efforts into a single hunting party far more capable than any individual within the group. For every cybermastiff controlled by the Handler participating in the hunt, the Handler receives a +10 bonus to Tracking Tests. In addition, he may gain bonuses from Heightened Senses talents or applicable gear possessed by one of his controlled hounds.

TALENT: WOLF PACK TACTICS

Some Cyber-mastiff Handlers are adept at working alongside their charges, even in the thick of battle. These front-line Handlers often fight beside their hounds as trusted and familiar allies. When ganging up on an opponent with his cyber-mastiff, a Cyber-mastiff Handler imposes a -20 penalty to all Dodge or Parry Skill Tests made by his target.

CYBER-MASTIFF HANDLER ADVANCES

Advance	Cost	Type	Prerequisites
Awareness	100	Skill	—
Common Lore (Tech)	100	Skill	—
Search	100	Skill	—
Shadowing	100	Skill	—
Tech-Use	100	Skill	—
Tracking	100	Skill	—
Trade (Technomat)	100	Skill	—
Trade (Technomat) +10	100	Skill	Trade (Technomat)
Wrangling	100	Skill	—
Wrangling +10	100	Skill	Wrangling
Basic Weapon Training (Pistol)	100	Talent	—
Basic Weapon Training (SP)	100	Talent	—
Melee Weapon Training (Primitive)	100	Talent	—
Pack Hunter	100	Talent	Tracking
Pistol Training (Las)	100	Talent	—
Pistol Training (Primitive)	100	Talent	—
Pistol Training (SP)	100	Talent	—
Sound Constitution	100	Talent	—
Wolf Pack Tactics	100	Talent	Wrangling
Peer (Adeptus Arbites)	300	Talent	Int 30

MALIFIXER

"Silence yourself and count your heartbeats lest I end them. I'll need a vat of bio-waste, some corpse starch, and a lot of rocrete. Oh, and I'll need you to stop bleeding everywhere, it's breaking my concentration."

—Artonias Scopralo, Agent of the Kasballica

The criminal underworld in the Calixis Sector is by no means forgiving. It is a harsh, cruel existence punctuated by violence and the fleeting hope of a quick payoff. Organisations such as the Kasballica and the Beast House make their way on the backs of the poor, unfortunate individuals that they have collected into their ranks as much by desperation as by ambition or even simple greed. This is not to say that those lowly scum who make up the bulk of such criminal enterprises are not, themselves, enterprising and opportunistic. Indeed, while many lackeys of the Calixian underworld are broke-souled underdogs, they are matched by those who would seek only to better their lot, either through criminal advancement or by escaping the harsh life to which they were born. While the most cruel and brutal often rise through the ranks of their organisation through sheer self-serving strength, others must play a more dangerous game, relying on their cunning and quick wits. An organisation like the Kasballica or the Beast House is no simple matter. Indeed, most such organisations treat their membership as life-long, with no exceptions. A former comrade, once deep in the secrets and schemes of their enterprise now left out to the mercy of the wider world is a dangerous loose-end. For this reason, most who live deep within the criminal underground must work tirelessly to avoid the watchful eyes of the Enforcers or Adeptus Arbites. Instead of some protective agent or organisation to shelter them, these lowly scum must take drastic measures when they falter, if they wish to save their lives and that of their organisation. It is to this end that many criminal organisations employ a skilled Malifixer.

Malifixers are men and women whose skills are broad, and their understanding of Imperial Law vast. They watch the Arbitrators and the Enforcers as closely as their organisations are watched; often living for years near the Calixian Precinct Fortresses, just observing. Some of the most talented Malifixers will even engineer attacks or plant information, leading investigators to rival criminal groups. The most skilled Malifixers are never caught, and may live their entire lives narrowly escaping execution.

The Kasballica makes extensive use of Malifixers, using them to spy on their own organisation as well as their enemies. It is not unheard of for a Malifixer to live for years within a rival group only to turn on them at a vital moment, or deliver key evidence into the hands of the authorities. Once positioned securely within an organisation, the Malifixer must simply watch and learn, reporting and interpreting what he sees to his superiors. Given the consequences should a Malifixer's true loyalty ever be discovered by his comrades in crime, only the most dedicated and skilful agents ever survive for long enough to be of any true use. Those who do survive become masters at the art of deception and observation, able

to willingly perform any deed their criminal masters demand, all the while keeping watch on those around them for a key piece of information.

As they are criminals themselves, Malifixers already possess abundant resources and connections within the Calixian underworld. Cultivating these contacts is one of the key tools in their arsenal, as they serve as an extension of the Malifixer's ability to make problems go away. These contacts can prove useful in other ways as well. Mainly, should the Arbites' eyes and ears be trained on an organisation, these underworld contacts can prove invaluable.

When a Malifixer is captured, he often spends years being interrogated, his vast knowledge of the underworld making him a resource worth a dozen lives. On more than one occasion, a Malifixer has not been executed, but instead given a chance to earn "penance" in service of the Inquisition, turning his skills against those he previously aided and uncovering secrets so terrible that they threaten his sanity.



BECOMING A MALIFIXER

While many criminals would consider the idea of courting capture by the Adeptus Arbites insane, those who have a quick mind and little to lose face a slightly better prospect. No two Malifixers come to the task from the same path. Some begin their lives as low level functionaries who discover additional income or pleasures by taking bribes or offering services. Others are simply intelligent criminals able to think on their feet and escape capture. Still others are trained by Malifixers to follow in their footsteps, providing their valuable service to a criminal enterprise. Most rarely, are those trained by the Inquisition to serve the role as a part of an Acolyte cell, their knowledge of the underworld and fast thinking an asset to those who must survive for months in the underhive.

Required Careers: Scum

Alternate Rank: Rank 3 or higher (1,000 xp)

Requirements: Peer (Underworld)



"TAKING CARE" OF THEIR OWN

While rare in the Calixis Sector, those criminal syndicates that do exist are extremely professional. They know that operating beneath the notice of the Adeptus Arbites' is imperative to their success. The Kasballica in particular conduct themselves as honest businessmen and nobility at all times. They operate their less reputable ventures through middle men, keeping their hands as clean as possible. It is a common saying that the Kasballica "Takes Care of Their Own."

While this is certainly a promise to protect and support each other, it is also a threat. If an operative draws too much attention to himself, it is far easier to execute him and let the Enforcers deal with the body. More than one Kasballica operative has let his guard down when a Malifixer comes to "take care of it." Assuming the Malifixer is there to help, this unacceptable risk finds the barrel of a stub pistol in the back of his head instead of advice on how to elude capture.

This is not uncommon for many of the organisations that make use of Malifixers, they are known for their ruthless professionalism, and an in-house hit isn't much of a stretch of their skills.

MALIFIXER ADVANCES

Advance	Cost	Type	Prerequisites
Blather	100	Skill	—
Blather +10	100	Skill	Blather
Carouse	100	Skill	—
Carouse +10	100	Skill	Carouse
Ciphers (Underworld)	100	Skill	—
Common Lore (Adeptus Arbites)	100	Skill	—
Common Lore (Underworld) +10	100	Skill	Common Lore (Underworld)
Common Lore (Underworld) +20	100	Skill	Common Lore (Underworld) +10
Deceive	100	Skill	—
Deceive +10	100	Skill	Deceive
Inquiry	100	Skill	—
Lip Reading	100	Skill	Lip Reading
Search	100	Skill	—
Scrutiny	100	Skill	—
Scrutiny +10	100	Skill	Scrutiny
Security	100	Skill	—
Sleight of Hand	100	Skill	—
Light Sleeper	100	Talent	Per 30
Paranoia	100	Talent	—
Heightened Senses (Hearing)	200	Talent	—
Basic Weapon Training (SP)	300	Talent	—
Talented (Blather)	300	Talent	—

MAGISTRATE

"The law required that we take action! The crimes of House Torald could not go unpunished. Of course we had justification to intervene. The Lex Calixis, vol 65c is clear on the matter. Chapter 2076, subsection 776, paragraph 876, widely recognized as the 'Warp-time disjunction clause' clearly excuses the apparent lack of evidence and probable cause for action against the accused House. Should this court find the aforementioned action against House Torald unlawful and thereby strip all findings from the accumulated evidence, this court would be setting a dangerous precedent, which could have disastrous repercussions for Arbites actions throughout the whole of the Calixis Sector. I trust this Honourable Court, in its infinite justice and wisdom will make the right decision. Your Lordships."

-Gevlan Hesk, Magistrate

To enforce every mandate within the Lex Imperialis is a nearly impossible task; even the truncated Lex Calixis is a daunting endeavour. These codices of law are so enormous and erudite that few individuals can claim to know all of their secrets or loopholes. Even the Judges of the Arbites must regularly confer with archive-savants and librarium cogitation engines in order to make their rulings. Working for the Enforcers or powerful Nobles during the all-too-rare trials, the legal experts, known to the people of Hive Sebelis as Magistrates, make up a group of rare legal minds. These steadfast scholars spend decades poring over the Lex Calixis, learning its every nuance and interpretation. Magistrates of each Calixian sub-sector are tasked with mastering not only the greater Lex Calixis, but also their own planet's specific laws as well. As such, the Magistrates stationed on the Calixis Sector's central world may aid Nobles and Governors across the Sector. They are the undisputed experts of Sector law.

Simply knowing the Lex Calixis is not all that the Magistrates are tasked with by their lords. Every world in the Calixis Sector is governed by its own set of laws. As long as the Imperial tithe flows, and they do not fall into heresy, these worlds are left to their own devices. These local traditions and practices may have been enshrined into planetary law for hundreds of years. Nobles (and Inquisitors) often need this information, so that they may interact with the world in an official capacity without raising eyebrows or resorting to more aggressive tactics. Many a Magistrate, calmly at study within massive libraries have found themselves rounded up to accompany a cell of Acolytes, a Rogue Trader, or a Noble to some far off world that they have only studied in dusty tomes.

As well, it is the purview of the Magistrates to assert the legal rightness of the actions of their lords. Whether it is to give legal resistance for Arbites action before they are taken or, post hoc, to legitimize hostile movements long under way, it is up to the Magistrates to make sure that their masters are always within the edicts of the Lex Calixis. To this end it is the duty of the Magistrates to know the ways in which the Lex Calixis is lacking—to know the loopholes within the law which might be stretched to allow necessary, but otherwise illegitimate, action. This directive is particularly useful for Inquisitors whose investigations have brought them into conflict with the Adeptus Arbites. Though Inquisitors are officially above Imperial law, most Judges and Precinct Marshals bristle at the self-righteous actions of Inquisitors who skirt it. A Magistrate capable of interpreting Imperial legal texts in such a way as to avoid conflict with local Precincts is a valuable asset, one most Inquisitors would be glad to have among their cadre of Acolytes.

Unfortunately, there are those who view such treatment of the law as the gravest of sins. These zealots of Imperial law see those who would use the letter of the Lex Calixis for their own ends as little more than clever criminals who deserve nothing but the most severe punishment; that they be made an

example for those who would pervert the spirit of the law. Combined with the occasional distrust felt for overly scholarly members of the Arbites, Magistrates are not a popular lot in the

Calixis Sector. Nevertheless, the expertise of the Magistrates is necessary for many, and they are therefore mostly tolerated by their peers. Due to this tolerant distrust and disdain, it is not uncommon for those wishing to join the ranks of the

Magistrates to undergo their education on Scintilla, privately tutored by other Magistrates. Indeed, many Magistrates are foreign adepts assigned to the Calixis Sector as a post of service. This is little comfort to the more sceptical members of the Adeptus Arbites, who see the goings on of the Magistrates within the Calixis Sector as being meddled with by outsiders.

A great many Magistrates are master orators as well, not only versed in the law, but capable of swaying stalwart Judges and uncompromising Arbitrators with their legal rhetoric. This is yet another skill for which they are valued and distrusted. With a keen mind and a powerful force of personality, a Magistrate can be either a righteous agent of the Imperium or a canny scofflaw, flaunting the edicts they so rigorously claim to love. For this reason they must work hard to earn the trust of their peers, a task which can take decades, if not centuries. Despite this distrust, Magistrates are present throughout the halls of power, and by their actions Imperial criminals are brought swiftly and securely to justice, for few within the Calixis Sector, can boast so comprehensive a knowledge of Imperial law as a Magistrate. This is ultimately the only test which a Magistrate must undergo to prove their allegiance, and it is by this measure that their loyalty will be decided, not popular opinion.



BECOMING A MAGISTRATE

When an Adept wishes to journey into the legal libraries, they normally need only make their intentions known to their superiors. Unfortunately for such Adepts in the Calixis Sector, the stigma against such scholarly pursuits makes for a difficult road in the journey to legal expertise and oration. Many of those wishing to become Magistrates find that tutelage by other Magistrates on Scintilla is the only option. Such Magistrates follow a more traditional legal course and are often viewed as soft and compromising by the Calixian Arbites, a questionable allowance in the mighty halls of justice. Those Magistrates who receive their education often see the law a hard and concrete tool with which to crush criminality and lawlessness, not as a malleable and living thing.

Required Careers: Adept

Alternate Rank: Rank 7 or higher (8,000 xp)

Requirements: Literacy Skill and either Common Lore (Administratum) or Scholastic Lore (Judgement) Skill

TALENT: LEGALESE

The Acolyte is adept at flooding a target with legal jargon and facts to beffuddle and scare them. The Acolyte may use Scholastic Lore (Judgement) as if it were Blather or Intimidate. This ability only works on targets for whom the laws of the Imperium hold at least a modicum of fear. A ganger or Imperial citizen is very wary of the law, a Chaos Legionaire, however, is probably not. At the GM's discretion, some targets (usually those not a part of the Imperium of Mankind) may not be affected by this Talent.



MAGISTRATE ADVANCES

Advance	Cost	Type	Prerequisites
Charm	100	Skill	—
Charm +10	100	Skill	Charm
Charm +20	100	Skill	Charm +10
Command	100	Skill	—
Command +10	100	Skill	Command
Common Lore (Adeptus Arbites) +10	100	Skill	Common Lore (Adeptus Arbites) +10
Common Lore (Adeptus Arbites) +20	100	Skill	Common Lore (Adeptus Arbites) +20
Common Lore (Administratum) +10	100	Skill	Common Lore (Administratum)
Common Lore (Administratum) +20	100	Skill	Common Lore (Administratum) +10
Scholastic Lore (Bureaucracy) +10	100	Skill	Scholastic Lore (Bureaucracy)
Scholastic Lore (Bureaucracy) +20	100	Skill	Scholastic Lore (Bureaucracy) +10
Scholastic Lore (Judgement) +10	100	Skill	Scholastic Lore (Judgement)
Scholastic Lore (Judgement) +20	100	Skill	Scholastic Lore (Judgement) +10
Scrutiny +10	100	Skill	Scrutiny
Sound Constitution	100	Talent	—
Chem-Geld	100	Talent	—
Foresight	100	Talent	Int 30
Air of Authority	200	Talent	Fel 30
Legalese	200	Talent	Fel 40
Resistance (Fear)	200	Talent	—
Resistance (Psychic Powers)	200	Talent	—
Total Recall	200	Talent	Int 30
Master Orator	300	Talent	Fel 30
Strong Minded	300	Talent	WP 30, Resistance (Psychic Powers)

SLATE-AGENT

"And who am I to be this year, hmm? Perhaps a wealthy functionary in a dubious merchant guild? No? Hmm, perhaps a pampered Ecclesiastic keeping watch for detestable heresy within a suspect sect? Still no, eh? Well then, can I spend the majority of this mission indoors at least? Another Imperial Guard unit? Front lines? Well at least I won't remember any of it after retrieval. No sir! Happy to, sir!"

-A Slate-Agent, currently named Cavel Posdanik

Few agencies of the Imperium of Man, save the Inquisition, are as paranoid and watchful as the Adeptus Arbites. Both of these organisations were founded on the notion that the teeming masses of mankind cannot be trusted to safe-guard themselves independently, and that if left to their own devices, the vast population of the Imperium would eventually fall into lawlessness and damnable heresy. Thus the watchfulness of the Arbites and the Inquisition is a service to mankind, not an attempt to control the masses through fear. It is the necessity of their work which drives the agents of the Arbites and the Inquisition to such paranoia, for it is they alone who know the stakes of failure.

On the planet of Malfi, the men and women of the ruling class play a vicious game of politics and favour. This game is played not on any game-board, but in every palace, mansion, and villa. It is not played with pieces, but with the livelihood of their dynasties. The strategy of this game lies with political manoeuvring and favourable alliances. The stakes of this game are neither bragging rights nor pride, they are the very existence of the noble family, and the rights of rulership. The greatest advantage in this game of political infighting is information, preferably that which could shame and discredit a rival. In the pursuit of this sort of information the houses of Malfi have each developed methods particular to their own dynasty. It was for this purpose that the first Slate-Agents were trained. The Malfian house which first created the Slate-Agents is long forgotten, whether fallen to obscurity or risen to heights

beyond all recognition, none can say. The value of their achievement is evident by the wide-spread use of Slate-Agents by a multitude of Malfian houses.

Masters of subterfuge and disguise, each Slate-Agent is a perfect operative of infiltration and observation. It is the process of their creation which makes a Slate-Agent so ideal for their intended job. The first stage of a Slate-Agent's conditioning is aimed at wholly annihilating any sense of self possessed by the recruit, reducing them to little more than a biological machine in the service of their masters. It is from this state that Slate-Agents receive their moniker, as from this point forward, each Agent is a "blank-slate" on which new identities can be written. To achieve this, recruits are deprived of sleep, food, water, and dignity, as well as forced to endure horrific psychological torments, all the while they are watched for signs of opposition or rebelliousness. Once the recruit has been reduced to a workable state, the trainers begin the slow process of rebuilding their charge. Using hypno-indoctrination techniques they prepare the recruit's mind to take shape around cover-identities, each of which includes skills, history, profession, and contacts, as well as personality and mannerisms, all combined to provide a flawless cover for the Slate-Agent. The trainers use psycho-conditioning to thread the recruit's psyche with triggers and fail-safes, in order to reset the conditioning. Oft-times the conditioning of Slate-Agents is so complete that during

their missions they are wholly unaware of their true identity until their loyalty is tested, at which point, deep-planted hypno-barriers close off the mind to any possibility of traitorous or mutinous thoughts.

Gathering information about one's target is the primary directive of each Agent. Infiltrating a rival house, gaining access to its members' most heavily guarded secrets, and leaving no doubt as to their unfaltering loyalty to their target, these are the core objectives of each Slate-Agent's mission. The specifics may change depending on the controlling house and the target organisation, but information is the primary stock and trade of the Slate-Agent. Having an ally so flawlessly inserted into an enemy's ranks often proves a dangerous temptation for the controlling house, for it is a simple thing to include a kill-order alongside the multitude of mundane orders during the templating process. This form of assassination is frowned upon by the lords of Malfi, for it is little more than a means of mutually assured destruction.



After becoming involved in a particularly convoluted plot of treason and sedition which had been set in motion by a ruling Malfian lord, the Arbites discovered the existence of Slate-Agents among the various political houses. While officially condemning such duplicitous action on the part of powerful Imperial citizens, the Judge in charge of the investigation gathered information about the training and conditioning of Slate-Agents, so that such operatives might one day be utilised by the Arbites themselves. Within two generations, the Marshall of the Court commanding the Pendulum Precinct had made provision for the creation of Slate-Agents to be placed within organisations throughout his charge. The dozens of Agents to undergo the conditioning were placed within political and criminal organisations, as well as Imperial institutions such as the Ministrorum and the Administratum, and were implanted with orders to keep ever vigilant for the taint of criminality. Given the ever-changing nature of Inquisitorial work, those Slate-Agents who have been conditioned for use by agents of the Inquisition are often more aware of their true identity, at least subconsciously, and have even been known to have been templated with a multitude of identities at the same time, flawlessly switching from one to the next, as each mission dictates.

BECOMING A SLATE-AGENT

There is no set procedure by which men and women are chosen to become Slate-Agents. The process, unique to Malfi and its nobility, allows for a temporary mind-cleansing, but it is no less painful or harrowing. Arbitrators and Inquisitorial agents are sometimes chosen by their masters for the job, whether they desire it or not. In some rare cases, devoted souls volunteer for the thankless task. Regardless of their original intent, Slate-Agents universally end up in the same situation; devoid of all knowledge of their previous existence and routinely conditioned to become whoever their new masters require. No matter the intention or method of their induction into the life of a Slate-Agent, the process itself exacts a horrific toll on the mind and soul of the participant and it is, therefore, rarely taken up lightly.

Required Careers: Any

Alternate Rank: Rank 6 or higher (6,000 xp)

Requirements: Unremarkable Talent

Benefits: Blank Slate (Trait)

NEW TRAIT: BLANK SLATE

Upon acquiring this Talent, the Acolyte is imprinted with several psychic triggers, known only to his handler. These triggers serve as prompts for the Slate-Agent's identity programming. One trigger wipes the Slate-Agent's mind clean of previous imprinting. Another prepares the Agent's mind for re-programming. When a Slate-Agent is imprinted, the GM and the player may choose three Common Lore, Forbidden Lore, Scholastic Lore, or Trade skills appropriate for the Acolyte's cover identity. Until the Agent's imprinting is wiped clean, the Slate-Agent is considered to possess all chosen Skills, and gains a +10 bonus on related Tests.

SLATE-AGENT ADVANCES

Advance	Cost	Type	Prerequisites
Deceive	100	Skill	—
Deceive +10	100	Skill	Deceive
Deceive +20	100	Skill	Deceive +10
Scrutiny	100	Skill	—
Scrutiny +10	100	Skill	Scrutiny
Scrutiny +20	100	Skill	Scrutiny +10
Search	100	Skill	—
Search +10	100	Skill	Search
Search +20	100	Skill	Search +10
Security	100	Skill	—
Security +10	100	Skill	Security
Jaded	100	Talent	WP 30
Paranoia	100	Talent	—
Resistance (Psychic Powers)	100	Talent	—
Light Sleeper	100	Talent	Per 30
Strong Mind	200	Talent	WP 30, Resistance (Psychic Powers)
Total Recall	200	Talent	Int 30
Mental Fortress	300	Talent	WP 50, Strong Mind

SUFFERING MARSHAL

"You eluded me in Port Suffering. Your trail was faint through the wastelands, but I caught wind of your passing at Misk. You stayed out of sight, but your comrades let slip your destination before I gave them the justice of my boltgun. Finally, I find you here. You have run as far as you can, Vai Los, but you shall elude me no longer. Justice belongs to the God-Emperor, but your death shall be mine."

—Stavlar Darius, Suffering Marshal

Iocanthos is a harsh and brutal world, known for its chief export of Ghostfire, a crop used to make combat drugs. Many lawless criminals and scoundrels make use of the vast stretches of untamed wild and the feuding warlords to evade prosecution and cheat the fate they so rightfully deserve. Indeed, it is fairly common for more skilled fugitives to flee to Iocanthos with whatever resources they can manage in an attempt to build a new powerbase. It takes a stalwart and resourceful agent to track down this sort of criminal—a man whose dedication to the Imperium and its laws drives him on, alone, for as long as it takes to catch those who would jeopardise the harvest of Ghostfire. This can often take months, and a Suffering Marshal must remain true to his purpose for the duration. For this reason, only those Arbitrators with specific qualities are chosen for the arduous duty of Suffering Marshal—those steadfast in their love of the law, those who have shown an aptitude for the hunt, a cunning mind, and a ready willingness to adapt to any situation or environment. It is these sorts of men and women who are chosen by their superiors to hunt down and mete out justice to dangerous gang leaders on Iocanthos.

Stationed at the small Precinct house on Iocanthos, Suffering Marshals are a necessary deviation from typical Adeptus Arbites practice. The world's unique crop and the tentative stability created by King Skull make larger military actions questionable. While King Skull (and many other Vai) respect the authority of the Suffering Marshals, it would be politically unwise to move in force to take a quarry who threatens the Ghostfire tithe. To this end, Judge Porvin created the Suffering Marshals to be roving agents throughout the outskirts of Port Suffering and beyond. Granted wide jurisdiction through the whole of the planet, Suffering

Marshals are free from the usual bureaucracy and oversight of the traditional Adeptus Arbites. This gives Suffering Marshals a great deal of personal discretion in so far as how they go about their duties, a necessity of their work, but one that many more traditional Arbites consider to be dangerous. Given too much operational leeway, these traditionalists fear, a Suffering Marshal will become a law unto himself, a violent predator, and a disgrace to the reputation of the Adeptus Arbites. In order to avoid this outcome, the Precinct Marshals only nominate the most steadfastly loyal members of the Imperium of Mankind to the Iocanthos post of Suffering Marshal, often pulling from those Arbitrators who have served an Inquisitor and are accustomed to acting with such authority.

While each Marshal is called upon sooner or later to track down specific fugitives and deliver the righteous punishment of his Arbites, it is also their duty to know intimately the frontiers in which these criminals will eventually try to hide. They are free to travel the planet, with massive banners to signal their position and to the locals. Called "Flags" by many, local settlements and tribes will flock to the Marshal for judgement in tribal affairs. In this way, these solitary agents of the Adeptus Arbites become experts of the customs, environments, and populations of dozens of frontier outposts and locales, and are adept at learning new customs quickly. When they are not actively hunting a quarry, it is their prerogative to familiarise themselves with the stretches of Iocanthos. In many such places Suffering Marshals are welcome operatives of a distant Adeptus Terra, known and trusted by local tribal chiefs and leaders. In others, they are considered as good as the criminals they hunt—violent vigilantes or harsh agents of an unwanted, tyrannical

Imperium. Regardless of their reputation, it is the duty of each Suffering Marshal to cultivate contacts and personal resources. It is these contacts on which the Suffering Marshal must rely for information of the goings on in the surrounding area, for even men and women as well-

travelled as a Suffering Marshal cannot possibly know all the secrets of an entire world. Suffering Marshals become adept at making contacts in new locations and quickly ferreting out dissenters.

While it is an Inquisitor's duty to root out heresy and treason, it is also his duty to apprehend those who perpetrate such vile crimes against humanity. To this extent, a Suffering Marshal's craft is often coterminous with that of the Inquisition. An Inquisitor on the hunt for a dangerous heretic in an unfamiliar region (such as the Koronus Expanse or Jericho Reach) would do well to acquire the services of such an Arbitrator, for their knowledge and ability to develop contacts quickly will



surely point the way to the whereabouts of their quarry. Already tasked with apprehending dangerous criminals, a Suffering Marshal is the perfect operative to act with his master's proxy, should an Inquisitor wish to keep his hunt quiet and leave his own presence hidden from his prey.

As it is a Suffering Marshal's duty to put to death those who have already been pronounced guilty by the Arbites courts, they are notoriously unconcerned with evidence gathering procedure. Their talents and training lie largely within the scope of tracking their prey, driving them to ground, and overcoming them in violent confrontation. For this reason, Suffering Marshals tend to be straightforward, inelegant individuals, often considered violent and thuggish by the already blunt-minded Arbites and especially so by the more technical Adepts. This is also likely the result of the theatre of operation in which they exist—a harsh frontier populated by hard-bitten Imperial citizens and malcontents. In such an unforgiving environment and among such no-nonsense people, elegance and pretension are merely signs of weakness, not sophistication. Suffering Marshals are experts at confronting their quarry man-to-man, and more often than not a Suffering Marshal's grit will be put to the test on the wrong end of a bolt-pistol, though the fugitive able to come out the better for such an exchange is rare indeed.

BECOMING A SUFFERING MARSHAL

The most common means of becoming a Suffering Marshal is through service to the Holy Ordos of the Inquisition. Those Calixian Arbitrators who show great promise in this area are usually given a temporary promotion to the rank of Suffering Marshal and provided a quarry whose capture is the test by which their worthiness will be measured. They are delivered to the Precinct in Port Suffering, and expected to return with their target. In rare circumstances, a criminal will so vex an Arbitrator that their capture and prosecution becomes his sole purpose, consuming his every thought and deed. In cases such as this, an Arbitrator may request special dispensation to pursue their prey. These sorts only rarely become true Suffering Marshals, though their experience and accommodation lead them to similar skills and circumstances.

While only an Arbitrator would be considered for the assignment to Iocanthos and the rank of a true Suffering Marshal, the Holy Ordos have been known to send their Acolytes along with a Suffering Marshal for training. These agents are jokingly called "suffering fools" but they none-the-less gain the same skills and training as a Suffering Marshal, if not the title.

Required Careers: Arbitrator, Assassin, Guardsman, or Scum

Alternate Rank: Rank 5 or higher (3,000 xp)

Requirements: Tracking and Shadowing Skills

SUFFERING MARSHAL ADVANCES

Advance	Cost	Type	Prerequisites
Awareness +10	100	Skill	Awareness
Awareness +20	100	Skill	Awareness +10
Common Lore (Underworld)	100	Skill	—
Common Lore (Underworld) +10	100	Skill	Common Lore (Underworld)
Inquiry	100	Skill	—
Inquiry +10	100	Skill	Inquiry
Navigation (Surface)	100	Skill	—
Navigation (Surface) +10	100	Skill	Navigation (Surface)
Scrutiny	100	Skill	—
Shadowing +10	100	Skill	Shadowing
Survival	100	Skill	—
Survival +10	100	Skill	Survival
Tracking +10	100	Skill	Tracking
Tracking +20	100	Skill	Tracking +10
Wrangling	100	Skill	—
Wrangling +10	100	Skill	—
Fearless	200	Talent	—
Hatred (Criminals)	200	Talent	—
Iron Jaw	200	Talent	T 40
Nerves of Steel	200	Talent	—
Pistol Training (Bolt)	200	Talent	—
Die Hard	300	Talent	WP 40
Talented (Tracking)	300	Talent	—
True Grit	300	Talent	T 40

VERISPEX ADEPT

"There is here such a wealth of evidence, that the perpetrator has all but signed his name to the crime. One needs only the proper knowledge and tools to find it. Your culprit will be condemned presently."

—Adept-Officer Kilvarek at a murder scene on Vaxanide

There are times when the Precinct Fortress on Scintilla needs more than a heavy hand and a riot shield to bring noble suspects to justice. There are times when the Adeptus must find a criminal before they can arrest him. Indeed, there are times when the actual hand behind a crime is so far removed from the act itself that only the barest of clues can connect the two. In circumstances like these, the clues are often all but invisible to even the most highly trained Arbitrator. It falls to an entirely different sort of operative to not only find these clues, but to analyse them and wring from them what information they have to offer. During the first purging of House Thrungg, Inquisitor Archtulus found it necessary to work closely with the Adeptus Arbites as the fallen noble family used their vast resources to escape capture. Decades of work was required in the purge, and in the process Inquisitor Archtulus worked closely with Adeptus Arbites Judges to train Adepts in a variety of detection arts.

These agents are known as Verispex Adepts, a rare instance of Adeptus Arbites and Ordo Calixis collaboration. It is the Verispex who use their own immense knowledge, both learned and implanted, to follow the minute traces of physical evidence left by even the most careful suspect, in service of the Imperium of Mankind. The Adepts saw minor use in the Tricorn palace, their training carefully overseen by trusted Sages. With the resurgence of House Thrungg in recent years, Lord Marshal Goreman has requested aid from allies within the Inquisition, training additional Verispex Adepts for a variety of purposes, in the hopes that their skills will prove invaluable across the sector.

The path of a Verispex begins much earlier than that of a typical Adept, often during the first two decades of life. This is due to the extensive education the specialised program requires of its Verispex Adepts. From an early age, potential Adepts are taken from the Schola Progenium

and drilled in the specifics of Imperial doctrine that will apply to their task. As rigid loyalty and dogmatic obedience is instilled they are trained in identity capture techniques by skilled Arbitrator population monitors. Next, they are drilled in the customs and mannerisms of citizens from all walks of life by well-travelled Inquisitorial Acolytes. Lastly, they learn to interpret the data that a wide range of detection servitors and auspex scanners are capable of uncovering. Such is the breadth of these techniques that Adepts often specialize in one specific aspect of their work, such as the chemical composition of plasteel manufactured on specific worlds, at specific manufacturers throughout the Calixis sector, or the genetic legacy which marks the members of different houses on Prol IX from one another. Such minutia takes decades to collect and catalogue, and few Verispex are put to work on active cases before their fourth decade of service. Due to the extreme investment the Adeptus Arbites and Holy Ordos must make in order to train a single Verispex, these scholarly agents are highly valued and often kept far from the front line of Imperial law-keeping. This is, however, not always a possibility. Whenever a Verispex Adept is sent into the field they are accompanied by an Inquisitor or Judge's most capable retainers.

The sort of trivium which Verispex are routinely called upon to examine requires an incredibly powerful mind to process. While they are, to a man, often the most intelligent and well educated Acolytes, many Verispex Adepts receive cortex implants and internal cogitation engines to aid them in their work. Scanners, pict-recorders, processing engines, and chemical and metaphysical analysis arrays are all familiar tools of the Verispex Adept. As well, the banks of cogitators and legions of technical servitors at the disposal of the Verispex corps are enormous on a scale rarely seen outside the Adeptus Mechanicus. Indeed, the ties between the Verispex and the Priesthood of Mars are many and varied. The technical skills required to become a Verispex Adept are sometimes considered borderline heretical, and it is not unheard of for an ancient Verispex to be "re-purposed" by a politically savvy Arch-Magos. For this reason, many forge worlds and Mechanicus enclaves have tenuous pacts of mutual alliance and service with nearby Arbites Precincts. The Martian Priests still guard their secrets jealously, but they are willing to share the barest insights in return for protection and privacy when it comes to Mechanicus affairs.



BECOMING A VERISPEX ADEPT

Like many positions within the Adeptus, becoming a Verispex Adept is rarely a matter of choice. The skills required to stand among the forensic experts of the Inquisition are both extensive and specific, and demands lengthy education in the libraries of the Tricorn Palace. The vast majority of those who become Verispex Adepts begin their career at an extremely young age, though the rare candidate is taken after spending time among a cell of Acolytes. After a relatively brief span of years, the recruits are given a speciality based on their performance and accomplishment. These hopeful adepts are assigned to a senior Verispex Adept sharing their specialization for a lengthy apprenticeship in which their knowledge of esoterica and minutia is increased to proportions rarely witnessed. After this apprenticeship, which can last anywhere from several years to decades, the Adept is finally sent into the information cataloging halls of the Tricorn Palace.. or into the service of an Inquisitor.

Required Careers: Adept

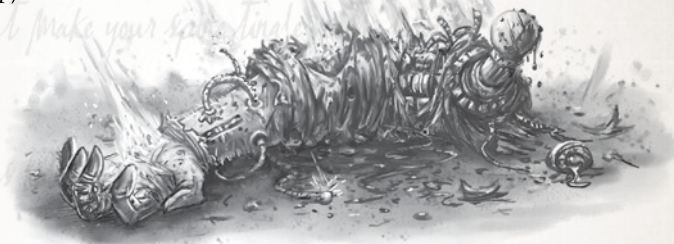
Alternate Rank: Rank 1 or higher (0xp)

TALENT: UNPARALLELED PROFICIENCY

The Adept has spent years studying a single subject, and knows minutia that would baffle even other scholars. So skilled is the Verispex Adepts at memorization of facts that he adds half his Unaugmented Intelligence Bonus (rounding up) to the Degrees of Success of any successful Scholastic Lore Test.

TALENT: SEEN THIS BEFORE

The Adept has witnessed so many crime scenes that he begins to quickly identify. The Adept may make an Intelligence Test in place of any skill Test with the Investigation skill descriptor.



VERISPEX ADEPT ADVANCES

Advance	Cost	Type	Prerequisites
Awareness	100	Skill	—
Awareness +10	100	Skill	Awareness
Chem-Use	100	Skill	—
Common Lore (Tech)	100	Skill	—
Logic	100	Skill	—
Medicae	100	Skill	—
Scholastic Lore (Any) [†]	100	Skill	—
Search	100	Skill	—
Tech-Use	100	Skill	—
Foresight	100	Talent	Int 30
Heightened Senses (Sight)	100	Talent	—
Heightened Senses (Hearing)	100	Talent	—
Jaded	200	Talent	WP 30
Logis Implant	200	Talent	—
Resistance (Fear)	200	Talent	—
Seen This Before	200	Talent	Jaded, Total Recall
Total Recall	200	Talent	Int 30
Unparalleled Proficiency	200	Talent	Talented (Scholastic Lore), Total Recall
Talented (Scholastic Lore) ^{††}	500	Talent	—

[†]This skill may be purchased up to four times.

^{††} This talent functions as Talented for all Scholastic Lore skills, a character may only benefit from one Talented bonus at a time.

CELL DIRECTIVES

"It has been commanded by Inquisitor Octus Enoch that I co-operate with you and your Arbitrators in my pursuit of House Thrungu. I trust that you won't get in my way, Arbitrators."

—Sister Superior Audra

Cell Directives represent the communal abilities available to a group of Acolytes who have special training or doctrines of procedure. Similar to Alternate Career Ranks, they give characters additional or different options for training and Talent choices that their Career may not normally allow. Unlike Alternate Career Ranks, Cell Directives are purchased by entire groups of Acolytes. Each player in a group must pay the Induction cost in Experience Points and the group must meet any other listed requirements to gain access to the Advance Table for the Cell Directive. In addition, all members of the group gain any special abilities of the Cell Directive.

Cell Directives do not replace a Rank of the player's Career but instead allow them to purchase options from another Advance Table at any time. If the group wishes to add another member to their cell, the new member must simply pay the Induction cost.



USING CELL DIRECTIVES

The entire group must willingly elect to use a Cell Directive and get the GM's permission to do so. Cell Directives apply a theme to all the Acolytes and as such should be carefully discussed. Once a Cell Directive has been chosen by the group, each character must spend the Induction Cost in Experience Points to form the cell. They then have access to the special ability associated with the cell as well as the Advances listed on the cell's Advance Table.

If another character wishes to join the cell he must get permission from the group. If they agree (perhaps requiring some sort of initiation) he may pay the Induction Cost and gain access to the special ability and Advance Table of the cell.

CELL DIRECTIVES FORMAT

Each Cell Directive uses the following format:

NAME

Each cell has a unique name. It is often a title used by Inquisitors to describe the purpose of the cell.

DESCRIPTION

In each cell section is a description illustrating the purpose of the cell. This will help to give you some ideas about how your group might look and act if they choose to form a cell of this type.

INDUCTION COST

This gives the cost in experience points each player must pay to create or join the cell. Some GMs may wish to remove the Induction Cost if they feel the Cell Directive fits the theme and goals of the campaign.

REQUIREMENTS

These are the requirements the cell must meet at all times. If for any reason the cell stops meeting these requirements the members of the cell may not purchase further advances from the cell's Advance Table until they meet the requirements again.

SPECIAL ABILITY

Every member of the cell gains access to a special ability immediately upon becoming a member of the cell.

ADVANCE TABLE

This is the Advance Table associated with the cell. Members may purchase abilities from the cell as if it were a Career Advance Table. This may give them advance options that they would not normally have or earlier than normal or at a lower cost.

DEFERRED EXECUTIONS

Acolytes are most often chosen for service in the Inquisition because they are highly skilled, tested in battle against the enemies of mankind, or simply have an ephemeral quality that an Inquisitor recognizes as useful. Sometimes, however, they are just expendable.

Modelled after the Penal Legionnaires of the Imperial Guard, it has become a useful practice amongst the Inquisitors of the Calixian Ordo Hereticus to take those who deserve a chance at a penitent death and give it to them. These Acolytes are always accompanied by a loyal servant of the Ordo, and are given extremely dangerous missions for which they are not especially well prepared.

The criminals' handler, usually an Arbitrator, Cleric, or Sister of Battle, is tasked with the group's success. While many may use rewards to motivate their charges, a bomb collar is often a more effective tool.

Induction Cost: 100 xp

Requirements: One member of the Cell must be an Arbitrator, Cleric, or Sister of Battle.

Nothing To Lose: Acolytes in this cell may spend a Fate Point to ignore the results of a Fear Test for 1d5 rounds.

HIVE GANG

Deep below the towering hive complexes of worlds like Scintilla are the underhives. These nearly lawless mazes of steel are home to hive gangs and mutants. It is to this world that many criminals flee, in the hopes of avoiding detection. Many secrets have fallen deep within the underhive, and many of these secrets can be dangerous if left unexposed to the light of the God-Emperor.

In order to better uncover these underhive secrets, some Calixian Inquisitors have created cells of Acolytes whose sole purpose it is to become a Hive Gang and operate within the bowels of one of the Calixis Sector's many hive cities. They may find themselves operating without support for years (or longer), reporting back to their Inquisitor at dead drops or through secure vox-channels. This information is invaluable, the members are trained to look for anything suspicious and are good at finding it.

Induction Cost: 100 xp

Requirements: One member of the Cell must be a Scum or have the Hive Gang Member background.

Blending In: Hive Worlder's gain Tech-Use as a trained Skill. Other Acolytes gain Tech-Use as an untrained Basic Skill and gain Speak Language (Hive Dialect) as a trained Basic Skill.

DEFERRED EXECUTIONS ADVANCES

Advance	Cost	Type	Prerequisites
Common Lore (Adeptus Arbites)	100	Skill	—
Scrutiny	100	Skill	—
Search	100	Skill	—
Shadowing	200	Skill	—
Silent Move	200	Skill	—
Chem Geld	Free	Talent	—
Double Team	200	Talent	—
Light Sleeper	200	Talent	Per 30
Lightning Reflexes	200	Talent	—
Unremarkable	200	Talent	—

HIVE GANG ADVANCES

Advance	Cost	Type	Prerequisites
Common Lore (Underworld)	100	Skill	—
Deceive	100	Skill	—
Disguise	100	Skill	—
Search	100	Skill	—
Tech-Use +10	200	Skill	Tech-Use
Concealed Cavity	100	Talent	—
Heavy Weapon Training (SP)	200	Talent	—
Mimic	200	Talent	—
Pistol Training (SP)	100	Talent	—
Street Fighting	100	Talent	—

INTERDEPARTMENTAL CO-OPERATION

The Adeptus Arbites and the Holy Ordos of the Inquisition have found themselves pursuing the same criminal element on numerous occasions within the Calixis Sector. It is not surprising, as once one turns their back upon the Laws of the God-Emperor of Mankind, there is nothing to stop their further slide into acts of heresy.

It is likely, for this reason, that Inquisitors see Arbitrators as perfect Acolytes. In the process of pursuing their duties many Inquisitors make contacts within the Adeptus Arbites, and vice versa. It is, therefore, no surprise that a cell of Acolytes may find themselves tasked with aiding the Adeptus Arbites with a particularly problematic investigation.

Induction Cost: 100 xp

Requirements: The cell may not have any Acolytes below rank 3.

Cross Training: Each Acolyte is trained in one of the following: Common Lore (Adeptus Astartes), Common Lore (Imperium), Inquiry, Search, or Scrutiny.

TASK FORCE

There are heretics, xeno-traitors, and Warp-dabblers who, on occasion, evade capture for long periods of time. It is not unheard of for an Inquisitor of the Calixian Ordos to dedicate a cell of Acolytes to the capture of a single man, or the destruction of a small group. It is these Task Forces that interact most often with planetary governments or the local Fortress-Precinct.

Inquisitor Octus Enoch is possibly best known for his use of Task Forces, granting them significant resources and authority in pursuit of a target. Often these groups will encompass an Adeptus Arbites (he is partial to using the Suffering Marshalls in this role) as well as highly trained Verispeex Adepts and sisters of the Ordo Vespila.

Induction Cost: 300 xp

Requirements: The Cell must contain at least one Adept or Arbitrator.

Manhunt: The Acolytes are driven to find their specific charge, or run a group of conspirators into a corner. The nature of their quarry grants a unique benefit:

Daemonic: The Acolytes treat Forbidden Lore (Daemonology) as a Basic Skill and gain a +10 bonus against Fear Tests caused by daemons.

Heretical: The Acolytes treat Forbidden Lore (Heresy) as a Basic Skill and impose a -10 penalty on any Deceive Test that includes more than one of them as a target.

Xenos: The Acolytes treat Forbidden Lore (Xenos) as a Basic Skill and gain a +10 bonus to Tech-Use Tests to identify alien technology.

INTERDEPARTMENTAL CO-OPERATION ADVANCES

Advance	Cost	Type	Prerequisites
Common Lore (Adeptus Astartes)	200	Skill	—
Common Lore (Imperium)	200	Skill	—
Inquiry	200	Skill	—
Scrutiny	200	Skill	—
Search	200	Skill	—
Basic Weapon Training (SP)	100	Talent	—
Disarm	200	Talent	Agi 30
Hatred (Criminals)	200	Talent	—
Melee Weapon Training (Shock)	300	Talent	—
Takedown	200	Talent	—

TASK FORCE ADVANCES

Advance	Cost	Type	Prerequisites
Awareness	200	Skill	—
Inquiry	200	Skill	—
Interrogation	200	Skill	—
Search	200	Skill	—
Scrutiny	200	Skill	—
Talented (Scrutiny)	300	Skill	—
Talented (Search)	300	Skill	—



ARBITES ARMOURY

MELEE WEAPONS

•

RANGED WEAPONS

•

ARMOUR

•

UTILITY ITEMS

•

CYBER-MASTIFFS

AND SERVITORS

CHAPTER III: ARBITES ARMOURY

"Perpetrator, I feel compelled to inform you that this Cyber-mastiff has been custom built to track a target. Once it has your scent, it will hound you to the edges of Scintilla. It will stalk you across the wastes, through the bowels of the underhive, and into the peaks of the noble houses. It won't stop, it can't be shaken, and it has your finger. You may escape me here, but you will die at its hands, perhaps years from now. Do you wish to live a life knowing how you will die, or would you rather answer my questions?"

-Judge Traggart

Most Imperial Guard commanders would gape in envious astonishment at the sight of the average Adeptus Arbites armoury. Buried deep beneath the grim Precinct-Fortresses and courthouses, behind long corridors interrupted only by blast vaults, gun servitors, and security checkpoints, these cavernous halls are lined with thousands of incredibly powerful military grade weapons, even on peaceful paradise worlds. Some bewildered commentators splutter that the extent to which the Arbites amass weapons and war material speaks of a great paranoia on their part; wiser men know that the Arbites have so often been at the forefront of long, miserable sieges laid by corrupt local officials that to speak of paranoia is to betray a potentially fatal naïveté.

Arbites policy is to have far more weapons and equipment available at any one time than they ostensibly require, and most armourers worth their salt will, at the behest of senior Arbitrators and hardened Judges, spend their lives greedily acquiring and hoarding as much ammunition and weaponry as they can cram into their barracks.

COLD VAULTS

A common practice, copied by many Calixian Precincts from the Tricorn Palace, involves creating sections of the Armoury devoted to weapons acquired from the criminal scum that are brought before the Judges. The most notorious of these exhibitions display weapons seized from the Cold Trade—as such, they are known as the Cold Vaults. Over the centuries, vast quantities of contraband weaponry and ammunition of all types are confiscated by any given Calixian Precinct. After these weapons have been used as evidence against their owners, they are cleaned, oiled, and displayed in a section of the armoury devoted to instructing junior Arbitrators in the recognition of weapon types used by local lawbreakers. Aside from creating instructive and fascinating visual histories of the development of weapons cultures among criminal fraternities, the Cold Vaults have the interesting secondary advantage of creating a vast and untraceable store of weapons that can be obtained without the knowledge of the local planetary authorities. This resource is not overlooked by many Inquisitors who have contacts within the Calixian Adeptus Arbites.

ENFORCER ARMOURIES

Enforcers, being a far more diverse body than the Arbites, naturally vary wildly in the nature of the equipment they utilise. Although there are notable exceptions, they tend to have fewer resources than the Arbites, and usually make do with equipment of a slightly lower standard. The nature of the planetary regime they serve also substantially affects the apparatus employed.

On the paradise world of Reth, the Magistratum enforcers who keep the peace in the guarded noble palisades rarely face issues more taxing than the pilfering servants of wealthy visitors. As such, they are equipped with colourful uniforms, gold plated trident helms, and batons.

On the hive world of Piety, the sweltering heat and vast population density seems to trigger nightly outbreaks of horrific violence. Given Piety's widespread network of powerful local narcolords, its paranoid ruling council of inbred nobles, and a culture of gang wars, it is unsurprising that the local enforcers (known as the Suppressors) are at least as well equipped and armed as a planetary defence regiment, with a full complement of heavy weapons and armoured vehicles.

A UNIFORM APPROACH

It is fair to say that there is a certain coldness between many planetary enforcers and their Arbites opposite numbers. The Enforcers often resent what they regard as the interfering arrogance and brutality of the Arbites, while for their part the Arbites tend to look down on the enforcers as unskilled yokels good only for breaking up tavern fights. On occasion, friction can be generated between the two law enforcement bodies over jurisdictional issues or over even more trivial points. For example, on many Calixian worlds, Enforcers have taken to modifying their uniforms to mimic the standard red and black of the Sector Arbites. Although presumably intended as a form of respectful imitation, some Arbitrators have voiced disquiet over the practice, regarding it as an instance of idiotic locals trading off the good name and reputation of the Judges. On many worlds, such as Thical, Sinophia, and Clove, the Arbites have responded by suddenly changing the colours of their uniforms to avoid any suggestion that they are "just" enforcers.

FORGED IN THE GUTTER

The desperate scum who populate the lower reaches of the hive worlds often lack the resources to produce the elegant and deadly weapons used by agents of the Imperium. And yet, due to their circumstances and the vicious environments in which they live, they are perhaps in greater need of the security such weapons can offer.

As a result of this, there is a thriving black market in weapons on every Calixian world. Most habholds contain at least one weapon of some type. Depending upon the local levels of technology, and how permissive planetary laws are over weapon ownership, this could be a simple cudgel or a powerful automatic weapon. These weapons are often crude and poorly constructed, prone to catastrophic malfunctions that can inflict injury or even death. Enforcers and Arbites alike prowl the streets at night searching for illicit backstreet arms forges; as such, workshops can represent the first signs of incipient rebellion against Imperial rule.

MELEE WEAPONS

Given that most Arbiters and planetary enforcers are severely hampered during their investigations if suspects die, it is unsurprising that they shy away from using bladed weapons. Instead, they rely upon a wide range of clubs, electrifying shock batons, and humming power mauls. The criminal scum they face have no such reservations, and will gleefully employ the deadliest weapons they can lay their scabrous hands upon.

COSH

This weapon consists of a short handle attached to a flexible, weighted head that is usually wrapped in soft fibre of some kind. This weapon (also known as a blackjack, smacker, sap, or any one of a thousand other colourful local terms) can be dramatically effective in knocking out a suspect if used correctly. Some planetary enforcers use these weapons, but they are more common amongst the kidnappers who feed the slave and vivisectionist trades on the major hive worlds.

If this weapon is used in melee against an opponent who is Surprised (see page 187 of the **DARK HERESY** Core Rulebook), this weapon deals Fatigue instead of Wounds (reduced by Armour and Toughness).

SIDE HANDLE BATON

This is a club with a small handle protruding at right angles to the main body about six inches from one end. This shape enables the baton to be held along the length of the user's forearm, offering some defence against an attacker in melee. Thousands of different martial arts styles involve use of this type of baton, and many enforcers are incredibly adept in deploying them.

This club, due to its unique shape, offers a +5 bonus to Weapon Skill Tests made when attempting to Parry.

SHIV

Shivs are improvised stabbing weapons, crude blades, or spikes. Constructed with a certain vicious ingenuity from a vast range of materials, these are deadly, if fragile, weapons. It is said by some enforcers that the way to spot true scum is by their ability to assemble such a tool from virtually no resources. Most inhabitants of penal worlds rapidly learn that the difference between a dead man and a live one is how quickly he can lay his hands on one of these.

AGNI-PATTERN POWER MAUL

A relatively small and inexpensively manufactured model of power maul, this weapon is weighted towards the hilt, and as such is regarded by some power weapon connoisseurs as somewhat graceless. It is common in "second line" precincts (as they are locally known) where trouble is not particularly expected, or among vehicle crews who value its handy proportions. Like all true power mauls, it has energy settings which can be adjusted to the circumstances.

The user may switch settings on their power maul between low and high power once per turn as a Free Action.

BAKKA-PATTERN POWER RAM

This power ram is a heavy tube with a pair of long handles running down each side of its length. Inside the tube is a potent power field connected to a piston, the head of which is often sculpted to resemble an Imperial Aquila. These tools were crafted for use on Karrik, and other Calixian worlds with high gravity, because of the requisite sturdy construction of the doors and walls. Usually held by two Arbitrators, who swing it against a door or even a wall, the Bakka-pattern Power Ram drives the piston forward, surrounded by the flickering energies of the disruption field. The weapon is powerful enough to blow most doors clean off their hinges, and is more than capable of knocking holes in solid brick walls in seconds.

Although this weapon can theoretically be used in combat, it is really not designed for this—its primary use is as an entry device. All Weapon Skill Tests made using the weapon in melee combat are at -20 to represent how bulky it is. However, the ram is assumed to do double damage against inanimate structural objects such as doors and walls. Unless the GM wishes, for dramatic reasons, to prevent a wielder entering a building, this weapon should allow entry into most normal structures instantly.

CYCLOPEA-PATTERN POWER MAUL

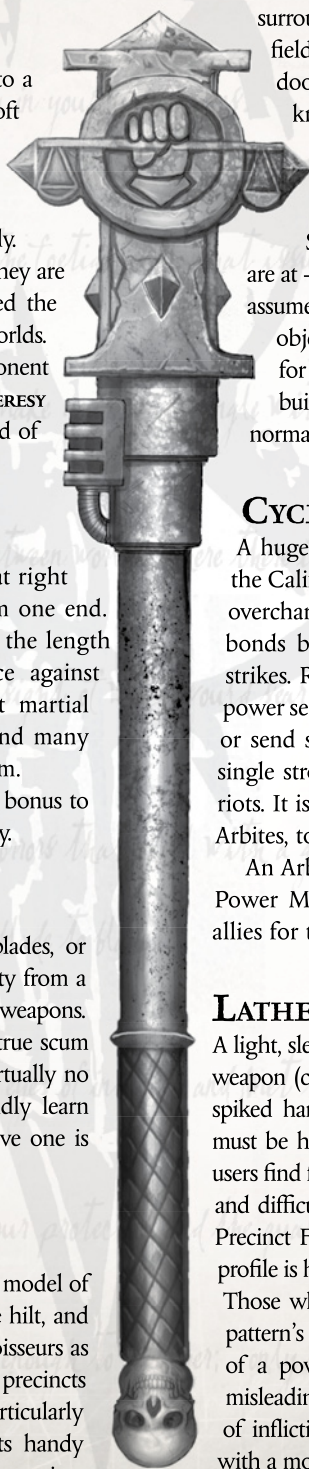
A huge and intimidating two-handed weapon unique to the Calixis Sector, this power maul contains a monstrously overcharged disruption field which actively shatters the bonds between the molecules contained within items it strikes. Resembling a feudal mace, this maul has only one power setting: maximal. Potent enough to crush groundcars or send shattered opponents flying dozens of feet with a single stroke, this weapon is reserved for the most intense riots. It is designed to awe and terrorise the enemies of the Arbiters, to send entire mobs cowering before the user.

An Arbitrator who hits a target with a Cyclopea-pattern Power Maul gains the Fear (1) Trait against that targets allies for the remainder of the encounter.

LATHE-PATTERN POWER MAUL

A light, slender, and elegant model of power maul, this unusual weapon (crafted only on demand in the Calixis Sector) has a spiked handguard and a long, straight, un-weighted haft. It must be handled more like a sword than a club, which some users find frustrating, and critics have labelled the weapon fussy and difficult to master. However, the Arbitrators manning the Precinct Fortresses of the Lathe Worlds find that the slender profile is highly effective in the dense manufactorum corridors. Those who take the time to familiarise themselves with the pattern's idiosyncrasies declare it one of the finest examples of a power maul. The apparent fragility of the design is misleading, and the versatile power field is more than capable of inflicting the same damage against opponents as models with a more brutal heft.

The user may switch settings once per turn as a Free Action. This weapon is so well made and finely balanced that it adds +5 to the user's Weapon Skill when attempting to Parry.



ELECTROPICK

Criminals who routinely encounter heavily armoured Arbitrators or enforcers often seek ways to penetrate their defences. These efforts range from the pathetic to the surprisingly lethal. A fine example of the latter comes from the 812.M41 Ghul Mine uprising on Sepheris Secundus, when mutant gangs successfully isolated and hacked to death a small Arbitres patrol using tools equipped with heavily modified disruptor fields from mining rigs. Few samples of these weapons now exist, as the Arbitres infamously purged the rebellious Ghul Mine with nerve gas, but the examples that did survive now command a fine price on the Calixian black market.

HREDRIAN SHOCK-STAFF

These unusual weapons are used by the noble Hallmarshals of Hredrin. On a hive world rife with knife wielding thugs, these brave enforcers patrol the vast underground chambers of the great tunnel-cities armed with elegant metal poles surmounted at each end with buzzing shock generators. The Hallmarshals have developed a unique style of fighting which enables them to keep opponents well beyond arm's length before they lunge in and drop them gasping to the cold floor by use of the stunning energies of their weapons.

ORTHLACK 'GRUDGE'—PATTERN

EXTENDABLE SHOCK BATON

This weapon expands with a flick of the wrist from a small, easily concealable rod no longer than the width of a hand to a slim eighteen-inch long club. The weapon contains a tiny shock generator that can generate five Shock discharges before it requires recharging. It is common amongst undercover investigators who wish their quarry to survive for interrogation, and occasionally finds its way into the armouries of more secretive organisations like the Inquisition.

SHOCKER

These are small, box-shaped devices with a pair of tiny spikes at one end. When a button on the back of the box is pressed, blue sparks arc between them and a smell of ozone fills the air. When pressed against the exposed skin of a victim, they will receive a substantial electrical shock, stunning them into immobility. This is an ancient technology, and mankind returns to it time and time again, in a variety of different guises.

TABLE 3-1: MELEE WEAPONS

Name	Class	Damage	Pen	Special	Wt	Cost	Availability
Primitive							
Cosh	Melee	1d10-1 I	0	Primitive	1kg	15	Common
Shiv	Melee	1d5-1 R	0	Primitive, Unbalanced	.5kg	-	Plentiful
Side Handle Baton	Melee	1d10 I	0	-	2.5kg	30	Average
Power							
Agni-pattern Power Maul (Low power)	Melee	1d10 I	0	Shocking	.75kg	1,500	Rare
Agni-pattern Power Maul (High power)	Melee	1d10 +4 E	4	Power Field	.75kg	1,500	Rare
Bakka-pattern Power Ram	Melee	2d10 I	6	Power Field, Unwieldy	25kg	1250	Rare
Cyclopea-pattern Power Maul	Melee	2D10 I	5	Power Field, Unwieldy, Shocking, Special	8.5kg	4,000	Rare
Lathe-pattern Power Maul (Low power)	Melee	1d10-1 I	0	Shocking	.5kg	2,100	Very Rare
Lathe pattern Power Maul (High Power)	Melee	1d10 +5 I	5	Power Field	.5kg	2,100	Very Rare
Shock							
Electropick	Melee	1d10+4 E	6	Power Field, Unwieldy, Unstable, Overheats	3kg	800	Very Rare
Hredrian Shock-Staff	Melee	1d10 I	0	Balanced, Shocking	4kg	325	Rare
Orthlack "Grudge"-pattern Extendable Shock Baton	Melee	1d10-1 I	0	Shocking	1.5kg	200	Scarce
Shocker	Melee	1d5-2 E	0	Shocking	.75kg	90	Scarce

RANGED WEAPONS

The Adeptus Arbites are a paramilitary force, and as such employ a vast variety of ranged weapons. The amount of military grade equipment they possess is infamous, and a constant warning to any rebellious planetary governor. The armouries of most hive Precincts are capable of equipping an army ten times the size of the actual Arbites complement within their walls, or of sustaining a siege for months on end.

IUS AUTOMATIC

Not even planetary lords can gainsay an Arbites Precinct commander's choice of the weapons issued to his officers. Load-outs range from innocuous unpowered batons to full blown military weapons like bolters or krak grenades. However, there are certain weapons that are distributed to the Arbites by Lord Marshal Goreman as a matter of course, and the Ius pistol falls within this category. Normally used as a backup weapon alongside the Arbites shotgun, the Ius is ubiquitous amongst both the Calixian Arbites and planetary enforcers of Scintilla. This weapon is a solid and unspectacular yet utterly reliable pistol, crafted by the gunsmiths of Gunmetal city to be as sturdy as possible. Typically issued to junior ranks within both organisations, this weapon is designed to be foolproof and to withstand punishment that would damage other firearms. Many of these humble weapons are thousands of years old, having served generations of lawmen and women in some of the toughest hives in the galaxy.

"JUDGESLAYER" HANDCANNON

All miscreants and lawbreakers fear their nefarious activities coming to the attention of either the Arbites or the local Enforcers. The more desperate among these scum take precautions against such discovery, seeking out Heretek or backstreet killsmiths and demanding weapons capable of stopping a carapace-armoured Arbitrator in his tracks. Thousands of different confiscated "Judgeslayer" designs

of this broad type line the walls of the Cold Vaults of the Precinct Fortress on Scintilla, a silent litany of murder and infamy stretching back centuries. All such designs are characterised by a crazed disregard for the safety of the user, as all normal precautions in pistol design are thrown to the winds to allow the creation of a weapon as likely as lethal to its user as its victim.



RAFFIR RINGLEADER PISTOL

Gifted to the Arbites as part of the planetary tithe by the Raffir clan manufactory smithmasters of Hive Subrique, these beautiful weapons are produced under licence using ancient Adeptus Mechanicus archprints. The pistols produced are huge, intimidating shock-and-terror weapons, designed for the execution of high profile targets at the height of anti-Imperial riots. These weapons are issued to senior Arbites officers, not so much for their accuracy or utility in a fire fight, but for the damage they inflict on both the person of rabble rousers and on the morale of their followers.

RAFFIR 'PAX FACTOREM' RIFLE

Both Assassins and the Enforcers in Gunmetal city make use of sharpshooter teams, snipers who ensconce themselves among the gargoyles, heating ducts, and gantries of the great hives, the better to watch over every aspect of the lives of the fearful citizens below, and, when needed, to bring death. A variety of local-pattern sniper rifles are used for this purpose, including long-las and needler weapons. However, many skilled riflemen rely upon more traditional solid projectile weapons, such as the Raffir 'Pax Factorem', a large calibre semi-automatic rifle of sturdy construction common amongst the weapons made in Gunmetal City.

TABLE 3-2: RANGED WEAPONS

Name	Class	Range	RoF	Damage	Pen	Clip	Rld	Special	Wt	Cost	Availability
Solid Projectile											
Ius Automatic	Pistol	30m	S/3/-	1d10+3 I 0	11	Full	Full	Reliable	1.7kg	95	Average
"Judgeslayer" Handcannon	Pistol	20m	S/-/-	1d10+2 I 6	4	2Full	2Full	Unreliable, Unstable	3.5kg	100	Average
Raffir Ringleader Pistol	Pistol	30m	S/-/-	1d10+4 I 3	5	2Full	—	—	.25kg	500	Rare
Raffir 'Pax Factorem' Rifle	Basic	150m	S/2/-	1d10+3 I 2	5	Full	Full	Accurate	6.5kg	750	Rare
Vox Legi-pattern Arbites Combat Shotgun	Basic	30m	S/2/-	1d10+9 I 0	14	2Full	2Full	Reliable, Scatter	7kg	400	Very Rare
Bulldog Heavy Stubber	Heavy	120m	-/-/8	1d10+4 I 3	50	Full	Full	Reliable	30kg	800	Rare

VOX LEGI-PATTERN ARBITES

COMBAT SHOTGUN

The primary weapon of the Arbites is the combat shotgun. It is valued for its stopping power, simplicity, reliability, and for its ability to intimidate. Even the most dusty, ancient Judge haunting the Halls of Judgement on Terra will have cut his teeth on the brutally effective shotgun drills which form the foundation of all Arbites combat training.

A huge variety of different shotgun designs are used in different Precinct Fortresses across the galaxy, depending upon local forge worlds. The Vox Legi-pattern is particularly widespread amongst the Arbitrators of The Periphery, and is broadly typical of the weapons favoured by Calixian Arbitrators. Effectively a large-bore, locally manufactured version of the shotgun designs used by many planetary enforcers, the Vox Legi is a devastating and adaptable weapon that fires shotgun shells nearly the size of those employed by the Adeptus Astartes. The increased size of the weapon reduces its ammunition capacity compared to that of its fellow shotguns, but it still remains more powerful and adaptable than a standard shotgun. Most patrolling Arbitrators take advantage of this flexibility by carrying a variety of shotgun shell types so as to offer them different tactical options in the event of encountering a situation that requires their intervention.

Over-engineered by a considerable margin, the weapon is also perfectly capable of being used as a large club—indeed, it is expressly designed with this secondary purpose in mind. It is also designed for maximum psychological impact, with a very audible pump action (standard Arbites riot training makes use of this). The sound of a hundred Arbitrators simultaneously chambering their weapons has ended countless riots over the millennia.

The Vox Legi counts as a club when used in melee. The user may opt to hand load a single shotgun shell into the specially designed tube magazine as a single Full Action. This shotgun shell may be of a different type to the other shells in the gun, but must be the next shell fired from the weapon.

BULLDOG HEAVY STUBBER

Although mistakenly regarded by many as a pure police force, it is far from unknown for the Arbites to engage in suppressing what are, in effect, full blown wars between opposing national, or even planetary, forces. As such, they have access to powerful heavy weapons to ensure that they are able to fulfil their divine mandate. The Arbites value reliability, tactical flexibility, and a menacing appearance in their weapons, and these qualities are expressed fully in the Bulldog heavy stubber. The Bulldog is regarded with great affection by its proponents, whom it has served faithfully since the Angevin Crusade. The weapon can be switched between belt or magazine feed easily, can accept a variety of exotic ammunition types without complaint, and can be carried at the hip in a gyro-mount or mounted on an Arbites Rhino.

ARMOUR

The Adeptus Arbites understand that in order to overawe the masses of humanity under their jurisdiction, they must present an impregnable façade. To show any weakness is to invite rebellion and heresy into the Imperium's worlds, and such failure will not be tolerated. As a result of this obsession with maintaining a position of strength in the eyes of local power blocs, the Arbites have developed an almost theatrical showmanship in the execution of their duties. They regularly carry out patrols in force in areas where they will have the most visibility and the most psychological impact upon the population at large, whether that be outside the Governor's mansion or in the darkest underhive bonemarkets.

A key element in this process of remaining a visible presence on Imperial worlds is how Arbitrators look. They are, of course, associated indelibly in the minds of all Imperial citizens with their carapace armour, which at a stroke transforms these servants of the Imperium into faceless, intimidating, and impersonal automata. Designed to depersonalise the individual within the armour, as well as to provide excellent physical protection, the Arbites enjoy some of the finest armour systems available to Imperial servants outside of the Adeptus Astartes or Adepta Sororitas.

For planetary Enforcers and the scum they seek to arrest, the armour systems available are typically far less robust or efficient. Enforcers will wear whatever uniform their Planetary Governor tells them to, though they trend towards hardwearing and practical garments in dark colours where they have a choice over the matter. The criminals they face will wear whatever armour they can lay their hands on, resulting in an eclectic, improvised, or jury-rigged appearance that can, on occasion, be surprisingly effective.

ADEPTUS ARBITES CARAPACE ARMOUR

The appearance of the Adeptus Arbites strikes fear into the hearts of criminals and the lawless. The task of crafting the signature carapace armour of the Adeptus Arbites falls to a variety of worlds in the Calixis Sector. The Calixian Adeptus sees to the manufacturing of equipment for its Fortress Precincts on many of the Forge Worlds, so that it would require a sector wide revolt to jeopardise the supply lines. The carapace armour is constructed from dense plasteel plates overlaying a synthetic polyplastic fibre weave that must be produced in the orbital null-gravity manufactory above the Lathe worlds. Calixian Arbites carapace armour is designed to be clipped together and worn over a light, breathable bodyglove, the armour carefully constructed and tailor-made to the proportions of the Arbitrator concerned. Given that the armour must be worn for hours at a time, often during periods of extreme physical exertion, it must be light and comfortable, and it succeeds surprisingly well on these fronts. The armour is completely unpowered, though it is often equipped with a number of mag-strips which permit weapons and other equipment to be attached directly to the armour without the need for clumsy straps and external clips. The Carapace helm is equipped with a micro-bead (or "vox-torc") and is open at the mouth to allow easier verbal communication. The helm is, however, capable of being hermetically sealed in seconds; and

has mountings for a rebreather, which is usually magnetised to the belt when not in use. It also contains polarising lenses which react instantly to light over a certain lumen level, and which have the effect of negating photon flash grenades completely. A beneficial side effect of this approach is that it makes it impossible to see which direction an Arbitrator is looking. The armoured gloves are cunningly wrought devices colloquially known as “lock gloves” in Calixian Arbites terminology, which count as recoil gloves.

The armour has a number of magnetised attachment strips that are capable of carrying the Arbitrator’s weapons and equipment. Typically, an Arbitrator in the field will be equipped with a holstered Ius automatic pistol, three clips of ammunition, a rebreather, a vox-torc, a lamp pack that can be handheld or swiftly attached to any Arbites weapon, a power maul, two grenades (of any type), and two pairs of magnacles in addition to a basic weapon and ammunition. The armour has a very large mag-strip on the back which is capable of mounting a single basic weapon of up to 10kg in weight.

ARBITES RIOT ARMOUR

The Arbites are often called to break up riots. Whatever the nature of the disturbance, whether it be a queue war involving disparate packs of petitioners outside Administratum scriptoria, or desperate food riots aimed at snatching resources from tithe shuttles, the Arbites will not falter before the mob. When facing large, ill disciplined multitudes armed with cobblestones, planks, or staves, the Arbites will attach panels of protective cushioned wadding over parts of their carapace armour to protect against impact damage. These pads are often brightly coloured, and are designed not only to protect the Arbitrator, but to signal to rioters that they are about to be routed.

Riot armour is a simple, but encumbering, collection of cushioned pads that are attached to vulnerable parts of standard carapace armour when facing riots. They add 1 point of additional AP to all locations, but this additional 1 point of AP will only protect against Impact Damage. All other types of Damage bypass riot armour completely. The armour is unwieldy and encumbering, and reduces a character’s Agility by 10 points when worn.

BALLISTIC CLOTH SURCOAT

Many senior Arbitrators wear formal surcoats over their carapace armour in the discharge of their duties. The origin of this practice is unknown, but is apocryphally said to have begun on Terra, where the corrosive acid rain of that most holy of hive worlds tends to strip the paint off unprotected armour. The advanced weave of these garments adds somewhat to the protective quality of the carapace armour beneath.

This article of clothing adds +1 AP to the arms and body of the wearer, and can be worn over other armour, provided it has been tailor-made for the wearer and their equipment.

GUTTERFORGED ARMOUR

On occasion, truly desperate criminals will create for themselves suits of home-forged carapace armour. Usually of poor quality and almost impossibly heavy, these suits are haphazard affairs crudely welded or hammered together from pig iron plates by blacksmiths or forgeworkers. On occasion, these crude suits have proved surprisingly effective, and every year the bloodstains are carefully washed off new examples which are then mounted carefully on display in Cold Vaults across the Calixian Fortress Precincts.

Although offering strong protection, these suits of solid metal armour, (usually consisting of a slit bucket helm, shoulder pads, and frontal and rear metal “aprons”) are severely encumbering. Anyone wearing this armour suffers a -15 penalty to Agility.

JUDGE ARMOUR

Judges have the authority to requisition whatever equipment is held within the armouries or Cold Vaults of their planet’s Precincts, and as such will wear whatever they want in the field. Some pride themselves on wearing the same battered carapace armour they wore when patrolling decades ago as a humble arbitrator; however, most accept that their superior station as a lord of the Emperor’s justice demands more spectacular and intimidating garb. Judges will typically wear the finest examples of carapace armour available, constructed by master artisans, together with antique flowing robes and elaborate headdresses from different periods of humanity’s judicial history. A Judge’s armour will vary from world to world, as he or she seeks to refine their appearance so that it causes the most awe and fear in an individual planetary population.

Judge armour is broadly similar to normal Arbites carapace armour in terms of its level of protection, but it incorporates theatrical and gaudy elements which suggest (in local historical terms) the power and majesty of the Arbites. When a Judge is required to take an Interrogation or Intimidate Test, they gain a +5 bonus against individuals from the planet where the Judge is stationed while wearing this armour.

VERISPEX ARMOUR

The Verispex Adepts on loan from the Inquisition are individuals with a unique perspective on the galaxy, a skewed outlook gained by years of focused study. These crime-teks do not require the same standard of protective armour as frontline Arbitrators, yet they are still operating alongside Arbites agents, and must be clothed in garments that express their standing. Verispex armour symbolically resembles Arbitrator carapace armour, but is far lighter and more comfortable. It contains a variety of special tools and scanners, including an auspex, chrono, combi-tool and data-slate. In addition, the armour has storage space for specialised tools, granting a +10 bonus

Awareness and Medicae tests made to find information in the field (such as looking over a dead body or tracing the trajectory of a bullet).



VERISPEX HELM

In order to comprehend the often mystifying scenes left behind by the galaxy's killers and assassins, the Verispex Adepts employ a wide variety of tools, custom crafted by Calixian Manufacturums. Issued with the Adept's Verispex armour, the Verispex helm is a diagnostic and detective device resembling prey-sight goggles mounted with a variety of eyepieces and lamps. The helm employs a number of polarised eyelenses and lume frequencies to locate bloodstains and other bodily fluids. The rare chemicals found in the oceans of Landunder also allow the Verispex helm to analyze scent and pheromone trails, an invaluable tool for the Verispex Adepts working beside the Calixian Arbites. Many Verispex Adepts will attempt to acquire a Verispex helm for their own use, especially when in the field with an Inquisitorial cell.

The Verispex helm includes both infra-red goggles and a photo-visior (see page 147 of the **DARK HERESY** rulebook). In addition, the Verispex helm adds +10 to Search and Tracking Tests.

ENFORCER RIOT SHIELD

These transparent circular shields have a diameter of about 2 feet, and are constructed of lightweight polycarbonate that offers protection against impact attacks and limited protection against many other types of assault. Because the shield is attached at the wrist, an Enforcer may prefer this shield over other protection, as it keeps his hand free to operate other equipment (such as a vox) or a pistol.

These shields offer +3 AP against attacks made against the body and one arm from weapons with the Primitive quality, and +1 AP to attacks of all other kinds made against the same areas. An Acolyte using an Enforcer riot shield may still carry and manipulate objects in his shield hand, up to pistol-sized weapons.

SYNFORD-PATTERN "LOCKSHIELD"

The Arbites commonly make use of heavy, ceramite shields during operations of all types. These are rectangular plates, worn on one arm, which are typically equipped with a heavily armoured viewport that offers protection to the operator. The Synford "Lockshield" is a relatively standard example of the type, but with one unusual and defining feature.

The lockshield, like most Arbites shields, is designed with an armoureglass viewport and a firing port through which a basic or pistol weapon can be fired without penalty. It also contains a powered vox-hailer linked to the vox-torc of the most senior Arbitrator present, allowing that officer to rebuke and remonstrate over even the most deafening racket. It contains mag-strips on both sides, which enable prisoners to be secured directly to the shield by magnacles. Its most unusual feature is its ability to lock solidly with adjacent lockshields to create an armoured wall behind which Arbitrators can advance as a unit.

A lockshield requires one hand to use and provides +4 AP to that arm and the torso of the user. The shield is taller than most Arbites shields, and as such can additionally provide the +4 AP protection to the head when the user is in motion, or the legs when stationary. The shield can be locked using mag-strips to shields adjacent to it; the Arbites use this to create walled "Lockshield" formations during particularly lethal riots, or to advance large groups of Arbites down wide, fire swept corridors.



TABLE 3-3: ARMOUR

Name	Location(s) Covered	AP	Wt	Cost	Availability
Adeptus Arbites Carapace Armour	All	6	14kg	3,000	Very Rare
Arbites Riot Armour	All	1	4kg	270	Very Rare
Ballistic Cloth Surcoat	Head, Arms	+1	1kg	275	Rare
Gutterforged Armour	Head, Arms, Body	5	41.5kg	350	Scarce
Judge Armour	All	6	16.5kg	5,500	Very Rare
Verispex Armour	Arms, Body	2	5.5kg	500	Very Rare
Verispex Helm	Head	4	2.5	750	Very Rare

TABLE 3-4 SHIELDS

Name	Class	Damage	Pen	Wt	Special	Cost	Availability
Synford-Pattern Lockshield	Melee	1D10 I	0	4kg	Defensive	90	Rare
Enforcer Riot Shield	Melee	1D10 I	0	1.5kg	Defensive, Primitive	40	Scarce

UTILITY ITEMS

The Arbites are more than just imposing suits of rattling black carapace armour and sturdy weapons. They are devoted servants of the Emperor, and they will utilise any tool that will hunt down, overawe, suppress, or subdue their degenerate quarry.

GENE PRINTER

This compact piece of apparatus can be worn as a backpack, and will provide (with reasonable accuracy) confirmation as to whether two pieces of biological residue come from the same person. They are used by the Arbites Verispex teams to prove guilt based upon gene-spoor (hair follicles, skin, etc.) left at crime scenes. While many would-be criminals decry this “evidence” as suspicious at best, Lord Marshal Goreman asserts that the devices are serviced regularly by trained Adeptus Mechanicus personnel. Gene printers are relatively simple devices, and lack the nuanced power of the larger, holy Ommissian constructs stored within the great altar-templums of the Mechanicus. These legendary devices are said to be able to unspool a supplicant’s genome all the way back to ancient Terra, providing a wealth of genetic information about him and his entire line.

The gene-printer requires an Ordinary (+20) Tech-Use Test to perform the proper rituals of tek-obeisance. A success will confirm whether or not two gene-spoor samples placed within the device come from the same person. The machine-spirits of gene-printers are relatively simple, however, and at the GM’s discretion, complex genetic factors (genetic manipulation, twins, xenos tampering, etc.) may interfere with the result.

LORD MARSHAL GOREMAN’S CARTA SANGUINE

These are bounties placed on the head of notorious criminals by Lord Marshal Goreman himself. Although such documents are unpopular with the Arbites, they recognise that even they, from time to time, need assistance in tracking down particularly elusive criminals. The introduction of these cartas has created a vast class of interplanetary bounty hunters, who travel from world to world in search of the Imperium’s foes. These warrants can be a Calixian Judge’s nightmare, so complex are the conflicting jurisdictions involved. However, on rugged frontier worlds, they are the readiest form of justice available.

The right to pursue Calixian Cartas Sanguine can be purchased on certain worlds. The bearer of such a carta is permitted under Imperial law to travel from world to world in pursuit of the individual named in the document, and to carry such weapons as are locally permitted on any Imperial world to facilitate his capture. The precise cost, terms, and effect of each carta, together with the details of the issuing authority, should be determined by the GM. Cartas Sanguine have an availability of Rare on most worlds, and should cost at least 100 Thrones, even for a simple bounty. Once the terms of the Calixian Carta are met, however, the hunter is entitled to redeem the carta for ten times its original value.

The Lord Marshal’s Carta Sanguine serve as a “Calixian Most Wanted” for many bounty hunters. The list (and attendant crimes) fills nearly four thousand pages of carefully illuminated text. These books are available for reference on many worlds, but the distribution of such is left to the local authorities.

LOCK-PUNCH

A simple two-handed cylinder with a salvaged grav-plate generator built in, the lock-punch is designed to quickly disable door locks. The user presses the cylinder against the lock and triggers the plate, which generates a localized maelstrom of gravitic energies that tear the lock (or occasionally the entire door) apart. The user must be wary, however, as the temperamental mechanism may backfire and throw the user across a room—or into the ceiling.

The most common form of the lock-punch is crafted from stolen grav-plating found in long forgotten corridors of Hive Subrique. It is rumoured that the entire Hive was built on the remnants of a Rogue Trader’s vessel, but more level heads point to deep sea pressures as a reason to install grav-plates deep within the Hive’s infrastructure.

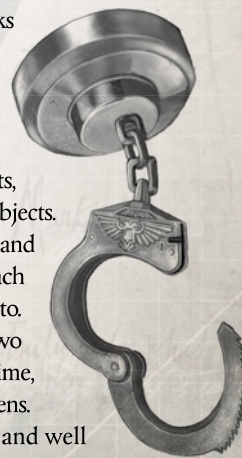
Using the lock-punch is a Full Round Action. The user must press the device’s barrel against the lock and make a Challenging (+0) Tech-Use Test. Success destroys a lock on a standard door of AP 16 or less (this usually includes thin rockcrete, iron, and steel). Particularly flimsy doors, such as wooden ones, are blown apart in their entirety. Tough doors such as adamantium hatches or ceramite vault doors cannot be affected by the lock-punch. If the user rolls 4 or more Degrees of Failure, the device misfires and it throws him 2d10 metres away. This deals damage as if he had fallen from the same height, and may have other adverse environmental effects as well (such as if the user is standing on a ledge!).

Good and Best Craftsmanship versions throw the user on 5 and 6 Degrees of Failure, respectively. Poor Craftsmanship versions impose a –10 on Tech-Use Tests.

MAGNACLES

These are magnetised handclamps—a snap-open hoop constructed of hardened and tempered steel that seals around a suspect’s wrist and locks together using powerful magnets. These same magnets (controlled by a simple set of buttons operated by the keyholder) allow suspects to be rapidly clamped to lampposts, Rhino APCs, or other metallic objects. The magnets are intensely powerful, and almost impossible to separate from each other or whatever they are attached to. Arbites officers usually carry at least two pairs of these on their person at any time, and most Arbites vehicles contain dozens.

Magnacles are about as advanced and well constructed as wrist restraints can get. All Tests (Contortionist, Security, or even pure Strength) to escape the bonds are always taken with at least a Very Hard (–30) penalty, and take three times as long as normal.



MAGNETIC HARNESS

The Magnetic Harness finds use on many Calixian worlds where Hive structures and readily abundant metal surfaces are not common occurrences, or where an Arbitrator must operate alone. The multiple magnets can either be used as simple surfaces, or as magnetic field generators of their own. The first of their type were simple metal plates, strapped to the arms, legs, and torso of the Arbitrators of Iocanthos, but the system has long since been refined by Calixian Tech-Adepts.

Each magnetic plate can be activated and de-activated individually, holding a weapon, piece of equipment, or even a suspect to the plate. Simple taps on the center of the plate set the device to release when pressure is applied, or to hold until the Arbitrator inputs a command sequence.

An Arbitrator with a magnetic harness is treated as having the Quick Draw Talent, usable on any object stored on his magnetic harness. In addition, if an Arbitrator has the Quick Draw Talent he may also stow equipment weapons as a Free Action.



PINNER

Scintilla's Arbites make extensive use of magnetic latches and holsters to carry their gear and secure prisoners. To help foil their operations, certain factions of the Kasballica have invested in devices called pinners. These coil-generators emit a charged fluctuating mag-field. Though it does not magnetically charge items itself, it greatly amplifies the power of existing magnets.

Once activated, the device affects all magnetic devices within 30 metres for 2d10 Rounds, supercharging them. Any attempt to separate the magnet from the surface they are attached to requires a Hellish (-60) Strength Test.

Good and Best Craftsmanship versions increase the radius by 5 metres and 10 metres, respectively. Poor Craftsmanship versions decrease the radius by 10 metres.



STRAIT CAPE

The Chasteners of the Calixis Sector know that in order to break the most hardened criminals it is important to carefully manage every aspect of their incarceration. A key early step in this process is to isolate and disorient them. Strait capes are used to achieve this. These are specially made heavy sacks constructed of strong synthetic canvas which are thrown over suspects. Their limbs are then pulled through holes in the sack, immobilised and hogtied using internal chains, and an attached hood containing a blindfold, gag, and earmuffs is then thrown over the suspect's head. Completely helpless, the subject can then be attached to the exterior hooks and clamps on Arbites vehicles and roared away into the night to await the pleasure of the Chasteners.

All Tests (Contortionist, Security, or even pure Strength) to escape the bonds of a strait cape are always taken with at least a Very Hard (-30) penalty, and take five times as long as normal. Throughout the course of their incarceration within a strait cape, the subject cannot use any Skills or Talents which depend upon sight, sound, or use of their voice, limbs, or hands.

VERTICAL SPINDLE SET

The outer walls of hive cities are often nightmarish drops that can see an unfortunate buffeted by howling winds and toxic gas emissions before falling for kilometres and smashing to death on their armoured flanks. However, the very inhospitable nature of this environment can prove appealing, as it can often provide an unexpected means of access to restricted areas. The need to operate on a hive's outer shell gave rise to the invention of the spindle-set. Originally said to have been invented by menial tech-wights of the Vertical Hives of far-distant Hilraxis, the design travelled to the Calixis Sector with a succession of Chartist Captains. Currently, tech-wight menials and Reclaimators produce varying versions of spindle sets in several different hives. These devices have proven particularly popular on Ambulon (given that the entire hive exists on a mobile shell hundreds of metres above the ground) and Sibellus. They have not caught on in Hive Tarsus, on the other hand, as the burning desert sun heats the outer shell of the hive to unbearable levels.

Spindle sets consist of heavy, reinforced gloves and boots, connected with feed-lines and power leads to a central unit worn on the user's back. The gloves and boot toes have blunt plates attached to them—powerful electro-magnets, activating when pressed against metal surfaces and deactivating when pulled from the attached surface in a specific fashion. In addition, the plates can detach from the spindle set, allowing the wearer to lower himself on adamantium-weave monoline. Anywhere from one to all four of the plates (both hands and feet) can detach in this manner. This device allows the user to climb any ferromagnetic surfaces (such as most iron alloys) without using the Climb Skill at 25 percent of their standard speed, even upside down. Unfortunately, the clanking of metal on metal, however soft, does impose a -5 penalty to any Silent Move Tests. By detaching from the magnetic plates, the user can also lower himself up to 50 metres.

Good Craftsmanship versions of spindle sets have inbuilt compressor launchers that allow the user to fire the magnetic plates at distant surfaces and pull himself in. This is a Half Action requiring a Challenging (+0) Ballistic Skill Test, although in the case of particularly large targets (such as a wall) the GM can grant a size modifier or waive the Test entirely. Best Craftsmanship versions use monofibre hairs on the plates that burrow into surfaces, allowing the user to climb any surface. Poor Craftsmanship versions do not have detachable plates or monoline at all.

VOX-PICKUP

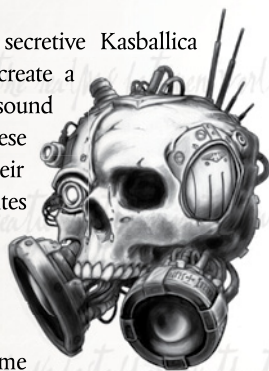
These tiny devices, taking the form of black boxes no larger than the joint of a child's thumb, are technological wonders from a forgotten age. They are capable of eavesdropping upon any conversation within a 10-metre radius. They can either record up to 100 hours of such conversation, or directly transmit them contemporaneously in short, secure bursts to waiting receivers. The Arbites make extensive use of this equipment to obtain damning evidence against suspects. Enforcers make use of similar devices, though usually they are less sophisticated and easier to detect. The Inquisition also has a great fondness for these machines.

Activating a vox-pickup is a Full Action, though they are so simple to use that no Tech-Use Test is required. Detecting an activated vox-pickup is a far harder proposition: anyone searching for one that has been planted must make an Opposed Search Test, pitting his Search Test against an Intelligence Test taken by the person who concealed the vox-pickup. At the GM's discretion, modifiers may be applied for possessing equipment which can detect burst transmissions, or for having foreknowledge of the actual existence of vox-pickups in a given location.

VOX-PRIVACY FIELD

Much in demand amongst the secretive Kasballica crime lords, these energy fields create a shimmering dome of force which sound and light do not penetrate. These fields are used to obfuscate their users from the prying eyes of Arbites and Enforcers alike, the better to smoothly affect the lucrative transactions these underworld lords and ladies thrive upon.

A privacy field generates a dome of flickering blue light with a ten-foot radius that cannot be seen through or eavesdropped upon. The field offers no physical protection whatsoever, other than visual cover. Each is unique, usually mounted in a small handled case or on a Servo-Skull.



WALL EATER

It is one thing to invent a corrosive substance that only reacts with biological tissues, but inventing an acid that leaves flesh untouched while devouring stone and steel is another matter entirely. Creating the substance is merely the first problem to overcome—storing it is just as difficult.

On the Hive world of Landunder, the noted chymist and savant Maris Pascure invented such a compound, distilled and processed from Landunder's chemical seas. Though the genius in devising the compound was impressive in and of itself, his design for containing it was far more creative. Pascure tampered with the genetic structure of insectoid hive vermin, creating a creature that would generate the acid within its body and dispense it through its mandibles. He sold it to a local criminal syndicate just before being arrested and executed by the local enforcers for devising materials that could critically destabilize a hive's structural integrity.

The wall eater is an insectoid creature the size of a man's thumb. The user squeezes the creature's bloated thorax, forcing the acid through its mandibles and onto the desired surface. One creature can generate enough acid to draw a two metre line, and the acid eats through up to 30 centimeters of adamantium before dissipating. It takes a week for a wall eater to replenish its acid reserves. It is completely harmless to humans, but the wall eaters must be kept in wooden, bone, or ivory cages lest they eat through the bars.

There are no Poor, Good, or Best Craftsmanship versions of this item.

CUFF EM'

The Adeptus Arbites and Enforcers are equipped to quickly restrain a target. A target may be restrained using Magnacles, Riot Cord, or other devices. To cuff a target, the Acolyte must take a Half Action and make a WS test against the target (who may Dodge or Parry as normal). If successful the target must make an Agility test or be Snared (see page 129 of the **DARK HERESY** rulebook).

TABLE 3-5: UTILITY ITEMS

Name	Weight	Cost	Availability
Gene Printer	15kg	1,500	Rare
Lord Marshal Goreman's Carta Sanguine	0.1kg	100/Varies	Rare/Varies
Lock-Punch	0.2kg	300	Scarce
Magnacles	1.5kg	120	Rare
Magnetic Harness	10kg	500	Scarce
Pinner	5kg	2,000	Near Unique
Strait Cape	5kg	100	Scarce
Vertical Spindle Set	20kg	1,500	Rare
Vox-Pickup	0.01kg	100	Very Rare
Vox Privacy Field	1kg	500	Rare
Wall Eater	1kg	500	Very Rare

DRUGS

The Calixian Adeptus Arbites knows full well that illicit drugs can damage the tithe process and, in the worst cases, lead to large scale Heresy that requires military (or Inquisitorial) action. While there are an impossibly large number of drugs manufactured within the Sector, only a few are sanctioned for use by Imperial Citizens. The rest are illegal to possess, and heretical to distribute.

CLEAR

Seen in use at many underhive gatherings in the Drusus Marches, Clear allows a reveller to imbibe huge amounts of alcohol with little or no effect, and can even protect against most common poisons. It is made from a plant native to Monrass, and the tar-like gum is chewed for its poison protection qualities, despite its harshly bitter taste.

When taking Clear, the user gains the Decadence Talent and +30 to any Toughness-based tests against passing out or the effects of poisons. Consumers will always face a powerful migraine roughly 3 hours after it is consumed, and must refrain from strenuous work for 1d5 hours.

EAZILLE

A powerful inhibition reducer, Eazille or Eaze is smuggled in through Port Wander from regions still unknown; rumours have it as possibly alien in origin. Users report being much more comfortable with even the most depraved or illicit actions when under its influence, with little or no sense of conscience or even devotion to the Emperor. Hive nobles use it to engage in galas catering to the basest of desires. Agents of the Throne might use it to steel themselves for the deepest of undercover work where the slightest hesitation towards heretical sights might spell their death. Repeated use seems to increase the effects and some have forever fallen to this state. Often they realise their danger and attempt to disguise their new behaviours from their peers. Others may simply abandon their old lives and become the worst of wretches, becoming infamous across the sector for their atrocities.

When under the effects of Eazille, users will simply ignore the dictates of morality and must succeed on an Ordinary (+10) Willpower Test to ignore their baser instincts. The effects last 1d5 hours +1 hour for every dose taken in the last week.

HOLDFAST

This drug is smuggled in from Elros, despite the dangers of operating on the feudal planet. It goes by many names, such as Puremind in the hives of Samson IV, but no matter the name any user will recognise the greasy feel of the bluish liquid. When injected, it flows into the neural byways and makes the mind rigid, causing users to be stubborn.

Any neurological drugs are at -30 to their normal effects for 2d5 hours but the user will also suffer -20 to all Willpower based tests fore that duration.

HYPEREXIA

Also known as Glob in the common Penopass hive-slang, Hyperexia is a refined chemical from the wastelands. When ingested in frequent measured doses, it will thicken the skin into a rubbery texture. Consumers will gain a greater tolerance for extremes of heat and cold, allowing them to function normally where others would require specialised clothing. This is especially useful as the Penopassian days can reach sweltering temperatures, and the nights can freeze blood.

Hyperexia consumers gain the Resistance (Cold, Heat) Talent and as it drives a much higher metabolic rate, they will suffer 1 point of Fatigue. Hyperexia must be taken at least a dozen times over the course of as many days before it takes effect. After which the user must take one dose every week to maintain their thickened skin.

KARRIKIAN RED-EYE

Despite the name, this drug doesn't change eye colour. It gets it's name from the Ogryn of Karrik, who some say, have the ability to see the heat of tanks from miles away. The drug does allow the user to see slightly more into the infra-red spectrum than normal humans. They are able to detect heat signatures from departed vehicles for example or notice which door a suspect is hiding behind.

Users gain +20 to Awareness tests to detect heat-based images for 1d5 hours. Overuse though dims eyesight, and users will require excessive light to see properly. If used more than once per day a Difficult (-10) Toughness Test is required to inflict -20 to all vision-based tests for that day.

TABLE 3-6: DRUGS

Name	Cost	Availability
Clear	110	Rare
Eazille	230	Very Rare
Holdfast	165	Very Rare
Hyperexia	80	Scarce
Karrikian Red-Eye	185	Rare
Leatherwort	115	Scarce
Sandstone	95	Scarce
Scav-Glysten	155	Rare
Scraper-Ripper	90	Scarce
Sisk-Ash	80	Scarce
Truth Revealed	135	Rare
Zumthorian Greyve	125	Rare

LEATHERWORT

A fungal derivative found on Loss, where the growth was often simply eaten raw as an emergency foodstuff, Leatherwort is now more frequently used by gangs throughout the Malfian sub-sector and is often called Tuff. When allowed to decay, then dried and pressed, the thick powdery slabs can be rubbed into skin. Applied areas turn a mottled dark green as the chemicals seep in, then slowly return to normal coloration. The pain receptors in those areas are deadened for hours, and the skin is much tougher than normal with the consistency of hard leather.

Such areas count as having two additional Armour Points which can be added to regular armour, and the user gains +10 to Toughness based tests.

SANDSTONE

This drug is made from a pollen extract from what was thought to be a worthless plant on Cryus Vulpa. The Pleasuremasters on Quaddis heard tales chewing the flowers granted odd neurochemical effects, but could never produce any useful extracts. Their failures though lead to Sandstone, the result of distilling the pollen into yellowish granules which are then packed into hard bricks. The grains can then be rubbed into the gums raw or ground into powder for injection. Sandstone induces a state of heightened mental determination, allowing the user to shrug off fearsome opponents, bleeding wounds, hunger, or other now lesser concerns. It also lets them withstand brutal interrogations and even chemicals designed to weaken their resistance.

Sandstone lasts 1d5+3 hours, and grants +30 to all Willpower based tests plus another +10 to resist Interrogation attempts. Failure to pass a Difficult (-10) Toughness Test will result in taking 1 Fatigue point after it wears off.

SCAV-GLYSTEN

This drug is an unexpected by-product of the polluted effluent dumped by the forges on Synford. Scavengers found pools of the oily liquid, and discovered that drinking it lessened some of their normally foul body odours. The hives of Clove refined the liquid to create Scav-Glysten, which is injected for maximum effectiveness. Once in the bloodstream it moves to the pores, altering sweat glands and other natural processes from emitting any scents, pheromones, or anything else that could be used for tracking. After repeated doses the user's eyes will take on an unnatural appearance like an oil film, with rainbow patterns across the cornea.

Scav-Glysten use imposes a -30 to any tracking attempts to detect the user via scent for 1d10 hours. They also gain the Concealment and Shadowing skills when attempting to hide from or track animals.

SCRAPER-RIPPER

Scintilla is known for many grand things, but also for its seedy underbelly. Scraper-Ripper is crafted from rare blind fish found in the underhive lakes of Hive Sibellus. The pallid flesh is rendered down into a paste, and once dried can be injected or inhaled. Ripper is relatively common there, and has slowly spread across the sector by nobles who have dared visit its underhives in search of thrills. Scraper-

Ripper speeds up reaction times but does not speed up corresponding thinking, so while the user can move away from sword strikes or duck away from incoming fire, they are also liable to leap at unknown noises or even attack a friend who surprises them.

Ripper grants +30 to all Agility-based tests for 1d5 hours, but users must pass a Hard (-20) Willpower Test to avoid reacting violently when surprised by any stimuli.

SISK ASH

Imported from Sisk, "Ash" is made from the burnt remains of a common bush-plant. These grey flakes are mixed with lho and smoked, producing a sweet distinctive scent which is so thick and cloying that it can even throw off Cybermastiff's attempting to track the original user. It induces a relaxed, calming state, primarily in the smoker but also in those around him if the smoke is allowed to gather. If not mixed with lho it is much more powerful, and can cause unconsciousness.

The relaxing effects of Ash generally last 1d5 hours, and may require an Easy (+30) Willpower Test when the consumer is required to do something they chose not to do (such as go marching). Those using the pure drug must take a Hard (-20) Toughness Test or fall unconscious for 1 hour.

THE TRUTH REVEALED

Produced in the depths of Baraspine, this drug is a powerful serum that depresses resistance to questioning. Also known as Verity to Throne agents and more simply as Veal to the underhivers, it is used when normal physical pain is either not effective or not practical and is in high demand across the sub-sector by agents on both sides of the scales.

Those under its effects are at -50 to tests against Interrogation or other tests designed to garner information for 3d5 hours minus their Toughness Bonus.

ZUMTHORIAN GREYVE

While "in the Greyve", everything simply exists in a thick fog that removes all external stimuli from care. Users may ignore Fatigue for 2d5 hours; they also gain +40 to all Toughness based tests and to resist any Interrogation attempts. Once the effect wears off though, they must pass a Very Hard (-30) Toughness Test or gain 2 points of Fatigue.

CYBER-CONSTRUCTS, BEASTS, AND SERVITORS

Ancient pacts agreed in ages past with the Adeptus Mechanicus generally forbid most Imperial agencies from utilising machine-spirits beyond a certain level of sophistication, and in any event most humans typically regard such devices as inherently blasphemous. Culturally, the Imperium is far more acclimatised to the idea of heavily cyberised systems that incorporate organic parts, with the trepanned crania of criminals and animals emptied for use as the control systems of heavy machinery, weapons, and vessels.

Servitors—lobotomised, cyberised, and repurposed criminals or cultured organic organisms are ubiquitous

across the entirety of human space, and most citizens of the Imperium hardly spare them a second glance. Much of the Imperium's heavy industry is dependent to a degree upon these sad, brain-dead creatures, who shuffle mindlessly from task to task, lifting, cleaning, or carrying out other tedious or hazardous duties by means of equipment attached to their bodies or welded to their surgically modified limbs.

The Arbites will, on occasion, make use of servitors, but generally not to the same extent as other branches of the Adeptus Terra. The Arbites pride themselves on being a disciplined and self-reliant force, and there is an unspoken belief in many Precinct Fortresses that excessive reliance upon servitors fosters a spirit of dependence far removed from the proper, spartan ethic of the organisation. Despite this, some servitors do serve to the best of their limited abilities within the Arbites, typically performing duties which can free Arbitrators to carry out their law enforcement roles. For example, emplaced gun servitors are used extensively within Precincts for sentry duty, and a handful of other heavily modified designs are used for other more specialist roles.

The Arbites have in their service cyber-constructs, devices that incorporate the instincts of animals. Canids and avians are all employed for this purpose. Such animals are usually crafted in special Adeptus Mechanicus facilities, such as Hive Subrique, which provides the vast majority of such constructs for the Calixian Arbites.



CYBER-CONSTRUCT USE

It is not unheard of for individuals who are not Cyber-Mastiff handlers, or who are not equipped with a Constructor Interface to make use of Cyber-Constructs. While a trained Adeptus Mechanicus agent, with the proper augmetics is vastly more capable of repairing, controlling, and training these creatures, they are not alone in their use.

Anyone equipped with a Constructor Array can program his Cyber-Construct to obey the vocal (or vox) commands of another agent. This is limited, and cogitation patterns that would normally process evasion and attack movements must instead decipher human speech and intent. To avoid confusion, many users give the beast a designation, commands may be easily addressed, so that it does not interpret random words in other discussion as an order.

It requires an Ordinary (+10) Tech-Use Test to order a Cyber-Construct to obey the commands of another. This test requires that the user be able to physically adjust the Cyber-Construct, and takes 1 hour. Once so ordered, the creature cannot benefit from the Constructor-Interface until the process has been repeated (this includes uploaded patterns).

The following vocal (or vox) commands may be given by users without a Constructor Interface:

Attack

The user spends a Half-Action designating a target that both he and the construct can see. The Construct will then attack the target until it is dead (or sometimes after). Constructs are decidedly ferocious creatures that will not stop until their target is dead or they have been called to heel.

Tackle

Similar to the Attack order, the Cyber-Construct will employ any non-lethal weapons it has to subdue a target. If it lacks non-lethal weapon, it will attack until the target is unconscious (and usually bleeding to death).

Find

Given pertinent data (such as a spoor sample or a pict image) the construct will do it's best to track a target. It will search an area of up to 50m in an attempt to find the target, but will not leave line of sight to the user.

SUBRIQUE-PATTERN GRAPPLEHAWKS

Rarely used outside the Arbites, these exotic cyber-familiars take the form of elegant shining steel hawks. Their glittering crania contain the transplanted instincts of avians trained to seize moving targets without damaging them. These instincts, transferred to mechanical constructs fitted with powerful suspensors and talons capable of tearing through cast-iron, enable Arbites handlers to arrest suspects quickly (if brutally) on the streets of the Calixian Hives. Designed to be carried on the hip, or to perch elsewhere on the handler's armour, the Subrique-pattern Grapplehawk can be deployed quickly in pursuit of a criminal. This well constructed Calixian variant of the arch-design is known to be somewhat lighter than many other types, and the built-in shock talons make use of speed rather than brute carrying strength.

Subrique-Pattern Grapplehawk



WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
40	—	35	20	50	15	40	25	—

Movement: 2/4/6/12

Wounds: 6

Skills: Awareness (Per) +10, Dodge (Ag) +10

Talents: Fearless, Swift Attack, Sure Strike

Traits: Armour Plating, Dark Sight, Flier 15, Machine (4), Size (Scrawny)

Armour (Machine): All 6

Weapons: Shock Pulse Claws (1d10+1 E; Pen 1; Shocking), Rending Claws (1d10+3 R; Pen 3, Tearing)

Gear: Inbuilt vox, cogitator, and auspex. The cogitator may be used to store a vast array of pre-programmed attack patterns, which may provide either a +10 bonus to Dodge or a +10 bonus to WS, chosen by the handler as a free action.

SUBRIQUE "BULLPUP" CYBER-MASTIFF

This heavy duty Cyber-mastiff is most often employed by the Calixian Arbites, custom designed at the commission of Lord Marshal Goreman's predecessors by the Adeptus Mechanicus within Hive Subrique. The beast is carefully crafted as a true terror weapon, a massively built and heavily-armoured steel construct of considerable bulk. Equipped with sub-sonic vox-hailers that continually emit a selection of low frequency vocalisations designed to trigger fear in the local population where they are deployed, this model finds frequent use during intense riots. Capable of shrugging off most small arms fire, and of bringing down even large groups of well-armed opponents, the Bullpups tend to be used as a final weapon to launch at their foes preventing a civil uprising from turning into a civil war. Bullpups are equipped with shock jaws which can also double as chainblade weapons. The construct also has magnetic locking feet and jaws which enable the creature to lock on to a target and hold it in place.

Subrique "Bullpup" Cyber-mastiff



WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
40	—	50	40	20	18	35	30	—

Movement: 4/8/12/24

Wounds: 18

Skills: Awareness (Per) +10, Tracking (Int) +20, Swim (S).

Talents: Fearless.

Traits: Armour Plated, Dark Sight, Enhanced Senses (Smell), Fear (2), Machine (6), Magnetic Jaw, Quadruped, Size (Hulking), Sturdy.

Armour: Machine, All 8.

Weapons: Bite: (1d10+5 R), Shockbite (1d10 I; Pen 0; Shocking), Chainbite (1d10+2 R; Pen 2; Tearing).

Gear: (Implanted) IR Vision Implant, filter plugs.

Magnetic Jaw: The Cyber-mastiff may magnetically attach itself to any metal surface and lock its jaws around an opponent. If the Bullpup Cyber-mastiff successfully hits with a bite attack, it may lock itself in position instead of dealing damage. Freeing oneself from a Bullpup's magnetic jaws requires a Hard (-20) Strength Test. If ordered to, the Bullpup may activate its chainbite, dealing chainbite damage to the target, and releasing it.

TABLE 3-7: CYBER-CONSTRUCTS & SERVITORS

Name	Cost	Availability
Subrique-Pattern Grapplehawk	5,000	Very Rare
Subrique-Pattern "Bullpup" Cyber-mastiff	12,500	Very Rare
Subrique-Pattern "Bloodhound" Cyber-mastiff	5,000	Rare
Malfi-Pattern Eliminator-Mastiff	7,500	Very Rare
Contego-pattern Bomb Disposal Servitor	2,000	Rare
Sibellus-Pattern Suppressor Servitor	6,000	Rare
Servo-Hunter	750	Scarce
Harrier-Skull	500	Scarce

SUBRIQUE “BLOODHOUND”

CYBER-MASTIFF

This variant of the Cyber-mastiffs crafted in the bowels of Hive Subrique makes use of the rare chemicals contained in Landunders oceans. Used to translate airborne particles into quantifiable data, the chemical ‘sniffers’ make the Bloodhound optimised for scent-based tracking roles. While many Cyber-mastiffs have some tracking ability, the programming and routines implanted within the Bloodhounds are trained by some of the finest handlers available in the sector. Once implanted in a light Cyber-mastiff chassis, the animal instinct and repetitive training is linked to some of the most sophisticated olfactory sensors available in the sector (and some claim the Imperium). This formidable equipment suite is combined with an insidiously effective training regimen, which electrically stimulates the cogitator’s cortical centres upon completion of a successful ‘find.’ This practice causes the Bloodhound to become obsessive and tireless in its duties; the creatures have been rumoured to track targets for hundreds of miles without sleep or rest, although this may be a tall tale used to intimidate criminals into submission.

Subrique “Bloodhound” Cyber-mastiff

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
30	—	40	30	30	20	45	25	—

Movement: 3/6/9/18

Wounds: 12

Skills: Awareness (Per) +10, Tracking (Int) +20.

Talents: Talented (Tracking).

Traits: Armour Plated, Dark Sight, Enhanced Senses (Smell), Machine (5), Quadruped, Size (Scrawny).

Armour: Machine, All 7.

Weapons: Bite (1d10+2 R).

Gear: In-built Auspex, olfactory auger array (allows a re-roll of any failed Perception Tests based on smell, such as Tracking).

MALFI-PATTERN ELIMINATOR-MASTIFF

Though Malfian enforcers are known for being generally as corrupt and amoral as the rest of the planet, certain precincts have a particularly dark reputation. These enforcers are known to eliminate anyone in the name of “justice,” so long as they receive sufficient quantities of Thrones in return. Through their actions, the Eliminator–Mastiff has come to represent their twisted perversion of justice. A heavily modified Cyber-Mastiff, the Eliminator–Mastiff has no protocols or programming for bringing down its targets alive. It simply tracks, hunts, and kills any target loaded into its sophisticated spoor-identifying protocols. Most are equipped with a pair of overcharged lasweapons in pods mounted on the shoulders, leaving the head free to mount a mouthful of reciprocating chainblades. However, some models have been modified to carry even more powerful weaponry.

Malfi-Pattern Eliminator Mastiff

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
30	—	40	30	30	20	45	25	—

Movement: 3/6/9/18

Wounds: 12

Skills: Awareness (Per), Tracking (Int) +10.

Talents: Talented (Tracking).

Traits: Armour Plated, Dark Sight, Enhanced Senses (Smell), Machine (5), Quadruped

Armour: Machine, All 7.

Weapons: Two shoulder mounted weapons; usually overcharged las-carbines (Basic; 60m; S/2/—; 1d10+4 E; Pen 0; Clip — [integral power source]; Rld —; Reliable), Chain-maw (Melee; 1d5+5 R; Pen 2; Tearing)

Linked Targeting: The Eliminator-Mastiff may fire both of its shoulder mounted weapons as part of a Full Attack Action as per the Two-Weapon Wielder (Ballistic) Talent, suffering no off-hand penalties or negative modifiers for wielding two weapons.

Replacement Weapons: The weapons on the Eliminator Mastiff may be replaced with any Basic ranged weapons with a Difficult (–10) Tech-Use Test, subject to the GM’s discretion. However, only Las weapons may benefit from the integral power source, all others must use their listed clip size.

NPC ATTRIBUTES

Many profiles presented in Book of Judgement have attributes, talents, or traits that do not follow the formulas for calculating movement or other secondary attributes. Creatures and adversaries are not required to follow the same calculations as Acolytes, as they may have a variety of reasons for being different. The movement rate of a Grapple Hawk, for instance, represents the creatures movement while on the ground, as it would use its Flier (15) Trait when it takes to the air. Likewise, some quadruped’s may have lower (or higher) Movement than normal, as the creature may not be fitted with as powerful servo-motors, or it may simply have additional weight that slows its movement.

In addition, all NPC’s are assumed to have the appropriate weapon training talents for any weapons that appear in their profile (unless otherwise noted) and it up to the GM to determine what other weapons the NPC might be capable of using, if called to do so.

CONTEGO-PATTERN BOMB

DISPOSAL SERVITOR

The Contego-Pattern servitor is optimised for the analysis and defusing of suspect explosive devices. The underhive of Gunmetal city is notoriously unstable, and explosive devices can cripple production for months or years. The Adeptus Mechanicus within the manufactorums originally crafted this servitor to dispose of volatile substances (which are common in firearms manufacturing). These designs are regarded as relatively disposable, and are usually based around the lobotomised bodies of former arsonists and bomb makers. An up-armoured general purpose servitor chassis is fitted with a small limb-mounted shotgun pistol (for destroying explosive devices at close range), a combi-tool, and a pict-recorder. The local Precinct Fortresses have re-purposed the servitor for explosive disposal. When fitted for this purpose the servitor is issued a demolition charge for controlled explosions. While used in the notorious 'Falls Incident' which halted laspack production on Synford for nearly a year, the servitor has not fallen out of favour with Calixian Adeptus Arbitres.

The Contego servitor is slaved to a specialised data-slate with a 200-metre range, which enables the servitor's controller to use his or her own Tech-Use or Demolition Skills at a distance when attempting to disable explosive devices. There is, however, a -10 penalty to the Skill Test to represent the slightly awkward nature of the controls.

Contego-Pattern Bomb Disposal Servitor



WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
15	30	30	40	10	15	30	40	--

Movement: 1/2/3/6

Wounds: 10

Skills: Awareness (Per), Demolition (Int), Pistol Training (SP).

Talents: None.

Traits: Armour Plated, Dark Sight, Machine (4).

Armour: Machine, All 6.

Weapons: Fist (1d10+5 I; Primitive), Shotgun Pistol (10m; S/-/-; 1d10+4 I; 0; 3; 2Full).

Gear: Combi-tool, pict-recorder, data-slate-controlled demolition charge (3d10, Pen 5, Tearing)

Data-Slate-Controlled Demolition Charge: The servitor is equipped with a demolition charge that can be activated by someone nearby with the correct authorization codes via a data-slate and a short range vox-relay. The charge has a range of 200m, requires an Ordinary (+10) Tech-Use test to activate and has a radius of 10m.

SIBELLUS-PATTERN SUPPRESSOR SERVITOR

When the Hive Sibellus Magistratum needs to disperse crowds of rioters or belligerent hive residents, they employ Suppression Servitors to aid their enforcers. Designed for intimidation and maximum semi-lethal force, these hulking brutes stand two and a half metres tall with a hunched, ape-like posture. Their faces have been replaced with the gilded seal of the Lord Sector, and one hand has been replaced with a massive pneumatic piston launcher capable of scattering rioters like leaves or tossing a single malefactor through the air with a crushed chest. The other arm has been removed entirely, replaced with a complicated dual weapon-attachment. The Magistratum knows that a squad of these can scatter a rampaging crowd of thousands, and they make a point of turning the instigators of these riots into the next batch of Suppression Servitors.



Sibellus-Pattern Suppressor Servitor

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
40	20	60	60	10	05	20	10	--

Movement: 1/2/3/6

Wounds: 10

Skills: Awareness (Per), Demolition (Int), Pistol Training (SP).

Talents: None.

Traits: Armour Plated, Hulking, Machine (4).

Armour: Machine, All 6.

Weapons: Auto-Grenade Launcher with Choke Grenades (Basic; 60m; S/2/-; —; Pen 0; Clip 40; Rld 4 Full; Blast [1d10+3], Targets in blast area must make Challenging [+0] Toughness Test each turn or suffer 1 level of Fatigue), Webber (Basic; 50m; S/-/-; —; Pen 0; Clip 40; Rld 4 Full; Blast [5], Snare), Pneumatic Piston Launcher (Melee; 1d10+6 I; Pen 2; Dual Attack Mode, Unwieldy)

Dual Attack Mode: Instead of attacking normally with its Pneumatic Piston Launcher, the Suppression Servitor may make choose to make one of the following attacks.

Area Burst: The servitor raises his launcher and fires a tremendous burst into the ground, knocking its opponents away with a powerful blast. The servitor does not roll to hit with this attack. Anyone within one metre must make a Challenging (+0) Agility Test or take 1d5+3 Impact damage with 0 Pen. Average sized targets and smaller are also knocked directly away 1d5 metres then fall prone.

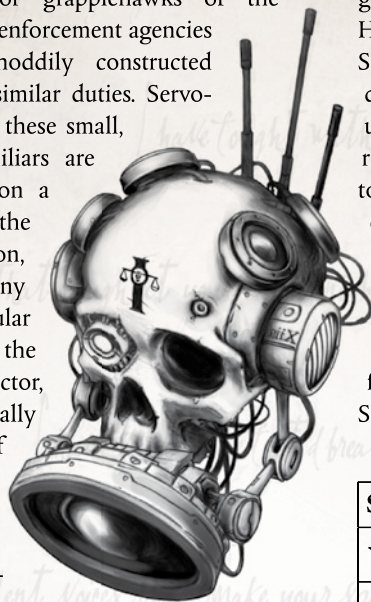
Focused Strike: The servitor aims his launcher at a single opponent, and discharges the entire pneumatic charge into their chest. The servitor makes a normal melee attack. If it hits, it deals 1d10+12 Impact damage with 4 Pen. Hulking sized targets and smaller are knocked directly away 2d10 metres and fall prone.

SERVO-HUNTER

Not all Enforcer cadres have access to the meticulously-engineered Cyber-mastiffs or grapplehawks of the Arbites. Less well-funded law enforcement agencies will often utilise more shoddily constructed cyber-familiars to carry out similar duties. Servo-hunter's are classic examples: these small, comparatively simplistic familiars are an inferior local variant upon a servo-skull, tasked with the exploration of a fixed location, and the identification of any potential targets within. Popular amongst the Enforcers of the worlds of the Malfi sub-sector, servo-hunters are traditionally encased within the skulls of faithful hunting hounds, as the deceased animal's spirit is said to ensure that the drone's rudimentary logic-engine remains loyal and fierce.

A servo-hunter, when activated and released, will float silently on tiny lift-motor suspensors and begin to search a nominated area for any targets which match preset parameters (usually human-sized heat sources). When these are located, it will usually provide its handler with some audible alarm, and will remain alongside the target, sounding the alarm, until deactivated. The servo-hunter can also be used to patrol an area for intruders, or simply alert the controller if anyone approaches.

A servo-hunter is a primitive servo-skull used by enforcers and bounty hunters. It only has a single function, and that is to search a given location until it finds a target; at this point it will signal its master. It will continue to hover alongside the located target, signalling, until ordered to stop.



Servo-Hunter

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
—	—	06	26	50	10	35	15	—

Movement: -

Wounds: 2

Skills: Awareness (Per) +20, Tracking (Int) +10, Dodge (Ag) +10, Silent Move (Ag) +10.

Talents: Fearless.

Traits: Dark Sight, Flier 4, Machine (1) Programmed instinct, Size (Puny).

Armour: Machine, Head (All): 1.

Weapons: None.

HARRIER-SKULL

Mockingly known as "grapple-mice" by the underhive gangers of Scintilla, Landunder, and several other Calixian Hives, Harrier-Skulls are slowly spreading across the Calixis Sector. The modified servo-skulls actually have nothing to do with mice, but earned the nickname because of their unique purpose—serving as Grapple-hawk decoys. Certain reclaimators can spend a great deal of Thrones to learn how to re-program a salvaged servo-skull's primitive cogitator-engine with a very specific series of evasion patterns.

Something about the evasion patterns triggers a Grapple-hawk's threat/targeting routines, sending the servitors diving after the nimble Harrier-Skulls instead of their actual targets. As their popularity increases, increasingly frustrated Arbitrators make a point of targeting any Harrier-Skulls first in a suppression raid.

Servo-Hunter

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
—	—	06	26	50	10	35	15	—

Movement: -

Wounds: 2

Skills: Awareness (Per) +20, Tracking (Int) +10,

Dodge (Ag) +20.

Talents: Fearless.

Traits: Dark Sight, Flier 10, Machine (1), Prey for the Hunters, Size (Puny).

Armour: Machine, Head (All): 1.

Weapons: None.

Prey for the Hunters: If the Harrier-Skull moves at least 10 metres in a Round, any Grapple-Hawks (or similar servitors) within 100 metres and line of sight must pass a Difficult (-10) Willpower Test at the beginning of their next Turn. If they pass they may act normally. If they fail, however, they must immediately move directly towards the Harrier-Skull and attempt to grapple it. A Grapple-Hawk that passes its Willpower Test may ignore this Harrier-Skull in subsequent Rounds (though it may be affected by others). A Grapple-Hawk pursuing a Harrier-Skull ignores other Harrier-Skulls until it has caught its first target. If the Grapple-Hawk has a controller, the controller may attempt to override the Grapple-Hawk with a Difficult (-10) Tech-Use Test during his turn. If he succeeds, the Grapple-Hawk counts as passing the original Willpower Test.

CYBERNETICS

Cybernetic Augmentation is common throughout the Calixis Sector, from simple prosthetics to more complex and wondrous attachments designed to make the user more capable. The Adeptus Arbites are no strangers to such augmentation, and the Calixian Adeptus Mechanicus has crafted unique cybernetics for their use.

CONSTRUCTOR INTERFACE

Every Cyber-Mastiff Handler requires one of these custom engineered devices if he wishes to interface with the Subrique pattern constructs deployed in the Calixis Sector. It makes use of a quad-redundant epsilon-cypher vox-pulsers to issue quick bursts commands and to receive data, vox, and pict information from a variety of constructs. So powerful is the device, that servitors and servo-skulls can also be patched into it, although they are not designed to be issued commands directly from the device.

The Constructor Interface holds hundreds of attack, tackle and evasion patterns. Each one requiring years of tinkering by the Cyber-Mastiff Handler to prefect. These patterns are modified to make use of a constructs own idiosyncrasies. A Grapple-Hawk who weights half a kilogram less than his counterparts might require special wing angles and grav-responses to high wind scenarios, this combined with the common terrain and ambient atmosphere makes for dozens of different programs, just for operation within a single hive. When tasked with travel, the user must make dozens of calculations in the moment.

All Constructor Interfaces are of at least Good Quality and allow a user to make Command Tests to a Cyber-Mastiff or Grapple-Hawk silently, using Tech-Use in place of the Command skill. The device can interface with up to five constructs, but can only actively issue commands to 2, the others may report data back to the user, but may not be commanded. Only Cyber-Mastiff's and Grapple-Hawks may be issued commands, other constructs may only report data. A Best Quality Constructor Interface allows for 3 constructs to be commanded, but is still limited to 5 total uplinks.

A user may make a Full Action to upload a pattern into a Cyber-Mastiff or Grapple-Hawks cogitator, granting one of the following abilities:

- Defence: +10 Weapon Skill
- Restrain: +20 Weapon Skill when attempting to Grapple
- Harass: +10 Dodge, Dodge Training
- "Vanes Out" Alpha: +10 Perception, Awareness Training
- "Vanes Out" Beta: +10 Perception, Track Training
- Pursuit: +1 Agility Bonus, Accustomed To Crowds (see page 17, **DARK HERESY** Rulebook)

KARRIKIAN LOCK-ARM

On the high gravity world of Karrik, the Arbitrators must augment their armour and equipment with powerful servo-motors to operate outside of the orbiting Precinct Fortress. The tithe of Ogryns to the Imperial Guard regiments is constantly under threat by slavers who see the worlds location on the outskirts of the sector as a sign of easy prey. While the enhanced power armour of the Arbitrators and Judges who serve there has suited them well over the last century, the Lock-Arm has become a right of passage for local Adeptus Arbites personnel.

Those Ogryn who have fallen under the sway of slavers make excellent body guards, and while easily tricked, they are violent and potent melee combatants. When they turn their formidable mass to an Arbitrator, armour can sometimes prove useless. The Ogryn will often attempt to tear off the arm of a subject, mangling it within the power armour in the process.

It is in this way that many Karrikian Arbitrators come to possess a Lock-Arm, a powerful servo-enhanced augmetic that is powerful even by the standards of an Ogryn. In addition to the enhanced strength, the arm contains dozens of magnetic field generators, and reactive grapple stakes. Such a powerful cybernetic would otherwise be torn from the body of the user, or they would be lifted from the ground. When required, the arm fires the stakes or magnetic grapples to nearby supports at multiple angles, bracing against a more sturdy frame, allowing a unnaturally strong suspect to be restrained without harming the user.

A character with a Karrikian Lock-Arm is treated as having Unnatural Strength (x3) for the purposes of grappling or restraining a target. In addition, the user gains a +20 bonus to Strength when making melee attacks using the arm.

LANDRIAN REVEALER

The Cyber-Mastiff's of Hive Subrique are well known for their augmented gene-spoor and scent tracking abilities. Several attempts have been made to create portable versions of the device, but none have met with any success among the Calixian Adeptus Mechanicus. Refusing to believe that such a thing was impossible, Tech-Wright Ontuo began a lifelong quest to uncover the secrets of the chemicals in the oceans of Landsunder, and to unlock their detection secrets. The end result was the Landrian Revealers.

Rather than processing the data through a cogitator, the Landrian Revealers fills the users eyes with phero-conductive chemicals, literally allowing him to see scents and other biological markers. This augmetic is typically installed on a single eye, so that the user may still choose to see the world normally most of the time.

A character equipped with a Landrian Revealers gains the Heightened Sense (Smell) and Talented (Tracking) talents. In addition, when blinded he may locate targets by their smell and only suffers a -10 penalty to Ballistic or Weapon Skill tests. It is a half-action to flood the eye with chemicals, activating the device.

Good Quality versions of the Landrian Revealers impose no penalty to Ballistic Skill and Weapon Skill Tests when blinded. Those of Best Quality also include powerful Photo-visors or Infra-Red goggle augmentations.

MALFIAN DERMAGUISE

Imposters from around the Calixis Sector routinely make a pilgrimage to Malfi to see one of the few surgeons capable of performing a unique, painful, and dangerous operation. Hundreds of electro-flexible plates are inserted beneath the subject's skin, and linked into a series of micro-servo's. Using a data-slate, the subject is able to manipulate the plates so that his facial structure is reshaped.

The process is extremely painful; many users of the Malfian Dermaguisse become addicted to drugs to help compensate for the pain. The movement of the plates can tear through the skin or stretch flesh in odd ways. After using the Dermaguisse it often takes days for the skin to heal around the new form properly, although minor alterations can heal much quicker. Over-use of the device can damage muscles and facial tissue, even rendering a subject unable to make normal facial expressions without using the device.

It requires 5 rounds and a Challenging (+0) Tech-Use Test to change the user's visage, which grants a +20 bonus to any Disguise Tests made to impersonate another person and causes 1 level of Fatigue. This bonus increases to +30 after the Fatigue has been removed (as the stretched skin heals). If the Tech-Use Test is failed, the user suffers 1 point of Tearing Damage (not reduced by Toughness) per Degree of Failure as his muscles are strained and his face is torn open by metal. If the test is failed by more than 3 Degrees of Failure, the user must succeed on a Hard (-20) Toughness Test or lose 1d5 Fellowship as his face is permanently damaged. The process of facial reconfiguration may be shortened from 5 rounds to as little as 1 round, but every round reduced imposes a cumulative -10 penalty to the Tech-Use Test.

Good Quality versions of this augmetic include small pigment scrubbers strategically placed all over the body, allowing the user to darken or lighten his skin tone as well. There are no Best Quality versions of this augmetic.

CRIMINAL EQUIPMENT MANUFACTURING AND SMUGGLING

The vastness of the Calixian Sector makes powerful, high profile, criminal manufacturing impractical at best, and suicidal at worst. The underworld has developed over the centuries as a network of completely unrelated groups, rather than as a series of powerful rings. While a few major exceptions exist, such as the Kasbalica, for the most part the hive gangs are responsible for the vast majority of unlawful smuggling and equipment manufacturing. These matters are often left to the Enforcers, as such petty crimes are unlikely to endanger the planetary tithe.

Groups with serious influence, such as the Amaranthine Syndicate, are rare, and usually limited to a single planet. A group of nobles may turn against the Planetary Governor, stockpiling weapons in an attempt to grab power for themselves. As long as this does not interfere with the stability of the world (and thus its tithe) it is unlikely that the Arbitres will become involved. If, however, a group's actions prove to cause too much unrest, or are found to be heretical, then the Adeptus Arbitres will move quickly to respond.

SCAVENGER GANGS

It is the scavenger gangs who build the majority of criminal gear within the Calixis Sector: small gangs, acting alone, attempting to grab power or wealth for themselves. As they are more an underworld society than a unified criminal whole, the Adeptus Arbitres spend vast resources to monitor these minor cells to prevent them from endangering the status quo. While the arrest and punishment (often execution or service as a servitor) is left primarily to the planetary Enforcers, it is not completely unheard of for an Arbitrator to find reason to apprehend a gang leader for his own purposes.

PRODUCTION CONSPIRACIES

Conspiracies are a much bigger threat than gangs, and by their nature much more difficult to uncover. They often incorporate powerful nobles and their well-trained tech-heretics. The Adeptus Arbitres may have only the barest inkling of a conspiracy's operations until it has already begun to flood the underworld with dangerous goods. A dead noble, sabotaged manufactory, or a bloody crime scene are often the first the Adeptus Arbitres know of such activities, and they must act quickly to protect traditional supply lines and equipment storage from piratical action.

Gunmetal City has recently seen a rise in cutter-gangs, groups of skilled individuals who turn a profit kidnapping and disassemble the victim to sell the augmetics. Many nobles go to great length to prevent their abduction, as the captors are nearly impossible to bargain with for release, as the subject is literally worth more dead than alive. Because of the high profile of these crimes, these cutter-gangs don't usually stay together for long.

THE UNDERWORLD MARKET

When a criminal or powerful underhiver figure desires a particularly rare or potent piece of equipment, he must usually contract for its theft. In this way Cyber-mastiff's and other Adeptus Arbitres equipment does worm its way into the hands of less desirable elements. These devices are not typically well maintained, unless the individual who acquired it is extremely powerful, or has connections to the Adeptus Mechanicus. Just as difficult as acquiring the item in the first place, is forging documentation and history that proves the item is legally owned. This isn't often important to denizens of the underhive, but nobles and other "respectable" criminals may employ dozens of Adepts to maintain a legitimate front.



INVESTIGATION

USING AN INVESTIGATION

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ELEMENTS OF AN INVESTIGATION

•

INVESTIGATION EVENTS

•

ENDING AN INVESTIGATION

CHAPTER IV: INVESTIGATION

"All right, all right. Cordon it off. Haven't seen a crime scene this brutal since the last queue riot."

—Arbitrator Rafton Frax

Whether hunting heretics, chasing xenos, or excising the foul taint of daemons, **Dark Heresy** is primarily about rooting out and combating the many threats that face the Imperium of Mankind. These Investigation rules are designed to help GMs with the "rooting out" portion of their Dark Heresy games.

While an investigation may not be the focus of all games, concentrating on the tension and intrigue surrounding a good investigation can be a meaningful experience for players and GMs alike. From the mundane to the world-shattering, these investigation rules should give the GM all the tools necessary to bring a Dark Heresy mystery to completion; from tension-fraught introduction to its shocking final conclusion.



USING AN INVESTIGATION

"It was the perfect crime in every way. My dark masters saw to every detail, from the coercion of Baron Von Gheavi to the elimination of the gun-servitors in the Sub-17 Manufactorum. And I would have been successful if it were not for the untimely interference of these medlesome Acolytes."

—Mad Garvigh, the Duchess of Fingers

Many, though certainly not all, investigations can be broken down into distinct parts: being introduced to the investigation, finding and interpreting the evidence, tracking down the discovered threat, confronting and ending that threat's menace, and then dealing with the aftermath.

THE INTRODUCTION

The first order of business in beginning an investigation-heavy **DARK HERESY** storyline is providing the players with something to investigate. The motive of the Acolytes or Throne Agents is established at this time. This can be made personal, by establishing a given character's connection to the events at hand, or it can be purely professional, as is the case with most assigned investigations.

Investigations are most often initiated by the Acolytes' Inquisitor, though there are a number of other methods that can be used to bring the investigation (and its associated clues) to the players' attention. Anyone who is aware of the characters' connection to the Inquisition can beseech them for aid, and sometimes the characters' cover identities are amenable to different governmental factions of the Imperium or common citizens requesting their aid.

At other times the characters may simply stumble upon a given investigation-worthy scene or event, and the mystery can unfold from there.

THE MYSTERY

Once the players have the introduction, it's time to start working on the event that required the Acolytes' intervention in the first place. There are three main details to flesh out. First, the Investigation will need an antagonist of some sort. This is usually one of the threats the Inquisition was built to deal with—a daemon, a xenos, a heretic—but it can also be a recidivist, a rival agent of the Inquisition, or anyone or anything else responsible for the events at hand. Second, the GM will need to flesh out the mystery itself; the event that the Acolytes are investigating. Perhaps an Arbitrator Precinct has been bombed, an Imperial Duchess has gone missing, or the Acolytes are investigating the mysterious leafleting of a local Schola Progenium with heretical tracts. Finally, the GM will need an appropriate setting for the investigation, anything from an uncharacteristically beautiful, cathedralesque, seemingly empty space hulk to a thickly populated, crime-filled hive world that has been steadily sinking into toxic ash for a millennium.

THE EVIDENCE

At the heart of any good mystery lies a clue, the piece of evidence the Acolytes can use to piece together what is happening (or has happened) that will propel the plot forward. In some cases, the initial clue will be handed to the characters by their Inquisitor. This can be anything from the rumours of disappearances down by the docks to an ancient looking, jewel-encrusted skull found while rooting around the headquarters of a heretical cult. Other times, the Acolytes will be forced to gather the clue or clues for themselves, carefully sifting through the evidence found at the scene of a crime.

Clues can be as abstract or concrete as the GM desires. A clue can be a mysterious vox communiqué, or perhaps one of the Inquisitor's trusted lieutenants informs the Acolytes that the Inquisitor has disappeared, leading the characters on a grand and epic investigation through whatever locale the GM desires (and acting as an excellent combination of introduction and clue).

FOLLOWING LEADS

During this stage of the investigation, the plot is more fully uncovered by the Acolytes. They begin to piece together the details of whatever has happened that has necessitated the investigation in the first place. Pacing and the appropriate establishment or dramatic tension are the most important elements of this section of the investigation.

Sometimes this stage of the Investigation will involve a chase; driving combat bikes through the blazing wreckage of an underhive behind a truck filled with stubber-firing cultists and trembling hostages or tracking a Warp-entity as it gleefully hops from victim to victim, taunting the Acolytes as it goes.

During this portion of the investigation the Acolytes may also encounter all manner of complications with their investigation. The perpetrator may discover that the Acolytes are on to him, and he may start covering his trail or begin to eliminate potential witnesses. If the investigation has stalled, the GM may consider providing the players with a break in the case in order to get things back on track. Perhaps a previously unknown witness comes forward, or one of the perpetrator's rivals provides the Acolytes with an anonymous tip. During this portion of the investigation the GM can also provide the players with plot-specific events as a way of further explaining story elements that pertain to the investigation at hand.

THE SHOWDOWN

Once the Acolytes have uncovered or cornered the perpetrator, the showdown can begin. This portion of the investigation usually relies on the combat rules, though a proper investigation into the weakness of a particularly powerful foe is often crucial to its defeat.

There are numerous types of antagonists to choose from. The Acolytes may be hunting down simple recidivists, lunatics, and crooked Administratum agents or the most vile and dangerous aliens, heretics, and daemons in the galaxy. This is also an opportunity to set a memorable scene. Perhaps

the characters have tracked a vile heretic to his baroque, trap-filled mansion, or the xenos creature the characters have been hunting has decided to make its stand near the dangerously decrepit molten-metal refineries of a nearby manufactorum.

THE RESOLUTION

This is the point when the Acolytes discover how successful they were at killing, containing, or driving off the threat they were tasked to manage. The characters may have managed to save the Planetary Governor's first-born, or were unsuccessful in stopping the manifestation of a now growing Warp-maelstrom. It's at this stage that the immediate consequences of their actions are made known.

Ofentimes, the Acolytes' Inquisitor will make an appearance, explicitly congratulating or chiding the characters based on the mission's parameters. Sometimes the main villain of the story will get away, either as a part of the plot or as a result of player actions. If the Acolytes were successful they may be rewarded with new resources and equipment, perhaps being entrusted with a relic or a squad of Inquisitorially-requisitioned Guardsmen. If their investigation was a failure they may be punished: their income may be cut or they may be assigned particularly heinous or dangerous duties on their next mission. This is a chance for the players to be rewarded for their quick thinking (or punished for their lack thereof). Foreshadowing future threats and other consequences of the investigation are often done at this point as well.

WORKING BACKWARDS

When building an investigation adventure, it can be quite helpful if the GM works backwards from his intended goal. Rather than determining what the Acolytes will be uncovering, and then who is behind the crime, the GM can craft a compelling villain and decide what horrific act that character would commit.

Armed with a fleshed out villain the GM is free to craft a much more realistic storyline. The GM can determine an appropriate showdown and creative minions in the process. Working from the villain backwards also gives the GM a better grasp of the villain's proper motivations. An understanding of what motivates the offender can also be used to present a break in the case, or additional clues when the pacing starts to slow down.

It can also be possible to work from the inside out. If the GM has an exciting showdown location, a creative idea for a chase, or even just a brutal crime scene, he can use that as a starting point for the creation of an investigation-focused adventure.

By working from the middle, the GM can also break the formula. Modern players are likely to be well versed in mystery stories, having enjoyed many in popular media. Creatively dodging or baffling their expectations can provide an enjoyable evening of gaming if done correctly. This can be tricky, however, as the players might feel like their failure was a forgone conclusion.

ELEMENTS OF AN INVESTIGATION

"Well, you fools finally understand what I did, but you will never understand why I did it."

—Klektor Hest, the Dark Hierophant of Tharbellium IV

An Investigation Event is often a smaller part of a bigger adventure, but if the Investigation Event is the main adventure in and of itself, there are a few key details the GM will want to figure out. Investigation Events that represent a whole story—beginning, middle, and end—are in need of four elements: an introduction, an antagonist for the players to pursue, a clearer description of the mystery the Acolytes are unravelling, and a setting in which to do their investigating.

THE INTRODUCTION

This portion of the investigation is designed to provide the characters with the motivation for starting the investigation and seeing it through. It provides a crucial hook, and helps set the tone for the rest of the investigation.

If the GM would like some ideas for a starting point for the introduction they may choose or randomly roll on Table 4-1 Investigation introductions.

Of course, these sample introductions are just starting points for the GM to tailor his own unique investigation. There are numerous other ways for a GM to begin an investigation: perhaps one of the Acolytes receives an extremely compelling vision from an Imperial saint, or finds a pict-transmission from himself that he cannot remember recording.

TABLE 4-1 INVESTIGATION INTRODUCTIONS

Roll	Evidence
1-15	Heresy in Progress
16-30	Inquisitorial Mandate
31-45	Missing Inquisitor
46-60	Incoming Apocalypse
61-75	I've Got a Bad Feeling About This
76-90	Lost in Translation
91-00	A Concerned Citizen

HERESY IN PROGRESS

In this introduction, the Acolytes are minding their own business when an Investigation Event happens in front of them. Maybe the Acolytes witness swarms of recidivists start looting an Imperial arms depot, or perhaps a daemon gruesomely emerges from the chest of a nearby hiver while the Acolytes are heading to a nearby cathedral, or the Acolytes are leaving their favourite bar as two rogue psykers start tossing eldritch energies at each other on the top of a nearby building. The biggest strength of this introduction is that it immediately puts the Acolytes in the middle of the action.

Starting the Investigation: One unique element of this introduction is that the initial evidence can be entirely integrated with the action. If whatever force the Acolytes are set against has a distinct style or method then the Acolytes can witness it firsthand. Of course, the perpetrator may have also left a crime scene, so any of the traditional methods of finding and analyzing evidence should be available to the Acolytes as well.

The who and what of the event are often explained by the time the Acolytes are finished witnessing the event, so the ensuing Investigation will usually involve tracking down a conspiracy or figuring out the perpetrator's motivation. Being in the right place at the right time may be too much of a coincidence for the more conspiracy-minded Acolytes. Of course, it's possible that the Acolytes being witness to this event isn't as much of a coincidence as it seems.

INQUISITORIAL MANDATE

This is the most common type of investigation introduction. In this introduction the Acolytes receive their orders directly from their Inquisitor. While this is often fairly straightforward, it by no means has to be. An Inquisitor can be as direct or cryptic as the GM desires. The other element that will set the tone here is the Inquisitor's mood. You will have a very different introduction depending on whether the Inquisitor seems deeply concerned, is angry, or seems very confident.

Starting the Investigation: The Inquisitor may give the Acolytes a full briefing, he may send them to meet a contact, or he might present them with an artefact. There are numerous ways for the Investigation to proceed from this point.

MISSING INQUISITOR

This Introduction is very much like the Inquisitorial Mandate, but with a twist: the Inquisitor himself is not present. The investigation may be started on the word of one of the Inquisitor's agents (whom the Acolytes may or may not trust), or the Acolytes may simply receive word that their Inquisitor is missing. In campaigns with a particularly aloof Inquisitor, this may be the default means of introducing an investigation.

Starting the Investigation: The Acolytes' contact can provide them with any of the starting points that their Inquisitor can, so this introduction is more about tone than anything else. If this is not the Acolytes' regular means of receiving orders, then the first question that should pop into their heads should be, "Where is my Inquisitor?" The other element that sets the tone is how much interaction the character have had with the contact giving them the orders.

INCOMING APOCALYPSE

This introduction is probably best described as a large-scale Heresy in Progress. Something apocalyptic is happening to the hive, colony, or station the Acolytes find themselves on. Perhaps a giant maelstrom has appeared over the capital city, or a rain of blood begins gushing out in torrents over a once-peaceful Imperial outpost.

Starting the Investigation: In many cases, the event is the main piece of evidence, and the main motivator. In the case of a Warp-related disturbance the Acolytes may be able to use psyniscience to try to seek out its cause. In the case of more esoteric planet-wide events of a disturbing nature, the characters may be able to dig up local prophecies or legends that fit the description of the event at hand and that may help them further figure out whatever strange incident they've found themselves investigating.

I'VE GOT A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS

Of course, it's possible the Acolytes may start an Investigation on their own recognizance. If a particularly perceptive Acolyte notices that something is out of place, it's only natural for him to investigate it.

This introduction can really engender a sense of independence in the players. Additionally, most Inquisitors will see a great deal of potential in an Acolyte able to find a threat to the Imperium, track it down, and excise it, all without any intervention from the Inquisitorial higher-ups.

Starting the Investigation: This investigation begins based upon an Acolyte's own observations. Perhaps a handful of Administratum agents that an Acolyte has regular contact with seem unable to recall previous conversations they've had with him, or maybe the group's psyker gets a sudden and disturbing sense of dread whenever he comes within a certain radius of an otherwise innocuous building.



LOST IN TRANSLATION

A twist on the Missing Inquisitor introduction, this introduction involves the character receiving their orders from an untrustworthy source. In this variant, the Acolytes are explicitly receiving their orders from someone who claims to have the Inquisitor's authority when they do not. For the average Acolyte group this will involve the false authority faking some fairly high level ciphers.

While this is most often done to further some nefarious heresy, the alternative is that someone is circumventing the Inquisitorial system out of desperation. Perhaps an Imperial Navy officer with access to an emergency crypto-communiqué that is only to be used in case of a sector-wide emergency has used it to contact the Acolytes to save his niece from a band of mutants. Of course, it is unlikely that his good intentions will save him from the wrath of the Inquisition once they find out about his misuse of authority, and most Inquisitors will still be furious at their Acolytes for being duped in the first place (regardless of whose fault they claim it was).

Starting the Investigation: This is identical to the way the evidence is presented in the Missing Inquisitor introduction, except any Acolytes who feel they can't trust their contact are fully justified.

A CONCERNED CITIZEN

In this introduction the Acolytes are approached by concerned citizens of the Imperium. While it's true the average group of Acolytes doesn't exactly advertise its Inquisitorial connections, it's often obvious to the casual observer that this is a group that can take care of themselves. This can lead to all sorts of different people in distress coming to them for aid, from the lowliest underhiver to the most refined Planetary Governor.

Of course, the impetus for the investigation can come from any unexpected corner. Perhaps another Inquisitor's Acolyte, maybe even an ongoing rival, is beseeching the players for aid. Perhaps the investigation begins with the characters passing an emergency psychic beacon, or a local tribesman has asked if there is anyone on his feral world brave enough to go into the wilderness and slay the creature that has been plaguing his colony. The point of this theme is that the request originates from outside the regular chain of command of the Inquisition.

Starting the Investigation: Most often, initial contact for this Investigation Event will come from the impassioned plea of a common citizen. In other cases, the Acolytes may receive messages from an anonymous source, through vox, or information simply left for the Acolytes to find. The prestige of the person beseeching the characters may also affect the likelihood of them taking the case. Most Acolytes are more predisposed towards doing favours for Planetary Governors than they are for helping out underhive mutants. Of course, since this request is not backed by proper channels, it's up to the Acolytes to take the investigation or leave it. If they choose not to help out whatever poor soul is asking for their aid, go directly to Ending the Investigation (see page 94).

THE ANTAGONIST

At this point, the GM may wish to begin to characterize the main perpetrator of whatever event necessitated the investigation. This allows the GM to further plan out the theme of his investigation, and can affect the type of adversaries he plans on throwing at the Acolytes. Following the trail of a hardened recidivist leads to a much different kind of atmosphere than trying to track down a many-tentacled cultist of Tzeentch.

Part of this process is figuring out what motivated the perpetrator. The end goal of the antagonist can be as simple or as complicated as the GM would like it to be, but it will usually factor heavily into the nature of the mission. This is especially important when setting up success/failure parameters (as discussed on page 86).

If the GM likes, he can simply roll or choose from the following broad types of antagonists on Table 4-2: Investigation Antagonists.

Now that the GM has the broad theme for the antagonist he has the opportunity to flesh him, her, or it out a bit. See Chapter XII: Aliens, Heretics & Antagonists, starting on page 328 of the **DARK HERESY RULEBOOK**, or the supplements **DISCIPLES OF THE DARK GODS**, **Creatures Anathema**, **THE RADICAL'S HANDBOOK OF DAEMON HUNTER** for a host of sample antagonists, ranging from powerful daemons to foul xenos monstrosities.

TABLE 4-2: INVESTIGATION ANTAGONIST

Roll	Primary Antagonist
1-14	Citizen: This crime was perpetrated by someone with no previous criminal past, from a commoner to someone in the upper echelons of Imperial government.
15-29	Recidivist: This crime was committed by a career criminal.
30-44	Heretic: This crime was committed by a rogue psyker or cultist.
45-69	Xenos: This crime was either committed by something alien, or by someone controlled by a xenos or in league with one.
70-84	Daemon: This crime was committed by a daemon, or someone acting under the direction of one.
85-95	Conspiracy: This crime was committed by a whole host of recidivists, heretics, xenos-cultists, or daemon-worshippers working together.
96-00	Inquisition: This crime was perpetrated by a member of the Inquisition, either as part of a greater Inquisitorial mission or as a heretical act by a rogue agent.

THE MYSTERY

Now that you have a perpetrator, it's time to tie him to a particular plot. A piece of evidence may have been used in the commission of the crime, it may have been left behind by a criminal, or it may have belonged to a victim. It may be the lynchpin in an upcoming ritual, or it may be the only item that can stop the antagonist. Perhaps the characters are tracking a heinous mass-murderer, or they may be trying to locate a particularly slippery witness to a crime. Sometimes an Investigation Event's piece of Evidence (see page 86 for further details) flows naturally from the mystery at hand, other times establishing the clue can provide the spark that eventually leads to a fully fleshed out Investigation Event.

Below are some sample investigation ideas that might warrant the attention of a group of Acolytes.

TABLE 4-3: MYSTERIES

Roll	Type of Mystery
01-14	High Profile Murder
15-19	Missing Witness
20-34	Missing Item
35-49	Heresy
50-64	Infiltration
65-79	Sabotage
80-90	Mayhem
91-00	Something Even Stranger

HIGH PROFILE MURDER

The Investigation focuses on a killing; either the victim was important enough for the Inquisition to investigate or the manner in which the victim was killed indicates that the murderer was a threat to the Imperium. Perhaps it was a Planetary Governor that was assassinated, or the victims are all desiccated husks with various runes scrawled in blood at the scene of the crime.

MISSING WITNESS

Someone with important information about a crime or grave threat to the Imperium has gone missing. This could be a missing Arbitrator-General, a Lord-Admiral's son, or an important NPC that the Acolytes have interacted with before.

MISSING ITEM

Something that would prove vital to rooting out a heresy has gone missing, or a relic or tool important to the Inquisition has been stolen. This can be a dangerous archeotech artefact or a holy relic.

HERESY

Someone has committed a heinous crime against the Imperium by engaging in a proscribed activity or by actively undermining the rule of the Emperor, leaflets spouting heretical texts, seditious speeches, giving succour to the enemies of mankind, and things of that nature.

INFILTRATION

Someone or something is trying to control an important organization within the Imperium through extortion, disguise, or even more insidious means.

SABOTAGE

Someone has destroyed, or is going to destroy, something of value to the Imperium. Perhaps a valuable manufactorum is threatened, or the ancient terraforming structures that keep the planet stable.

MAYHEM

Some agent or force is wreaking large scale havoc and destruction. Perhaps the characters are on the trail of an indiscriminate daemon or a rogue psyker gone mad.

SOMETHING EVEN STRANGER

Sometimes the Acolytes are tasked to investigate something that is simply bizarre or out of the ordinary to make sure it doesn't have any threatening supernatural or heretical significance: archeotech pylons that have lain dormant for years suddenly begin activating or outlandish weather patterns begin over a city.

THE SETTING

The Acolytes now have a reason to start their Investigation Event, and the GM likely has an idea of what it is they'll find once they get there, but the investigation still needs a setting.

The setting should have a sense of character all its own. Though the Imperium expends a great deal of energy trying to prevent it, the galaxy is a very diverse place. There are a variety of different environments in which to set your Investigation Event (see page 249 of the **DARK HERESY** Rulebook for further information on these settings).

As a final touch you may wish to pre-plan how the Acolytes will reach their destination or, if the GM feels so inclined, he may let the players take care of the logistics themselves.

TABLE 4-4: INVESTIGATION SETTINGS

Roll	Setting
1-20	Hive World
21-28	Agri-World
29-36	Forge World
37-44	Developing World
45-52	Feudal World
53-60	Feral World
61-68	Shrine World
69-76	Quarantined World
77-84	War Zone
85-98	Space (Ship, Station, or Space Hulk)
99-00	Other (Xenos Planet, Daemon World, etc.)

THE SCENE OF THE CRIME

Establishing the scene where the Acolytes find their first major clue is an easy way to set the theme for the rest of the Investigation Event. Will the Acolytes be clinically searching a tightly-guarded, cordoned-off area, or will they be picking through junk in a particularly dangerous and decrepit part of a city? Will they be searching a crime scene in the depths of a hive, or will they be plunging into trackless wastes in pursuit of their prey?

To find a physical clue, or to find any other crime scene details necessary to start their investigation, the Acolytes will usually have to pass an Ordinary (+10) Search Test, modified by the following table (roll or choose the most appropriate options):

TABLE 4-5: ENVIRONMENTAL FACTORS

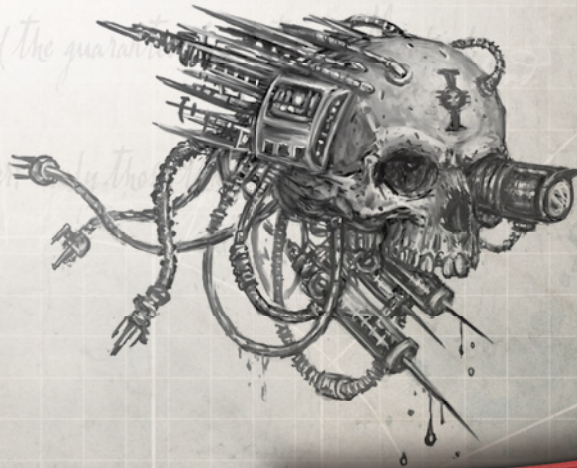
Roll	Scene	Mod	Examples
1-25	Pristine	+10	Administratum Vault
26-50	Clean	+0	Hab-Units
51-75	Cluttered	-10	Hive City Streets
76-00	Total Mess	-20	Under Hive

TABLE 4-6: PERPETRATOR'S SKILL

Roll	Scene	Mod	Examples
1-25	Careless	+10	A crime of passion, Khorne Daemon
26-50	Careful	+0	Professional Scum, a paranoid Acolyte
51-75	Expert	-10	Trained Assassin, Rogue Arbitrator
76-00	Highly Trained	-20	Officio Assassinorum Agent, Eldar Ranger

Miscellaneous Modifiers

The Search skill Test to pick through a given scene can be further modified by the character's equipment, resources, and thoroughness, at the GM's discretion.



INVESTIGATION EVENTS

"Yes, Arbitrator-General, that is an excellent theory, but you are forgetting one crucial piece of evidence..."

—Arkus Thul, Verispex Adept

Investigation Events are a formal way of handling players' interactions with investigations. These rules primarily offer a framework for GMs to use in preparation for an investigation-heavy **DARK HERESY** game and secondarily offer players extended options when using their Investigation Skills.

THE CLUE

At the heart of any Investigation Event is a crucial piece of evidence, the clue from which the Acolytes must extrapolate the details of the case that they are investigating. The GM may pick out a piece of evidence that suits a plot that he already has in mind, or he may start with a clue and use it as his inspiration for fashioning an investigation story.

For the purposes of an Investigation Event, the clue is broadly used to describe anything the Acolytes may come across that will propel the investigation forward. This can include NPC statements, physical evidence, artefacts, recordings, likely witnesses, or any other item or piece of information that can be used to piece the investigation together.

LINKED SKILLS

Linked Skills serve as an easy way to come up with a theme for an investigation. When a given piece of evidence has an appropriate Linked Skill or two, characters who possess those skills will have a much easier time with the investigation. Using a Linked Skill allows the GM to gauge how difficult a given investigation will be for a group. Groups with a low Linked Skill may find the Investigation Skill Test much more difficult, and groups without the appropriate Linked Skill may find the Investigation Skill Test impossible. Linked Skills also makes brainstorming plot ideas for the Investigation Event much easier.

SAMPLE CLUES

Table 4-7: Investigation Clues contain a list of Investigation Skills and some evidence ideas that might be appropriate for them. These clues serve as the lynchpin of an Investigation Event, and are designed for the GM to use as a jumping off point to further flesh out the rest of the investigation. They function as an aid for the GM to brainstorm his own unique **DARK HERESY** mystery. These clues can be as abstract or concrete as the GM likes. Choose from or roll on Table 4-7: Investigation Clues.

INVESTIGATION SKILL TEST

Each Investigation Event has an associated Investigation Skill. This Investigation Skill is the Linked Skill associated with whatever clue, or piece of evidence, that lies at the heart of the investigation. The Difficulty of the Investigation Skill Test depends on the Investigation's Complexity. Complexity also determines the Base Time the Investigation Event will take to complete. For your Investigation Event, choose from or roll on Table 4-8: Investigation Benchmarks on page 88.

A success on the Investigation Skill Test allows the player to roll 1d10 and add the appropriate Characteristic Bonus (as determined by the Characteristic Bonus used for the Test). This value in hours is added to the time considered successfully spent on the Investigation Event. For every Degree of Success the character achieves over a basic success, he may roll another 1d10 and subtract this value in hours from the Base Time the Investigation Event is projected to take. This represents the Acolytes skilfully making leaps of logic, drawing on past experience, or cutting corners in the investigation. Once the Acolytes have progressed the Investigation Event by a preset amount of time the GM may trigger a Plot Point event (see page 90).

A failure on the Investigation Test indicates that no progress has been made. Failing an Investigation Test by three or more Degrees of Failure indicates that the investigation has suffered a serious setback. The GM should add 1d10 hours to the Base Time required to complete the investigation and may trigger a Complication event (see page 90). Failing by five or more Degrees indicates that the Investigation Event has ground to a complete halt. The GM may either declare the investigation a failure, or trigger a Break in the Case (see page 91) to allow the characters to get the investigation back on track.

The GM may alternatively decide to trigger a Complication, Break in the Case, or Plot Point at any time he deems it narratively appropriate to do so and, for Investigation Events of Arduous or greater Complexity, the GM can reduce or increase the Total Time or Base Time (based on the results of an Investigation Event Skill Test) by percentage increments instead of hours.

MULTIPLE PIECES OF EVIDENCE

It's quite possible to place multiple pieces of evidence at a given crime scene that would logically lead players to two or more separate destinations. This is a great way to split an investigation and make it nonlinear. The players will have to choose in what order they would like to follow these leads or, in the case of time-sensitive missions, they may decide to split the group and send Acolytes to cover multiple clues simultaneously.

TABLE 4-7: INVESTIGATION CLUES

Skill	Example Clues
1-2 Chem-Use	A body whose face and hands are covered with a strange, crystalline residue.
3-4 Evaluate	A recently auctioned piece of xenos art or a prized, one-of-a-kind archeotech pistol known to belong to a local Imperial Guard captain.
5-6 Inquiry	An informant's tip that a local hive-gang has come into possession of rare tech. Rumours that the local noble's debauched parties are actually a front for a cult.
7-8 Interrogation	A mostly alive mutant caught in an attack on Arbitrator headquarters. A stubborn, heresy-spouting recidivist who spits on and mocks the Acolytes at every opportunity.
9-10 Logic	A long list of vox-transmission records that needs to be sifted through for patterns.
11-12 Common Lore: Adeptus Arbites	A torn-in-half grapplehawk. The personalized micro-bead of a local ranking Arbitrator.
13-14 Common Lore: Machine Cult	An uninstalled mechadendrite. A specific cog-symbol from a nearby forge world.
15-16 Common Lore: Administratum	A data-slate filled with local Departmento Munitorum records.
17-18 Common Lore: Ecclesiarchy	A pattern of chainsword used exclusively by the local Frateris Militia. A bejewelled Ministorum symbol known to be the artefact of office of a bishop from a nearby sector.
19-20 Common Lore: Imperial Creed	A vial filled with pungent oil popular in local blessings.
21-22 Common Lore: Imperial Guard	An Imperial guard uniform, ripped mostly to shreds, whose colours can be placed but whose rank insignia is missing. An old lasgun with some sort of regimental motto scrawled on the side.
23-24 Common Lore: Imperium	A Ghostfire flower, whose pollen is recognizable as the main export of Iacanthos. Lavish furs sewn in a style that is currently popular in Hive Tarsus of Scintilla.
25-26 Common Lore: Tech	Recognizing the broken pieces of tech on the floor as the inner workings of a particular pattern of vox. Figuring out that a jammed bolt weapon at the scene of the crime stopped working due to improper litanies.
27-28 Common Lore: Underworld	Recognizing a ringed gauntlet as the calling card of a particular feudal world crime family. Figuring out that the scene of the crime is located on the turf border of two opposing hive gangs.
29-30 Common Lore: War	Recognizing to which Imperial Guard regiment a medal found at the scene belongs. Figuring out that the phrase "Remember Acrasius!" scrawled in blood on the wall refers to a famous battle.
31-32 Scholastic Lore: Archaic	Being able to correctly place a book as being popular during the Age of Apostasy.
33-34 Scholastic Lore: Astromancy	Figuring out what is likely on the missing portion of a void chart that has been ripped in half.
35-36 Scholastic Lore: Beasts	Poison covered auto-quills. A pearlescent feather.
37-38 Scholastic Lore: Bureaucracy	Two long scrolls, each with different and opposing stories of a local event, marked at the bottom with the seal of the Historical Revision Unit.
39-40 Scholastic Lore: Chymistry	A vat-barrel filled with an unknown, atrocious-smelling substance.
41-42 Scholastic Lore: Cryptology	A sphere covered in disturbing script, possibly a cipher.
43-44 Scholastic Lore: Heraldry	Half of the banner of an Imperial Guard regiment.
45-46 Scholastic Lore: Imperial Creed	Partially burnt scraps of paper that, upon further inspection, have a particular passage of the Imperial Creed on them.
47-48 Scholastic Lore: Judgement	Recognizing a brand over the left eye of a witness as a common punishment for grave robbers on this planet.
49-50 Scholastic Lore: Legend	Reports from witnesses tell of a giant, mute albino man, whose is rumoured to have haunted a huge cave-network to the north for the last few hundred years.
51-52 Scholastic Lore: Numerology	Recognizing the hidden meaning of a string of numbers being vox-transmitted from an unknown source.
53-54 Scholastic Lore: Occult	An Emperor's Tarot deck. A mysterious symbol etched into the bodies of various murder victims.

TABLE 4-7: INVESTIGATION CLUES CONTINUED

Skill	Example Clues
55-56 Scholastic Lore: Philosophy	Recognizing the intonations of a heretic in custody to be quotes from a famous treatise on loyalty.
57-58 Scholastic Lore: Tactica Imperialis	Recognizing a pattern of las blasts as being regulation, making it likely that the perpetrator was trained by the Imperial Guard.
59-60 Forbidden Lore: The Black Library	A passing reference to the "Halls of Cegorach."
61-62 Forbidden Lore: Cults	A pamphlet glorifying the Emperor as the "Charnel-God of Mankind."
63-64 Forbidden Lore: Daemonology	An icon of one of the Ruinous Powers.
65-66 Forbidden Lore: Heresy	Texts proclaiming to expose the Machine Cult as a cabal of cannibals.
67-68 Forbidden Lore: Inquisition	The personalized seal of an Inquisitor not known to be active in the area.
69-70 Forbidden Lore: Archeotech	Being able to use the controls of an extremely ancient and beautiful holo-map of the planet, detailing numerous geographic features that have either changed or no longer exist.
71-72 Forbidden Lore: Mutants	Partially-burnt pieces of parchment with sketches of grotesquely mutated men and women, with a note proclaiming them "inheritors of the legacy."
73-74 Forbidden Lore: Ordo Hereticus	A Witch-hunter's hat. A locket bearing the insignia of the Order of the Quill (one of the Orders Dialogous of the Sisters of Battle).
75-76 Forbidden Lore: Ordo Malleus	An ancient Nemesis Force weapon that has fallen into disrepair.
77-78 Forbidden Lore: Ordo Xenos	A Space Marine shoulder-plate bearing the insignia of the Deathwatch.
79-80 Forbidden Lore: Adeptus Mechanicus	An ancient cogitator-array, stamped with the cog of the Mechanicus.
81-82 Forbidden Lore: Psykers	A listless witness, who upon further inspection appears to have had her memories psychically erased.
83-84 Forbidden Lore: Warp	A trail of psychoactive ichor. A room that has been warped and stretched.
85-86 Forbidden Lore: Xenos	A small, crystalline box. A shuriken pistol. An Ork choppa.
87-00 Combine Two or More Linked Skills	A venerable bolter pistol, papered with a rare style of purity seal and bearing the crest of a noble house etched into it (Common Lore: Imperial Creed and Scholastic Lore: Heraldry).

TABLE 4-8: INVESTIGATION BENCHMARKS

Roll	Complexity	Difficulty	Example	Time
1-10	Simple	Easy	Discovering marketplace gossip; finding out which Imperial official is in charge of a given area; establishing where the major Imperial holdings are in the area.	1 hour
11-25	Basic	Routine	Learning of a general's major victories; discovering the general history of an area.	6 hours
26-40	Drudging	Ordinary	Finding a general's service record; discovering which criminal organizations hold sway over a particular locale.	24 hours
41-60	Taxing	Challenging	Identifying an obscure poison; finding the identity of the heads of the local criminal cartels.	72 hours
61-75	Arduous	Difficult	Tracing the origin of a machine spirit; searching records for some trace of a redacted local legend.	14 days
76-90	Involved	Hard	Translating an entire tome; finding the true name of a daemon; observing and cataloguing an entire criminal organization.	1 month
91-00	Labyrinthine	Very Hard	Cataloguing a datacrypt; infiltrating a vast conspiracy and discovering the identities of its upper leadership.	1d5 years

ASSISTING AN INVESTIGATION

An Investigation Skill Test can benefit from Assistance (see page 185 of the **DARK HERESY** Core Rulebook). Each assisting character reduces the difficulty of the Investigation Skill Test by one step. Each assisting character must have an Investigation Skill appropriate to the clue being investigated, and no more than two characters can attempt to assist a single Investigation Skill Test. Assistance does not affect the Base Time of an Investigation Skill Test.

Sometimes players will have ideas about how to further an investigation that are beyond the scope of a Skill Test. An Acolyte may choose to stake out a suspicious location, or a psyker may choose to use his power to rip the information out of a suspect's mind. If a character takes a particular action that the GM deems helpful to the case, even if it is not particularly skill-related, the GM can reduce the difficulty of the Investigation Skill Test or, in the case of a successful Investigation Skill Test, award the investigation a number of Degrees of Successes based on how helpful the player's actions were. If a character has taken an action that the GM decides will ultimately be harmful to the case the GM can increase the difficulty of the Investigation Skill Test, or penalize a failed Investigation Skill Test with extra Degrees of Failure.

THE NEXT STEP

Once the time spent equals the Investigation's Base Time, the Investigation Event is a success. The characters receive the information they're looking for and may continue on to

BEATING THE CLOCK

The GM can add tension by keeping strict track of time. Adding plot point events that are set to happen on a regular schedule and/or using a deadline to measure an investigation's success or failure are both valid ways to keep an Investigation Event interesting.

whatever the GM has planned for them next.



Example Investigation Event

Evan is running a game for three of his friends, and wants to include an Investigation Event. He is putting together an Investigation Event for a group of players that already have an Acolyte Cell that works well together. Kevin is playing a toughened Arbitrator, Ian is playing an Adept, and Scott is playing the group's Scum. Evan is introducing a new plot for the evening, and has come up with a solid introduction idea. The group's Inquisitor has gone missing, and his last known location was Hive Subrique.

Kevin's Arbitrator checks the nearest Precinct Fortress and comes back with some startling news. There has been a murder in the hive. This by itself would be no real cause for alarm, but according to the report there was evidence of very high grade plasma weapon discharge, possibly archeotech. The Acolytes' Inquisitor is known to have a treasured archeotech plasma pistol, so the group sets out to investigate the crime scene deep within the hive.

The Acolytes arrive at the scene and their suspicions are confirmed. Lying dead in a pool of his own dried blood is Honorous, a champion of their Inquisitor and an NPC they've met a few times before. The Acolytes begin to search the scene for further clues.

The scene itself is Cluttered, but the perpetrator didn't bother to clean up the ensuing fight so the skill level is classified as Careless. Factoring in the Cluttered and Careless conditions, the team needs to succeed at an Ordinary (+10) Search Test. Kevin's Arbitrator is the designated searcher, and he makes the Skill Test easily.

The Acolytes finally discover a vital clue, an Inquisitorial Rosette, broken in half. Evan tells them that it obviously does not match their Inquisitor's and they begin trying to piece together the mystery of their missing patron.

The Linked Skill for this particular piece of evidence is Forbidden Lore: Inquisition. Unbeknownst to the players, their Inquisitor has been on the trail of an old comrade of his, another Inquisitor by the name of Arestus Hallofax. Hallofax had disappeared a few months earlier, and the players' Inquisitor was checking on an old contact network of Hallofax's that he knew to be nestled within Hive Subrique.

The player's Inquisitor, Hallofax, and a third Inquisitor were all instrumental in sealing away a powerful xenos artefact long ago. Too valuable to destroy, but too dangerous to keep in the hands of any one Inquisitor, the three had placed the artefact on a Warp-capable craft, which they then set to hide itself in various locations throughout the sector. The three sealed a venerable Tech-Priest companion on the vessel but, before they did, the Tech-Priest gave them a cogitator. The cogitator contained the pattern to the Warp jumps, but it also held one caveat. It would only reveal its data if given the proper command code: a cipher that was split amongst the three Inquisitors. Such was the skill of the old Tech-Priest that trying to decrypt the cogitator would almost certainly result in its self-destructing; and so the xenos artefact was safely sealed.

When the first of the three Inquisitors, and then Hallofax himself, disappeared, the player's Inquisitor became concerned and began his investigation. He was ambushed by Hallofax, who had turned from the Inquisition and wanted the artefact for himself. As the Acolytes are investigating the crime scene,

their Inquisitor is being tortured, all the while his psychic defences are weakening, and the Hallofax is coming closer and closer to a breach that will allow him to rip the cipher from the Inquisitor's mind.

The evidence, then, is Hallofax's broken Rosette. The players need to discover who this Rosette belongs to and they will be able to use that information to track Hallofax himself. Because Inquisitorial records are fairly difficult to acquire, even for Acolytes, the Complexity level of this Investigation Event is Taxing. This sets the Investigation Skill Test to a Challenging (+0) Forbidden Lore: Inquisition Test. The Acolytes will have a Base Time of 72 hours to discover the information they seek.

Evan lets the group know that this will be a Forbidden Lore: (Inquisition) Test, and asks them how their characters are pursuing their investigation. Ian states that his adept will be sending an Astropathic transmission back to the Tricorn Palace on Scintilla asking for further information, and will be perusing any Inquisitorial data vaults located in Hive Subrique.

Ian's adept possesses the highest Forbidden Lore (Inquisition) Skill in the cell (at +10) and has the group's highest Intelligence Characteristic, so the group decides that he'll be the one to make the initial Investigation Skill Test. Kevin's Arbitrator also has Forbidden Lore (Inquisition), and declares that he'll assist. This brings the Test's difficulty down to Ordinary (+0), though it doesn't affect the Base Time of the Investigation.

Ian rolls, and gets three Degrees of Success. As a result of this success he rolls 1d10 and adds his Characteristic Bonus (in this case Intelligence). Ian's adept has an Intelligence Bonus of 4 and gets an 8 on the die, for a total of 12. This is the amount of Time Spent in hours that now counts toward the Investigation. Ian then rolls a d10 for each of his Degrees of Success. He rolls 3d10 and gets 22, and 22 hours are taken off of the Base Time necessary to complete the Investigation. The Investigation now sits with 12 hours spent and a Base Time of 50 hours. Once the Time Spent exceeds the Base Time, the Acolytes will have successfully completed the Investigation Event. They will know the true identity of the Inquisitor whose broken Rosette they have in their possession, and once they have a general description of Hallofax they'll be just an Inquiry Test or two away from finding his safe house.

A SIMPLER INVESTIGATION

The Investigation Chapter is designed to allow the GM to pick and choose what elements will suit the session he plans on running. Want to use the Elements of the Investigation section as a springboard for the investigation you'll be running, but don't particularly have any use for the rest of the Chapter? Go ahead. Want to use an Investigation Event but have plans for the rest of the story you'll be telling? Feel free. The different sections of this Chapter are designed to be modular, so you can use as much or as little of it in your game as you desire.

COMPLICATIONS, BREAKS, AND PLOT POINTS

Each Investigation Event has certain events that can be triggered at various points. As detailed above, Complications occur when the Acolytes accrue too many Degrees of Failure or hit specific triggers. Breaks in the Case occur when the investigation completely stalls out and the GM wants to give the Acolytes a second chance instead of declaring the Investigation Event a failure. Plot Points occur as a way for the GM to further the narrative.

COMPLICATIONS

Complications are challenges that occur during the investigation. A Complication usually manifests as an in-game problem that needs to be either role-played or fought through. Successful resolution should provide the players a bonus on their next Investigation Skill Test.

Come up with a unique complication for the Acolytes to face; or choose from or roll on the following table:

TABLE 4-9: COMPLICATIONS

Roll	Complication
1-20	Red-Herring: It turns out that the piece of evidence the Acolytes have is unrelated to the case. They need to return to the scene of the crime and find the real piece of evidence.
21-40	Evidence Stolen: Whatever clue the Acolytes have been investigating is taken from them, either stolen while they are not looking or confiscated by some authority.
41-60	Cover Blown: The players are outed as being Inquisitorial Acolytes (or if they are operating openly, are suspected of being imposters).
61-80	What Are You Looking At?: Agents of the antagonist, or a maybe just a group who is hostile to investigations in general, catch wind that the Acolytes have been snooping around. This can trigger a combat or make the next combat-related plot point more dangerous.
81-00	Official Interference: Someone in the chain of command is pressuring the characters to call off the investigation. They risk a potentially powerful enemy or rival if they continue.

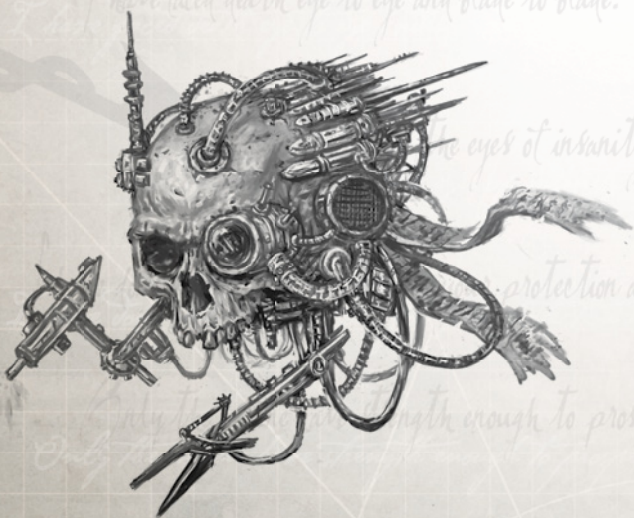


BREAKS IN THE CASE

Failing the Investigation Test by five or more Degrees of Failure means that the investigation has ground to a halt. At this point the GM can allow the Acolytes to fail the Investigation Event, or he can use a Break in the Case event to get the investigation back on track. Each Break in the Case represents an opportunity that the Acolytes can use to find new and different avenues for their investigation. It may involve bringing to light information about the evidence they've already gathered, or it may involve a new piece of evidence altogether. The GM can choose or randomly determine a break from Table 4-10: Breaks in the Case, or come up with one unique to his game.

TABLE 4-10: BREAKS IN THE CASE

Roll	Break
1-20	Anonymous Tip: The Acolytes are given a new lead from an unknown source.
21-40	A New Witness Comes Forward: Someone has seen something important to the investigation, and has chosen now to come forward.
41-60	So I Hear You're Looking For...: One of the antagonist's rivals contacts the Acolytes and gives them either further evidence or a new line of investigation (this type of contact often expects something in return for his help).
61-80	Another Crime Scene/Another Victim: There is another crime either identical or eerily similar to the one that started the investigation. This is especially effective if the Acolytes missed a vital clue the first time around.
81-100	Back in the Lab: Upon further analysis the Acolytes discover a previously unknown property of the evidence they are carrying.



PLOT POINTS

Plot Points are challenges that the Acolytes must overcome that tie into the main story, or that reveal a critical part of the plot. Plot Points can be generic, but they are often tied to a given piece of evidence's Linked Skill.

The GM can come up with his own unique Plot Points; or choose or roll one from Table 4-11 Sample Plot Points.

TABLE 4-11: SAMPLE PLOT POINTS

Roll	Plot Point
1-25	Combat: This is one of the simplest and most common plot point events. The Acolytes are attacked, and have to fight their way out of trouble.
26-50	A Gruesome Discovery: This plot point is used to highlight some evidence of the antagonist's evil nature and/or how important it is that the Acolytes achieve their goal.
51-75	A Sudden Twist: The Acolytes discover that some detail or important belief they have about the case is wrong and have to re-examine the investigation.
76-100	The Plot Revealed: The Acolytes are given information that reveals some something vital to the storyline. The who, what, or how of the case is either hinted at or explained to them.

These are storytelling elements first and foremost, so it is entirely appropriate to mix and match them. Because a given piece of evidence's Linked Skill is so often tied thematically to the plot of the ongoing Investigation, it is often a good idea to incorporate the theme of that skill into the investigation as one of the Plot Points. Below are some sample Linked Skill related Plot Points:

Chem-Use

The Acolytes are unsure of the specific properties of a given chemical. It's up to them whether or not they want to try experimenting to find out what it does.

Evaluate

The Acolytes realize the extraordinary value of the evidence they are carrying around. It is likely that others are looking for it and, if it is revealed that they have it, it's likely they will have to fend off an army of treasure hunters, con artists, thieves, and scoundrels.

Inquiry

Two different sources have contradictory stories they're telling the Acolytes. If called on it, they will both loudly and angrily claim that their version of events is right. If this happens while they are in the presence of one another they will probably start a fight.

Interrogation

The subject becomes seriously wounded during the course of the interrogation and all of his information is about to die with him. He'll need a timely Medicae Test or the Acolytes will be forced to find a new lead.

Logic

The characters are faced with a test or puzzle related to the piece of evidence.

Common Lore: Adeptus Arbites

There is a concurrent Arbitrator investigation that the characters keep running into. It's their choice how diplomatic they want to be, but this is definitely an opportunity to gain an Arbitrator as a contact (or as an enemy).

Common Lore: Machine Cult

The characters are promised unique tech upgrades and equipment (either to continue with or call off their investigation).

Common Lore: Administratum

To get some of the records the characters have requested they are asked to queue for them. Administratum bureaucratic protocols often take years or centuries to see through, so it's probably in the Acolytes' best interests if they find another way to get the information they're looking for.

Common Lore: Ecclesiarchy

The Acolytes are offered blessings and benedictions (either in an attempt to reward them for their continued investigation or to try and get the Acolytes to call it off).

Common Lore: Imperial Creed

A particular passage that is discussed during the course of the investigation really resonates with a certain, particularly devout, Acolyte. He gets a bonus to a later Test, which he recognises as a blessing from the Emperor.

Common Lore: Imperial Guard

A high-ranking Imperial Guard officer is very interested in the investigation. Depending on how successful the Acolytes are, and how they treat the officer, it's likely that he'll become a powerful ally or enemy for the Acolytes at a later time.

Common Lore: Imperium

The investigation takes the Acolytes off-planet to a little-known colony.

Common Lore: Tech

Some of the characters' equipment has been tampered with and begins to work erratically.

Common Lore: Underworld

The Acolytes are approached by a group of thugs who bribe or threaten the characters to get them to drop the case.

Common Lore: War

The Acolytes find themselves in the middle of a live combat zone and have to navigate through it to achieve their objective.

Scholastic Lore: Archaic

The Acolytes are presented with an entity from far in the past (for example, someone who has been in cryo-suspension for millennia), and must either pretend to be from their time period or ease them into life in the present.

Scholastic Lore: Astromancy

The next stage of the investigation is in another star system, but the Acolytes don't know which one, and the directions they have are extremely archaic. They have to consult various old star charts, astro-labes, and a telescope, but they are eventually able to pinpoint their destination in the night sky.

Scholastic Lore: Beasts

The Acolytes must track a ravaging death world creature through a heavily populated area.

Scholastic Lore: Bureaucracy

The Acolytes need to requisition some records from the Administratum but there are hundreds of different offices with obscure names. The Acolytes need to trek from office to office, confronting scribes and finding out what each office actually does, before they are able to find the office with the records they wish to requisition.

Scholastic Lore: Chymistry

The Acolyte investigating the chemical comes to the conclusion that he needs to compare his findings to a related sample in order to complete his analysis. The Acolytes must now start a secondary Investigation Event to track down this new vital clue.

Scholastic Lore: Cryptology

The Acolytes have a code to crack and must find pieces of that code left at various drop locations throughout the planet.

Scholastic Lore: Heraldry

The Acolytes need to find the closest living relative to what appears to be a defunct noble house and will have to question quite a few touchy members of high society to do it.

Scholastic Lore: Imperial Creed

The Acolytes must trace the steps of an Imperial Saint, contemplating his life's works and visiting his shrines.

Scholastic Lore: Judgement

The Acolytes have to participate in an Imperial trial: either as witnesses, prosecutors, or defendants.

Scholastic Lore: Legend

The Acolytes find themselves caught up in a local legend, experiencing events that one of them remembers from the stories of his childhood.

Scholastic Lore: Numerology

The Acolytes receive a vox-transmission that is revealed to be a long string of numbers. They have to interpret the message by discovering its numerological significance.

Scholastic Lore: Occult

The Acolytes have to unravel the meaning of a mad genius occult-laden architecture, with numerous clues nestled within various oddly-built buildings.

Scholastic Lore: Philosophy

A witness in the case gets into a philosophical debate with one of the Acolytes.

Scholastic Lore: Tactica Imperialis

Much like in the Common Lore (War) Plot Point event, Acolytes find themselves in the middle of a live combat zone but, in this scenario, the characters will have to participate in the battle in some meaningful way.

Forbidden Lore: The Black Library

The Acolytes are confronted by a mysterious, shrouded figure who asks them a series of riddles about the nature of Chaos.

Forbidden Lore: Cults

The Acolytes must actively infiltrate a cult and their faiths is tested as cult members ask that they perform a series of more and more dangerous and debased rituals.

Forbidden Lore: Daemonology

One of the Ruinous Powers begins to tempt the Acolytes, offering them whatever they wish in exchange for a Dark Pact.

**Forbidden Lore: Heresy**

An arch-heretic or rogue psyker begins to communicate with one of the Acolytes, offering him power and trying to convince him to turn on his fellows.

Forbidden Lore: Inquisition

The Acolytes are approached by a figure claiming to be an Inquisitor. He demands that they cease their investigation and hand all evidence over to him.

Forbidden Lore: Archeotech

A piece of archeotech in the Acolytes' possession activates in some inexplicable way. It could begin arbitrarily disintegrating things, it could start surreptitiously terraforming the surrounding area, or it may teleport the Acolytes to some random location.

Forbidden Lore: Mutants

One of the characters' contacts (or perhaps one of the Acolytes themselves) develops a new mutation. The group must decide what to do with their valued companion (or the Acolyte must decide whether to try and keep his mutation a secret).

Forbidden Lore: Ordo Hereticus

The Acolytes are informed that they will be receiving reinforcements; the Sisters of Battle are on their way.

Forbidden Lore: Ordo Malleus

A single Grey Knight (or in some cases an entire squad) is sent to help purge whatever threat the Acolytes are facing.

Forbidden Lore: Ordo Xenos

A squad of Deathwatch Space Marines have been tasked to work with the Acolytes.

Forbidden Lore: Adeptus Mechanicus

The machine spirit in the Acolytes' vehicle starts going haywire and it's up to the Acolytes to figure out how to appease it, or the ventilation system in the Acolytes' safe house starts pumping in poison gas instead of scrubbing out impurities.

Forbidden Lore: Psykers

The Acolytes are being psychically attacked in their sleep. Each one has to go through a harrowing dreamscape: confronting some past failure or hidden fear.

Forbidden Lore: Warp

The Immaterium is bleeding through into Realspace in various areas, causing all manner of strange and deadly Warp manifestations (see Table 6-2: Psychic Phenomena on page 162 of the **DARK HERESY** Core Rulebook for some examples).

Forbidden Lore: Xenos

An unfathomable xenos sentience offers the Acolytes a way to transcend their humanity.

ENDING THE INVESTIGATION

"On a thousand worlds and for a hundred years I have traced your every step: through empty hab-blocks and Warp-torn Chartist ships, through blood-drenched monasteries and the burning fields of feudal worlds. A million souls scream out for vengeance. A million souls I was too late to save. A million souls whose cries will finally be quenched in your blood."

—Inquisitor Kavel, confronting the Arch-Heretic Melledescius

The final step is resolving the Investigation Event. The GM should look at how successful or unsuccessful the players have been in seeing the investigation to its close, and reward or penalize them as appropriate.

SUCCESS

First and foremost, the most important result of a successful Investigation is that the Acolytes get whatever piece of information they seek. Sometimes this will be the information that leads them directly to the next part of the adventure. Other times it will be important information to be used later, such as the architectural schematics for a cult's headquarters or a particular daemon's weakness.

More rewards for the successful completion of the characters' goals include: equipment, experience, prestige, contacts, and influence.

FAILURE

The GM should also have a few failure conditions written into the Investigation. This can be as simple as a certain cumulative amount of Degrees of Failure on the Investigation Skill Test, whether or not a certain Plot Point event is botched by the players, or even a hard time limit (good examples of this: the imminent death of a wounded hostage, a ship's self-destruct sequence, or an antagonist's completion of an apocalypse-causing ritual).

Penalties for the characters' failure can include: loss of an important NPC, demotion, shame, or a host of other negative consequences.



EXAMPLE RESOLUTION

Ian's adept has completed his final Investigation Skill Test, and the Acolytes finally have the information they seek. They are able to piece together that this is Hallofax's Rosette and the adept is further able to get a general description of Hallofax from his Inquisitorial contacts. Kevin's Arbitrator and Scott's Scum spring into action. The Arbitrator begins canvassing Precinct Fortresses and the Scum starts leaning on the local criminal element. Eventually the cell finds what they are looking for. Someone fitting the description of Inquisitor Hallofax has been seen coming and going from a decrepit, abandoned hab-block.

The Acolytes enter the building and see their Inquisitor, eyes smouldering, lying barely conscious on the ground. He explains to the Acolytes what had happened to him: at some point during the interrogation he was able to summon his will and break free of the psychic dampeners that Hallofax was using to restrain him, striking at the rogue Inquisitor with his mind. Hallofax, himself an accomplished psyker, fought back, and the two struggled with one another in psychic combat until shortly before the players arrived. Eventually Hallofax got the upper hand and wrested the cogitator passcodes from the Acolytes' Inquisitor.

It was not a total loss for the players' Inquisitor, though, as he was able to plant in Hallofax's mind the illusion that he was dead, and was also able to steal the completed passcode information for himself. The characters are given the full story and the complete cipher just before their Inquisitor passes into unconsciousness. The Investigation Event has been resolved but there are still plenty of questions left unanswered:

Now that Hallofax has all three pieces of the cipher, there's little to stop him from accessing the cogitator array that holds the artefact ship's location (the cogitator itself is located deep in an Inquisitorial vault on a nearby world). Will the Acolytes be able to cut him off before he gets to the cogitator, or will they have to track Hallofax all the way to the ship the artefact is being held on? Can the Acolytes stop Hallofax before he accesses the artefact and, even if they manage to get that far, what will they do when confronted with the chance to control such overwhelming xenos power? What is the true nature of the xenos artefact and whatever happened to that wizened old Tech-Priest, anyway?

Those are all questions that will have to be answered at another time. Evan gives Kevin, Ian, and Scott an experience reward, and ends the game session on a cliff-hanger.

TYING INVESTIGATIONS TOGETHER

There is no reason why the GM can't put together multiple pieces of evidence to tie together multiple story arcs. This method can be used to incorporate multiple, simultaneous, investigations or to string together multiple Investigation Events in order to tell a more epic story. One crime scene may even include a red-herring, leading the cell to track down a different heretic, only to find, after they have completed the investigation, that the true culprit is still at large—waiting to be found.



CALIXIAN MOST WANTED

HIVE SUBRIQUE

•

LORD PROVOST
ARCULE YAMATOV

•

THE SEA THIEVES OF
BELACANE

•

THE SIBELLUS
REVISIONIST

•

MECHASHADES

CHAPTER V:

CALIXIAN
MOST
WANTED

"There are no depths which we may fly above, no chasm we may bridge. It is our duty to fall into the pits, and there drag the unworthy before Judgement."

—Arbitrator Linger

The Calixis Sector is a wretched cauldron of heresy, xenos worship, and daemonic pacts, threatening the God-Emperor's servants at every moment of their lives. In this near limitless sea of criminals, a few are notable: if not for their danger, than for their audacity or strangeness. From the martial law of Hive Subrique to the water-starved world of Belacane, these dangerous lawbreakers make for excellent antagonists for a **DARK HERESY** campaign.



HIVE SUBRIQUE

"The stability of this hive is imperative to the stability of the Calixis Sector. The Adeptus Arbites will maintain control and restore this city to the gleaming beacon of order that it once was."

—Lord Marshal Goreman

Deep within the Calixis Sector, buried in the Malfian Sub-sector, lies the Landunder System. The core world, Landunder, houses some of the most unusual hive construction in the sector, with the majority of hive cities hanging submerged and suspended underneath giant tectonic plates which float on an ocean of chemicals. Beautiful and bizarre as these cities may be, none are as anomalous as Hive Subrique. Subrique is a small continent unto itself, with the bulk of the giant island descending almost to the very bottom of the chemical ocean. What really makes the hive unique on Landunder, however, are the spires that rise from the surface, stabbing up into the sky. With the relatively flat features of the land masses, this makes the Upper-spires of Subrique the highest elevation on the planet. More interesting, however, is the great mass that is the underhive. Made up of equal parts cavernous rock and forgotten architecture, the Down-Spire of Subrique holds many secrets in its labyrinth.

Hive Subrique has entered troubled times. Eighty percent of the population has been tithed to feed the Margin Crusade, this diaspora leaving the hive bleak and empty. Only those quick, wealthy, or clever enough avoided the draft gangs and a fate far off in the stars. A powerful Rogue Trader vessel looms high above, warding off all, be they predator or saviour. The hive government is dead, executed by the Adeptus Arbites, who have seized control of the city. The remaining nobility hides high in the spires, struggling to maintain their stature or aspiring to fill the void in power, even while the hive crumbles around them. The Arbitrators enforce Imperial law and hammer down on all threats to order, while most of the hive below sea level belongs to the gangs of Subrique.

LOCATION

Landunder lies along a stable Warp-route between Malfi and The Lathes, deep in the Malfian Sub-Sector of Calixis. The proximity of the sub-sector to the Halo Stars makes the hive planets within an ideal recruiting ground for the Margin Crusade. Both Malfi and The Lathes rely on many of the chemicals processed from the oceans of Landunder for their own manufacturing, which has made the hives of Landunder wealthy. The planet, which consists of nine hive-cities, is ruled by a council consisting of one leader from each hive, although most of the hives look to Subrique for the more important issues. Throughout the sector, when asked of Landunder, many believe Subrique to be the central hive that rules over the rest of the minor cities. They may be correct in this assessment.

Subrique drifts around the planetary equator of Landunder. Massive archeotech turbines keep the hive mobile, allowing it to navigate through the ocean and around the continents. Normally, these systems require no less than twenty-five

thousand crew for operations; since the draft ships came, through, they have been operating at half capacity. This has led to several close calls, with the hive taking minor structural damage on more than one occasion. Due to the caustic nature of the atmosphere, Landunder has no natural inhabitants, not even at the microaughural level. However, despite the presence of many cities that, technically, classify it as a hive world, many Tech-Priests have treated Landunder as a death world, adapting other life forms to survive the harsh environment. This has contributed to the continuing myth of the cyber-shark.

HIVE-CITY SUBRIQUE

Hive Subrique is the largest of the hives of Landunder, with a total mass of three times that of the standard planetary hives. From sea level, the highest point of the spires is over fifteen hundred metres up. While enormous in scope, it should be noted that the spires above water comprise only one-fifth of the total area that makes up the hive. Below the surface, it reaches depths of well over five kilometres. At the base, Subrique is twelve kilometres at the widest point, and eight kilometres at the narrowest. The submerged bulk of the city is surrounded by the same natural rock that makes up the floating tectonics. From a simple examination, it would appear that a city was built upon the smallest of these earthen plates, and that the constructors of the hive simply built downward, into the island. More thorough study has revealed, however, that Subrique has always been complete, and that all of the stone in and around it has accrued over the millennia. Furthermore, it appears this is an intentional effect; the archeotech generators which power the turbines also produce an electrodynamic field that attracts the heavier elements out of the chemical ocean and calcifies them into the artificial landmass that makes up the outer shell of Subrique. This also serves to purify much of the water immediately surrounding the hive, making reclamation for life support all the easier. As an added benefit, the calcified stone mass is both tough and buoyant, allowing the hive to conserve power that would otherwise be used to keep the city from bobbing in the sea. Since the draft came through, it was hoped that this floatation effect would mean the generators could be used less, thus allowing the engineers who pilot the city to work less strenuously. It seems, however, that when the generators are not running the acidic nature of the chemical ocean begins to eat at the mass of compacted minerals that make up Subrique's landmass. This means that these poor souls get very little rest, and more than once fatigue has led to near-disaster.

HISTORY

Much of the history of Subrique is shrouded in mystery and legend. While the hive-city is clearly of Imperial design, even the most seasoned Cultists of Mars admit to having never seen anything like quite like it. Much of the interior has the appearance of the bulkheads of a starship, as opposed to a manufactured hive-city, leading many Explorators to believe that Subrique may be the remnants of a crashed vessel. In

the depths of the Down-Spire, there are legends that the propulsion systems still work, and that Subrique is repairing itself. They say that, one day, the city will take its place among the stars once more. Regardless of these legends, most of the history of Subrique that is certain has only taken place since Lord Militant Angevin conquered the sector. During this period, the sector was awash with fortune-seekers, pirate captains, and Rogue Traders. Among them, notably, was the Zanatov Dynasty.

Archduke Renald Savatt became the first Lord Executor of Hive Subrique shortly after the colonisation of Landunder during the Great Founding of 450.M39. The Archduke was appointed by Drusus himself and given a specific set of directives by which he and his hereditary line should rule: The Legacy Charter. While the details of these directives have never been made public, and are believed to now be lost to the ages, it is known that the Archduke and successive Lord Executors have made Subrique quite prosperous over the millennia. Savvy business acumen, combined with a natural aptitude for leadership, have ensured that the other hives of Landunder always turn to the Lord Executor of Subrique when it comes to planetary policy in all matters, from governance to trade.

When the most recent Lord Executor came into power, Logan Savatt, it was believed that Landunder was at the cusp of a new golden age of prosperity. This especially seemed true when Corsair-Captain Tarian Zanatov, recently returned from the Koronus Expanse, entered orbit in his battleship, the *Righteous Indignation*, and requested a private audience with the Executor. This encounter resulted in Zanatov gaining exclusive barter rights on behalf of the planet, allowing the Rogue Trader to negotiate all transactions for the resources of Landunder. The output of Hive Subrique increased by ten percent within the first year; the profitability of the hive increased threefold. Productivity, morale, and income all increased significantly, and it appeared that the forecasts were all correct—a new golden age was upon Subrique.

Then came the Margin Crusade. When the Departmento Munitorum draft ships arrived at Landunder, they demanded eighty-eight of every one thousand citizens from each hive-city on the planet. Corsair-Captain Zanatov, viewing the inhabitants of the planet as a resource and, therefore, his to barter, stepped in to negotiate on behalf of the Lord Executor. The people of Hive Subrique held a parade in honour of Zanatov for every day he remained in negotiation, six in all. After all, if he could strike a bargain with the military that was even half as beneficial to them as he did with their trade partners, it would be possible that very few of them would have to go off to the front. On the seventh day, Zanatov was supposed to bring the news of the deal he had struck. In his place came draft teams—tens of thousands of teams from every Munitorum ship in orbit, all descending upon Hive Subrique alone. The deal Zanatov had negotiated was that, instead of eighty-eight out of every thousand citizens from each hive, the Departmento Munitorum could claim seven hundred ninety-two for every thousand from Subrique, alone. The other hive-cities would remain untouched.

For nearly a full year, the draft teams hunted for recruits to fill their quotas throughout the hive. In the upper-spire, the nobility that could afford to pay people from other hives to immigrate to Subrique and take their place did so. In the Down-Spire, the gangs knew all of the best places to hide, all of the labyrinthine tunnels that ensured they would never be found. As a result, the bulk of the draftees came from the middle-spire: factory workers, shopkeepers, hive operators and the like. Of course, many came from other areas. Some Down-Spire residents were too destitute to live higher up, yet too moral to join up with any of the gangs. Likewise, some of the nobility from the upper-spire lacked the skill, drive, or connections to make it as an officer, but still wanted to serve the Emperor in battle. Soon enough, the population had been reduced from almost twenty-three million to just under five million.

The results were devastating. Trade shut down due to lack of both business and employees. Water purification plants could not produce, causing outbreaks of disease. The cyber-mastiff manufactorums could not operate, nor could the mineral farms that provided so much of the wealth of Subrique. Within a few short months, the hive was destitute. For reasons unknown, Zanatov was in near-orbit over the hive-city, threatening to fire on any ship attempting to enter Subrique for any reason, including those bringing immigrants to Subrique. Lord Executor Savatt sent many astropathic transmissions, begging to anyone and everyone for aid. Ecclesiarchy ships brought millions of ration packs, which they traded to Subrique in exchange for a promise that they would make their annual tithe. Savatt agreed, despite the unlikely nature of this goal. For his part, Zanatov would not interfere with the delivery of aid from any source, so long as it did not include manpower. In fact, he would frequently deliver goods to individual hivers who could pay, and he would even, on occasion, make a charitable donation of his own to the people of Subrique. For example, when one of the larger continents was drifting along the equatorial line, engineers had to pilot the hive-city far north to avoid it. This left the hive exposed to an unacceptable level of cold, for which the hivers were unprepared. Zanatov spent a small fortune to provide them thermal life-support units and blankets. At the same time, it is well known that the Rogue Trader has supplied weapons to the most violent of gangs.

During the worst of these times, a form of semi-institutionalised slavery became prominent; for example, gangs would kidnap a few of the turbine engineers, then "ransom" them to their supervisors each morning. Eventually, the gangs would grow more bold, kidnapping the supervisors and renting them out to their managers, then grabbing the managers and selling them back to the project foreman. Once in a while, they would kidnap the foreman, who could only be ransomed back to the Lord Executor. Hesitant though he may be to turn to Zanatov for anything at all, Savatt would occasionally need the Rogue Trader's militia to restore temporary order. Shuttles would land, filled with the private armies of Zanatov. They would hassle any gangs they could find, return any stolen people they could barter for, and leave, just as quickly as they had arrived.

Soon thereafter, several new ships come in orbit over Landunder. The Adeptus Arbites had arrived, in force. They were responding to the decline in production of the cyber-

mastiff manufactory, as well as rumours that the planetary government had broken down. The Arbites were welcomed into the upper-spire by Lord Executor Savatt. They repaid the Executor's graciousness and hospitality with a thorough interrogation, followed by a swift execution. Savatt's advisors soon followed, as did the leaders of the eight other hive-cities, but the executions ended there. Lord Marshal Goreman, though he never set foot on Landunder, personally contacted Rogue Trader Zanatov, seeking an answer as to why he had set the hive up to fall so far. While it is unknown what was said, the *Righteous Indignation* continues its vigil in close orbit.

UPPER-SPIRE

This area of the hive-city sits atop the middle-hive and extends upward into the sulphurous clouds of Landunder. Once the home of all nobility in Subrique, the bulk of these high-rises now serve as the staging area for the Arbitrators in their war against the multitude of gangs below. This zone is, without doubt, the smallest of the three major sections of control throughout Subrique. The upper-spire is considered "safe", as the Arbites have almost complete control here and there is next to no direct gang activity. Judge Marshal Gravus holds command of all Arbitrators on-planet from this area, despite Administratum Command being the official headquarters of the Adeptus Arbites. Some of the men are displeased with this, but no official complaints have been filed. Since the arrival of the Arbitrators, life for the nobility has almost returned to normal. Music is played throughout the spire. Parties are being thrown, though no one outside of the hive can attend, which means that no one outside of the upper-spire attends. A certain amount of culture is resurfacing. This is not to say the nobles do not take a great many precautions, and much of the nobility is so encased by their private security forces that the Arbitrators only see them by appointment.

Unlike many other hive-cities in the Calixis Sector, the top of the spire of Subrique is not considered the most desirable area for nobility to live, requiring a great deal of maintenance due to its proximity to the sulphuric gas that makes up most of the stratosphere, which slowly dissolves the outer walling of the upper-spire. In fact, the midsection of the Upper-spire has a superior view through the plasticrete observation windows. During sunset, along the equator, the sunlight cascades across the chemical ocean to produce a myriad of rainbow effects considered so beautiful they say men have been driven mad by the sight. Lord Executor Logan Savatt kept his main living quarters here before his execution. A great deal of property in this zone has opened up, though the Lord Executor's quarters were taken by Judge Marshal Gravus. He hosts many parties for the nobility here, both as a means of displaying his command and demonstrating how safe the upper-spire is. Corsair-Captain Zanatov has been spotted here often, and it is believed that he has taken a role in attempting to soften the image of the Judge Marshal. The Judge Marshal seems to believe that the Arbites will be more successful if the nobility feels there is no danger to their homes. After all, were it not safe, would he choose to reside here, instead of behind the heavy fortifications of Administratum Command? Of course, he still maintains a heavy layer of Arbites-run protection and

private security inside of the most secure apartments of what was already the safest area of the entire hive. This is not lost on a portion of the nobility that believes the Adeptus Arbites should have simply appointed a new noble to rule the hive, then departed. However, even as this group conspires to undermine the efforts of the Arbitrators to restore order, all of those involved in this 'Grey Chamber,' as they are known, can be seen at every Zanatov-sponsored event. Still, the danger this group poses remains quite clear and Gravus has them monitored with great scrutiny.

MIDDLE-HIVE

The Middle-Hive of Subrique is an area of the city consisting of all operations, manufacturing, and services. Although "Middle-Hive" refers to the floor of the hive-city that is at sea level, the first several levels either up or down all belong to the Middle-Hive as well. It is also worth noting that the actual 'middle' of the hive is several kilometres below the surface of the chemical ocean. This area has hab-domes where farmers once tended to exotic fruits and grains kept fresh for purchase by the nobility above. Most leisure parks are in this zone, as well, and children at play used to be a common sight here. The Middle-Hive was divided into five sections, presumably by civil planning adepts, thousands of years ago.

Beyond these ancient divisions, one major feature to the Middle-Hive has been added over the centuries. Fearful of the growing mass of the underhive, the Master Engineer for Subrique ordered a major undertaking that would, in theory, save a great amount of the hive should the unthinkable happen and the city begin to sink. In the event that the Down-Spire becomes too burdensome for the rest of the city, gigantic blast doors will slam shut, sealing off the lower city, whilst well-placed explosives will detonate, separating the turbine system from the lower bulkheads. This would, in effect, completely separate the underhive from the rest of Subrique, leaving the Middle-Hive free to pilot away while the Down-Spire sinks into the chemical ocean. While the separation explosives systems have clearly never been used, the blast doors have been employed on a number of occasions

of civil unrest (see Angels of Vigilance in 'Gangs of Subrique', page 102) to protect vital systems and noble citizens from the random destructiveness of the common man.

PORTS AND RECLAMATION

Much of the border area between the chemical ocean and the bulk of the hive-city is devoted to large pumps that draw the liquid into water reclamation plants. The design of the turbine generators ensures that the harder elements in the water directly surrounding the hive are absorbed into the earthen superstructure that encases the Down-Spire beneath the waves. This water can then be pumped by the giga-litre into reclamation plants, where the water can be separated from the remaining elements. This system provides clean, potable water to Subrique, as well as all of the other hives on-world. Since the draft ships came, workers for the reclamation centres have become much more difficult to obtain. As a result, the price of fresh water has risen significantly, and a few of the hives have begun to import water from off-world.

Also located near the shore are the ports of Subrique. Though not often used, there is an occasional need for sea vessels. Some are used in deep-sea mining operations, while others are simply luxury ships for the nobility. The ports are vigorously patrolled, as the Arbites keep watch for vessels from other hives trying to dock for purposes of unloading unauthorized immigrants or to export any of the various illegal substances being manufactured in the lower levels of the underhive. There is some suspicion in the ranks, however, that this vigilance is futile below the waters, there are many other entrances into Subrique in the form of sealed-off hatchways. Any vessel coming in would have to be capable of underwater travel, as Subrique is the only hive-city with any direct access above-water. This stands as yet another reason why it is so crucial that the Adeptus Arbites make headway into the underhive.

HAB-DOMES

These large domes shelter organic growing areas from the harsh, unliveable environment. Though not very large, the domes produce a great deal of food, when the workforce exists. At maximal production, enough food has been grown to supplement the imports from various agri-worlds throughout the sub-sector. Since the loss of much of the population, however, there are no farmers to produce even enough food for what few people remain. As a result, while the rest of the planet's hive-cities have continued to draw on imported foods, Subrique has never established the necessary connections with these agri-worlds, and attempts to call on them have proven quite difficult. Some believe that Zanatov may be responsible for this lack of co-operation, though it does not help that Subrique has nothing to offer in return. The Ecclesiarchy has sent Ships of Mercy with basic rations, under the condition that the hive provides them with reports on progress towards re-establishing their ability to tithe.

With five domes in total, only two of them serve the purpose of growing food. Such food includes fruit trees imported from elsewhere in the sector, as well as grains, which contribute to reserve stores of food while allowing bread-making and



amesec processing. These domes contain thousands of garden rows, with each row containing a sophisticated irrigation effort and requiring hundreds of labourers to ensure optimal growing conditions. Since the Great Tithing, much of these foods have either rotted on the vine or overgrown, with no one to harvest and process them. The agri-domes are kept under tight guard by the Arbites, despite their lack of value. Unfortunately, Arbitrators are not trained to farm.

The other three hab-domes simply contain grassy areas where the nobility can bring their families for recreation, as well as constructed gymnasium areas where children play. Since the Great Tithing, many gangers take advantage of the relative abandonment of this area, choosing to loiter in the children's play area. Arbitrators make somewhat regular patrols through these areas, but, with so many other high-profile targets for civil unrest, these playgrounds are not felt to warrant the attention of the peace-keeping force.



MANUFACTORUM

If one were to look for a reason as to why the Adeptus Arbites were so interested in getting Hive Subrique and its affairs back in order, one would not have to look any farther than the hive-city's manufactory and the product for which the hive is most well-known: the cyber-mastiff. Of course, Lord Marshal Goreman would say that it is the duty of the Arbitrators to restore order to a hive-city of such excellent repute as Subrique, but even the lowest-ranking adept can find a direct correlation between the decline of mastiff production and the surge of Arbites into the hive-city. Along with the cyber-mastiff, Subrique also manufactures vital integrated components for grapplehawks. This area is also responsible for harvesting various elements from the chemical ocean. These elements become compounds, which are taken to The Lathes to be manufactured into any number of the weapons, armour, and other goods for which these planets are known.

Of course, even with order mostly restored in the Middle-Hive, restoring production is still faced with a major obstacle. Most of the population that Master Enginseer Dahsuniks has deemed intelligent and worthy enough to work in the Manufactory has been shipped off to the Margin Crusade. As a result, the manufactories are only operating at fifteen percent of the manpower necessary to meet production quotas. Judge Marshal Gravus, upon arriving on Landunder, met with Dahsuniks and inquired, with all due respect, if the standards for employment could be lowered until the crisis had passed. Enraged, the Master Enginseer stormed away and refused to meet with Gravus again for one standard Imperial month. Once communications between the two were re-established, the Judge Marshal, in a display of tact and obvious coaching from a Tech-Priest of his own, apologized and stated that he only wanted to know if the standards for intelligence had any room for negotiation. Dahsuniks, assured seeing that his demands, namely that anyone who set foot in the manufactories be worthy of the privilege of assembling the sacred technologies, were being taken seriously by Gravus, agreed to begin testing the populace and accepting candidates who did not necessarily meet high standards of aptitude. It is believed that the Master Enginseer may begin using cybernetics to enhance the intellect of his workers. However, even with the new hiring practices for the Manufactory, the quotas for tithing will be impossible to meet without an influx of people to replace the population that has been lost.

ADMINISTRATUM COMMAND

Administratum Command used to be the headquarters of the Planetary Defence Force, when Subrique had one. It is a large compound covered by an opaque blast-dome, capable of withstanding several minutes of sustained fire from starship-class weaponry. Inside the dome, artificial daylight is projected at all hours. Before the draft, Administratum Command housed a small contingent of Arbites, no more than a platoon at any given time. Many of these Arbitrators are still around, and there are rumours that these Subrique veterans are disgruntled at being passed up for the Arbites command position, now that the

Arbitrators have assumed civil authority. If this is the case, no one has brought it to the attention of Judge Marshal Gravus.

In addition to training grounds for the Planetary Defence Force, the Administratum Command compound also houses and maintains cyber-mastiffs for use throughout the hive. In fact, thanks to being the largest manufacturer of these cybernetic beasts, Subrique has the most expansive cyber-kennel in the sector. Here, specially-trained Priests of Mars train the animals, while ensuring that the machine spirit does not reject the foul creature to which it has been bonded. Here is also where the cyber-mastiff is programmed with its primary function, be it hunting or combat. Many Arbitrators have requested transfer to Subrique, simply to get a chance to work with these constructs, as the waiting list to requisition one anywhere else in the sector is quite long.

THE EMPEROR'S QUARTER

Despite its name, the Emperor's Quarter does not take up a full quarter of the Middle-Hive. In fact, it takes up the least total area, comprised of two very large structures: the Cathedral of the Golden Throne and the Drusian Repository of Sacred Learning. The former is said to be the first building constructed that was not an original part of Subrique, and it underwent a great deal of remodelling once the planet was reconquered. The Sacellum, the largest shrine on planet, is an immaculate throne crafted five metres in height from solid gold and inscribed with High Gothic prayers penned in bronze. Standing to the right of the throne and crafted in equal height out of platinum is Saint Drusus. To the left of the throne and similarly crafted of silver is Lionel Zanatov, founder of the Rogue Trader dynasty.

The Drusian Repository of Sacred Learning is the primary means of gathering information on-planet. Here, many texts of religious, scholastic, or scientific knowledge have been gathered over the millennia. Unlike most other hive-worlds in the sector (or the Imperium as a whole, for that matter), the Lord Executor of Subrique has often encouraged the citizens of his city to learn. To this end, every Lord Executor has held a contest during a festival held once every ten years. During this decennial event, each citizen is allowed to search the repository in the hopes of uncovering some new truth that the Executor has never found himself. Should a citizen bring forth a new piece of information, the Lord Executor will typically reward this person with wealth or a unique prize suited to the truth found. This has, of course, led to the decennial visit from the Ordo Hereticus, usually ending in the execution of the winner and a friendly reminder to the Lord Executor that ignorance and faith go hand in hand.

Unfortunately, many of the tomes from the repository were out on loan to citizens when the Great Tithing began. As a result, quite a few books now sit in apartments whose owners will never return, or worse—irreplaceable texts are actually out with the Margin Crusade. In any case, a great deal of useful information has been lost to Subrique forever.

THE DOWN-SPIRE

The vast bulk of Hive Subrique, the Down-Spire, or "underhive", presses deep into the ocean which covers the majority of Landunder. Subrique, it is said, was once much smaller. The nature of the mighty generators that power the leviathan city also pull elements from the sea, adding to the mass of land beneath the tides. More than half of the usable area has been added over the millennia, creating a need for subterranean landscaping. Much of the Down-Spire is often referred, has been carved out of this earthen materiel, adding more room for what was an ever-expanding population. Now, the majority of this space goes unused. After the Great Tithing, enough homes were emptied that families no longer had to share their space or live in the caverns. For many, this came as a mixed blessing. Trade owners had been drafted and starving families soon turned to looting with no enforcement of law to stop them. Soon, what families remained were living in relative comfort. Still, the emptiness of the halls were a sad reminder of all those the community had lost. Then the gangs took over.

The Down-Spire is divided into thousands of levels, sections, sub-sections, neighbourhoods, communities, regions, and cooperatives, many of which overlap. Underhivers identify themselves by one or more of these. In fact, other than those blessed with grunt-work in the Middle-Hive, most residents have never been outside of their representative zone. Toward the centre of the Down-Spire, or "the core", as it is oft referred, the walls are composed entirely of metals and seem more like bulkheads of a ship, with large corridors winding throughout the structure. Spacious, open areas seem more like storage hangars than anything else, and the undertowns that have sprung up in them over the centuries seem odd and out of place. Steel catwalks are suspended above in great numbers and, when the catwalks become too crowded with improvised homes, they form entirely new communities. These bridge-towns are their own separate neighbourhoods, despite the towers from the levels below which jut up through the catwalks.

The further away from the core one travels, the more the surroundings seem to be composed of rock. The mineral build-up surrounding the core below the surface of the chemical ocean has great tunnels built throughout it, creating an entirely different environment. Constantly being expanded upon, the waste of these areas is made up of collected mineral deposits that are the bulk of saleable output for the hive. So valuable is the waste rock removed from these tunnels that, if Subrique were sold off and mined, adepts believe that the profits could be used to build two hive-cities and the Imperium could use the mined ore to build an entire division of tanks. Thus, it is a common saying that the Great Imperial Tithing took the least valuable resource Subrique has—its people.

The core of the Down-Spire, which runs through the central axis of the hive, is encased in an adamantite shell with sealed access hatches every few hundred levels. These have not been opened at any point recorded since the history of the hive began. Master Engineer Dahsuniks

has, for some time, been trying to gain access through the machine spirits' protocols, but has been unsuccessful thus far. However, his diagnostics have shown that even emergency power is divided so that this section of the hive is always powered. It is an enigma that has frustrated him for the last two hundred years, since he first came to Subrique. It is said that the first Lord Executor, Renald Savatt, had access to this area, but that the knowledge of how to gain access died with him. This secret, it seems, may very well die with Subrique itself.

GANGS OF SUBRIQUE

As the governor of any hive in the Imperium can attest to, hive gangs are usually about four or five Standard Imperial Hours younger than the hive-city itself. The names and nature of these gangs change just as frequently as their rosters, but certain facts remain—life in a hive-city is harsh. Everyone must take steps towards survival, and those who band together have a much better chance at it. This can lead to great communities with excellent co-operative capabilities and is the framework for a model Underhive society. However, a few recidivists in every hive discovered this as well: to thrive is better than mere survival. Those who break the law and survive can thrive, and those who thrive can decide how affected they must be by the inherent harshness of life in a hive-city. Thus, gangs form in the Underhive of nearly every hive-city in the Imperium. Subrique is no different.

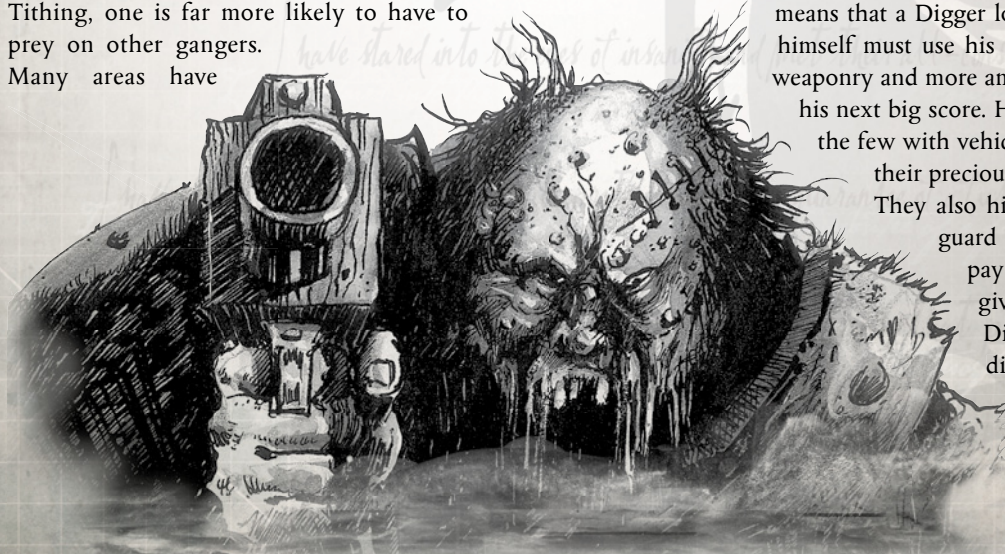
Nominally, the gangs of Subrique function in very much the same way as the noble houses, though to make this suggestion to either one of these groups is not recommended. Usually, there is a system by which worth is proven, though the gangs prefer worth be determined by deed, as opposed to birthright. Those who have accomplished great things, by the "laws" of their gang, have earned the right to rule and are deserving of obedience. Most often this is by obtaining power, food, money, or weapons for the gang or for oneself. Usually, this means taking it from those who cannot defend themselves. In Subrique, however, because of the Great Tithing, one is far more likely to have to prey on other gangers. Many areas have

local gangs—not the large, somewhat organized kind of gang that makes a name for themselves, but smaller gangs with simple, usually anti-social tendencies, such as murder-gangs or bands of thieves. The larger gangs almost always do away with these small bands of thugs, largely because they find groups of murderers to be counter-productive. Thus, the meek are given some respite simply because it is simpler for gangs to fight each other than to hunt down easily stolen resources.

After the tithe ships came, but before the Arbitrators, a number of young nobles banded together to hunt down gangers in the Underhive. Whether they were looking to prove themselves to their elders or they were just seeking thrills is unknown. What is known is that these cross-spire hunters made it down about half a dozen levels from the Middle-Hive before they ran into the Angels Vigilante. The Angels, or Vigilantes, as they are also called, slew the nobles that ventured Down-Spire. They then made it clear to every underhiver they could gather that the upper-hivers were coming to exterminate them all in some sort of class war. With a small army, including many members of other gangs, they retook each level and pressed well into the Middle-Hive before the Lord Executor, in one of his final acts, ordered the blast doors closed and separated the middle-hive and the underhive. Many gangers did not make it back. After this, in appreciation for the protection, many underhivers brought food and goods to the Vigilantes without having to be robbed. Shocked by this, the Angels decided to stage a similar incident after the blast doors had been reopened. It did not meet with near the same success. Since then, the Angels have tried to make sure that the common underhivers do not get hurt too badly in the skirmishes between the gangs.

An entrepreneurial gang, known as the Diggers, have made a name for themselves by mining many of the best resources to come out of the outer walls. While technically a gang, they are quite comparable to a business; they report to an upper management, scout areas for mineral composition, and attempt to pay off whomever might own the areas they wish to mine before resorting to brutality. The Diggers are one of the wealthiest of the underhive gangs and members who perform well are rewarded monetarily. This means that a Digger looking to make a name for himself must use his rewards to purchase better weaponry and more ammunition in order to make his next big score. However, the gang is one of the few with vehicles—giant trucks that haul their precious cargo to the Middle-Hive. They also hire out to other gangers to guard their trucks. Because they pay well and don't sit on a given area terribly long, the Diggers do not have many direct enemies.

The Skarlok Ragers, on the other hand, are



enemies with everyone. Filled with the angriest Down-Spire youth, this gang spreads out from the Lower Tips of the Underhive, taking resources and even people as they see fit. Extensive users of combat drugs, their brutality and anger are the stuff of nightmares throughout the Down-Spire. It is said they brew their own drugs near the very bottom of the hive-city. The truth is even more frightening—Ragers have been seen in the company of a creature most alien to all who have laid eyes upon him. With sunken eyes, he watches them. With bony fingers, he directs them. With blistered and stretched features, he smiles upon their works. If there is a hierarchy to these savages, this fiend must surely be at the top. Those the Ragers kidnap are brought to the Tips and tortured, their very cries of agony distilled, through means unknown, into Skikhrane, a drug that removes pain entirely. Recently, they have stepped up their kidnappings, meaning they have also likely increased production of this drug, most assuredly at the command of their dark leader. What this means for the hive is unknown, though the presence of this monster would explain the eagerness of Judge Marshal Gravus to reach the Lower Tips.

When the tithe ships came, they only wanted those physically able to fight, or, at least, those they could make physically able to fight in a short amount of time. Many of those too weak, scrawny, or physically unfit were rejected by the drafters, even if they wanted to fight! This led to the formation of a gang whose original moniker has been lost. Due to their incapability to fight, they quickly and aptly became known as the Rejected. The coming of the Arbites would change this. Early in their attacks on the Underhive, the Arbitrators tried a popular tactic—they released a small compliment of twelve cyber-mastiffs into a section of the Down-Spire and let them handle the hard work. Two returned. One was never heard from again. Nine were "appropriated" by the Rejected through a manner unknown to anyone but these crafty gangers. The beasts had been tamed by those deemed too weak to be packed into flak and thrown in front of bullets. After a few more attempts to reclaim this property led to more stolen mastiffs, Gravus passed a General Ordinance, disallowing the animals from being used anywhere near Sector 7G. The Rejected changed their names to the Bandogs, and use their cyber-mastiffs to brutal effect in enforcing control of their zone.

Then, there is the group of armed malcontents known, succinctly, as the Antilaws. The Antilaws do not seem to have any concern for what happens in the Down-Spire, so long as the Enforcers stay out of it. They lead the frontline battle against the encroaching Arbitrators. Antilaws are the most co-operative gang, with members joining any group that seeks to oppose 'rule from above,' this being their term for everyone in the Middle-Hive and up. They also show no regard for the safety of others, firing high-explosive ordnance regularly into even small groups of "RuFAs," as they call individuals seeking to restore order to the Underhive. They spread tales of the depravity of "King RuFA Zanatov" and his puppet, Gravus, as a means of recruitment. The Diggers have shown concern over hiring any of them to guard their convoys, due to the Antilaw

tendency to pick fights with anyone above the sea level. Despite this, the Antilaws are very well armed and supplied by Underhive standards, rivaling even the Diggers in terms of weapon quality.

The final gang of note, the Zanatovians, is named for the Rogue Trader who orbits the planet in his mighty starship, and is modelled after his crew. The leader of the Zanatovians, Heideus Krell, claims to possess the Legacy Charter. The Charter, long believed lost to the hive-city, is a set of directives said to have been designed by Saint Drusus himself and Lionel Zanatov at the founding of the colony, millennia ago. It is said that this document was meant to be passed down and executed by each successive Lord Executor, and that following these guidelines would ensure the safety and prosperity of Subrique for all time. If Krell does possess the Charter, he has a great and invaluable relic that has been touched by divinity. Many scoff at the idea that he has it, stating that, if he did, Corsair-Captain Zanatov would most likely have torn the hive apart, killed Krell in the worst way imaginable, and taken it. While he has clearly not done this, Zanatov has supplied the gang with plenty of weapons and resources—supposedly. The Zanatovians are well-armed, with boltguns being their weapon of choice. They wear patch-worked flak, modelled after the praetorian look of Zanatov's own crew. Their goals, at this point, are not apparent, and they are very secretive. Most of their activity is focused around the Core of the Underhive and the secrets that lay within.



RUMOURS AND SECRETS

After the Great Tithing removed a bulk of the citizenry, and after the resources became scarce, many citizens of the hive-city had to take up the duty of leaving their communities, in most cases for the first time in several generations. They did not know what they would find, nor if they would ever return. Some of them found food, some found fuel for personal generators, some found horrors they could never have imagined, while others found a swift death at the hands of Ragers, murder-gangs, simple fate, or powers far more sinister. What many of them found, though, were other simple citizens of the hive. This was a blessing, as many communities were certain they were all that was left. With these strange travellers, they would often trade stories. People would combine what they knew with what others knew and, soon, tales and legends began to circulate throughout all of Subrique.

The following rumours are formed through collective knowledge, spread out over all of the hive-city. The GM should make sure that these rumours are heard in the appropriate locations. For instance, very few Underhivers know much (or anything at all, for that matter) about Judge Marshal Gravus. Likewise, a noble would likely be in no position to overhear which Angel of Vigilance is most popular with the people of the Down-Spire at any given moment. The GM's discretion will no doubt be the best guide for when and where a rumour should be dropped to the players.

UPPER-SPIRE RUMOURS

Judge Marshal Gravus has a reputation as a stern and competent leader, but it is well known that he is having some trouble executing his duties, partly because Zanatov is ordering him to hold the collective hand of the nobility. What is less well known is that he has taken a mistress on-planet. Some nobles have begun to whisper that the Rogue Trader set this relationship in motion, perhaps in order to gain something to hold over the head of Gravus. Others believe the mistress may work for another group altogether.

There is much concern as to whether Corsair-Captain Zanatov will seize control of Subrique. Some of the nobility, educated in such things, say that he has all hereditary right to do so, while others claim that there is no existing proof that his ancestry had anything to do with the founding of the hive, only circumstantial evidence; and that if he were to take command, it would constitute an act of treason against the Imperium. The Rogue Trader himself has expressed no interest in hive governance whatsoever.

The Grey Chamber, in an effort to show that Arbitrators and Enforcers are not the key to controlling Subrique, have been supplying weapons to the Antilaws. They do so through indirect channels, as the gang would never accept any kind of gift from RuFAs, but everyone knows where their equipment comes from. Some of these Grey Chamber nobles have attended the parties that Gravus has been hosting. When one Dorian Verulius, a known member of the Grey Chamber, arrived at one of these events, nine men had to hold

the Judge Marshal back from arresting, or possibly killing, him. Zanatov, it is rumoured, explained to Gravus that killing Verulius would not send the correct message to the nobility, whatever that message may be.



MIDDLE-HIVE RUMOURS

With the success that Subrique has enjoyed with the cyber-mastiff, it only seemed reasonable to try engineering cyber creatures. Legend speaks of one such attempt: KR268. A terrifying beast, KR268 was created when the Tech-Priests imported a huge, aquatic animal, fifteen metres long with three rows of teeth and a fin growing out of the top of its back. They used their most successful patterns to introduce cyber-augmentation and musculoskeletal enhancement, and fitted a plasma torch to the top of its skull. The intended outcome was that an army of these monster fish would patrol the waters around Subrique and put a halt to inter-hive smuggling. Unfortunately, the natural loyalty functions present in the brain of a canine were nowhere to be found in the brain of this beast. It escaped into the seas of Landunder, where it should not have been able to survive, according to the Tech-Priests involved. However, to this day, some vessels out in the chemical ocean, occasionally spot something in their auger sweeps. Most of them write it off as simple auger ghosts, but everyone knows the tales of KR268 and, whenever a ship is reported missing the rate of crew desertion increases dramatically.

Judge Marshal Gravus was stunned when he heard that gangers were loitering in the hab-domes. That the planetary defence force did nothing to discourage this brazen snubbing of authority made him all the more grateful that they were all either shipped off to war or executed. Currently, he has some of his top lieutenants working out plans to let the gangs know that, should they show their faces in any of the Arbitrator-controlled portions of the hive-city, he will kindly eradicate them. To this end, plans are being drawn up to secretly mine the hab-domes. If this rumour is true, it will mean the absolute end of Subrique growing food for itself.

UNDERHIVE RUMOURS

The Arbitrators have, for some time, been wondering exactly how the gang known as the Bandogs was able to take control of their cyber-mastiffs. While it is believed that the majority of engineers who manufactured them were taken by the tithe ships, it is possible that one escaped into the Down-Spire, and now serves (or perhaps leads) the Bandogs. If this is the case, this Tech-Priest would become Dahsuniks' most sought after target. The offender would be killed, but their knowledge would be harvested to better improve cyber-mastiff productivity. Also, it is believed that the twelfth mastiff from the original group that was sent down and subsequently captured is still out there, roaming passageways confused and dangerous. An eerie, metallic howl can be heard echoing throughout the tunnels on some nights.

The Skarlok Ragers, it is rumoured, serve a very dark power indeed. The creature they have been seen with is xenos in origin. Some who have heard the description have whispered the word, "Haemonculus!" Since the arrival of Zanatov, many adepts have been working furiously to decipher his lineage. Why they do this is unknown. Perhaps to discredit him, or unravel the secret of his protracted interest in Hive Subrique. Regardless of the reason, there seems to be a slight familial connection between the Zanatovs and the Krells. Many adepts admit that, in a large enough sector, this could just be coincidence. However, since this information was revealed to

Judge Marshal Gravus, his already secret orders regarding the Zanatovians have been completely rewritten.

Many suspect dark times ahead, should the Core somehow open.



THE SPIRE STALKER

"No Arbitrator, nothing out of the ordinary last night. Just the normal screams that always come from Lord Bransmyth's personal chambers."

--Attendant-scribe Portoni during interrogation

In the soaring spire of Hive Sibellus, someone is killing nobles. Almost every night for the last month, the murderer has struck. The targets are high-born noblemen and women, family dignitaries of leading merchant houses, wealthy hive-officiates, and any possessed of the status and power to dwell in the luxury and splendour of the spire. The victims are found inside their well-guarded quarters, slain in a bloody frenzy of slashing cuts.

No clear evidence has been found, but panicked witnesses talk of a speeding devil flitting through the air, while hazy spy-lens pics suggest a dark, winged figure, possibly female. The high society scandal-mongers have quickly drawn their own conclusions and fixed upon the individual they consider the most likely culprit. This person is none other than Lady Etula Vellomina Hax, niece and ward of the Sector Governor himself. The gossips cite the young noblewoman's introverted and morose nature, as well as her occasional flashes of temper and her exceptional ability with a duelling blade, as clear evidence of her dangerous character. The stories say that every night she dons a xenos altered synth-skin suit that boosts her strength and agility and goes out hunting, some say to alleviate the claustrophobic boredom of her life, others that she is compelled to unleash a hidden inner rage.

The wealthy occupants of the spire are at once delirious at the hint of scandal and terrified of being the victim. Patrols and sentries have been tripled, mostly through the employ of private muscle, and there is a clamour for the authorities to catch the so-called Spire Stalker. Groups of young noblemen are attempting to take matters into their own hands, wandering the spire after dark, armed with duelling rapiers and pistols, half drunk or drugged (or both). So far they have killed someone's pet bird, but little else.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Governor Hax himself requests an audience with the ranking Adeptus Arbitres Marshal in Hive Sibellus and asks for assistance in the matter. The rumours regarding his niece are embarrassing, to say the least, and could potentially be damaging to his position and authority. He wants the matter resolved quickly and quietly—and the real killer stopped to clear the taint from Lady Etula's reputation. Hax is wise enough to understand that the ordinary hive Enforcers are not used to this sort of situation, requiring as it does a delicate touch because of the political ramifications. Also, many of the spire



dwellers consider themselves largely above the authority of the local Enforcers, who are really just there to keep the masses in line. An Arbitrator will carry at least a little more weight among the high and mighty. The Acolytes may be given the task because such investigations are really not in the normal purview of the Arbitres. Using the player characters keeps things somewhat unofficial and therefore deniable should anything go wrong.

An alternative hook into this adventure can be used if the Acolytes have particularly close ties to any of the major merchant houses or are indebted to one in some way. The threat of the Spire Stalker is causing business contacts and house dignitaries from other planets to stay away and this is now jeopardising a vital trade deal. The impending financial disaster means that the house in question wants the problem removed as soon as possible (although their rivals may have other ideas).

Once their services are engaged, the characters will have to get their bearings within the fabulous and sometimes bizarre world of the spire estates, mansions, galleries, and promenades of the hyper-wealthy. Almost everyone they encounter will have status, power, and influence, ranging from considerable to astronomical, so they need to think carefully about who they upset. And, of course, if the Spire Stalker does turn out to be Lady Etula, the characters will have to tread extremely carefully.

The Spire Stalker



WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
55	48	47	28	51	37	51	30	29

Movement: 5/10/15/30**Wounds:** 11

Skills: Acrobatics (Ag), Awareness (Per), Climb (S), Concealment (Ag), Dodge (Ag), Shadowing (Ag), Silent Move (Ag).

Talents: Ambidextrous, Assassin Strike†, Catfall†, Dual Strike, Frenzy, Leap Up†, Lightning Reflexes†, Melee Weapon Training (Power, Primitive), Sprint†, Step Aside†, Street Fighting, Two-Weapon Wielder.

Armour: Custom combat suit (Head 1, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 1).

Weapons: The combat suit includes built-in monoblades mounted on each wrist (1d10 R; Pen 0; Balanced).

Equipment: Jokaero Altered Synth-skin Suit (Grants a +20 bonus to WS, Strength, Agility, and Perception (included in profile) as well as providing extra Talents while it is worn (marked with † above) that improve on the wearer's natural abilities. It also has mono-fibre wings that double the wearer's Leap distance. The suit is close fitting and made to fit its wearer perfectly. Implants lock into the nervous system on the spine, neck, and limbs to ensure exact synchronisation of movement. Designed and tuned specifically for the Spire Stalker, its effects will be greatly reduced should anyone else try to use it, and they would need to have precisely the same body shape as well.

GM's Note: The Skills, Talents, and gear listed above pertain only to the individual's activities as the Spire Stalker. He or she will have further rules and possessions based on their real identity.

GM's NOTE:

The adventure hooks, stories, and plots provided in this section can be utilised in a variety of ways—anything from the main thrust of an adventure, to a diverting side mission, or merely 'background noise' providing texture and detail to ongoing events in the world the player characters inhabit. Of course, the GM should feel free to change any of the names and locations to suit his campaign.

This can help to make sure the player characters are in the right place to get involved in the action and provide a sense of continuity. Players who encounter one of the antagonists provided here will find the encounter much more rewarding if it is someone they have heard of or encountered.

A variety of storytelling tools can make these characters come alive for the players. Perhaps one of their Adeptus Arbites contacts cannot help them as well as he normally could, because he is hot on the trail of the spire stalker. Maybe more and more gangs start showing up with tailored drugs, totally unrelated to their current investigation, these drugs can form clues to a later conflict with another criminal.

CLASSIFICATION: HOUSE KRIN LEVY VERIFICATION
 DATE: 009819.M41
 AUTHOR: ABACUS FACTOTUM (LEVEL 4) DESIGNATION 107.B
 SUBJECT: TITHE DEFICIT
 RECIPIENT: TITHE-PROCTOR KROFFIOUS
 MY MASTER,

IT IS WITH GREAT REGRET THAT I INFORM YOU OF THE CONTINUED DECLINE IN TAX LEVY (CLASS 1 AND 2) RECEIVED FROM TWO OF THE MINOR TRADE HOUSES LOCATED IN HIVE SIBELLUS, SCINTILLA.

THE HOUSES IN QUESTION ARE HOUSE DROGAR AND HOUSE PIKKOFULE, UPPER-MID TIER OPERATIONS, WHO HAVE A TRADITION OF ALLIANCE AND COOPERATION DATING BACK NEARLY 700 YEARS TO THE BLACK-KNIFE MERGERS. BOTH ARE LARGELY INDUSTRIAL MANUFACTORY CONCERNS, WITH SMALLER OFFICES AND SHIPPING HUBS ALSO BASED IN HIVE TARSUS.

BOTH HAVE STRONG LINKS AND ARE CONSIDERED TO BE AFFILIATED WITH THE DEVAYNE INCORPORATION. DROGAR AND PIKKOFULE EACH HAVE A HEREDITARY DEBT, WITHIN THE NORMAL RANGE, BANKED WITH HOUSE KRIN. EXPENSE OF VARIOUS COMPETITORS IN THE SECTOR, ENOUGH TO RAISE THEIR CLASSIFICATION FROM CENTRAL-MID TIER STATUS (WITH THE APPROPRIATE INCREASE IN TITHING LEVELS). HOWEVER, THE LAST YEAR HAS SEEN A MARKED DOWNTURN IN TRADE AND REVENUE, AND BOTH HOUSES HAVE FAILED TO MEET THEIR DEBT LEVY REQUIREMENTS. ACCORDING TO AGENTS OF THE TWO HOUSES, THE PROBLEMS HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY A SERIES OF SUPPLY SHORTFALLS AND A MAJOR EQUIPMENT MALFUNCTION, RESULTING IN A SIGNIFICANT LOSS OF WORKFORCE. HOWEVER, THEIR ACCOUNTS SEEM TO EXHIBIT SOME DISCREPANCIES WITH THE FIGURES RECEIVED.

WHILE I WOULD NEVER WISH TO OVERSTEP MY BOUNDS, MIGHT I HUMBL Y SUGGEST THAT HOUSE DROGAR AND HOUSE PIKKOFULE SHOULD BE INVESTIGATED FOR INCOMPETENCE, WITH A VIEW TO COERCIVE FORECLOSURE.

LORD PROVOST ARCULE YAMATOV

"Sire, I do humbly apologise for disturbing you in your private study, but I seem to have discovered a considerable discrepancy in our ledger accounts."

—Abacus-Factotum (Supervisory) Grivdal [missing]

The agri-world of Hesiod's Wake is ruled by Governor Thule, a dutiful man who works diligently to ensure his planet meets its tithe quotas, which feed, for the most part, the hive world of Clove. He is, however, a man with a tendency to lose himself in the detail and minutiae of operational activities rather than delegating and directing. As such, he is viewed as an eager but weak leader, with little oversight or authority over his subordinates. Worst of the bunch is Lord Provost Yamatov, effectively Thule's second in command. Head of the dominant trade cartel on the planet, he has connections in every level of society and across the sub-sector. His position has allowed his trade fleets to secure the best routes and charters, and he actively channels wealth that rightfully belongs to the Governor's planetary treasury into his personal coffers. Every deal and exchange, large or small, which occurs on the world includes a kickback or a profit-skim into Yamatov's estate vaults.

The other local masters of agriculture and trade on Hesiod's Wake would love to see Yamatov fall from power, but most are corrupt to some extent and many are in the Lord Provost's pocket. The planet's out-of-the-way location has allowed it to avoid close external scrutiny up to now; however, it is surely just a matter of time until the Administratum notices the meagre tithes or Governor Thule realises the truth.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

The characters may be visiting the planet for another reason—delivering a message or escorting a prisoner, for example—when the action begins. Alternatively, they could intercept an Astropathic call for aid from the Arbites precinct in the capital city. Either way, they arrive to discover the world of Hesiod's Wake in turmoil. Governor Thule has discovered Yamatov's embezzlement and confronted his trusted aide, only to be gunned down in his own office. News of the assassination has spread quickly through the populace and it seems that the Lord Provost intends to set himself up as ruler in Thule's place, declaring himself over the citizen address system as Grand Land-King (an inflammatory reference to traditional titles dating from before the governance of the Imperium). The working populace is in confusion. Nobody quite knows what is going to happen. Some are jubilant, some are fearful. There are riots and protests springing up in the capital and outlying centres, and crops are being left to wither and rot. The local Enforcers are doing little about it, having received muddled and sporadic orders from their superiors. Many of the senior officers of the Enforcers are loyal to Yamatov (or at least have been bribed), and his first order of business is to secure control of them and the other armed forces on the planet.

The Arbitrators stationed in the capital are preparing to storm the government building, intending to apprehend Yamatov and restore order. However, Hesiod's Wake has been an unproblematic world for many centuries, and thanks to its low-risk designation does not have a large contingent. To make matters worse, their commanding officer was visiting the government buildings when events started to unfold and has not been heard from since. Consequently, they will welcome the assistance of any Arbites characters and their trusted associates, as they could be facing large numbers of local enforcement officers. The characters can join the main assault or attempt a more stealthy entrance as they see fit. Either way, they should ultimately find their way to the inner sanctums where they discover a number of murdered dignitaries, as well as the Arbites Marshal, shot in the back of the head. Reaching the Governor's office, they encounter more of Yamatov's cronies, but the Lord Provost himself has fled.

With the remainder of the other Arbites forces still embattled in the halls and corridors, there are two pressing tasks. The first is to restore order to the building, the



city, and ultimately the planet. There are still plenty of aides, functionaries, and politicians scattered hiding about the place that can assist in this endeavour, provided the proper persuasion and leadership. They may also be able to locate the officer commanding the local Enforcers and eliminate or arrest him, perhaps after coercing him into ordering his troops to stand down. The citizen vox-caster system is also available to help reassert wider control. An Adeptus Arbites character could even find him or herself acting as temporary Governor of the entire world for a short time.

Alternatively, or additionally, the characters may want to pursue Yamatov. When defeated, the traitorous Lord Provost flees in a small flyer to one of his many holdings on the planet. From there he moves to avoid capture until he can arrange transport off-planet. At this point he will take direct command of his fleet of merchant vessels, becoming effectively an un-sanctioned trader (in other words, a pirate). At what point the characters catch up with him depends on their ingenuity, strategy, and how quickly they act. Yamatov could become a long term nemesis, whose pirate vessels reappear sporadically, well after the trail has gone cold, to restart the chase.

Lord Provost Arcule Yamatov



WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
42	43	34	39	35	36	46	41	53

Movement: 3/6/9/18

Wounds: 14


Skills: Awareness (Per), Charm (Fel), Barter (Fel), Command (Fel), Common Lore (Imperium, Merchant, Underworld) (Int), Deceive (Fel), Evaluate (Int), Intimidate (S), Inquiry (Fel), Literacy (Int), Trade (Int).

Talents: Air of Authority, Decadence, Exotic Weapon Training (Needle Pistol), Jaded, Melee Weapon Training (Power, Primitive), Paranoia, Pistol Training (Bolt, Las, Primitive), Peer (Government, Nobility, Underworld).

Armour: Light Carapace (Arms 4, Body 5, Legs 4).

Weapons: Power Sword (1d10+5 E; Pen 6; Balanced, Power Field), Needle Pistol (30m; S/-/-; 1d10 R; Pen 0; Clip 6; Reload Full; Accurate, Toxic).

Equipment: Yamatov's precise gear will depend on when he is encountered, although he will always have flamboyant robes and his signature weapons (above). However, he is an extremely wealthy and influential figure with access (given time) to pretty much anything he desires.



+ TRANSMITTED: MUNITIONS OVERSIGHT OFFICE DUTROS, HETH	+RECEIVED: 4248819.M41 +TRANSCRIPTOR: AUTO-LOGISTER (2ND CLASS) PUTILE GOR-QUOLE
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SUBJECT: REGARDING MUNITORUM SUPPLY BREACH
 FOUR DAYS AGO (LOCAL TIME) THIS OFFICE WAS INFORMED
 OF A BREACH IN SECURITY PROTOCOLS THAT OCCURRED TWO
 WEEKS EARLIER (LOCAL TIME).

THE INCIDENT TOOK PLACE DURING THE LOADING OF
 THE HEAVY BULK CARRIER TOIL OF DRUSUS DOCKED
 WITH ORBITAL SUPPLY STATION TERSHIC. THE CARRIER
 WAS BEING LOADED WITH A VARIETY OF WEAPONS AND
 ORDNANCE MANUFACTURED ON HETH AND BOUND FOR
 THE IMPERIAL NAVY SUPPLY DEPOT AT [CLASSIFIED].
 PRECISELY 2,034 CONTAINERS (EACH WEIGHING JUST
 OVER 4 TONNES EMPTY, MAX CAPACITY 48 TONNES) WERE
 DELIVERED FROM THE PLANET, LOGGED, AND VERIFIED
 BY DOCKING PORT OFFICIALS. HOWEVER, ONLY 2,033
 CONTAINERS MADE IT INTO THE HOLDS OF THE CARRIER.
 AN EXAMINATION OF LOGS AND RECORD DATA, A
 THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE DOCKING HUB, AS WELL
 AS PRELIMINARY INTERROGATION OF ALL PERSONNEL
 PRESENT, SUGGEST THAT THE LOADER SERVITORS
 HARDWIRED INTO THE CONTAINER LIFT ERRONEOUSLY
 PLACED THE CONTAINER ON BOARD ANOTHER VESSEL. I
 AM TOLD THAT SUCH A GLITCH IS EXTREMELY UNCOMMON,
 AND WAS PROBABLY OVERLOOKED AMID ALL THE ACTIVITY
 IN THE LOADING BAY. NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE OVERSEERS
 AND ADMINISTRATORS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BAY ARE
 BEING DEALT WITH IN THE SEVEREST POSSIBLE MANNER.
 THE SERVITORS IN QUESTION HAVE BEEN REMOVED FOR
 CODE-ANALYSIS AND PROGRAMME-PURGING.

THE ACTUAL LOCATION OF THE CONTAINER IS STILL
 TO BE DETERMINED, AS 17 OTHER CRAFT WERE IN THE
 PROCESS OF LOADING AND UNLOADING IN THE SAME
 CARGO BAY. TWO WERE STILL DOCKED WHEN THE BREACH
 WAS DISCOVERED, AND SEARCHED IMMEDIATELY. FOUR
 WERE SUCCESSFULLY HAILED, BOARDED AND SEARCHED BY
 PORT AUTHORITIES BEFORE THEY WERE OUT OF RANGE.
 THIS LEAVES ELEVEN VESSELS THAT SUBSEQUENTLY JOINED
 A CONVOY OF OVER 200 SHIPS, BOUND FOR SCINTILLA.
 ASSUMING THE BREACH WAS A SIMPLE MISTAKE (WHICH
 SEEMS THE ONLY VIABLE EXPLANATION), YOU SHOULD BE
 ABLE TO RECOVER THE CONTAINER WHEN IT ARRIVES
 WITHOUT UNDUE EFFORT.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION, THE CONTAINER MANIFEST RECORDS
 ITS CONTENTS AS INCLUDING, AMONG VARIOUS CASES OF
 SMALL ARMS AND AMMUNITION, ONE SEISMIC TORPEDO.

THE SEA THIEVES OF BELACANE

"Planetary Output increased 0.00002 percent. Most excellent work, Forge Master."

—Administratum Tithe-proctor Velnius Crum

The Forge World of Belacane, located in the Markayn Marches, is a hot, dry world shrouded in the polluted exhaust clouds of industry and baked in the harsh glare of its sun. The endless factoria, refinery plants, and vast forge complexes are well supplied by the rich mineral content of the planet's crust, tirelessly mined in enormous operations that have permanently scarred the planet. The world constructs a large variety of items, mostly large-scale military structures such as defence bastions, command bunkers, and drop-fortresses, as well as small arms including the ubiquitous lasgun and stubber weaponry. Consequently, Belacane is considered a vital link in the protection of the sector, one that the Imperial Guard, in particular, relies upon. It is not surprising that the Tithe-Proctors of the Administratum keep a close watch on the Forge World's levels of output, their factotums checking and scrutinising the manufacture logs and tithe scrolls to ensure that Belacane does its duty to the Emperor and does not fall behind on its quotas.



The Forge Masters and Forge Lords are the lofty individuals charged with the responsibility of running and ruling the planet. These high ranking members of the Adeptus Mechanicus are so heavily augmented with bionic and cybernetic implants that little remains of the human beings they once were. Now they are almost entirely machines, driven by cold logic and complex calculation to determine the optimum course of action in any given situation. It was this implacable logic that led Forge Master Hierox to undertake unusual efforts to maintain factory output. The steadily increasing levels of choking smog in Belacane's atmosphere has resulted in an incremental and ongoing rise in surface temperatures on the planet as more and more of the sun's heat and radiation have become trapped. This led to an increasing shortage of one vital resource—water. Although the Forge Lords requested extra supplies from off-planet through official channels, Hierox estimated that this could take decades, assuming the request was even granted (of which there was no guarantee), and, during that time, the world's manufacturing totals would decline markedly. Consequently, the Forge Master calculated that the only viable course of action was to take matters into his own hands (or servo-actuated pincers, to be accurate), and obtain a large supply of water in as efficient a manner as possible. This was eight years ago.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

The player characters are asked to investigate the strange claims of Missionary Balborran. Balborran is stationed on the planet of Munska, a feral world in the Josian Reach, bordering the Markayn Marches. The world has a temperate climate, with roughly 45 percent of its surface covered in seas and oceans, and is sparsely populated by hunter-gatherer tribes who forage and fish to survive. Balborran is the only off-worlder on the entire planet, dedicated to bringing the word of the Emperor to the natives, carefully converting their own nature-totem worship to bring it in line with belief in the Emperor of Mankind. Imperial servants in such isolated positions have been known to become somewhat eccentric, if not downright deranged, and as such the Missionary's reports of drastically sinking sea-levels were not taken seriously—assumed to be over-exaggerated and alarmist ramblings about some naturally occurring phenomenon. However, subsequent messages of increasing urgency and talk of famine and drought has finally drawn the interest of the Adeptus Arbites. The world's only real use to the Imperium is to supply manpower—its people rounded up and press-ganged into the Imperial Guard or some other indentured task—so a threat to the population finally warranted investigation.

On arrival at Munska's largest settlement (a tiny village by Imperial standards), the characters discover that Missionary Balborran is indeed somewhat erratic in his behaviour. He has, after all, been alone amongst the feral populace for nearly nineteen years. The Acolytes are the first outsiders he has spoken to in all that time, and his language and mannerisms have been tainted by local customs. Nevertheless, it is clear that his reports were accurate, for the settlement, which lay on the coast just eight years earlier, is now not even in sight of the sea. Instead, there is a vast undulating plain that

used to be the seabed, pock-marked with the occasional pool of rotting weeds. With one of their major food sources eradicated, not to mention unprecedented and violent weather patterns caused by the shift in the ecosystem, the natives have suffered greatly from malnutrition and famine. Many believe that they have angered their gods by adopting the new customs introduced by Missionary Balborran. As such, there is a growing antipathy towards the holy man and the greater, if unknown, Imperium that he represents. The characters may attempt to aid the Missionary in restoring faith in the Emperor (or at least averting Balborran's death at the end of a hunting spear) with pious speeches or a show of force. They will then be able to ascertain that the locals have witnessed strange, magical lights in the sky, far off out over where the sea used to be.

THE PROCESSING PLATFORM

After travelling over the dry seabed, by whatever means are at their disposal, the characters will discover the cause of the problem just over the horizon from the former shoreline. An enormous industrial platform designed to float on the surface of the waves now lies aground, slightly askew, sitting in a shallow lake—the last dregs of the sea. The whole area stinks, thanks to the piles of dead fish and other sea-life, swarmed over by thousands of scavenging creatures. The platform is equipped with a massive pumping apparatus to process vast amounts of sea water using polymerising chemicals to render it into more manageable volumes. The vital liquid was then shipped away in heavy bulk lifters from the sizeable landing station on the upper level. Operations appear to have ceased and the facility is in the process of being shut down and stripped of equipment that can be efficiently salvaged, ready for use in a similar platform on the other, larger ocean mass of the planet. A small flyer is currently visible on the landing pad.

The characters can easily infiltrate the semi-abandoned facility, encountering off-line servitors and work-teams performing final tasks before relocation to the second platform. They will be able to determine the Forge World Belacane as the platform's origin, by analysis of control systems, interrogating Tech-Adepts or interpreting iconography that adorns the platform and the vessel. Ultimately, they will discover that Forge Master Hierax is the architect of the operation, and that he is presently overseeing operations on the second platform. They may then choose to reach his location by stowing away aboard the flyer, or hijacking it, before it leaves.

THE WEIGHT OF NUMBERS

When Forge Master Hierax is finally confronted he has no contrition for his actions, despite the devastating climatic change he has unleashed on the inhabitants of Munska. As far as he is concerned, the simple numbers clearly justify the water harvesting. Moreover, Hierox is accompanied by a delegation from the Adeptus Administratum led by Senior Tithe-Proctor Velnius Crum. Crum is here to review the operation that has pulled back Belacane's tithe deficit and even increased planetary output. The maintained supply of military hardware for the Emperor's armies outweighs the loss of a handful of feral aboriginals a hundred times over and the Tithe-Proctor will not brook any interference. The characters have to decide whether to bow to the authority of the Administratum or to take some sort of action—either direct sabotage or, through official channels, to protect the local population. The Acolytes' opposition to the harvesting of Belacane is liable to make them some powerful enemies.

Status Report: Equipment Redeployment
ATT: Factorum Administrator Blann (Second Assistant, Lord Harane Pikkofule)

Administrator Blann,

I must protest in the strongest terms about the continual redeployment of vital equipment away from levels 102-170. As you know, completion of repairs in this zone are critical if House Pikkofule is to have any hope of making up its shortfall, so I cannot imagine what project is so important as to take priority over the work for which I am responsible. In the past few months, four sizeable gantries, as well as numerous heavy grade scrap grinders and bulk loaders, leaving hundreds of work-slaves standing around unable to fulfil their assigned duties. Dozens of servitors disappear daily, re-tasked to other areas, apparently with authorisation codes from your own office. Your subordinates have repeatedly informed me that no such authorisation has been issued, so I can only assume that some other operation is underway, the details of which I (despite my loyal service and authority for Monitor Station 11) do not have a need to know. I have to warn you that even after reducing sleep rations, increasing flogging, and exceeding the usual thresholds for overheating risk, there is now no way that I can finish this project on schedule unless the missing equipment is replaced.

Could I also remind you that it is standard protocol to notify the Factorum Monitor Station of any labour-force adjustment at least 4 days prior to enactment. If you must requisition my resources, at least take the time to let me know.

Factorum Monitor-Clerk (Chief) Clobist.

THE SIBELLUS REVISIONIST

"If your official designation is absent from the roll of deeds, your egress will be denied."

—Spire Portal-Archivist Wist

The merchant houses and great families of Calixis regularly engage in political battles, power-mongering, espionage, and, on occasion, violence to gain some form of advantage over their rivals. However, the Sibellus Revisionist has an approach that has seen some of the most influential individuals in the sector reduced to poverty and, even more remarkable, there is little or no record of how this occurred. Indeed, there is no record of these once-mighty men and women having ever existed. They have been expunged from history, deleted from librarium archives, removed from hereditary lineage logs, and purged from the roll of charter. This is the unique genius of the Revisionist, for the Imperium is nothing if not bound by bureaucracy and red tape. If there is no written evidence of a person's status,



then they have no status. If there is no record of their family, then they cannot rule a house. If their access authorisation is invalid, then they cannot even gain entry to their own spire estates. Even if associates and colleagues have been dealing with the individual for years, they must abide by the written evidence, the currency codes, the identity ciphers—to do otherwise would be unthinkable. After all, how can you trade with someone who doesn't exist?

And so, these great men and women, these pillars of commerce and icons of nobility, find themselves barred from their estates, their tremendous wealth inaccessible, their assets reverting to the Governor (or quietly appropriated by their rivals). Some refuse to leave, pathetically complaining and crying at the spire gates, but with no evidence of their standing but the finery they are wearing, they are usually taken as thieves and dragged away by the Enforcers. Some have ended up in work gangs, and some have met their end in the underhive—few have any idea how to survive once removed from their life of luxury. A lucky few are taken in by a loyal friend (those who have such a thing), but any attempt to rebuild their reputation is doomed, and chances are their benefactor will be tainted by association with the crazy fool who claims he is the great lord of an estate that patently does not exist.

Only a high-ranking member of the Administratum could have anything like the power and access to achieve such total deletion of a person. There are, of course, branches of the Adeptus founded with the express purpose of creating 'accurate' historical records: revising, clarifying, and deleting as is deemed necessary. However, the Sibellus Revisionist is not part of any such legitimate organisation. He is an aberration, whose actions would be considered an abomination by his fellow Administratum adepts, dedicated as they are to the exact accounting of every last detail. How the Revisionist became so corrupted is not known, but he appears to be under the delusion that the net result of his actions is to increase efficiency and that ultimately he is improving the tithe output of the hive. Whether or not this is the case, such actions certainly do not lie remotely within his purview.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Arbitrator characters may become aware of the Sibellus Revisionist, if they witness a dispossessed noble clamouring at the spire gates before being forcibly removed by the local authorities. Alternatively, a merchant-lord could arrive at the Precinct-Fortress in full finery, exotic retinue in tow, demanding that the Arbites 'pull rank' over the ignorant hive officials who refuse to allow him access to his own ship.

There is a small window of opportunity, as it will take a day or so for the complete eradication of all the records pertaining to the claimant. While it may be possible to find witnesses and associates who are willing to confirm his story, despite the lack of evidence, the characters will need to find some sort of documentary evidence in order to convince the Adeptus Administratum that something is amiss. They certainly won't be amenable to the outrageous idea that their information is incorrect or that one of their own has

tampered with the facts. The Administratum Overproctors will be keen to get rid of the investigators and look into the matter internally. If the characters can garner enough influence to insist on their continued involvement, they will then have to negotiate the mind-boggling complexity of the Administratum's hierarchy and arcane systems of cataloguing, calculation, and record-keeping in order to identify the culprit. Not only that, as the characters close in they may find their own identities in question as the Revisionist removes evidence of their background and authority to investigate!



Precinct Data-Bullet: Ghosts of Malfi

Reports have been received from numerous sources within the primary hive on Malfi of unexplained sounds and occurrences. Described variously as unearthly moans, wails, screeches, and screams that terrify the hearer, the usual ambient noises experienced in a hive have been ruled out as an explanation. There have also been an anomalous number of accidents, causing both delays in production and loss of life, centred in the same areas as the auditory phenomena, which lends credence to the claims that some malign force is at play.

An undisclosed contact from the Ordo Malleus has suggested that these events are evidence of minor daemoniac activity. They have alluded to similar cases [details classified] when failed attempts by cultists to summon a daemoniac being of considerable power (or even to create a full warp rift) have instead led to incursion by low level warp entities. These creatures can survive for just a short period, feeding off the dregs of energy left over from an abortive ritual, and can rarely cause significant damage in that time. However, they may be indicators that a heretical group is attempting something far more dangerous, presenting a serious threat to the hive.

Recommend priority investigation.

Arbitrator assistance requested (manpower shortage due to widespread rioting).

Precinct Data-Bullet: Blackmarket Xenos Weapons

The soldiers of various high level crime gangs on Scintilla have been sighted armed with hitherto unseen xenos weaponry, capable of emitting energy pulses whose damage levels rival or exceed those of a boltgun. The weapons are easily identifiable thanks to strangely coloured casings adorned with xenos symbology. A confiscated example analysed by Verispeex operatives was confirmed as xenos technology of unknown origin. The sample was forwarded to agents of the Adeptus Mechanicus, as per standard protocol.

Investigations indicate that the weapons were supplied via smuggling routes through Sepheris Secundus, Vaxanide, and [location deleted]. Our supposition is that Rogue Traders accompanying the ongoing Margin Crusade have illegally acquired these armaments and brought them back for sale in the Calixis Sector. Primary suspects are currently [designation deleted] and [designation deleted]. A mission to track and confirm is being prepared.

Priority Update:

By order of Lord Marshal Goreman, all operations pertaining to this investigation are to cease. The Rogue Trader vessels concerned will be dealt with by a special Imperial Navy task force. Be advised that Adeptus Mechanicus teams will be arriving to locate and seize the remaining weapons. All data-files pertaining to this investigation are to be forwarded to the Lord Marshal's office, copies destroyed, pending a full data-purge.

Precinct Data-Bullet: Rumour-mongering

A highly dangerous rumour is spreading through the Malfian Sub-sector, claiming that House Krin is bankrupt. As a long standing major merchant house, with holdings throughout Calixis, Krin provides financing for tens of thousands of lesser houses, Rogue Traders, and other commercial organisations. Consequently, any loss of confidence in Krin's ability to maintain its banking obligations could be severely damaging, not just to House Krin itself, but to the wider economy of the sector. Already, hundreds of organisations are seeking alternative arrangements, causing financial chaos, genuine bankruptcies, and a notable drop in trade tithes. While House Krin is deploying counter-propaganda measures, the originator of this rumour should be brought to account and their motives uncovered.

Note that House Krin spokespersons have stated categorically that the rumour is unfounded.



MECHASHADES

"The worker's hammer builds the Emperor's hammer."

—Tenets of Servitude

The Mechashades are a mysterious organisation that sells their services to the highest bidder. These services include all forms of industrial espionage and sabotage, and, as such, they are in great demand from unscrupulous merchant houses looking to gain an advantage over their competition. Of course, it is rare that there is any provable link to the ruling family of the given merchant house. Instead, a lower ranking member will invariably be used as intermediary so that, should the authorities investigate, the house can claim the member was acting on his own misguided volition—the merchant family would never endorse such despicable tactics and naturally will do whatever they can to assist with enquiries. While it is true that, on occasion, minor factions within a merchant house have contracted the Mechashades' services without the knowledge of their superiors, it is more common that the house patriarch, matriarch, or ruling council (whichever holds the true power in that particular instance) has in fact sanctioned the decision, whether tacitly or overtly.

While it is impossible to know which of the Lathe Worlds the Mechashades operate from, it is widely suspected by Calixian Arbites that they do function from that trio of forge worlds. Perhaps they have no true central location, and operate instead through a network on all three planets. While their services are often purchased by nobility, merchant houses, or the politically influential across the Calixis Sector, the Lathe Worlds note the highest propensity for unexplained acts of sabotage attributed to the group. This may be lax investigation on the part of the local Fortress-Precinct, however, the sheer volume of reports lends credence to the accusations.

Once their services have been retained, the Mechashades will deploy operational teams led by rogue Tech-Adepts. Each adept's seniority and expertise varies depending on the specific task at hand. At their command is an army of mechwrights and servitors of every kind, equipped with digital tech or hefty machine tools as required. Most merchant houses start out by requesting some form of espionage perpetrated against their closest rivals. Often this is simply the acquisition of sensitive information that will provide some profitable advantage. Prior warning of takeover attempts and marital family mergers allows a house to prepare for trouble or issue counter proposals. Figures for service bids and trade costings enable the house to undercut and win new charters. Technical schematics and organisational charts mean the house can replicate its opponent's successes, while the joyous news that a rival is in financial difficulties or even close to collapse allows the house to be ready to sweep in and claim the broken pieces when the time comes.

However, once a merchant house has this valuable inside information, it is more than tempting to use the Mechashades' expertise once again in order to make best use of the data. After all, why wait for a rival's monetary collapse when you could precipitate it? Why merely copy a rival's methods when you could damage or wreck his operations? Even if such things

are not requested by their employers, the Mechashades will suggest further services that they could perform, illustrating the huge difference they can make in elevating the fortunes of one house over another. Indeed, if the employer seems reticent, they often embark on such operations unbidden, presenting their acts of sabotage as a *fait accompli*. No one would ever believe that the house had not sanctioned these deeds, and so they can do little about it even if they wanted to. So, like it or not, the Mechashades will soon be engaged in widespread activity on behalf of the merchant house. Their operations will grow in frequency and severity, designed to cripple competitors and propel the house into a huge campaign of expansion and acquisition.

Mechashade operatives blend in easily in any industrial or commercial setting and the senior Tech-Adepts can easily overwrite the programming of servitors and machinery belonging to the target when necessary. As such, they can gain access to the most critical systems. Authorisation codes are stolen or changed. Requisition requests for vital supplies and repairs are cancelled or switched. Alarm systems are triggered to cause huge delays or deactivated to cause serious danger. Soon, structural problems and accidents will be arranged. Industrial machinery seizes up after being anointed with the wrong grade of lubricant. Furnaces overheat and explode after pressure shut-off gauges are jammed. Hydrothermic dams suffer catastrophic breaches. Operations on orbital docking stations are brought to a standstill when docking clamps lose power. Mineshafts collapse, cranes tumble, fuel depots catch ablaze. In one case a fully laden cargo hauler's anti-grav engines failed and the vessel crashed down directly onto a rival family's estate mansion, killing two-thirds of the house leadership.

It is only when matters are close to irreversible for the unfortunate competitors of the merchant house that has employed the Mechashades that the organisation makes their boldest move yet. They initiate contact with those houses they have been systematically destroying and offer the chance to outbid their current employers. The Mechashades will happily play the rival houses against each other, fostering what amounts to a secret auction as each side ups their bids, desperate to gain or retain the Mechashades' assistance. On occasions, merchant houses have refused to bid and instead sought the aid of the authorities—this is the main source of intelligence that has made the Adeptus Arbites aware of the Mechashades. However, so far this has been to no avail. The merchant dynasties in question have promptly fallen into ruin—the killing blows already poised to strike in case of this eventuality. The resulting investigations have proven fruitless; rogue servitors are practically impossible to distinguish from the thousands of others unless they are caught in the act of sabotage. Only deep analysis of their programming code can identify the traitors definitively, but such testing requires expert skills and it is nigh impossible to screen an entire workforce.

As a result, most houses agree to bid and, whatever the result, the Mechashades gain a considerable boost to their fee. Should the outcome be that their loyalty switches, their former employers will be faced with serious problems. All the while the Mechashades were working for them, trusted as an ally,

they were also quietly acquiring data from their employer's systems, learning access codes, and reprogramming servitors and machinery with hidden sub-routines that would stay dormant until needed. As such, any organisation that has ever paid for the services of the Mechashades will in turn be severely vulnerable to their attacks, should they subsequently change allegiance. What is particularly worrying for the Arbites, is that the Mechashades have worked on behalf of dozens, perhaps hundreds, of merchant houses over the decades. They must have built up a huge amount of information, and soon will have infiltrated the commercial and logistical operations of the sector so thoroughly that, should they so wish, they could cripple the entire infrastructure and bring Calixis to a grinding halt. Trade and industry would cease, billions would starve, and, more importantly, tithes would go unpaid. Whether such calamitous sabotage is indeed their ultimate agenda, no one knows. Some say the Mechashades are led by a Heretek Magos in league with the fel powers of Chaos and striving to weaken the sector prior to some future military incursion. Others theorise that they are making a play to destroy or control every major merchant house and themselves become the dominant commercial enterprise across the sector. Some even point to a connection with the Skaelen-Har Hegemony, suggesting that the huge corporation is their ultimate master. Either way, the Mechashades cause



untold disruption to trade and industry in the Calixis Sector, whoever they happen to be working for, and the net result is that the sector's output in terms of the Imperial tithe is reduced. It is not surprising then that both Governor Hax and Lord Marshal Goreman, as well as more than one of the Great Houses, have devoted considerable resources to locating and purging the Mechashades.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Agents of the Mechashades are currently targeting the merchant trade Houses Drogar and Pikkofule, situated within the heart of Hive Sibellus on Scintilla. The two allied houses previously employed the Mechashades themselves and enjoyed a tremendous boost in their fortunes as their competitors and rivals suffered critical problems, failures, and accidents. However, one of those rivals has recently succeeded in buying away the Mechashades' loyalty, and now Drogar and Pikkofule are learning what it is like to be on the receiving end of a campaign of disruption and sabotage. Both are already facing serious difficulties, but now the Mechashades are preparing a monumental blow that will ring the death knell for the merchant houses and, quite possibly, many others besides.

They have just acquired a seismic torpedo, an enormous piece of ordnance that was destined for use on one of the titanic warships of the Calixian battlefleet. Its warhead is capable of a massive level of destruction, designed to create artificial fault-lines in a planet's crust, causing tremors and quakes that will level buildings for hundreds of miles. The Mechashades have a particularly diabolical plan in mind for the warhead. Deep within Hive Sibellus, roughly half a mile below the domains of House Drogar and Pikkofule, almost down to the shattered dereliction of the underhive, they are nearing completion of a huge industrial operation. The site is centred about one of the three gargantuan spine-pillars that support the entire structure of the hive. This enormous foundation tower is hundreds of metres in diameter, and constructed from millions of tonnes of steel and adamantium. The outer layer alone is ten metres thick and many more layers form concentric circles within, bonded together with mammoth iron-forged girders. Massive, ancient generators are hidden within its depths, maintaining enormous power fields to bolster structural integrity. The Mechashades have spent months drilling, grinding, and excavating a passageway into the core of the spine-pillar. In order to complete this monumental project they have re-tasked an army of industrial servitors and heavy equipment from the two houses above. Once they have reached the centre, they will install the warhead and detonate.

The result of the explosion will be nothing short of catastrophic. At the very least, the spine-pillar will suffer major damage, the factoria, refineries, and warrens of Drogar and Pikkofule will crash down upon themselves, collapsing into the underhive, and all the areas in line above will likely plummet down on top. Millions of workers will perish and the damage will be irreparable. At worst, if the spine-pillar is completely severed, and if the remaining structure cannot cope with the resulting hive quakes, then the entire

mountainous edifice of the spire could collapse down onto the rest of the hive. Billions would die and Hive Sibellus would be essentially destroyed. The repercussions would cause irrevocable damage to the entire Calixis Sector.

AVERTING DISASTER

There are a number of ways that player characters can pick up the trail of the Mechashades. The ultimate purpose of the Adeptus Arbites is to ensure that Imperial tithes are met, so the marked reduction in output from the two merchant houses falls well within an Arbitrator's remit to investigate. High-ranking members of the houses will be noticeably reticent to help—they are well aware that the Mechashades have turned on them but don't want to reveal their own previous involvement.

Meanwhile, on finally realising that their servitors and equipment have been misappropriated, the factorum overseers may alert the authorities, believing the matter to be a simple theft. Enterprising characters may be able to intercept a rogue servitor and analyse its new programming or follow it to the Mechashades' drill site at the spine-pillar.

Alternatively, an Arbitrator may be tasked with recovering the seismic torpedo, tracking its arrival on Scintilla and its subsequent whereabouts, discovering along the way a workshop where the warhead was removed from its torpedo housing.

Ultimately, the characters will be faced with preventing the

detonation and finding their way through the drill site into the strange inner structure of the spine-tower, dealing with rogue mech-servitors and finally the Tech-Adept who is attempting to prime the warhead before they can intervene.

FURTHER INVESTIGATIONS

Even if they get the better of the Mechashades this time, the characters have only dealt with one operational cell and they may well wish to carry on their investigations. Their first step may be to find out who was employing the saboteurs, possibly by interrogating the Tech-Adept or by looking into the two merchant houses' chief competition. The trail leads to a cult known as the New Scintillan Army, which is merely the pawn of a rival house on Malfi who were hoping to eliminate their enemies, weaken Scintilla's influence over the sector as a whole, and become a major player in Calixis. From there, perhaps the investigation will lead to the upper echelons of the Mechashades' organisation. However, if the characters start to get close, the Mechashades will take action, fabricating problems and accidents designed to slow them down, put them on the wrong track, or simply eliminate them.

Precinct Data-Bullet: The Collector

On the industrial planet Fenskworld, a killer is targeting the Adeptus Arbites. A variety of methods have been used, including heavy bolt weapons, flamers, and sniper rifles, as well as explosive devices. One officer has been murdered every week for the past five months, and notably every one has been of a different rank. Intelligencers believe that rather than making a general attack on the Arbites as a whole, this deranged individual is attempting to display his skill and prowess by eliminating one member of every rank in the organisation—creating a sinister collection that is far from complete. Including all sub-classes, levels, divisions, and honourary titles, there are more than a hundred distinct ranks within the Arbites, the majority of which (excluding the highest ranks) are represented among the Precinct-Fortresses of Fenskworld.

Of particular worry is the forthcoming on-planet trial of Arch-recidivist Mukothis, which is to be presided over by Judge Gryll. Judge Gryll holds a rank not previously present on the world, and it is thought his arrival will make an irresistible target for the Collector. An assassination threat against such a powerful figure poses major security issues, but also provides an excellent opportunity to apprehend the murderer. All available assistance is requested for the Judge's visit.

Precinct Data-Bullet: The Planet Heist

A feudal world designated Quorus 88 once existed near the rimward edges of the Drusus Marches. Fifty years ago, the planet vanished. Imperial Navy, Adeptus Mechanicus, and Inquisitorial investigations provided no answers or explanation—no debris was left, no energy signatures, and no psychic trace. The world of Quorus 88, along with its three billion inhabitants, was just gone.

Now an individual calling himself the Doom of Drusus has claimed responsibility for the disappearance. Furthermore, he has threatened to 'remove' the industrial hive world of Thical unless an astronomical sum is delivered, divided between approximately three thousand locations and obscure organisations across the sub-sector.

Current analysis is dismissive of the outrageous claim and even more outrageous demand. There is a widespread belief that the Doom of Drusus is simply attempting extortion based on a gargantuan bluff. However, certain parties believe that if resources can be spared, it would be useful to question this individual, in case he possesses any genuine information about the fate of Quorus 88.



JURISDICTION

BRIEFING

•

CLERGY AND COG

•

LABYRINTH AND LAB

•

THE LAB OF TECH-PRIEST ROCHE

•

ESCAPE

•

CONFRONTING THE BISHOP

•

AFTERMATH

•

NPC PROFILES

JURISDICTION

"Well lads, looks like this is going to be a long day."

—Arbitrator Downsends

Jurisdiction is an adventure for use in the **DARK HERESY** campaign setting. The entire adventure can fit into a single session, but GMs wishing to add the optional ideas and encounters found throughout can expand it to a longer game if they desire.

The adventure is designed for Acolytes early in their Careers, between Rank 1 and 3, though notes are included for scaling encounters for more experienced characters. Many of the challenges in Jurisdiction require a balanced group of Acolytes with a variety of skills, so having a good mix of Career types is important.

This scenario illustrates the conflicts and relationships that develop between many of the organizations of the Calixis Sector and the treacherous situations that can arise when they all focus on one man...

BACKSTORY

Yorgos Marcin is a zealot. Raised in the underhives of Sibellus on Scintilla, Yorgos quickly found he had the resourcefulness and lack of conscience necessary to rise above the petty turf wars of the gangs. He became a competent, strong-arm, black market trader, and enforcer for hire. He might have remained there to this day had it not been for a less-than-legal shipment that included several minor Ecclesiarchal relics. Ministorum operatives raided his operations and Yorgos managed to survive the event—no easy feat considering that those involved had orders to kill anyone they encountered. Bishop Iordanus Bruno took note of the quick-witted smuggler and offered him a contract working as part of his staff. Yorgos, initially accepted because of the autopistol pressed to his temple, found a kindred soul in the Bishop and has been loyal to Bruno ever since, though it might be noted that he is well paid for his loyalty. Since then, Yorgos has essentially continued his previous occupation under more esteemed management.

Bishop Bruno's apparent lack of morality had not escaped the attention of his superiors and, thus, he was assigned as the Ecclesiarchal representative to Donaris, considered by most to be a punitive post. Chafing at his current assignment, Bruno is working to create a force of combat servitors with the aid of a similarly dissatisfied Mechanicus Tech-Priest Teoma Roch, to further his interests and influence, anticipating a time when he will find himself free of the desolate moon.

Yorgos currently secures both mechanical and biological parts for the illicit servitor construction program. However, Yorgos recently ran afoul of the local Arbitrators in an attempt to transport some larger items on his last run. The Arbitrators took custody of the smuggler in anticipation of transporting him to Granithor for trial since their presence on Donaris is too small to warrant an Adeptus Arbites post or Judges. Given Yorgos' knowledge, Bishop Bruno is very interested in seeing him sentenced immediately and permanently while still on Donaris.

GRANITHOR & DONARIS

Granithor and its moon Donaris lie in the Golgenna Reach of Calixis Sector. Millions of pilgrims, officials, and various members of the Adeptus make the voyage, living or dead, to be interred in the holy soil of this cemetery world. Funeral parties sometimes accompany the deceased, especially the wealthy and powerful. However, not all aspirants are granted leave to set foot upon Granithor's holy surface, and the Ministorum turns away those of insufficient affluence or influence to the moon of Donaris.

Rediscovered by General Drusus' battlefleet during the days of his holy crusade, Granithor became a cemetery world by virtue of Drusus' declaration: "The honoured dead of the crusade have brought the Emperor's light and deserve a resting place of peace and tranquillity." He interred the force's dead upon the surface of the planet. The tales of these words spread throughout the worlds of the conquest and many journeyed to Granithor to be buried on a world sanctified by the Saint.

Granithor's moon Donaris, by contrast, never attracted much attention with its inhospitable conditions and lack of readily exploitable resources. Magos Astrologis Claudius, leading a small group of Explorator vessels along General Drusus' route several decades later, laid claim to the "overlooked" moon in the name of the Omnissiah. He established a small research outpost there to cement the claim, but the moon's real worth would not become apparent until centuries afterwards.

As burial space on Granithor became precious due to crowding, the Ecclesiarchy looked to the moon as a means of dealing with "lesser" burials. At first, they began to "dump" unworthy aspirants, living as well as dead, on Donaris without ceremony or permission. Magos Artitaeus registered a formal complaint with the Sector Governor and the two sides met at the Scrobis Accords. Archbishop Sophatus, who represented the Ecclesiarchy at the Accords, was surprised that the Mechanicus not only accepted the situation, but insisted on including a clause requiring that all postulants turned away from Granithor be sent to Donaris and agreed that the dead should be placed in crypts that they would construct. They also stipulated an Ecclesiarchal enclave be created on the moon to monitor the Mechanicus' end of the arrangement, something that the Ministorum has subsequently come to view as a slap in the face. Leadership of the enclave has never been a popular position and is widely regarded as a mild punishment for past misdeeds.

The Mechanicus constructed the crypts as promised, but any living persons accompanying the dead—pall bearers and others of funeral parties—were evaluated for servitor production, and those found suitable... The Ecclesiarchy chafes under the concept that some members of their flock now fill the lowest ranks of the Omnissiah's congregation, but the sheer volume of supplicants wishing to be buried on Granithor leaves them little choice but to accept the Accord's "solution."

The Mechanicus have steadily increased the size and scope of their facilities on Donaris ever since; and it is now one of the largest servitor production facilities outside of the Lathes.

BRIEFING

"The real complex is underground, if things go wrong, it's going to be rough to commit to extraction. I recommend you be prepared for close quarters. And whatever you do, don't eat or drink anything."

—Arbitrator Downsend

The GM may either summarize the briefing or roleplay it, depending on the pacing he wishes the adventure to have. For those running this scenario over a single session, the GM may simply give each player a copy of Handout 1: Communique (page 132) and go straight to Area 1: Clergy and Cog. If he wishes to play out the briefing, it can take place sometime before the players embarked on their journey to the Granithor system, or while en route.

The events of Jurisdiction can be incorporated into an existing campaign as a short adventure between other scenarios. As Granithor lies in the Golgenna Reach, it integrates very well as players travel between destinations. If the GM based his campaign in a region away from the Calixis Sector, he will have to change the location names to suit a different background and region.

In a continuing campaign the briefing can be tailored to the group, including the Inquisitor who recruited the Acolytes and anything else common to the tale thus far. However, this briefing uses Inquisitor Vaarak as the players' patron. More information on Inquisitor Vaarak can be found in the **DARK HERESY** (see page 320) and **PURGE THE UNCLEAN**.

The Inquisitor has joined them aboard the *Gathering Course*, a small sprint trader about to transit to the Granithor system. For those wishing to integrate the scenario into the adventures of **PURGE THE UNCLEAN**, it might take place after

DONARIS

Large enough to have its own thin atmosphere, cold dry winds whip across Donaris' desolate surface. They carry tiny shards of the slate-grey soil in a stinging storm that covers everything in coarse, gritty dust. Everything on the moon gains a blue tinge as the wind drives the tiny chips into clothing and machinery. While not as dangerous as the Splinter Winds of Baraspine, prolonged exposure will cause damage to exposed skin or unprotected machinery. Owing to the temperature and storms, typical structures on Donaris lie mostly underground, with only a small entrance vestibule and low wall, which typically demarks the edges of the larger subsurface structure, atop the bleak soil.

A network of "canals," actually erosion channels and fissures, provide some shelter from the winds, and many have been improved with rockrete walls and roadways. The Mechanicus have connected existing canals and dug their own to create a transportation network for parts and supplies; and servitor-piloted Cargo-12s ply the major arteries.

the completion of **SHADES ON TWILIGHT** but before – and possibly on the way to – the events of **BARON HOPES**. Adjust the following to suit the group of Acolytes:

Inquisitor Vaarak's conveyance lets out a sigh of fragrant steam as it settles next to the thick wooden table and his eyes light briefly on each of you, expressing a smile impossible to see in the ruin of his face. "I sincerely hope you've gotten the violence out of your systems for a bit, because this will require some tact." A small holograph springs to life from the centre of the table, displaying a dark blue-grey moon orbiting a large dun-coloured planet. "The Ministorum and Mechanicus have been at each others' throats over Granithor almost since the days of the Crusade, which would be beside the point if they weren't also currently at each other's throats over this man."

The planets dissolve into a static cloud for a split second before being replaced by a gaunt bust. The hololith shows a man with deep-set eyes and a dark shadow on his lower face that belies a fast growing beard. A prominent, sharp chin and cheekbones stand out along with a hawkish nose; and a full shock of wavy black hair tops the image. "Meet Yorgos Marcin, small time broker for smuggled goods and sometimes confidence man." The bust continues to rotate slowly as Vaarak continues. "An Arbitrator cargo inspection team seems to have tripped him up as he brought a load of fairly advanced components onto Granithor's moon of Donaris. Now both the Ecclesiarchy Confessors and the AdMech Experiors can't wait to get their hands on him."

If playing with a new group of Acolytes, Inquisitor Vaarak explains that Marcin has been linked to a number of rebellious groups through weapons sales, typically lasguns and other relatively easily procured weapons. If the players have finished the scenario **REJOICE FOR YOU ARE TRUE** from **PURGE THE UNCLEAN**, then he will mention that Yorgos was an associate of Caros Shoal, which will easily explain the Inquisitorial interest. If integrating this into a campaign, the GM can make Yorgos the associate of another heretic the Acolytes have dealt with at some point in their recent past that explains the attention. Vaarak will answer any questions the players have about the Granithor system or why the Adeptus Mechanicus and Adeptus Ministorum have been feuding over it, though a Tech-Priest or Cleric from the Calixis Sector will be able to recall the story with a **Difficult (-10) Common Lore (Calixis Sector, Ecclesiarchy, or Machine Cult) Test**.



Eventually the question will come up as to what exactly he wants done with Yorgos:

You hear a deep rumbling that seems to come from the walls themselves, and it's not until you see corresponding motion in Vaarak's massive form that you realize it must be laughter. His body glove rolls and strains in ways you feel sure must be moments away from rupture, but somehow the material holds. The quake subsides after only a few moments and his face assumes an expression that seems wholly unsuited to the human form. "That's the trick on this one, lads. Both sides are keen to get their hooks into him, and we can't be seen as helping or hindering one or the other, see?" The image of Yorgos contracts into a pinpoint of blue light that holds motionless for a half second before disappearing into the nahwood surface of the table. "This is sector-wide politics where even the Inquisition must tread lightly and, even were I to snatch him away with the Rosette, one side would see it as vindication of their motives at the expense of the other. In this case we need to wring our information out of him and leave the husk for those laggards to scrap over." He pauses for a moment to eye each of you with far more serious intent, "But let me be perfectly clear: you are not to do anything with Yorgos Marcin that gives one side any more or less of a claim on him than the other!"

Vaarak will further explain that Marcin is currently in a small Arbitrator holding facility, conveniently adjacent to both the Ecclesiarchal compound and a manufactorum node of the Mechanicus in the only thing resembling a city on Donaris. He will answer the Acolytes' questions for another five minutes before starting to look impatient and cutting things off. Vaarak will shoo them out of the room towards the ship's shuttle bay, where he has already arranged transport from the ship to the surface.

INQUISITORIAL AUTHORITY

The Acolytes have a bit more authority in Jurisdiction than GMs may normally give them. It is up to the GM how much pull they have, but here are some reasons why they may have more clout in this adventure than in their previous assignments:

- The Inquisitor has given them an Inquisitorial Rosette, allowing them to act with his authority. This could be a simple matter of letting the players get away with a lot more, or they could be treated as having an Influence value of 20 (see pg 13 ASCENSION).

- The Acolytes are given a writ of intercession, a little known Calixian legal precedent of Inquisitorial authority to act in inter-Adeptus matters. This allows them to use the Command Skill to command many rank and file members of other organisations (such as Frateris Militia, Proctors and the Skitarii) during this mission. In addition, they are treated as having Peer (Adeptus Arbites, Adeptus Mechanicus and Ecclesiarchy) for the same duration.

- The Acolytes are actively impersonating a higher authority, with their Inquisitors help.

AREA 1: CLERGY & COG

If the GM is running a condensed version of this adventure, it opens with the Acolytes descending to the surface of Donaris from the *Gathering Course*, or some other ship if using one from an existing campaign.

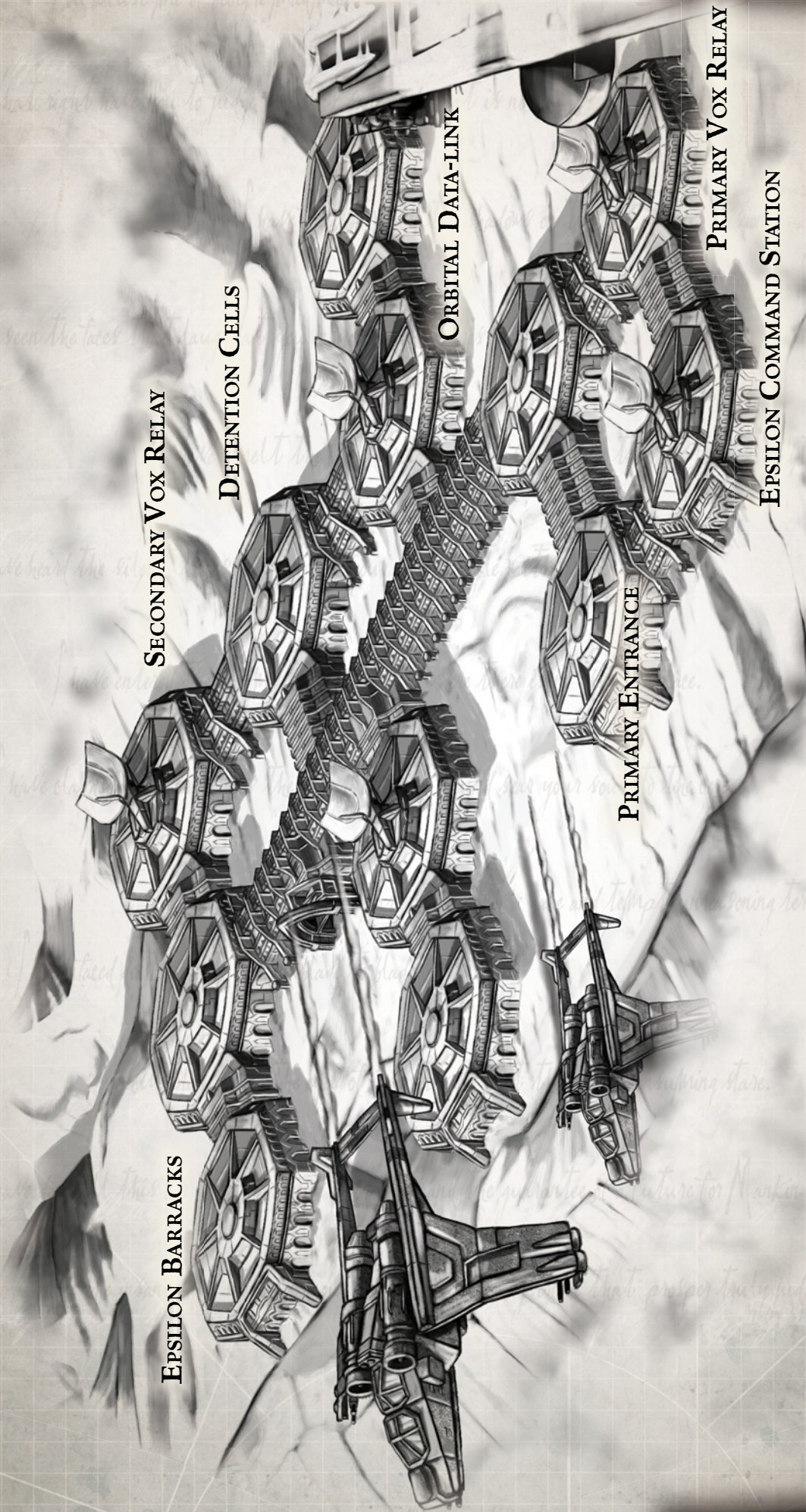
Read or paraphrase the following:

The Aquila lander's engines scream a higher pitch and a giant invisible hand presses you more firmly into the utilitarian seats of the passenger bay. Whisks of oily-smelling steam steal through seams in the bulkheads as the passenger compartment descends into the landing position. With a jarring impact, the landing gear hits the ground, absorbing the lander's remaining velocity, and the dim red cabin illum-strips flicker for a moment as the craft settles.

As you slap the releases on your safety harnesses and begin to retrieve gear from storage restraints, the hatch at the forward end of the bay cracks with a hiss of equalizing pressure and swings downward on stained brass pistons. A biting cold wind quickly sweeps away the familiar warm scents of the lander and replaces them with the smell of old stone. The door strikes the rockrete pad with a dull, metallic thud, but the only light outside is from distant blue beacons at the edges of the landing pad. The cabin light pools in front of the open hatch, revealing nothing except a promethium-stained patch of ground and the scorched skin of the lander's nose looming above the exit.

Much to your surprise, into this circle of illumination steps a female Arbitrator, the red illum turning her stark uniform into shades of black and grey. In one hand she bears a shock staff, its ends clad in forged metal fists. Her wide face bears a scar along the line of her jaw and her gaze sweeps the interior of the Aquila with a practiced eye. "I am Arbitrator Maigrif of the Donaris Arbites and your presence may be required here sooner than you might have wished." Without waiting for a response, she turns on her heel and her broad shoulders disappear back into the dark.

The Acolytes have very little choice but to follow the Arbitrator, who is already well on her way towards two clearly antagonistic groups outside the door of a small bunker-like building, its face lit by two glow globes. The building is the aboveground entrance to the local Arbitrator station, and three distinct groups stand in the vicinity of the entrance. Two Proctors stand directly before the closed doors, their expression hidden by half-faced Arbites helmets and their shotguns motionless at the ready. A group of Frateris Militia, clearly led by one heavyset, bombastic individual in cream-coloured robes tied off with a thick blue cord, stand to one side of the building, clearly intent on entry. Another group in the red and grey crenellated pattern of the Mechanicus stand on the other side and, though not as animated, they also seem determined to gain entrance. Profiles for the Proctors and Frateris Militia can be found on page 128.



SECONDARY VOX RELAY

DETENTION CELLS

ORBITAL DATA-LINK

PRIMARY ENTRANCE

PRIMARY VOX RELAY

EPSILON COMMAND STATION

EPSILON BARRACKS

VI: JURISDICTION

As the Acolytes approach the groups, read or paraphrase the following:

The slate dust carried by the winds stings your face and gives the glow globes a blue-tinged halo as you squint into the chill. It also brings the indistinct voice of the large, round-faced man who stands at the head of a group of eight Frateris Militia; and while their autogun muzzles still face the ground, they grip the weapons with an intensity beyond that of a friendly visit. The hems of their robes, a darker hue than those of the spokesman, swirl and snap in the wind.

The preacher waves his arms emphatically as he speaks and the wind finally brings his words to your ears, "...clearly a matter of internal affairs, and it's unconscionable that fellow servants of the Imperial Word should stand opposed to one another!"

The voice of the Tech-Priest facing him cuts right through the voice of the wind, making you wonder if it's enhanced, though he bears no visible augmetics: "Confessor Bernardus, if that is the case, then how interesting that you felt compelled to bring weapons to this peaceful gathering of the Ommissiah's flock." With an emotionless expression every bit as warm as the wind, he continues, "Or perhaps you had something else in mind?" Behind him stand six other servants of the Machine God, at least three of which appear to be Skitarii, judging by the overt weaponry cradled in their hands, but the red robes of the others could conceal nearly anything.

Maigrit arrives just in time to get between the two antagonists, her staff interposed crossways between the groups. "Gentlemen," her eyes hold a cold humour that doesn't cross onto her face, "I've got a surprise that I think you'll find changes things slightly."

All eyes, with the possible exception of the two Proctors, turn towards you as you cross the last few metres of the landing field.

Given the Acolytes instructions not to unduly upset the balance of power in their investigation, the resultant scene should have a wealth of roleplaying opportunities. Maigrit's announcement makes it clear that she's been forewarned of their connection to the Inquisition and it will take a fast and effective story to operate covertly in this situation. Acolytes that can come up with a cover that explains their presence and authority may make a **Difficult (-10) Deceive Test** to convince those present of their covert identity. The GM may give a bonus of +10 or +20 for particularly inspired creations.

The Proctors are simply keeping everyone outside the facility and will say nothing throughout the conversation. They will support Arbitrator Maigrit if things actually come to blows and will look to her for approval before obeying an order from any quarter—after several days of this, they've become inured to any threats of damnation, death, or other unpleasanties.

Bernardus wants the prisoner turned over to the Ecclesiarchy so, in the best case, he can disappear and be put back to work for Bishop Bruno or, failing that, he can be disposed of quietly. He will make a compelling argument that since the heretic was smuggling his poisons through a sacred Ecclesiarchal system—Maigrit will grudgingly accede this assertion—that Yorgos should be given into his custody for transport to Granithor and punishment by Adeptus Ministorum authorities there.

Tech-Priest Austos Sann is the leader of the Adeptus Mechanicus internal enforcement force, called in when it came to light that Yorgos was smuggling components used in servitor construction. It's odd to smuggle servitor parts onto a moon replete with those exact supplies and, while they credit the Bishop with some intelligence, they view servitor production as beyond his means. Thus, they believe—somewhat correctly—that they have an internal problem and would like to see it eliminated before revealed to any outside the Mechanicus. He will insist that since the moon is sovereign to the Ommissiah—also gaining a grudging nod from Maigrit—the smuggler should be turned over to his team for exploitation.

The profiles for Arbitrator Maigrit, Confessor Bernardus, Tech-Priest Sann, and their retinues can be found on page 128 and 129.

The Acolytes, however, now find themselves in the middle of two powerful factions who are more than willing to throw the weight of their organizations behind their demands and yet are not being entirely honest in their intent.

The GM should tailor the play of this scene to the group. If the players seem most interested in interaction and investigation, then Bernardus and Sann will engage in an energetic battle of words, relegating their armed escorts to a backdrop role as they fight with rhetoric and argument. However, if the players come in looking to force a confrontation, the GM can give it to them, with weapons starting to rise and plenty threats of violence. The GM can even go so far as to have the escorts resort to pushing and fisticuffs. No one will actually consider using a weapon unless the Acolytes use one first. Before things get too out of hand, however...

BREAKOUT

The key to this interruption is timing. The GM shouldn't cut off the characters if they're still having fun with the scene, but at the same time, he can't let things slow down too much before springing the surprise. After the arguments or threats of violence reach their climax, one of the pitted iron doors will swing open and a very young female Proctor will rush out, running straight to Maigrit, and whisper something in her ear. At this point either read or paraphrase the following:

The young Proctor steps back after delivering her message, distress clear on her face, the small clouds of her breath whisked quickly away by the cold winds. Maigrit shakes her head and pinches the bridge of her nose as both sides fall silent for the first time in minutes. When she looks up, her expression is unreadable, but it's clear she's giving something considerable thought. After another moment, in a resigned tone she simply says, "Yorgos has escaped."

This causes a new level of pandemonium as everyone attempts to question, accuse, and talk at the same time. All will demand to be let inside within moments and Maigrit will not make much of an effort to deter them this time, nodding to the two Proctors to stand aside as the various parties approach the doors. The Acolytes will have to be quick if they wish to remain in control of the situation.

The doors of the Arbites station open immediately onto a wide staircase descending into the ground. The steps are broad, gently sloped, and made of polished rockrete, and like most structures on Donaris, the majority lies underground. The air becomes noticeably warmer as the Acolytes descend nearly six metres below the surface. At the bottom lies another set of doors, equal in stature to those at the entrance, but at the moment they are closed.

It's almost a surety that everyone will want to go immediately to Yorgos' cell to see what has happened there, but Maigrít will stop before the lower doors and declare that only two persons from each delegation—from the Ecclesiarchy and Mechanicus (she will hurriedly clarify if any of the Acolytes think this edict includes them), may pass beyond this point. She will quietly weather the inevitable protests but remain quite firm on this point. Confessor Bernardus will choose one of his Frater, and Tech-Priest Sann will pick one of the Skitarii. Maigrít will remove her well-worn badge of office and press it into a shallow hollow between the doors. Internal machinery draws back whatever locking mechanism that held the doors closed and they swing inward on well oiled pivots, allowing access to the station.

YORGOS' CELL

The heavy steel door of the cell stands open, revealing a chaotic interior covered in dust and rubble. The hole in the far wall will draw the Acolyte's attention most quickly, though it reveals nothing but darkness. The cell, before the remains of the wall partially obscured it, was a small, utilitarian affair with bunks for two prisoners and a common washbasin and

toilet, which lies partially destroyed. Small amounts of blood smear the sides of the hole in the wall and cover a few of the sharp edges of the shattered basin. There's enough rubble on the floor to make identification of footprints impossible.

The Acolytes have a few options on how they'd like to proceed from this point. They can thoroughly examine the room, which will reveal some interesting information to the curious, immediately begin pursuit through the hole in the wall, and/or question the Proctor who discovered the escape.

The Arbitrator who discovered the escape is the same one that came to the surface to inform Maigrít of the news— young Cohort Foeris. She has light-brown hair cut into a severe bob, but, though young, she appears to be carved from the same wood as Maigrít: competent, sparing in speech, and not easily impressed. When questioned, far from being cowed by the Acolytes' Inquisitorial connections, she will accurately and succinctly brief them on her actions leading up to the discovery. There is actually very little to tell. Foeris checked on the prisoner just 45 minutes prior and found everything as it should be. She continued her rounds of the facility until faint sounds of grinding stone brought her back to this wing. Upon opening the cell door, she found the scene as they see it now, though there was still dust in the air. She has not entered the cell at all since the discovery, anticipating that a Verispex team would want that honour.

The cell itself has a number of interesting tales to tell about the current situation and this is the chance for an Acolyte with significant Investigation skills to shine. For those wishing to examine the rift in the wall, an **Ordinary (+10) Demolitions or Trade (Miner) Test** will reveal that the hole was created from the outside. One Degree of Success will further reveal that the hole was made with tools rather than explosives. Two Degrees of Success will also uncover evidence that the opening was produced with mining tools such as hammers and las-cutters; and three or more Degrees of Success will indicate that the work seems to have been done by mining servitors or something similar. If the bloodstains become the subject of inquiry, a **Difficult (-10) Medicae or Tech-Use Test**—assuming the Acolyte has a sniffer or other bio-auspex—will reveal at least three distinct sources of blood. One Degree of Success tells the Acolytes that one of the sources is a genotype match for Yorgos. Two Degrees of Success will determine that the other two sources are human as well; and three or more Degrees of Success indicate that one of the other sources seems to be contaminated with a bio-mechanical fluid.

If the Acolytes bolt directly for the hole, wanting an immediate pursuit, Maigrít will suggest that there are things to be learned from the evidence in the cell and will conduct her own investigation with the Verispex team after they have departed.

During the investigation, Confessor Bernardus will be constantly underfoot. He will not go so far as to actually hinder the investigation, but he will continually question the Acolytes on their actions. This should be portrayed this as the interference of one who thinks they have more skill than they actually do and not as one attempting to conceal evidence. In fact, since the Confessor knew about the servitors, he's actually perplexed as to why he has not found Yorgos' dead

THE CANALS OF DONARIS

Imperial astrographers classify Donaris as a desert moon, though ample evidence exists of water on its surface at some point in the distant past. A network of deep chasms and fissures cross the surface, their upper edges roughly rounded by time. Given the harsh, erosive nature of the Shard Winds, these canals have become natural lines of transportation and the Adeptus Mechanicus has improved many to facilitate supply shipments between their manufactoria. They have even dug their own canals where necessary to link naturally occurring fissures.

The bottoms of many improved canals have a roadway of rockrete. Larger thoroughfares also have illum-beacons and transponders to guide thundering servitor-driven Cargo-12s. Those navigating these arteries on foot or in smaller vehicles do so at their own peril.

Members of the Adeptus Mechanicus on Donaris consider this canal system the life blood of their manufactoria and actively discourage their use by any other than supply convoys.

Some say that small groups that have evaded the surgeons' processing pits now eke out meagre lives in some of the deeper, narrow chasms, leaching water and sustenance from unmonitored pipelines between compounds and buildings.

body. If the Acolytes have a psyker with the ability to read thoughts or think to make a Scrutiny Test, success will simply indicate that Bernardus really wants to find out what happened in the cell—just for very different reasons!

Tech-Priest Sann will stay clear of any active investigation, but will gravitate to the hole in the wall as soon as that area is clear. He will cautiously probe the area beyond the breach with mechadendrites while remaining inside the room. If questioned about his behaviour, he will become much more animated, explaining that the geology of the moon is a subject upon which he's done no small amount of research. Although it's a topic about which he's fairly enthusiastic, it still takes a **Challenging (+0) Fellowship Test** to keep him talking, since the Mechanicus priests on Donaris don't typically interact much outside their ranks. For a fellow Tech-Priest, the difficulty is reduced to Routine (+20). His knowledge of the canyon and fissure network is primarily academic, but still potentially useful.

Sooner or later, the Acolytes will wish to give chase to the escaped heretic through the tunnel. Tech-Priest Sann won't be happy about this as he suspects it leads into the canyon system somewhere. He will oppose the idea until one of the characters makes a **Challenging (+0) Skill Test** for an appropriate skill with the Interaction descriptor. Decrease the difficulty to **Ordinary (+10)** if a member of the group points out that there is a Tech-Priest among them, which, of course, only applies if it is actually true.

FACTS IN THE FRAGMENTS

Yorgos suspected that his benefactors might consider him disposable if he were ever detained by the Arbites, so when he first heard the faint sounds of excavation from the walls of his cell, his first thought was not rescue. He prepared an ambush and, to his credit, managed to severely damage two of the servitors by turning their own weapons—drills, pneumo-hammers, and the like—against them before being overcome. The undamaged servitors dragged their brethren out through the hole along with Yorgos, adding their blood smears to the general disarray.

KEEPING THINGS MOVING

During the investigation it may come to light that many characters do not have the necessary Skills called upon to find a variety of clues and information. To prevent frustration, the GM should review the characters ahead of time, and craft a few additional clues that are appropriate to their skills and character concepts.

Chapter IV: Investigation has a variety of options for running this scene as a more protracted feat of sluething prowess. In addition, there are suggestions for clues specifically tailored to the skills of the Acolytes (see page 75).

It is important the Acolytes are not stumped in this section, and that they do not feel like there is no chance for success. Linked Skill Tests appropriate to the Acolyte should be reduced in difficulty, to **Ordinary (+10)** or **Easy (+20)**.

AREA 2: LABYRINTH & LAB

If the Acolytes decided to immediately chase off into the tunnel without first examining the cell, they'll find their progress more difficult throughout this section. If they completely lose the trail, they can always return to the Arbites facility and investigate the cell. Those that properly prepared by taking trace elements of the blood and feeding them into a verispex-skull, bio-scanner or cyber-mastiff—or a similarly ingenious solution—will find the going much easier. Any of these items can be provided by the Arbitrators, but only if the Acolytes think to request them (profiles for the cyber-mastiff and verispex-skull can be found on page 129).

Following the trail can be played out in a number of ways depending on the time available. The quickest method, for those with less time, is to treat the search as an Extended Investigation using the Tracking Skill, as detailed on pages 184 and 186 of the **Dark Heresy Core Rulebook**. Treat the search as an investigation of Taxing complexity, but use 24 hours for the time to complete the search. If relying only on visual clues, increase the difficulty of the search to **Difficult (-10)** for the first 12 hours and then to **Hard (-20)** for the last 12 hours. Use of a cyber-mastiff or Arbites Verispex Skull loaded with samples from the cell reduces those difficulties to **Ordinary (+10)** and **Challenging (+0)**; and even use of a standard auspex reduces the difficulties to **Challenging (+0)** and **Difficult (-10)**.

If there is more time available, it's far more satisfying to play out the hunt for the escapee. Add the optional encounters in this scene to extend the scenario or make it more challenging to the Acolytes. Depending on the time available and how long the Acolytes have taken to get this far, the GM may tailor the optional encounters used in this scene—or lack thereof—to his situation. Use of the encounters will add to the difficulty of the adventure in addition to taking more time.

As the Acolytes pass through the hole in Yorgos' cell for the first time, read or paraphrase the following:

The light from your illuminators makes bright cones in the dusty passage and reveal the jumbled rubble and rocks of a hastily dug tunnel with no real treaded way. Large protruding stones force you to carefully pick your steps in the shifting fragments of shale-like rock littering the floor. Spurs and outcroppings throw long shadows that merge into darkness not far ahead. Light reflected from the rocky soil lends a bluish tinge to the features of your companions as you proceed cautiously into the crude shaft.

Acolytes who make a **Challenging (+0) Awareness Test** will notice two things within the first few minutes in the tunnel. First, there is a slight air movement coming down the tunnel—cold and laden with dust. Second, a faint moaning sound echoes faintly from the walls, also coming from up ahead. It's faint enough that they will not be able to accurately assess its source, though if they think to ask, point out that it could very well be human, animal, or something else altogether. The sound can initially be played up as human, alien, or unknown to increase tension, if so desired.

The noise ought to give the Acolytes some reason for caution, but they will soon discover that the source of both the air current and the sound is the same. After travelling for 30 metres, they will detect faint illumination ahead; and the tunnel only continues for another 20 metres before opening into the side of a narrow ravine. When the Acolytes emerge into the fissure, read or paraphrase the following:

You emerge from the mouth of the tunnel into a narrow ravine barely wide enough for a Rhino. Piled dross from the tunnel lies to one side of the opening, completely blocking passage in that direction in a mound of jagged shale rock. The light of Granithor provides illumination, waxing large over the edge of the ravine and haloed by the haze of the Shard Winds. The winds from above make a plaintive low moaning sound, clearly the noise you heard from inside the tunnel. The bitter cold begins to seep into your clothing within moments. Indistinct tracks in some of the softer soil lead away to the west and disappear as they progress beyond a broken, craggy outcropping.

ENCOUNTERS IN THE FISSURES

These encounters can extend the adventure or make it more challenging for more experienced Acolytes. They can also be used to help guide groups that have not picked up on the clues from the previous scenes. There are three optional encounters:

Left Behind: a combat encounter with a small group of damaged servitors left to ambush pursuers.

The Escaped: an interactive encounter with a band of escapees from the Mechanicus servitor pits.

Shard-Rippers: a combat encounter that also serves to introduce the Acolytes to some of Donaris' native fauna.

The fissures are not uniform in any way—at times narrow, wide, deep, shallow, and sometimes even tapering out to nothing to expose any travelling them to the full force of the Shard Winds. The one thing they all have in common, however, is their composition: sharp, broken rocks, whose smaller detritus lose none of their cutting edge. Acolytes travelling through the fissures without proper protection or precaution will find the journey hard on both them and their equipment.

Acolytes without some sort of filter mask, though this may be as simple as several layers of cloth, must roll a Toughness Test each hour outside. Failure indicates the Acolyte gains a level of fatigue from inhaling the dust shards. This fatigue can be removed as detailed on page 200 of the **DARK HERESY CORE RULEBOOK**.

Equipment can be properly prepared for exposure to the grit and dust of Donaris' environment with an **Ordinary (+10) Tech-Use or Trade (Armourer or Technomat) Skill Test** (for weapons or equipment, respectively). After one hour of exposure, any items not properly protected will malfunction if the Acolyte rolls 96 to 00 when making a Skill Test with that item. This malfunction is just like a Weapon Jam and is cleared in the same way, substituting an appropriate skill for the Ballistic Skill Test outlined on page 196 of the **DARK HERESY CORE RULEBOOK**. Items exposed to the elements for more than four hours become Unreliable, failing on a roll of 91 to 00, and any roll result made to clear the Jam of 91 to 00 means the item has broken and requires repair by a Tech-Priest or tradesman outside this scenario.

SERVITORS OF TECH-PRIEST ROCHE

Teoma Roche has studied both Biologis and the Cybernetic technologies in his years of devotion to the Omnissiah. Over time, as his brethren came more and more to see the machine as the perfect holy form, Roche began to harbour the heretical opinion that only through an equal merger of the mechanical and biological could one achieve perfection. Though his initial experiments within the Mechanicus had official sanction, the Priesthood soon forbade this train of thought.

Bishop Bruno discovered the Tech-Priest's discontent with the Mechanicus and found a means to use it to his own ends. He funded the construction of a facility where Roche could experiment and perfect his hybrid servitors and, at the same time, he would gain a force of obedient warriors unburdened by morals. The arrangement has worked out well for both parties, as Bruno has gained his servitors and Roche has gained a sponsor and patron for his experiments.

Since Roche's servitors have a larger percentage of biological components, sometimes including vat-grown muscle and metal-laced neural fibres, they tend to be more agile than typical Mechanicus patterns, though not as well armoured. One thing is certain: the Priesthood of Mars would not approve of his actions.

LEFT BEHIND

Three of the servitors used to apprehend Yorgos from the detention cell were damaged—two in the struggle and one from the harsh conditions of the journey. They have been left in ambush for the pursuit they knew would eventually follow their path. This will be the Acolytes first encounter with the new types of servitors created by Tech-Priest Roch.

At varied times before this encounter, have each of the Acolytes make a **Difficult (-10) Awareness Test**, either singly or in small groups, and make note of the results. This will set them a bit more on edge in the time leading up to the encounter and will also avoid that artificiality of asking for a roll just before the ambush.

As the players round a particularly narrow bend in their path, the three damaged servitors will drop upon them from concealed hollows in the rock face above. They gain Surprise during the first Round, including the +30 bonus to Weapon Skill against any Acolytes who failed their Awareness Tests. Those that made their rolls act in normal initiative order during the first Round of combat.

Since the servitors have been damaged and their protection from the elements compromised, they act in a manner similar to a piece of equipment left in the elements for more than an hour. If they roll a 96 to 00 on any of their attack rolls, they not only fail the Test at hand, but also must spend a Full Action the next round to clear the system, which is automatically successful.

The profile for Damaged Servitors is on page 130.

The Acolytes should be able to deal with the servitors without too much difficulty, as the encounter is intended to keep them on their toes and give them another piece of the puzzle rather than provide a serious combat challenge. However, should the Acolyte group be larger or more experienced than usual, either increase the number of servitors, one for each two Acolytes, or use the Roche Combat Servitor profile found on page 130.

After defeating the servitors, the Acolytes that think to examine them should make a **Challenging (+0) Scrutiny Test** to distinguish unusual characteristics of these models. The Test is **Ordinary (+10)** for any characters that have had significant contact with servitors in the past and **Routine (+20)** for any Tech-Priest. Simple success indicates that the Acolyte notices these servitors are different from the norm and seem to have more organic components. One Degree of Success reveals that these servitors moved faster than standard types; and two or more Degrees of Success indicates both that the blood of two of the servitors match the samples from the cell and that it contains bio-mechanical fluids. Further analysis without a laboratory is impossible.

THE ESCAPED

This encounter can be particularly useful if the Acolytes have failed a Tracking Test or are heading in the wrong direction, though it can also serve as a pointer to those who need help following the trail. It provides significant roleplaying opportunities for groups that favour interaction-based encounters.

To initiate this encounter, read or paraphrase the following:

The fissure in which you've been travelling has been deepening for the past few minutes and, as you gaze up towards the sky, only tiny slivers of night escape the jagged clutches of the opposing rock faces as they loom over the path. As you descend still further, the air becomes almost still, with only the smallest zephyr hinting at the howling Shard Winds above. A wispy mist wreathes your boots, slowly encroaching on your calves and even thighs as you progress. The moisture condenses on your clothing and gear, forming a layer of tiny iridescent beads that sparkle in the light of your illuminators.

Ahead in the mist you see the hard edge of something man-made, easily brought to your eye's attention after so many hours wandering through these rocky crevasses. It looks like a piece of wreckage, thin plating twisted into an inverted cone. Moisture drips from its sides into a small pool formed from a hollow in the rock. Only ten metres ahead, you see another similar piece of scrap suspended over another small puddle of water; and at the limits of your vision in the hazy atmosphere you see a crude barricade of rock and metal.

As the Acolytes approach the obstruction, have them make a **Difficult (-10) Awareness Test** to notice the refugees hidden behind the barricade. They are well camouflaged, wearing clothing made from some sort of animal skin that blends very well with the rock. If none of the Acolytes succeed at the Test, feel free to play up the surprise as they suddenly find a spear fashioned from chipped stone, bone,

and sinew thrust in their face. Even if they make the roll, but do so without significant Degrees of Success, point out that they barely noticed the guards.

The two lookouts are clad in Shard-Ripper skins that count as heavy leather armour and are armed with spears and knives fashioned from chipped slate and the bones of the same beast. The profiles for the Escaped can be found on page 130.

How things proceed from here is really up to the Acolytes. The natives recognize the superior firepower of technology and do not want a fight, but if the group decides to wade in with guns blazing they'll get one—at least until the group can flee into the rocks. If the group attacks the two lookouts, who effectively block the fissure, they will fight for a maximum of six Rounds and then attempt to disengage if still capable. This will buy time for the rest of the camp to flee into the rocks. If the Acolytes make short work of the first two guards, two more will approach to buy the encampment more time. In this case, by the time the Acolytes reach the camp, it is empty and further pursuit, fruitless.

If the Acolytes attempt to communicate with the indigents, they will find they speak a debased form of Low Gothic. Any Interaction Skill Tests are at a -10 penalty due to the difficulty in communication, but the guards will communicate a desire to barter with the group. Any success in a **Challenging (+0) Charm** or **Blather Skill Test** will convince them of the group's good intentions and cause them to lead the Acolytes back to the encampment. When they arrive, read or paraphrase the following:

Crude but effective shelters made from the same animal skin as the guards' clothing cling to the base of the chasm walls and the presence of several more moisture stills signals your arrival at the indigent camp. Though you see no other escapees, trickles of smoke escaping from the tops of the tents indicate habitation and you have the definite feeling of being watched. The guards approach one of the largest shelters and deftly slip through an entrance sealed by several layers of skins.

A tiny fire lights the interior of the tent, and upon it cooks some slender animal carcass. The eyes of two males, one female, and a small child glint from the shadows, and your group quickly makes the space feel cramped. The larger of the two males makes a ritualized gesture of greeting and speaks in passable Low Gothic, "You carry burden of Cog at your waist," with a sweep of his hand he indicates any weapons carried by the group, "but you bring Escaped not back to Cog."

Communication is somewhat difficult, and the GM should purposefully misinterpret things the Acolytes say that might have ambiguous or dual meaning, but the indigents are generally helpful so long as no one speaks of returning them to the Adeptus Mechanicus. They will actively shun any Tech-Priests in the group, moving as far from them as possible, or seating them in the farthest corner of the shelter, though they will stop short of outright insult.

What the refugees know will depend on how they are used in this encounter. If the intent is to turn the Acolytes back from a wrong turn, then they can confirm that no one has been through the area. If they are meant to point

the group in the right direction, they can tell the tale of how their scouts tacked a group of "Cogs" through the canyons to the north. If the players need to be hurried in the right direction and the GM doesn't mind resorting to a more blatant plot tool, he can even have them impart a story about how they tracked the servitors to an area protected by "Cog-Rippers" (their name for the automated defences around Roch's lab), which is shunned by their people. Any of this information can be gained by success in a **Challenging (+0) Charm or Inquiry Test**.

More astute Acolytes might wonder about the beasts from which the refugees make their tents and clothing—and whose meat they're sharing if they take up their host's offers. If they think to ask about the creatures, the indigents will share basic information about the Shard-Rippers, which will serve them well if the GM uses them in the next encounter.

SHARD-RIPPERS

Though primarily of use for GMs who wish to challenge larger or more experienced Acolyte groups, this confrontation with Donaris' native fauna can also be used to help point lost parties in the right direction. Participation in the previous encounter, *The Escaped*, may give them some foreshadowing of this event. It may be helpful to have the players make Awareness Tests sometime before this encounter to maintain an element of surprise for the players. This may also serve to keep the Acolytes on their toes, particularly if the damaged servitors ambushed them earlier. The Shard-Rippers are very well camouflaged and nearly impossible to see when not moving, so the difficulty of the Test is **Hard (-20)**. Reduce the difficulty to **Challenging (+0)** if the players specifically say they're keeping an eye out for the beasts—though only to **Difficult (-10)** if they simply say they're being extra watchful but don't specify for what.

There will be one Ripper for every Acolyte plus 1d5 additional ones. If the Acolytes are particularly experienced, increase the number to 2d5. Any Acolyte that succeeded in their Awareness Test may act normally in the first Round; any who failed count as Surprised. The Shard-Rippers will flee up the sides of the gorge if half of their number are disabled or killed. When they reach the top, the Shard-Winds will whisk them quickly away. The profile for the Shard-Rippers can be found on page 130.

The GM should use this encounter as a pointer for his Acolytes, they can discover the corpse of another servitor slightly farther up the ravine, missing all its organic components in this case, eaten by the Rippers, along with a trail leading further to the north.

SHARD-RIPPERS

These animals are roughly the size of a dog, but with a far more irritable demeanour. They have short, blunt beaks, eyes set deep behind prominent brow ridges and large flaps of skin between their fore- and hind-legs that can buoy them up on the Shard Winds for short distances. They primarily subsist on small burrowing creatures living in the crust of Donaris, but will scavenge or attack anything they think is edible, including humans. They travel in small packs on the surface, but tend to dig individual warrens for feeding or resting. Their beaks and claws are incredibly dense and are able to make quick work of the shale-like rock of the surface. This also makes them dangerous to even moderately armoured foes. A favoured tactic is to hide in the upper crags of a fissure and to drop down upon unsuspecting prey, using their "wings" for any necessary course corrections.



AREA 3: THE LAB OF TECH-PRIEST ROCHE

However long or short the journey, the Acolytes will eventually turn up at Tech-Priest Roche's secret facility. The subsurface complex houses a number of storage vaults for both mechanical and biological components and labs sufficient both for servitor production and "improvement." Tech-Priest Teoma Roche has been using the facility to good advantage, though his production rate has not been quite as high as the Bishop would like. The Tech-Priest's recent experimentation with Ogryn-based servitors may compensate in quality what it lacks in quantity.

SIGNPOST

As the Acolytes approach the lab from the south, have them make an **Ordinary (+10) Awareness Test** to notice a cogitator terminal that is only partially concealed under an outcropping. The readout and input for the device appears to be set directly into the rock, but are not otherwise covered or hidden. This terminal can temporarily disable the automated defences that lie another 100 metres up the gorge and potentially make entry into the lab complex far easier. Determining the terminal's primary purpose—turning off the automated defences—requires an **Ordinary (+10) Security Test**, but its secondary function of linking with the outer complex locks is only revealed if the Test results in two or more Degrees of Success. Keep in mind that knowing that the terminal disables the defences does not tell the Acolytes what or where the defences are.

Defeating the machine spirit that keeps the defences operating requires more effort, and is treated as an Extended Task, which is only completed after accumulating five Degrees of Success or Failure. Cracking the terminal requires **Difficult (-10) Security Tests**, though Tech-Priests with a Mind Impulse Unit and Utility Mechadendrite to interface with the system gain a +20 bonus to their rolls. Compiling five Degrees of Success shut down the defence turrets for the next 30 minutes, but five Degrees of Failure will lock down the terminal. If the Acolytes were able to determine the secondary purpose of the terminal, then unlocking the outer doors to the lab complex is an **Ordinary (+10) Security Test**.

The turret contains twin-linked lasguns that use separate Weapon Skill rolls for each using a Full Attack without penalties for using both. Their programming will fire single shots at targets 50 to 75 metres and semi-automatic fire at targets closer than 50 metres. The profiles for the Defence Turrets on page 130. For well-equipped Acolytes, it should prove no more than an annoyance, particularly since the gorge has ample cover. To increase the difficulty of this encounter for experienced or numerous parties, the weapons on the turret can be upgraded to Autoguns, or even Lascannons (for Throne Agents). If they fire for more than two sequential combat rounds, an alarm will trigger in the complex.

VESTIBULUM

After dealing with the lab's defences the Acolytes will journey up the fissure to see the entrance, cleverly located beneath a massive overhang that masks it from aerial and long-range observation. A terminal nearly identical to the one outside sits beside the

stout iron doors. If the Acolytes were able to unlock the doors remotely, opening them requires a **Routine (+20) Tech Use** or **Security Test**, otherwise opening the doors requires a **Difficult (-10) Security Test**, with the same +10 bonus for a Utility Mechadendrite to interface more effectively with the system. Two or more Degrees of Success on this Test prevents the opening door from registering in the Lab or Control Centre. Three or more Degrees of Failure will trigger an alarm in those locations.

If the Acolytes choose a more destructive approach to their entry, the doors have 8 Armour Points, and 20 points of accumulated damage will open a man-sized breach. This will definitely set off alarms if they haven't already been tripped.

When the doors open, read or paraphrase the following:

The thick iron and ceramite doors give way to a passage of polished slate, the inlaid brass pattern in the floor turning the light from the low-power glow globes into a scattering of orange. Two small cleaning servitors, no more than knee-high, polish the already mirror-like floor, their buffing pads whirring quietly as they move to the edges of the corridor. Irregularities in the walls and ceiling seem to indicate that whatever drilled the passage through the native stone of Donaris simply bored straight into the cliff face, for the cold blue stone lies exposed on the walls as if a giant plug had been removed. The air smells faintly of oil, and the glow of the illum-globes is steady, even if not very bright.

A door of similar construction, though not as stout, lies not far ahead, just past a four-way intersection.

The cleaning servitors will only react to the Acolytes by moving as close to the walls as possible as they approach, clearing the passage. The Acolytes may decide to destroy them just to be safe, though they are no threat.

CELLUM

Both of these rooms are packed with well-ordered bins and crates full of all manner of materials, from canisters and barrels of fluids, to mechanical parts, to assorted tools, and are clearly a warehouse of material for some sort of mechanical production.

As the dark steel doors slowly draw apart, you see that the polished floor extends into a high-ceilinged room flanked by widely spaced rows of steel shelving, upon which lies a wide variety of well-ordered wooden crates, pallets, and bins that recede into the darkness. As you cautiously step into the room, dim glow globes, of the same type as the passageway, flicker to life, revealing both the overall dimensions of the space and also a Sentinel-like cargo servitor, motionless in the centre of the chamber. Yellow and black bands wrap its cargo-claws, and amber warning strobes—currently dark—bracket its head.

Depending on how much of a disruption the Acolytes made entering the complex and if the Tech-Priest has yet been alerted to their presence, the servitor will either remain totally inert or will lumber forward to attack them.

When conducting a search of either of the chambers, have the Acolytes make a **Challenging (+0) Search Test**, and the results will depend on the Degree of Success. A basic success will show that most of the material is in some way

related to servitor production. One additional Degree of Success reveals that there are some non-standard materials amongst the regular variety. Two Degrees of Success will turn up weaponry components, and shows that some of the fluids or parts are common to the evidence found either in Yorgos' cell or the servitors the Acolytes encountered in the canyons.

The profile for the Cargo Servitor can be found on page 130.

LANDING PIT

This room may answer many questions, such as how supplies get to the lab and how the Tech-Priest comes and goes, but it will surely raise many others. The first thing that will catch the attention of the Acolytes as they enter this room is the Arvus-class lighter squatting at the centre of the large space, clearly the primary source of transportation in and out of the complex. As the doors open, read or paraphrase the following:

As the iron doors slide smoothly open, the blunt, hawkish nose of a small transport lighter greets your eyes. It squats in the centre of the largest chamber you've seen thus far, the polish of the floor giving way to a well-blackened area where frequent thruster use has left its distinct fingerprint. The grey prow of the craft bears a simplified cog and skull insignia in dark red. The ceiling of the octagonal space ascends nearly 10 metres, where a complex iron girder structure lies half obscured in the darkness. Both the north and south walls hold doors of brass and steel, ornate patterns of metal that clearly form the cog and skull of the Mechanicus.

The Acolyte's reception in this chamber will depend upon how stealthy they've been thus far. If they have managed to keep their presence hidden from the Tech-Priest, there will only be two cleaning servitors of the same type found in the entrance to the complex. If, on the other hand, he has been alerted to their presence for at least 5 minutes, he will have woken the operational combat servitors and arranged a greeting for his visitors. The GM should determine the number of servitors lurking behind the lighter, depending on how the Acolytes have done up to this point. There should be a minimum of six, and this number should be increased if the group is more experienced or has a larger number of Acolytes. The profiles for the Roche Ogryn Gun Servitor can be found on page 130.

The servitors cannot be seen from the entrance of the chamber, as they are clustered behind the lighter, and if possible this is a good time to have the Acolytes make a **Challenging (+0) Awareness Test** and save the results of the roll until they begin to move into the room. Any level of success will allow the Acolyte to act in the first round, while those who fail the roll will be surprised when the trap is sprung.

As soon as the Acolytes move to a point where they have a chance of observing the servitors, roughly five or ten metres into the room, they will swarm out from behind the lighter and attack, fighting to the last.

In the aftermath of the fight, another **Easy (+20) Scrutiny** or **Medicæ Test** will reveal that these servitors are the same type as those encountered in the fissures.



BIO-CRYPT ALPHA

Even if the Tech-Priest has not woken servitors to deal with the intruders, there will still be ample evidence of recent activity in this area. The long corridor has alcoves to either side of the main passage that contain bio-storage tubes in which the Roche stores the organic components of his work. When the Acolytes open the door to this area, read or paraphrase the following:

The leering brass cog and skull on the door withdraws slowly into a recess in the stone, revealing a long dark corridor. Green pools of light spill from alcoves spaced evenly down its length - the only illumination present - revealing ribbed tubes thicker than a man's arm that orderly snake along the junction between the wall and floor. Some appear to be caked with frost, others jewelled with condensation and yet more remain unadorned. You can just see the edges of tanks around the corner of the first two alcoves - the green glow evidently emanating from within them.

The circular tanks contain the organic components of servitors, in various stages of either disassembly or construction, though the contents inside each cylinder all seem very orderly, and parchments on the walls of each alcove are covered with regimented columns of text, which any Tech-Priest will recognize as Mecha Lingua. The hoses along the bottom of the walls can quickly fill or partially evacuate any cylinder for access. An **Ordinary (+10) Tech Use Test** will allow an Acolyte to use the activation runes on a small pedestal at the base of each tube. The clear armacryst wall of the tube will descend into the floor at the same rate as the fluid inside, so when both are lowered one can access its contents. The light comes from a white glow-globe at the top of each cylinder, though their light is coloured by the green cryo-fluid inside.

There is ample evidence that this area has been used recently: a cart with a variety of surgical implements lies in one of the far alcoves, its surface still wet with fluids, and several of the cylinders are either empty or nearly so.

BIO-CRYPT BETA

This location is structurally identical to Bio-Crypt Alpha, and its description can be used if the Acolytes enter this area first. This area has not been used as recently; Roche uses it for more long-term storage and to keep certain failed experiments. Whereas the other area has components in most of its cryo-tubes, this area has either near-finished or failed pieces. The cylinders closest to the entrance have more complete servitors, though a Tech-Priest who succeeds in a **Challenging (+0) Trade (Technomat) or Medicae Test** recognises that these servitors appear to have more biological tissue than they would expect from a standard pattern, matching the type they've encountered previously. If they lower the cylinder from the pedestal controls on one of the complete servitors, it will activate the servitor, alerting Tech-Priest Roche and placing it under his command.

The three cryo-tubes furthest from the door clearly contain some of Roche's unsuccessful enhancements. Though the tissue growth on these subjects is far less pronounced than what would be expected of a being touched by the Chaos Obliterator

virus, they still show horrific abnormalities, with evidence of uncontrolled or abnormal muscle growth. Any Acolytes that examine these failures must make a **Disturbing (+0) Fear Test**, the rules for which can be found on page 232 of the **Dark Heresy Core Rulebook**. If the Acolytes encountered the welcoming committee in the Landing Pit, then the three cylinders closest to the door will be lowered and empty, having recently disgorged their contents to provide the servitors for the ambush. Likewise, if Tech-Priest Roche has a chance to trigger the activation of these servitors at a later time, they will emerge from these tubes.

PRESSURE LOCK

As the door to this small containment lock cracks, a burst of incense-laden air will rush out, smelling like an odd mix of honey and medicae unguents. The doors open further to reveal vents in the ceiling and walls that keep a steady airflow moving out of the lock. They will continue to vent until the outer door is closed. Acolytes of a more paranoid leaning may suspect some sort of gas or poison, and though it contains nothing of the sort, it doesn't hurt to let them worry about it. After the doors are completely open, read or paraphrase the following:

The sweet smell of unguents flows past you as the doors part only to reveal a second set only a few metres further. Though the doors themselves are the same dark ironwork you've seen throughout the rest of the complex, the embossed decoration on these are far more elaborate than any of the others. This masterful rendition of the Machina Opus, worked in precious metals, is well over a metre high and lies atop the Caducal Helix—both holy symbols of the Adeptus Mechanicus. A glowing display screen has been cleverly integrated into the eye of the mechanical skull, its red glow reflecting off the polished silver surface of its socket. A brass and copper keyboard lies just inside the mouth, illuminated by a weak light from above.

As the Acolytes approach the terminal, which bears some similarity to the ones they encountered outside and at the entrance of the complex, a series of symbols will scroll across the screen, along with a string of text that clearly indicates that input is required. This is the start of a puzzle that may take the Acolytes some time to solve. Unlike the previous terminals, the Security Skill will not be of much use, though the simple possession of the Tech-Use Skill should be enough for any Acolyte to navigate through the terminal's input requests.

Like the other terminals, appeasing this terminal's machine spirit is an Extended Task where the accumulation of five Degrees of Success will grant the Acolyte's access; five Degrees of Failure will set off an alarm, alerting Tech-Priest Roche to the Acolytes' presence if this has not already happened. The sequences the terminal displays requires a **Challenging (+0) Logic Test**, though they appear to be medical or biological in nature. Acolytes that think to have a player with the Medicae Skill assist the Test gain a +20 bonus to the Logic roll if they make a corresponding **Challenging (+0) Medicae Test**.

If the Acolytes fail and set off the alarms, they can take a more physical approach to opening the door. The door has 6 AP, and 15 points of accumulated damage will open a man-sized hole.

LABORATORIUM

This is Tech-Priest Roche's primary lab, and though it is mainly dark, pools of light illuminate partially complete servitors and other experiments. While most other locations in the complex have been devoid of movement, there is no shortage of it here. As the Acolytes enter, read or paraphrase the following:

The shining cog and skull relief descends into the floor as the upper half of the hatch rises into the ceiling, revealing a dark room with clear aisles between the doors at the centre of each wall. These paths divide the room roughly into quarters, and in each one lies a ceramite table with shining steel runnels along its edges. Three of the four tables are occupied with partially completed servitors and the fourth has pools of fluids that indicate recent use. The iron tang of blood replaces the pleasant incense of the pressure lock. Aspirator bellows wheeze and hiss as they pump air and liquids through a variety of gurgling hoses and tubes that plunge into the flesh of their charges. Automated chirurgical arms swing across two of the tables, cutting or suturing the forms immobilized on their surfaces with thick leather straps, stained dark from frequent use. Four lights in the ceiling spotlight the tables, but shadows shroud the rest of the room.

The table in the northeast quadrant—the only one not currently occupied—is noticeably larger than the others, but given that none are the same size, the GM should not emphasize it unless the Acolytes make direct comparisons. The largest table is the table upon which Roche has been working on his latest creations, which the Acolytes will encounter in short order. Any Tech-Priest can make an **Ordinary (+10) Tech Use Test** to determine that all of the various gear and apparatus in the room are relatively standard for Mechanicus servitor production. Two or more Degrees of Success also reveals that there has been some recent alteration to the basic patterns.

The servitors on the tables are anywhere from halfway to nearly complete, and an **Ordinary (+10) Awareness** or **Medicae Test** will show that these servitors are the same type as those encountered in the fissures or at the landing area. Two or more Degrees of Success also allows the Acolytes to identify one of the servitors-to-be as Yorgos. Other than the servitors on the tables, the room is unoccupied, though the GM can keep the Acolytes off balance by having the servitors on the tables twitch at an opportune moment or by making one of the many systems in the room vent a cloud of steam while they attempt to discern something in a particularly dark corner.

DOMUS

This area serves as the living quarters for Tech-Priest Roche—and also for Bishop Bruno on the rare instances when he visits—and the chamber reflects the vast difference in their personalities.

The western section holds three recharge frames suitable for members of the Adeptus Mechanicus, one of which is both larger and clearly more worn than the others. Cogitator banks flank the recharge frames, as well as several other machines designed to cleanse both biological and mechanical systems, though this would not be apparent to anyone outside the Cult

Mechanicus. It is almost painfully minimalist, and the few items that are not part of the room are laid out on a gleaming steel stand with flawless precision.

The eastern section has a large, four-post bed frame of rich, dark wood. Silken red bedding covers the broad surface of a thick mattress. A desk and nightstand made of the same wood sit to one side, their surfaces cluttered with readouts, stylus, and a stack of unused parchment. A brass lamp arches over the desk, and a quill and inkpot lie along the top edge, the blotter beneath it well-stained with haphazard splatters. Tall armoires line the wall on the other side of the bed, highly polished with brass handles. The armoires are empty save one, which has several hangers of bedclothes, also cut of a rich red cloth, and two thick red robes.

The papers on the desk clearly relate to the supply and material needs of the complex. Small and exact autoquill print covers each page, with scribbled arrows and notes in a large, messy hand spilling from the margins. The content is in High Gothic, and is generally mundane information concerning the supply of materials to the complex: fuel, water, food, nutrient paste, etc. There is no reference to any proscribed materials, and the marginal notes are mostly rants about the exorbitant prices for many of the necessary resources needed for the labs: fuel and maintenance for the Arvus lighter, an additional cogitator bank for the main lab, and so forth.

Canny Acolytes may think to compare the handwriting of the notes with that of known samples, but this will be near impossible at this time. However, if an Adept is able to compare the notes with a variety of sample documents later, a **Hard (-20) Perception Test** will show it to be similar to that of the Bishop.

CONTROL & GENERARIUM

The main cogitator banks, power generation, and all the controls for the complex lie in this room. A broad path paved in inlaid symbols and patterns holy to the Onmissiah leads to a central control console. Designed for a member of the Mechanicus, it is somewhat similar to the recharge frames in Roche's quarters, though significantly more elaborate. Two servitors, permanently hardwired into the control system, take care of the day-to-day tasks of running the complex, freeing the Tech-Priest for more creative duties. When the players enter this area, read or paraphrase the following:

The retracting iron doors open to reveal a room filled with control consoles and wiring, though your attention is immediately drawn to the very centre of the chamber, where a Tech-Priest clad in the red robes of the Adeptus Mechanicus floats in a control frame suspended from the ceiling, his mechadendrites spread out to nearby panels like a spider. The disc of flooring directly beneath him glows in a slowly shifting spectrum of pale colours, under-lighting his features. The lower portion of his face is an intricate assembly of silvered metals, constructed to resemble the jawbone and empty nasal cavity of the human skull. Everything above this, however, appears completely unaugmented.

The reception the Acolytes receive here will very much depend on their actions in the complex thus far and how long Roche has been aware of their presence. One thing that will remain the same regardless of the circumstances is that Roche knows that his operation is compromised. If the Acolytes have managed to maintain stealth up to this point, he will be surprised to see them, though it will only register as a furrowing of his brows—no other portion of his face, nor his voice, is capable of any more expression. If they have been more direct in their approach, he will have already made certain preparations, such as continuing to activate servitors, including his new Ogryn-pattern Combat Servitor in Bio-Crypt Gamma.

His voice is clearly mechanical, issuing from a vox synthesizer housed within his augmetic skeletal jaw, “You clearly serve the Deus Mechanicus as I do. My work perfects the biological form for more effective integration with the holy mechanical.” Play his voice as mechanical, though it need not be monotone, and act very stiff when portraying the Tech-Priest. He will be unfailingly courteous, regardless of accusations or baiting by the Acolytes, and continue to make reference to the exact number of minutes and seconds that they have detracted from his works. A stopwatch may be used to keep track of exactly how long the conversation has taken, to add to the dramatic tension of the scene and to keep track of how many servitors can be awoken in that time.

He will attempt to keep the Acolytes talking for as long as possible, giving him time to activate more servitors. When asked about Yorgos, he will once again furrow his brow before responding, “That one’s flesh was weak and the information within it would have compromised Complex Primaris. You observed it in the laboratory, awaiting muscle grafts so it can serve the Ommissiah once more. I will repair and improve it.” The Acolytes may wish to ask him about any number of things, such as why he has altered the standard servitor pattern or how he established the complex. He will answer honestly, and to the best of his ability, any question, including those relating to the Bishop, but will be quite verbose in his answers, looking to buy himself more time. He will even tell the Acolytes his current plans if asked, “Yes, I am delaying you for enough time to assure your destruction.”

If the Acolytes defeated the servitors in the Landing Pit, he will know that he no longer has the forces to give him an acceptable probability of victory, and will activate the Ogryn Combat Servitor to delay the Acolytes long enough to make their deaths certain after he activates the scuttling charges. He will do the same if they have destroyed the material and servitors in Bio-Crypts Alpha and Beta. If not, he calculates that he can triumph with the servitors available: six or more standard servitors from the main crypts and the Ogryn from Gamma.

He will not willingly leave the control cage unless he calculates it will buy him enough time for the servitors to arrive, and will only attack the Acolytes if they attack first or if the door to the Lab opens to admit the servitors. It will take five minutes to awaken the

servitors, and at the end of this time, the door will either open to admit them or the lights will all suddenly turn red as he arms the scuttling charges. If he triggers the self-destruct charges, he will continue to suppress the audible alarm until he leaves the control frame or dies. The statistics for Tech-Priest Teoma Roche can be found on page 131.

There are several possibilities for how the encounter at this location will end:

The Acolytes will incapacitate or kill Roche before he can awaken any other servitors and the scuttling charges will be activated.

The Acolytes will incapacitate or kill Roche after he has activated the destruction charges and servitors and will have to fight their way clear of the complex

Either way, it will be time for the players to make a hasty retreat if they do not want to explode along with the complex; see Escape below.



BIO-CRYPT GAMMA

The door to this area has no access terminal or activation rune, and can only be activated from within the Control Room. If the Acolytes decide to force the issue, the door has 6AP and 20 points of damage will open a man-sized hole. If Roche has awoken the Ogryn Combat Servitor, the door will be open. Within lies two cryo-tubes of far larger scale than those from Alpha and Beta, and both rubble and drilling equipment lie at the end of the corridor, clearly anticipating future expansion.

Within the cylinders lie Roche's greatest experiments. In the northern tube, an Ogryn floats in cryo-stasis, additional slabs of raw muscle adding to its already massive frame. The southern cylinder either contains a finished Ogryn Servitor or will be lowered and empty. Activating the pedestal rune in this location will have the same effect as in the other bio-crypts, awakening the servitor and alerting Roche.

The profile for the Ogryn Combat Servitor can be found on page 130.

ESCAPE

The scuttling charges are set for a 5-minute delay and cannot be countermanded after Roche's death, but even if the Acolytes have kept him alive, he has no interest in halting the countdown, for he knows what fate awaits him should his brothers in the Adeptus Mechanicus gain knowledge of his experiments. It is likely that the Acolytes will have to fight their way through servitors on the way out. The Ogryn servitor, and the smaller servitor if applicable, will block the way to the pressure lock, which has been closed and locked again.

When the Acolytes re-enter the room, make sure to emphasize the almost nightmarish aspect to the scene. The lights strobe red, making any servitors seem to stutter as they move, and several of the tubes are now venting steam into the air, shrouding the majority of the lab. Treat the combination of the steam and poor lighting as fog and shadow, imposing a -20 penalty on Ballistic Skill Tests. On top of it all, a monotone mechanical voice will be reminding them how much time they have to escape at 15-second intervals, as well as letting them know that the minimum safe distance from the blast is one kilometre at each minute. The first time they hear the distance announcement should cause no small amount of alarm, though the GM should not give it any more emphasis than the other warnings.



Once they fight their way clear of any servitors in their path, they will still have to deal with the locked door, and while this is no more difficult than when they came from the other direction, there is now a time limit. See the Pressure Lock on page 122 for details on opening or destroying the door. Make sure to keep track of each round and make appropriate time warnings to keep the pressure on the Acolytes.

After passing through the pressure lock, there is nothing that prevents them from escaping the same way in which they arrived, though their ability to move one kilometre away from the complex in the remaining time may be in serious question. However, should any of the Acolytes remember that the Arvus-class lighter is more than just a piece of scenery, they have another means of escape. Reward the first Acolyte to consider this option with 25 XP. The lighter's controls are standard and have not been locked in any way. However, starting the engines and adequately awakening the craft's machine spirit for flight will take two minutes. A **Challenging (+0) Tech Use Test** can reduce this time by 15 seconds for a simple success and an additional 15 seconds for each **Degree of Success**.

This still leaves the doors above the landing area. The controls to the doors are in the cockpit of the lighter, though this is not immediately apparent. Anyone in the flight seats can make a **Difficult (-10) Awareness Test** to notice the controls. The difficulty is reduced to **Ordinary (+10)** if an Acolyte is actually looking for them. Once found, activating them requires a **Routine (+20) Tech-Use Test**. The doors above the pit retract to either side, though this process takes nearly twenty seconds. Piloting the lighter through the comparatively narrow opening necessitates a **Challenging (+0) Pilot (Civilian Craft) Test** and, once clear, the Acolytes are free to take the lighter wherever they wish.

The explosion of the scuttling charges will raise a huge red-grey dome of slate and fire into the air, which the Shard Winds will immediately begin to smear to one side, even as much of the rock returns to the surface. After only minutes, the howling winds will have forced the cloud to one side, revealing a shallow sunken area in the surface where the lab complex once was.

SHORT ENDING

If this scenario is being played in a short amount of time the adventure can end here with the successful elimination or capture of the rogue Tech-Priest and the destruction of his facility. However, if there is more time, or if the GM is looking to add more of a challenge for his Acolytes, then he can continue to the next scene.

AREA 4: CONFRONTING THE BISHOP

If the Acolytes learned of the Bishop's involvement with Tech-Priest Roche and the lab complex, they will no doubt wish to detain him for his part in this fiasco. There are several possible means of doing so, and though none are remarkably difficult for the Acolytes, they do present an opportunity for some roleplaying.

Arbitrator Maigrit will no doubt want a full account of the events since the Acolytes departed Yorgos' cell, including the fate of her prisoner. She will respectfully ask if they have proof that the prisoner is truly dead. Convincing her to accept their word on this matter requires a **Challenging (+0) Skill Test** for any appropriate Interaction Skill other than Blather. If asked, she will happily report the last known location of either Confessor Bernardus or Bishop Iordanus. If the group has been significantly hurt over the course of the adventure, she will also offer to accompany them, which will provide some additional firepower for the final battle.

The Acolytes may go to speak with representatives of the Mechanicus. Unless they have a Tech-Priest with them, it will be very difficult to contact anyone of any real authority, and even with a Tech-Priest present, this should be a challenging task. Eventually, Tech-Priest Austos Sann will greet them, flanked by two Skitarii. Just like Arbitrator Maigrit, he will want both a full account of the Acolyte's actions and proof that Yorgos has been brought to justice, though he will be far more interested in the details concerning the illicit lab, including its exact location so his own teams can excavate it for further investigation. He can provide information concerning the whereabouts of the Confessor or Bishop, if asked, and offers to accompany the Acolytes if it looks as if they could use some additional firepower.

It's possible that the Acolytes harbour suspicions that Sann is also part of the conspiracy. If they make any accusations to this effect, he will reveal his position as leader of an Exepior team and elaborate on his own suspicions concerning Tech-Priest Roche and the Bishop. This should be enough to allay the Acolyte's suspicions, but if it is not, Sann will cooperate while continuing to profess his innocence.

Eventually the Acolytes will head towards the Ecclesiarchal enclave to confront either Bernardus or Bishop Iordanus. When this happens, they'll find he's beaten them to the punch.

THE BISHOP CONFRONTS YOU

The Bishop has learned of the destruction of the lab complex, and knew that it was only a matter of time before the Acolytes came looking for him, so he's made a few preparations. He's cleared the main cathedral of the enclave and has prepared Tech-Priest Roche's gift to him—another of the Ogryn servitors, though this one is far more heavily armed. He's taken the servitor to the cathedral and also instructed Bernardus to hide there in anticipation of luring the Acolytes into a trap.

When the Acolytes arrive at the Ecclesiarchal enclave and demand an audience with the Confessor or Bishop, the gate guards will quickly confer with their superior before standing

aside. The Sergeant of the Guard ushers the Acolytes down a long, downward-sloping corridor whose walls are covered in bas-relief sculpture depicting famous tales of the Emperor and his Saints. The doors at the far end are covered in gold leaf and carved with an Imperial halo. As the Acolytes approach, a pict-caster rises smoothly on brass hydraulics from the floor. At this point, read or paraphrase the following:

The pict-screen, nearly a metre wide and bordered in an ornate brass frame, polished to a glow, stops smoothly at the top of its pillar of rods and pistons. The visage of Bishop Iordanus Bruno springs to life on its surface, larger than life in size, but his shoulders are slumped and his head bowed. In a resigned voice he says, "I knew that someday the Holy Emperor would call me to task for my transgressions, for His light sees all and his arm is long." He raises his head and you can see tears streak his face from reddened eyes. "I will take my penance in the cathedral, before the eyes of the Emperor, as is right. The Sergeant of the Guard will show you the way." The image vanishes and as the screen begins its silent descent back into the floor, the golden doors swing outward, revealing a large open chamber.

The Acolytes may be rightly suspicious of the Bishop's intent, but he is an excellent actor. Any player who questions Iordanus' truthfulness can make an Opposed Skill Test, their Scrutiny against the Bishop's Deception (see Bishop Iordanus Bruno on page 131). Beating him in this Test will simply let them know that he's hiding something, since he has not actually lied. A difference of two or more Degrees of Success will reveal that the tears and resigned attitude were faked, though, confusingly, also confirming that he told no lies.

The Sergeant of the Guard will lead the Acolytes through the main chamber of the enclave, its high-domed ceiling masterfully painted to resemble a warm blue sky with scattered clouds. A number of Ecclesiarchal staff bustle to and fro, taking no more notice of the small group than that of any other. Those that pass close by may bow deferentially to the group if they wear the symbols of the Inquisition openly. There is no indication that things here are not completely normal.

Passages lead off from the edges of the chamber, and a few larger structures actually protrude slightly into the space. If the Acolytes wish to make a detour to test their situation, the Sergeant of the Frateris Militia will not block them, but simply remind them solemnly that the Bishop is waiting at the Cathedral.

THE CATHEDRAL

The cathedral's circular wall bulges into the chamber, and those Acolytes who have been through the Illumination adventure from the **DARK HERESY CORE RULEBOOK** can make an **Ordinary (+10) Awareness Test** to identify it as the same pattern as the one at Stern Hope. The GM can use the same map as the one on page 387 of the **DARK HERESY CORE RULEBOOK** for the main cathedral here. As the Acolytes enter, read or paraphrase the following:

The massive cathedral doors swing slowly open and you see Iordanus prostrate before the altar. You see him flinch as he hears your footsteps and crane his head around to see his judges. He gets wearily to his feet and turns to face you, his rich cream-coloured robes crumpled slightly from his abasement. He spreads his hands and bows his head, speaking in a rich, clear voice, "The Emperor judges us all when we go to serve at his luminous hand. The Ecclesiarchy is his voice to the masses and the channel for his divine will." His head comes up and you note that it is curiously devoid of tears. "I am the voice of the Emperor on Donaris. Be judged!"

The massive form of an Ogryn servitor rises from behind the altar, the barrels of its Gatling cannon already spinning and its mouth open in a silent scream.

Though they won't be surprised, unless the Acolytes came into the cathedral at the ready, their first actions must be to draw or ready their weapons. The Bishop is confident that his pet will be able to destroy the Acolytes, but has an autopistol hidden in his robes just in case. Iordanus and the Ogryn servitor will fight to their last breath, but Confessor Bernardus is not quite as committed to the cause and will attempt to escape in the confusion if it's clear that things are going badly for the Bishop. It's recommended not to use Sudden Death Critical Hits in this encounter, if for no other reason than to allow the Ogryn servitor to perish in a particularly grisly manner.

The GM can use a number of tools to ensure that this dangerous encounter doesn't result in the immediate death of your Acolytes. Unless he have an Acolyte who's very well armed and armoured, spread the servitor's shots around. If they are faring poorly, the GM can remind them that the cathedral pillars make for excellent cover, making the combat much more of a game of cat and mouse than a slugfest. Confessor Bernardus can also act as a balancing factor, in that his flight can be made to happen at any time, or not at all. One important thing to note, however, is that the GM's players may feel cheated if they feel the GM is pulling his punches—especially in the finale—so use these tools sparingly if at all.



AFTERMATH

Assuming the Acolytes are triumphant, Arbitrator Maigrit and Tech-Priest Sann will respond to alarms from the enclave in relatively short order, and if they are already with the Acolytes, reinforcements will arrive from their respective organizations. While the Acolytes were unable to question Yorgos, they uncovered a much larger heresy, and Inquisitor Vaarak will be greatly impressed with their resourcefulness in a difficult situation, even more so if they were able to keep their Inquisitorial nature secret.

Award any surviving PCs 250 XP—or only 200 xp if they ended the adventure after destroying the lab—plus a bonus of up to 50 xp for Acolytes that were particularly effective in moving the story along or figuring out puzzles or clues.

PLOT SEEDS

There are a number of plot threads that can be carried through for further adventures. Of course Yorgos' association with Carlos Shoal will keep the players' minds on that thread from **PURGE THE UNCLEAN**, but there are several other questions that bear further investigation:

Who was supplying Yorgos with the parts and weaponry he smuggled into Donaris?

Records show that Roche's lab had been functioning for some time, but the number of servitors encountered represents only a fraction of the estimated production. To whom did the rest go, and where?

If Confessor Bernardus escaped, he is an obvious loose end, but the scale of the operation suggests others must have been involved in both the Ecclesiarchy and the Mechanicus.

Who are they?

NPC PROFILES

ARBITRATOR MAIGRIT

Arbitrator Maigrig

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
36	39	37	40	35	38	37	31	32

Movement: 3/6/9/18**Wounds:** 16

Skills: Acrobatics (Ag), Awareness (Per), Common Lore (Donaris) (Int), Interrogation (WP), Scholastic Lore (Judgement) (Int) +10, Scrutiny (Per) +10, Speak Language (Low Gothic) (Int).

Talents: Basic Weapon Training (Las, SP), Disarm, Melee Weapon Training (Shock), Pistol Training (Las, SP), Takedown.

Armour: Enforcer Light Carapace (Head 5, Arms 5, Body 5, Legs 5).

Weapons: Combat Shotgun (30m; S/3/-; 1d10+4 I; Pen 0; Clip 18; Reload Full; Scatter), Hand Cannon (35m; S/-/-; 1d10+4 I; Pen 2; Clip 5; Reload 2 Full), Shock Staff (1d5+1 I; Pen 2; Shocking).

Gear: Micro-bead, Photo-visior, Respirator, 1 Combat Shotgun Magazine, 2 Hand Cannon Magazines.

TYPICAL PROCTOR

Typical Proctor

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
35	35	35	35	35	30	35	30	30

Movement: 3/6/9/18**Wounds:** 13

Skills: Awareness (Per), Common Lore (Donaris) (Int), Interrogation (WP), Scholastic Lore (Judgement) (Int), Scrutiny (Per), Speak Language (Low Gothic) (Int).

Talents: Basic Weapon Training (Las, SP), Disarm, Melee Weapon Training (Shock), Pistol Training (SP).

Armour: Enforcer Light Carapace (Head 5, Arms 5, Body 5, Legs 5).

Weapons: Combat Shotgun (30m; S/3/-; 1d10+4 I; Pen 0; Clip 18; Reload Full; Scatter), Stub Automatic (30m; S/3/-; 1d10+3 I; Pen 0; Clip 9; Reload Full), Shock Staff (1d5+1 I; Pen 2; Shocking).

Gear: Micro-bead, Photo-visior, Respirator, 1 Combat Shotgun Magazine, 1 Stub Automatic Magazine.

CONFESSOR BERNARDUS

Confessor Bernardus

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
23	31	34	36	32	38	32	33	41

Movement: 3/6/9/18**Wounds:** 17

Skills: Awareness (Per), Basic Weapon Training (Las), Charm (Fel), Common Lore (Imperial Creed) (Int), Deceive (Fel), Literacy (Int), Pistol Training (Las), Scholastic Lore (Imperial Creed) (Int) +10, Speak Language (High Gothic, Low Gothic) (Int).

Talents: Air of Authority, Master Orator.

Armour: Ecclesiarchal Robes (Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 1).

Weapons: Las Carbine (60m; S/2/-; 1d10+2 E; Pen 0; Clip 40, Reload Full; Reliable), Laspistol (30m; S/-/-; 1d10+2 E; Pen 0; Clip 30; Reload Full; Reliable).

Gear: Devotional Tome

FRATERIS MILITIA

Frateris Militia

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
30	35	30	35	35	30	30	35	35

Movement: 3/6/9/18**Wounds:** 14

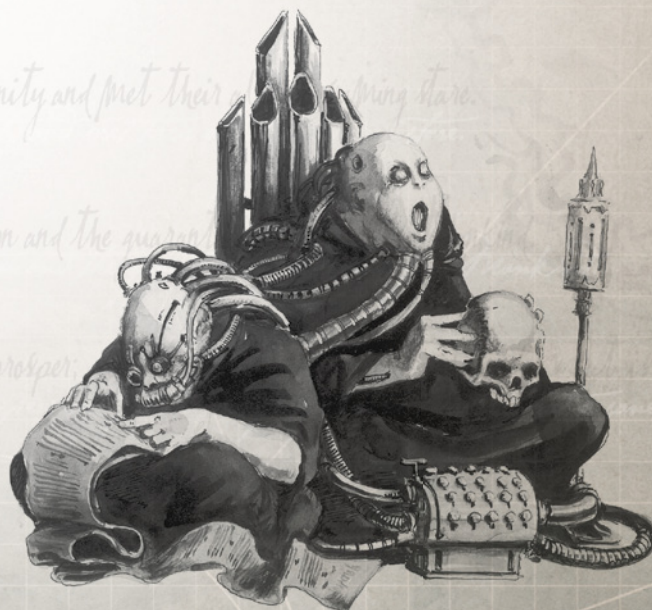
Skills: Awareness (Per), Common Lore (Imperial Creed) (Int), Literacy (Int), Speak Language (Low Gothic) (Int).

Talents: Basic Weapon Training (SP), Melee weapon Training (Primitive), Pistol Training (SP).

Armour: Flak Jacket (Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3).

Weapons: Autogun (90m; S/3/10; 1d10+3 I; Pen 0; Clip 30; Reload Full), Knife (3m; 1d5 R; Pen 0 Primitive).

Gear: Devotional Chap Book.



TECH-PRIEST AUSTOS SANN



Tech-Priest Austos Sann

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
31	34	30	36	35	41	36	32	22

Movement: 3/6/9/18**Wounds:** 14

Skills: Awareness (Per), Common Lore (Tech) (Int), Drive (Ground Vehicle) (Ag), Interrogation (WP), Logic (Int) +10, Scholastic Lore (Judgement), Speak Language (Low Gothic) (Int), Secret Tongue (Techno-Cant) (Int), Scrutiny (Ag), Search (Ag), Tech-Use (Int) +10.

Talents: Basic Weapon Training (Las, SP), Binary Chatter, Chem Geld, Electrical Succour, Energy Cache, Gun Blessing, Luminen Charge, Meditation, Melee Weapon Training (Chain), Pistol Training (Las, SP).

Armour: Flak Cloak (Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3).

Weapons: Las Carbine (60m; S/2/-; 1d10+2 E; Pen 0; Clip 40, Reload Full; Reliable), Laspistol (30m; S/-/-; 1d10+2 E; Pen 0; Clip 30; Reload Full; Reliable).

Gear: Auger Arrays, Cybernetic Sight (Good), Data Slate, Mind Impulse Unit, Personal Cogitator, Respirator, Tools.

DONARIS SKATARI



Donaris Skatarii

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
35	35	35	35	30	30	35	35	25

Movement: 3/6/9/18**Wounds:** 12

Skills: Awareness (Per), Common Lore (Tech) (Int), Speak Language (Low Gothic) (Int), Secret Tongue (Techno-Cant) (Int), Tech-Use (Int).

Talents: Basic Weapon Training (Las, SP), Melee weapon Training (Chain, Primitive), Pistol Training (Las, SP).

Armour: Enforcer Light Carapace (Head 5, Arms 5, Body 5, Legs 5).

Weapons: Lasgun (100m; S/3/-; 1d10+3 E; Pen 0; Clip 60; Reload Full; Reliable), Laspistol (30m; S/-/-; 1d10+2 E; Pen 0; Clip 30; Reload Full; Reliable), Chainsword (1d10+2 R; Pen 2; Balanced, Tearing).

Gear: Micro-bead, Photo-visor, Respirator.

ESCHIUS-PATTERN CYBERMASTIFF



Eschius-Pattern Cybermastiff

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
35	—	35	35	30	17	35	30	—

Movement: 4/8/12/24**Wounds:** 8

Skills: Awareness (Per) +10, Concealment (Ag) +10, Silent Move (Ag) +10, Swim (S), Tracking (Int) +20.

Talents: Nerves of Steel.

Traits: Bestial, Brutal Charge, Enhanced Senses (Smell), Machine (6), Quadruped, Size (Scrawny).

Armour: Machine (Head 6, Forelegs 8, Body 6 Hindlegs 6).

Weapons: Bite (1d10+3 R, Pen 0).

Gear: IR Vision Implant, Filter Plugs Implant.

ARBITES VERISPEX OBSERVATION SKULL



Arbites Verispex Observation Skull

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
15	—	10	10	30	15	40	20	—

Movement: 6/12/18/36**Wounds:** 4

Skills: Awareness (Per) +20, Concealment (Ag) +10, Dodge (Ag), Silent Move (Ag) +10, Tracking (Int) +10.

Talents: None.

Traits: Commands, Dark Sight, Flier 6, Machine (1), Programmed Instinct, Size (Puny).

Armour: Machine (Head 1).

Weapons: None.

Gear: Auger Array, Cybernetic Senses (Smell).



DAMAGED ROCHE COMBAT SERVITOR



Damaged Roche Combat Servitor

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
35	05	40	40	35	10	20	30	05

Movement: 3/6/9/18**Wounds:** 6**Skills:** Heightened Senses (Vision), Melee Weapon Training (Chain, Primitive).**Talents:** Two Weapon Wielder (Melee).**Traits:** Dark Sight, Machine (4).**Armour:** Machine (Head 4, Arms 4, Body 4, Legs 4).**Weapons:** Chain Sword (1d10+2 R; Pen 2; Balanced, Tearing) (One of the two blades has been damaged and the limb is inoperative).**Gear:** Internal Micro-bead (Inoperative due to damage).

THE ESCAPED



Average Escapee

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
20	20	30	30	30	20	30	30	30

Movement: 3/6/9/18**Wounds:** 10**Skills:** Awareness (Per), Dodge (Ag), Speak Language (Low Gothic Dialect) (Int), Survival (Int), Tracking (Int).**Talents:** None.**Armour:** Shard-Ripper Leathers (Arms 2, Body 2, Legs 2).**Weapons:** Spear (10m; 1d10 R; Pen 0; Primitive).**Gear:** Face wrap, Water bag, Shard-Ripper carcass.

SHARD-RIPPER



Sharp-Ripper

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
35	—	20	35	40	15	45	30	—

Movement: 6/12/18/36**Wounds:** 6**Skills:** Awareness (Per), Dodge (Ag), Silent Move (Ag) +10, Tracking (Int) +10.**Talents:** None.**Traits:** Bestial, Dark Sight, Quadruped, Natural Armour (2), Natural Weapons, Size (Scrawny).**Armour:** Natural Armour (Head 2, Forelegs 2, Body 2, Hindlegs 2).**Weapons:** Bite (1d10 R; Pen 0).**Gear:** None.

DEFENCE TURRET



Defence Turret

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
—	30	—	30	—	20	35	40	—

Movement: 0/0/0/0**Wounds:** 10**Skills:** Awareness (Per).**Talents:** Basic Weapon Training (Las), Heightened Senses (Sight).**Traits:** Armour Plating, Machine (3).**Armour:** Machine (All 5).**Weapons:** 2 Lasguns (100m; S/3/-; 1d10+3 E; Pen 0; Clip Unlimited; Reload n/a; Reliable).**Gear:** Cybernetic Senses (Sight), Internal Micro-bead.

CARGO SERVITOR



Cargo Servitor

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
20	10	50	40	20	10	20	30	05

Movement: 2/4/6/12**Wounds:** 15**Skills:** None.**Talents:** None.**Traits:** Machine (4), Unnatural Strength (2).**Armour:** Machine Armour (Head 4, Arms 4, Body 4, Legs 4).**Weapons:** Loader Arms (1d5 I; Pen 0).**Gear:** Internal Micro-bead.

ROCHE COMBAT SERVITOR



Roche Combat Servitor

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
35	05	40	40	35	10	20	30	05

Movement: 3/6/9/18**Wounds:** 10**Skills:** Heightened Senses (Vision), Melee Weapon Training (Chain, Primitive).**Talents:** Two Weapon Wielder (Melee).**Traits:** Dark Sight, Machine (4).**Armour:** Machine (Head 4, Arms 4, Body 4, Legs 4).**Weapons:** 2 Chain Swords (1d10+2 R; Pen 2; Balanced, Tearing).**Gear:** Internal Micro-bead.

TECH-PRIEST TEOMA ROCHE



Tech Priest Teoma Roche

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
23	29	36	38	35	43	41	34	26

Movement: 3/6/9/18**Wounds:** 16

Skills: Awareness (Per), Chem-Use (Int), Ciphers (Int) +10, Common Lore (Tech, Cult Mechanicus) (Int), Logic (Int) +10, Medicae +10, Pilot (Civilian) (Ag) +10, Scholastic Lore (Chymistry) +10, Security (Per), Speak Language (Low Gothic, High Gothic) (Int), Secret Tongue (Techno-Cant) (Int), Tech-Use (Int) +10.

Talents: Binary Chatter, Chem Geld, Feedback Screech, Electrical Succour, Energy Cache, Luminen Charge, Master Chirurgeon, Mechadendrite Use (Manipulator, Utility), Meditation, Melee Weapon Training (Power, Primitive), Pistol Training (Bolt, Las, SP).

Armour: Flak Robes (Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3).

Weapons: Bolt Pistol (30m; S/2/-; 1d10+5 X; Pen 4; Clip 8; Reload Full), Power Blade (1d10+3 E, Pen 6; Power Field).

Gear: Bionic Respiratory System, Chirurgeon Tools, Data Slate, 2 x Manipulator Mechadendrite, Mind Impulse Unit (Good), 2 x Utility Mechadendrite, 1 x Bolt Pistol Clip.

ROCHE OGRYN COMBAT SERVITOR



Roche Ogryn Combat Servitor

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
40	05	45	45	30	10	20	35	05

Movement: 3/6/9/18**Wounds:** 30

Skills: Heightened Senses (Vision), Melee Weapon Training (Chain, Primitive).

Talents: Die Hard, Fearless, Two Weapon Wielder (Melee).

Traits: Machine (4), Size (Hulking), Unnatural Strength (x2), Unnatural Toughness (x2).

Armour: Machine Armour (Head 4, Arms 4, Body 4, Legs 4).

Weapons: 2 x Hulking Chainsword (2d5+4 R, Pen 3, Tearing).

Gear: Internal Micro-bead.

BISHOP IORDANUS BRUNO



Bishop Iordanus Bruno

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
36	28	35	41	38	37	34	41	46

Movement: 3/6/9/18**Wounds:** 17

Skills: Awareness (Per), Charm (Fel), Common Lore (Imperial Creed) (Int), Literacy (Int), Scholastic Lore (Imperial Creed) (Int) +10, Speak Language (High Gothic, Low Gothic).

Talents: Air of Authority, Master Orator.

Armour: Ecclesiarchal Robes (Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 1).

Weapons: Autopistol (30m, S/-/6; 1d10+2 I; Pen 0; Clip 18; Reload Full).

Gear: None.

ROCHE OGRYN GUN SERVITOR



Roche Ogryn Gun Servitor

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
20	45	45	45	30	10	20	35	05

Movement: 3/6/9/18**Wounds:** 30

Skills: Heightened Senses (Vision), Melee Weapon Training (Chain, Primitive).

Talents: Die Hard, Fearless.

Traits: Machine (4), Size (Hulking), Unnatural Strength (x2), Unnatural Toughness (x2).

Armour: Machine Armour (Head 4, Arms 4, Body 4, Legs 4).

Weapons: Heavy Stubber (120m; -/-/10; 1d10+4 I; Pen 3, Reload 2 Full), Outsized Fist (2d5 I, Primitive).

Gear: Internal Micro-bead.



HANDOUT: COMMUNIQUE

DATESTAMP: 4182999.M41

FROM: VAARAK, GLOBUS, INQMK954H841AE

SUBJ: MARCIN, YORGOS, UHIMK618J456GU

ASTROPATH: ULLMAE, KLYPH, AATMK814E738CD

REF: DONARIS, SUBFILE GRANITHOR (MOON OF)

ADMINISTRATUM REF OBS/CAL/GOL/PIR61895D18964P



You are hereby instructed to proceed to Arbitrator Precinct WS2387 on the moon of Donaris in the Granithor system and put to the question Yorgos Marcin.

The local Arbitrators apprehended Marcin for smuggling advanced components onto Donaris, and while this would not normally warrant Inquisitorial attentions, he has a history of dealing low-grade arms and equipment to dissidents, fomenters of dissent, and other small cells of rebellion. Only recently, sources connected him with other, more malignant individuals.

Unfortunately, both the local Mechanicus and Ecclesiarchal authorities have also shown a keen interest in questioning Marcin, and I need not tell you that their crude prodding may not leave him well enough for our more refined techniques.

However, the Inquisition has no desire to upset the delicate balance between these two organizations, who have been feuding over the system for centuries. You are therefore to tread very lightly, and it may be best if no one knows of your true nature. Let me be absolutely clear: you are to do precisely nothing that gives either the Adeptus Ministorum or Adeptus Mechanicus authorities any more or less of a claim to Yorgos after your inquiry is complete.

The Arbitrator station has been forewarned of your arrival, and has been instructed to take no actions concerning their prisoner until your landing.

I trust to your discretion on any other specifics in this matter.

INQUISITOR GLOBUS VAARAK



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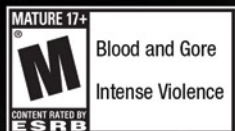
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