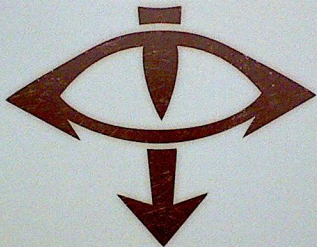


THE HORUS HERESY
ILLUMINATIONS

THE ART OF THE ISSTVAN TRILOGY



THE HORUS HERESY[®]
ILLUMINATIONS



THE ART OF THE ISSTVAN TRILOGY

CREDITS

Artwork by	Dominik Oedingner, Rachel Pierce, Rhys Pugh, Mark Bedford, Tony Cottrell, Steve Whitehead, Alfonso Giraldez, Sam Lamont & Mharaid Morrison
Written Material Compiled by	Andy Hoare
Book Design, Production & Layout by	Ian Strickland
Edited by	Talima Fox & Alan Bligh
Reprographics by	Marc Elliott
Format by	Tony Cottrell & Owen Branham

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Horus Heresy Background	Alan Merrett, Jervis Johnson, Bill King, Aaron Dembski-Bowden, Dan Abnett, Graham McNeill, James Swallow and the legion of other writers who originated and helped to tell the story
Forge World Models Designed by	Mark Bedford, Simon Egan, Israel Gonzalez, Will Hayes, Daren Parrwood, Edgar Skomorowski, Blake Spence, Phil Stutinskas, Steve Whitehead, Stuart Williamson, Rob Macfarlane & Tim Adcock
Models Painted by	Matt Murphy-Kane, Mark Bedford, Owen Branham, Trish Carden, Neil Cook, Israel Gonzalez, Will Hayes, Daren Parrwood, Keith Robertson, Paul Rudge, Blake Spence, Phil Stutinskas, Steve Whitehead, Stuart Williamson, Ian Strickland & Kenton Mills
Scenery by	Forge World & Games Workshop Design Studios
Thanks to	The Black Library and all the staff at Forge World and Games Workshop for their continuing support, advice and encouragement. And to the Black Library authors for bringing the Horus Heresy to life.

First published in Great Britain in 2014 by Forge World, Games Workshop, Willow Road, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS.

© Copyright Games Workshop Limited 2014, Games Workshop, the Games Workshop logo, GW, Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000, the Warhammer 40,000 logo, the Aquila logo, 40K, 40,000, Citadel, the Citadel device, Forge World, the Forge World logo, Horus Heresy, the Eye of Horus logo, Zone Mortalis, Imperial Armour and all associated marks, logos, names, places, characters, creatures, races and race insignia, illustrations and images from the Warhammer 40,000 universe are ®, TM and/or © Games Workshop Ltd 2000-2014 variably registered in the UK and other countries around the world. All Rights Reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publishers.

This is a work of fiction. All the characters and events portrayed in this book are fictional, and any resemblance to real people or incidents is purely coincidental.
British Cataloguing-in-Publication Data. A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library. Pictures used for illustrative purposes only.

Printed in China

Games Workshop Web site: www.games-workshop.com

Forge World Web site: www.forgeworld.co.uk

FOREWORD

The Horus Heresy Illuminations presents a collection of art produced for Forge World's Istvan trilogy: *Betrayal*, *Massacre* and *Extermination*. In addition to artwork drawn from those three volumes, Illuminations draws together concept art made during the production process for the Horus Heresy miniatures range by Forge World's design team.

We hope you enjoy this look at our favourite artwork of the Istvan trilogy.





THE DEATH OF ISSTVAN III

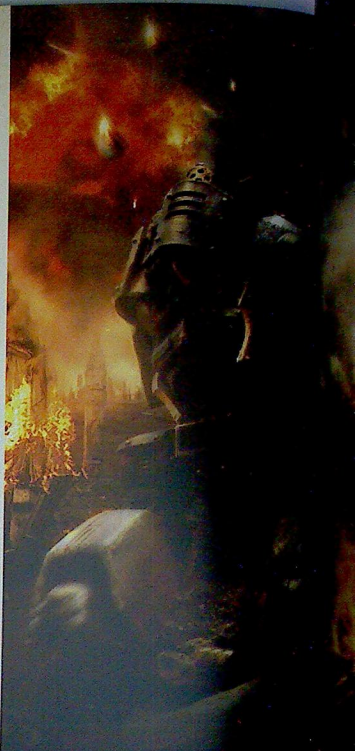
At Davin, Warmaster Horus sold his soul to the powers that dwell within the Great Abyss and at Istvan III the terrifying scope of his ambition was revealed. On the pretext of crushing a local rebellion, Horus deployed elements of the Death Guard, Emperor's Children, World Eaters and his own Legion, the Sons of Horus, to the planet's surface, ensuring that only those warriors whose loyalty to the Emperor was greater than their loyalty to their rebellious Primarchs were committed.

The rebellion was crushed in short order, but in its wake came a barrage of life-eating virus bombs that scoured the surface of Istvan III to ashes and was intended to purge from the four Legions those warriors Horus could not trust to march with him in the coming war. But the betrayer was himself betrayed, and forewarned, many Loyalists had found shelter from the bombardment. In its aftermath, Angron, the bloody Primarch of the World Eaters Legion, descended to the surface to slay the survivors by his own hand, but in so doing robbed the Warmaster's greater campaign of the element of surprise. After the savage ground war was eventually curtailed by a second and overwhelming bombardment, the only warriors still alive were those who had proven themselves loyal to the Warmaster by shedding the blood of their own brothers.

"I could tell of what these fallen sons are now, of what their betrayal brought them, and how power and pride mangle nobility. But then anger would darken my words and hide the truth that you - my lords - so crave.

I will not pretend to understand the reasons that drove my brothers down the path to ruin: that is for others to tell. Instead here I will seek to remind my lords of what these warriors once were. And so show the height from which they fell."

— Cryses Mortlurg, Black Shield, Survivor of the Atrocity at Istvan III



Atrocity at Istvan III by Rhys Fugh





THE WORLD EATERS LEGION

Of all the Space Marine Legions in the Emperor's service, the World Eaters were ever among the most feared, the whisper of their coming was enough to quell rebellion and send armies to flight in terror. Tales of their predations and massacres were numberless and their reputation was as the Emperor's war hounds, as such a name they once carried, beasts, butchers and madmen whose fury was fuelled by bloodshed and was such that no sane warrior would stand willingly against them. Their reputation was well deserved, if an oversimplification of them as a fighting force, which knew well the virtue of tactics and weapons, at least before their fall.

"Monuments are dust, tales merely words, soon forgotten, but blood - blood is forever."

— Angron, Primarch of the Legio Astartes World Eaters



The Raven Guard Delivered by Dominik Oedinger

*"I have voyaged the dark stars
for five times the lifespan of a
common man, long before our
glorious Emperor made me
one of his, and I tell you this:
monsters crawl the blasted faces
of a myriad reconized worlds
- creatures so foul they would
stop a man's heart not to see,
and that is only the start of
the true nightmare, for there
is no mortal mind that can
encompass the wickedness of
the alien in all its forms and
designs.*

*So then, why should it
surprise the wise man that
in such a galaxy of terror,
that humanity should need
monsters of its own - if we are
to survive?"*

- Captain Kalaba Jag Harlock,
Sanctioned Rogue Trader
Attached as Pathfinder to the
"bloody" 13th Expeditionary Fleet

THE EMPEROR'S CHILDREN LEGION

The Emperor's Children have always striven to be exemplars above all others in the arts of war, paragons of martial virtue and excellence, scorning those who do not meet their own, perhaps unattainable, standards. This led them to seek perfection in war as a fluid, lightning-quick force whose battles were preordained victories bought about by a combination of acute strategic planning and flawless execution. Their attitudes and manner led some to name them as arrogant and vainglorious long before the Heresy, but the Legion's warriors were always ready to answer any such slight with blood.

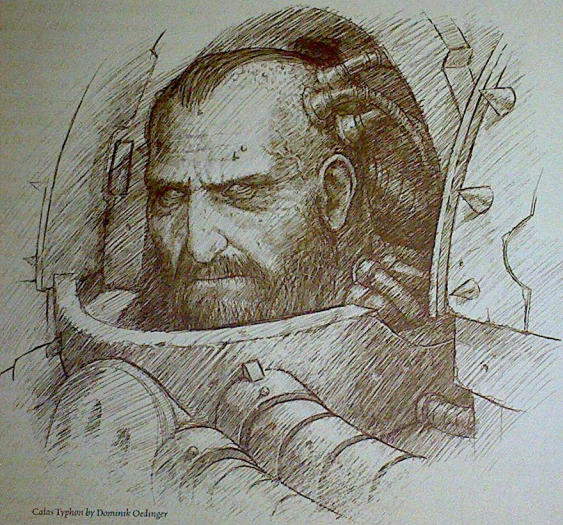


"A warrior is measured by the quality of the foe he defeats. For years we have blunted our blades against lesser species and backwards primitives, but now this war, this glorious cataclysm, it presents us a chance to display for all eternity our perfection in the arena of war against the most formidable foe we shall ever face, our brother Legionaries, and for this we humbly thank him, our dear father whose name we carry."

— Fulgrim, Primarch of the Legio Astartes
Emperor's Children

THE DEATH GUARD LEGION

The Death Guard are stalwart and implacable fighters, who have made a speciality both of endurance under the harshest of circumstances and of overwhelming the most nightmarish and inhospitable of war zones. Their name is a byword for unflinching determination and victory through bloody, gruelling attrition when all else fails, as well as for expertise in the use of the darker arts of warfare such as bio-alchemy and rad weaponry.



Calos Typhon by Dominik Oedinger

"Pain is an illusion of the senses, fear an illusion of the mind, beyond these only death waits as silent judge d'er all."

— Mortarion, Primarch of the Legio Astartes Death Guard



Death Guard by Tony Cottrell



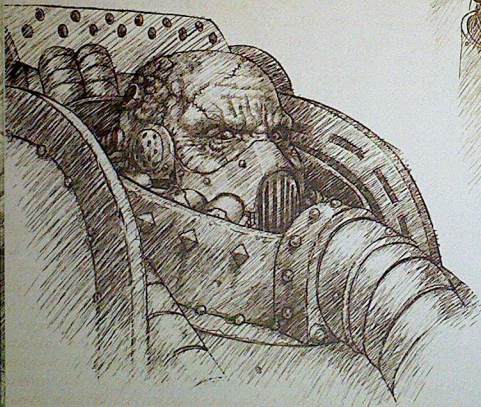
THE SONS OF HORUS LEGION

The combat doctrines of this most aggressive Legion are those of the application of overwhelming force directed to where the foe is weakest. These shattering blows are used to utterly destroy enemy command cadres and vital strategic support structures, and to wreak terrible slaughter on the pride of an enemy's forces, often turning the tide of an entire conflict with a single, well-placed and savage attack. Even on a personal level the Sons of Horus take this merciless doctrine to heart and, like the wolves they were once named for, are swift to exploit a foe's weakness, surrounding and brutally tearing apart an outnumbered or exposed enemy before they can recover from the shock of an assault.



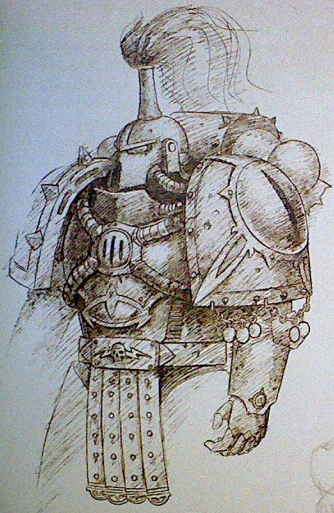
Sons of Horus Space Marines

by Dominik Oedinger and Alfonso Giraldez



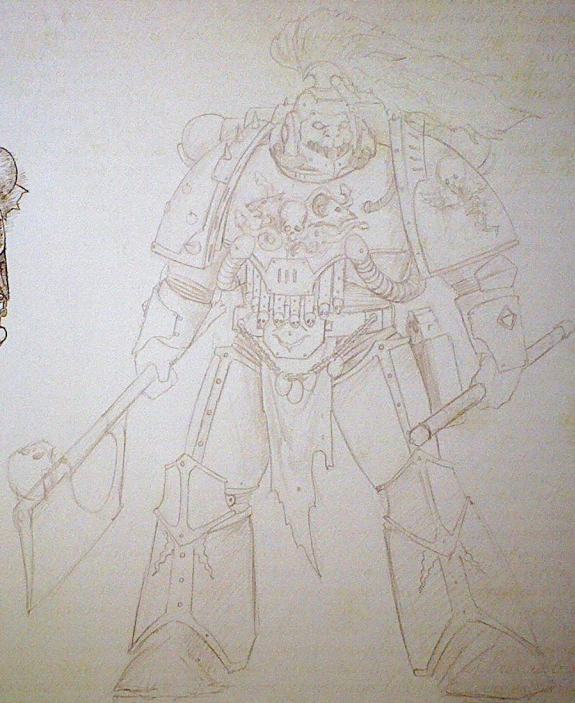
Maloghurst the Twisted by Dominik Oedinger





*"Our names may be forgotten, and our bones
crumble to dust, but our deaths will echo through the
millennia to come."*

— Tenth Captain Saul Tarvitz, Loyalist of the Emperor's Children,
presumed slain at the hand of his traitor brothers at Istvan III



THE DROPSITE MASSACRE

When the Imperium learned of the Warmaster's deeds at Istvvan III, a mighty retribution fleet was assembled to bring Horus to justice and to crush his rebellion before it could spread. Seven entire Legions were assembled: the Iron Hands, Salamanders, Raven Guard, Alpha Legion, Iron Warriors, Word Bearers and Night Lords. Horus had made his lair at Istvvan V, and there the first wave of the Loyalist force made planetfall upon the volcanic sands of the Urgall Depression, their vengeful fury unstoppable. When the second wave made planetfall however, the tide of battle turned, for the Alpha Legion, Night Lords, Iron Warriors and Word Bearers Legions had secretly sworn for the Warmaster. Encircled, the Raven Guard, Salamanders and Iron Hands Legions fought with all the courage and ferocity bred into them by the Emperor's gene-wrights, but by battle's end were all but destroyed. Ferrus Manus, the Primarch of the Iron Hands Legion, was dead by the hand of his brother Fulgrim of the Emperor's Children, while the fate of Vulkan of the Salamanders and Corax of the Raven Guard was unknown. Upon the bloody sands of Istvvan V, the noble ambitions of the Great Crusade were cast down, and the galaxy-spanning slaughter of the Horus Heresy was truly set in motion.

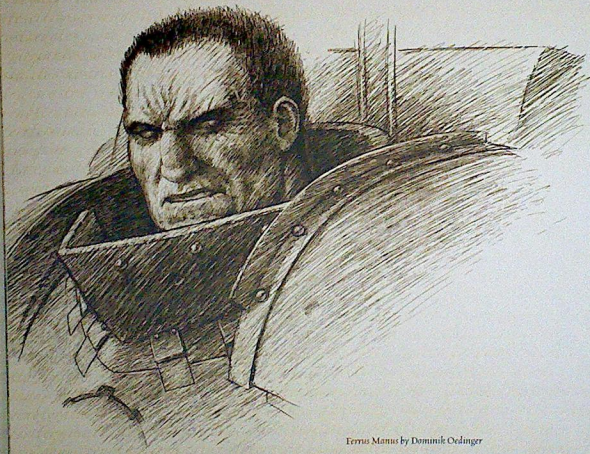
"We began in ignorance, fighting a war that we did not understand against weapons we had never dreamt existed. We were sorely, we were vulnerably, we were weak. But in those first moments our enemies gave us strength. The strength to live, to rise from the bloody fields, to march on but not to fall: all this is ours now, and was not before."

— Sigismund, First Captain, Legio Astartes Imperial Fists —
Words spoken to the Templars at the First Gate to Terra



THE IRON HANDS LEGION

The Iron Hands are masters of the engines of war, wielding weapons and armoured tanks with the skill a master swordsman might a blade. Proud and relentless, the Legion has fought for many years at the forefront of the Great Crusade and seen victories uncounted, though many have labelled them as callous and as inhuman as the machines they employ with such devastating skill.



Ferrus Manus by Dominik Oedinger

"Rest? We were not made to rest; we go on, unflinching, extending in our strength. The Emperor did not make us for such mortal concerns as hearth and home, unity or contemplation; we are his engines of war, his hammers, beating out the fabric of existence into a vessel fit for Mankind to inhabit."

— Ferrus Manus, Primarch of the Legio Astartes Iron Hands







*"We are the proud sons of
Dorn. Our gene-father is the
bulwark in our soul, the cold
wind of Inuit that cools the
most reckless of urges."*

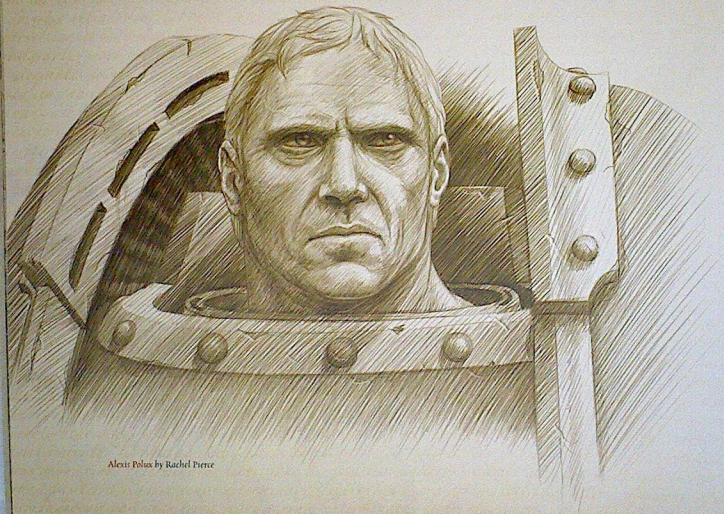
*— Centurion Primus Arnholm,
87th Company of the Imperial Fists*

Blood in the Void by Rhys Pugh



THE IMPERIAL FISTS LEGION

The Legionaries of the VIIth are known as the stoic praetorians of Terra, the embodiment of all that the Great Crusade stands for. They are loyal, disciplined and methodical, and masters of both the attack and the defence. As the Imperium expands ever outwards, so the crusaders of the Imperial Fists are to be found at the very leading edge of Compliance. In the wake of victory, the Imperial Fists construct mighty fortresses that are as much garrisons against recidivism as they are beacons of Unification, the noblest of exemplars of the highest ideals and aspirations of humanity.



Alexis Polux by Rachel Pierce

*"Do not look to us for
kindness. Do not look to us
for hope. We are not the kind
children of this new age. We
are the rocks of its foundation.
If you wish hope then look to
what we make. If you wish
kindness then look to those who
will come after us."*

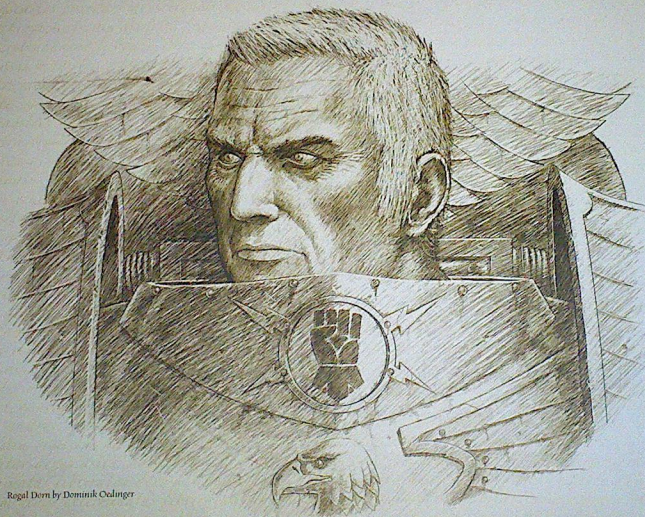
— Rogal Dor, address to the
Three Hundred Magistrates of Terra



Imperial Fists Boarding Action by Dominik Oedinger



THE IMPERIAL FISTS LEGION



Rogal Dorn by Dominik Oelinger

"Peace? There can be no peace in these times. We fight not merely for victory, but for survival, for the control of the destiny of humanity! There can be no higher calling, no cause greater and more worthy of sacrifice. Any man who calls for peace is an enemy as much as the traitor who seeks your life – treat them with the contempt they deserve."

— Rogal Dorn,
Primarch of the Legio Astartes Imperial Fists



*"Determination, self-reliance
and steadfastness. Honour,
duty and the endurance to
weather any misfortune.
These are the Axioms of the
Imperial Fists."*

— Marshal Durran,
at the Gathering of Blades, 878.M30

The Taking of the Contrador by Dominik Oedinger

Overleaf — The 1st Battle of Paramar
by Dominik Oedinger

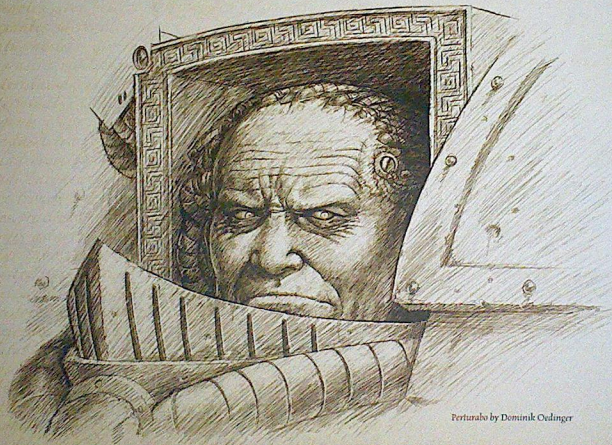






THE IRON WARRIORS LEGION

The Iron Warriors are the grim-faced, cold-hearted masters of the science of war, the exemplars of strength and discipline turned exclusively to the systematic destruction of an enemy. The Legion is commanded by its Lord Primarch as an extension of his own mind and body, the will of each Legionary utterly sublimated to his conception of victory. More so than in any other Legion, the life of each warrior is secondary to his duty, as much a resource to be expended in the relentless calculus of war as bolt shell or lascannon charge. Guided by such doctrines, the Iron Warriors are amongst the most relentless and dogged siege warriors in the ranks of the Legiones Astartes and countless fortresses have been reduced to ashes under their guns throughout the Great Crusade.



Perturabo by Dominik Oedinger

"Victory is won by the precise application of superior force at the point of maximum vulnerability. All else - deft maneuver, honor, glory, skill-at-arms - all are worthless trivia in comparison, no matter what pretty lies my brothers may spout to the contrary."

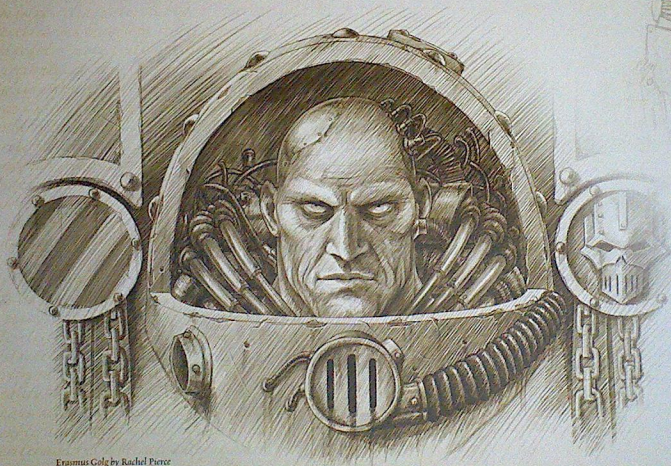
- Perturabo, Primarch of the Legio Astartes Iron Warriors

Opposite - The Great Crusade by Rhys Pugh



*"From Iron cometh strength; from strength cometh will; from will cometh faith;
and from faith cometh honour."*

— The Unbreakable Litany of the Iron Warriors





Storm of Iron by Dominik Oedinger



Ancient Enmity by Dominik Oedingen

"Cold hearts and bitter souls have the Iron Warriors. To them war is the clacking of the tallyman's measure: all the blood spilled and the lives spent, the high walls toppled and the foes cast down to them is all no more than coins added to death's coffers. The profit and loss of battle is their bread, the arithmetic of massacre is their wine, and with them it is an ashen feast they serve and yet find no pleasure in. There are many who look to the Emperor's Legions and see Mortarion's get as the ancient spectre of death come to flesh, the wiser few look upon the graveyards Perturabo's faceless sons make of worlds with such calculated efficiency and may beg to differ."

— Lord Militant Pietra Veitz Gustavus (RJ)
Of War, A Private Memoir of the Great Crusade Vol III, Meditations on the Legiones Astartes



Iron Warrior Sicaran by Tony Cottrell

"Guilt upon the soul, like rust upon iron, both defiles and consumes it, gnawing and creeping into it, until at last it eats out the very heart and substance of the metal. But if all the world hates you, and believes you wicked, while your own conscience absolves you from guilt, you will not be without friends."

— Perturabo, Primarch of the
Legio Aspharides Iron Warriors

THE SALAMANDERS LEGION

The Salamanders are the exemplars of forge-wrought duty, masters of artifice and possessed of a fearsome and uncompromising sense of honour. They stand for toil and sacrifice, bearing arms and armour forged to the highest possible standards and often by the hand of the Legionaries who bear them in battle. The Legion wields the tools of the smith as weapons of war, bringing heat, iron and raw strength of arms to strike down all those who would deny the Imperial Truth or attempt to undermine the Impetium of Man.



Vulkan by Dominik Oedinger

*"It is in our nature to create things that will outlast us.
So we strive; we craft, we build, we make, and we fight and
do not yield. For within each frail human body born is the
will to grasp the stars and walk a path to eternity itself."*

—The Book of Vulkan

...plan to
...ve fight
...born in
...ity must
...the Book of

...ect by





THE WORD BEARERS LEGION

Where once the XVIIth Legion brought the light of the Emperor to benighted humanity, now the Word Bearers bring the blinding darkness of Old Night. No longer driven by duty and honour, but by the thirst for forbidden lore and undeserved power, they seek to bind the Warp itself and to enslave its denizens to their will. When the Word Bearers march to war, the fabric of reality is distorted and the dread things of the Abyss march at their side. To stand against the Word Bearers is to invite insanity, death and, unknown to most yet the worst fate of all, the damnation of the eternal soul.

Longar by Dominik Oedinger

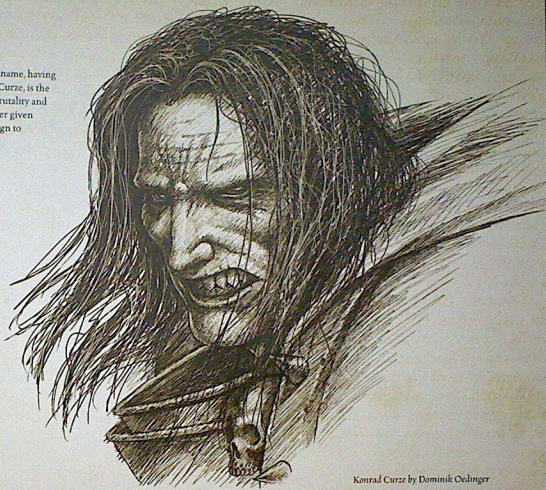


"That which we foolishly call truth, is only a small island in a vast sea of the unknown. For Man is truly foolish he must be willing to abandon the ever shrinking island of such petty 'truth' and surrender himself to the reality of that which is beyond."

— Erebus, First Chaplain of the Legio Astartes Word Bearers (attib.)

THE NIGHT LORDS LEGION

Even before the Istvan V Dropsite Massacre, the Night Lords Legion were renegade in all but name, having entirely devoted themselves to the arts of terror and murder. The Legion's Primarch, Konrad Curze, is the master of the unheralded strike from the least anticipated quarter, an attack delivered with such brutality and wanton cruelty, entire planetary populations were brought to their knees in abject surrender. Never given to mercy, few who oppose the Night Lords ever live to tell the tale, unless they are allowed by design to escape in order to sow the seeds of dread still further. Given the dark demeanour of the Legion, it takes an equally ruthless leader to rein in its propensity to atrocity, at least until such time as it is called for.



Konrad Curze by Dominik Oelinger

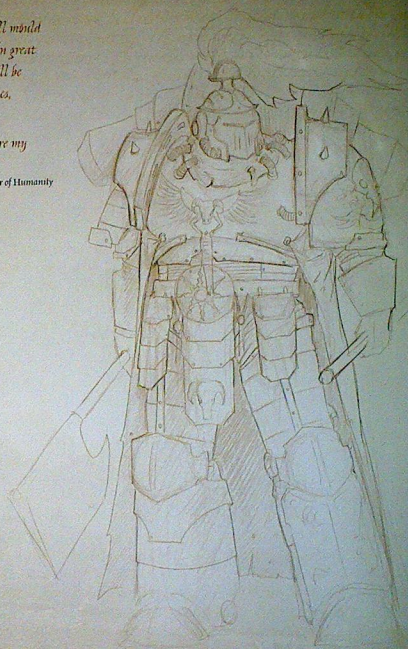
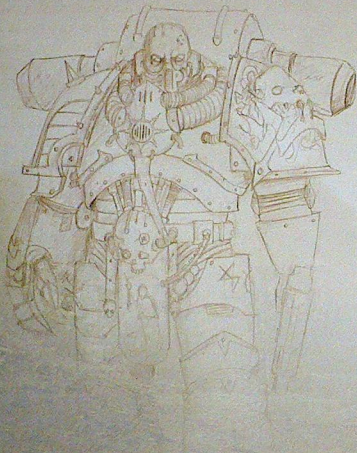
"Show your enemy mercy and he shall one day seek vengeance upon you for every petty, imagined slight. Mercy is therefore a weakness; a crime waiting to be born. Mercy I have long since expriozed, both from myself and my Legion."

— Konrad Curze, the Night Haunter, Primarch of the Legio Ashtaros Night Lords

"They shall be my finest warriors, these men who give themselves to me. Like clay I shall mould them and in the furnace of war forge them. They shall be of iron will and steel sinew. In great armour I shall clad them and with the mightiest weapons they shall be armed. They will be untouched by plague or disease; no sickness shall blight them. They shall have such tactics, strategies and machines that no foe can best them in battle.

They are my bulwark against the Terror. They are the Defenders of Humanity. They are my Space Marines and they shall know no fear."

— The Emperor of Humanity





Legiones Astartes concepts by Steve Whithead

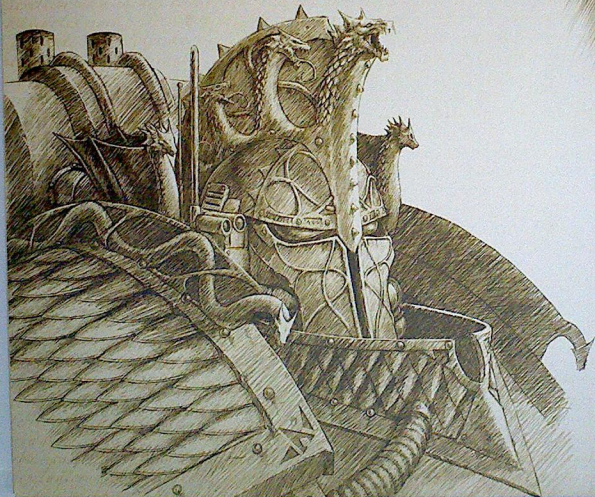


THE ALPHA LEGION

Of all of the Legiones Astartes, the least is known for certain of the Alpha Legion. The annals of the Great Crusade make mention of the Legion, but invariably each entry contradicts some other. All that is known is that the warriors of the Alpha Legion are the unsurpassed masters of misdirection and guile. Most foes have no inkling they are even fighting before the Alpha Legion's masterful stratagems cause their defences to collapse beneath them, torn apart from within so that when the final, overwhelming attack finally comes, the enemy's defeat is total.



Armillus Dynat by Rachel Pierce



"War is life. In war and in life nothing is so precious as truth, and thus as the ancient wisdom holds: where truth walks, everywhere she should be shepherded always by a bodyguard of lies."

The Unspeakable King
Magnar Albia and Archtynant of Fampacchia
Collected Idles and Nightmares, Cantos XI, Canto M. 27

Alpharius by Dominik Oedinger

by Rachel Fox

with
as the
he walks
ated above

epic battle
nt of the
XL. One



*"I am Alpharius. We are all
Alpharius. We are Alpha
Legion, and we are all one."*

— Unidentified Alpha Legion warrior

Alpha Legion Storm Eagles by Rhys Pugh



THE RAVEN GUARD LEGION

The Raven Guard are equal parts light and dark – quick to exact justice and retribution upon the tyrant and the oppressor by striking from the shadows with lightning speed and shocking strength. The annals of the Great Crusade tell relatively few tales of the numerous great deeds the Legion has enacted, for it has ever shunned the glare of adulation. Though the master of the full spectrum of war, the Raven Guard Legion favours the tactics of patience, guile and subtlety. The Raven Guard are adept at reconnaissance and infiltration, of identifying their foe's weakest point and then rapid striking at that point with precisely applied force.



Kaedes Nex by Rachel Pierce

The First Axiom of Victory is to be other than where the enemy desires you to be

The First Axiom of Stealth is to be other than where the enemy believes you to be.

The First Axiom of Freedom is that justice without force is powerless, force without justice is tyranny."

— Corvus Corax, Axioms of the Legio Astartes Raven Guard

Corax by Dominik Oedinger



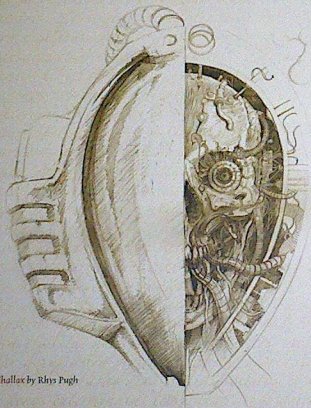


Victory is Vengeance by Rhys Pugh

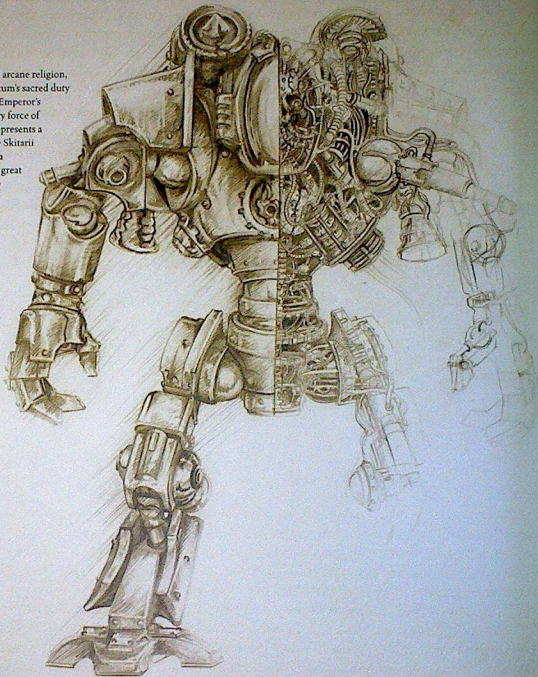


THE MECHANICUM

To the Priesthood of Mars science and technology are matters of sacred mystery and arcane religion, not only for reason and experiment but of vital ritual and ceremony. The Mechanicum's sacred duty is to maintain, venerate and reacquire the techno-arcana of ages past and to supply the Emperor's Legions as they prosecute the Great Crusade. The principal and most numerous military force of the Mechanicum is the Taghmata Ommissiah, a rigid and labyrinthine hierarchy that represents a Forge World's feudal power structure mustered for battle in all its glory. Alongside elite Skitarii regiments, whose allegiance and command is owed ultimately to Mars, and the Collegia Titanica which comprises the planet-shattering Titan Legions, the Taghmata forms the great trinity of the Mechanicum's power during the Great Crusade. Besides these three there stands the 'lesser' independent and allied divisions of the Mechanicum such as the Knight Houses and the Legio Cybernetica, among others, each a great power in its own right, but all dwarfed both in scale and reach by the great three.



Thallax by Rhys Fugh





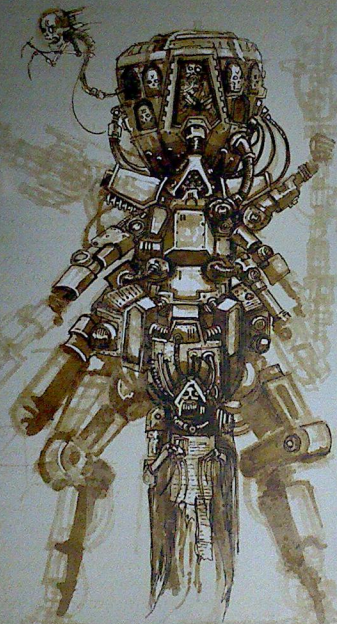
Thallax by Dominik Oedinger

"From the weakness of the mind, Ommisualh save us; From the lies of the Antipath, circuit preserve us; From the rage of the Beast, iron protect us; From the temptations of the Flesh, silica cleanse us; From the ravages of the Destroyer, anima shield us; From the rotting cage of bio-matter, Machine God set us free."

— Chants of the Journeyman, Verse III/v

"There is no truth in flesh, only betrayal; There is no strength in flesh, only weakness; There is no constancy in flesh, only decay; There is no certainty in flesh but death."

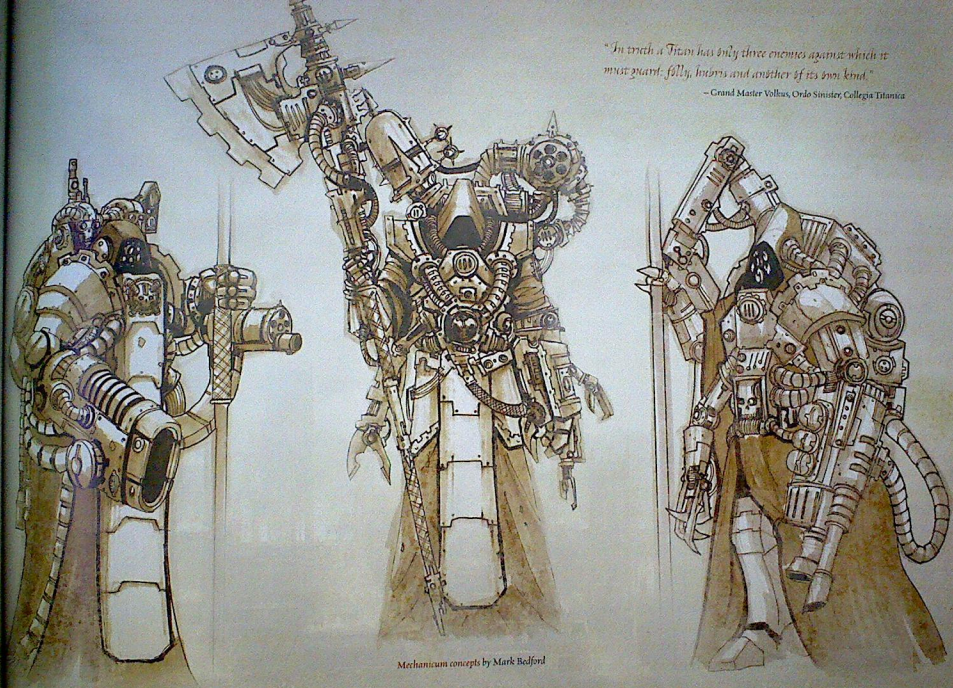
—Crelo Omnissiah



...There is
...no chance
...turning in this
...
...Ordo

*"In truth a Titan has only three enemies against which it
must guard: folly, hubris and another of its own kind."*

— Grand Master Volkus, Ordo Sinister, Collegia Titanica



Mechanicum concepts by Mark Bedford





Opposite page – Titan Clash by Rhys Pugh

Reaver Titan by Rhys Pugh

Overleaf – Dropsite Aftermath by Rhys Pugh





