



WARHAMMER

DAMNOS



WARHAMMER
40,000

APOCALYPSE WAR ZONE



The Warhammer Vault exists to preserve the rich lore and background of Warhammer 40,000 and Warhammer Age of Sigmar. As such, outdated game scenarios and unit rules have been removed from this publication.

The background of the cover is a detailed illustration of a chaotic battle scene. In the upper left, a skeletal figure in a dark, flowing robe stands amidst the wreckage, holding a long staff or spear. The scene is filled with debris, broken structures, and the faint outlines of other combatants. In the lower right, a large, imposing figure in blue and black armor, possibly a Space Marine, is visible, looking towards the viewer. The overall color palette is muted, with greys, blues, and earthy tones, creating a somber and intense atmosphere.

WAR ZONE
DAMNOS

973.M41 / 999.M41

CLASSIFIED

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION3

A CLASH OF EMPIRES.....7

MINIATURES SHOWCASE.....25

Written by: Phil Kelly

Cover Art: Pedro Núñez

**Art, Design, Production and Reprographics
by the Games Workshop Design Studio**

© Copyright Games Workshop Limited 2012. 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, *Warhammer 40,000: Apocalypse*, and all associated marks, logos, names, places, characters, creatures, races and race insignia, illustrations and images from the Warhammer 40,000 universe are either ©, TM and/or © Games Workshop Ltd 2000-2013 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.

Certain Citadel products may be dangerous if used incorrectly and Games Workshop does not recommend them for use by children under the age of 16 without adult supervision. Whatever your age, be careful when using glues, bladed equipment and sprays and make sure that you read and follow the instructions on the packaging.

www.games-workshop.com

UK
Games Workshop Ltd,
Willow Rd, Lenton,
Nottingham,
NG7 2WS

NORTHERN EUROPE
Games Workshop Ltd,
Willow Rd, Lenton,
Nottingham,
NG7 2WS

NORTH AMERICA
Games Workshop Inc,
6211 East Holmes Road,
Memphis,
Tennessee 38141

AUSTRALIA
Games Workshop,
23 Liverpool Street,
Ingleburn,
NSW 2565

INTRODUCTION

All across the Imperium, massive campaigns are fought to control vital planets or annihilate hated enemies. These vast conflicts are so momentous that they shape history itself, as armies clash for years or even decades to secure victory.

Some of those campaigns have become synonymous with war on a scale unimaginable; planets whose names have become a litany of disaster – Armageddon, Medusa V, Damnos, Skalathrax, Cadia, Terra itself – the list stretches into the annals of the Imperium for ten thousand years and more. Such campaigns turn the planets and planetary systems where they are fought into ravaged War Zones, where the only thing the battle-hardened inhabitants know is death and destruction.

This book describes the Damnos War Zone. It features not only the original Damnos Incident, in which the 2nd Company of Ultramarines held back the arising forces of the Necrons so the few survivors of its Imperial past could evacuate, but also the titanic struggle for control of the planet twenty-five years later, when five entire companies of Ultramarines, under the command of Marneus Calgar himself, returned to Damnos. There, they would engage the combined might of the Sautekh and Nihilakh dynasties, and the terrifying war machines the Necrons brought to bear. The Ultramarines' arrival in force and their vindictive campaign would proclaim the Imperium's total dominance – provided they were able to overcome the many secrets lurking beneath the snow-bound planet's crust.

APOCALYPSE WAR ZONES

Each Apocalypse War Zone is a self-contained supplement to the Apocalypse rules, based on a famous campaign from the history of the Warhammer 40,000 galaxy. Each War Zone starts off with a detailed history that describes the course of the campaign, the famous battles that were part of it, and the combatants that waged the war.

The background is followed by special rules, Strategic Assets, missions and Apocalypse Formations, all of which are based on the history and background of the War Zone. You can use all of these things when you fight a battle set in the War Zone, and with a little bit of common sense they can also be used for Apocalypse battles set in similar theatres of war. It's worth noting that the War Zone Apocalypse Formations can be used in any Apocalypse battle that you fight, even those set elsewhere.

Last but not least, each Apocalypse War Zone includes a gatefold that unfolds to show a 'battle report' of an Apocalypse game set in that War Zone. We hope that this will serve as an example of what can be achieved with time and effort, and as an inspiration for the games of Apocalypse you take part in yourself.









A CLASH OF EMPIRES

Damnus is a frozen, ice-bound world with a chilling secret lurking beneath its crust. The planet's human settlers awoke an unholy terror so powerful that even the might of the Ultramarines 2nd Company could not match it. Only full-scale war between the Adeptus Astartes and the Necron battlehost could restore Humanity's faith in its own supremacy.

THE DORMANT THREAT

The ice-clad world of Damnus, a mining planet in the eastern Ultima Segmentum, was settled long ago in the days of the Great Crusade. Humanity had dwelt there for the best part of ten thousand years, carving settlements and man-made canyons into the permafrost as they delved ever deeper in search of mineral wealth. Yet the Imperial settlers were not the first to lay claim to Damnus, for another race had slumbered under the ice from time immemorial.

The mining planet's fusion generators had been sunk amongst the ruins of an ancient xenos civilisation. The first sign of the dormant presence beneath the planet's skin was a series of powerful earthquakes over the course of 274973.M41 – tectonic upheavals that wreaked havoc amongst the icy mine-chasms of the world. In the wake of these tremors, the geothermic station arrays of Mandos Prime suffered a series of critical failures.

Teams of repair servitors and exofabricators were sent in, and as they hunted down each station's sanctity engines for repair, the glare of their lamps illuminated unnatural shapes and runes revealed by the earth-shattering quakes – shapes that certain factions of the Imperium would give almost anything to capture and investigate.

Once rumours got out about the discoveries, Magos Karnak of the Adeptus Mechanicus was quick to assume command of the excavation. His Tech-Priests took control over all of the mining operations taking place across the planet, and a number of xenos samples were taken back to the stronghold of Goethe Majoris for study. Much to their frustration, however, they were unable to gain entry to the arcane portals frozen into the ruins.

It would not be long before their curiosity was sated once and for all.





THE WORLD BENEATH

The Adeptus Mechanicus are well known for delving into the hidden places of the galaxy, taking risks that would make a Space Marine's blood run cold, in their never-ending quest to find the Standard Template Constructs that form the basis for the Imperium's technology, and are the pinnacle of their religion. The workers of Damnos knew nothing of the horrors they were inadvertently awakening at the Mechanicus' behest, nor that their actions would see the planet scoured of all human life within a year.



A BLEAK INHERITANCE

The seismic activity was little more than a precursor to the carnage to come. In 779973.M41, the original inhabitants of Damnos awoke. All across the planet, the skeletal machine-creatures known as Necrons began to emerge from the chasms and fissures left by the tectonic upheaval. Their numbers were staggering. All who set eyes upon them knew that they brought death and death alone.

First to fall were the ice mine colonies. Monstrous Canoptek Spyderys and swarms of Scarabs boiled out of the darkness, slaughtering the panicking miners with emerald gauss beams and silvered claws. A handful of workers survived long enough to reach the nearest settlements and manufactorums, but the Necrons were not far behind.

Within the space of half a year, the majority of Damnos' tomb complexes had been awoken from their deathless slumbers. Phalanx after phalanx of Necrons stalked out into the icy air of the surface world, tightly packed ranks that were endless in number. The planetary

defence force found itself under attack from a foe so advanced that even death could not stop them. To make matters worse, terrible storms erupted across Damnos Prime, the electromagnetic spectres that accompanied them making distress calls all but impossible.

It seemed to the citizens of Damnos that the storms acted with a malevolent sentience, clustering around comm-centres and scrambling cogitator engines whenever a vox-psalm link was established. The Ark Guard, garrison regiments of which were posted right across Damnos, had no hope of bringing their full might to bear with their vox network disabled by the Necron comm shroud. Everywhere they engaged the xenos, their tanks were blasted into smoking ruin by the weird techno-sorcery of the Necrons.

Though they fought bravely, the planetary defence force had no real chance. The defenders of Damnos Prime were systematically disintegrated, one settlement at a time. Within the space of a few months, the entire continent of Damnos Prime had fallen as silent as the grave.

THE FLOATING NECROPOLIS

As the weeks passed, it became obvious to the citizens of Damnos Secundus that an event of planet-threatening magnitude was taking place. Fortunately, the Tyrrean Ocean sat between the capital city, Kellenport, and the rising xenos threat. Lord Governor Arxis almost choked on his amasec when the seaborne fleet known as the Tyrrean Vesselweb reported a dense formation of pyramidal structures crossing the waters in his direction.

According to the Vesselweb's scrambled reports, the cyclopean structures were not borne upon the ocean waves, but hovering above them. The xenos war engines were arranged in a grid formation, an ancient city that had somehow come to life. Crescent-shaped attack craft patrolled the channels between each segment, and the whole formation was surrounded by green lightning that obliterated the Imperial vessels monitoring its progress. More disturbing still, the Vesselweb detected the energy signature of an extra-dimensional sinkhole pulsing below them deep in the Tyrrean Abyss. The ocean itself was draining away at the floating city's passage.

VOICES IN THE NIGHT

The Lord Governor immediately mobilised every regiment under his command – Ark Guard, Valian Dragoon and Cadian Shock Trooper alike scrambled to combat readiness. He called the Imperial battleship *Nobilis* into geostationary orbit above Kellenport and retreated to his Proteus-class command bunker, ordering his Astropaths to send out a plea for aid. Being psychic in nature, the distress call bypassed the Necron comm shroud and echoed out across the ether. None other than Chief Librarian Tigurius of the Ultramarines intercepted the transmission, relaying it to the headstrong Captain Sicarius of the 2nd Company. Deep in the reaches of space, the strike cruiser *Valin's Revenge* set a course for Damnos.

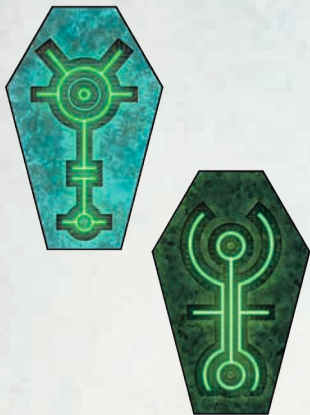
Later that week, a pict-cast from the massacre in Halaheim reached the major population centres of Damnos Secundus. Its horrific visuals were accompanied by a Necron hologram relaying a message in staccato High Gothic. The content was clear. This world belonged to the Necrons, and they would scour Humanity from its surface without remorse.



THE SAUTEKH DYNASTY

The Overlords of Damnos have long considered themselves a breed apart, but in truth they are still technically part of the immensely powerful Sautekh Dynasty. Their allies, the Lords of Nihilakh, have held a pact with the Necrons of Damnos, for millennia. If anything, this has only cemented the Damnosian Necrons' delusions of independence. However, the machinations of the Necrons are of little importance to the Ultramarines that brought them to battle – all are xenos filth, and are to be judged as such.





THE LEGACY OF DAMNOS

Damnoss' Necrons were disturbed by the presence of Imperial settlers before their awakening programs could run their full course, and their eidetic engrams were badly corrupted as a result. Not one of the Sautekh Dynasty nor the Lords of Nihilakh escaped the touch of destructive madness so typical of their kind.



THE ICE TOMBS

Under the icy crust of Damnos, the Adeptus Mechanicus had found not just xenos artefacts, but an endless network of alien infrastructure. Evidence of a slumbering tomb world was uncovered wherever the Damnosian miners and settlers dug deep. Though they realised it too late, Damnos was not a world of natural ice and rock at all, but a metal-skinned giant frosted by the passage of countless millennia. The curiosity of the Adeptus Mechanicus overseeing the mining operations was to awaken the planet's guardians en masse.

THE SIEGE OF KELLENPORT

With Imperial morale at a new low, the Necron war front burnt a path across Damnos Secundus until, by 020974.M41, Kellenport was completely besieged. Scattered vox-snippets and pict-skull footage reported heavy and sustained bombardment from crescent-shaped pylon-guns, each the size of an Imperial hab-block, that had broken through the permafrost to spit beams of green fire into the skies. Every time the Imperial defenders brought their tank battalions or macro-cannon emplacements to bear, they would be swiftly obliterated by the eye-searing lightning of the Gauss Pylons. Furthermore, the Necron warrior-constructs were proving incredibly durable. Lasfire barely scorched them, and they stalked through clouds of burning promethium without harm. Even when a lucky shot put one of the deathless constructs down, it would often rise up once more to rejoin the fray, eroding the fighting spirit of the Imperial defenders to the point that military cohesion became all but impossible.

Crippled by internal division and panic, the teeming hive of Arcona City was mercilessly depopulated within the space of a day. Only a thin line of Imperial Guard now lay between the Necron war phalanxes and Kellenport itself.

However, Arxis still had a trump card to play. As the capital city was besieged by a Necron force of unprecedented size, the Imperial battleship *Nobilis* rained down barrage after barrage of melta torpedoes from orbit high above, incinerating a good portion of the Necron army on the plains surrounding the city. With each detonation, a great cheer went up from the Imperial Guardsmen and ex-miner militia who were yet defending the city.

Just as it seemed the tide of the battle would turn in the Imperials' favour, thick lances of emerald fire shot up from the Necron Gauss Pylons to slam through the *Nobilis'* shields and carve through its hull. The detonation of the ship's Warp drives lit the sky above Kellenport with a maddening kaleidoscope of light.

In the nearby Crastia shipyards, an eclectic fleet of ships was powering up in the hope of a last-minute evacuation. Before they could launch, however, they were

overrun by flesh-wrapped nightmares that rose from the ground to tear apart the terrified refugees with razored claws. Lord Governor Arxis didn't even reach the door of his command bunker before a swarm of burrowing Necron tomb-constructs breached his haven and pulled him apart.

Outclassed and with their morale in tatters, the surviving defenders commended their souls to the Emperor and retreated into Kellenport's inner bastion complex. In their panic, the blue symbol flickering on Arxis' hololith array had gone unnoticed.

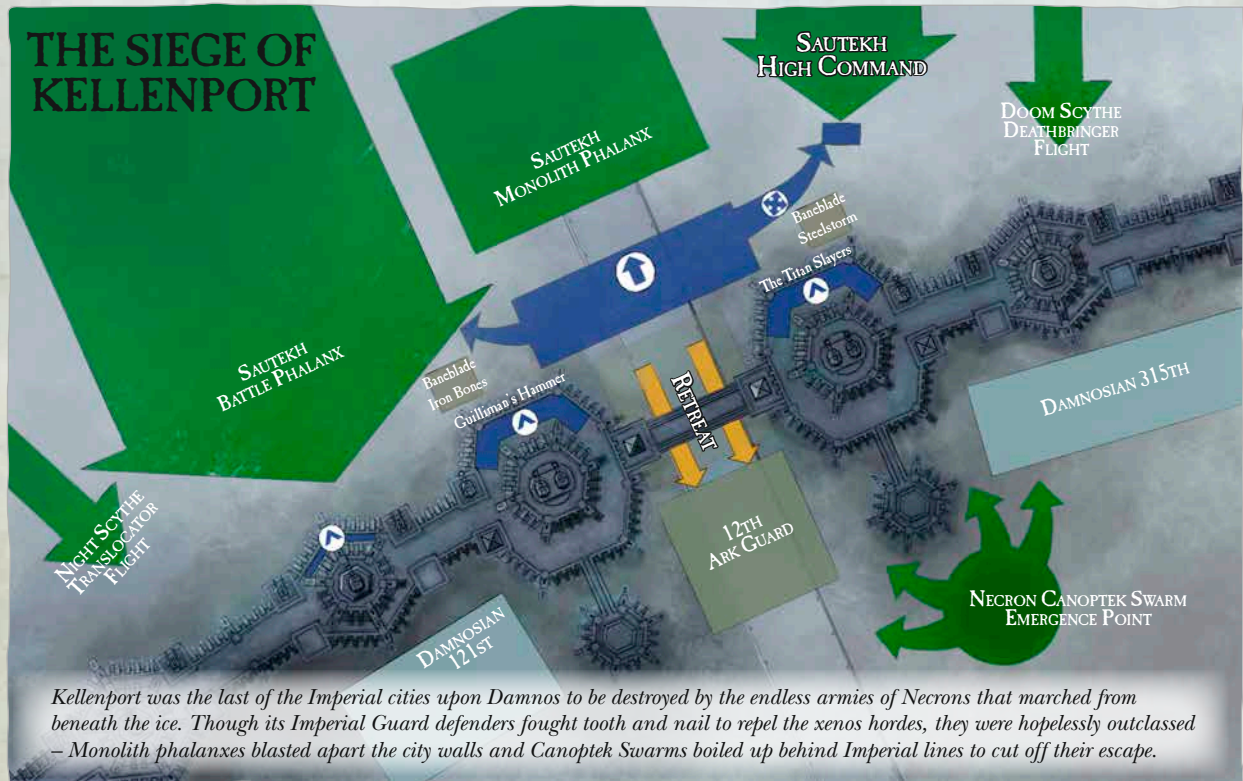
THUNDER AND FURY

The Ultramarines of the 2nd Company, alerted to Damnos' plight by the astropathic summons, translated from the Warp into realspace above the beleaguered planet. Captain Cato Sicarius ordered the *Valin's Revenge* to approach Damnos from the shelter of the *Nobilis'* remains. This proved to be a wise tactic, for the Necrons responded by sending great beams of gauss energy arcing toward the strike cruiser.

It remains a testament to the skill of the *Revenge's* helmsmen that it was not torn in half. Nonetheless, such was the volume of incoming fire that the strike cruiser was hit three times, shuddering with each impact. The last gauss beam wounded *Valin's Revenge* sorely, but not before the Ultramarines had launched their Drop Pods towards the planet's surface, scarring the skies like a rain of blazing comets.

Sicarius' Orbital Strike Force hammered down into the plazas and boulevards of Kellenport, deploying from their Drop Pods in perfect Codex Astartes dispersal patterns with their bolters blazing. Chainsword and heavy weapon alike brought the fury of the Adeptus Astartes to the Necron phalanxes, but even when the Space Marines had joined forces with the surviving Imperial Guard, the xenos did not bow before their onslaught. Many good men were lost before the Space Marines eventually secured a costly victory.

It was a story that would become bitterly familiar over the rest of the campaign. The Adeptus Astartes fought with every weapon at their disposal, testing their mettle against a succession of Necron Lords and finding that their alien foes were every bit as ruthless and indomitable as themselves.



Yet Sicarius would not yield. The Gauss Pylons were disabled or destroyed one by one, allowing the Ultramarines to land their armoured support and reinforce their embattled brethren. Captain Sicarius himself cut down dozens of Necron raiders and single-handedly crippled a looming Necron war engine with a well-placed grenade. In the end, though, the heroics of the 2nd Company barely slowed the xenos advance. In every theatre of war, the Ultramarines were struggling to hold the Necrons at bay.

A HERO'S FATE

Captain Sicarius led from the front, as was his custom. Despite his valour, he found his attacks stymied by the near-infinite number of the foe. In his frustration, Sicarius sought to buy his men the time they needed by using himself and his command squad as bait. It was not long before Sicarius had hacked a path to the Phaeron acting as supreme overlord of the xenos force, a gilded giant of a Necron known as the Undying. A searing blast from Sicarius' plasma pistol tore off the creature's jaw, yet still it came on. The duel was closely matched, but the Necron leader's raw strength proved the deciding

factor. Its warscythe cut deep into the Captain's torso, dealing a grievous wound that laid Sicarius low.

Roaring from his vox-grilles, the Venerable Dreadnought Agrippan stormed through the Necron ranks to protect the body of the fallen Captain. Crushed by the armoured behemoth's battle fury, the xenos overlord phased out and returned to the darkness of its tomb.

In the absence of a guiding hand, the Necron legions fell back on defensive protocols that were predictable and slow – a critical weakness that saw hundreds of them destroyed. Sicarius' men recovered their stricken leader, driving the xenos army back before withdrawing as planned to the evacuation site.

Sicarius had tasted defeat in battle for the first time, though the valiant rearguard had allowed the planet's survivors time to withdraw. Over half of the 2nd Company had given their lives in exchange for those of a few thousand refugees. It was a hard-won victory indeed – each Space Marine is worth more to the Imperium than a hundred lesser men, and Damnos still rested in the hands of the Necrons.



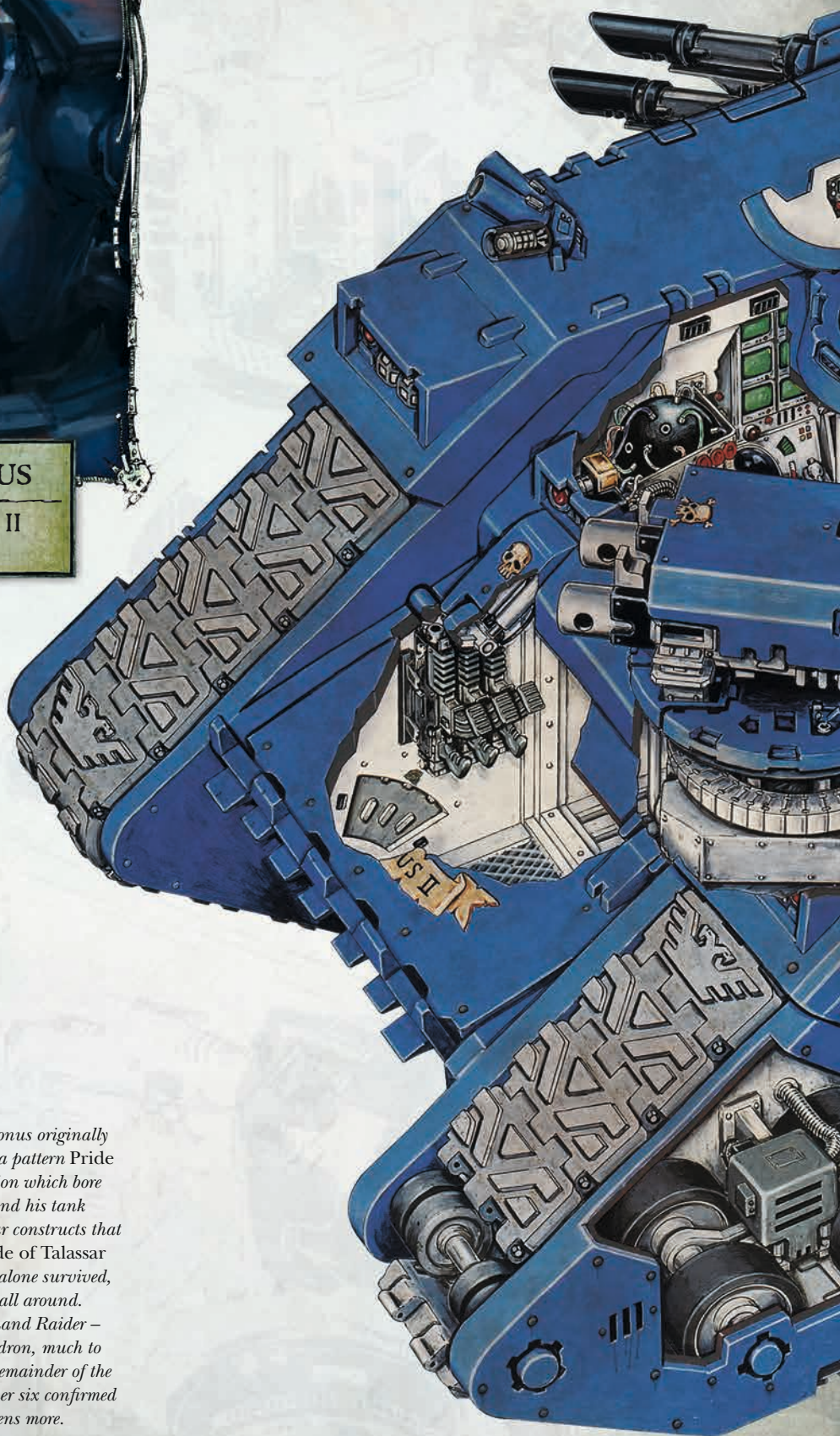
THE HERALD OF DISMAY

The Necron Lords that acted as lieutenants for the Undying in the Fall of Damnos each had a talent for preying on the lesser races. The Herald of Dismay was instrumental in breaking the morale of the Damnosians with harrowing images and hololithic propaganda broadcasts. His image flickered in the skies above Kellenport during the last stages of the war, and his words echoed in the ears of settlers and Space Marines alike – the doom of man was at hand; their efforts were in vain, their defence futile. Yet the Imperium's finest fought on regardless.

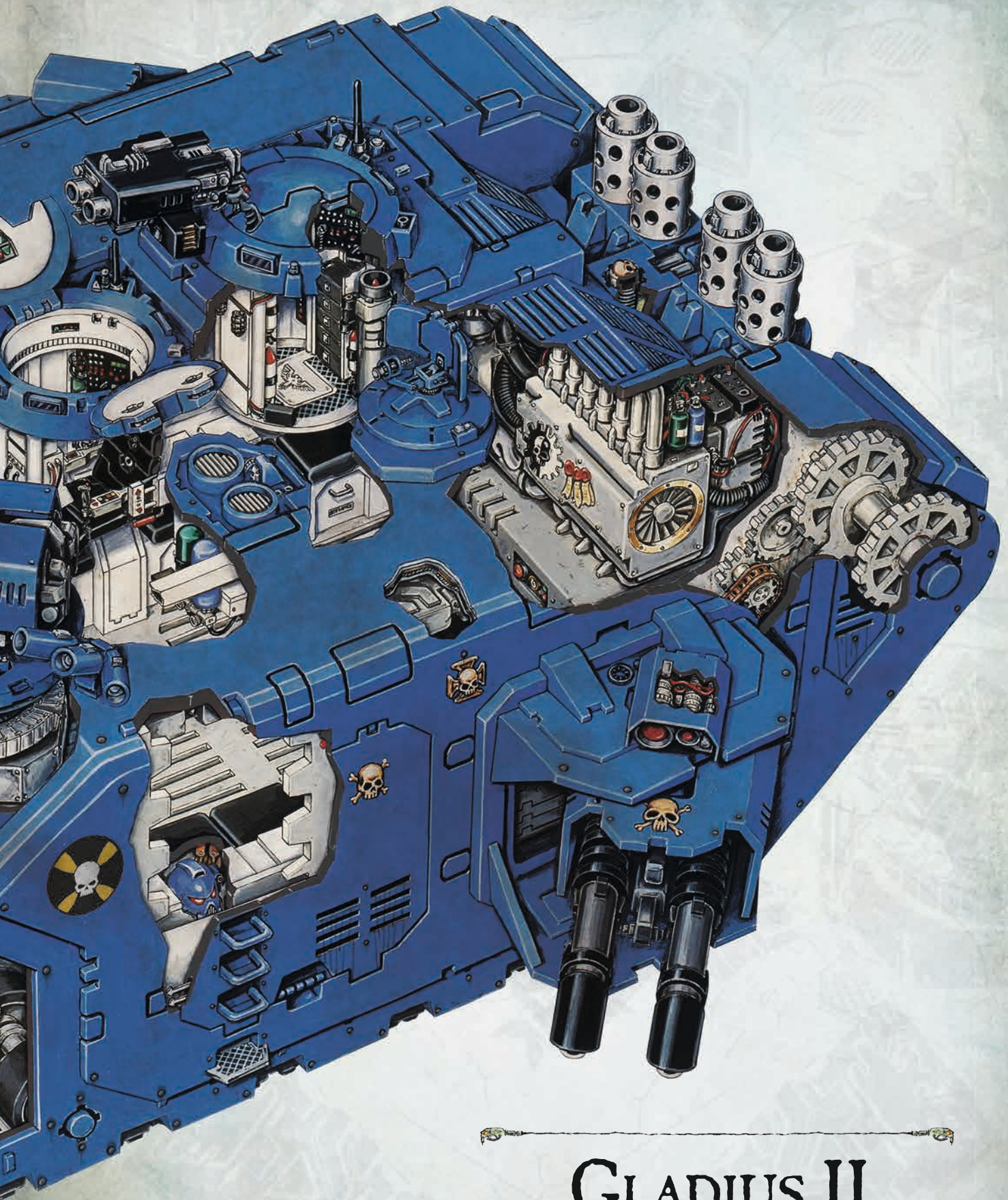


ANTARO CHRONUS

COMMANDER OF GLADIUS II
DAMNOS, 999.M41



The Ultramarines tank commander Antaro Chronus originally engaged the Necron hordes in the Terminus Ultra pattern Pride of Talassar. At the head of the specialist formation which bore his honorific, the Spear of Macragge, Chronus and his tank squadron took such a heavy toll on the xenos war constructs that the Tesseract Vault at their heart blasted the Pride of Talassar apart with a blinding lance of energy. Chronus alone survived, crawling free of the wreckage whilst battle raged all around. Within minutes he had requisitioned a nearby Land Raider – Gladius II, shown here – and rejoined his squadron, much to the jubilation of his battle-brothers. During the remainder of the Damnos reconquest Chronus alone tallied another six confirmed xenos war engine kills, his squadron taking dozens more.



GLADIUS II



RETURN TO THE ABYSS

The Fall of Damnos, though amongst the first full-scale conflicts between the Ultramarines and the Necrons, had proven far from unique. The rise of the Necrons had continued apace all across the Imperium. One by one, their Tomb Worlds had awoken and begun to rebuild their empire, initially by the conquest of the upstart settlers that had taken residence on sovereign Necron soil, and later by the relentless and mercilessly efficient invasion of nearby worlds and systems.

News of the Necron threat had spread far and wide, despite the best efforts of the Inquisition to suppress all knowledge of the alien empire's resurrection. Worse still, the fact that

the xenos were powerful enough to triumph against not only the Imperial Guard, but also the Adeptus Astartes – and the Ultramarines at that – had shaken the Imperium's faith in its military supremacy.

Reports of once-prosperous worlds yielding to Necron reconquest across Ultima Segmentum eventually found their way to Terra. Incensed by their loss, the Fabricator General of the Adeptus Mechanicus united the High Lords in a fateful accord. An example had to be made. The Ultramarines would be tasked with returning to Damnos in force, and eradicating the Necron threat infesting it once and for all. Only then would the point be made to the galaxy at large – nothing, be it Daemon, heretic or xenos fiend, could stay the wrath of the Adeptus Astartes.

VALIN'S REVENGE

The strike cruiser Valin's Revenge is the most formidable weapon in the 2nd Company's arsenal, armed and armoured to the highest standards of its class and able to launch its full complement of Drop Pods in less than a minute.



The news came to Ultramar in the form of the most experienced Deathwatch strike teams the Ordo Xenos could provide, led by Squad Lazarius: a crack insertion unit who had successfully destabilised the catacomb world of Daedalon. The High Lords believed that the specialist skills of the Deathwatch could make all the difference to the success of the attack. Better yet, they knew that the Ultramarines were more likely to accede to a request made by a Space Marine than by a robed functionary of the Adeptus Terra. Rumour had it that one of the Deathwatch sergeants who arrived in Ultramar was Davian Imocles, an old squad-mate of Sicarius', and that the two friends broke Ultramar protocol by meeting before official greetings had been observed.

Still, the arrival of the Deathwatch was cause for much discussion in the ranks of the Ultramarines, for they above all Imperial forces were trained to neutralise and destroy xenos entities.

When Watch Captain Lazarius relayed the news of the High Lords' plan to Marneus Calgar on the idyllic world of Hera, the Chapter Master was far from pleased. Calgar had extensively reviewed Sicarius' after-action reports following the previous incident on Damnos, and he knew full well that the 2nd Company had faced but a small portion of the Necrons' true strength. This time, his Ultramarines would face a fully awakened Tomb World, teeming with Necron defences.

Calgar's thoughts had long been troubled by the true scale of the threat lurking under Damnos' icy crust. The Chapter Master knew he would lose many hundreds of good men in the reconquering of Damnos, yet the course was clear. The Ultramarines had failed to destroy their foes during the Fall of Damnos – a failure that had to be remedied.

Though he was loath to admit it, Calgar knew in his heart that the High Lords were right. The morale of the Imperium was at stake. It was the duty of the Ultramarines to see the battle they had started decades ago to its bloody conclusion.

THE CHILDREN OF DAMNOS

Twenty-five long years had passed before the spectre of Damnos had come back to haunt the Ultramarines. It was a whole generation for mortal men, though a relatively short span in the lifetime of a Space Marine. The 2nd Company had won countless victories since Damnos, but the ordeals upon the xenos-infested planet had not been forgotten. Many of the Ultramarines who had fought there were still anxious for redemption.

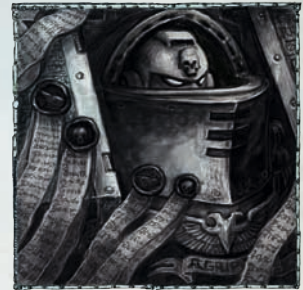
This was true most of all of Cato Sicarius. The grievous blow dealt to him by the Necron monarch outside Kellenport had long since healed, but the wound to his pride remained. So it was that when Marneus Calgar announced that the warriors of Ultramar would return to Damnos in full force, the 2nd Company with them, Captain Sicarius smiled for the first time in decades.

After the original Fall of Damnos, the rescued settlers had been relocated to Tarentus, an agri-world upon the fringe of the Ultramar empire. The Damnosians had begun new lives, working hard to repatriate themselves as citizens of that great realm. As the soldiers and miners put their haunted past aside to start families and fresh careers, a new generation grew to young adulthood. The surviving Damnosians had already impressed the warriors of Ultramar with their valour and bravery on the field of battle, and their sons and daughters had worked and trained so hard that they had also won the respect of the Adeptus Astartes watching over them. Some had even proven strong enough to become Ultramarines in their own right – the 10th Company squad known as the Ice Talons, trained under Torias Telion, were of Damnosian stock.

Marneus Calgar was always a wise and prudent ruler. He knew that the upcoming war was as much about the Imperium's soul as it was the body, and so he gave the refugee families of the ice planet a chance to fight for the world they had been forced to abandon. Almost every adult amongst them volunteered. For many of the hardy settlers, it was the only hope they had of banishing the mechanical skeletons that stalked their dreams.

The Imperial war engine slowly began to gather speed. The 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 5th and 6th Companies of the Ultramarines were mustered from war zones within Ultima Segmentum – over 500 Space Marines – to be led into battle by Calgar himself. All extant information on Damnos was dissected in painstaking detail, and the training cages rang night and day with the sound of steel on steel. It was said that Cato Sicarius trained so hard he even slept in the cage-vault, and that he fought with the fury of a man possessed.

Before the month was out, Calgar's preparations were complete. Instead of translating from the Warp into Damnos' orbit, the grand fleet of Ultramar emerged within the neighbouring planet of Utinos – an inert gas giant with a radioactive asteroid belt. Once more, the Ultramarine fleet's helmsmen proved up to their allotted task. The Imperial warships entered realspace within the outer layers of the gas giant, completely hidden from sight by swirling ochroid vapours.



A WATCHFUL EYE

The Venerable Dreadnought Agrippan was sent by Marneus Calgar himself to accompany the 2nd Company during Fall of Damnos. Without Agrippan's presence, Captain Sicarius may not have escaped alive. The ancient was to give his life in order to allow his battle-brethren to evacuate. As the 2nd Company withdrew via Thunderhawk Gunship, Agrippan's reactor went critical, obliterating a large portion of Kellenport and thousands of Necrons in the process.



CAPTAIN SICARIUS' HERALDRY

Cato Sicarius' left shoulder pad originally hails from a suit of Mk II Crusade armour that had been worn by Captain Orar during the Scouring.



THE DAMNOS CAMPAIGN BADGE

Though it was originally worn with great pride, there was a period after the Fall of Damnos when the invasion's campaign badge was seen as a symbol of ill omen.



THE LIONS OF MACRAGGE (DAMNOS CAMPAIGN)

Cato Sicarius' Command Squad, the Lions of Macragge, fought against impossible odds in order to follow their leader into the heart of Necron war phalanxes. They distinguished themselves during the Fall of Damnos, but all the more so in the war that followed.



CATO SICARIUS

Once synonymous with unalloyed victory in the name of Macragge, Captain Cato Sicarius' perfect record was stained with defeat upon Damnos. It was a blow he did not take well. All trace of humour was lost from his already gruff persona, and in battle, his violent displays of courage became reckless to the point of unnecessarily endangering the lives of the men under his command.

Only returning to Damnos twenty-five years after the original incident allowed Sicarius to erase the memories and premonitions that had haunted him; visions of a metal god whose heartbeat was as powerful as an earthquake.

A RUSE WITHIN A RUSE

Calgar's next order was for the torpedo batteries of the *Victrix Ultra* to detonate several macro-class warheads near to the planet's asteroid belt, knocking the largest of their number out of orbit and sending them sailing past Damnos. One by one, the asteroids detached from the Utinos Belt. Slowly, with utmost caution, the Ultramarines fleet went with them. To the Damnosian Crypteks observing the celestial event, the electronic signatures of the fleet were lost amongst the radioactive rocks. Reports of the Utinos event were relayed, but the Necron lords of Damnos were far more concerned with their own power struggles. They paid the oncoming shower of debris little heed.

Calgar's approach plan had worked perfectly. By the time the Necrons on the surface had spotted their presence, the Ultramarines warships were already in position to launch their Drop Pods. Wave after wave of the craft flared bright as they crackled through the upper atmosphere, plummeting towards the surface of Damnos with tooth-rattling speed. The fully active Pylon networks below intercepted dozens of the hurtling Drop Pods, stitching the skies with green lightning and smashing many of the attack craft into thousands of pieces – the Pylons had accessed the positional data from the

invasion of the 2nd Company all those years ago, and their targeting systems predicted the descent patterns well.

Those few that made it through the gauss net slammed into the surface of Damnos and opened to reveal that they held not Space Marines but automated weaponry. It was then that the decoy tactic became clear. The strike cruisers *Hera's Fist*, *Blade of Judgement*, *Talassar's Tempest* and *Lion of Calth* dived out from the asteroid cloud and roared towards the planet's surface south of Kellenport. Within seconds of breaking cover, the warships had hurled their Drop Pods from their launch bays, each carrying a squad of Space Marines.

The Gauss Pylon networks could not recalibrate their firing solutions in time to intercept Calgar's true invasion force. As the landing craft made planetfall and slammed open, hundreds of Space Marines deployed into perfect formation. Deathwatch strike teams, emerging from black-armoured Drop Pods into the depths of the Necron tomb complexes, moved in to begin missions of sabotage against the Necron reinforcements moving to surround the Ultramarines. On the Belenos ice plains behind them, bulk landers lowered their ramps to disgorge regiments of vengeful Imperial Guard. The Imperium had arrived in force.





STRIKE TEAM LAZARIUS

The Deathwatch Strike Team under Watch Captain Lazarius used precious antiphasic rounds to prevent fallen Necrons from 'phasing out' and returning to their tomb complexes. In this way the Imperial forces could ensure their foes stayed dead.

THE WRATH OF THE NECRONS

In the heart of the tomb complexes that surrounded Kellenport, Monoliths and cyclopean Obelisks shuddered free of the ice and rose majestically into the air. Piece by piece, the floating necropolis that had scoured human life from Damnos assembled itself once more. Fully powered, the grid of deadly war machines drifted towards the Space Marines with the inevitability of death. Doom Scythes wailed into the skies on intercept courses with the Thunderhawk gunships that reinforced the ground assault.

The crescent-shaped Necron fighters flew with uncanny manoeuvrability, carving off whole sections of their enemy's fuselages with rays of energy. Though the Ultramarines' Stormravens returned fire, three of the mightiest Space Marine craft were crippled beyond recovery. The Thunderhawk *Vengeance Ulixis* turned end over end, trails of greasy black smoke scoring the sky as it ploughed into the Ultramarines scattering below. The collision crippled two whole squads, but it slowed the Imperial advance not for one moment. Incredibly, several of the Space Marine passengers fought their way free of the *Vengeance's* burning debris and joined the ranks of their brethren, bloodied but unbowed. The rest of the Ultramarines transports landed, releasing squadrons of Predators, Hunters and Vindicators from their armoured bellies whilst cohorts of warsuited Centurions laid down covering fire with daunting precision.

Company by company, the Ultramarine squads took up positions near the pyramidal complex that Calgar had identified as the heart of the Necron grid. They were making good progress until the floating city hovered into view. A crackling field of green energy arced around the xenos formation, dispersing the lascannon fire of the Predator Assassin squads testing its defences. In return, thunderous bolts of emerald lightning lashed out from the crystals atop each of the Monoliths, grounding spectacularly in the ranks of the Space Marines and sending power-armoured limbs spinning high into the air.

The source of the crackling energy became clear as the xenos formation crested the ridge. In the centre of the grid hummed four angular quadrants linked by bolts of energy. Shining within their interior was a sphere of blinding light that held a splayed humanoid form. The green lightning that crackled out to surround the necropolis was eye-searingly bright wherever it touched the writhing creature inside the sphere. Ahead of it came the silhouette of the Undying, reborn once more and leading his High Court to war.

Calgar's hand had been forced. Sending a tight-beam transmission to his reserves in orbit, he summoned a precise orbital bombardment followed by a teleport strike from a full half of the 1st Company. Battle was about to be joined in earnest.

THE RETURN OF THE ULTRAMARINES



2nd Company banner



1st Company banner



3rd Company banner



5th Company banner



6th Company banner

The Ultramarines returned to Damnos en masse. No fewer than five entire companies made planetfall in a Drop Pod assault that shook the world's icy crust.

'NIHILUS' VORTEX GRENADE

Ultramarines omni-scans revealed Sergeant Davian Imocles to be in possession of a Nihilus vortex grenade – an incredibly deadly Imperial artefact capable of collapsing reality in a localised but highly unstable field. It was this priceless weapon that Sergeant Imocles gifted to Captain Sicarius before the return to Damnos, knowing that his friend would use it not only to exact his revenge on the Necrons but also to repair his reputation in the process.



At the head of the Chapter Librarius, Chief Librarian Tigurius locked his gaze with that of the bound creature and strained to understand the titanic technologies that were being brought to bear against it. Wiping tears of blood from his cheeks, the Librarian mind-linked a message to Marneus Calgar. The shining figure inside was the physical incarnation of a C'tan star god, a legend given form and bound against its will to power the Necron engines of war. It was imperative that the towering creature be neutralised, for it was the source of the floating necropolis' defensive shield, and it had the power to turn Damnus itself against them.

IRRESISTIBLE FORCE

As phalanx after phalanx of Necrons stalked from the snows, the ground war began in earnest. Volleys of long-range missile fire from Whirlwind and Thunderfire Cannon batteries thundered into the Necrons stalking towards the Imperial ranks, knocking dozens of the creatures from their feet with each explosion. As per Calgar's orders, wherever a Necron slumped into the snow, the Ultramarine Tactical squads would advance and pour bolter fire into it to ensure it did not rise again. Yet the phalanxes lurched onward, crushing the fallen underfoot.

As one, the entire column of Necrons halted at some invisible signal, raised their gauss flayers, and fired a strobing fusillade of energy into the ranks of the Ultramarines. The beams stripped away armour, flesh and bone until the remains of once-proud Space Marines writhed steaming in the snow.

In response, massed Assault Squads and a thunderous cadre of Dreadnoughts ploughed into the tightly-packed ranks of the foe. Chainswords and power fists chewed through cables and crushed mechanical sinews, forcing the Necrons to abandon their fire discipline and fall upon the new threat in melee. Sicarius stormed forward to reinforce his men, for the xenos numbers were thickening as ever more constructs emerged from the ice. As the High Suzerain barged his way through the Necron Warriors closing in on his battle brothers, keening packs of Flayed Ones pulled their way out of the permafrost and impaled the raging Space Marines from below with their razor-sharp talons. In their

midst was a leaping, slashing monster of metal and stolen skin, whose every blow hurled an Assault Marine ten feet across the ice. Sicarius made a beeline for the creature, raising his Tempest Blade in the briefest of salutes before engaging it in a lightning-fast exchange of blows.

To the south of the Ultramarines army, the Tarentan Imperial Guard took a heavy toll on waves of approaching Destroyers, and on the Tomb Blades escorting Ghost Arks toward the Ultramarines' flank. Battle cannon shells detonated in the midst of the xenos, stunning the Necron gun-constructs and leaving them easy prey for ruby beams of lascannon fire from the Guardsmen manning the gantries of the nearby research station. Harsh shouts of triumph were soon replaced by piercing screams as portal-bearing Night Scythes translocated Necron Warriors into their midst. It was all the chance the Destroyers needed. A second wave of the malevolent machine-beasts rose out of the snow to exterminate any Guardsman who dared sneak a glance over the armoured parapet.

STALEMATE

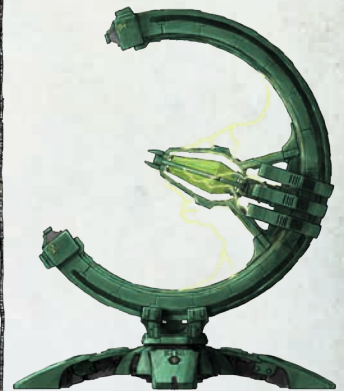
Everywhere the Imperial army struck, the Necrons countered with lethal force. Calgar felt like a duellist being slowly taken apart by a superior foe. The battlefield logic of the Necrons was impeccable; whatever intelligence was controlling the xenos army was anticipating the Ultramarines' every move and neutralising each set piece they employed.

The Codex Astartes has much to say on the subject of engaging a foe with superior technology, yet every feint and lunge Calgar made was met with a shield of logic that left his men fighting for their lives. Every plasma volley and melta blast employed against the floating necropolis found its energy dissipated harmlessly; every bolt or shell was prematurely detonated before it could harm the Monoliths within. Krak missiles blew sinister Triarch constructs apart, only for their glowing remains to scuttle back together moments later. The Chapter Master felt a cold shiver creep over him as he realised the Necrons had analysed and broken down the Ultramarines' battle doctrine, just as the xenos had been studied in their turn. The only hope was to strike from an unexpected direction.



THE ICE TALONS

It is a testament to the hardiness and quality of the stubborn Damnusian defenders known as the Hundred that an entire squad of the Ultramarines 10th Company could be recruited from their second-generation stock. Under the watchful eye of Torias Telion, these aspirants repaid the faith placed in them at the Battle of the Necropolis by disabling the Gauss Pylon central to the Necron defence. Some believe that without their bravery the war could not have been won.



PYLONS

The massive crescent-shaped gun platforms known as Pylons took a great toll on the Deathwind Drop Pods that Calgar dispatched as a precursor to the main invasion. The destruction they wrought was great, yet not a single Ultramarine was lost – the real blow was to fall elsewhere.

Ahead, the Gauss Pylon that loomed over the battlefield whirred and pivoted as it fired pinpoint beams of emerald energy into the skies, darting from one aerial target to the next as the strike cruisers far above attempted to reinforce their brethren. Stormtalon and Thunderhawk Gunships alike were blasted from the air as the gauss beam stabbed through the swirling snowstorm with pitiless efficiency. Calgar could just make out a camouflaged squad of Scouts, the Ice Talons of the 10th Company, clambering up the base of the Gauss Pylon and clamping their melta bombs onto its jointed neck before vaulting backward into the safety of a deep snowdrift. Above them a white-hot explosion crippled the machine's motive units, and uncontrollable gauss energy roared into the night as the resultant energy pulse overloaded its power systems.

THE SHIELD SHATTERED

Inspiration burnt through the Chapter Master's mind. With his honour guard storming forwards in his wake, Calgar sprinted towards the malfunctioning Pylon, smashing his way through the ranks of Necron Immortals that were moving to protect it. The Chapter Master lashed out left and right to pulverise xenos torsos and heads wherever he struck, for a terrible wrath was roused within him, and his resolve to reach the Gauss Pylon was all but unstoppable.

Jumping up onto the metallic base of the malfunctioning Pylon, Calgar braced himself and heaved with both hands at its crescent-shaped superstructure. Servos and pistons whined in protest as the famed Gauntlets of Ultramar left grooves in its living metal.

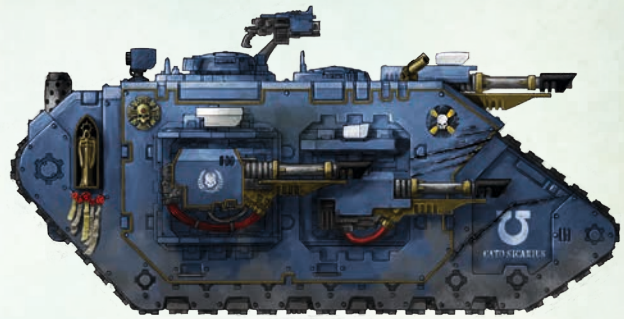
Teeth gritted and eyes screwed tight, the Chapter Master pushed with everything he had, veins popping under his close-cropped grey hair. He roared in pain with the bone-breaking effort of his feat, but sure enough the Pylon began to move on its bearings, its flaring gauss beam crackling across the skies above the warring armies. Slowly, inexorably, Calgar pushed the war engine's crescent back upon itself until its beam met the energy grid that protected the floating necropolis.

The snowstorm flared blinding white as a tremendous explosion flattened everything within a hundred metres. The autosenses of the Space Marines spared the majority of them from being blinded by the energy burst, though those nearby were not so lucky – Squads Atracian, Melecus and Thriacas were vaporised in an instant, along with the entire phalanx of Necron Warriors they were fighting. The energy shield that protected the floating necropolis vanished, and in the backlash, the Tesseract Vault at its heart was broken wide open.

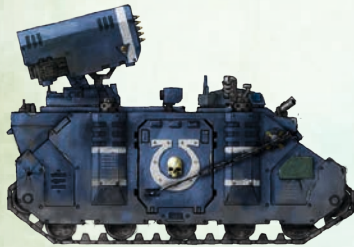


THE SPEAR OF MACRAGGE

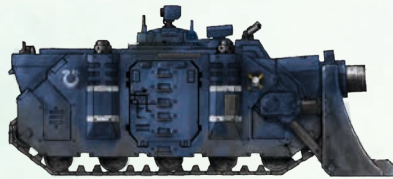
Under the command of the veteran tank commander Antaro Chronus, the vehicle formation known as the Spear of Macragge took a great toll on the Necron forces upon its return to Damnos. Deployed via Thunderhawk Gunship and orbital lander in the first few minutes of the campaign, the Spear of Macragge crippled several Monoliths and destroyed dozens of lesser xenos war constructs before the war had run its course. Though Chronus found his initial assault stymied by powerful energy fields, his later success against the baleful necropolis at the heart of the Necron horde earned his tank detachment the nickname 'Antaro's Assassins'.



Pride of Talassar, *Terminus Ultra*, commanded by Sergeant Chronus



Iax, *Whirlwind* (suppression role)



Vexator, *Vindicator* vanguard



Nova, *Predator* vanguard







A DEMIGOD UNCAGED

Rising above the Necron army was a giant cruciform figure of pure light, the remnants of its energy cage still crackling around it. It roared in exultation at its newfound freedom, the booming sound throwing Ultramarines and Necrons alike to the icy ground. Louder and louder it grew, until the planet's crust began to crack beneath it. As the being's shout struck the surface's resonant frequency, cracks became fissures and fissures became chasms, hurling hundreds of stunned Necrons to an icy doom. Tigurius mind-pulsed a warning to Calgar – this being was a manifestation of the star god Yggra'nya, the Moulder of Worlds, whose very thoughts could break apart a planet and reshape it in a form more pleasing to him.

The floating city had halted at the mighty explosion. At its heart, the gilded Necron Overlord known as the Undying was bellowing outraged commands to the glowing figure above them, his arms raised imperiously. With laughter like tectonic plates colliding, the star god reached out a taloned hand and made a fist. Around the Undying, the ground split open, forming a titanic hand that crushed the Necron like an insect. The xenos lord flashed white and vanished.

At the heart of the Necron tomb complex, the surviving members of Squad Lazarius had reached their objective. The Undying, having phased out moments before, had teleported back to his cabled sarcophagus right in front of their eyes. Unfortunately for the Necron, the Deathwatch had replaced his revivication engines with melta charges and entropic destabilisers. A thin scream echoed through the Necron tomb as the Deathwatch put the lie to the Undying's name, blasting him into his component atoms.

CATASTROPHE AND CONQUEST

On the planet's crust, the Necron forces reeled from the loss of their leader and the power structure at their army's heart. The Ultramarines, their sonic dampeners and optic shields protecting them from the worst of the C'tan's baleful energies, were deft enough to avoid the catastrophic damage that was being wreaked upon Damnos by Yggra'nya the World Shaper. The supporting fire of the Devastator units and Imperial Guard on the ridge overlooking the carnage was taking a heavy toll upon the Necrons that had escaped the C'tan's wrath, and the battle looked all but over until the god-thing turned its wrath on the Space Marines. Lumpen fists of rock burst out from the ground, seizing up the cobalt-armoured warriors falling back to their transports and crushing them to a paste. Squad after squad were destroyed by the laughing entity as it floated overhead.

The being passed over Cato Sicarius as he duelled, the Captain panting hard with the exertion of his fight with the flesh-wrapped Necron Lord. The Flayed Lord's head snapped up in alarm as it finally registered Yggra'nya's presence, a sliver of opportunity that Sicarius had trained

hard to exploit. The Captain fell to one knee under the creature's flashing talons and rammed the Talassarian Tempest Blade vertically into its torso, shorting out its phase circuits and dooming the fiend to a final death.

His vision swimming, Sicarius summoned twenty-five years of anger and frustration and channelled it into a last burst of strength. He unclipped the strangely-wrought grenade that had been given to him by his old friend Imocles in their clandestine meeting, and ran headlong towards the C'tan that had passed overhead. Leaping over the claws of the Flayed Ones that grasped for him, he activated the weapon – a vortex grenade of ancient design – and flung it at the creature. The C'tan's horned head whipped around in a half-circle, its face contorted with rage, and Sicarius was caught in mid air by a giant rocky fist. Just as the vice-like fingers began to close, the vortex grenade detonated. A spiralling orb of nothingness burst out from the device, its unstoppable force sucking the C'tan into the Warp before the vortex collapsed and winked out of existence.

DAMNOS RECLAIMED

Even as Sicarius staggered to his feet, the battle was won. The earthquakes that had spread outwards from the C'tan's rampage shuddered to a halt. Over the next few days, the Ultramarines took apart the remainder of the Necron army with a grim efficiency that saw none of the xenos survive. Empty tomb complexes were collapsed or detonated under the methodical guidance of the Deathwatch, and as massed contingents of the Adeptus Mechanicus arrived, all evidence of the war against the Necrons was eradicated or taken from the planet. Many intriguing items of xenos technology went missing over the course of the reclamation program, but the air of victory was so infectious that none pressed the matter of their absence too closely. The Necrons of Damnos had finally been defeated.

Calgar, who had learned much about the xenos foe over the course of the campaign, consolidated the knowledge he had torn from Damnos and penned it into a data-scroll which he circulated throughout the Chapter Masters of the Adeptus Astartes. Such hard-won data was invaluable; its distribution was a great strategic victory in its own right, and yet it was not the most lasting lesson the Imperium would take from the reconquest. The populace rescued by Sicarius and the 2nd Company all those years ago was shipped back from Tarentus and given the entire world of Damnos to claim as its own. The sons and daughters who had joined the Ultramarines were stationed upon the planet, to watch over them and train them in the ways of war. Slowly but surely, Damnos was brought back into the Imperial fold. The message was clear, a message stridently broadcast across the Imperium by the agents of the High Lords of Terra. Humanity could triumph over any foe, no matter how deadly. The galaxy belonged to Man, and Man alone.

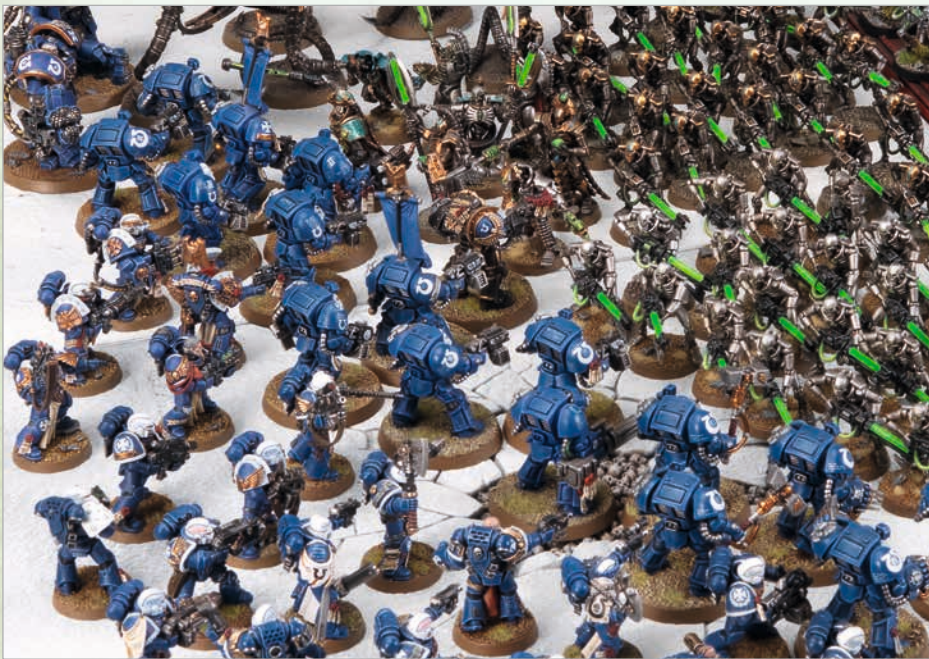
THE BATTLE OF THE NECROPOLIS

DAMNOS, 999.M41



VENGEANCE FROM ABOVE

On the right flank, the Assault Marines of the reconquest force boost forwards towards the Necrons' front lines whilst a Conclave of Ancients thunders into the massed Necron war machines with a loud metallic crunch.



THE 1ST COMPANY AT WAR


Unit after unit of Ultramarines veterans storm into the endless ranks of the Infinite Phalanx, smashing metallic bodies asunder with close range fire and crushing blows. However, the Necrons' self-repair ability is boosted to such a degree that, as fast as they are put down, they rise back up again from the frozen ground. Both sides grind into each other, refusing to yield as snow turns to bloodstained slush and permafrost is slicked with alien fluids.



A Host of the Red Harvest discharges a crackling gauss hellstorm into the approaching Ultramarines, stripping a score of veterans down to their constituent atoms – yet the 1st Company march onward, hungry for revenge.



A Doom Scythe Deathbringer Flight hurtles towards the Ultramarines lines – just as a trio of Stormraven Gunships moves to intercept them, a gravitic pulse from the nearby Obelisk tears the Ultramarines craft from the skies.



The Baleful Necropolis takes heavy fire from the Predator Assassin Squadrons at the heart of the Ultramarines lines, yet the crackling energy shield emitted by the Tesseract Vault keeps the Monoliths intact. The Space Marine war machine closes its jaws as Drop Pods scream from the skies, but the immense floating city still remains unbreached. Is there no stopping the implacable alien menace steadily emerging from under the ice?



THE VAULT IS BREACHED

The Necron Pylon is disabled by the combined efforts of the 'Ice Talons' Scouts and the Deathwatch before being tilted on its axis by the sheer strength of Marneus Calgar himself. Its stuttering annihilator beam thunders into the Tesseract Vault, detonating it and blasting apart several of the Monoliths nearby – not to mention the Necron forces in its shadow. With this titanic act, the Ultramarines tear the heart out of the enemy. Victory is near!



Cato Sicarius redeemed himself in the final hours of the war by neutralising the C'tan.



The Ultramarines Librarian was pivotal in the battles following the Chapter's return to Damnos.



The Necron Lords that coordinated the counter-attack proved all but indestructible.



Chief Librarian Tigurius provided vital counsel about Damnos' Necrons and their troop movements.



Torias Telion's Scouts blended with Damnos' environment to infiltrate Necron positions.



The Veteran Sergeants that led each squad bore priceless weapons of war.



Sahtah the Enfleshed was a ghoulish whirlwind of violence in battle.



Many Overlords bore resurrection orbs to enhance their warriors' self-repair systems.



Ankh the Cryptek watched his schemes unfold as the Royal Court led their warriors to war.



The Deathwatch infiltrated the Necron tombs, lying in wait for the lords of Damnos' return.



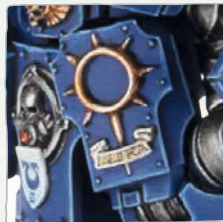
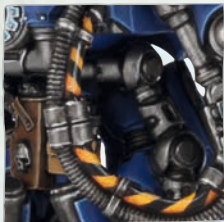
The warriors of the Scout Company disabled many Necron war engines.



The Devastators known as the Titan Slayers took down a pair of Monoliths on their own.



Several units of Sternguard Veterans made planetfall at the head of the strike force, blasting clear a landing site for their battle-brothers to reinforce.



Centurion Devastator Squads marched unharmed through a crackling storm of gauss fire, laying down a constant hail of bolter shells that blasted Necron Warriors apart by the score.

The Chapter Banner – a physical reminder of the Ultramarines' duty to triumph over the xenos.



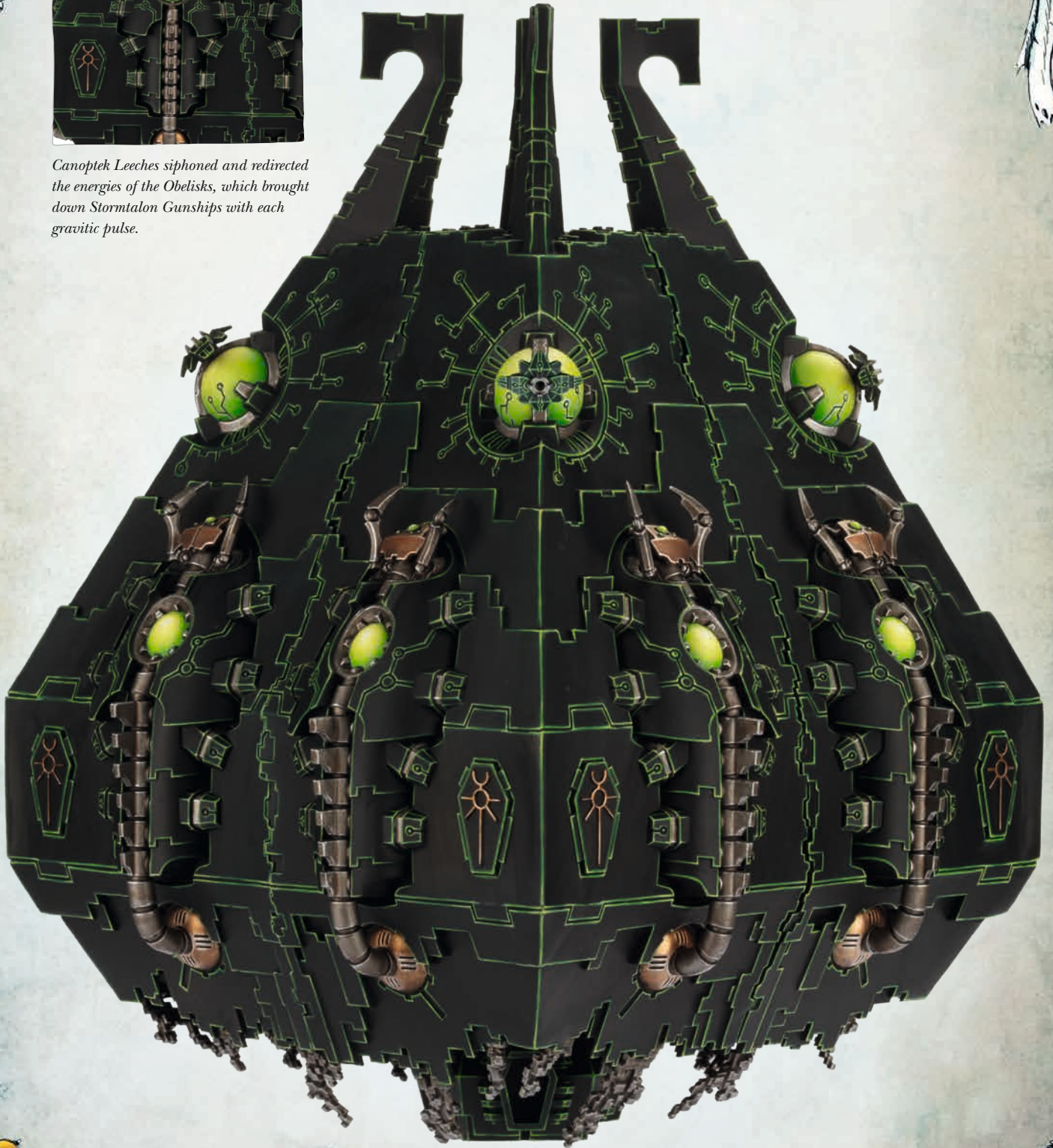
The Stalkers' icarus stormcannon arrays stitched patterns of destruction across Damnos' skies.

Stalker battle tanks brought low the numerous Doom Scythes that haunted the skies above Damnos.





Canoptek Leeches siphoned and redirected the energies of the Obelisks, which brought down Stormtalon Gunships with each gravitic pulse.





Canoptek Wraiths ghosted through the ruins of the research station, their transdimensional beamers casting Space Marines into the void.



When freed from the Tesseract Vault, Yggra'nya the Shaper took a terrible toll on Necron and Space Marine alike, though he was ultimately banished by a well-placed vortex grenade.



