Imperial Guard Jumpchain

By IGanon

"It is the 41st Millennium. For more than a hundred centuries The Emperor has sat immobile on the Golden Throne of Earth. He is the Master of Mankind by the will of the gods, and master of a million worlds by the might of his inexhaustible armies. He is a rotting carcass writhing invisibly with power from the Dark Age of Technology. He is the Carrion Lord of the Imperium for whom a thousand souls are sacrificed every day, so that he may never truly die.

Yet even in his deathless state, the Emperor continues his eternal vigilance. Mighty battlefleets cross the daemon-infested miasma of the Warp, the only route between distant stars, their way lit by the Astronomicon, the psychic manifestation of the Emperor's will. Vast armies give battle in his name on uncounted worlds. Greatest amongst his soldiers are the Adeptus Astartes, the Space Marines, bio-engineered super-warriors. Their comrades in arms are legion: The Imperial Guard and countless planetary defence forces, the ever-vigilant Inquisition and the tech-priests of the Adeptus Mechanicus to name only a few. But for all their multitudes, they are barely enough to hold off the ever-present threat from aliens, heretics, mutants - and worse.

To be a man in such times is to be one amongst untold billions. It is to live in the cruellest and most bloody regime imaginable. These are the tales of those times. Forget the power of technology and science, for so much has been forgotten, never to be re-learned. Forget the promise of progress and understanding, for in the grim dark future there is only war. There is no peace amongst the stars, only an eternity of carnage and slaughter, and the laughter of thirsting gods."

The Guard are the first force to respond when a planet requests for aid. They are by far the most numerable fighting force in the Imperium, for manpower is their most worthless resource. The Guard will happily throw away the lives of millions in futile frontal assaults to hasten the capture of a world by a week. Yet all the same, they never truly have enough equipment to arm enough men, and the life of a Guardsman is often to be ferried constantly from world to world in an endless struggle to suppress the numberless circling around the las dying gasps of humanity. Assuming they are not the majority of Guardsmen, whose average lifespan in combat is measured in mere minutes.

The Guard is not a subtle force. The “Hammer of the Emperor” is pure brute strength; with teeming masses of infantrymen, wave upon wave of tanks and the saturation of artillery, the Guard simple smashes apart any foolish enough to stand against the Imperium of Man.

Take 1000 CP and get ready for war.

Race:

Human (free): You are a member of *Homo Sapiens*. Your race's greatest strength is in its utter genericity and its ability to breed its way into more manpower than the Imperium could ever hope to fully utilise.

Nightsider (free): Your abhuman kind evolved on a world plunged into near-constant darkness. Your eyesight is extremely sensitive, enough to let you see reasonably well in minimal light, but so sensitive mere daylight is blinding. Additionally, your hearing and sense of smell is much stronger to compensate.

Ratling (-100): Ratlings, scientifically known as *Homo Sapiens Minimus* are a squat, rotund breed of Abhumans commonly found as snipers and scouts in the Imperial Guard. With their small stature, they are excellent at moving unseen, unfortunately this also manifests as being excellent thieves. All Ratlings are also excellent cooks.

Gland Warrior (-200): Gland Warriors, also known as Gland War Veterans, are humans extensively modified to be able to fight Tyranids on worlds that have been so biologically poisoned as to be uninhabitable by non-Tyranids. You appear physically similar to a normal human, but the real difference is that underneath your skin you have dozens of extra organs, each secreting a chemical cocktail that will both enable you to survive without any environmental protection in the most extremely dangerous conditions, as well as dosing you with a free supply of combat drugs while in battle. Be aware that you do not have any control over this, and it is not unknown for Gland Warriors to collapse from overdose or burning out their body in combat.

Ogryn (-300): Ogryns, scientifically known as *Homo Sapiens Gigantus* are huge, standing roughly 3m tall, solidly-built abhumans. They're both noticeably stronger and more physically resilient than the average Space Marine, though they are also notoriously stupider than the average Ork, though you may choose to not be reduced down to their intellect. Despite this, Ogryn are the Imperial Guard's most reliable assault troops, as their ability to withstand a terrifying amount of punishment and dish it out with a vengeance trumps the difficulty in keeping such dim-witted people under control.

Location:

You may pay 50 CP or roll 1d8 to see where and when you start. Age is 18+1d8 and you may remain the same gender for free or switch for 50 CP.

1. **392.M41, The Macharian Crusade**: Lord Commander Solar Macharius is currently raising a force to liberate as many worlds as he possibly can, a voyage of seven years that will take him in time to the very edge of the Astronomicon's light. You start on Macharia, as part of the force gathered by Macharius himself.
2. **742.M41, The Damocles Gulf Crusade**: You start somewhere within the Ultima Segmentum, as part of a small force mobilised for a routine cleansing of a new species of intelligent xenos that has been harassing and chipping away at Imperial borders in the Eastern Fringe.
3. **813.M41, The Siege of Vraks**: You start upon Vraks, as one of the Imperial Guardsmen sent to liberate a world fallen to heresy and Chaos. Fourteen million Guardsmen will die here against the Forces of Chaos, and it will become a near-byword for the endless, grinding siege warfare the Death Korps of Krieg specialise in.
4. **941.M41, The Second War for Armageddon**: You start upon the Hive World of Armageddon. Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka is leading a great big WAAAGH! here and this war will shape up to be an absolute alphabet soup of Imperial organisations rolling in to battle amidst the hives. Yarrick will earn his legend here, and perhaps you will too.
5. **998.M41, The Third War for Armageddon**: You start upon Armageddon, again, and Ghazghkull is back, this time with an even bigger, hardier WAAAGH! for another showdown. This time twenty-five Space Marine chapters will be dragged in, along with innumerable Guardsmen and many Titan Legions. Even worse, the forces of Chaos may soon make their move…
6. **999.M41 The Third Tyrannic War**: Leviathan, the third largest and by far the most dangerous Hive Fleet to menace the galaxy, is on course to Terra, and one planet stands in its way. You start upon Tarsis Ultra, as part of a mixed force of local Planetary Defence Force, Imperial Guardsmen and Ultramarines (who will claim all the credit).
7. **999.M41, The Thirteenth Black Crusade**: You start on Cadia as Abaddon the Despoiler, the most cunning and intelligent Warmaster of Chaos since Horus (faint praise) begins his final, apocalyptic showdown. His target: to crush Cadia and break the last of the Pylon network that prevents the Eye of Terror growing like a vast tumour across the galaxy.
8. **Free Choice**: Lucky you! You may start at any time period and location from the end of the Horus Heresy and the formation of the modern Imperial Guard from the old Imperial Army to the present era.

Origins:

Any origin may function as a drop-in. You are free to choose which regiment you start in.

Guardsman: The humble Imperial Guardsman is one of the first, and all too often only, line of Imperial defence. Billions upon billions of Guardsmen serve every day with little more than a lasgun, a flak vest, and a metric ton of grit.

Vehicle Operator: You are trained to operate the many vehicles and aircraft of the Imperial Guard. You may think yourself safe behind a wall of plasteel, but far too many weapons in the galaxy would love to prove you wrong.

Psyker: You were rounded up as a child after your psychic potential was discovered, sent on a Black Ship to Terra. There, after inhumane testing you were deemed capable of enough self-control and strong enough psychic powers to be useful to the Imperium and have been sent to the Imperial Guard to perform invaluable psychic support.

Commissar: As an orphaned child of an Imperial war hero, you were picked up and sent to the Schola Progenum to be trained into a Commissar, one of the political officers of the Imperial Guard; stern men who watch for any sign of insubordination or deviation from the Imperial Cult. Your duty shall also involve granting the Emperor's Peace to those unfortunate psykers who lose control of their own powers.

Officer: You have been selected, whether by birth or by merit, to lead a platoon of men into fire. Your duty offers *relative* safety compared to a mere Guardsmen, but low-ranking officers (like yourself) still have a terribly high turnover rate.

Enginseer: The Enginseers are the manpower tithe of the Adeptus Mechanicus. Your duty is to keep the vast array of sophisticated weapons and machinery the Imperial Guard runs on working no matter what. Sadly, members of other branches of the Machine Cult frequently look down on the Enginseers, as they rarely make any progress on the Quest for Knowledge, but to the Imperial Guard, these cybernetic men are totally indispensable to keep the war engines turning.

Homeworld:

What world you were raised on and the skills you acquired there. “Drawbacks” from your world of origin naturally go away post-jump.

Agri-Worlder: You grew up on a world totally dedicated to agriculture; all the food for a Hive World or Forge World has to come from somewhere after all. Naturally, your experience has left you a decent chef, quite self-sufficient, and skilled with heavy machinery, though likely poorly educated.

Death Worlder: You grew up on one of the most dangerous worlds in the Imperium, where a bad end lurks around every corner. You have seen your fair share of suffering and death and find it difficult to be phased by it, though you might be a little twitchy and unsociable.

Feral Worlder: You grew up on a highly primitive world, possibly one yet to even discover metallurgy. Life on a feral world is hard, and you’re already well experienced in beating things up with your bare hands and using nearly any melee weapon, though again chances for a decent education on a Feral World are slim to none.

Fortress Worlder: You grew up on a world totally given over to fortifications, the most extreme example being Cadia itself. Raised with the Imperial Guard looming all over your head, you absorbed a strong sense of personal discipline and are no stranger to using a gun. Unfortunately, this is all you ever knew, and your ability to communicate with people has likely suffered.

Hive Worlder: You grew up in the steel caves of a Hive World, one totally teeming with uncounted billions of people living in gigantic warrens that extend almost to low orbit. Your experience has left you very, very good at moving through crowds and with a pretty glib tongue too, though Hive Worlders are known to suffer agoraphobia.

Imperial World: You grew up on a standard-issue Imperial world, drafted into the standard-issue Imperial Guard, were issued your standard-issue equipment and became a standard-issue Imperial Guard. There is nothing particularly unusual about your origin.

Mining Worlder: You grew up on a world dedicated to mining the masses of raw materials needed for the rest of the Imperium. You are familiar with working your way through the tight, twisting warrens of deep underground caves, and are very familiar with explosives and excavating in general. You are rather unused to natural light though.

Shrine Worlder: You grew up on a world dedicated to a local saint. Your upbringing has left you highly educated on matters of faith and exceptional at working with bureaucracy, both getting what you want from bureaucrats and avoiding administrative sanctions. Being raised so heavily in the Imperial Cult has pros and cons, however, and you are likely to often fall back on narrow-minded faith. More than normal.

Void Born: You were born on an Imperial Starship, perhaps even to parents in your regiment who raised you to join the Guard with them. Familiar already with the horrors of space and a vague knowledge of the Warp, you are far more comfortable in the distortion of reality that is travel through the Warp, and you glide through zero-gravity with a grace the planet-born cannot hope to match. But superstition will follow you; the void born are often thought of as harbingers of misfortune.

Perks:

Basic Training (free): Every Imperial Guardsmen is given some measure of combat training, for he never knows when he must take up a lasrifle and defend against a crushing wave of xenos or heretics that has breached the front lines. You are likewise trained in the operation of the most common weaponry of the Guard, its maintenance, and naturally basic melee training and drill.

Tempestus Scion (-300): You graduated from the Schola Progenium, a division of the Ecclesiarchy dedicated to training the orphans of martyrs of the Imperium, as a Tempestus Scion, and are qualified as the Guard's equivalent of an elite special forces soldier. Your training under the harsh Drill Abbotts has left you with combat skills equalled only by the veterans of the regular Imperial Guard, masterful grasp of wilderness survival and stealth, as well as training in drops via grav-chutes and the use of the most sophisticated technologies available to the Tempestus Scions. Comes with a free set of carapace armour and a hellgun, see the Wargear section.

Not the Sanctioned Use (-100, free Guardsman): Did you know a lasgun can be turned into a crude-but-effective grenade? By overcharging the power pack and throwing the lasgun at someone, it can produce a blast capable of breaking open the frontal armour of a Chaos Dreadnought. You are highly skilled at figuring out similar extra uses for any equipment you own, and in heated combat are quick to come up with unorthodox but highly effective applications of anything you have at hand.

Volley Fire (-200, discount Guardsman): Having neither particularly potent weaponry nor particularly reliable armour, all too often the humble Imperial Guardsman's only advantage is the sheer volume of fire they and the masses of their peers can throw downrange. You need not choose between volume of fire and accuracy; you are a master of both. You are as capable of aiming and controlling a weapon on automatic fire as you are firing aimed, single shots.

Stone Teeth (-400, discount Guardsman): You are huge and absolutely shredded, even to a Catachan and any other Death Worlder. You're a big guy, easily 6'6" and rippling with muscles. For you, this means you can take the same kind of punishment as a Space Marine and are strong enough to not only carry a Heavy Bolter by yourself but also fire it on the move as easily as a Guardsman could lug around a shotgun. With your huge size comes huge guts; you are capable of simply ignoring any pain whenever you wish, letting you fight on free of any distractions such as "my gun is red hot and my skin is blistering" or "that land shark just ripped off my right arm". You will be the bane of the enemies of Man with this perk.
If taken as a non-human, your physical attributes will be boosted similarly relative to your race.

Hardened Veteran (-600, discount Guardsman): You're not some wet-behind-the-ears Guardsman, you're a veteran of countless battles in the Imperial Guard, with the skills and experience to show for it. In addition to decades of combat experience, you are blessed with intimate battlefield knowledge of the enemies of Man. Namely their weaknesses, easiest ways to kill them, and their thought patterns that you can exploit psychologically, such as knowing which tactic they would fall back on in any situation and how they would respond to ambushes. Additionally, as a respected and decorated veteran, you will find you're cut a *significant* amount of slack in any group as you have invaluable skills and a proven history of loyalty behind you. You may even talk back to your officers and Commissars with little risk of getting beat or shot, as your invaluable store of experience in battle means only the truly stupid would discount your opinions, and you could demand nearly any piece of wargear from the Munitorum or similar agency and get it too.

Grinding Advance (-100, free Vehicle Operator): Many a vehicle in the armouries of the Imperial Guard are designed to be easily fired while making methodical movements towards enemy positions. You can keep this trait in any vehicle you hop in; as long as you keep the vehicle's speed under half its maximum (naturally including remaining motionless), enabling you to roughly double its firing rate and causing you to lose no accuracy from movement (such as bumpy hills throwing off your aim).

Iron Saint (-200, free Vehicle Operator): You, and any crew members who work in the same vehicle as you, cannot tire in combat. Fatigue shall not slow the loading of the guns, nor shall exhaustion cause them to miss an easy shot or be slow to follow orders. Perhaps you too shall re-enact the Battle of Anthrand Plain, and in a single night leave several hundred square miles littered with the burned-out wreckages of enemy vehicles.

Lucky Escape (-400, discount Vehicle Operator): Any particularly long-lived ace in the Imperial Guard has survived at least one knocked out vehicle, many have suffered dozens and still returned to the line of duty. You and your crew are at least guaranteed to survive the destruction of your vehicle but be warned, this offers no protection against whatever knocked it out coming back to finish the job.

Knight-Commander (-600, discount Vehicle Operator): You're a true veteran at any vehicle you enter, with accuracy and skills to match. For example, a mere Leman Russ battle cannon will nearly never miss, your anti-armour weapons shall be so good at striking the weakpoints of opponents even Titans will think twice before entering your gunsight. And when it comes to vehicle-grade plasma weaponry, you're certain to never risk any mishaps plasma weapons are oh-so-famous for, meaning you can let loose a fearsome amount of overcharged plasma cannon blasts. You do not need to directly operate the guns for this bonus to work, merely commanding the vehicle will apply this perk to all its guns. Finally, your crew will achieve a level of unconscious harmony only those who have lived in the same metal box for years can achieve; you will find you barely have to order them at all, as they instinctively snap to whichever course you need.

Psychic Discipline (-100, 1st free to Sanctioned Psykers, then discounted): Psychic Disciplines are the core of psychic powers, the way psykers manifest their powers on the battlefield. All psykers are skilled in one discipline, with longer-lived psykers often picking up a broader set of skills. Purchasing any Psychic Discipline makes you an Epsilon-level psyker by default.

- Biomancy: Biomancers manipulate living flesh, able to empower the bodies of their allies, inflict hideous deformities on their enemies, and shoot bolts of bio-lightning. More positively, they can use biomancy to knit wounded flesh back together.
- Divination: Diviners are information specialists. They are highly skilled at observing things from afar, and the most skilled diviners can look into the Immaterium to scry potential futures.
- Pyromancy: Pyromancy is the most obviously spectacular form of psychic powers, able to summon up ferocious ethereal flames to strike their enemies down.
- Telekinesis: Telekinetics manipulate the material world with their mind, lifting up objects, throwing bodies around, even deflecting bullets with their minds.
- Telepathy: Telepaths are masters of the mind itself, able to communicate with people mentally from afar, or feed false information into the minds of their enemies and manipulate the emotions of living beings.

Battle Squad (-200, discount Sanctioned Psyker): For new, untested sanctioned psykers, sometimes the safest option is to form them into battle squads of similarly new psykers overseen by their more senior peers to watch for trouble. You particularly adept at attuning to the psychic powers of other people nearby, effectively enabling you to pool your minds together to achieve greater things than you could individually, and most importantly, enabling you to guide the mental energies of lesser-skilled psykers who might otherwise risk the Perils of the Warp.

Sanctioned Abomination (-400, discount Sanctioned Psyker): Psykers wield a power that is unusual, repugnant, but frankly necessary. What does it matter if a psyker shoots bolts of lightning from their eyes or, with a wave of their hand, briefly turns the soldiers around him into shambling monstrosities? Every ordinary person around you shall have an inexplicable blind spot about your unusual actions, abilities and items, as long as they aren't obviously corrupted. This does not include the Commissars (who tend to have a very, very itchy trigger finger around funny-acting psykers), or anyone else whose job is to keep a very close eye on you. In essence, anything short of waving around a Mark of Chaos or summoning daemons will be overlooked by everyone else.

Primaris Psyker (-600, discount Sanctioned Psyker): To channel the raw power of the Immaterium is something truly harrowing, as even the slightest mistake can spell damnation (or worse!). Yet those battle-psykers who survive their regular brushes with the raw power of the Warp can grow ever stronger than before, until they are recognised as Primaris Psykers, among the most potent human psykers available to the Imperial Guard. You are one of them, your long experience in mastering the Warp boosting your psyker rating to Gamma and allowing your psychic powers to grow ever more potent the more you use them, allowing you to unlock further refinements and learn new disciplines with which you can use your powers.

It's For Your Own Good (-100, discount Commissar): It is the duty of a Commissar to keep those around him in line with the Imperial Cult and to watch for anything that indicates risk to the souls of their charges. In addition to being strongly resistant to the insanity and corruptive effects of Chaos, the Warp, xenotech, and similar powers or technology, you are very, very good at spotting it in other people. Including the warning signs of a psyker about to lose control of their own psychic powers or be possessed, and even the earliest stirrings of dissent, disloyalty or heresy.

Summary Executions (-200, free Commissar): You are very good at making an example of lazy, heretical, and unmotivated people. In any group, you can quickly spot who is most dragging the rest of the team down, making them work less efficiently, impact their morale or discipline, and similar negatives to the team so that those who will not serve their duty shall serve as an example. Furthermore, if you publicly kill one member of a friendly group, you're able to inspire the survivors into doing their jobs better; they will shoot more accurately, strike harder, work faster, and be more willing to risk death as they know certain death awaits them for tardiness. This effect will not last for more than a single battle or few days unless you are particularly judicious and diligent with meting out punishments. You are also very good at performing motivational beatings that maximise pain and minimise the risk of accidentally killing your target, if you wish to be merciful or believe they do not deserve a more severe punishment. You will be feared but followed.

Iron Will (-400, discount Commissar): Your towering willpower has gained you a significant benefit; for as long as you keep the will to fight on, you shall be able to. When you suffer an ordinarily incapacitating blow, you can channel your willpower to hold your battered and broken body together enough to claw your way back to your feet and continue fighting as your bleeding wounds temporarily staunch. This does have limitations; any body part that is lost (such as losing your arm) will not, nor will this allow you to survive decapitation (unless such a thing is not normally fatal to you). This effect ends after you are no longer in danger, and hopefully you have found a medic by then as you will likely immediately pass out from your injuries.

Hero of the Imperium (-600, discount Commissar): You're famous for your deeds, a war hero with cabinets of medals and pages of decorations. Of course, suggesting that Imperial authorities might *embellish* the deeds of their heroes is heresy. You start this, and future jumps, with a legend about your heroic deeds on the field of battle already common knowledge to the common people of the closest equivalent of the Imperium of Man. If you actively lead from the front, your allies who can see you or are nearby will be rendered fearless, as your heroic presence inspires them to fight on until the very end, and fight more ferociously than you thought capable, such that even green conscripts could repulse professional Guardsmen and Guardsmen could equal veterans of many campaigns. Your enemies will be hampered in their own ways; lesser enemies equivalent to Traitor Guardsmen may simply choose to flee than face such a legendary titan of battle, while greater enemies, those who do not fear death, or those who love a good scrap will be inclined to avoid killing you. They may have their own ulterior motives for it, but when you are at their mercy it would seem they would rather let you go to have another battle than kill you out of hand. This benefit increases in range and bonus the more distinctive clothing you wear, such as the red-and-black uniform of the Commissariat amidst a sea of green Cadians.

Iron Lungs (-100, free Officer): Battle is a noisy place. Very noisy. With this perk, you can even bellow over the din of artillery or even Titans fighting one another, and if you were to use a vox-caster or similar equipment, your orders will always come through clearly and legibly.

Delegation (-200, discount Officer): Any good commander must realise that he cannot micromanage everything himself. Those you delegate authority to shall be at least as skilled as yourself at leading men, in charisma and ability to convince warriors to follow them into the mouth of Hell, and in intelligence and ability to execute and plan military operations of themselves. You need not worry that your skills are squandered on lesser men.

Tactical Genius (-400, discount Officer): Within your mind lies a grasp of tactics comparable to Lord Castellan Ursarkar E. Creed himself. You know the most devious and cunning of traps and tricks to pull upon your enemy, and this shall filter down to any who follow your orders. Camouflaging heavy vehicles and weapons is second nature to you, as is finding secret paths to outflank your foes, and training your forces to move quickly and stealthily into position. You are also very good at predicting your enemy's tactics, drawing from limited information to instinctively grasp just where he'll deploy his forces, plan an attack and so on. You can always take your enemy by surprise with proper use of this perk.

Macharius Reborn (-600, discount Officer): Lord Solar Macharius, posthumously canonised a Saint, was among the finest commanders the Guard spawned. With a mere seven army groups (a pittance, by Guard standards), he conquered a thousand worlds in only seven years, only ceasing his crusade when the light of the Astronomicon could no longer guide his ships and his own soldiers refused to travel into the darkness beyond. You share in his strategic genius, which is rivalled only by the very Primarchs themselves. If you were to apply this knowledge, like Macharius himself, your campaigns would be the very picture of military efficiency, studied and taught on for centuries after your passing. You can easily utilise the often unwieldy and misguided Imperial bureaucracy to ensure any group you lead is never short of supplies. You can even lead wildly different armies without any friction, smoothing over the inevitable friction between regiments from wholly different worlds and cultures. Your strategies will never get predictable either; those who study your past strategies to discern your future plans will find themselves constantly frustrated. You will never rest upon your laurels or be bored with victory either, as you will always find new great goals to apply yourself to.

Field Repairs (-100, free Enginseer): The number one reason the Enginseers are attached to the Imperial Guard is to keep the extensive and sophisticated technology working, which they excel at bar none. You're able to diagnose problems with machinery with a quick glance, and when it comes to repairing, you're able to fix any problems far, far faster than any unaugmented human could as long as you have access to spare/replacement parts.

Soothe the Machine Spirits (-200, discount Enginseer): You are very good at communicating and pacifying machine intelligences, from the simple Lasgun to the raging Baneblade. If you wish, you can even instil a fragment of intelligence within any electrical device, not enough to make it a true Abominable Intelligence, but enough that it continues to function like a 40k Machine Spirit, although already predisposed to like you and help you and your friends more. The more complicated a device is, the more sophisticated and intelligent the Machine Spirit will be. Be warned, that the Machine Spirits can be fickle creatures, while one treated well may even act on its own to defend your life, another may choose to not work at all should it feel unappreciated.

Reliable Gear (-400, discount Enginseer): Equipment issued to the Imperial Guard is necessarily rugged and extremely durable. It must to survive (not to put a too fine point on it) the lowest common denominator of humanity even before it gets exposed to hostile Death Worlds or rampaging xenos. You will find that anything you possess has a similar level of durability. It will not lose any effectiveness until it is totally destroyed; your gun will not fire inaccurately as the barrel warps until it bursts completely, nor will your blade stop cutting until it totally shatters.

Master of Machines (-600, discount Enginseer): Your long exposure to the internal workings of countless machines has left you with comprehensive mental inventory of the designs of every piece of Imperial Guard tech that is not already lost knowledge, such as certain Leman Russ patterns. You could easily disassemble and reassemble any of them with your (bionic) eyes closed. You even know the secrets of creating Servitors, should you wish to inflict that fate on someone, and how to craft a simple weapon in such a way that it could only be called master-crafted. Perhaps if you had the tools, you could replicate these fearsome weapons elsewhere…

Ratling Rations (-50, free Ratling): You're a dab hand in the kitchen. You have the potential to be an excellent chef if you applied yourself, and more importantly, you can turn the general unappetising rations issued to Imperial Guardsmen into something distinctly edible.

Ogryn-Proofing (-100, free Ogryn): Ogryns, being roughly as tall and strong as an Ork Nob while utterly lacking the latter's intellect, find it easy to break apart any weapon they're given with a few solid hits. You understand the process of Ogryn-proofing a weapon, ensuring that even a creature as large, solidly built, and utterly stupid as an Ogryn can use it, as an Ogryn-proofed weapon is both durable enough to survive being used as a club and simple enough to operate that an Ogryn can easily fire it in the general direction of their enemy. The smart ones can even figure out how to reload it.

Head Protection (-100): The 41st millennium has an inverse relationship between the importance of a person and the likelihood of them wearing a helmet. Mere grunts may be happy to cover their head, but for you this is unnecessary. You can go completely helmet-less, whether because you wish to wear a large and imposing Commissar-style cap, or because you just wish to expose your head to the world, and you will find your overall armour protection is not compromised. Shrapnel, explosives, fire and random bullets, all seem to strike the other parts of your body instead of your vulnerable head. Does not work on if people are specifically aiming at your exposed head or environmental conditions such as the vacuum of space.

Dual Wielding (-100): Ambidexterity seems to be the most common trait of the 41st Millennium. For a fun game, try and find all the characters who never hold a weapon in each hand. You too share in this ability, you can effectively wield a weapon in each hand and have the ability to use each simultaneously.

Regimental Specialty (-100): Pick something a regimental specialises in, whether it's the Catachan jungle warfare specialty, the Krieger's ability to dig trenches and fortifications fast, the Harakoni's ability to make hot landings, the Tanith's stealth and scouting skills, the Tallarn's crazy horsemanship, or similar skill. You are now a master at this, equivalent to the ability of one who has served in the regiment for many years. You can take this option multiple times.

Breacher (-200): You're familiar with every way to use a handheld explosive, and familiar with the best place to put it to use, whether this is identifying load-bearing beams that could take down a building full of enemies, the precise time delay when rigging up a bridge to collapse to ensure the most number of people are on it as possible, or the best place on an armoured tank to attach a melta bomb. Also, you're a pretty deft hand at throwing grenades or demolition charges. Your familiarity with all kinds of explosives has likely made you the most reliable member of your regiment when it comes to defusing them, as well.

Voice of the Emperor (-200): You have the charisma of the finest priests of the Ecclesiarchy. With a mere handful of words, you can convince people to pick up arms and fight against the abomination and xenos. You are a master at choosing the right word to inspire your choice of emotions both in individuals and entire crowds; Ministorum Priests use this to rile up Guardsmen with righteous hatred against the enemies of Man.

Shield of Faith (-400): Your hate is not like the hate of an ordinary man. It is blacker and pure than they could ever dream of. You're not anti-psychic but your contempt is a shield of its own; you can negate psychic powers through your hate alone. The mildly psychic may have their powers totally fizzle out against you, the strongly psychic will find affecting you with their foul magics to be far more difficult than normal. Of course, this effect is greatly boosted the more hate and contempt you feel for the witch who dares to try and use their unnatural powers upon you.

Eidetic Memory (-400): You have completely perfect memory. All your memories are as vivid and detailed as the exact moment you experienced them, without forgetting the slightest single detail. No skill you have learnt will ever degrade, as you will remember the exact details flawlessly. This naturally has other battlefield uses, such as remembering the exact spot you noticed enemy troop movements (handy for reconnaissance) or perfectly remembering orders.

Born Lucky (-600): Perhaps as some mild latent psychic power or other means, your luck seems to defy rationality. Even should you be hit with a bolter round, you will miraculously find that round will both be a dud and miss anything vital. You will even survive "certain death" situations through seeming miracles. Your peers will likely believe you are protected by the Emperor himself in time. Just be warned that luck alone cannot save you from everything; there are some situations that are so impossible to survive no amount of luck could save your bacon. Comes with the bonus ability to always know when and how to step into the line of fire and catch a hit meant for someone else.

Wargear:

All origins receive 500 CP bonus to spend here. As usual, lost/destroyed/used items resupply monthly unless otherwise said. You may freely import similar into your purchase.

Ranged Weapons:

General Upgrades:

- **Pistol (free)**: A pistol is a smaller version of a ranged weapon that can easily be held and fired in one hand, allowing you to fill the other hand with a sword, or perhaps another pistol.
- **Carbine (incompatible with Heavy, free/-50)**: A carbine is a significantly cut down version of a weapon, trading range for a smaller, lighter size. Alternatively, for 50 CP, you may choose to have it be a bullpup weapon, being shorter and more manoeuvrable than the full-sized weapon while losing none of its range.
- **Heavy (incompatible with Carbine, -100/-200)**: A vastly larger, heavier version of a ranged weapon, such as a lascannon or plasma cannon. It can, theoretically, be carried and fired by a single person, but a cannon is generally too large and has too severe recoil for all but the most unusually strong humans to operate by themselves. For 200 CP, it also has anti-gravity suspensors that enables a relatively ordinary human to carry it around and fire.
- **Combi (-50)**: Combi weapons have a secondary, smaller weapon located under the main barrel to offer additional versatility against a wider range of targets. Adding this option on to a ranged weapon allows you to effectively combine two different ranged weapons into a single purchase, or perhaps import a ranged weapon as a combi-weapon allowing you to use its original abilities and the new ones purchased here simultaneously. Underslung grenade launchers, flamers or plasma guns remain the most popular combi-weapons.
- **Bayonet (-50)**: A bayonet allows you to combine a ranged and melee weapon, perhaps mounting it under the barrel or to the side, including importing a melee weapon as a ranged weapon. Lasguns and autoguns come with bayonet attachments by default and do not need to purchase this to attach a mundane melee weapon.
- **Twinned (-100)**: Twin-linked weapons are exactly that; two barrels on the same weapon. It remains a low-tech, but extremely effective, way to double its firepower. Alternatively, you can have two identical copies of the same weapon instead. Additional purchases will add more barrels. Try not to go overboard, this is an Imperial Guard jump, not an Ork jump.
- **Omni-scope (-100)**: An omni-scope is a tremendously sophisticated scope that combines a telescopic sight, a red-dot sight, thermal imaging, as well as a "flip-out" setting to enable it to fire around corners, perhaps through connecting to neural implants or some other means.
- **Digital (-200)**: Digital weapons are tiny, small enough to be worn as a ring, but pack no less power than their full-sized counterparts. Alternatively, you can mount this in one part of your body, like how Yarrick mounted a laspistol in his eye to have a literal gaze of death.
- **Master-Crafted (-200)**: Your weapon is particularly well-made, perhaps hand-crafted by the finest artisan on a Forge World, or perhaps you yourself made it if you are a particularly skilled Enginseer. Regardless, it is simply significantly "better" in some important way than a base weapon; perhaps it has longer range, or perhaps it is pin-point accurate.

Lasgun (first free, then 50 CP): The humble lasgun is the galaxy's most popular weapon. It's a rifle that fires a focused laser beam near-instantaneously downrange, heating armour into plasma and causing steam explosions in organic matter. It comes with variable power setting, enabling it to be dialled up to be capable of severing a human limb, or dialled down to conserve power (and shots). The immense heat of the laser shot also instantly cauterises the wound. It is famously easy to repair and maintain, needing replacement focusing crystals every ten thousand shots, can have the power packs recharged by exposing them to sunlight to a few hours or throwing them in a campfire, though this degrades the lifespan of the power packs. May fire visible red beams, visible blue beams, visible yellow beams, invisible (to the human eye) beams, may come with recoil, may not come with any recoil, may make a loud snapping sound when firing, may sound like a regular gunshot, may produce a hissing noise, may be completely silent. All depends on who's writing the story. Comes with four power packs.

- **Las-Lock (+50)**: The las-lock is an exceptionally primitive version of a lasgun that requires manual reloading after each shot. The sole advantages of the las-lock are its simplistic design and construction, as well as firing a somewhat higher-power shot than a lasgun.
- **Shotlas (free, incompatible with Long-Las)**: A shotlas is a triple-barrelled lasgun designed to suffer from much higher beam dispersion, turning it into what is effectively a laser shotgun.
- **Long-Las (free, incompatible with Shotlas)**: The long-las is the sniper variant of the lasgun, carrying a much more powerful scope and a significantly longer barrel to minimise beam dispersion over long distances. Like all las-weapons the long-las does not suffer from bullet drop or windage.
- **Lucius Pattern (-100)**: Favoured by the Death Korps of Krieg, the Lucius Pattern lasgun fires a much higher-powered shot, at the expense of fewer shots per power pack and a lowered rate of fire.
- **Vostroyan (-100)**: Taking this makes the lasgun a beautiful museum piece befitting an artisan-crafted heirloom handed down from generation to generation, and slightly more accurate at range.
- **Hot-Shot (-200/-300, 200 CP version free with Tempestus Scion perk)**: A hot-shot lasgun, also known as a hellgun, uses a vastly higher-powered laser beam capable of penetrating even Astartes-grade power armour. Unfortunately, they consume a tremendous amount of energy that nearly always requires a special power backpack to provide it. For 300 CP, you can have the lasgun powered by advanced power packs instead of requiring a backpack power supply, though it still consumes charges at four times the rate of a standard lasgun.

Autogun (-50, first free if free Lasgun not taken): Autoguns fire a large calibre solid slug fully automatically at an extremely high rate of fire. The biggest (some might say *only*) advantage of an autogun is that it can load different kinds of rounds optimised for dealing with different targets. Comes with five magazines, and like most Imperial solid slugs, uses caseless ammunition.

- **Stubber (+50)**: Why would you want this? A stubber is a significantly less technologically advanced version of an autogun, boasting a more limited rate of fire and much more primitive components.
- **Shotgun (free, incompatible with Sniper)**: A shotgun fires a cloud of small pellets instead of a single solid slug, this makes it significantly shorter ranged than a regular stubber but makes it significantly more lethal, especially at very close ranges.
- **Sniper (free, incompatible with Shotgun)**: Your autogun has been customised for long-ranged fire. This includes a high-quality optic scope and accurizing, though this will increase its weight and make it more difficult to fire at close ranges.
- **Poisoned Bullets (-50)**: Your ammunition is coated in dangerous, though relatively common, toxins. Though not equal to the variety of poisons available to the Officio Assassinorum, it makes your bullets significantly more dangerous to organic creatures such as Orks and Tyranids. Do not eat.

- **Armour Piercing (-100)**: Your autogun's rounds now include a high-explosive core to better penetrate light armour; this will penetrate ordinary flak armour but is less reliable against better quality armour.
- **High Explosive (-100)**: The rounds fired out of your weapon now explode upon impact, greatly adding to their lethality against unarmoured targets.

Grenade Launcher (-100): Grenade launchers launch grenades further than a human could throw them, and their versatility (able to load any Imperial grenade) makes them a cheap and invaluable addition to most Imperial Guard infantry squads. Comes with one magazine of frag grenades and one magazine of krak grenades; frag grenades are anti-personnel fragmentation grenades while krak grenades are anti-vehicular shaped charges.

- **Variant Grenades (-50)**: You get a magazine of each of the following; Anti-plant grenades (which release a rapid-acting defoliant), Blind grenades (which produce a mixture of smoke, IR baffles and EM-spectrum chaff to make the smoke cloud near-impenetrable), and Stun grenades (which release a blindingly bright flash and disorienting loud noises)
- **Cadian Pattern (-100)**: The Cadian pattern grenade launchers carry up to twenty grenades individually, for maximum grenade spam (you will now receive a magazine of twenty grenades of each type).

Missile Launcher (-100): A missile launcher is a large, heavy device for firing missiles outfitted with a simple guidance system Unfortunately, unlike the grenade launcher, it is not able to load any Imperial grenade and must load specially sized missiles, which some see as a necessary drawback for the significantly greater range the missile launcher offers. Comes with one clip of five frag missiles and one clip of five krak missiles; these function identically to frag and krak grenades except they are missiles.

- **Variant Missiles (-50)**: You get a clip of each of the following: Minefield missiles (which explode into a quantity of landmines, good at area denial), Scatter missiles (which are similar to frag missiles except spread submunitions over a wider area), and Hallucinogenic missiles (which cause hallucinations).

Flamer (-100): Flamers shoot a gout of intense burning promethium across a distance. They are exceptionally good at flushing enemies out of cover, as well as degrading the biological resources of Orks and Tyranids.

Melta Gun (-200): Melta guns are effectively heat rays capable of blasting a man to ash or burning through even the toughest vehicle hulls, which naturally makes them the most common man-portable anti-tank weapon in the Imperial Guard. They are surprisingly cheap to construct. Melta weapons do suffer from being terribly short ranged, and only working best at very close ranges.

Bolter (-200): The bolter is a weapon that fires .75 calibre caseless rocket-propelled armour-pieced explosive bullets. Unlike the Space Marines, the Imperial Guard do not get access to the dizzying number of variants of the bolter, nor do they get access to the many kinds of ammunition that can be loaded into one.

Plasma Gun (-300): Plasma weapons are a rare and arcane technology little-understood by those who wield them. They are highly destructive weapons that spit out a ball of superheated plasma that is more than capable of killing anything short of a Terminator armoured Space Marine. Unfortunately, comes with a very low chance of overheating and emergency venting hot plasma all over yourself. Such weapons are often issued to specialists in the Imperial Guard – for whom their life is worth little anyway and they stand a reasonable chance of taking down something far more dangerous than they could with a simple lasgun.

General Wargear:

Melee Weapon (first free, then -50): A melee weapon can take many forms, it might be an axe, a hammer, a sword, or a bayonet. You may customise the general profile of the weapon so long as it does not overlap with any other option.

- **Monomolecular (-50)**: Monomolecular weapons are sharpened until the edge is a single molecule thick. This makes them extremely good at cutting through objects, and the mysterious construction enables it to stay sharpened to a single molecule even through heavy combat, like the Space Marine combat knives.
- **Chain (-100)**: Chain weapons rely on whirling blades of adamantium teeth, similar to a cross between a chainsword and a blade. This produces horrific injuries and gruesome corpses as the whirling teeth send blood, bone and gore flying in all directions. Chain weapons most commonly come as swords, though axes and even chain bayonets are known to exist.
- **Power (-150)**: Power weapons rely on a disruptive field of crackling bluish energy sheathing the weapon to disrupt the molecular bonds of whatever it strikes. Power weapons come in all styles, from great axes to gauntlets that cover the fist and allow the owner to rip and tear in a wholly direct manner.
- **Master-Crafted (-200)**: Your weapon has been crafted in a particularly fine way by a true master of their craft. Perhaps it holds a razor-fine edge even after taking a horrendous beating and almost never needs sharpening, perhaps it is so light and well-balanced you could swing it like air.

The Imperial Infantryman's Uplifting Primer (free, compulsory): This book contains extensive information about the regulations, equipment, battlefield policy, and other important topics for the average Imperial Guardsman to know, as well as legitimate, unbiased information about the enemies of the Imperium of Man unclouded by propaganda. Questioning the contents of the Imperial Infantryman's Uplifting Primer or failing to demonstrate ownership of your copy is an offence warranting severe punishment. Oddly, this one seems to constantly update itself with yet more true and honest information about xenos as you encounter them.

Miscellaneous Equipment (free): You are also granted a parade uniform (in the style of your regiment), a field uniform, a 9-70 entrenching tool, water skin, a rebreather with six hour-long refillable canisters, and your own personal dog tags.

Box of Models (-50): You have a little (or potentially *big*) adamantium box. Inside it are masterfully painted models of yourself, your companions, your followers including any regiment you acquire here, and a set of rules for using them on the tabletop. Curious. Or alternatively, you can have them unpainted and then this box will also come with enough paint to cover every model. You too can now enjoy the painter's fatigue of working through a multi-thousand point Imperial Guard army.

Flak Armour (free to all): Flak armour is extremely cheap and quick to produce. It is made of several layers of ablative materials and absorbent fibres that is generally capable of withstanding being struck by a lasgun bolt. Sadly, this is merely "better than nothing" against the vast and terrible weapons of the enemies of Man. The aesthetic may be freely customised; some Imperial Guard regiments even weave it into their clothing so they may wear spectacular parade ground uniforms without compromising protection.

Carapace Armour (-200, free with Tempestus Scion perk): Carapace Armour is made out of large, bulky plates of ceramite or armaplas that offers significantly better full-body protection than flak armour. But of course, the downside is it's much heavier and hotter than flak armour and as it is significantly more expensive, the Munitorum rarely sees the need to equip Guardsmen with it. Human life, after all, is the most plentiful resource of the Imperium.

Refractor Field (-300): A refractor field is a fairly simple force field that works via dispersing an attack through the entire area of the field itself, in theory dispersing it enough to render it harmless. It is unreliable, especially in comparison to a Conversion Field, but can stop even Lascannon shots when it works.

Conversion Field (-400): Housed inside a Rosarius – a signet ring, or an amulet perhaps, or similar jewellery bearing sacred Imperial iconography – is a potent forcefield. It works by converting the kinetic energy of a shot into light, producing a bright flash whenever a shot fails to penetrate its force field that may blind people nearby the wearer of a conversion field – though not the bearer. Merely possessing this is often a sign that the bearer is held in esteem by the Ecclesiarchy, who are by far the most common users of conversion fields.

Man of Adamantium (-600): Your body has been extensively reworked, perhaps after being torn to shreds *repeatedly* in combat. You have the raw physical strength to win a wrestling match with a Tyranid Hive Tyrant, and your adamantium plating will protect you against anything that cannot penetrate Power Armour. Your hand(s) have been enhanced with superior body strength, as if you were constantly wearing a Power Fist except far less unwieldy as it is part of you, not some armoured glove, and you are more than capable of tearing bodily through armoured hulls to demonstrate this. This by default takes the form of obvious gleaming metal implants and replacement body parts all over you, but you may make it more subtle if your vanity matters.

Frag Grenades (-50 each, first purchase free): Fragmentation grenades are anti-personnel grenades that work by sending a cloud of metal fragments and high speed. Not only can they be thrown, but they can also be specifically set to detonate from nearby movement, enabling them to be set as a dangerous landmine. Every week you get two new grenades.

Fire Bombs (-50 each): Fire bombs are a relatively primitive grenade, often little more than a glass bottle filled with promethium, stuffed with a rag and set aflame to be hurled at the enemy. Despite their primitive construction, the smoke and heat they produce are usually effective at flushing people out of cover. You get a brace of six fire bombs every week.

Krak Grenades (-100 each, first free): Krak grenades are the Imperium's standard anti-vehicle grenades. They use a shaped charge to be capable of penetrating light and medium armour, as well as being as light and easy to throw as a frag grenade and having magnetic clamps to attach to their target. Unfortunately, they lack the fragmentation ability of frag grenades and so are better suited for use against vehicles and monsters instead of hordes of infantry. Every week you get two new grenades.

Demolition Charges (-100 each): A demolition charge is a bundle of high explosives strapped together that explodes with the same force as a Leman Russ battle cannon. Due to the weight, and subsequent difficulty of throwing it further than its blast radius, Guardsmen who willingly use demolition charges in battle are often believed to be mildly insane and tend to sport bionic organ replacements. Their timer is fairly easy to change in-field, accepting delays up to 24 hours. Every week you get a new demolition charge.

Melta Bombs (-200 each): A melta bomb is a large, magnetic explosive using similar principles as melta guns. These ferociously powerful bombs are known for being capable of breaching spaceship hulls and threatening even the heaviest armour around. Though heavy, unwieldy and not designed to be an anti-infantry weapon, the infernal heat produced by a melta bomb is usually enough to clear crowds of people at once. Every week you get a new one.

Field Rations (-50/100): For 50 CP, you get a large crate full of an endless replenishing supply of Soylens Viridian, a bland, entirely unappetising grey paste only good for keeping you full, alive and healthy. It is a more efficient means of getting nutrients into your body than normal food though. Officially produced from vat-grown biomatter. Oddly, no matter how desperate the logistical situation is, the Guard *never* seems to run out of Soylens Viridian. For 100 CP, you instead get a crate with an unlimited supply of the finest rations available to the Imperial Guard. Real (grox) meat and edible plant tissues make up a meal luxurious by the standards of your peers.

Booze (-50/100): For 50 CP you receive a crate full of bottles of unidentifiable liquor. They're unlabelled and quite possibly fermented in the latrines, fit only for getting a man too drunk to taste what he's drinking. Fortunately, it's guaranteed to not be poisonous, at least more than other alcoholic beverages. For 100 CP you get a cabinet of fine drinks suitable for entertaining aristocratic peers, including some rare and highly valued bottles of distilled amasec, the finest rahzvod issued to Vostroyan officers, and more. Remarkably useful as a non-monetary bribe to grease the wheels of the bureaucracy.

Recaf (-50): You get a little box of recaf that never seems to run out. It does vary in composition, sometimes you'll be getting bags of leaves, other times powdered beans, sometimes even more exotic substances. It is caffeinated though, so it's good at keeping you awake.

Smokes (-50): This option gives you a pack of lho-sticks every day, or seven lho-stubs a week. Lho is an addictive narcotic plant rolled into tubes and smoked to produce a cheap relaxation aid. The Officio Medicae warns all Guardsmen that lho-sticks are addictive and may cause respiratory and lung illness.

Combat Drugs (-100): Most combat drugs come with side-effects, though some consider the risks worth the increased combat potential. Purchasing this option grants you seven doses of your choice of drug every week.

- Frenzon: Actually a group of drugs rather than a single type, Frenzon drugs affect the emotional state of the imbiber. Some will induce a state of fear, others can take fear away or stir up hatred. It is most infamous for its role in sending both Penal Legionnaires and Eversor Assassins into an uncontrollable frenzy in combat.
- 'Slaught: 'Slaught greatly heightens reaction times, movement speed, and general awareness at the minor cost of exhausting the user post-high and causing permanent nerve damage.
- Spook: Spook boosts psychic potential, allowing users to juice up their abilities briefly and even manifest psychic powers in people who do not have it, at the cost of making negative psychic manifestations and general insanity more likely. Spook is highly illegal everywhere and merely possessing it is often grounds for summary execution.
- Stimm: Stimm is a stimulant that increases your reflexes, movement speed and physical strength, as well as suppressing pain. Unfortunately, its ability to mask pain can cause users to accidentally inflict serious damage on themselves or not notice grievous injuries.

Rough Rider Kit (-200): You have a mount and a hunting lance. The nature of the mount is not important, some regiments use off-road motorcycles, others use horses, some use robotic horses, and others even use strange alien breeds that may be ridden like a horse. The hunting lance is a long metal spear tipped with a powerful explosive charge, though it is only a single-use weapon, when the hunting lance strikes home it is a horrendously destructive weapon. You receive one inferno tip (containing promethium to cover anything it hits in flames), one krak tip (functionally identical to a krak grenade), one melta tip (functionally identical to a melta bomb), one plasma tip (which strikes home as hard as a bolt of plasma from a plasma gun), one poison tip (containing a cocktail of hideously potent anti-biological toxins), and one shock tip (that creates an incapacitating electrical charge to avoid killing the target – perhaps to dissect a live xenos specimen) every week.

Medi-Pack (-100, free Guardsman): Contains everything you need to perform first aid in combat, including but not limited to bandages, painkillers, general anti-poison and chemical weapon drugs, a small diagnostor, and fast sutures. You don't seem to run out of basic supplies, which is good because you'll be needing them a lot. Do note that an Imperial Guardsman's medical kit is focused around rapidly getting a wounded soldier back into combat, not necessarily helping long-term recovery.

Camo Cloak (-200, discount Guardsman): Camo cloaks are a mesh made from cameoline that is both highly durable and exhibits an optically shifting pattern that makes it blend into the surroundings. With this, it is relatively easy to hide from unwanted attention. It is usually given to infiltration experts, scouts and snipers, though some Imperial Guard regiments are known to make it part of the standard issue kit.

Stummer & Jammer (-400, discount Guardsman): A stummer is a sophisticated device that dampens soundwaves for everything in a small area, enabling Guardsmen to sneak up on enemy troops relatively silently. A jammer, as the name suggests, jams enemy communications within a small area, preventing them from calling for help. This one is sophisticated enough to give false feedback, tricking enemies into thinking nothing is wrong. Only works for twenty minutes before needing an hour to recharge, though.

Battle Standard (-600, discount Guardsman): Great victories or similar inspiring engagements you have participated in will be recorded upon the cloth here. Those who fight beneath a venerable battle standard shall be inspired – in proportion to the battles recorded on it – to fight even braver. You do not need to be the one waving it around and may choose someone else to be your standard bearer. Beware that losing the battle standard is considered highly inauspicious and a source of grave shame!

Psychic Hood (-100, free Psyker): Your hood, or collar, or perhaps even a network of cybernetics directly interfacing your brain, is covered in wards and sigils and impregnated with micro-reactive crystals designed to bleed away excess Warp energy and minimise the risk of unwanted psychic phenomena. The downside is that this will slightly reduce your psychic powers, though the ability to use them more reliably makes this a worthwhile tradeoff for the average psyker.

The Emperor's Tarot (-200, discount Psyker): The Emperor's Tarot is a pack 78 psycho-active liquid crystal wafers somehow still linked to the Emperor of Man in the Warp. Regardless of whether you are actually skilled in divination or not, you can use this to perform usually-accurate predictions of the near future and gauge what the Emperor would want you to do in any situation, as long as you have the time to play cards.

Psychic Stave (-400, discount Psyker): A psychic stave, also called a Force Stave, is a staff crafted from rare woods, decorated that is designed to help focus and boost your own psychic powers, enabling you to sheath it in crackling psychic energy capable of striking at the very souls of the living and tearing through reinforced armour like tissue paper.

Purity Seal (-600, discount Psyker): This small piece of parchment, adorned with holy scriptures praying for protection against witchcraft, and attached through a wax seal, holds mystical powers to diminish the effects of the Immaterium. Should you affix it to your armour or clothing, you will find the hostile powers of psykers and daemons alike are lessened against you as long as you chant its prayers. But, more importantly, should you ever truly lose control of your powers, it shall blaze with golden flames and crumble to ash, in this moment protecting you from the worst of the backlash. Should a yawning rift into the Immaterium emerge and Daemons vomit forth, you are at least guaranteed to not be sucked in to the Warp. Should a maelstrom of psychic energy assault the senses of everyone around you, you will find it easy to shake off. You may be totally protected from the most minor effects.

Commissar Hat (-100, free Commissar): You have a hat and a great cloak that lets everyone nearby know that you're a political officer. It's very distinctive and is very good at drawing all eyes to you, which might be a good or bad thing depending on how smart your enemies are. It's certainly a very impressive way to remind people you're here. Can be purchased multiple times to increase its size or shininess. If you are not a Commissar, you may instead elect the hat to take on a form more accurate to your origin, perhaps an officer's cap and cloak.

Looted Klaw (-200, discount Commissar): You have a power klaw you looted from the corpse of an Ork, probably a Nob, that some friendly Tech-Priests blessed. In addition to being an Ork-sized power klaw, it's a powerful symbol of your ability to take down something larger, and likely significantly stronger, than you. Somehow, you can swing it around like a normal power fist, despite being significantly larger (and hitting far harder) than one.

The Emperor's Benediction (-400, discount Commissar): This master-crafted, highly accurate bolt pistol has a long and bloody history at the hands of execution-happy Commissars The bolt pistol's bloodthirsty Machine Spirit can sniff out cowardice before it even makes itself known and will not hesitate to fire on its own to rid yourself of cowards. It is also *very* good at sniping important enemy commanders despite being a pistol.

Deathmask of Ollanius (-600, discount Commissar): Perhaps the most sacred relic of the Imperial Guard, this death mask is made of Ollanius Pius, the legendary Guardsman who sacrificed his life to protect the Emperor from Horus. To wear it will grant you the determination, endurance and courage of the man who willingly received a fatal blow from the arch-traitor himself to save the Emperor of Man. Additionally, it also weeps tears of blood in the presence of traitors, both to the Imperium and yourself.

Ceremonial Sword (-100, free Officer): You have an intricately-designed sabre, or perhaps a baton. Just possessing this is enough to convince the average person that you are someone important who should be listened to when speaking, though getting their obedience is another matter. It's unfortunately blunt and unbalanced and would make for a rather poor weapon.

Rejuvenats (-200, discount Officer): You gain a small box full of enough steroidal elixirs for a single person (probably not made from children). These will, if taken annually, slow down or reverse human aging. An ordinary human is guaranteed to eke out five hundred years from these treatments; anything beyond that is not guaranteed. Use of rejuvenats are commonplace among senior Guard officers and Commissars.

The Laurels of Command (-400, discount Officer): The Laurels of Command are a beautifully designed piece of jewellery. Their artistically-crafted design conceals a more sinister purpose; nearby friendly soldiers will fall mentally under your control through its subliminal suggestions. This will enable you to override their own survival instincts and guarantee they will obey any order you give them, although this effect will lapse if they move too far away from you.

Vox-Caster (-600, discount Officer): The vox-caster is the 41st millennium's equivalent to a backpack radio. No matter where you are, it still remains connected to orbital assets, enabling you to call down an apocalyptic orbital bombardment every month that will likely annihilate anything that is not at least protected by Titan-grade void shields. Be warned too that orbital bombardments are notoriously inaccurate.

Servo-Arm (-100, free Enginseer): You have a very large tendril called a servo-arm emerging from a part of your body, as well as several other mechadendrites. Each of them has a variety of uses with spot-welding, cutting, clamping, heavy lifting and other vital mechanical work. With this, you are able to act as a mobile, miniature repair station, able to disassemble and patch up even large vehicles. The powerful claw also doubles as an effective melee weapon, crushing bones even easier than sheet metal.

Sacred Unguents (-200, discount Enginseer): A small box of a half-dozen high quality, scented unguents. Machines seem to love being anointed with these and using them is a sure-fire way to get its machine spirit to like you more, or just forgive you for the time you rattled its delicate circuitry using it as a club. Mysteriously, when a machine is anointed with sacred unguents, it becomes near-impossible to jam for several hours.

Workshop (-400, discount Enginseer): You're in possession of a workshop that is much larger, better equipped than you could possibly carry around yourself. When it comes to making repairs, you always seem to find enough spare parts to patch up any broken machinery, and every so often can scrounge up enough spare parts to build a whole new item. How long it takes depends on the complexity; you could easily churn out a dozen lasguns a day if you bothered, although a high-quality custom-fitted bionic implant for an officer who lost his eyes may take you a week.

Dragonscale Armour (-600, discount Enginseer): Dragon Scale Armour is the Enginseer's personal power armour. It's somewhat inferior to Astartes-grade power armour, but it makes up for that with a dizzying array of sophisticated computer arrays feeding all kinds of data back to you. It does have the unique quirk of resizing to fit you no matter what how your body changes, and indeed many members of the Machine Cult will end up adding so many mechanical improvements to their body they no longer remotely resemble a human.

Vehicles:

Vehicle Operators a discount on all vehicles here, though discounted 100 CP vehicles are not free.
Lost or destroyed vehicles respawn monthly after a vicious tut-tutting from the Tech-Priests.

General Vehicle Upgrades: These can be applied to any vehicle purchased here. Discounted 50 CP upgrades are free.

- **Hunter-Killer Missiles (-50)**: Hunter-Killer Missiles are a fairly cheap way to add anti-tank capability to a vehicle. They're a long-ranged, auto-targeting krak missile that can be set to track and strike enemy vehicles. They're one use, but you receive another every week.
- **Track Guards (-50)**: Or similar modifications for vehicles without tracks. Track guards prevent the vehicle losing any speed or manoeuvrability from battle damage.
- **Camo Netting (-50)**: The vehicle has been customised to carry nets designed to make it easily blend into the surroundings. While mounting it, your vehicles' infrared emissions are also dampened, making it difficult to spot even with sophisticated optics.
- **Smoke Launchers (-50)**: Your vehicle has several canisters attached to your vehicle which on a remote signal will create a dense cloud of smoke. The smoke also contains jammers for emissions outside the visual range, such as infrared. This will enable you to break line-of-sight between yourself and your enemies – good for a rapid retreat.
- **Relic Plating (-100)**: Generations of crew have lived and died within the metal bowels of your vehicles, the remains of these honoured martyrs interred within the vehicle itself. The relics and faith interred in this vehicle proves to be very effective at diminishing attacks from hostile psykers; weak psychic attacks will simply slide off the hull, while a psyker strong enough to crumple the whole vehicle like tissue paper will find it them able to only breach a section of the hull.
- **Extra Armour (-100)**: The vehicle has been customised in some way to improve armour protection, perhaps by welding additional plates on to the armour. This will ensure that your vehicle can simply shrug off glancing hits, preventing further damage. Additionally, your vehicle's weakpoints have been reinforced, making it harder to knock out the guns, engine, or even kill crew members.
- **Augur array (-100)**: Unusually sophisticated optics and targeting devices feeds far more useful data back into the vehicle, greatly improving your situational awareness and targeting. This may also continuously feed information into nearby troops, enabling your vehicle to semi-autonomously act as a scout.
- **Command Vehicle (-100)**: This vehicle has been upgraded – with more sophisticated communications gear, better command and control capability, and so on – to be a proper command vehicle and allow you to easily issue orders and keep in track of a large number of people while in the safety of an armoured vehicle. If taken on a Baneblade, you may have a shielded commander's cupola like Yarrick's Fortress of Arrogance.
- **Master-Crafted Guns (-200)**: Every gun upon your vehicle has been crafted with care by some of the finest craftsmen on a Forge World. In some measure each of them are just better than a standard version, be it in range, reliability, accuracy, killing power, rate of fire, or similar advantage.

Sentinel (-100): The Sentinel is a two-legged walker, commonly used as a scout vehicle or for mobile fire support. It can mount a chainsaw and either a heavy flamer, autocannon, missile launcher, lascannon or plasma cannon. Comes in Scout and Armoured variants, with the Armoured variant able to mount heavier armour at the cost of significantly reduced mobility.

Taurox (-100/-200): The Taurox is a specialist transport vehicle, with the ability to carry ten soldiers in a lightly-armoured but well-armed vehicle, carrying a pair of autocannons and either a storm bolter or heavy stubber. It is also very, very ugly and most infamously has a pair of autocannons aiming right at anyone who tries to use the vehicle's doors. For 200 CP, you can upgrade it to a Taurox Prime, which allows it to mount a Taurox battle cannon, a Taurox Gatling cannon, or a Taurox missile launcher and replace its autocannons with hot-shot volley guns.

Chimera (-200): The Chimera is the primary, and most common, armoured transport of the Imperial Guard. It can carry twelve men in a relatively well-protected, amphibious vehicle, and has a lasgun array to allow passengers to fire out of the Chinera. It may be outfitted with a multi-laser, heavy bolter, or heavy flamer in the turret and a heavy bolter or heavy flamer in the hull.

Hellhound (-200): The Hellhound is similar to a Chimera, except it trades its ability to transport troops for a potent gun. It can mount either a heavy flamer, a heavy bolter, or a multi-melta in the hull, and mount either an inferno cannon in the turret (essentially a giant flamer), a melta cannon (essentially a giant multi-melta) at which point it is instead called a Devil Dog, or a chem cannon (which uses horrifically effective chemical weapons to dissolve organic material in moments) and is called a Bane Wolf.

Crassus Armoured Assault Transport (-300/-400): Based off the chassis of the Macharius Heavy tank, this exchanges firepower for survivability. It loses none of the durability of the Macharius Heavy Tank, and while it has a mere four heavy bolters (or flamers), it can carry thirty-five infantrymen in relative comfort. The 400 CP option instead allows you to replace the bolters with autocannons or lascannons for extra firepower.

Basilisk (-300): A Basilisk mounts the formidable Earthshaker cannon, a long-ranged artillery gun. The gun can be loaded with a variable number of charges to fine-tune its range. It also carries a hull-mounted heavy bolter for defence against close range enemies, though its open-topped design makes it vulnerable regardless.

Valkyrie (-300/400): A Valkyrie is both a troop transport and a gunship. It carries enough space for a dozen men, a multi-laser, and either Hellstrike missiles (which are designed to knock out vehicles) or rocket pods (which are designed to take on groups of infantry at once) For 400 CP, it may replace its multi-laser with a lascannon and mount two heavy bolters.

Leman Russ (-300/-400): The Leman Russ is the standard heavy tank of the Imperial Guard. It is not particularly fast, but it is extremely heavily armed and armoured. It carries a large calibre Battle Cannon in the turret and either a heavy bolter or a heavy flamer in the hull. Or, for 400 CP, it may replace the heavy bolter with a lascannon, add two sponsons carrying either heavy flamers, heavy bolters, lascannons, plasma cannons or multi-meltas, and add a pintle-mounted heavy stubber or storm bolter. You may pick any model of Leman Russ, including but not limited to the following:

- **Leman Russ Demolisher**: The Leman Russ Demolisher swaps out the battle cannon for a Demolisher Cannon, a much shorter ranged gun with significantly improved destructive power, typically suited for urban and siege warfare.
- **Leman Russ Eradicator**: The Leman Russ Eradicator switches out the battle cannon for the potent Nova Cannon (unrelated to the battleship gun of the same name). It is dreadfully effective at simply blasting through cover and eradicating anyone sheltering behind it, and though its gun is less potent than a Demolisher, it makes up for it in significantly greater range.
- **Leman Russ Executioner**: The Leman Russ Executioner swaps out the battle cannon for a Plasma Destroyer and extensive rows of cooling arrays and emergency plasma vents that makes it relatively safe to fire. It is excellent as a generalist weapon, able to seriously threated light-medium vehicles and groups of heavy infantry alike, though crews are to be reminder that plasma is often a double-edged sword.

- **Leman Russ Punisher**: The Leman Russ Punisher mounts the Punisher Gatling Cannon; whose volume of anti-infantry firepower outstrips all except the Stormlord.

Deathstrike Missile Launcher (-400/-600): The Deathstrike Missile Launcher is an inter-continental ballistic missile mounted upon a Chimera chassis. It can annihilate entire armies at once, though hampered somewhat by its long aiming time, single-shot nature and vulnerability if discovered. Normally its mere deployment requires special authorisation, so destructive is its warhead. For 600 CP it is instead fitted with the dreaded Vortex Missile, which upon detonation creates a yawning rift into the Warp, sucking anything within its very large blast radius inside.

Malcador Heavy Tank (-500): The Malcador Heavy Tank has its origins in the immediate aftermath of the Horus Heresy, as a stopgap design to fulfil the shortage of heavy tanks. Its major downside is that its main gun has an unfortunately limited field of fire. You may alternatively select any variant model of the Malcador.

Macharius Heavy Tank (-600): The Macharius is something of a "light Baneblade", a lesser alternative that is popular due to its comparatively simple and cheap construction. Make no mistake, however, that while its firepower and armour is inferior, it is by no means lightly armed or armoured. You may alternatively select any variant model of the Macharius.

Baneblade (-700/-800): The Baneblade is the premier super-heavy tank of the Imperial Guard. Its armament is the ten-metre-long Baneblade Cannon that fires metre-long rocket-assisted shells, a coaxial autocannon, a hull-mounted Demolisher Cannon, hull-mounted twin-linked heavy bolters, and a hull-mounted lascannon. For 800 CP you may also add up to four sponsons with twin-linked heavy bolters or heavy flamers and a lascannon each, and another pintle-mounted storm bolter or heavy bolter. You may instead choose any existing Baneblade variant with this option, including but not limited to the following:

- **Banesword**: The Banesword is a siege tank carrying the tremendously long-ranged Quake Cannon, even approaching the range of the Earthshaker cannon of the Basilisk and designed for a massive blast that quickly demolishes any fortifications.
- **Shadowsword**: The Shadowsword is the Titan-hunter of the Baneblade family. The massive Volcano Cannon (mounted in a casemate, replacing the Baneblade Cannon) is notorious for being capable of taking down even the largest Titans in a single shot.
- **Stormblade**: The Stormblade replaces the Baneblade cannon with a Plasma Blastgun, a Titan-sized plasma gun that, though admittedly short ranged, is a terrible menace against man, tank and Titan alike.
- **Stormlord**: The Stormlord replaces the Baneblade turret with a casemated Vulcan mega-bolter, a massive twin Gatling cannon normally found on Titans. The sheer volume of fire the Stormlord can produce is known for annihilating small armies in seconds. It also has the space for transporting forty soldiers in the rear compartment.

Companions:

Companions may not take scenarios.

Canon Companion (-100 each): Take along one canon character who agrees to come with you. You are guaranteed to have a positive introduction to them, though what happens after that is up to you.

The Team (-200): Up to four companions may be imported with this option, they receive 400 CP each to spend in this document, as well as getting an origin, any discounts, and the full wargear. A force of five men is a rather small one for the Imperial Guard, most commonly being a singular command squad or a small, elite team of specialists.

The Squad (-300): Up to nine companions may be simultaneously imported and receive 400 CP to spend in this document, as well as getting an origin, any discounts, and the full wargear. In the Imperial Guard, squads are spent by the millions.

The Locals (-200/-300/-400): You can create your own custom companion. They get 600 CP to spend on in-jump purchases, get their own origin, any discounts and the full wargear stipend. For 300 CP, you instead receive four different companions, and for 400 CP you get a full nine individual companions, all receiving the same CP and gaining their own origins, discounts and wargear stipends.

Little 'Un (-100, first free Guardsman, then discounted): Ratling wants to come along with you. Good cook, like all Ratlings, but more importantly this one is part of the secret Ratling black market network. If you can pay their (exorbitant) prices, you can find nearly anything on the black market, all thanks to a generous system of bribery and occasional theft. This may be taken multiple times, if you wish to create a small organised crime "family".

Vehicle Crew (free with purchase of Vehicles): You have a crew to go with your vehicle/s. They are competent at operating it and numerous enough to keep the vehicle functioning even in your absence. They take up a single companion slot and share any purchases between them. You are permitted to design their character and traits within reason.

Wyrdvane Psyker (-100, first free Psyker, then discounted): You've picked up a Wyrdvane Psyker, a psyker who has yet to fully master their powers, though they are trained and screened enough to minimise the risk of Perils of the Warp occurring. Under the gaze of a more experienced, controlled peer (such as yourself), they can link minds together and channel the power of the Warp in a relatively safe manner. This may be purchased multiple times, if you wish to create your own battle squad.

Commissar-Cadet (-100, first free Commissar): Experienced Commissars often get assigned a Commissar-Cadet to shepherd in the field for the last, vital step towards becoming a full-fledged Commissar. They have graduated from the Schola Progenium and while they are young by Commissar standards and totally lack experience, their faith in the Emperor is unquestionable. They come with a bolt pistol, flak armour and a power sword. You may purchase this companion multiple times, and indeed it is not unusual for Commissars to watch over groups of Cadets.

Colour Sergeant (-100, first free Officer, then discounted): You have an aide, a senior non-commissioned officer holding the rank of Colour Sergeant or similar, who is an invaluable deputy between you and the enlisted soldiers who must execute your orders. As one of the ranks, rather than an officer, they have a unique insight into the minds of the common soldier, who give them a healthy dose of respect that comes with rubbing shoulders with the commons. From long experience on the parade ground, they're capable of bellowing orders extremely loudly, and skilled at handing out a few morale-raising beatings if that doesn't inspire obedience. Though they are merely a man, and equipped like a regular Guard sergeant, they will doubtlessly remain useful to you. Comes with flak armour, a laspistol, a chainsword, and adamantium testicular/ovarian implants.

Servitor (-100, first free Enginseer, then discounted): This former heretek, possibly formerly named Mekki, was lobotomised and turned into a Servitor and assigned to assist you. Fortunately, its highly modular construction means you can easily swap out its equipment to meet any situation, whether you need an extra pair of hands (or mechadendrites) around the workshop to needing covering fire from a plasma cannon.

Big 'Un (-100/-150/-200): A friendly Ogryn likes you enough to hang around. He (or she) is a fairly typical Ogryn; large, strong, incredibly stupid, and claustrophobic. You have earned their undying loyalty, and as an Ogryn this manifests as a willingness to dive into the fire to keep you safe – with natural Ogryn resilience, they're quite capable of shrugging off wounds that could kill a man several times over. They will follow any and all orders you give them (believing your orders originate with the Emperor himself) and are very eager to please their friend, but their limited intelligence should be remembered when giving one. Though on the bright side, they're also too stupid to realise what a bad idea barrelling straight at a gigantic Tyranid is and will do just that when your life is in danger, unless it happens to involve entering a confined space. They come with carapace armour, a great big power maul, and a brute shield. For 50 CP extra, they're a BONE'ead, an Ogryn who has been improved with cybernetic neural implants to the rough intelligent level of a rather stupid human and displays enough leadership skills to keep a group of Ogryn following orders. These neural implants are, naturally, as solid as the rest of the Ogryn. For an additional 50 CP (can be combined with but you do not need to purchase the prior option), they're also an Ogryn Gun Lugger, who carries an additional mortar, autocannon or similar piece of heavy equipment they can wield easily. This may be taken multiple times, if you feel the need to be protected by several Ogryn at once.

Scenarios:

A Regiment of Your Own:

To begin this scenario, at the end of your ten years here you will be pulled aside and promoted to full Colonel. You are granted a regiment of your own (see the Regiment Builder after this) and will spend an additional decade here on top of your full ten years shipped from world to world on campaigns.

As a reward for surviving, you can take your regiment with you post jump, where it shall be treated like followers. Dead Guardsmen will be replaced monthly, and they will be resupplied any destroyed or used equipment at that time, though ones that survive a jump will remain the same person in the next one. You may import individual Guardsmen into companion slots if you so choose, turning them into a regular companion instead.

Regiment Builder:

You begin with 1000 Regiment Points. You may spend CP to increase RP at a 1:1 ratio.

Regiment Types:

You may only pick one type of regiment.

While regiments come in all shapes, sizes and configurations (as befits the vast size of the galaxy of the 41st millennium), one of the few ironclad rules of the Imperial Guard is that no regiment can be a true jack of all trades; it must be specialised around one particular style of warfare. Therefore, an armoured regiment will have the bare minimum of infantry possible, while an artillery regiment will have little else. This is a result of the (not unwarranted) paranoia of Imperial authorities, who wish to ensure that should a particularly ambitious Colonel turn rogue (or be corrupted by Chaos) the damage they can do is greatly limited by their inherent reliance on other regiments. The downside, of course, is that regimental commanders must work closely together with each other whenever they encounter something their regiment is not specifically designed for – this rarely happens, and the more common result is another Guard massacre.

Note that your regiment will have attached Imperial Navy transports capable of ferrying them from world to world and making landings; though these are formally under the authority of the Navy they be attached under your authority post-jump to ensure your regiment can continue to travel between planets and keep functioning like the Imperial Guard, instead of a PDF. Though they are warp-capable, transports are generally slow, have poor manoeuvrability, and are lightly armed enough to discourage pirates and light raiders only. They should not be relied upon to fight void battles and will be massacred against serious naval opposition. Landing ships are in a similar boat, as they rarely have more than a couple of lascannons, heavy bolters or missile launchers. They are capable of transporting sizeable numbers of Guardsmen down to a planet's surface but shouldn't be relied upon at all to provide support for ground-based operations.

Air Corps (-200): Your regiment has a slew of aircraft, from the small and nimble Lightning Strike Fighter to huge and devastating Behemoth Heavy Bomber. Note many aircraft available to your regiment, such as the Behemoth bomber cannot operate in the void, though the advantage of this is that this does make them more effective at combat within a planet's atmosphere. These regiments are incredibly uncommon, as the Imperial Navy *strongly* objects to what they see as the Imperial Guard treading on their turf, and the regular Guard tends to resent the (relative) luxury and safety enjoyed by aircrews.

Armoured (-200/-400/-800): Armoured regiments, as the name suggests, contain mostly armour, typically hundreds of Leman Russ tanks at the smallest size and tens of thousands at the largest, with a smaller number of organic self-propelled artillery and anti-air to enable the Armoured regiment to survive getting into position. They usually are dispersed within Guard operations; however, it is known for a full Armoured regiment to be deployed in a single location to breach a particularly tough opponent. For 400 CP, in addition to the rest of the armour, your regiment is lucky enough to have a mixture of Super Heavy Armoured Companies of Baneblades, or similar super-heavy tanks, up to ten depending on the size of your regiment. And for 800 CP, your regiment is among the most vanishingly rare armoured regiments; every tank is a Baneblade model. The massive force concentration such a regiment represents near-guarantees it will be sent to the largest-scale battles and will attract the most attention short of a Titan Legion, so be warned!

Artillery (-100): An Artillery regiment carries large numbers of the heaviest, long-ranged weapon systems available to the Imperial Guard, such as the Basilisk Artillery Gun and the Deathstrike Missile Launcher. The minor (major) downside to an artillery regiment is that they are invariably severely short on infantry to guard the heavy guns available to them and require the other elements of the Guard to pick up the slack.

Cavalry (-100): A cavalry regiment is mounted almost entirely on horses – or perhaps mechanical analogues, or more exotic species that serve a similar role. They carry light weapons, like Light Infantry, but unlike Light Infantry, are even more mobile and slightly worse at dealing with difficult terrain.

Drop Infantry (free): Drop Infantry specialise in orbital assaults and airborne operations. They rarely have any tanks available to them, preferring instead their Valkyrie transports and the air-droppable Sentinel walkers. Even the heaviest-armed Drop Infantry regiments are by necessity lighter than an equivalent infantry regiment, and so they are frequently massacred if other Guard regiments are tardy at providing support.

Light Infantry (free): Light Infantry regiments carry even fewer heavy weapons and vehicles than Line Infantry regiment, however they make up for this by being specialists in stealth and combat in difficult terrain.

Line Infantry (free): Line Infantry are the most typical Imperial Guard regiment. They are the most iconic type of Guard regiment; the wave of foot infantry thrown into the meat grinder.

Mechanized Infantry (-100): They are perhaps the most generalist of the Guard regiments, having a healthy dose of infantry, tanks, transports and artillery. Their only weakness is their vehicles are rarely suited for combat in difficult terrain, and their lack of specialisation that hobbles them when faced with a threat a more specialised regiment could handle easier.

Siege Infantry (free): Siege Infantry regiments are similar to Line Infantry regiments, only they swap mobility for more firepower. They work best at prolonged trench warfare where their massed firepower can whittle the enemy down in campaigns of attrition. They tend to be rather slow on the move, however, as carrying all that firepower taxes their logistical train harshly, and the men who must lug it all around.

Homeworld:

Pick one. You may choose to be a regiment from an existing world, such as the Fortress World Cadia, the Death Worlds of Catachan or Krieg, or similar.

Civilised World (free): For everything that does not fit into one of these below categories. Not just the planets described as Civilised Worlds, but also Agri-Worlds and other worlds that do not instil any particularly unusual traits amongst the Guardsmen raised from them.

Death World – Nature (-200): Your regiment comes from a world with some of the hardest standards of life within an already horrendous galaxy. The local flora and fauna seem to have been deliberately engineered to kill people – if they are not simply feral offshoots of Orks or Tyranids. Merely surviving to adulthood in such a world makes for prime recruits for Imperial Guard regiments.

Death World – Others (-200): Your regiment hails from a world that, like the Nature Death World, is a horrendously shit place to live. Unlike the Nature Death World, it is due to some other cause, such as incredibly frigid environment, lethal background radiation or chemical pollution, extreme volcanism and so on. They are *relatively* less likely to die if they are careful and come equipped with extra environmental gear to survive in their native biome.

Fortress World (-100): Your regiment hails from a planet fortified right down to the bone. They are naturally more disciplined soldiers on account of being raised from birth in a thoroughly militarised environment.

Hive World (-100): Your regiment was raised from one of the densely-packed warrens of men. Little is cheaper than human life and those from a Hive truly know it. On the upside, they are unusually good at dealing with other people and combat in urban terrain, as a side-effect of their origin.

Lost World (-100): Your regiment has lost their home planet. Perhaps to Exterminatus, the vagaries of Chaos or xenos, or perhaps something more sinister. Anyway, your shared hardship instils your Guardsmen with a particularly strong *esprit de corps*. They are better motivated and have better morale than their peers.

Feral World (-100): Recruits from a Feral World tend to make for excellent soldiers, already hardened by inter-community warfare. They do, however, tend to struggle with adapting modern technology. Despite the name, you may choose to come from a Feudal World or other very technologically backwards world, instead of a stone-age Feral World.

Industrial World (-100): Forge Worlds do not send Guardsmen to the Imperium as part of their tithe; they send wargear and Tech-Priests instead. However, there are some worlds that, while not being a true Forge World (and thus, under the Mechanicus), nonetheless have their own extensive factories, refineries and other industries. Guardsmen from an Industrial World are typically well versed in sophisticated technologies and tend to be better equipped than their peers.

Regiment Discipline:

Pick one. A more disciplined force will be much easier to lead, more responsive to orders, and much less likely to break in combat.

Undisciplined Rabble (+300): There is an army, and then there is an armed mob. Your regiment falls under the latter. Perhaps your force is cobbled together from bloodthirsty savages, or perhaps your regiment is a penal legion of criminals under a suspended death sentence. Either way, only a mixture of beatings, executions, the promise of loot, and possibly potential exoneration keeps them in line. Other regiments avoid your for fear of having all their crap stolen. Trying to turn these soldiers into a proper fighting force is going to be an uphill struggle. You may choose to issue members of your regiment with remote-activated explosive collars for free. You will need them.

Substandard (+100): The Commissariat finds the discipline in the regiment sorely lacking. Even in peacetime, attempted desertion, sloppy standards of drill and other disciplinary problems are common. It is likely that your regiment was formed from the rejects of the original Planetary Defence Force, or else filled with hotheads who don't like listening to authority, and every so often a Commissar has an unfortunate accident. If this continues, the Planetary Governor of the world which sources your Guardsmen is at serious risk of ending up executed for breaching standards of the Imperial Tithe.

Acceptable (free): The Commissariat records your regiment's discipline as "average". There is nothing truly exceptional about their quality. The vast majority of regiments fall here.

Excellent (-200, discount Fortress World): The Commissariat notes with pride that your Regiment is among the most disciplined they have ever encountered, able to stand amongst the ranks of the Iron Guard or the Cadian Shock Troops. Morale is rarely an issue, and they are likely the gold standard amongst the local sector. Orders are received and executed efficiently.

Too Fanatic (-200): Your regiment has taken the ideal of "die for the Emperor" a little far. A lot far, in fact. For whatever reason, your Guardsmen are positively *eager* to die in the line of duty, and more than willing to mount the most futile offensives to achieve this. On one hand, almost nothing can cause them to retreat from the line of duty, on the other hand, even explicit orders aren't always enough to prevent them from futilely throwing their lives away in a charge for glory. Expect unnecessarily high casualties even in simple operations.

Regiment Quirks:

Demographics (free): You are free to pick any gender and general age demographic. Some regiments are made entirely of men, many are mixed sex, and probably some exist that are all-female. The advantage of mixed sex regiments is that it guarantees a steady supply of recruits on long voyages to and from battle zones, already raised in the culture and discipline of the regiment. Should you find ways to increase the population of the regiment, whether through encouraging families or perhaps the unknown science of the vitae-womb, you will be able to take these with you too, though numbers in excess of your purchase will not respawn.

Physical Distinction (free): Like how the Cadians are known for their bright violet eyes, your regiment has a particular distinctive physical trait. This offers no advantage or disadvantage beyond aesthetics.

Close Order Drill (-100): Your regiment has been extensively drilled in the art of quickly forming up and standing shoulder-to-shoulder, presenting a mass of bayonets and lasgun barrels at anything unfortunate enough to be downrange. Though this kind of formation is significantly more vulnerable to explosives and massed anti-infantry fire, it is by far the densest concentration of weapons and manpower a regiment can put out, and yours seems exceptionally good at fighting together in an organic mass. They probably also come with a snazzy 18th century military aesthetic. This also applies to armoured vehicles, which seem to fight better when there's another one on both sides.

Die-Hard (-100): Your regiment comes from a warrior-culture where surrender and retreat are held in contempt, or perhaps a truly feral society where death in battle is the highest honour a man can earn, or perhaps they are just that good at internalising the Imperial Cult. Regardless, being outnumbered alone is not enough to phase them – they will insist upon selling their lives dearly before the end.

Size (first free, then -200, max 5 purchases): Regiments come in all shapes and sizes. At the free level, your regiment is 5,000 men strong, the size of a single Cadian regiment. Two purchases gives you 25,000 men. Purchasing it thrice jumps up to 50,000, a respectable though not unusual size for a regiment. Four purchases gives you 125,000 men under arms, an unusually large size for a single regiment. After five purchases, your regiment is 250,000 men strong, as large as a regiment of Valhallan Ice Warriors, among the most numerous regiments known to the Imperium of Man.

Sharpshooters (-100, free Line Infantry): Your regiment has paid particularly close attention to training marksmanship amongst its recruits. Each trooper is as accurate while firing as the famed Tempestus Scions.

Hardened Fighters (-100, discount Feral World): Some regiments, usually from Feral Worlds, focus on melee combat above all else. These regiments become famed for their raw aggression and willingness to close for the kill, as well as their ability to *win*. Though they may be mere humans, they are extremely strong for one and among the finest melee troops available to the Imperial Guard. Even Orks may be repulsed if they make the mistake of closing to bayonet range.

Veteran Regiment (-200): This was designed with the assumption that you would be taking over a freshly-formed regiment. Now this is no longer the case. Perhaps your regiment was formed from merging multiple under-strength regiments together, or perhaps you've taken over a long-established and highly decorated regiment. Either way, the soldiers under your command are all veterans of many battles. They are familiar with every enemy of the Imperium of Man and how to kill them efficiently. They are versed in movement under fire, take to the field with practiced ease, and are thoroughly jaded to losses from combat. These regiments do tend to be highly cynical though.

Baby Ogryns (-200, discount Death World – Nature): (don't call them that) While not a regiment of actual Ogryns (who are rarely organised into a regiment on account of their incredibly low intelligence), your regiment draws from some abnormally large and tough humans, similar to the Catachans and Kanak Skull Takers, who are physically somewhat in-between Ogryn and human. Fortunately, they are no less intelligent than a regular human, though they are not quite as strong or resilient as an Ogryn either.

Abhumans (-100): There are many different breeds of Abhuman within the wider Imperium. Sometimes, an entire regiment, like yours, is made up of nothing but Abhumans. You are allowed to pick what kind of Abhuman makes up your regiment. Yes, this includes Felinids. Note that many abhumans suffer from quirks that make them… undesirable as anything but specialists within the wider Guard. For instance, Ogryn are *notoriously* difficult to manage on account of their claustrophobia and idiocy (do not combine with a Mechanised or Armoured regiment, *please*), and Ratlings suffer greatly from their short stature (and cowardice). You will be issued wargear better fitting the abhumans (such as Ogryn-proof guns). If purchased with Baby Ogryns, you have somehow stumbled upon a stable subgroup producing individuals taller and stronger than normal for Abhumans.

Send in the Next Wave (-300): Your regiment replenishes losses vastly easier than others; any full month without requiring respawning (resupplies do not count) grants you one (and only one) respawn "slot" that may be spent to instantly recover all your regiment's losses of manpower and equipment. Human life has never been cheaper!

Weapons:

Pick one. You may pick any pattern of weapon to be the standard issue.

Autogun (+100): Few Imperial Guard regiments use autoguns, as despite firing an 8-10mm solid slug, it suffers vastly more drawbacks for little advantage over the lasgun. Despite being a highly reliable weapon already, an autogun has a noticeably higher chance of jamming or otherwise failing to fire as a lasgun does and it suffers a smaller ammunition pool than the lasgun.

Lasgun (free): The humble lasgun is a terribly underappreciated weapon. Possessing enough firepower to easily tear the limbs off a grown man at close range, with the ability to dial up or down the power output to conserve shots, carrying more than two hundred shots in every power pack that can easily be recharged by a brief stint in the sun or tossing it into a fire, the lasgun is an excellent weapon that has had the misfortune of being sent up against hideous bioengineered horrors who are more than capable of shrugging off or armoured against vastly more dangerous weapons.

Melee (free/-100): For the Guard regiment that likes to get up close and personal with the enemy, we have the Melee option. Taking this will give all Guard a standard-issue melee weapon (such as a big axe or a sword) and a laspistol or autopistol. Or, for 100 RP, you may choose to give them standard-issue chain-weapons instead, for some horrendously brutal close quarters action.

Hellgun (-300): Also known as Hot-shot Lasguns, Hellguns are akin to a scaled-up lasguns carrying enough raw penetrating power to blast through Power Armor and cook the bastard inside. However, the weapon has some serious flaws attached; for one it requires a large, bulky power pack as lasgun power packs cannot provide enough energy for every shot, for another its reliability is significantly poorer as the high-powered shots burn out the machinery fast, it has a noticeably shorter range than the lasgun, and finally, it is extremely expensive and difficult to manufacture. For these reasons, it is typically only granted to the heaviest of heavily armed regiments, or those made up from wealthy children of noble families who can afford such fantastically expensive weaponry.

Armour:

Pick one.

None (+200): It is a rare regiment that goes to war without even a simple flak vest, but yours does so. Perhaps your regiment believes their faith in the Emperor is all that is necessary to protect them against the horrors of the galaxy, perhaps your regiment's homeworld is too primitive to produce even simple mail armour?

Light Armour (+100): Perhaps your regiment comes from a world too primitive to outfit their Guardsmen with simple flak armour, perhaps your regiment is drawn from a community the Imperium *wishes* would die, or perhaps they choose to eschew flak armour for better mobility through difficult terrain. Either way, their personal armour is noticeably inferior to that worn by standard Imperial Guard regiments.

Flak Armour (free): Flak armour is relatively inexpensive, yet able to stop a direct hit from an autogun or lasgun. Unfortunately, all the major factions of the 41st millennium have weapons far more destructive as standard. In most other universes it would be excellent protection, here it is merely mediocre. This is the default option for all Guardsmen.

Carapace Armour (-300): Normally given only to officers and Storm Troopers, Carapace armour provides vastly superior protection to Flak armour, at the cost of being noticeably heavier, bulkier and hotter, being unpowered unlike Astartes armour. It is also extremely expensive in comparison to flak armour, and for these reasons it is rarely issued outside shock troops and special forces. Your regiment is equipped with Carapace armour as standard now, providing some sorely-needed survivability to your grunts.

Equipment:

Custom Design (free): Not every regiment follows the Cadian aesthetic. You may freely pick a design for your regiment or take after an existing regiment design.

Stealth Experts (-100, free Light Infantry): Your regiment has cameleoline, a refractive chemical substance capable of blending in to any environment, woven into their armour and clothing on top of extensive training in stealth operations.

Extra Load (-100, free Siege Infantry): Your regiment has been blessed with more of every piece of standard equipment. And lots more ammunition. Your guardsmen are adept at using all this extra ammunition too, able to put up a hellish volume of close-range firepower even by the standards of the Imperial Guard.

Environmental Suits (-100, free Death World – Other): Your Guardsmen are issued with a sealed, full body suit complete with rebreathers capable of totally protecting against chemical weaponry and biological warfare.

Grav-Chutes and Void Suits (-100, free Drop Infantry): Grav-chutes are the 40k equivalent of parachutes that utilises anti-gravity to make a safe landing, and your regiment is trained in orbital deployment. Like Environmental Suits, their equipment is necessarily sealed and protected against the cold void of space, though not chemical or biological weaponry.

Combat Drugs (-100): Some regiments choose to inspire their soldiers to valour through inspirational leadership. Some choose to inspire them through fear of retribution. Others load up their troops on combat drugs and point them at the enemy. Your regiment is the latter kind, with your Guardsmen issued chemical dispensers (possibly part of rebreathers) to ensure that, though it may kill them in the long term, your Guardsmen can fight far braver than they ever could before.

Vid-Relays (-100): Every member of your regiment has a vid-relay attached to their uniforms, a more sophisticated improvement over vox that functions similarly to a video camera transmitting data back for their superiors to view at their leisure, or store as "battle replays" to analyse combat performance in closer detail than normally possible if you wish to refine your training or tactics, or just find out what happened to a missing squad. Even more importantly, this allows you to easily command them from the safety of a distant bunker, or perhaps a starship in orbit.

Mechanicus Ties (-100/-200, first level free Industrial World): Your regiment is close to the Adeptus Mechanicus. Very close. Your regiment always seems to have a plentiful supply of bionics – enough to replace any missing limbs or organs lost in action, and enough to outfit all your officers with bionics that outright improves their capabilities in combat and leadership. For an additional 100 CP, this means that bionics are not simply available in your regiment, they are widespread. Every Guardsman has access to cheap and simple bionics, some outright improving their capabilities in some way such as advanced eyes offering better optics, range of vision, or additional targeting data, or perhaps enhanced musculature, their flak armour build into subdermal plating, and similar improvements.

Heirloom Weapons (-200): Your regiment has some of the finest crafted weapons available. Perhaps the Mechanicus simply likes them enough to hand over equipment higher quality than available to a regular regiment, or perhaps like the Vostroyans their guns are masterfully hand-crafted weapons handed down from generation to generation. Every gun your regiment has is able to fire accurately at greater range than a more common pattern, as well as Comes with an optional coat of gold on everything.

Sacred Relic Weapons (-200): You've got something really special here. You have a terribly, terribly large supply of weapons barely available to most regiments. You have enough plasma weapons to put two in every infantry squad for one, your tanks are rare and even out of production relics like the Leman Russ Vanquisher or Executioner, and even your Baneblades are rare models that nearly never see the light of day, even in comparison to the ordinarily vanishing rare Baneblade itself.

To Take a World:

(Requires A Regiment of Your Own)

After some years of going crusading in command of your own regiment, you are called upon to take part in a campaign to secure a planet on the verge of being lost to [Orks/Tau/Chaos cult]. By the vagaries of the Warp, your regiment has arrived alone and with only just enough Imperial Navy support to guarantee planetfall. Despite that, your orders still stand; you must take the world alone with no support from any others. Fortunately, though the forces besieging this world are strong enough to rout the local PDF, they are not so strong or numerous to make this a suicide mission. A properly skilled or just plain hardcore enough commander could turn this entire situation around and snatch victory for the Imperium from this disaster.

For completing this scenario, you have been promoted from Colonel to General and assigned your own battlegroup of five regiments~~, having thoroughly proven you *don't need it*~~. The regiment you took into this scenario stays the same (though you no longer are its direct commanding officer), and you may take the regiment builder another four times for each other regiment under your command. CP spent to increase your RP total carry over to each additional regiment. They may come from different planets and hold wildly different fighting styles; this is encouraged as the Guard is highly compartmentalised and works best when complementary regiments work together. Your companions may take the rank of Colonel and command a regiment each if you wish.

Drawbacks:

No drawback limit: take as many as you dare.

Loose Canons (free): Warhammer 40,000 is not a particularly consistent setting. In-universe, this is explained as every piece of media being written from the perspective of the faction in question (likely propaganda), out of universe this is due to hiring a large team of authors of *highly varying* quality to write their works. With this drawback, when canonical information clashes, you are permitted to choose which canon is true, or even run off a fanon interpretation as long as it does not contradict the wider setting. Alternatively, you can travel to a specific 40k fanwork or use this to carry on continuity from your previous visits to Warhammer 40k jumps. Note that taking this drawback to travel to a significantly less dangerous interpretation of the setting will prevent you from taking any further drawbacks.

More Time (+100): This may be purchased repeatedly. Every purchase after the first will add 20 years to your time here, and may purchase this up to five times, for a full century of stay in total. You may take this more than five times, but subsequent purchases will not give extra CP.

No Human Option (+100): Congratulations, jumper, you're a beastman! Or a rat-man. Anyway, just ignore that racial choice at the top of the document because you're spending your jump as the only butt-ugly furry humanoid on whatever planet you end up on. The bright side is, beastmen are a *tolerated* abhuman strain. The downside is, nobody likes the beastmen. They're generally considered suspicious, and don't have the same kind of quirky utility like Ratlings and Ogryns that make them indispensable to Guard commanders. When beastmen do end up in the Guard, they rarely make friends except with their own kind, and are watched very closely for any sign of Chaos taint. At best, beastmen get treated as expendable meatshields for the pure humans. Have fun!

Old Faces (+100): You've got the downside to an eidetic memory and none of the benefits; no matter how hard you try, you can't forget the faces of anyone you meet, and you're guaranteed to see plenty of them die around you too. Comes with a generous dose of survivor guilt any time someone dies, just to twist the knife and keep you haunted by the memories of everyone you failed to save.

Glory Boys (+100): For your time here, you'll be followed around by a squad of Space Marines. They won't actually help you, they always seem to be off doing something else when you need them, but they will claim every scrap of glory and recognition you deserve. Expect to be criminally underappreciated here.

Old War Wounds (+200): You've been horrifically injured and patched together at least once before. Though you've since recovered, your body is no longer as capable as it used to be. You're going to get random phantom pains that will flare up and be a serious distraction at the most inopportune times, in addition you're just not as physically capable as you used to be.

Suspicion (+200): Something about you is rubbing your superiors the wrong way. They're watching you like a hawk for a sniff of heresy, mutations or witchcraft. You're on thin ice.

Ogryn Genius (+200): Exactly as it says; you're spending this jump as a genius. By Ogryn standards. That means you can count up to four, remember your own name, understand most of what people say to you (as long as they don't use too many big words) and can occasionally solve your problems without headbutting. Alas, you are still far, far too stupid to fit in among humans, and for some reason you just aren't compatible with intelligence-boosting bionics.

Reckless (+200): Are you sure you're not a Kanak? You only seem to be capable of understanding the most brutally direct tactics. On your own, you will take every opportunity to charge into melee range and beat them to death personally. If you get in a vehicle, you will insist on driving it closer to the enemy (you want to hit them with your sword). If you ever command a group of men, you will insist on fixing bayonets at every opportunity. Rest assured, nobody shall doubt your courage. Merely your sanity.

WAAAAAAGH! (+200): Good news: You made a friend! Bad news: Your friend is a big, hulking Ork who thinks you're the best zoggin' scrap in the galaxy. He'll start out as a Nob with a small mob of Boyz around him, and over time he'll be growing bigger, stronger, and somehow round up more and more boyz, maybe even growing up to become a full Warboss. No matter what you do, you can't seem to kill him either, as he'll survive the most improbable circumstances and emerge a year or so down the line (maybe with a few more cybernetics) with even more Orks around him, ready for another round. He always knows where you are and wants to lead the biggest mob he can right at you to royally wreck whatever you're up to. Have fun playing Yarrick to your new Ghazghkull.

Munitorum Hates You (+300): For whatever reason, the Departmento Munitorum – the branch overseeing the logistics for the Guard – can't seem to get a single thing right with you. Even in the best of times, the logistical strain for supplying countless wars across innumerable planets causes some serious errors to emerge in the Munitorum, but they take it to a whole 'nother level with you. At random, your items and vehicles might be suddenly seized and sent off to a whole different war zone. Or forget to issue you spare parts for them, causing an inevitable breakdown and long delay waiting for parts to get shipped in. If you're low on lasgun power packs, you might be dropped a crate… of spare boots. Or they might issue you a lasgun with a minor flaw that it fatally irradiates anyone who fires it. Better get used to using your bare hands.

Afriel Strain (+300): You were created by the secretive Afriel Strain process, created by splicing the genetic information of the greatest heroes of Man together and turning the resultant clone into a soldier. Unfortunately, for reasons still unknown to the Imperium, the Afriel Strain soldiers are dogged by some of the most hideous luck imaginable. For you, anything that can go wrong will go wrong; your bad luck seeming to attract bullets, shells and angry monsters in equal measure. You will never win a game of chance with your luck. You are also very distinct, possessing the characteristic albinism, but this only serves to make your presence more noticeable, and for more unknown reasons, encourage people to hate and wish you dead for no apparent reason.

Penal Legion (+300): For whatever reason, you've been assigned to a penal legion for your crimes, which are so severe you will not be able to earn your freedom for the duration of this jump. Your life is worthless even by the standards of the Imperial Guard; you have only what you can scavenge or steal, you are the first wave in any assault, and the only reward for heroism is to not be executed. Also, there's an explosive collar around your neck in case you get any funny ideas.

Only War (+600): You are doomed, jumper, to never know a day of peace in your time here. No matter what happens, you will somehow always stumble on to or be sent up against the myriad enemies of the Imperium of Man. To finally pacify a planet may only result in the activation of a Necron Tomb World. Even your journeys through the cold void of space shall not be safe, as you will suffer Gellar field flickers, discoveries of Chaos mutants and the like in the metal bowels of the ship. No matter what, you will meet every single enemy of Man in your time here and be forced to fight them all.

Ending:

You know the drill.

Will you **Stay Here**?

Will you **Return Home**?

Or will you **Continue**?

Notes:

Thanks to my wuvy fiancée, whom I would briefly feel bad about shooting for cowardice.

Every racial option in this jump is a human option. All abhumans are technically just stable subspecies of Homo Sapiens. No more complaining.

Don’t bother trying to read up how lasguns or hellguns work. That way lies madness.

Changelog:

1.6:

Age roll and gender.

Commissar hat fits your origin if you are not a Commissar.

Box of miniatures for your collection ~~to linger unpainted on your "to do" list~~

1.5:

Rephrased the bit in To Take A World, less meta, fluffier.

Custom group companions

More vehicle upgrades.

Regiments now come with lightly armed transport ships for interplanetary transport. Don't expect them to survive an actual naval battle.

Formatting.

1.4:

Clarified companion stipend.

Buffed non-officer capstones.

Made Mechanicus Ties a two-level perk, the second level now makes your Guardsmen pseudo-Skitarii.

Added physical distinctions to the Regimental Quirks.

Made To Take A World slightly easier.

More tanks for Armoured regiments.

Added Master-Crafted wargear.

More options for the Ogryn companion.

Straken bionics in the Wargear section.

Added fanwork option to Loose Canons.

Fixed spelling

1.3:

Price cuts across the board.

1.2:

Tempestus Scion now comes with Storm Trooper kit

Fixed orphaned sentences.

Cut price for regimental Hellguns and Carapace Armour.

Guaranteed you can at least start the scenario, finishing it less guaranteed.

1.1:

Fixed Psyker flavour text.