# Warhammer 40,000: Tyranids

*By Valeria*

## Introduction

Warhammer 40,000. A galaxy where there is only war. Men, aliens, daemon and robots all battle for conquest, extermination and to serve their dark masters. It's a dark, grim world to find yourself in and hope is rare to find. But as bad as it may seem, as hopeless as life may feel, a growing threat seeks to make it so much worse. The Great Devourer draws ever nearer to this galaxy that teems with life. The Tyranid swarm ever hungers.

The Tyranids are a race that travelled from outside this galaxy. They seek only to feed and eat and devour. There is no culture, no history, no love. The entire race exists as a united hivemind, the combined psychic and mental energies of every Tyranid organism that directs the species to devour all biological life and continuously evolve. Their true number and origin is unknown. Perhaps they have devoured countless galaxies already and what fleets of Tyranids have arrived, each taking a devastating toll on sections of the galaxy, are mere fragments of the great beast. Or perhaps what has been seen so far is all there is to the race.

Whatever the truth of the Tyranid race is, you now find yourself to be one of these organisms. You'll be on one of the existing fleets during their invasions into this galaxy or an entirely new fleet. For the next ten years, you'll be responsible for fulfilling a role assigned by your species, so as to drive your entire species ever onwards towards victory. You have 1000 Choice Points (CP) with which to gain extra advantages to assist your endeavours.

# Hive Fleet

The below choices represent what Hive Fleet you are a part of. You may begin at any point in that Hive Fleet's timeline, from the moment they first entered the galaxy to the final major battle that has been recorded for that specific Fleet. You may freely choose your Hive Fleet.

**Behemoth- 745.M41**

The first of the Hive Fleets, the one that resulted in the Tyranids gaining their name due to the initial battle on planet Tyran. Behemoth was, as the name implies, a brutish fleet with no strategy or subtlety. Behemoth used numbers and raw strength to charge through as much space as it could, meeting its end at the Ultramarine home world of Macragge.

**Naga- 012801.M41**

A smaller fleet, that came after the great Behemoth. Attacking the southern fringe of the Galaxy, Naga met with little human resistance. Instead, Fleet Naga was responsible for the extinctions of dozens of small alien races and for multiple wars against the Eldar, which eventually resulted in its destruction.

**Gorgon- 599899.M41**

Gorgon Fleet was notable for its exceptional speed at adaptation and evolution, even compared to other Hive Fleets. It would do battle against the Tau empire and, later, a short lived alliance between Tau and the Imperium in the area. While Kraken would eventually falter against this alliance, it took no small number of worlds with it.

**Kraken- 990.M41**

After Behemoth, Kraken was the next truly major threat to the Galaxy as a whole. As opposed to the brute tactic of Behemoth, Hive Fleet Kraken split itself into many smaller fleets that worked as one, attacking from many directions at once and spreading death and fear far further afield. It took the combined forces of the Eldar and the Imperium to halt Kraken and even then, it became a very close thing, only possible because the Tyranids had split its focus.

**Leviathan- 997.M41**

The latest, greatest and most current of the Hive Fleets. Hive Fleet Leviathan took everything the Tyranid race had learnt from its previous battles and applied it to nightmarish effect. It attacked from beneath the Galaxy, striking upwards at countless worlds across its expanse. Even now, battles still rage onwards against the menace of Leviathan, a Fleet that some fear may eventually threaten Holy Terra itself.

**Other Fleets- Variable**

Numerous smaller fleets exist that have not been addressed above or are simply not known to us at this time. So long as it is a smaller fleet and does not contradict anything major, such as a small hive Fleet that attacked the underside of the galaxy before Leviathan, then you may create your own Hive Fleet to be a part of. Do remember that you are just a part of this new hive fleet, not its owner. You are, after all, a hive.

# Origins

Any of the following origins may optionally be a Drop In origin.

**Infiltrator**

The Genestealers scout ahead of the Hive Fleet, working in packs to prepare and weaken prey worlds for the arrival of the main forces. Sneaking into the cities of other races, infiltrating their very species with cults of infected and controlled servants, they are invaluable to the great hunt of the swarm. As a Genestealer, you will likely be either landing on an as yet untouched Imperial world or already in the midst of an infiltration operation when you awake here. Genestealers are lethal beasts to most humans but are not particularly suited for constant combat. So it is good that your role here will be one of espionage and sabotage and assassination.

**Command**

As powerful as the hivemind is, its reach is not infinite. To extend its influence, particularly over the less intelligent organisms of the swarm, it must make use of Synapse creatures. You are one such being, a Tyranid Warrior. The prime example of the elite of the Tyranid race, you and your brethren are intelligent, skilled and very, very lethal to the prey you hunt. You'll be spending much of your time here in a combat role, likely as a fusion between a commander and an elite soldier, marshalling the animalistic Tyranids against your foes as you cut them down yourself.

**Monster- 100**

Towering, thundering, roaring beasts. The Carnifex is one of the signature sites of the Tyranid swarm and one of the most terrifying. Larger than a tank and possessing strength to tear machines of war asunder and ignore much of the firepower of their opponents. You are one of the many breeds of these mighty beasts of war, with all the power they normally have and full intelligence. You are the Tyranid's equivalent of a heavily armoured tank and will doubtless be on the frontlines of war on a constant basis.

**Norn Queen- 100**

The Norn Queens are the individual, immense directors of the evolutionary path of the Hive Fleets. Each one is big enough to fill a massive room and are responsible for the creation of every single type of Tyranid in existence, almost. While they do not literally birth each and every Tyranid organism, they are responsible for creating the blueprints for their DNA by mixing and creating such things. As a Norn Queen, you are unlikely to see any direct combat but you will be responsible for perhaps the most important role in the entire hive fleet.

You are a newborn of whatever species and breed you have chosen, age being mostly irrelevant for Tyranids. Gender is even more pointless, given that Tyranids do not reproduce through such methods and thus you simply lack a gender as a Tyranid.

# Perks

All perks are discounted to their connected origins. 100CP perks are free for the connected origins. However, the Command origin can only pick two perks on each pricing level (200, 400, 600) to have discounted and may only take two of their 100CP perks free.

**Independence- Free**

Despite your individual nature and the most assuredly odd origin of your being, the hivemind will not consider you more interesting or notable than any other Tyranid for that fact and will not act against you. If you act against the Tyranid race, then this will likely change, but so long as you support the hivemind it will consider you an ally and not question your nature or experiences in other worlds. You will also be capable of surviving being absorbed by Tyranid ships and reborn elsewhere in the Hive Fleet, though this 'continuity' function will not work for any other situation, even those similar in mechanics.

**Infiltrator**

**Hiding in the Hives- 100**
The first step of infiltration, surprisingly enough, is actually infiltrating a location. You can't carry out your work of weakening the enemy from the inside out if you're stuck on the outside. Thankfully, you're as masterful a sneak as there ever was. You won't be breaking into a space marine fortress, not unless you have a mighty great distraction to help, but sneaking past the defences of the governor's palace on some Hive city? Easy time. Not worth even mentioning the security of the city itself, as you can get by almost any guard or technology that might detect you and can be found there. Even if someone saw you, it seems like people find the idea of you being present an uncomfortable one, and it'll take multiple witnesses or video evidence for them to believe a genestealer was actually in their midst.

**Scout Out Survival- 100**
Your mission is to land far ahead of your fleet and prepare worlds for the arrival of the main invasion force, making them weak and easy for eating. This means you are often without support, aside from your fellow genestealers. Once you have agents and cults set up, this becomes easier, but in the early days it can mean day to day survival is a major task. For you, less so, as you've adapted for just this sort of thing, even better than other genestealers. You can go for days, even weeks, without sustenance and with only an hour or twos' rest each night and not see any drop in efficiency. You'll eventually need to feed and rest but you can go for far longer than any of your brothers. Your body also stays in good condition even with this low supply of nutrients. Muscles stay strong, bones stay sturdy and claws or fangs stay sharp, though none of this protects against actual attacks.

**Brainy Bulb- 200**
You're quite the genius, even among humans your mental prowess would be notable. You have a mind like a steel trap and you find problem solving and creative work to be a breeze. Most importantly, your ability to adapt to changes in any plans or situations is top notch, making you a vital part of any effort to infiltrate a society and sow the seeds of a cult. This intelligence of yours won't be lost either, as you retain it even when under the yoke of the hivemind or after being reduced to a more bestial form, thus allowing you to always retain your own cognitive mind. As long as you're alive, in any case.

**Family Bonds- 200**
The Genestealers are required to operate far from any other Tyranid organism for much of their lives. They cannot rely on synapse creatures to connect them to the hivemind and thus they are blessed with a small, interconnected hivemind of their own, shared between the genestealers of a particular brood. This brood telepathy is more advanced in your case, as you are able to extend it to anyone that is willing to enter into it with you. This allows you to share senses and thoughts, though only Tyranids will be able to do things such as gather their psychic energy or create a shadow in the warp. This hivemind only extends a few miles however. As long as a member of it is within a five or less miles of another member, they will count as being a part of the hivemind.

**The New Breed- 400**
To spread their influence over a planet, genestealers will infect the life of that planet with their own brood. Injecting a small organism, it will corrupt and twist the host into a mutated, genestealer like creation. The true terror of this only comes about when that host breeds, creating a being that with each successive generation, appears more and more like the original host, yet retains the loyalty

towards the hivemind and the abilities of the genestealers. Once they reach the 4th or 5th generation, they will almost exactly resemble the host species, this being the prime time for infiltration into society, and the generation after this will breed pure genestealers with the advantages of the host race bred into them. You are now able to do this same process but for any alternative form or race that you possess, not merely Tyranids. This will convert them into a hybrid between your chosen race and their own, fusing better as the generations go on, and also enthral them to your will.

**The Beast with Two Backs- 400**
Somehow, a perfect hybrid between a host and a genestealer has been formed. You are that hybrid, able to take on the form of your humanoid host and be perfectly indistinguishable from a normal example of that species, or to unleash your true nature and turn yourself into your natural Tyranid form. The truth of your nature and race is undetectable to any technology or magic and even if your Tyranid form is a colossal beast, you can somehow compress yourself with ease. Your host is one of the various humanoid, biological species of the galaxy such as a Human or Eldar. You do have the knowledge of their lives but they are only a basic, ordinary example of their species.

**Ymgarl Adaptability- 600**
A particularly nightmarish mutation has come about within your body. You possess a few strains of DNA from the Genestealers that were once on Ymgarl. Your body can adapt and evolve at a speed that might be as well be shape shifting. Your claws lengthen mid swing to cut opponents who take a back step. Your carapace grows thicker and larger just before bullets strike your body. Your legs will even increase greatly in muscle and strength in the moments you prepare to take a jump to propel you to far greater heights. You could also find yourself changing colour, hue and even scent to adapt to the environment you are in and keep yourself hidden. These changes are usually temporary to make up for their speed and only extend so far, though you can keep them permanently and slowly evolve further along specific lines if you wished. Normally, Ymgarl type Genestealers would need to consume copious amounts of biomass to keep this ability working but you seem to have grown beyond that capability.

**Broodlord- 600**
You're a Broodlord, the most advanced and lethal evolution of the genestealer breed. In every respect, you are a perfection of what came before you. Strength, speed, intelligence, lethality, you embody and surpass what your breed was made for. A single genestealer or a dozen, a Broodlord could tear through either with ease. They were made to lead those of their former breed and that is indeed your job, as whatever type of Tyranid you are, you are elevated to a higher position of command. Even if you are not a genestealer, you retain the benefits of this perk that would grant you supercharged abilities in comparison to normal members of your type and this will continue to work even for non-Tyranid forms, ensuring you retain your status as a Broodlord.

**Command**

Can only get two discounts per tier

**Directing the Swarm- 100**

You're quite a good commander on the battlefield. You're no legend yet but you'd be able to take on an equal force and win more often than not. A feat much harder than it might seem for some other life forms, given you are often in command of several thousand to several billion Tyranids at any one time, a vast and overpowering swarm of lethal bodies. You're never bothered by this quantity of soldiers in your command. Indeed, you can easily take account off all the manpower you have available and you'll never find yourself mentally overwhelmed or unable to command simply due to sheer numbers. You'll never find your strategic and tactical skill diminished simply because of how many troops you have to command.

**Brain power- 100**

Psykers in this world rarely enjoy the use of their powers and for Tyranids it is even worse. To channel the psychic force of the hivemind through a single mind, it's no wonder the damage and even death that the Zoanthropes and other psychic organisms often undergo when pushed too far. You are not immune to this force but you do find yourself with a certain degree of protection. Your mental functions and abilities, whether long nights of waiting in ambush in total focus or the use of psychic powers, will never fatigue you or cause you pain, though you will suffer the end results eventually. No matter how you use your mind, you will always be free of headaches, migraines and loss of focus. You can eventually fall unconscious from lack of energy or even die from using too much psionic power but until that point your performance will not be negatively affected. You are also aware of how much fatigue and pain you should be feeling, even as you bypass the effects of it.

**Friendmind- 100**

Most of the command structure of the Tyranids, the Synapse creatures, are intelligent and self-aware. The Hive Tyrants are perhaps the best examples, being near fully independent beings kept closely watched by the hivemind. This independence grants them much greater leeway to learn and be creative in their commanding of armies but also means they are strictly watched. You too, as all Tyranids, are watched by the hivemind but you seem to have a particular talent for…perhaps charm is not the right word but you get along well with the collective consciousness of your race. The hivemind, and other similar mentalities, often look favourably upon you and you have a far easier time understanding and befriending such beings. For now, this manifests as a much greater leniency and degree of freedom from the hivemind's oversight but in future worlds you may seek to befriend similar eldritch creatures or alien minds.

**Indescribable Horror- 200**

Few words could accurately explain what the sight of you does to the hearts of even brave men. You are terrifying on a primal level, striking fear in the hearts of all who see you, no matter your form. This fear, and any other amount of terror or intimidation you may cause beyond the level granted by this ability, will always manage to affect someone as long as they have the capacity to feel fear. No matter how brave a man is or how much he has seen, or even what unnatural drugs or magicks lay on his mind, he will shake at the sight of you as the fear that emanates from you does so on a psychic level as well as a physical level. Beings such as unfeeling robots or servitors are not subject to your fear as they do not feel emotion at all.

**In Two Minds- 200**
The average Zoanthrope would be a terrifying military commander if so much of their immense brainpower wasn't devoted to controlling their incredible psychic energies. You are an experiment to get around that. You possess two perfectly equal brains that have been fused till they take up no more space than your normal one. One is entirely devoted to maintaining psychic powers and other combat related abilities, leaving your other brain open for higher thinking and planning. You can choose to focus both minds on a single task, improving your psychic skill and power or your planning ability and focus as you wish. In addition to your already strange mind, these dual brains have given you a defence of sorts against enemy telepaths. While they will not be stopped from reading your mind with just this, any who look into your brain will find themselves in constant pain as they do so, unless they too are an alien being as strange as yourself.

**Racial Appetite- 200**
The endless hunger of the Great Devourer has found itself embedded into your very mind and body, or at least a very small part of the infinite gluttony of your race. Your blows, physical or psionic, drain the life and spirit from your foes and add them to yourself. Every strike against the body or mind of your opponent will restore your body and mind equally for it. If you were to cut off a man's arm, you could heal an equivalent amount of flesh on your own body and an equivalent level of damage to your own mind, whether that be disorders to actual psychic damage that has been dealt to you.

**Zoanthropy- 400**
You've become a Zoanthrope, of sorts. All the incredible psychic power of a Zoanthrope is yours to command, though you do not need to take on the body of a Zoanthrope unless you wish to do so. Every Zoanthrope is a mighty psyker, capable of tearing through large sections of whole armies on their own, though natural Zoanthropes are limited by needing to devote almost all their brainpower to controlling their own power. You do not have this limitation. In fact, you not only find controlling your own psychic powers to be quite easy and natural, you also won't find yourself harmed by overuse of psychic energy. If you ever reach a point where you would channel too much psionic force at once, it will simply slip harmlessly away from your mind, though it is possible to override this.

**Old Enemies- 400**
Particularly strong or proven commanders in the Tyranid forces will often be brought out again and again, birthed with the same memories as previous versions of their breed to continue to develop that fighting experience. Some Tyrants have centuries of combat experience and strategic skill in their heads, with memories of battles against every imaginable foe. You too have access to this ancestral memory, able to call back to all of your ancestors to gain knowledge and skill. What you gain likely depends on your breed and position but you'll find that no matter who you are, your ancestors always have some notable skills and knowledges to offer you, though they may not always be applicable in the situation you are currently in. You continue to possess this ability in future worlds, though note that the further back you try and recall, the less you will be able to glean from any ancestor. A century or two is crystal clear but more than that and gaps will start to appear in what you gain. More than a millennia and it's likely you will get vague images at best.

**The Doom of Jumper- 400**
The raw psychic power that courses through your mind has now imbued itself into your very body whilst your physical form has now strengthened your mind considerably. Your physical power and your psychic power are now linked to each other, rising and falling as the other does so. The more

power you gain in one category, even if only a temporary boost, the more power you will gain in the other. Psychic energy will cause your body to grow stronger, faster and tougher whilst increasing your physical forms capabilities will increase the power, speed and tenacity of your mental abilities.

**Shadow in the Warp- 600**
One of the most feared attributes of the Hive Fleets is the phenomenon known as the Shadow of the Warp. The Tyranid's as a collective have such an immense psychic force that they mute the warp around them, preventing it or psychic powers or transmissions from taking place. This not only blocks off warp travel but also isolates planets from communicating with other worlds and neuters psychic opponents. You have a personalised variant of this, even when unconnected from the hivemind that allows you to massively weaken or even nullify if weak enough, any psychics or similar power users in your area. Your aura's range is enough to cover a large battlefield and you can even severely weaken beings who are innately connected to the warp or similar places within your aura. If you managed to set up another hivemind between yourself and other creatures, you could also extend this aura to them, though if they go too far from you or each other, this will fail to work.

**The Tyrant- 600**
The military leaders of the Tyranid race, the Hive Tyrants are among their most powerful combatants as well as their greatest commanders. You are almost the size of a carnifex, towering over any man four times over, and armed to the teeth. You have four arms, two are gigantic razor claws and the other two consist of a deadly lashing whip and a just as ferocious bonesword. Your thick armour can ward off most attacks and you even have significant psychic abilities, though not nearly as much as the Zoanthropes. As a commander of the Tyranid race, you are also a masterful strategist and tactician. Whether it be a single small skirmish or a campaign of devastation across an entire third of the galaxy, you can plan and execute any military strategy with the skill and experience of a master. You are also able to effortlessly incorporate new types of combatants or new technologies into your armies and strategies, given your race of origin.

**The Soul Devourer- 600**
In the past, you got the chance to feed on the very heart of an Eldar craftworld. All those souls, they gave you strength. You fed and fed until you could eat no more and you gained a shocking amount of power, whether you destroyed the world in your feeding or not. Your psionic abilities are enough to tear battleships in two or render a titan into slag and, as long as you continue to feed on souls, they will continue to grow. Souls give you power, permanently increasing your psychic strength just a little for every one you eat and with all the food on offer to you, you could eat a lot of souls in the near future.

**Monster**

**Living Battering Ram- 100**
Once something of your size and power gets moving, there's little that can stop it. Carnifexes are feared across the galaxy for their charges, such power that even reinforced fortresses cannot always hold up, and you are no different. Whenever you are charging or sprinting, anything that would not fully stop your momentum is busted straight through instead. If you were to charge a brick wall and would normally only be slowed by the impact, you'll instead keep moving totally unimpeded and the brick wall will be totally smashed. The only thing that can stop your charge is something that would halt it totally, even if what stopped you was severely damaged in the process of doing so.

**Slumbering Beneath the Ice- 100**
There are many tales of massive Tyranid beasts that have laid frozen or trapped for years after their fellows were driven from a world or moved on. They are not dead, usually just hibernating, waiting for something to wake them to restart their rampaging feast. You may now enter a state that stops you from dying unless you have truly horrific wounds or unnatural effects that would enforce your death. In this state you are protected extremes of temperature, radiation, toxic conditions and even poisons, though these can eventually harm you at absurdly high levels. You can survive in space in this state, as it removes your need to breathe or eat whilst in it. You are aware of your surroundings but cannot think except to bring yourself out of this state, though time seems to pass very quickly. You can also emit a scent that attracts living beings towards you in this state, though it is not particularly hard to resist if the targets are aware of it, and this scent can even seep through if you were frozen solid in ice. A handy way to lure unwitting helpers out to get you released from any prison you may find yourself in.

**DISTRACTION- 200**
Apparently, you're big and scary and threatening and that makes everyone want to shoot you. Or at least, you can make yourself look like that on a whim. With a thought, you can flip a switch and make yourself seem like the most dangerous combatant on the field, making everyone that can see you decide that, as long as other enemies aren't right up in their faces, you are a much more important target to shoot at. Even if your allies are currently charging across the battlefield at them, the enemy will decide to focus fire on you. The more foes you focus on yourself, the tougher you'll get, but this increase is generally quite small, so you'll likely want to make sure you're quite beefy already before going and grabbing the attention of an entire guard regiment.

**Stampede- 200**
Something as big as you are shouldn't move as fast as you do. That's what the silly humans seem to think in any case. They may even have something of a point, given how you can spring from standing still to your top speed in just a few seconds, even when you're a lumbering Carnifex. Your size or shape no longer hinders your speed either, allowing even huge monsters like yourself to cross distances in incredibly short times. The enemy is almost certain to panic when they realise just how fast you are charging at them when only a moment ago you were slowly stomping across the field.

**Battlefield Breeding- 400**
Similar to the great Norn Queens, you are able to produce organisms from within your body. You cannot mix and match DNA to create new life but you are a combat capable, mobile beast on your own and the creatures that you produce will only reinforce that power. At the start, you are able to spawn dozens of Termagents, weak Tyranid warriors, from within you at a time. You need biomass

to form them and can run out but once released, they form a miniature hivemind with yourself and will follow all your orders. The number you can maintain depends on your psychic strength but even at a basic level, you can spawn over a hundred Termagents. What makes you special is that you are not limited to Termagents and are in fact able to spawn species that you have eaten in the pass, so long as you have the requisite biomass and energy to create them. You do not create clones of whatever you ate, merely basic members of that species, but they are under your control. The stronger the spawn, the more strain they will place on your hivemind.

**The Bigger They Are, The Squishier You Get- 400**
The humans are so fond of telling you things like 'the bigger they are, the harder they fall'. Perhaps they should gain a few more demonstrations of exactly what all that size allows you to do. The bigger you are in comparison to your foe, the stronger your body gets. Powered armour on a human that may once have taken a dozen blows to pierce from a Carnifex of your size will now be sliced open in one or two strikes. You can smash even their vaunted marines to paste beneath your boots and the bigger you grow, the worse this gets for them. There are some things durable or tough enough that you can't scratch them even when you're much bigger than them, even with this boost, and anything equal to your size or greater won't change your power at all.

**Great Old Beast- 600**
All Tyranids are hard to put down for good but you? You take the cake on this one. People might even come to think you're immortal with how hard it is to really, truly kill you. You regenerate at an astonishing speed, closing even grievous wounds in under half a minute. You can survive losing organs, limbs or even losing your whole head, as long as around half of your mass is still roughly intact. People can kill you, particularly if they make sure to hit you again and again when something else might have normally died, but people also have a curious tendency to assume your death for you. If you happen to be knocked off a cliff, buried in a cave in or otherwise 'killed' in some manner that obscures your body from the would be killer, you'll find that they always, at least the first time, believe you really did die. They'll likely check the next time it happens though, unless they really are that stupid.

**Bio Titan- 600**
You tower above the battlefield, a great, spindly monstrosity that can fling around tanks with a single hand or compete even with the Titans of the Imperium in direct combat. The Bio Titans, such as yourself, are amongst the largest land base combat life forms the hivemind can field and the sight of one can inspire unspeakable dread in even the hardiest of foes. You can take on this form, becoming a juggernaut tens of times your normal size and mass, even applying this hideously grown battle form to any other shape you may be capable of taking on.

**Norn Queen**

**Hungry Hungry Tyranids- 100**
Eat. Eat. Eat. Create. Eat. Eat. Eat. Create. Your role as a Norn Queen is simple and with little real excitement in the shape of battle instead of the pleasure of creating new life forms. You eat, form and then create new soldiers for the hivemind to fling against your prey. The truly vast amounts of biomass you usually consume in this process necessitate quite gigantic stomachs and other supporting organs, at least they usually do. For you, that biomass is stored in a more mysterious way. Perhaps as a result of psionic quirks or some other method, any biomass you eat is now stored in a separate, inaccessible to any but you pocket dimension. The moment you have need of it, it will be within you, but until then it is stored without taking up any space or weight or the passing of time. When you recall it however, you will still need to digest and/or process the biomass to make use of it.

**Queen Mother- 100**
Eating is the first step, creating is the next. A Norn Queen births uncountable numbers of varying life forms, some highly complicated or incredibly large. These acts might normally be uncomfortable or even dangerous to the new Tyranid or to the queen themselves. You'll never encounter such risk. Any births or birth like events you undergo will always go ahead without complications or dangers to your health or the health of the child. No matter how complex or fragile or dangerous or large the baby, it and you will both survive the birthing process. Past this however, the new life form loses this guarantee of life and may soon die without support.

**Evolutionary Path- 200**
The hivemind is always searching for ways to improve the swarm, of which the Norn Queens are the directors of. Most often, this amounts to mere chance, encountering a planet with useful life forms and absorbing them into the swarm. You have a much more focused sense however, one that will lead you to things that may improve your creations. Whether it be the biological Tyranids you create as a Queen or some technological invention you make in another world, when you focus on a particular creation of yours, you will gain a sense of the direction and distance between yourself and several things or methods to improve your creations. These things may be guarded, or simply innately dangerous, but following your instincts will most certainly improve the swarm at a far faster pace.

**Leaving the Nest- 200**
No mother can bear to see their children leave the nest. Keeping track on your wayward children is only natural, even for a Norn Queen. Any of your children, be they actual children or simply your creations with at least some innate intelligence, give off beacons that allow you to be constantly aware of their exact locations, conditions and mental states at all times. Undetectable to any other, even those of great psychic prowess, this will allow you to constantly monitor those you have given life. If they happen to die, that beacon will remain where they are, allowing you to find their bodies and put it to good use.

**Hydra power- 400**
The Hydra effect is a massive psychic event that occurs on the death of a Norn Queen. So powerful that it manages to obscure the light of the Astronomicon for vast distances around the Norn Queen, covering multiple systems and being felt at weaker levels over even greater distances, the burst can fry the minds of entire worlds and drive mad psykers even from across a solar system. While you are

able to release such a burst at death, though you can choose not to, you are unique among Norns in that you can release smaller blasts at will and that you can selectively exclude beings from being harmed by them. These blasts begin at the level of being able to destroy the minds of even military psykers that the Imperium sends against you, albeit only the normal human ones and not those of a greater level. You can increase the power of the Hydra blast but the greater the power the longer it will take to recharge and, past a certain point, the more strain it will place on you. A blast that could cover an entire city and damage even a Space Marine Librarian would be the limit of what you could do without risking damage to your own brain.

**Gene Master- 400**
Norn Queens take in new DNA and create new life forms that have adapted to this DNA. This is the basic, core function of the subspecies. Norn Queens, being individuals in their own right, vary in their skill in this act. All are beyond nearly any mortal master of the art but even amongst the Norns, few match your own ability. To completely understand the biology of a being, all you need is a single taste of nothing more than a drop of blood. Once you have it and set to work on building a new life form? You can effortlessly weld this new information with old structures and DNA you already know how to create, letting you create new life forms with enhanced positive traits and negative traits or flaws reduced to near nonexistence. The Tyranids birthed from your designs will be several times greater in what they do and possess far fewer weaknesses, a fact that will only become truer as they bring even the smallest of samples for you to improve on.

**Explosion of Life- 600**
As the swarm tirelessly seeks more and more prey, it will encounter no end of challenges or unique opponents. To conquer these challenges, the Tyranid must take advantage of its two great strengths. Numbers and adaptability. To a Norn Queen, adaptability is by far the most important. Whenever your creations encounter a new problem, you'll find it a breeze to find a way for them to overcome, circumvent or avoid the problem. If your Tyranids come face to face with a foe designed to exterminate them, ideas for how to improve the Tyranids against that specific foe will come into your mind out of nowhere. And once you have found a way for your creations to overcome a problem, you can assimilate that former challenge into them with ease, improving them even more. To you, combining new elements into your existing creations is a seamless process. Alien technology can be integrated into your own designs with little effort, as can new forms of biology into your children. Problems that are too great in scope or scale or new elements that are too bizarre or far beyond your current understanding may prove too much for this ability, at least until you find a way to close the gap between yourself and your target.

**Super Synapse- 600**
As perhaps the closest, besides the Hive Tyrants, to leaders that the swarm has that are separate from the great hivemind itself, you have gained a strange trait that allows you to function on your own, even away from the hivemind. You are able to create or even control hiveminds and similar entities. When creating one, you are able to turn other beings into parts of your hivemind by mentally dominating them, whether they accept or not, and creating that bond. The bond will then allow you to share information, sensory input and even psychic energy, though too great a distance will weaken the bond to nothing. To control an existing hivemind, wholly or partially, you must pit your mental strength against the hivemind's own mental fortitude. The more of it you wish to control, the more of the hivemind you must dominate with your psychic will. If you can fully take it over? It'll simply become yours, all resistance crushed out of it as it bows to its new master.

# Brood Customization

Here you will pick the many biomorphs and weapons that your specific species of Tyranid has available. You have 1000 Tyranid Points to spend. Any purchase of a weapon can give you one or two of such weapons, one for each side of your body. Weapons will be sized up or down depending on your body size. You may also convert CP into TP at a 1:1 ratio.

**Claws and Teeth- Free**

Every Tyranid is armed with sharp claws and teeth, slicing and ripping through flesh and armour. Even those not equipped for combat have these basic defensive implements on their bodies.

**Armour- Variable**

All Tyranids are far more armoured then an ordinary human and you already possess some level of armour based on your origin type of breed. The following options allow you to upgrade that or stack further the same type of armour. Even if you buy a lesser level of armour then you should already have, consider it as just toughening you further.

All Tyranids for free have a basic chitin armour. This manifests in a thick leathery hide and insectoid carapace, tough enough to deflect basic blades and glancing small arms fire. Their bodies are also coated in a waxy slime that assist in surviving in space for short periods.

For 50 points this can be reinforced. The Tyranid will now exude a sticky resin that quickly hardens to become a second layer of armour, an ablative protection that will continually replace itself. This resin also provides good resistance against heat or radiation based attacks.

For 100 points, the basic carapace and skin of the Tyranid will be greatly strengthened, resulting in armour that can shrug off attacks that would normally tear through basic chitin.

For 150 points, the carapace of the Tyranid has grown to the extent of becoming a fully covering exoskeleton armour, making them incredibly tough to all but the heaviest of weapons.

Finally, for 200 points, the Tyranids gain a special armoured shell around their entire bodies that can ignore any attack short of those designed specifically to attack heavily armoured tanks and even then all but the strongest will face a strong resistance.

**Acid Blood- 100**

The blood running through your veins is a particularly deadly concoction. When it leaves your body and is exposed to air, it'll turn into a powerful acid, capable of melting through ceramic armour or flesh in mere moments. Using bladed weapons on you is a foolish move that few live to regret.

**Adrenal Glands- 50**

A special set of glands within the Tyranids body that allow it to activate a hyperactive metabolic state, pushing its body to the limit for a few moments before needing to replenish itself. This burst of speed and strength is a handy advantage to turn the tables on a foe who believes he surpasses your physical abilities.

**Barbed Stranglers- 100**

These biomorph weapons fire large seed pods, usually the size of an adult human's fist, that are filled with sharp, barbed tendrils. Stored in an ammo sac next to the gun appendage, when fired these will hatch in seconds, shooting out their tendrils to tear away at everything near them. Particularly brutal if the seed pods are embedded into something first. For an extra 50 points, you may upgrade one of these to a Stranglethorn Cannon. These fire much larger, heavier seed pods that can use their tendrils to rip apart entire vehicles, the level of carnage they inflict on softer targets best left unmentioned.

**Bio-Electricity- 200**
Your entire body generates a deadly electrical field, managed by the spines that now cover your body. This field of arcing lightning bolts can be discharged at your foes, hitting them with the force of several lightning bolts or simply left to surround the Tyranid, killing most biological life forms that approach it from massive heat and electrical damage.

**Bio-Plasma- 150**
With a high pitched shriek accompanying it, you are able to belch forth a ball of highly explosive bio-plasma. This blindingly bright ball of fire is not only hot enough to boil through a tank's armour in a moment but also explosive enough to kill everything within a short distance of the blast with ease.

**Bonesword- 200**
A living blade of bone and chitin, constantly working to keep itself in perfect shape and refine its blade to a monomolecular edge. These are mighty weapons, blades that hum with constant psionic power and are able to slice through almost any physical matter in existence. Even if something has not died to the wounds left by this massive blade, the psychic energy within it will strike out at the wounded foe, seeking to tear them apart from the inside. Powerful as the blades are, they grow even more so when paired with one or more extra Boneswords. For every 100 points, you may buy another bonesword, each extra one will greatly increase the psionic power in each blade.

**Chameleonic Skin- 100**
Your skin can blend in perfectly with whatever background is around you, changing colour and hue automatically to allow you to remain almost completely invisible in whatever environment you find yourself in. This biomorph has also seen your feet and limbs become slightly padded, reducing what sound you make to very little.

**Cluster Spines- 100**
Covering your carapace are a mass of thing, hollow spines. These porcupine like protrusions are incredibly brittle and explode on impact into thousands of smaller, but no less sharp, fragments. Providing a nasty defence against close combat, you can also launch groups of these spines outwards from your body, bombarding the enemy with tiny razor quills. These may be upgraded to Frag Spines for another 50 points, which makes them much larger and the velocity of the spines much faster, along with providing a great many more spines.

**Crushing Claws- 100**
Gigantic, crab like claws that take immense strength to wield but can smash tanks and soldiers to paste alike. To wield these, one must be incredibly strong, and thus possessing them has greatly increased your own physical strength, though how much it has increased depends upon your size.

**Deathspitter- 100**
A symbiotic organism attached to your body, filled to the brim with large maggots with highly acidic insides. Able to fire these maggots at high speeds, they'll splatter over your enemies and spread their acid on them, melting through flesh and armour in seconds. If any maggots survive the impact, they'll devour the closest fleshy target anyway.

**Devourer- 100**
A cone shaped lump of mostly rotted flesh, these are in fact hives of brainleech worms, vicious little black worms that seek to eat into the flesh of their prey and devour their nervous systems from the inside out, extreme pan being a side effect of this. With a jolt, a whole spray of these worms can be sent flying at any foe to burrow into their flesh.

**Flamespurt- 100**
A long cannon located on your back, able to fire out long gouts of superhot fire that can melt metal with ease. These fireballs can go quite a distance but, unlike the natural pyrovores, you don't seem to be any more volatile then normal.

**Fleshborer- 100**
Similar to the Devourer, the Fleshborer is a small nest like gun organism for the borer beetles. Short lived insects, at least outside of their nests, they have fangs sharp enough to burrow through even the thickest of armour and use powerful legs to fling themselves many dozens of meters. A single shot fires a few of these beetles, who eagerly seek to devour any flesh they can sense to extend their lives.

**Flesh Hooks- 100**
Embedded in your ribcage are a series of tubes that can fire long, pointed tendrils. These flesh hooks can pierce through fleshy targets and drag them in or work as a grapple to swing yourself around a landscape or even climb up great heights.

**Impaler Cannon- 150**
Gigantic cannons that take place of one of the Tyranid's arms, the Impaler Cannon fires bone spines that are as long as a human is tall. Each one is steered by a tiny organism on the end of the spines, allowing the projectiles to correct their aim mid-flight, and they are fired with such strength that they can directly pierce through the entirety of a battle tank.

**Implantation- 100**
You have a unique type of appendage that is capable of causing extreme internal damage to any enemies. Hollow claws, tendrils that suck out the insides of a person or barbed stingers. These things may not leave much external damage but can kill some of the toughest things in the galaxy with the violence they commit from within.

**Lash Whip- 100**
A long, thick, flexible tendril attached to your body, entirely under your mental control. Lined with sharp bone blades, the extremely fast whip can slice apart entire squads of men almost before they can realise you were ever there. For things that cannot be sliced apart, this whip can instead strangle or constrict with surprising strength.

**Rending Claws- 50**
New limbs, each ending in a rather ferociously sharp and heavy set of claws are now yours to wield. Each claw is tipped with an incredibly hard material, which can easily tear through armour. All but the hardest materials will be pierced by these specialised heavy claws.

**Scything Talons- 100**
A multitude of smaller limbs have been added to your body, each tipped with a small but viciously sharp talon. The favoured weapon of the faster Tyranid breeds, taking this has ensured you are significantly faster then what your particular size would normally suggest.

**Snake Form- 200**
Your lower body is now that of a serpent, slithering across the battlefield at high speeds. While you may have lost your legs, your new snake body can crush or constrict others quite well and you can even burrow underground at the same speed as you move above it.

**Sonic Screech- 50**
You can roar or scream at such high volume as to blow out the ears of anyone too close to you, causing permanent damage. Get yourself going right in someone's face? You'd likely kill them outright from the sheer volume or at the very least cause some nasty damage.

**Spinefists- 100**
An alteration to at least two of the creature's fists. The spinefists allow a Tyranid to fire small, razor sharp spines from their fists with bursts of air, adding an extra bite to any of their blows and allowing even those normally built for close combat to fight at greater ranges. The larger the Tyranid, the more pressure these spines are fired with.

**Stinger Salvo- 100**
Among the more simple weapons of the swarm, Stingers are biomorphs that fire meter long spikes of bone that have been filled with venom, poisoning anything that doesn't die from impalement on the massive spikes.

**Strangleweb- 100**
A small creature linked to your body that is able to fire over long ranges, globs of stick mucous snares. These webs will rapidly harden and become tighter once they hit something, crushing most targets and immobilising those that survive, given how hard it is to tear your way out of the webs.

**Thorax Swarm- 100**
Your thorax section has been bloated slightly, to contain a swarming hive of new organisms to attack your foes with. Crawling out of openings in your chest or the rest of your body, they'll scuttle over and chew at the flesh and organs of any that dare to approach you in close combat. Whilst all of these swarms are viciously sharp, there exist three separate breeds, one of which you may choose for free and the others will cost 50 points each to gain. The Electroshock Grubs are the first, who create powerful arcs of electricity between each grub when they swarm, able to char flesh to blackened cinders. The Dessicator Larvae are next, latching onto their victims and draining them of all moisture within seconds. Lastly the Shreddershard Beetles are covered in sharp spines and will try and crawl into any small or enclosed spaces they can find before exploding, spraying their spines deep into the enemy.

**Toxic Miasma- 200**
A series of large vents on your back are able to exude clouds of poison gas at your command, gas that can kill normal humans in seconds as it makes them drown on their own coughed up blood. The gas will dissipate quite quickly however, so it will mainly only cover the immediate area around you rather than everywhere you have been.

**Toxin Sacs- 100**
A series of glands have formed next to every claw, talon and fang on your body. These glands coat the natural weapons of the Tyranid in a variety of poisons, from toxins that simply cause unbearable agony to those that shut down the vital organ's functions in just seconds. For an extra 100 points, you may instead gain the same level of poison ability as the Venomthropes, allowing your entire body to constantly exude a mess of poisons and toxins of even greater lethality than normal.

**Venom Cannon- 200**
A long, large and living bio weapon. The Venom Cannon is filled with corrosive crystals, each crystal holding a venomous residue within itself. By firing these at super high speeds, the crystals can kill with either the force of their impact or the many razor shards as the crystals break on impact or even the venom within the crystals, making them terrifically lethal. While at this level they can tear through vehicle armour, for another 50 points you may take a Heavy Venom Cannon instead. These are shot with larger crystals, at far higher speeds and unleash deadly bursts of electricity when they impact, allowing the Tyranid to destroy even a tank in one shot.

**Wings- 200**
Two to four great wings now extend from your back, capable of lifting you into the skies at great speeds, regardless of your size. They're armoured yet still able to fly, leaving them far more protected than wings would normally be. Depending on your size, these wings may be able to buffet and bowl over smaller foes.

# Item

**Black Box- 50**

You're not quite sure what it is. Or why you have it. And neither do any of the other Tyranids. A black box filled with a seemingly endless supply of miniatures of you and other Tyranids appeared out of nowhere. What on earth is a Tyranid meant to do with gamebooks and figurines? You can't play wargames if you don't have fingers.

# Companions

**Import- 50 per**

They may not make much of a difference in the great swarm of things but if you have any friends you wish to bring along, this option will allow you to do so for 50 CP each. Each imported companion will gain a free origin, or use their points to pay for a costly one, and 600 points to spend on perks, though they will only gain 500 points to spend on biomorphs. You may also use this option to create new companions.

**Summon the Swarm- 200**

The swarm is no stranger to the idea of having a whole lot of allies at your back and sides and usually on top or underneath you as well. If you have a lot of friends you'd like to bring in, the above option might not be enough and this'll serve you better. Purchasing this option will allow you to import as many of your existing companions as you wish. They may each take a free origin with the freebies associated with that origin but do not gain CP. They may spend up to 500 TP in the Biomorph section to alter their Tyranid forms.

# Drawbacks

You may take up to 800CP in drawbacks from the below selection.

**Gotta Eat- +100**
It's too hard to resist, especially when you have all this delicious red flesh lining up before you. When you're in a fight, you feel a constant need to eat your defeated or killed opponents and it's near impossible to not pick something up to munch on, even if the battle is still raging on around you. Long as you have something meaty in your mouth, your need probably won't be too bothersome however.

**The Fleshy Bits- +100**
You came out of the birthing pool devoid of the chitin, exoskeleton or shells of your comrades. Your flesh is softer and squishier then even a humans. A switchblade could seriously harm you, much less the sort of weapons found on the battlefield. At least Tyranids can survive a lot of damage because you are not going to be taking any of it well.

**Unyuu- +100**
How could anyone find a face like yours to be anything but adorable? That signature Tyranid terror? You've lost it. In place of a fearsome visage, you seem to look and feel more like a teddy bear. Unfortunately for you, it's not fooling anyone. They'll take you every bit as seriously before, they're just not going to be scared of you in the slightest while they act as normal. But hey, at least you look cute.

**Dead Meat- +200** (Cannot be taken with Scenario)
No longer are you a great Tyranid life form. You can't even claim to be a hidden genestealer, not really. You've been forced into the body of a mutated, deformed first stage genestealer cultist. While you are still stronger and tougher than a human being, you are hideous and lack access to any biological powers or changes, such as many of the things you may have gained from this jump. You will begin as a grunt in service to a genestealer cult on an Imperial Hive World.

**Wild Thing- +200** (Cannot be taken with scenario)
Most Tyranid organisms require a Synapse creature to retain direction and intelligence. Prior to now, you were either a Synapse creature yourself or had no reliance on such things. Now you do. You must be within a short distance of any independent Synapse creature at all times, meaning not yourself or friends you have brought in or made through the use of the import option, or else lose all mental functions and be reduced to the mental state of a feral, hungry animal. The moment you come back into range of a Synapse creature, your mind would be restored.)

**Kryptography- +200**
Lord Inquisitor Kryptman, one of the foremost defenders against the Tyranid menace, has come to the conclusion that you are an integral part of the Tyranid war organism and seeks your death. All of the vast resources at his disposal will be directed to finding and killing you, your one advantage being the vast size of the fleet you are a part of that will slow his efforts. Still, eventually you will begin to find specialised death squads sent in solely to hunt and kill yourself.

**Hive Slave- +300** (Cannot be taken with scenario)
No longer will the hivemind so easily overlook your presence. Instead, it seeks to actively make use of your powers and knowledge, whether you like it or not. It constantly tries to take control of your mind and body, diverting a portion of its immense psychic might to focus solely on you. You have no awareness of when this will happen and it takes a truly monstrously strong will to resist it. It will not consign you to death in a harvesting pool immediately, instead taking the knowledge you possess over time and using you as a weapon in conquests, regardless of how much danger it may pose to you. When it has no current use for you, it will release you until it needs you again.

**The Empty Belly- +300**
The hunger burns truly strong within you. No matter how much food you find and biomass you eat, you'll never not be starving. You and the entire allied fleet that you are connected to will only be able to maintain just enough biomass to survive if you constantly feed, taking even a few hours break is enough to start the breakdown of bodies. You'll be forced to operate at minimum strength and constantly make food runs else collapse entirely, forcing you to fight at your weakest, in the biological sense.

**Unification- +300**
The threat of the encroaching Tyranid horde has finally become clear to the denizens of the galaxy. They have united, or at least agreed to a temporary truce, in order to drive off the Tyranid menace and ensure that no further fleets can break into the galactic area. All the factions of the Galaxy save for those in service of Chaos and the Necrons have allied against you, with those two separate races simply deciding to either attack you on their own or stay out of the conflict all together in hopes of striking at their enemies after it.

# Scenario

*The Great Jumper*

Amongst Imperial Scholars, there is some disagreement as to the Tyranids. A particular subject, whether there is truly a greater mass of the beasts out in deep space or whether what we have seen so far is all that exists of the voracious species. Normally, such a fact would be left to the reader's imagination and choice. Now, it's no longer so.

There is no great armada of Hive Fleets waiting to fall upon the Galaxy. There is only one more Fleet. A Hive Fleet that has made no mark nor sign of its presence. One could very easily say it did not exist until you came into this world and took control of it.

Yes, control. This new Fleet is special. It has no connection to the others. It is a Hivemind, as all Tyranids are but this Fleet is a Hivemind all on its own. And unlike any other Hivemind, it is controlled by a singular intelligence, a disembodied mind that has awareness and absolute control over the entire swarm. This would be you, the new Hivemind of the new Hive Fleet.

Thousands upon thousands of Hive Ships wait for the mere thought of yours that would spur them onwards. Command the Norns to create new life, the ships to target a new course, the Tyrants to implement particular strategies, you are even in control of the immense psionic power that the combined Hive Fleet has at its disposal, though much of that will be dedicated to managing the swarm. You are not a Behemoth or a Leviathan but neither are you as small as Naga. You are a middle sized Hive Fleet, just right in quantity and quality. It's a truly terrifying amount of power…but it comes with a suitably daunting challenge.

Rip all life from the bones of this soon to be dead galaxy. Every last drop of blood, every cell of biological life must be consumed by your Fleet. The other Tyranids that exist in the Galaxy are no allies. Your separate Hiveminds render them competing predators that must be crushed. The biological races of the galaxy must be driven to extinction. Humanity, Eldar, Tau, Ork and so on, none can be left alive. The sentient machines matter only so far in that they may disrupt your purpose, they need not be pursued otherwise. The Warp has similarly little interest towards your purpose, the flesh you need can only be found in the material realm.

An entire galaxy of civilisations and power opponents. It's a feat no other Fleet has accomplished, even those much larger than you. There is no time limit on your efforts but if your Hive Fleet is sufficiently destroyed or split apart, you will die as the energies to support your now immense mental processes cease to exist.

Your reward if you succeed at this titanic task? All that you have made will come with you. You will regain your physical form and no longer be at danger of death if the Fleet is sufficiently destroyed but retain all the benefits of being in your Hivemind state, which you can freely return to at any time or when your body has been destroyed, though once you do the dangers of destruction will return. Your swarm will come with you in its entirety to any future worlds, though you may choose to store them in a time locked state in a space connected to your warehouse, though this space cannot be used for anything else. The Hive Fleet can be altered and modified in the future but it will not grow beyond the size it is at the end of your time here.

# Ending

Eaten your fill have you? Fair enough, it's about time for you to move on in any case.

Do you want to *Stay Here*, in the Galaxy of War, and continue the ceaseless hunt for prey?

Do you want to *Go Home*, perhaps show that original world of yours a new apex predator?

Do you want to *Continue On* to new worlds, ripe for the feeding?

## Notes

Special thanks to my darling NuBee, as wonderful as ever.

Post jump, your Tyranid body will become an Alt Form.