PART 3 - Processional Of The Damned.

Time moves on, as time is wont to do. The fallout from the invasion is cleared, as best it can be. Skirmishes with stragglers are common at first, but soon begin to grow fewer and fewer. Ruined buildings are rebuilt, and people settle down once more.

Peace at last spreads across the world. Across your world.

After so long fighting, so many adventures in so many places, that peace is strangely seductive.

Unfortunately, it is not to last. Something of great import is afoot in the sector that plays host to your new world, every long range scanner registering vast hosts of starships moving into the area, some located only a few light months away.

You have your suspicions. The Deadlight, the ancient artifact that sealed away your powers when you arrived has begun to hum softly to itself, a sinister sound only just on the edge of hearing.

Now, you find yourself watching from the window of the office you claimed on the Hephaestus station so long ago as the last meter thick panel of Ceramite is placed, chemwelders sealing the metal sheets together as though they had always been one massive, featureless expanse of alloy.

Already you can see the flares of light that mark the shuttles bringing the first of the crew to the ship.

You can wait no longer.

It's time to end this.

Companions

Ever helpful, your companion has been by your side since the moment you two met so long ago aboard a ruined ship whose name you did not even know. Through thick and thin the pair of you have been together, friends, or as close to the concept as the two of you can get. Perhaps even more. They stand as someone you can rely on, and someone you have relied on.

As invested as you are in the survival of the world and the triumph of the Light of Terra they have done what they can, rallying such support as is available, be it through honeyed words, manipulation, dragging in favours, trade, bribery, raids or raining down from above in their millions to consume vast swathes of helpless worlds.

Toby The Tyranid. Just accept it and move on.

Gorging on the flesh of the fallen Toby and his brethren grew vast and grew quickly, hundreds of tons of material harvested, processed in vast reclamation pools and sent up to the spawnship above through capillary towers that seemed to grow almost overnight, titanic stretched out snails shells that reach the sky, the colossal molluscs inside adapted to simply move ton after ton of material through its body up to the ship in low orbit.

The spawnship itself begins to change too. While there are few who could say with any certainty just how the biology of the Tyranid works, you are reasonably confident the ship itself and the colossal factory-womb it bears are healthy enough.

This begins to change as the Light of Terra nears completion, the spawnship apparently starting to disintegrate, soft, vulnerable inner organs sliding out of its own chitinous hull in a cloud of gore and blood clots up to thirty meters wide, to the point where the Light glides from the drydock of the Hephaestus station and directly into a cloud of organic matter.

Over the next few hours it becomes apparent that the Tyranid ship isn't dead, and that it is infact thriving. It has simply adapted. If the thing could think, it's thought process might have gone something like 'Why waste time and effort growing an armoured shell when there is one right there going unused?'

Squirming onto and then into the Light of Terra the mighty Tyranid drags itself into the space between the Lights two hulls and comes to a stop, countless smaller organisms scuttling or squirming off to integrate themselves and the spawnship into the battleship herself.

As such, the spawnship and the Light of Terra are now effectively one massive living creature, the Adamantine and Ceramite battleship used as a shell by the spawnship, much the same way

as Hermit Crabs use discarded shells to shield themselves.

You may choose three of the following bonuses for The Light of Terra.

Narvhal Gravstring Harpoon

Location has no effect.

Not a weapon but a method of travel, the Narvhal itself is a secondary organism now dwelling aboard The Light of Terra. Tyranids do not travel via Warp jumps, such as the Imperium does, and so instead rely on the Narvhal Biomorph. Through the use of monofilament spines clusters which can interpret a wide range of sensory input and even a broad spectrum of gravimetric signals, a Narvhal can detect the presence of a planetary system at an incredible distance away. It can then somehow harness the system's gravity to create a corridor of compressed-space through which Tyranid vessels can travel towards the system at a swift rate. Whilst slower than proper warp travel, this method is infinitely more reliable.

However, strong gravitational forces cause interference with a Narvhal's delicate senses. And so on final approach to a system, a Tyranid fleet can no longer use a Narvhal's ability but must resort to slower conventional propulsion whilst within a system's borders. Disastrous side effects are caused by this method of manipulating a system's gravity. The ensnared planets will often experience earthquakes, solar flares, tidal waves or other natural disasters in the period between a Narvhal harnessing the system's gravity and the Tyranid fleet actually arriving. For the Tyranids this is of course another weapon as the defenders will be busy and disorganised dealing with their own planet turning against them.

Living Armour

Location has no effect.

While the thick Ceramite and Adamantine that makes up the bulk of The Light of Terra doesn't change, a great many symbiotic organisms come to dwell on and around the hull, scouring it of interstellar debris and ensuring it is kept in as immaculate a condition as possible. Provided they have the necessary raw materials and nutrients any damage to the hull will be repaired surprisingly quickly, and any attempt at boarding will not go well for the attackers. The Spawnship itself has grown to an inordinate size with correspondingly reinforced internal endostructures and additional shock absorbing organs, increasing its total mass and capacity to sustain damage.

Spore Cysts

Location has no effect.

These massive grows dot the Hull of The Light of Terra and function as both a shield and as a point defence system. Tyranid ships do not have turrets or shields in the normal sense, and instead rely on emitting a constantly replenished physical barrier of spore clouds. Every spore is a Pandora’s box of viral compounds, acids and even nucleonic mutagens capable of eating through hull armour with alarming speed. The combined effect of the millions of spores

produces an ablative armour effect as they absorb weapons fire and ordnance directed at the bio-ship they surround.

Pyro-acidic Batteries

These beetle like Tyranid organisms work by launching compact organic shells containing virulent toxins and pyro-acids. These can cause considerable damage on impact, but it is the release of their ravening payloads into the confines of a ship that can prove the most deadly as armour and delicate components are dissolved while the crew must either vent exposed areas to space or risk allowing contamination by horrifyingly poisonous toxins. Given that these are living creatures spawned by the newly installed hiveship, these outnumber equivalent weapons aboard other ships by a factor of three, giving a truly incredible rate of fire.

Massive Claws

Prow Only.

Does not take up a weapon slot.

Tyranid vessels are terrifying in combat at close quarters. Not only are they packed full of bio-engineered killing machines, often the ships themselves have specially evolved claws designed to rip through the armour of its target, or crushing mandibles that latch onto the ship's prey and then slowly but inevitably tear through decks and gantries. Few ships are capable of dealing with such an attack, designed for long range battle, not melee combat with a living nightmare. Once the Tyranid ship has latched on, defeat is effectively swift and inevitable.

Bio-plasma Batteries

In battle, rank after rank of gargantuan toad like symbiote organisms will move onto the hull, ready to defend their home. Bioplasma is generated by a specially modified oesophagus within these creatures which can vomit bio-plasmic bolts, generated by discharging massive blasts of electrical energy through specially prepared gases in a chamber deep within the creatures labyrinthian stomach, drawing its power from the stores of energy in the gut of the creature, the churning mass of superheated gas a slow but potent means of attack for its speed means that it can drift effortlessly through most shields, and the nature of the plasma itself means each blast effectively function as a massive burst of splash damage across vast areas. Spawned by the vast Tyranid organism dwelling inside the Light of Terra these Bio-Plasma batteries outnumber the equivalent batteries on other ships by a factor of two and have incredible accuracy, each individual creature evolved to effortlessly target and destroy vulnerable points and weapons batteries on opposing ships.

Feeder Tentacles

Many Tyranid ships have huge tentacles which they use to 'feed' on planetary atmospheres, and which can also be used to punch through the hull of a ship allowing the Tyranid organisms inside to assault the enemy. When the ship moves into contact with an enemy ship, it attacks with its feeder tentacles.

These massive, hollow whip like worm symbiotes react instinctively to the presence of non Tyranid matter, be it a planets atmosphere or an enemy vessel. capable of lashing out at incredible speeds sometimes reaching quadruple digits these can easily pierce the hull of enemy vessels and while they are mainly used for siphoning matter from the atmospheres of worlds being consumed, they can just as easily spew out material, flooding opposing vessels with acid or allowing swarms of lesser Tyranids to board.

Womb Hangars

Port and Starboard.

Two colossal organisms will swiftly grow to fill the largest hangars on the port and starboard sides of The Light of Terra, massive, living factories dedicated to birthing schools of support organisms. These symbiotes function much the same as hangars on other ships, though instead of launching fighter or bomber craft they deploy their biological equivalents in the form of giant hull-boring worms, ether-swimming brood carriers, protazoid enzymes, ravening limpet mines and the like. While these cannot instantly deploy wings of prebuilt craft in the manner of fighter and bomber hangars, the advantage is that organisms can be tailored perfectly for the roles required and once bred and matured can undertake missions with an incredible chance of success.

Adrenaline Sacs

Location has no effect.

The primary propulsion valves and constrictor muscles at the rear of the bio-ship have grown in size and strength, massively augmenting the engines of The Light of Terra. The ship can also trigger a short burst of almost berserk effort in both itself and the entire crew, Tyranid and non-Tyranid by flooding the air with Adrenaline laced gas and drastically reducing reaction times for everyone affected.

Shas'O Ko'el, Fire Warrior Commander.

Peace falls on your world, and in its wake come scores of immigrants as your planet becomes an official Sept of the Tau Empire. The population swells and soon Human, Tau, Demiurg, Kroot, Vespid and dozens of other aliens are living side by side in a harmony that would confuse and horrify the average Imperial. It is surprising how quickly Cities come to cover the world, the population rising from a few thousand of the tribesfolk who left the Light of Terra with you to hundreds of thousands, colonists eager to forge new lives for themselves here, in the service of The Greater Good. With them come a great many of the Tau Earth Caste, expert researchers

from dozens of fields who tease the secrets held in your flagships ancient hull from her even as they oversee the retrofitting and integration of new technologies. Shas'O Ko'El himself, already old for one of the Tau but showing no sign of slowing at all is quickly placed in command of the reassuringly heavy fire warrior presence.

Low Orbit Air Caste cities are constructed, titanic orbital elevators tethering them to the ground, and soon the resources of the system you hold are being assessed. The surveyors reports are truly staggering, your home system one of the richest within Tau Space.

Whatever happens now, you can be content that your actions have forged this world into a bastion of hope and tolerance that will eventually become one of the most populous systems that holds true to The Greater Good.

Due to the retrofitting by the Tau Earth Caste, you may select three of the following bonuses for The Light of Terra.

Gravitic Catapult

Aft Only.

Tau vessels already used a form of gravitic drive. This technology projected a sheath of gravitic energy ahead of and around the vessel which was continually re-projected further ahead, drawing the ship behind it rather like an archaic sail. For two hundred tau'cyr the Earth Caste unsuccessfully grappled with the problem only for the breakthrough to be handed to them. On the innermost of T'au VII's moons a routine geological survey discovered the remains of an alien vessel. The significance of the find did not disrupt Tau society as much as might have been expected. Tau theorists had long reasoned that other life forms existed and the verification helped confirm the belief that there was a greater destiny awaiting them. No Tau commented on the unlikely good fortune of finding the technology that they so desperately needed on their doorstep just when they needed it.

The Tau were able to reverse-engineer and duplicate the Warp-Drive of the alien starship but the initial test flights were disastrous. Achieving transition to the Warp required more than technology, it required psychically attuned minds and the Tau race had developed no psykers. Without them to guide the transition, no amount of power could breach the dimensional barriers. The best the Tau could do was make a partial transition, forcing themselves into the void that separated Warpspace and realspace before they were hurled out again like a ball held under water, then released. Data gathered at great cost during the test flights was studied closely. The Earth Caste scientists made the observation that the boundary between realspace and Warpspace was not a neat line. It was closer to a turbulent ocean fomented by the tempestuous Warp tides below. By carefully angling their descent toward the Warp and extending the field generated by the gravitic drive into a wing, shaped to hold the vessel down, a Tau vessel could extend the duration of the dive considerably. The speeds achieved in the ascent back to realspace were staggering and this coupled with the effect of the Warp on space-time ensured that the real distance covered by this "Warp dive" was immense. Early tests

lost several drone ships because they inadvertently passed far beyond the sensor range of their recovery vessels. The details were soon resolved. There was still a major constraint, only the most powerful (and bulky) drives could sustain the gravitic wing throughout the dive and the power drain meant that considerable recharge time was needed between dives. Also by comparison to actually navigating the warp the pace was still very slow. Taking typical Imperial Warp speeds the Tau drive was slower by a factor of five. The speed was consistent though, did not expose the Tau to the perils of the Warp and enabled the Tau to expand beyond their home star system for the first time.

Applying Tau technology to the ancient and mighty Archeotech drives of The Light of Terra has produced something quite spectacular. While no longer capable of utilising warp travel the ship can now catapult itself across truly incredible distances at unimaginable speeds, speeds beyond almost any other ship in the galaxy. The only issue is that once the ship is catapulting itself, course corrections become impossible.

Phased Ion Guns

An Ion Cannon is an Tau Weapon that is capable of engaging enemies at extremely long ranges with high energy ion streams; vaporising flesh and metal with equal ease. These high-energy particles are accelerated by an electromagnetic field and react explosively with the target as a result of direct transfer of energy at an atomic level. The Ion Cannon was developed during the Tau Empire's early expansions into space, and it is a large weapon most commonly found as a primary turret weapon on Hammerhead gunships, though numerous other Tau aircraft and voidships also make use of Ion Cannons. The Ion Cannon was developed using the Ion Weapon technology acquired as part of a fruitful alliance between the Syrr'Tok Brotherhood of the Demiurg and the Water Caste of the Dal'yth Sept.

Heavily modified the Ion Guns fitted to The Light of Terra feature an unusual and as yet unduplicated secondary effect - the electromagnetic field shaping the ion stream will pulse wildly before the explosion and cripple electronics and leave nervous systems helplessly suffering grand mal seizures across a range roughly three times the size of the ionic reaction!

Tri-Barrel Heavy Railgun Battery

A Railgun uses a series of powerful electromagnets and super-conductive electrodes to accelerate small, solid and conductive projectiles to hypersonic speeds. The resulting high levels of kinetic force imparted to the weapon's projectile then allows it to devastate and destroy the most heavily armoured vehicles on impact, even at extremely long ranges. Few vehicles are able to withstand a direct hit from a Railgun without suffering critical damage. Because the projectile is capable of achieving a velocity of anywhere between six and ten times the speed of sound, it generates a tremendous force when it strikes its target that is often far more than would be produced by an explosive charge of the same size. As such, the speed of the projectile is enough to punch through virtually any amount of armour. The size of the weapon determines the size of its power source and thus the kinetic force imparted to the type of projectile used as

ammunition.

Railguns usually fire single, solid projectiles and rely on the projectile's speed to penetrate armour, even at long ranges. Because the projectiles are so small, large numbers can be carried by the weapon's operator at a time. However, when used against infantry, a Railgun can have a devastating effect where the round will simply vaporise the target.Those near the travelling path of the projectile will also find the breath sucked out of their lungs, such is its speed. A Railgun makes an iconic "whip-crack" sound when it fires, which is created when the Railgun's round breaks the sound barrier. A Railgun is also able to fire sophisticated submunition rounds, which consist of smaller projectiles that can strike a wide area. Whilst the overall damage imparted on impact is less, such submunitions are extremely useful for suppressive area fire against infantry targets.

The Heavy Railgun's shell is equipped with a drone processor that is programmed to direct the shell accurately towards its target. This capability is mostly used during void combat to find weak points in the armour of enemy starships as standard submunition rounds lack the necessary penetrating power. They are also useful in ground combat, however, as the shell can saturate an extremely large area with its submunitions and deny cover more effectively to enemy forces due to being fired from the air.

While most Railguns mounted on Tau starships are of such enormous size and require such large amounts of energy to fire that they are grouped into batteries and fired one barrel at a time in sequential order, ensuring the first barrel is loaded and ready before it is charged again, the new Tri-Barrel design features incredibly efficient energy transfer technology that allows virtual rapid fire, one barrel launching a munition while a second is primed and a third is loaded.

Gravitic Hooks and Kir'la Heavy Gunship Squadron

Aft Only.

Simply put, Gravitic Hooks are large, suspensory arms which create a gravitic sheath in which a small vessel can be transported by a larger one, effectively allowing carriers and even battleships to deploy much larger, more formidable assets rather than the usual fighter and bomber wings. As well as three Gravitic hooks, you have been provided with three Kir'la Gunships and their crews.

The Kir'la or 'Warden' itself is a radical departure in gunship design for the Tau navy, the Kor'vattra, in that while it still requires towing via gravitic sheath by larger vessels, it is designed for and crewed primarily as a combat vessel as opposed to being a re-configured cargo lighter as is the more common Kess'l gunship. Because of this, it can seamlessly integrate itself into flotillas, though it can and will operate independently as an escort squadron when assigned to escort civilian or merchant vessels. Because of the high experience levels of its crews and its superior maneuvering qualities when compared to the K'essl, it has proven to be a formidable adversary to attacking raiders. However, its numbers will not be sufficient to replace

the Kess'l in active service for quite some time because of its complexity, and only rarely is it used in this manner.

Despite technological advances in etherdrive technology, the Kir'la's small size makes it extremely difficult to put an efficient interstellar drive system into its hull. Thus it must always be towed into combat and launched after its mother ship enters a system.

Gravitic Barrier

Prow only.

Does not take up a weapon slot.

The barrier is a specialized shield mounted on the prow of the latest experimental Tau vessels. It turns the gravitic sheath around the vessel into a wedge, increasing its defensive capability. If fired at from the front, the deflector augments the passive armor of the ship as a band of focused gravitic waves twist energy weapons in a rainbow splash of colour and crush more mundane munitions into tiny, worthless fragments of metal.

Gravitic Compression Plating

Location has no effect.

A secondary Gravitic Sheath can be installed into The Light of Terra, and when paired with the ancient and unimaginably powerful Cogitator of the ship it can be used to reinforce the hull and internal bracing of the ship herself, miniature gravity wells holding everything together, compressing and hardening the materials of the ship to the point where damage becomes extremely unlikely.

Launch Bays

Port and Starboard.

Automated repair, refueling and resupply installations built into the port and starboard sides of The Light of Terra are refitted to service Tau craft, and several wings of the fearsome air superiority Razor Shark fighters and Sun Shark bombers land within.

A Razor Shark Strike Fighter is a Tau aircraft designed to fulfil both the roles of ground attack craft and air-superiority fighter. To the Fire Warriors forming the front ranks of a Fire Caste firing line, there are few sights more gratifying than seeing a Razorshark Strike Fighter swoop out of the cloud cover and streak over enemy formations. Built along a design pattern modified from the Sun Shark bomber, the Razorshark forgoes the wing-mounted Interceptor Drones in favour of additional manoeuvring thrusters, and it trades the Pulse Bomb Generator for a fearsome Quad Ion Turret. A formidable weapon, the Quad Ion Turret is ideal for turning light vehicles into twisted wrecks. Although firing the weapon in its overcharged mode makes it slightly unstable, the Quad Ion Turret can then produce a blast with an enormous radius that consumes entire squads with a single shot.

Sun Shark Bombers come equipped with a Pulse Bomb Generator as their primary weapon,

which produces a ball of deadly plasma beneath the aircraft. At the pilot's command, the pulsed induction field propels the glaring energy ball towards the target. Sizzling the air around it, the pulse bomb explodes on the ground with an incandescent fury, spreading destruction over a wide radius. A shoal of Sun Shark Bombers flying in tight formation can blast apart even the armour of a capital ship with a single flyover.

To ensure the Sun Shark survives long enough to deliver its bombing run, the vehicle is equipped with a pair of wing-mounted Interceptor Drones. Each armed with a powerful twin-linked Ion Rifle, Interceptor Drones can either stay attached to the Sun Shark, where they act like turret-mounted weapons, or, they can detach from the flyer and serve as an escort. When disembarking from the Sun Shark Bomber, the Interceptor Drones often position themselves to intervene between the bomber and any oncoming enemy fighters. They also have the ability to boost their jets, giving them a rare burst of speed, that allows Interceptor Drones to better position themselves to lock onto aerial targets and attempt to blast them out of the sky. Few enemy flyers are capable of withstanding the vaporising effects of the Ion Rifle, and some Interceptor Drones have racked up impressive kill totals; a source of bragging rights for the Sun Shark's Air Caste pilots, if not for the AI (artificial intelligence)-powered Drones themselves.

Drone Array

Location has no effect.

Where quantity over quality is prized, or in combat situations where too many Air Caste pilots would be sacrificed obtaining an objective, the Tau developed the Drone. A semi autonomous flying robot the standard drone hull can easily, thanks to its modular construction, be refitted to serve in any number of roles from emergency medic to reconnaissance to direct combat.

Thanks to the tiny size of the drones, many more can be fielded than conventional aircraft, so twelve entire drone hangars have been installed in the Light of Terra, as well as the control centers necessary to deploy them effectively.

The drones that you have been provided are all experimental stealth drones, cutting edge designs that come armed with twin linked long barrelled Burst Cannons, a Networked Markerlight and two Seeker missiles. While the stealth system is experimental, early results are beyond expectations - few ships sensors can detect the robots, let alone target them. While they lack the firepower to destroy targets quickly, the small amounts of damage will quickly add up in an engagement.

Shauphezh Xi'Cokemeq, Dark Eldar Reaver,

Featuring

The Barons of Moves Like This.

Life as either the consort or commander (depending on who won the fight that morning) of a Dark Eldar Reaver is interesting, to say the least. While it isn't possible to attract other Dark Eldar to join you (nor is it a sane idea) there is a certain prestige in being aboard the same ship as one of the near mythical pirates, so you soon find the population of your newly created home city swelling anyway, slowly but at a steady rate as pirates and rogues make their way to join what they imagine will be a legendary pirate ship.

While Shauphezh and The Barons of Moves Like This do need to torture people to death just to survive, people aren't too keen on it happening to them or their friends and families. Luckily The Barons of Moves Like This have their own raider craft, and one they are reasonably happy to put to use. After a weeks waiting around in what should be a heavily travelled location for merchantmen you realise that A. there is too much pirate activity here already and B. you really need to find someone to kill before you take a pelvic thrust that sends your eyes shooting out through the back of your head.

Combining the two it takes just under six months for you to become renowned as a fearless pirate hunter with several dozen raider ships brought back home as prizes, their crews already extremely, incredibly dead. Suffice to say, after this, wealth and materials are never in short supply and life becomes considerably easier and much more luxurious and with your position secure, much more safe.

That might go some way to explaining the utter confusion you feel when one morning the two of you wake up to discover your bed is currently the centerpiece of a colossal banquet table in the main hall of the Kabalof the Black Heart's fortress in Commorragh, the black city and home of the Dark Eldar, with what appears to be the bulk of the Kabals hierarchy enjoying a banquet around you.

And yes, Asdrubael Vect, Supreme Lord of Commorragh, the oldest living being in the galaxy, an entity who has survived literally since before the fall of the ancient Eldar empire and the birth of the Chaos God Slaneesh, called She Who Thirsts by the Eldar and their dark kin is sitting at the head of the table. It was Vect who shaped Commorragh from a sprawling corsair port and collection of autonomous sub-realms into what it had become by the late 41st Millennium, a vast and incalculably powerful and evil galactic metropolis located deep within the Labyrinthine Dimension of the Webway. Among the murderous hierarchy of the Dark Eldar race, and from the lowest of beginnings, Vect gained and holds on to his position with both an unmatched intelligence, murderous ambition and a talent for cunning that is said by some to rival that of the Chaos God Tzeentch. Vect knows the primary weaknesses of all the major sentient races of the galaxy, and those of his own species most thoroughly of all. Quite simply, Asdrubael Vect is one of the oldest, most powerful, and most deadly beings to walk amongst the mortals of the 41st Millennium.

And as you watch, he leisurely raises his glass in a salute to you, then beckons you to a nearby empty chair. It isn't hard to realise this isn't a request. This is a description, set into the side of a mountain in letters a hundred feet high detailing how the future will be. The meal that follows is most likely one of the most delicious in the galaxy, foods made from ingredients that exist nowhere else, animals long extinct or created for one single dish, but given your present company it is about as easy to choke down as a mouthful of ashes. The disturbing thing, well, one of them, is just how charming and urbane Vect really is. Just as you start to wonder if this is some sort of nightmare he announces "No, this is quite real, I assure you." He pauses, swirling the wine in his glass, studying it for a moment before continuing "You may be of some use to me. The Shipyards of my home will be made available to you, and you shall have my guarantee of protection until such time as this is no longer the case."

You don't even remember falling asleep, just waking up with a start, back in your bedroom as though nothing untoward had happened. Nothing aside from the new Kabal of the Black Heart insignia tattoo that adorns the center of yours and Shauphezh chests.

You look at her. She looks at you. Finally, she speaks, her voice wavering.

"We... we don't need to do whatever he, whatever Lord Vect wants, we can just run. The .. just the two of us. I don't need to hurt people anymore, I... I love you! It... it's enough to keep She Who Thirsts at bay!"

Your composure cracks first and you break down into almost hysterical laughter, the Dark Eldar joining you a second later, laughing till tears fill both your eyes and you find yourself clinging to each other just to stay upright, the tension and fear of the past few moments vanishing.

Still smiling you wipe the tears of laughter from your eyes and gesture towards the door.

"Come on, there's that slaver band we've been saving for a special occasion."

Business simply continues as normal.

Due to the benevolence of Lord Vect, you may obtain three of the following technologies for The Light of Terrra.

Impaler Assault Module

Prow Only.

Does not take up a weapon slot.

The Impaler is a specialised form of prow mounted attack craft, a little like an assault boat, but large enough to carry enough Dark Eldar assault troops to potentially overwhelm an entire ship.

An Impaler is launched like an assault boat or boarding craft, and moves in the same way until it reaches the target. The Impalers name is as much a description as a title, the craft itself resembling a massive, barbed dart with a reinforced prow capable of effortlessly skewering through almost any armour before opening and allowing a flood of troops to pour into the ship.

The downside to being able to potentially capture enemy vessels in such a manner is that the size of the impaler means only one can be mounted, and the speed of the assault craft means if it misses it is effectively helpless as its furious speed requires it to burn what little fuel it can carry.

The Mimic Engine

Aft Only.

A Dark Eldar vessel equipped with mimic engines is able to assume the apparent dimensions of enemy ships, thus allowing the Dark Eldar to sneak up on their prey unseen. The Dark Eldar are able to mimic Imperial, Eldar, Ork, Chaos and Tau ships, but not Tyranid or Necron vessels, so the mimic engine has no effect against either of these fleets. A Dark Eldar ship equipped with mimic engines can approach and engage the enemy before the threat is realised and so may easily dictate the course of a ship to ship battle as its first salvo can be aimed perfectly, potentially crippling a target or slicing away weapon batteries.

Shadowfields

Location has no effect.

Dark Eldar ships are not protected by the vast energy shields which surround the vessels of most other races, but rather employ form-altering shadowfields. These create an eerie and uncertain fog around Dark Eldar vessels through which little information can be ascertained. Pinpointing the exact location or speed of a Dark Eldar vessel behind shadowfields can prove very tricky indeed as the bizzare cold warps scanner readings as well as leaving tiny fragments of interstellar debris superchilled and registering as massive objects on scanners.

Leech Torpedo Tubes

Not a distructive weapon by any means, but still a much feared one, the Leech Torpedo affects a targets engines and power source, draining energy and momentum from both, slowing ships to a standstill and leaving defensive mechanisms powered down and worthless.

Crucible of Malediction

The Crucible of Malediction is a weapon used by the Dark Eldar to neutralise the psychic powers of enemy psykers, a necessary defence for a species that cannot risk ever developing its own powerful latent psychic abilities for fear of drawing the attention of Slaanesh, She Who Thirsts. No one knows what dark arts the Dark Eldar use to create their Crucibles of Malediction. Each Crucible appears to contain the trapped spirits of psykers of many species captured and tortured by the Dark Eldar in their Dark City of Commorragh. Once released, these spirits move across the battlefield and unleash a psychic cacophony that only other psykers can sense and

that can drive them insane if their psychic defences prove too weak to survive the assault. The most powerful Crucibles of Malediction contain the trapped and tortured souls of Eldar Seers.

Somewhat more massive than the usual grenade versions of the Crucible, these massive, ship mounted missiles will effectively obliterate any sorcerors, witches or psykers aboard the opposing ship, as well as shredding the mind of unshielded crew, leving them spasming in unimaginable agony for days, utterly helpless.

Dark Lance Battery

The Dark Lance is a weapon of ancient provenance developed by the vile Dark Eldar in the weapons shops of the Dark City of Commorragh who constantly find ways to cheat the natural laws of physics in order to develop ever more efficient and exciting ways to kill. The Dark Lance is a lethal weapon that belongs to a group of weapons known as Darklight Weapons. The Dark Lance is comparable in its tactical role to that of a standard issue Imperial Lascannon. Its primary function is to destroy heavily armoured targets. However, the Dark Lance does not employ standard laser technology, but instead fires a stream of dark matter known to the Dark Eldar as "Darklight." The origin of this substance is unknown, although there are a number of savants who claim that it is sourced from black holes, Warp Storms and other celestial phenomena of great magnitude. This dark matter substance works by reacting catastrophically with its target, producing a blast that is more than capable of destroying any vehicle regardless of the thickness of its armour, or totally vapourising a foot soldier in an instant. Even to perceive a beam of Darklight without the correct protective lenses leaves permanent slash-scars upon the retina.

Hull Reshaping

Location has no effect.

Somewhere between a retrofit and surgery as performed by a madman, the hull of The Light of Terra is reshaped, carved into a much more dynamic and far more sinister form, sleek, predatory and with six beautiful and delicate looking nine kilometer long monofilament blades protruding from her flanks like monstrous wings.

While this alone would not do anything to the ships handling, her engines and controls are gutted, clumsy human engineering replaced with wickedly efficient Dark Eldar technology that leaves the ship handling almost like an oversized fighter.

Terrorfex Launchers

While the Dark Eldar prefer Darklight weapons for the most part, they show incredible and unspeakable skill in engineering solid projectile weapons when they should care to do so. The Terrorfex is a particularly sinister weapon, for it fires grenades made of specially carved obsidian, with fragments of Wraithbone impregnated into the rock. The Eldar souls trapped in the crystal, driven mad during the treatment process, seek to enact revenge on the first living thing they can find, and imparts so much force in this endevour that it can change the trajectory of the round, to the point where the individual fragments are able to curve around barriers and

even turn mid flight to track targets around corners!

Suffice to say, while this weapon is terrible at shattering armour, should a breach be made the crew of the unlucky vessel are doomed.

The Armour of Misery

Location has no effect.

Crafted by the famed torturesmith Kalmael using psychoempathic shards of poisoned wraithbone, this armour is the ultimate expression of Commorite contempt. Forged from countless shards of Wraithbone taken in raids upon the Eldar at incredible expense, Its barbed plates provide any vessel lucky enough to be clad in the armour with exceptional protection, but it is not its durability that makes this armour so sought after - the armour emanates crippling waves of pure dread for thousands of kilometers. Only those with an iron will can withstand such mental torture - others slump to the floor defeated, weapons falling from soldiers trembling hands as they are overcome with fear and crewmen too terrified to even remember how to operate their stations.

Necron Tomb Spyder

Things rapidly calm once the invasion is over, and with a workforce of untiring Necrons at your command the rebuilding is over swiftly, though perhaps a touch wastefully as it proves easier to simply evaporate the larger, more unwieldy chunks of debris outright with a few bursts of Gauss fire than to move them aside, repair or reclaim them for use elsewhere.

Construction continues day and night, thought it does take on a certain look, one you assume must be an architectural theme once favoured by the long extinct Necrons, black materials and a vague ancient egyptian look becoming ubiquitous.

A few days later, you discover that while the Necron may be long dead, transformed into mechanical skeletal things before humanity even existed, that hasn't stopped them yet.

Utterly unsure how, you simply find yourself, mid stride, in a completely different location entirely. Another Necron facility, this one not an abandoned ruin like the one your discovered, but one literally humming with purpose, the place, wherever it may be, appearing as though it could have been built yesterday.

Around you are row upon row of utterly silent, utterly still Necron warriors, though just from a glance you can tell these eclipse the ones who obey you, taller, more ornate, more heavily armed and armoured, each one seeming to radiate a terrible awareness, unlike the dull vacancy yours exhibit.

As one they begin to move, parting silently, metallic feet not making a sound as the ranks almost glide apart, leaving you an open corridor to the titanic throne at the end. Behind you, with that same eerie silence they form ranks again, slowly but surely moving you forward, towards the throne and its occupant.

Even from across the utterly massive hall you can feel the gaze of the seated figure, the glowing green eyes of the Necron Lord almost boring into you as it assesses you. Beside him a figure stands, another Necron, this one in a form visibly more durable, bulkier, intended for combat. A massive halberd in the standing Necrons hand flares to life as you reach the foot of the stairs leading to the throne.

In a voice that echoes across the ages, a voice stained with loathing that has survived across billions of years and the death of form and life and hope the standing figure intones one single word.

"Thief."

It lowers the mighty polearm towards you, and even as the corona around his halberd intensifies, the hum of a charging gauss cannon filling the air the enthroned figure is rising, almost stumbling down the few shallow stairs down to you, arms wide as it enfolds you in an enthusiastic embrace, its voice breaking the silence as it all but cries out "**My... My Son! You have returned to me!"**

After that, things grow somewhat confusing.

You discover that your long lost 'father' is infact a Nemesor named Zahndrekh. As it turns out, Nemesor is roughly the equivalent to Admiral or General, and Zahndrekh is regarded as perhaps the greatest of either to have ever lived in the ancient flesh and blood Necrontyr empire before they were converted to the Necron and underwent the millions of years long hibernation known to them as 'The Great Sleep'. You also discover that as terrifyingly skilled at battle as Zahndrekh is, he is also, not to put too fine a point on it, slightly mad and convinced utterly that he still lives in the long ago days when the Necrontyr were living beings of flesh and bone and fought each other in a bloody civil war. Hallucinations conceal the forms of his metallic followers and his enemies both, his fractured mind seeing only his people as they once were, long ago, and seeing you as someone who was nothing but windswept dust millenia before humanity's ancestors came down from the trees.

Things progress with bewildering speed from there, your father, almost shaking with pride as he conducts the ceremony to induct your world into the Sautekh Dynasty, and as he presents you with your personal Staff of Light and orders your ship be upgraded to reflect your status, regardless of cost.

You may choose three of the following upgrades for The Light of Terra.

Sepulchre

Superstructure Only.

Part defensive emplacement, part Necron Nemesor palace, part weapons system, the Sepulchre is a Necron starship weapon system that is usually mounted on the largest of the Cairn-class Tomb Ships, and certain command Scythe-class Harvest Ships. When a Sepulchre is used to attack an enemy ship that has foolishly come within its range, a wave of palpable psychic force is generated and sent outwards in all directions. The enemy's crew are then paralysed by visions of horror, and if discipline is lost, then the crazed crew are likely to do damage to their own ship as they rampage uncontrollably through its confines.

Inertialess Drive

Aft Only.

Masters of science, the ancient Necrontyr mastered the construction of inertialess drive systems before humanity even existed. These drives allow virtually incomprehensible acceleration and manouverability as the laws of physics are essentially ignored by the vessel.

Necrodermis

Location has no effect.

Necrodermis is a material of unknown origin and chemical or molecular structure that possesses the extraordinary ability to regenerate almost all damage instantaneously, "flowing" back together as if it were a liquid while closing bullet holes, mending gashes and tears, or even reattaching severed pieces with little delay. The material is also adaptive in some unknown fashion and can learn to repair itself given enough time from nearly any form of damage, even a blast powerful enough to reduce it to its constituent molecules or atoms. In addition to the bodies of the C'tan and the Necrons themselves, all Necron vehicles and starships are made from Necrodermis, including Monoliths and Gauss Pylons.

Star Pulse Generator

Location has no effect.

Star Pulse Generator is a Necron starship weapon system designed as a counter to the countless swarming attack craft that the lesser races seem so fond of. A Star Pulse Generator sends out a massive three hundred and sixty degree pulse of energy when activated. Whilst other Necron ships are shielded from this attack, enemy attack craft within the field of force's radius are usually severely damaged, if not destroyed outright, by the immense energies released from this weapon.

Gauss Particle Whip

A Particle Whip is a devastating Necron weapon that emits a stream of miniscule anti-matter particles which detonate on contact with other matter. Necron Particle Weapons are incredibly reliable, needing only enough energy to maintain the containment field that prevents the

anti-matter from detonating within the weapon's mechanisms. A Particle Whip is unusual in that it only comes in the form of a large, glowing power matrix crystal mounted atop a Monolith or other equally massive Necron structure. This is a totally different, far more static design than the more mobile barrel structure that characterises other Necron Particle Weapons. Nevertheless, a Particle Whip is a dramatic weapon, for when it is about to fire, the Monolith or Tomb-Ship will channel its alien energies through its crystal to unleash devastating arcs of anti-matter lightning. A single, ear-splitting discharge from the Particle Whip is enough to reduce cruisers to smouldering wrecks and crew to molecular vapour. The explosions caused by a Particle Whip will often affect large areas and can cause great damage to nearby vessels, no matter what form of armour provides their protection.

Exile Cannon

An Exile Cannon is a powerful and arcane weapon that can be used as a convenient method for banishing large amounts of unwanted debris, machinery and failed experiments from Tomb Worlds and battlefields into a pocket dimension outside of the normal space-time continuum. However, these arcane ray projectors can also just as easily unleash their energy beams to blast and banish foes, armoured vehicles, and alien creatures to a long and horrifying death from starvation by casting them into other dimensional realms beyond the material universe. The Exile Cannon uses technologies similar to those employed by the smaller Transdimensional Beamer, and is a Canoptek Tomb Sentinel's primary weapon.

Eternity Gate

Location has no effect.

An Eternity Gate is the arcane technology that is capable of opening a dark portal and transporting Necron troops to the battlefield from elsewhere in the galaxy. An Eternity Gate is usually mounted on the front face of a Necron Monolith or built into the stasis chambers within the more massive Necron vessels. Its shimmering energy field is nothing less than a captive wormhole bound into the very heart of the eldritch machinery. With a simple mental command, the Monolith's crew or the ships commander can transform the Eternity Gate into a portal of exile, and those that fail to resist its pull are sucked out of reality entirely, banished forever to an extra-dimensional prison from which there can be no escape. Alternatively, the Necrons can use the Eternity Gate as a form of dimensional corridor, pulling squads of Necron troops from elsewhere on the battlefield, orbiting starships or even far-distant Tomb Worlds and deploying them to the Monolith's location. It can also significantly boost the regenerative processes of the Necron squads that move through its transportation matrix. The Eternity Gate is largely the reason that the Monolith is known as a harbinger of disaster to the foes of the Necrons, for where a Monolith teleports onto a planet's surface, an invading Necron army is rarely far behind...

This ship mounted Eternity Gate is unusual in that it requires no fixed exit point. Unlike other versions that must transmit gate to gate, this allows troops to be deposited almost to any location.

Æonic orb

Superstructure Only.

Even during the war against the Ancients only a handful of these were used. Utilising the technological might of the living metal called Necrodermis this weapon is fueled by a fragment of a star. It is rumored that the C'tan need to destroy an entire star in order to acquire the necessary components for the weapon's energy source. This essence is then encased in an orb-shaped containment field that sits on top of a raised platform, allowing opponents to look upon their instrument of doom before they are unmade in the fury of a stellar mass.

The firing mechanism of the weapon is as simple as it is effective. Merely by changing the containment field the Orb is capable of unleashing devastating bolts of energy that can unmake enemy capital ships in a single blast. Fortunately, after a shot of this solar flare weapon the Orb seems to require a significant amount of time to recharge. The Orb's secondary weapon, the solar burst, is simply a short-ranged, less-powerful version of the solar flare beam. This is compensated for by the beam affecting a larger area due to the increased radiation effects and the greater accuracy.

Upon destruction the Æonic Orb's containment field suffers a catastrophic failure, uncontrollably releasing the massive power held within. This results in a massive explosion, capable of levelling whatever army is foolish enough to be close to it. This destructive process both deals retribution to enemy forces that manage to bring down this weapon construct, and secure it from falling into the hands of the lesser races.

Tesla Destructor

A Tesla Destructor is a form of Necron Tesla Weapon that unleashes a bolt of living lightning that crackles from foe to foe after hitting its target, charring flesh and melting armour. Tesla bolts feed off the energy released by the destruction, and the lightning discharge becomes more furious with every fresh arc, almost as if driven by a mind of its own. In some cases, these energetic projectiles have even been observed to crack ceramite and plasteel. These weapons have been named by the Imperium after the ancient Terran scientist Nikola Tesla, who was the first human known to experiment with this type of weapon technology, although the Necrons had perfected it long before humans even existed.

A Tesla Destructor is the largest known type of Tesla Weapon, and such is the shocking rapidity of its fire that the lightning unleashed is capable of leaping from target to target so quickly that they are unable to ground themselves. A single direct hit from a Tesla Destructor might incapacitate an entire fighter or bomber wing, leaving a trail of smouldering carnage across a broad swathe of the battlefield behind them.

Hooligan Tuesday
'The Sarge and Tuesdays Terrors'

Sometimes members of the Imperial Guard fall, turning to the Ruinous powers and bartering away their souls for the promise of power. Sometimes they don't, but still end up counted as rogue anyway, individual troopers, squads, sometimes even entire regiments literally lost in the paperwork and declared traitors due to a simple clerical error. Field Commanders given rank due to social standing rather than actual talent are another all too well known cause of renegade soldiers, idiots charging off on suicidal and pointless attacks, only to be tragically shot in the back somehow by the enemy, their troops simply leaving for less deadly pastures.

However it happens, the galaxy is all too full of now homeless, hopeless soldiers looking for a cause or a place to call their own. Sheer chance brings a half dozen into system in a battered, barely functioning lander, but as is often the case, when they receive a warm welcome they send word to others like them, for effectively sharing information is perhaps the only asset they have left. The man you tell about a safe port today might be the man who later tells you about the Inquisitor due to arrive next month.

Regardless, soon the skies above your world are thick with battle scarred, badly patched together Imperial Guard ships, their crews feeling now the first glimmer of something they thought lost long ago.

Hope.

Soon enough your homeworld capital city begins to take shape, and the inhabitants, former or current soliders one and all have clearly had more than a little influence, the place a virtual fortress, heavy concrete buildings built to withstand almost anything, the city blocks designed so that with the collapse of a few walls they can become isolated fortresses, even the roads designed to funnel enemy vehicles into specially prepared open spaces that if one were paranoid might be called killing fields.

This is home now, not just to you and Hooligan but to thousands who thought they would never again have one, and they will not see it taken from them.

The former members of the Imperial Guard tend to arrive in small numbers, but occasionally entire regiments and entire ships are lost to simple bureacratic errors, and several have made their way to you, including a number of equipment transports. This means you may select three of the following to be installed on The Light of Terra.

Basilisk Magna

Prow Only.

While many regiments will have a mix of other artillery, including Manticores, Griffons and Bombards, and each one will have its own role to fill, it is the Basilisk which is the most common and most often to be called upon to bombard the enemy. These self-propelled artillery pieces are most effective when used in massive batteries of hundreds of guns to deliver devastating barrages on the enemy's position, while their mobility allows them to keep pace with infantry advances. This indirect fire will be directed by their parent company's forward observers or other officers trained to direct artillery, and while not particularly accurate it allows the Basilisk to remain out of harms way as it blasts concealed enemy positions or fortifications from long range. Besides these sustained bombardments the power and range of the Earthshaker Cannon allows for other type of artillery missions: counter-battery fire to suppress enemy guns, box barrages to isolate enemy units and prevent their reinforcement, harassing fire, and destructive fire of selected targets.

The Basilisk Magna, or Great Basilisk was an experiment by Imperial Guard Engineers to see what would happen if you scaled a Basilisk up close to a hundred times. While most prototypes suffered catastrophic barrel failures due to the tremendous stresses involved in firing, one survived due to being comprised primarily of a newly developed form of ceramite, and rapidly became the cause of a situation that very nearly turned into a small war between the Adeptus Mechanicus and the Imperial Guard, one group wishing to immediately deploy it in battle, the other wishing to preserve and study the device to see it duplicated. The problem was solved in typical Imperial fashion when a passing Fleet Admiral who happened to outrank everyone involved simply requisitoned the gun and ordered it be modified for use as a weapon aboard his flagship.

Too massive to be stored internally the Basilisk Magna is simply attached to the outer hull and controlled remotely. The weapon cannot be used more than once ever six hours, simply due to the effort required to reload the hundred ton shells. As slow as it is to fire, the weapon is still a game changer all on its own, with incredible range and stopping power.

Hydra Rex

Manufactured on hundreds of Forge Worlds, the Hydra is a specialised vehicle used for mobile air defence, protecting important sites and columns from air assaults. Its Machine Spirit-assisted automated turret contains targeting and tracking equipment, including a predictive logic-engine, which allows it to lock onto and track enemy aircraft regardless of any evasive maneuvering. These control four long-barreled Autocannons firing heavy calibre, high velocity explosive rounds capable of firing six hundred rounds a minute, shredding through enemy aircraft fuselages thanks to their high rate of fire. When used against infantry and light vehicles these rounds are equally devastating, allowing even a single Hydra to decimate entire formations in a heartbeat. While the use of a Hydra in this role is a breach of official regulations, Imperial commanders often overlook such infractions.

The quad autocannons are operated by dedicated gunner, who sits in the turret along with a loader to assist the auto-loaders, while the vehicle commander, driver and a comms operator

sit in the main hull and share control the hull-mounted Heavy Bolter.

Each regiment usually groups its Hydras into a single company, though this is more often for administrative purposes than anything else. Squadrons of Hydras or even individual vehicles will be parceled out to different units for air defence, with artillery given first priority for any available units, followed by tank companies and then HQ units and supply depots, though often static targets will be protected by Hydra platforms instead. However, some regiments will consist entirely of Hydras. These 'heavy air defence regiments' will usually be split up and attached to different units and locations across an entire warzone, though occasionally it will fight as a single unit.

The Hydra Rex is a sister project to the Basilisk Magna, one where the aim was simply to see how many heretics and xeno's could you kill with a titan sized Hydra Autocannon Array. The weapon itself takes the form of two massive turrets, each bearing six two hundred meter long autocannons. While these guns lack the killing power of the Magna, something the Great Basilisks designers would frequently point out, The King Hydra has the advantage of both accuracy and rate of fire, the two turrets capable of tracking targets independantly and pouring dozens of rounds per minute into them.

Manticore Regius

Yet another oversized weapon, this one based on the Manticore Missile Tank and featuring, not surprisingly, the Manticore Missile. The Manticore Regius itself is a highly sophisticated piece of equipment, with audio-modulated radio control systems, gyroscopic roll stabilisation, radar-guided targeting augers and predictive logic-engines. This advanced equipment is used to fire and control the Manticore Missiles, which it can launch only in one great salvo. The ability to swap out warheads or launch other advanced rocket systems gives the Manticore Regius a versatility that was highly prized by Imperial commanders. While the Storm Eagle Cluster Munition is the most commonly fired weapon, the Manticore's fire capability is very versatile and can fire missiles with high-explosive, incendiary, and chemical warheads. It can also fire surface-to-air missiles for an air defense role. The missile is divided into five sections: a fuse, the control and guidance equipment, the electrical unit, an explosive warhead and a propellant container for the two-stage solid fuel rocket. The first stage, a starting rocket, launches the missile into the air where the main in-flight rocket motor kicks in, propelling it to speeds of 19,080 kph. The standard Manticore missile's warhead is a high explosive fragmentation device capable of causing damage to a wide variety of targets including battle tanks. It can also be replaced by any number of alternatives, such as an oxy-phosphor incendiary warhead for anti-infantry firepower or an Interceptor warhead for targeting high-altitude enemy aircraft. The standard missile has an operational range of 30,000,000 kilometers, though the much smaller variants used by ground based vehicles posess considerably less range. While The Basilisk Magna and the Hydra Rex received the bulk of the funding in the three weapons design and development, the engineers in charge of the Manticore Regius simply overcame problems by adding more missiles. The launchers developed can only fire a single salvo at a time, with the multiple autoloaders able to shave time between salvos down to less than an hour a second

burst is seldom necessary, as the three launchers are each capable of sending out a thousand missiles at a time.

Void shield Array

Location has no effect.

Void shields are energy fields employed by the Imperium to protect everything from Super-Heavy Vehicles to massive starships. The shields operate via Warp technology, absorbing the energy of attacks and displacing them into the Immaterium. While they work exactly like Power Fields void shields benefit from the fact that they can be raised again after taking damage and collapsing, even in the midst of combat. Void shields extend some distance from their point of origin, thus in some cases it is possible for an enemy to penetrate the shield and cause damage directly to the target. The Overlay Array increases the effectiveness of void shielding by forming shields that overlap each other, so that if one is penetrated others will be in place to absorb the impact.

Ultra-Heavy Laser Destroyer

The Laser Destroyer is an Imperial laser weapon originally designed for and mounted on the Destroyer Tank Hunter, capable of obliterating enemy tanks from long range. The Laser Destroyer however is a highly-complex system which all but a few Forge Worlds can no longer reproduce; even those who can create new ones must hand-craft each one through a painstakingly slow process. The result has been that these weapons and the vehicles which use them have become incredibly rare amongst the Imperial Guard. The chance of receiving any replacement for lost or destroyed models is very slim, often leading to recovered tank destroyers instead being fitted with another weapon.

The Ultra Heavy Variant was designed as a Titan Weapon, but it quickly became apparent that the size of the power capacitors placed it outside the weight range of even the mighty Imperator titans. Rather than abandon the design it was repurposed as a starship weapon, and has functioned for millenia as a solid all round weapon, its capabilities not outstanding in any one area, but comfortably solid in all of them instead.

Flak Turrets

Flak Turrets are the smallest and most numerous weapons on Imperial warships. Consisting of arrays of large rapid-firing Autocannons, they are designed to shoot down incoming enemy Attack Craft, Torpedoes, and smaller Missiles in a hail of ordanance.

Graviton Pulsar

A Grav-Gun, also known as a Graviton Gun, is a devastating weapon employed by the Adeptus Astartes based on ancient and forgotten technology dating back to the time of the Dark Age of Technology. Manipulating the very nature of gravity itself, a Grav-Gun turns a target's mass against it, crushing it to pulp under its own weight. This is especially shocking when used against heavily-armoured infantry like Terminators, as the hapless warrior is brutally crushed by

the bulk of his ceramite plates until only a crimson trickle remains. The massively scaled up version aboard The Light of Terra has the same effect against opposing ships, collapsing entire vessels in on themselves, multi-million ton starships reduced to tangled balls of metal a few meters across.

Armoured Prow

Prow Only.

Does not take up a weapon slot.

Essentially flying bunkers, Imperial ships can be made more resilient still with the addition of a massive reinforced prow, usually in the form of a massive, two headed Imperial Aquila forged from a single mountain sized slab of adamantite. Suffice to say, ramming someone with an eagle weighing hundreds of thousands of tons will remove them from a fight, and quickly.

Hangars and support craft

Port and Starboard and Aft Only.

Three of the massive hangars aboard The Light of Terra are brought online and loaded, the port and starboard hangars dedicated Fury Intereceptor bays and the aft hangar used to house a wing of Starhawk bombers outfitted for anti- shipping attacks.

With some variants reaching 60 to 70 metres in length, the Fury is significantly larger than most atmospheric fighters, and carries a pilot, navigator and gunner, although a pilot and gunnery officer are more than sufficient on scouting missions. On occasion, an Astropath will also be aboard, to provide greater communications capability. The crew of a Fury Interceptor often wear suspensor wire pressure suits and specially contoured helmets to prevent to side-effects of rapid-acceleration.

The Fury's reinforced hull contains an extensive network of circuitry and life-support systems including pumps that cycle super-oxygenated blood into the crew's body through spinal connections, a chemical toilet and sleeping compartments. Furies are normally equipped with multiple forward-firing banks of lascannons and anti-starfighter missiles and its twin engines are able to put out sixty thousand pounds of thrust.

Starhawk bombers are larger, slower craft, designed to carry a heavy payload of plasma bombs and armour-piercing missiles, for use against enemy capital ships. Crewed by a pilot, co-pilot, tech-priest (plus acolytes), various turret gunners and a logistics officer, a standard Starhawk features limited sleeping quarters, chemical toilets and even an automated medical unit inside its hull. Armed with a multitude of short-range turret-mounted defence weapons, used to fend off enemy starfighters, a lone Starhawk can wreak havoc among enemy fighter squadrons before swooping in to deliver a crippling missile strike on an enemy capital ship. On rare occasions, Starhawks can be modified to carry and launch a very small number of anti-starship torpedoes.

Mekboy 'Ardat Jones

You aren't quite sure what happened last night, your recollections of the after battle party a blur, the memories of last night no match for a spectacular bout of violent binge drinking. Explosions, mostly because a few of the more enthusiastic Orks started celebrating before the last battles were won. More explosions after those fights had been won, because now it was a party and parties need multi kiloton detonations or it just ain't Orky. Drinking. Lots of drinking. Human beer, then Orky Brew, something that probably contained engine coolant, then in an incredible display of really poor decision making, at least one pint of actual engine coolant on its own.

You also vaguely remember something about a very attractive woman wearing what might have been meant to be a commisars greatcoat and a massive, oversized comedy commisars hat with an angry yellow face just above the brim.

Blinking as the memories slowly piece themselves together, there was... yes, a pole. And spinning. She was having trouble because she needed one hand to keep the hat in place.

You can't help but shake your head in amusement. A second later you go blind.

A second or too after that you just feel glad no one saw you panic as the hat you were wearing slipped down over your face.

Somehow you seem to have aquired that giant novelty commisars hat. The mystery of how vanishes instantly, replaced by the mystery of where did the explosion that shakes the room hard enough that dust starts falling from the ceiling come from?

Dashing outside you are just in time to see your companion 'Ardat Jones go soaring through the air to slam into a nearby wall hard enough to leave an inches deep impact crater.

Something lumbers into view and you quickly discover the source of Jones unplanned adventure in flying as a voice deeper than anything you have heard before roars

"Where's this Oomie git who thinks 'es a Warboss at?"

You get your first look at Kaptin Bluddflagg then. Utterly titanic, and so thick with muscle he is almost as wide as he is tall, his lower jaw replaced long ago with a massive, roughly made iron one.

Perhaps the most impressive feature is the massive, obviously custom made pirate hat he

wears. if this was the eighteenth century and pirates had heads four feet wide, it wouldn't look out of place.

He stops. Time seems to slow to a standstill as his eyes narrow and he readies himself for a charge that will see you reduced to a few crimson bootprints.

He looks again.

Studies you in all your glory.

Literally all of it. Seems like aside from the hat you forgot to get dressed when you jumped out of bed like that.

From behind the Freebooter Boss come the voice of his boyz as they argue amongst themselves.

"Zog me, lookit da size of dat!"

"It's zoggin 'uge!"

"I ain't fightin' dat one!"

"I din know dey'd get dat big!"

"We should leg it!"

"We'z all gunna die!"

Finally, after what seems like hours Bluddflagg speaks again.

We, ah, dat is, no disrespek intended with regard to me earlier outburst you unnerstand, we ... er.... heard tell of a Waaagh that was gathering here, and me and me boyz ... we.... we tought that we'd come ter join yer Waaagh? if you'n yer hat are amenable to the idea of course."

Your hat slumps forward again.

With the newly recruited Ork Freebooter Kaptin Bluddflagg and his space hulk, your Mekboys are having a field day stripping down the hulk and adding every improvement to the newly repaired Light of Terra they can come up with. Even down here on the planets surface you can see the explosions as they 'discuss' which ideas should be implemented.

You may choose three upgrades from the following list, but first there is the fallout from the party...

roll 1d6.

1. **Orky Tattoo.** Get Drunk, get a tattoo. That's how it works, right? well, you have an Orky Clan glyph somewhere on your body now. Roll again to determine which one:

1. Snakebite

The Snakebites are an Ork clan who prefer tradition to technology, shunning things like forcefields and vehicles in favor of protecting themselves with war paint and riding into battle on huge boars. Depending on how fundamental they are, they may remain as Feral Orks even after their civilization can advance to the next stage. Snakebites' symbol is the venomous serpent, and they always take some along so they can have initiation rituals where Orks endure being bitten. Due to the amount of venom in this tatoo, you are now virtually immune to being poisoned, simply from building up a resistance due to contasnt exposure.

2. Bad Moon

The Bad Moons are an Ork clan, and as their teef grow faster than anyone else's, they are the richest of the Ork Clans. This is not considered an unfair advantage, because other Clans figure that they can always bash a Bad Moon Ork over the head and take his teef. As a result, Bad Moons must use part of their wealth to purchase the best gear in order to defend themselves against opportunists seeking to redistribute the wealth; their Warbosses are known to possess Kustom weapons and Battlewagons. Under the influence of this Glyph you will always seem to get the best deals and you will always find you had just a little more cash than you thought.

3. Blood Axe

The Blood Axes are an Ork clan and were the first of the clanz to encounter the Imperium. During their exposure and battles they picked up many human tactics, such as using camouflage (although often it is too bright to actually disguise the Ork), using looted Imperial vehicles and retreating when they're losing. They were also exposed to human culture and values, making them seem less trustworthy to other Ork clans. As a result of being tattooed with this Glyph you will find sneaking around much, much easier.

4. Death Skull

The Deathskulls (sometimes written as Death Skulls) are an Ork clan of looters who grab whatever they can from corpses on the battlefield, although they aren't above taking things from other Orks who aren't watching. They collect anything that might be useful, as well as various lucky trinkets and charms, and even junk and whats-its that "might come in 'andy later'". Deathskulls would make capable scientists and excellent engineers if their fascination for new things lasted longer than the time it took to steal them. They have a bad reputation with other Ork clans, as they are seen as scheming thieves. Pickpocketing, robbery, larceny of all sorts, it's all so much easier for you now.

5. Evil Sunz

The Evil Sunz love loud, rumbling engines, the smell of gasoline, and above all, going as fast as Orkily possible - arguably even more than splitting heads (of course, going as fast as Orkily possible while splitting heads is a dream fulfilled). Usually, an Evil Sunz band will consist almost entirely of Speed Kult members. Even warbands that haven't given completely over to their love of speed will often have many bikes or vehicles in their force. The clan also contains more Mekboyz than most, and therefore they often field more mechanical creations than other clanz.

What little footsloggers they do have are saving up their teeth for a good bike, or perhaps a group of Ork mates are pooling in for a flash truck. While bearing this Glyph, all vehicles seem just that much faster.

6. Goffs

A Goff likes nothing more than hearing the hammering of guns and that satisfying wet crunch when his choppa finds its way deep into the throat or chest of an enemy. They will seize upon any excuse to start a brawl, even amongst themselves and often all it takes is a misinterpreted glance in their general direction or grunted insult to start the fists flying, the Boyz quickly forgetting the reason for the bust-up and simply enjoying the resulting fight. This preference for near-constant scrapping amongst themselves also serves a practical purpose between battles, keeping them honed as specialists in hand-to-hand combat, as they prefer to wage their wars up close and personal. In melee combat, your attacks seem that much more brutal, harder, more effective.

2. Cybork Arm. You don't quite remember how it happened, but you have vague memories of your pint going critical when you weren't paying attention, the resulting explosion costing you an arm. Luckily, a passing Dok was on hand to offer Surjery, so it wasn't long before you had a massive, diesel powered Cybork Arm grafted onto the stump, complete with a new sooper sekrit technologee retractable power claw! The claw is self- powered and can crush tanks, buildings and just about anything you'd care to krump with ease.

3. Longer range. After hours of drunken conversation with an equally drunken Mekboy, the Mekboy has improved the design of one of your weapons, boosting the velocity of its projectile, lightening the ammunition, or using his secret knowledge to improve its range in some way. It is not wise to ask the Mekboy exactly what he has done. He either won't tell you and grimaces in annoyance at your impudence for asking, mumbles something vague about the "essential vigour of the grutzfunkit", or he'll wink knowingly and proclaim, "Tricks of da trade, Guv". This applies even if the weapon isn't a ranged weapon.

4. Well 'Ard Face Skarrin' Getting involved in Orky pub games is never a good idea, especially face eating contests that pit an Ork (or in this case you) against a Face Eatin' Squig to see who can eat the other. You won, which was impressive, but did get a bit mauled. Luckily all that resulted was a slight amount of facial scarring. Don't worry, on you it looks awesome. Very dramatic and impressive.

5. Fuel Injection Implant. It seemed like a good idea at the time? Maybe, maybe not. Either way, for reasons you can't quite remember you now have a Fuel Injection Implant built into your chest cavity. At will you can flood your blood with a mix of Fitan' Juice, Fungus Beer and Prometheum which yes, does make your blood extremely flammable and yes, it might conceivably explode, but when it doesn't it hypercharges you, increasing your speed by an insane amount. Winning a race against a WarBike while on foot is suddenly possible.

6. **Rokkitt Boots.** Well now. Somehow during the course of the evening you managed to aquire a pair of one of a kind genuine working Orky Rokkit Boots. Zip about on a pillar of fire! Double jump! Kick people in the face and then blow up their head! Loose both legs if the boots explode!

And the Ships upgrades themselves:

DAKKA (One free)

Above all weapons Ork favour massive shell-hurling macrocannons grouped together in batteries. One battery comprises any number of different types of weapons, but most fire projectiles of one sort or another. Some of them are made from scrap while others are 'improved' versions of looted Imperial macrobatteries. Ork inclination towards firepower means that any gap in the haphazard armour plating is filled with a gun. Usually referred to simply as Gunz these Ork macrobatteries fire volley after volley of solid shot and explosive shells, overwhelming an enemy in a torrent of destruction. However, they don't always work as intended and are prone to misfires and jamming. They may also be deactivated for repairs or 'improvements' by Ork Mekboy.

Alongside more conventional macrocannons Orks ofthen mount massed batteries of very powerful but short ranged weapons on their ships. Known as Heavy Gunz, these batteries fire dense slugs of scrap metal massing thousands of tonnes as well as jury-rigged plasma bombs. These projectiles quickly become fatally inaccurate over long ranges so the ship becomes vulnerable to long ranged fire. Nonetheless they cause terrifying damage to any ship at extremely close range, including unfortunately, The Light of Terra herself, as the gunners will quickly resort to settling arguments about who is best by blasting each other to bits. Beware long engagements, because your ship can and will tear itself apart.

Reinforced Ram

Prow Only.

Does not take up a weapon slot.

Rams make good sense if you’re a race where people ram each other a lot as a way of saying hello – a race like Da Orks. Multiple spikes, a single hefty bar, or even a bulldozer-style blade have all found favour with different individuals. Straightforward to fit, and even more straightforward to use, reinforced rams are probably the most common piece of gubbins around, though don't mistake simplicity for uselessness. As a side effect, the ram also massively increases the frontal armour of the ship, which is good because that's the Orkiest part to point at someone. Charge!

Wrecker Ball and Big Grabber

Port and Starboard.

This is a huge iron ball on the end of a massive crane mount happened as a result of one too many pints of Fungus Beer and a serious lack of care about just what is the ship and what is the

repair dock. One of the Ork Mekboys and his lads from the ship's crew has to work the crane but he can smash the ball into enemy vehicles, scrunching metal and knocking off any bits as look important.

Mounted on the opposite side of The Light of Terra to the Wrecker Ball, the Big Grabber was added because if it wasn't, the ship would be too heavy on one side and would fall over. A big grabber is a mechanical claw mounted in much the same way as a wrecker ball. Again, one of the Mekboys and his lads from the ship's crew has to work the crane but he gets the fun of ripping chunks off opposing vehicles and plucking out their crew like squig meats.

Launch Bays

Location has no effect.

Carved from the flanks of Ork ships, launch tubes and landing decks sit open to the void but for the crackling force fields that hold the ship's atmosphere in. They are almost always crammed full of Fighta-Bommers and Assault Boats ready to be unleashed on a fresh prey. The remaining nooks are claimed by the swaggering and insane Flyboys who pilot the attack craft, hordes of Grot Riggers, and Meks constantly building, rebuilding, and "improving" the fighters. As is the case with other races fleets, only larger vessels usually have the space and resources necessary to support whole squadrons of attack craft. The same bays usually contain a number of Landas Orks use for planetary assaults.

Grot Bomb Launchers

Take several home made nuclear devices, tie, weld or glue them together, bolt the resulting mass onto a fusion engine and add a cockpit to control it. Weld a grot into the cockpit and just like that you have one of the most accurate weapons in the Ork arsenal. Assuming the Grot doesn't realise what is happening and simply takes the chance to fly to freedom. Or suffocates because someone forgot to put some air in there for him.

Bigger Red Button

Location has no effect.

Extra switches and levels surround the big red button in the ship's bridge, connecting to extra fuel tanks and power couplings installed by Mekboys. When activated, these flood the engines with thousands of gallons of red paint, boosting the ship's speed further.

Weirdboyz' Tower

Location has no effect.

Protruding from the top of some Ork ships is a twisted brass tower, crackling with green lightning. Within the tower are whole mobs of weirdboyz, their brains surging with the combined psychic noise of the thousands of Orks in the ship below. Every so often, a great arc of green energy shoots out from the tower, occasionally hitting an enemy. The result of this attack varies, but more often than not a large number of enemy crew will find themselves transformed into berserker, flesh hungry squigs. Things tend to go downhill after that.

Deffstorm Mega-Shootas

The more barrels you have, the more bullets you can shoot, right? right. Unfortunately, after adding twenty or so barrels, the gun is just too unwieldy to work, even by Orky standards. The solution was simple, and inspired by that orkiest of mantras, 'ADD MORE DAKKA!' Instead of adding more barrels, more guns were added and thus, the Deffstorm was born. The weapon consists of roughly a dozen twelve barreled mega-bolters looted from wrecked imperial titans and super heavy vehicles, arranged in a rough circle forming a truly colossal vulcan cannon. While the dozens of motors take hours to get the entire thing up to speed, once it gets going there is almost nothing that can survive the insane hellstorm of lead.

Gigashoota with Co-Axial Deth Kannon

The result of an experiment to determine 'what 'appens if we bolt than 'un to this 'un?', this pair fuses some of the most beloved Ork weapons into one delightful package. The Gigashooter is a scaled up version of the Shoota most Ork boys love, a titanic semi-automatic machinegun firing rounds close to four meters long, the Deth Kannon one of the longest ranged weapons fielded by the Orks, and something most other races would consider to be too massive to use even as ground based fixed position artillery!

Slamblasta

Prow Only.

A rare weapon indeed, due to the fact building it requires salvaging the main Nova Cannons from no less than three imperial battleships and fixing them together, installing this into The Light of Terra required literally cutting the ship in half lengthwise, sliding the mass of machinery inside and then welding stuff to things till the two seperate halves of The Light were once again a single ship. The gun itself isn't something you can fire more than once without risking the entire firing array propelling itself out through the back of your flagship, but then again, the one shot you get will put a crater into a planet that is visible from orbit, so if something takes more than one hit, you are doomed anyway.

Arch Heretek Brutus

Brutus, while a genius with machinery isn't quite so helpful in building or running a city. Admittedly if you went through with his suggestion to remove the emotion center of everyone's brain to make them more efficient he'd be an incredible governor, but people seem to be enjoying having emotions and actually doing inefficient things simply for fun, or aesthetic

reasons, so in the end you and Brutus come to an agreement - he can have total control of an abandoned watchpost on one of the planets moons for his experiments and research, and you can get things done without him trying to wire things into one gigantic network powered by clockwork, something he assures you will create the most powerful machine spirit ever known.

That was one of his more reasonable suggestions.

You can't help but feel that after surviving The Light of Terra the Enginseer is a little lost, the red robed cyborg having trouble readjusting to a boring, safe life once again. Going back to a life of quietly negotiating recalcitrant machine spirits into obedience after surviving through countless life or death adventures has apparently left him a little unsatisfied with the life of a humble priest of the Omnissiah.

Eventually things calm down a little, and you begin to think your friend has finally adjusted back to life as a civilian and not some sort of adventurer-Mechanic.

You are proved horribly, terribly wrong when an Adeptus Mechanicus Apocalypse Class Battleship, one of the most powerful vessels produced by the Imperium arrives in system to end the tech-heresies of the Arch Heretek Brutus. You aren't quite sure how or why, but less than an hour later the ship is flying slowly backwards into the local star as Brutus broadcasts a surprisingly intimidating and triumphant laugh to everyone and the invaders decide they are willing to negotiate.

Brutus has apparently not been idle.

In the end the Fabricator Locum aboard the battleship agrees that provided Brutus not force the ancient and irreplacable vessel to incinerate itself in the nearby star, the Adeptus Mechanicus will leave him alone and simply pretend he isn't there, provided he doesn't go too far overboard.

He agrees, they agree, and everyone knows the other person is lying.

Surprisingly, the invasion you both expect never seems to arrive. What does is a trickle of AdMech ships, one or two at a time as Enginseers and Tech Priests come to make use of a facility that has swelled to cover almost a third of the moon it is located on, a facility where they need not fear oversight, inconvenient questions or outright accusations of heresy.

In the end it becomes apparent that Brutus and what he comes to refer to as the 'Black Science Institute' is simply too valuable a resource to throw away.

Thanks to Brutus work and his new connections, there are a number of prototypes available, recently recovered designs built anew for the first time in tens of thousands of years. While you can't take all of them, The Arch Heretek is more than happy to see three installed aboard The Light of Terra.

Lightning Gun

Lightning Guns are Great Crusade era weapons used by various Adeptus Mechanicus troops and vehicles, most notably Thallax. This aptly named weapon takes the form of a baroquely designed carbine connected to a micro-reactor or power core. It fires an ionizing las-beam along with a powerful phased discharge of electromagnetic particles. The ensuing effect makes the weapon able to overload mechanical targets in addition to its effectiveness against organic enemies.

Graviton Imploder

The Graviton Imploder is a type of Graviton Weapon used by the Adeptus Mechanicus. The weapon was designed on the Forge World of Tigrus. Also called the 'Tank Crusher', it was a concentrated beam that created a collapsing grav-field which brought down kinetic force proportional to the density and mass of the material it struck. It thus proved effective against heavily armored foes and vehicles. Crude and power-hungry, the design was deemed blasphemous by some Magos who saw it as a perversion of ancient patterns. However its capabilities proved invaluable during the Horus Heresy.

Conversion Beamer

The conversion beamer fires a high intensity energy beam, which transforms matter into pure energy. A heavily armoured target or dense material will be rent apart as its matter explodes. The more dense the material of the target the more energy that is converted, making conversion beamers particularly good against heavily armoured troops, vehicles and buildings. The intensity of the beam increases as it extends further from the weapon, becoming increasingly dangerous, until it reaches the focal point where the beam is so intense that the energy has to be released in a violent explosion.

Irrad-Cleanser

Iradd-Cleansers, also known as Irradiation Projectors, are specialized Adeptus Mechanicus weapons. A potent anti-infantry relic of the Dark Age of Technology, the weapon itself is a dish-like projector connected to a bulky generator which unleashes a powerful blast of cross-spectrum radiation. Victims caught in the blast suffer horrendous deaths as they are boiled alive from within and blasted apart on a cellular level. Though less effective against vehicles or targets with heavy armor, the target will likely die later from radioactive contamination.

Photon Thruster

Photon Thruster Weapons are advanced weapons originally developed to be mounted on the mighty Myrmidon Destructor Robots of the Adeptus Mechanicus. The arcane secrets of these deadly beam weapons are closely guarded by the Tech Priests of the Mechanicum. When fired, it unleashes a howling needle-thin beam of blackness able to pierce through the densest matter and easily able to rip apart the most heavily armored men and machines apart. The power

source of these weapons are extremely unstable little understood even by the Myrmidons themselves, and a catastrophic failure can lead to its wielder being consumed by raging black flames, though given its ability to slice through most starship hulls like a scalpel through flesh, dissecting attacking ships with horrifying clinical accuracy the drawbacks are considered well worth it.

Abeyant

Location has no effect.

The Abeyant is a device used by the Adeptus Mechanicus. Considered in part as a symbol of status as well as a functional tool, an Abeyant is a name given to a class of hovering conveyances into which the rider's augmetic and life support systems are connected, so that the machine-vehicle becomes an extension of their own body. Often taking the form of a stylized throne or enclosing scarab-like framework, their levitation suspensor field allows most war-tone battlefields to be crossed with ease. They are commonly used by high-ranking Techpriests, particular in battlefield situations. While normally used to allow linking into command vehicles on the battlefield, The Light of Terra can be upgraded with an Abeyant that will allow you to, once seated within, assume direct, total control of the mighty ship with but a thought.

Ion Shields

Location has no effect.

Ion Shields are a type of defensive force field used by Imperial Titans and Mechanicus Knights. This ancient technology works by projecting an energy field across a narrow arc to the front of the war machine. By quickly moving the position of the shield so that it intercepts enemy attacks, a ship or vehicle is able to survive even the heaviest fire, whilst still being able to fire its own weapons in return. The exact setting and positioning of the shield is essential, as the ion shield is only designed to deflect incoming fire, rather than absorb it the manner of the void shields used on other Imperial vehicles. This means the effectiveness of the shield is partially dependent on the skill and experience of its operator though with a truly skilled operator truly impressive amounts of incoming fire can almost be swatted away.

Flare Shields

Location has no effect.

Flare Shields are rare and specialized systems only understood by the most astute adepts of the Adeptus Mechanicus. A Flare Shield is a directional electromagnetic flux field generator from the Dark Age of Technology, supposedly from a source best left forgotten. These shields lack anything like the defensive power of a Titan's or warships Void Shields, but are able to deflect and disperse glancing or diffuse impacts and can reduce the power of a focused strike. While the first few projectiles encountering the shield will barely be slowed, as the battle progresses, the shield will grow in strength and each volley that passes through will be drained of more kinetic energy than its predecessor, till eventually shots simply pass through to bounce harmlessly off the ships hull.

Goliath class onboard heavy Factory

Aft Only.

The Goliath Class Factory Ships are enormous, space-faring, energy-processing vessels used by the fleets of the Adeptus Mechanicus. They devour the solar plasma of stars to power their own fuel and goods production techniques, in order to sate the endless hunger of the Imperium's Hive Worlds. They are fragile ships treated with much respect, and the ships slowly plod their way through certain traditional trade routes. They are necessary for the survival of Hive Worlds, delivering vital goods and fuel to them on a regular basis. The hull of The Light of Terra can be expanded, and one of these great automated factory modules can be installed, allowing you to consume stellar material to produce an almost limitless amount of munitions and equipment.

Farseer Carwyn

It becomes clear in the first few days after the invasion that as much as Carwyn wants to stay with you, the Farseer also wants to be as far away as possible, somewhere they can pretend they don't care you exist. With neither of you quite sure how to fix the situation, by the end of the week tensions are running high and the two of you can barely go more than a few words before it degenerates into a massive shouting match.

Abruptly the situation is resolved, and in the most unexpected way possible. Within the center of the city you have been building you decided to create a massive wild space, an area where nature can thrive and people can enjoy relaxing in a peaceful, quiet place. A park in other words, something you decided on for no real reason and absolutely not because you thought the Farseer might like it. Within the center of the park stands a massive rock. A simple chunk of granite probably dropped by a glacier sometime long ago in the planets past. It looks suitably impressive, and would be a nightmare to remove, so you left it as a decoration.

Early one morning the rock simply fades away, revealing an Eldar hologram generator and a massive webway gate. Both devices are ancient, that much is obvious. Placed here long, long before you ever existed, and most likely before Carwyn existed as well.

By the time you and Carwyn arrive, the park is a fortified camp, bristling with Eldar. A few of your troops have arrived, but aren't doing much of anything. The sheer amount of psychic energy radiating from the figure in the center of the camp is more than enough to let everyone know starting a fight here will not end well.

You slow, not quite sure how to deal with the situation. Carwyn takes the initiative, grabs your hand and almost drags you straight into the center of the camp. Before you know it you are face to face with one of the most powerful mystics amongst the entire Eldar race.

Eldrad.

He gestures at the pair of you and turns to his companion, another Farseer.

"See Macha? as I told you, Carwyn is unharmed and was not being held prisoner and forced to endure vile depravities, despite what your fanfiction may otherwise indicate. Indeed, the valiant Farseer has begun the creation of an integrated Eldar and Mon-Keigh civilisation that may yet be the salvation of both our races in these dark times."

Eldrad turns back to the pair of you and gives a quick nod of greeting. Once more he turns back to his companion and continues to her "Come Macha, we have Trespassed on the time of our host and 'companion' far too long already."

You can almost hear the inverted commas slotting into place around the word companion. If you were foolish enough to look, Carwyn would most likely be blushing bright red. Eldrad grabs his companions hand and drags the stunned Farseer back through the webway gate, a wild 'nooooooooooooooooooooooooo!' filling the air as the pair vanish, the gate shimmering from existence as it follows them.

You blink in confusion a few times, not quite sure what just happened. The Eldar warhost is still here, almost completely made of Exodites, the planet dwelling Eldar who chose a more terrestrial existence than their Craftworld dwelling kin.

You think it, but Carwyn actually says it.

"What a dick."

Eldrad has forseen that in the coming battles you will require one of these upgrades. He isn't going to tell you which one, which is why you may select three to be added to The Light of Terra.

Bright Lance Batteries

The Bright Lance is one of the most powerful heavy weapons in the arsenal of the Eldar and is an equivalent of the Imperial Lascannon in utility. It operates in the same manner as a Lascannon, firing a concentrated blast of coherent light that is primarily intended to destroy enemy vehicles. The Bright Lance is a far more efficient weapon than its cruder, human-made counterpart, in part due to its use of psychically-grown crystals to serve as a lasing matrix. It also possesses greater accuracy than a Lascannon and can penetrate any form of armour that is

less than a certain thickness.

Scatter Laser Batteries

The Scatter Laser is a rapid fire laser weapon, rather than the single shot Bright Lance. The weapon itself has six seperate laser chambers which allow it to fire in bursts or all six chambers at once, at either the same target or a multitude of different ones. It, like most Eldar weapons, has a Imperial counterpart, this being the Multi-Laser though the Eldar Weapon is effectively superior in every way, boasting longer range and better target tracking, meaning it can be used as point defence as well as direct offense.

Reaper Missile Launchers

This long-barrelled Missile Launcher can create a blistering firestorm with a single salvo. The armour-piercing missiles it fires are powerful enough to take down all but the most heavily protected foe. Like most Eldar technology, the weapon is psychically activated, and its resonant Wraithbone construction is sensitive to the Eldar's innately psychic mind. A Dark Reaper's launcher is linked to its targeter via the wraithbone laced control couch the operator reclines in. This device creates a mind-link with the weapon, allowing the operator to "see" out of the muzzle of the launcher. The resulting increase in their already deadly accuracy means it is almost impossible for even an unskilled operator to miss his target. Their superb aim enables them to dominate the battlefield, pinning down enemy forces and destroying their chosen targets at will. The Reaper Launcher's pan-spectral targeter operates independently of the user, finding and tracking multiple targets and feeding target information directly to the helmet display the operator wears.

Holo-field

Location has no effect.

Holo-fields are programmable hologram fields utilised by the Eldar to defend themselves from enemy attacks. Rather than a typical force field which directly blocks an attack a holo-field distorts the user's image, preventing them from being hit in the first place. When stationary the field mimics the surrounding terrain so that the person or vehicle becomes invisible, but when they move the field causes their image to explode into a cloud of tiny, multi-coloured fragments, with the fragments dispersing more widely the faster they move and then collapsing back together as the subject stops, giving rise to the term jigsaw or domino field.

Amongst this shifting cloud of coloured shards an enemy cannot be sure where a user of a holo-field really is and so has difficulty hitting them, whether with ranged or melee attacks. Indeed the visual distortion put out by even a personal holo-field is powerful enough to cause the trajectory of shots from laser weapons such as lasguns to bend and miss. Holo-fields not only disrupt visual targeting but other methods as well, preventing even the most advanced sensory gear from getting an accurate lock.

Void Spinner

Amongst the majority of the Eldar, the Void Spinner is considered an abomination, as it represents the most dangerous acts that their race is capable of, which is the misuse of their knowledge and power. Whilst the Eldar possess many ancient as well as powerful technologies, not all of them are meant for war; but to the inhabitants of Biel-Tan, anything which is capable of being used to destroy the usurpers of their powerful empire is acceptable in the course of war. This led to the Void Spinner being armed with the Voidspinner Array, a monofilament cannon similar to those seen on the smaller Night Spinner. However, the Void Spinner also unleashes a barrage of bacteria and wraithbone parasites which are the same used in the old times during the seeding, as well as nurturing of the Maiden Worlds. This leads to the scouring of all life from the target as they are not only killed by the constricting and slicing threads of the monofilament, but they are also broken down on a molecular level, with everything from flesh and bones, to rock and metal being affected.

The intended result of such an attack is the reason why most Eldar abhor the use of these vehicles. This is because in the minds of the Eldar, the methods used by the Void Spinner were intended to create life by shaping worlds to suit their race, not destroy it. Thus, the actions of the Void Spinners are typically met with revulsion except by the Biel-Tan, who see the destruction of their enemy as being a justifiable start. They also see the use of these vehicles in campaigns that scour all remnants of the "dirty" hands of Mankind, Orks, or any other race who's filthy actions have tainted the world the Biel-Tan are reclaiming from the time of the Fall of the Eldar. Once these cleansing is complete, the Biel-Tan Eldar seek to continue the restoration of the world and seed new Exodite colonies as part of their futile struggle in bringing back the glory of the lost Eldar Empire.

Distortion Cannon

The Distortion Cannon or D-Cannon is a vortex weapon and the most dangerous of all Eldar weapons. Using the same technology which allows ships to enter the nightmare realm of the Warp, the D-Cannon causes an area of the material universe to momentarily collapse in on itself, essentially creating a miniature warp hole. If the target is lucky then violent, complex gravitational forces will merely tear it to pieces, guaranteeing almost certain death to living creatures or total wreckage to vehicles. If not, the target is sucked completely into warp space.

Even those outside the affected area can suffer from adverse consequences as the distortion of reality itself causes people and objects to be spatially displaced, potentially causing further damage. The only disadvantage of the D-Cannon is that by Eldar standards it is a short-ranged and inaccurate weapon. To an extent the D-Cannon's unpredictability is to be expected, especially for a weapon which makes mockery of the laws of the universe.

The size of the warp hole created depends on the size of the D-Cannon, with larger weapons requiring more power and a larger chassis to mount them. The largest D-Cannons are those mounted on Eldar Cobras and Phantom Titans, and even Void Shields are useless in defending against them. These terrifying weapons are capable of swallowing multiple battle tanks in one hit, and the shockwave that results from their sudden closure can knock over other armoured

vehicles lucky enough to avoid being dragged into Hell.

Efforts by the Adeptus Mechanicus to study and replicate this technology have ended in gruesome failure, particularly in 755299.M40 when unsanctioned work resulted in the Contagion of Eridanus and the deployment of a Grey Knight strike force to halt the daemonic intrusion. Since that incident draconian measures have been enforced upon the Adeptus Mechanicus to prevent their dabbling in heretical xeno technology, and those who ignore these restrictions can expect a visit from the Inquisition.

Twin Star Cannons

The Starcannon is the most common form of Eldar Plasma Weapon, and makes use of a small nuclear fusion reaction to superheat a stream of matter into its plasma state. The Starcannon is a rapid-fire weapon and its potent blasts are able to pierce all but the heaviest types of armour. It is also hauntingly accurate due to its use of a sophisticated electromagnetic pulse to guide its lethal blasts to enemy targets. The Eldar Starcannon is far superior to its Imperial counterparts as the core of the Eldar Plasma Weapon is protected by a sophisticated series of electromagnetic containment fields to ensure the weapon will never overheat or go into a catastrophic meltdown.

Warp Jump Generator

Location has no effect.

A Warp Spider Jump Generator is an Eldar warp generator used by Warp Spider Aspect Warriors housed within the armoured backpack of their Aspect Armour. This compact and complex device allows for instantaneous travel through the Warp, giving their prey no warning as they appear right beside them. The distances which can be traveled in this manner are relatively short, up to a hundred yards, but is an unpleasant experience for the wearer as visions of the Warp sweep across their vision and a great hungering maw tugs at their spirit. For the Eldar to spend even a short amount of time within the Warp is not only a danger to their body but their very soul, and the possibility of a fate worst than death means the Warp Spiders are counted among the bravest of all Aspect Warriors.

Massively scaled up, this ship mounted version works in much the same manner, though it is considerably more comfortable for the ships crew, as the extra shielding built into the hull protects from the denizens of the warp, and the teleports, while still short range, are now in the order of tens of thousands of miles rather than hundreds of yards.

Dome of Crystal Seers

Location has no effect.

The Dome of Crystal Seers is a location within a Craftworld's wraithbone core, existing as a broad bio-dome littered with groves of tall wraithbone trees that reach out into space. It is here where the most ancient Farseers of the Eldar retreat to. As Farseers reach greater and greater ages, their minds become so closely linked with the Craftworld's core that their physical bodies simply grow dormant. Within the Dome, the eldest of seers gradually crystallize and take root,

until they turn entirely to crystal. The Farseer's spirit is then preserved forever within the psycho-conductive Infinity Circuit.

In the wraithbone trees sprouting from the core, tiny Warp Spiders are seen. They can melt their arachnoid forms to move through the Infinity Circuit to protect the Dome and the entire Craftworld from invasive psychic entities.

While there likely will never be more than one Farseer resting within, perhaps it may be possible for the crew of the ship who fall to find refuge here, able to watch over the ship they called home and offer advice when they can.

Regardless of what may be possible, the Dome will have a definite effect once it is completed - the Warp Spiders will ensure daemonic or sorcerous activity will never threaten the ship.

Force Commander Vanyl Isse.

you snap to Awareness as fLuid starts to fill your lungs. Panicking you start to Hammer at the glAss pod hoLding you, but the fluid filling it lEaves your blows barely audible to the towerinG armoured fIgures yOu can oNly just see through the murk. either that or they don't care.

You wake up with a wild cry, sitting bolt upright your bed, safe in the apartment you designed for yourself once the absolutely vital buildings had all been planned out and constructed. Just a nightmare.

Just a nightmare.

The first rays of dawn are just starting to shine through the window. In the corridor outside you can already hear the heavy tread of your Space Marine companion, on his way to wake you for another day of hard work. This might be the first time you've been awake already.

You have the same dream a few weeks later. And again, a few weeks after that. It's annoying for you, but everyone quickly gets used to you turning up every couple of weeks tired, grumpy and aching. The worst part is how badly it makes your Black Carapace implant itch.

You know the Black Carapace is a subdermal implant that allows Space Marines to link with their Astartes Power Armour. You also know that there is no way you should have the implant. Above and beyond that you can't seem to bring yourself to care. Logically you should

be worried, but you simply can't manage anything more than blank indifference.

You can't even bring yourself to worry about not being able to worry.

Every time you try, you just blank out for a minute or so, then announce 'Hydra Dominatus!' and come back to your senses.

The dreams arrive every two weeks from then on, like clockwork. A few months pass, and familiarity turns what should be dread into what is definitely a simple annoyance at the inconvenience.

Another month and you can look your Blood Raven companion straight in the eye. Considering Vanyl is closer to nine feet tall than eight, that should worry you too.

After that, the next dream just doesn't occur. You wake up, refreshed, alert and more than slightly confused by the fact a full suit of Pre-Heresy Terminator armour is stood at the foot of your bed, the hulking suit of armour looking as pristine as the day it was hand crafted, the multi headed serpent insignia looking as though it was painted yesterday.

Clenched in the suits hand is what turns out to be a set of astronavigational co-ordinates.

Apparently you have your first target.

To aid in achieving your objective you have been provided with three of the following. The upgrades have already been installed aboard The Light of Terra, the materials and schematics uploaded to the Hephaeustus Repair Platform before you even arrived.

Hydra Domniatus!

Displacer Field

Location has no effect.

A displacer field is a somewhat unreliable defensive device employed by Imperial agents such as Inquisitors. The device will teleport the user out of harm's way if the bearer takes a strong enough hit from a weapon.

Use of the device is risky for several reasons: first, it reacts automatically, and the user cannot control either the teleportation or exactly where he or she teleports to. Furthermore, the user rematerialises moving at the same speed and in the same direction as he or she was when the field activated, which can be equally hazardous. Regardless of the risks, being automatically move out of the path of incoming ordanance is something most captains would jump at, even if having to reaquire targets up to every three seconds (The minimum amount of time between possible displacements) leaves gunnery crews tearing their hair out in frustration.

Armour Indomitus

Location has no effect.

This massive piece of hull armour is an ancient Space Marine relic. This monolithic armour was created long before the Horus Heresy, and many Masters of the Forge have made pilgrimages in order to study it first hand. Most of these Masters maintain that it is the blueprint for each casting of Battle Barge hull, and that its inbuilt Machine Spirit is so complex that it must be blessed every morning and evening to ensure the ship herself will maintain peak performance. Unlike the more common Plasteel and Ceramite Armour plating available, the Armour Indomitus is made from layered plates of raw adamantium, making it very heavy but all but impenetrable by conventional weaponry. In the face of even heavier fire, it incorporates a Force Field, the secrets of which have long since been lost to the Imperium.

Hyperios Missile Launchers

The Hyperios Missile Launcher is a specialized, anti-aircraft missile launcher mounted on Space Marine Hyperios pattern Whirlwinds. Each launcher is capable of firing up to twenty Hyperios missiles at fast-flying targets, making it ideal for defense against attack craft making strafing runs.

Due to a lack of manpower for dedicated air defense in Space Marine Chapters, It is common for Hyperios Missile Launchers equipped with automated remotely-activated defense systems to be utilized by Space Marine forces for local air and space defense. These automated platforms are activated by the chapters Techmarines, and can be monitored via from most locations with the proper command codes.

The Hyperios Anti-Aircraft Missile functions in a similar fashion to a Hunter-Killer Missile. Tracking equipment within the missile locks onto a target, which feeds information to a logis-engine. Once fired, the logis-engine manipulates the missile's exhaust stream in order match the target's movements, avoid obstacles, and destroy it. Most of the missile's mass is taken up by fuel needed to intercept fast-moving targets, allowing it to fly short distances at high velocity.

Thunderfire Bombardment Cannon Batteries

Typically used as a planetary bombardment weapon, their quad-barrel nature allows for a punishing rate of fire, and each Cannon is capable of firing three different varieties of shot. The first type of shell detonates on surface contact, commonly used against infantry in the open, while the airburst shell is employed against infantry taking cover. The most devastating, however, are the subterranean shells, programmed to burrow into the ground before exploding. The resulting explosion causes seismic disruptions which can knock the enemy off-balance, making them easier targets for follow-up fire. This affects even grav-vehicles, whose anti-gravity generators are negatively impacted by the sub-surface shockwaves caused by the shells. While most often used for planetary bombardment, the subterranean detonation shells are also highly effective against opposing capital ships, capable of burrowing through

armour before detonating.

Demolisher Cannon

Prow Only.

The Demolisher fires special ammunition much larger than that used in the Battle Cannon, allowing it to punch through layers of concrete and plasteel alike. A Demolisher shell is constructed with an outer layer of standard high explosive and shrapnel, which surrounds a chemical core. Upon impact, the explosive layer detonates, punching a hole in the enemy's armour and spreading shrapnel over a wide area. It also starts a chemical reaction in the core, causing it to super-heat into a jet of plasma, which lances through the compromised armour, spreading molten death over a wide area and literally ripping the target from the inside out.

Each cannon is also required to maintain its own small supply of special siege shells, consisting of an armour-piercing tip, heavy shell casing and a massive explosive charge micro-fused to allow penetration of a building, ship or bunker before detonating. The siege shell is launched thanks to an on-board rocket engine, which uses solid propellant shaped to control its time and rate of burn for maximum accuracy. In order to avoid the build-up of rocket blast-back, this gas is vented when the cannon is fired to prevent the barrel from deforming or bursting from over-pressure. The sheer size and mass of the shell, however, reduces its stowage capacity and accuracy over long ranges, even with fin stabilisation and booster burns.

Hurricane Mega-Bolter Batteries

Monstrous turrets comprising of three sets of twin linked Mega Bolters. The Vulcan Mega-bolter is a large weapon usually found mounted on Imperial Titans and other Super-Heavy Vehicles. The weapon consists of twin-linked, heavy caliber, multi-barrel rotating Bolt gun barrels capable of firing shells at 300 rounds per second, making it a highly effective anti-personnel weapon. The roar of the Vulcan while firing has earned it the nickname "laughter of the devil" amongst Titan crews.

The Vulcan is larger and more powerful than even Space Marine Heavy Bolters, each shell able to blast a meter-wide crater in stone and steel. Thus the Vulcan can be used to destroy buildings and light vehicles, although it lacks the penetrative power to defeat bunkers and other heavily-armoured targets. Still, the sheer force of continuous impacts from a Vulcan can even knock a Land Raider sideways. Imperial Titans have also been known to use the Vulcans on each other when being assaulted by infantry: boarders are torn to pieces in a storm of bolt rounds while the friendly Titans suffer minor damage.

Icarus Stormcannon Array

Made up of two independently traversing turrets of triple-barreled cannons and a large radar dish, the Icarus Stormcannon Array can track and fire at two separate targets simultaneously. The cannons have a high rate of fire and can launch hundreds of solid rounds into the vaccum of space in seconds. Highly accurate, these colossal autocannons excell at destroying escort ships and chipping away at weapons systems of capital ships from a truly magnificent range.

Psycannon

Psycannons are weapons utilized by the Ordo Malleus and Grey Knights. They are based on the boltgun, firing bolts heavily impregnated with negative psychic energy. The bolt is devastating to the psyches and physical bodies of psykers, daemons, and the possessed. As if the negative psychic energy was not enough, each psycannon bolt is also silver-tipped and inscribed with anti-daemonic symbols.

Thunderhawk Annihilator wing

Aft Only.

The Thunderhawk Annihilator is a specialized gunship employed only by crusading Marine Chapters. Forsaking its transport capability in favor of a powerful Annihilator cannon, it provides crusading Chapters with the kind of thunderous firepower normally provided by the bombers of the Imperial Navy or the Battle Titans of the Adeptus Mechanicus. Thunderhawk Annihilators combine the abilities of bombers and fighters in one incredibly heavily armed, heavily armoured package, able to achieve air and space superiority or strike at opposing capital ships with equal speed and power.

Cultist Chan, your bestest friend.

The world behind you is burning. Sorcerous fire sweeps across the surface, locked in a contest with a creeping tide of filth and rot that is festering its way across an entire hemisphere. The forces of two of the gods have been swept away by fire and filth already, and soon enough a winner will emerge and another planet will be claimed for them.

Cultist-Chan giggles and wraps her arms around you in an enthusiastic hug. "Hwe ahre vheri happ-he! Kay-os has hwun!"

The next week or so is pure annoyance, to say the least. At least The Light of Terra was almost finished before the Hephaestus came under attack and you were forced to withdraw. You would have left earlier, but the panicking, swarming rabble trying to reach The Light and safety made things stupidly irritating. Everytime you shut down one safety protocol that kept the ship from being launched while transports were still trying to dock another two would activate.

Still, as inconvenient as the teeming mass of refuse actually is, they do have one or two uses. Consummate scavengers and hoarders, to your and probably their surprise, they have managed to build and install a new weapon system aboard your flagship.

Before you move on to the next section, you may select two upgrades from any of the other companion sections.

You now have 2000 CP

If the Deadlight is intact you have a bonus of 800 CP to represent the resources you were able to put towards upgrading The Light of Terra from the cities you founded.

Armaments

The Light of Terra is a powerful ship, forged when the Imperium of Man was at the height of its glory and the Emperor still walked amongst men.

The ship has her own mighty armaments already, a colossal Nova Cannon mounted in the prow, and titanic macrocannon batteries along her flanks as well as monstrouly powerful lance batteries and torpedo tubes.

There are six locations on the Light of Terra equipment and weaponry can be mounted, each location offering its own benefits and drawbacks.

The Prow.

Weapons mounted here are considered main guns, massive war engines running the length of the ship. The extra space available means they can be scaled up, gaining a dramatic increase in power with the downside that they can only fire directly ahead of the ship.

You may only take one extra prow weapon, in addition to the Nova Cannon.

Port and Starboard.

The Broadside position, this allows weapons to fire in a ninety degree arc to the sides of The Light of Terra. Each weapon purchase can be applied to both sides of the ship, or can be concentrated on one side, giving a truly spectacular broadside while leaving the opposite side of the ship unarmed. Either ay, weapons situated here gain a slightly increased rate of fire due to the central positioning and ease of access to the ships ammunition stores and power supply.

Aft.

The rear of the ship, and usually the area least likely to see combat. Weapons here are capable of firing only behind the ship, but due to the proximity of the engines they can draw additional power easily and gain a huge increase in range.

Superstructure.

The upper superstructure. On a waterbound ship this would be anything above the top deck, but on a voidfaring ship the superstructure is anything not directly built into the hull but instead protrudes from it, such as delicate communications or astrogation equipment that can not function buried inside the ships hull. Weapons and equipment situated here are extremely exposed, but makes up for this vulnerability by having an almost complete three hundred and sixty degree field of fire.

The Hull.

On the ancient seagoing ships the hull was any part below the waterline, but now the hull refers to any part of the ship especially heavily covered with armour plating and intended to be presented to the enemy in combat. Due to the way most of these are created, these sections tend to be truly massive, so the designation was kept. Weapons mounted inside the hull are much better armoured and benefit greatly from the protection being almost impossible to destroy unless the rest of the ship is in ruins around them. The trade off here is that they take time to deploy as specially constructed firing covers must be retreacted before they can aim. Due to the mass of metal around them target tracking suffers slightly as well, making them a touch less accurate.

THE NOVA CANNON

"If one weapon could be said to exemplify the righteous fury of the God-Emperor's wrath, it would be the Nova cannon."

— Captain Laurent Strophes

The Nova Cannon is a weapon of ancient providence dating back to the Dark Age of Technology, though its exact origins remain unknown. But what is a well established fact is that Nova Cannons are a classification of exceptionally powerful weaponry, easily able to wreak vast destruction upon enemy vessels at great range. However, a Nova Cannon is inaccurate and requires a stable vessel to serve as a platform from which it can fire effectively. While variation exists, a typical Nova Cannon consists of an array of potent gravimetric impellers designed to accelerate a projectile to a fraction of the speed of light. These projectiles vary, ranging from sophisticated plasma warheads which burn with the ferocity of a small star for a fraction of a second, to implosive devices which exert destructive gravitational forces upon all those caught within several thousand kilometres of the detonation. In any case, a well-used Nova Cannon is a terrifying thing to face, as much a psychological tool as a weapon. Despite this, these weapons are often ill-favoured by the Imperial Navy, with most starship captains preferring to utilise the more traditional torpedoes. Those few who favour the weapon understand that it is difficult to use and often rendered useless at close ranges.

The Nova Cannon itself is massive; the barrel is the length of all but the largest Imperial vessels. The projectiles have a diameter of 50 metres and are fired at close to light speed after being accelerated by gravimetric coils. When the projectile has travelled the predetermined distance, the warhead implodes with a force equivalent to several plasma bombs. This creates a blast zone the size of a small planet, powerful enough to destroy a Light Cruiser in a single hit or cripple even a Battleship.

While the exact principle of the weapon remains unknown, there have been several arguments about the kinetic energy of the impact. Unfortunately, while the kinetic energy can be estimated with some accuracy, the weapon, primarily due to the extreme range and unreliable aiming, is unlikely to directly hit anything smaller than a planetoid. The primary effect of the Nova Cannon is derived from the explosive force of its projectile, which is produced by an unknown method, though it is presumably a very large thermonuclear fusion warhead. Due to the lethal nature of their warheads, Nova Cannon shells are not armed for a fraction of a second after firing, allowing them to travel many tens of thousands of kilometres through the void before they become truly deadly.

As powerful as the standard Nova cannon is, there are alternative versions, and for the cost listed you may choose to upgrade. You may also purchase a second Nova Cannon for 1000 CP.

Mars Pattern Nova Cannon
500 CP

Though Nova Cannons are quite rare, even by standards of starship construction, the Mars Pattern is the most common construction template. These massive cannons -- hundreds of metres in length -- fire an enormous shell that echoes a traditional explosive warhead, though on a much larger scale. These shells are accelerated to near relativistic velocities, causing an explosion that detonates with more force than dozens of plasma warheads. Built to reflect the Imperial Creed of victory through brute force the Mars Pattern is a brute, even amongst these titanic weapons, capable of lobbing shells the size of medium sized starships lightyears at a time the Mars Pattern is for those who prefer simple, brute force solutions to problems like enemy fleets and small moons.

Ryza Pattern Nova Cannon
800 CP
This variant of the Nova Cannon replaces the massive explosive shells with a highly unstable plasma-based macro-bomb. These weapons are even more power-hungry than a Mars Pattern Nova Cannon, but are believed to be slightly more effective as well. With this additional power does come some additional questions of stability, as weaponising such a huge quantity of plasma carries its own inherent dangers. The Ryza Pattern, renown for its insatiable hunger for energy is stilla terrifying weapon, the rumour alone enough to scatter all but the largest and most heavily armed ships, for who could hope to stand against something capable of firing munitions that for a brief fraction of a second explode into new stars?

Jovian Pattern Nova Cannon
1000 CP
The Jovian Pattern Nova Cannon is one of the rarest and the most feared of its kind. Most commonly found mounted on Cruisers, the Jovian Pattern replaces the traditional explosive warhead with vortex warheads; the discharge of which results in a rift being opened to the Warp. These resultant rifts have been recorded on two seperate occasions being large enough to rend inhabited planets cleanly in half. As powerful as it is, the ammunition utilised by the Jovian pattern is quite unstable, and damage that would normally render another pattern of Nova Cannon unusable would outright destroy the Jovian instead. A truly mythical weapon, only four were ever produced. Two were mounted aboard the Emperors personal flagship, one went to the flagship secretly constructed for non other than Horus himself by renegade Techpriests before the outbreak of The Horus Heresy and the fourth went to The Light of Terra. Entire fleets can be swept aside by a single shell, shattered into handfuls of twisted metal or even worse, forced into the warp. Even the minions of the ruinous powers need fear this weapon, for in the instant before realspace is replaced by a one way gate to the warp there is a brief flash of utter nonexistance, an impossibility they cannot endure.

MACROCANNON BATTERIES

'Ultima Ratio Imperator'

— unknown, found inscribed on bronze plaque above firing control.

A Macrocannon is the largest member of the family of Auto Weapons and it has been used as a main armament on the warships of the Imperium of Man since the time of the Great Crusade in the late 30th Millennium. These massive ballistic weapons are deployed in batteries, and destroy their targets through the delivery of powerful broadsides of shells fired in volley to overwhelm their enemy in a barrage of destruction. Macrocannons are giant, edifice-size weapons covered with gantries, cranes, power lines and pipes manned by a crew that stands hundreds strong. Macrocannons can also be deployed to serve as potent artillery weapons by Imperial ground forces, though such instances are rare as these weapons are not very mobile, and their range and accuracy drops tremendously when deployed within the confines of a gravity well and atmosphere, to the point that their massive firepower can present as much danger to friendly forces as to the foe. The greenskinned and savage xenos known as Orks are also known to make extensive use of crude Macrocannons on their Kroozers, and refer to these monstrous weapons simply as "Gunz."

The Light Of Terra starts with six free Macrocannon Batteries, more may be purchased for 300 CP each.

Each battery may be individually upgraded to one of the following patterns for the price listed:

Caleador Pattern Disruption Macrocannon
200 CP
This Macrocannon variant fires a "shell" of highly charged, ionized deuterium atoms. These particles cause minimal physical damage to their targets. Instead, they are intended to overload and shut down power transfer systems throughout the target vessel. These weapons are particularly useful for vessels that need to capture their prey intact.

Hecutor Pattern Plasma Macrocannon
200 CP
The Hecutor Pattern plasma battery is an ancient variant of plasma macroweaponry that fires superheated plasma rather than a ballistic shell. This variant refocuses the power of the plasma "blast," concentrating it into a compressed photonic packet that can be fired over extremely long distances. It is rare to see these weapons on any but the oldest Imperial vessels, meaning many are found on Heretic vessels lost to the Forces of Chaos millennia ago.

Mark VI Mars Pattern Macrocannon
200 CP
The most common macrobattery, these Macrocannons are reliable, hard-hitting weapons that fire kilotonne-grade ordnance, mounted along an Imperial warship's dorsal ridge or in a broadside. The oldest and most refined variant, this pattern bosts both ease of maintenance

and more importantly a beautifully engineered autoloader, ensuring an increased rate of fire, close to double that of the standard battery.

Stygies Pattern Bombardment Cannon
200 CP
As the name suggests, this devastating weapon is designed to reduce planetary defences to rubble and support Imperial military landings on target worlds. Most often the Stygies Pattern Bombardment Cannon uses a linear accelerator to launch massed salvoes of heavy magma bomb warheads, and though it is relatively short ranged, the Bombardment Cannon can also be used in naval combat. Often the simple rumour that orbiting Imperial vessels carry this weapon is enough to force a quick surrender.

Hecutor Pattern Macrocannon
200 CP
This variant of the Macrocannon is designed to fire heavier ordnance than the Mars Pattern. These alternative shells contain an adamantium core that cuts through the heaviest known forms of starship armour.

Torpedeo Launcher

"...the torpedo salvo plunged towards the Bale Childer, and in a moment what had been a tight formation of warships dissolved into a panicked mass, each ship evading as best it could."

— Excerpt from "Treatise on Naval Tactics against the Hated Yu'vath During the Angevin Crusade"

Torpedoes are large anti-starship missiles used in space naval battles. They are a highly versatile weapon, as they can be used by any spacecraft from the largest battleships to the smallest planetside missile defence silos. Up to 200 feet long and powered by a powerful plasma reactor that also forms part of the warhead, torpedoes' extremely limited tracking abilities are made up for by the sheer size of the blast they can produce, making a near miss almost as good as a direct hit. Torpedoes are made even more effective by the difficulty of hitting them, which results in fighters and point-defense turrets being the only weapons that can be counted on to consistently engage and destroy them.

The Light of Terra starts with eight free Torpedo Launchers and more can be purchased for

200 CP each. The individual Launchers can be upgraded to fire different varieties of Torpedo for the cost listed per launcher.

Short Burn torpedo
50 CP
The Short Burn torpedo is the most common of Imperial special torpedo types, possessing increased engine power at the expense of fuel tanks. As a result, they are considerably faster (and thus less likely to get shot down), but they might also "burn out" - i.e., run out of fuel before reaching their intended target. If that is the case, the torpedo will immediately detonate, catching anything too close in the blast, be it friend or foe.

Guided torpedoes
100 CP
Guided torpedoes are the second most common special type of Imperial torpedoes. Unlike regular torpedoes, they are telemetrically controlled from the carrier ship, allowing them to turn towards specific targets instead of moving blindly forward - an invaluable ability in battle.

These torpedoes suffer from one flaw, however: the tight beam communication systems. As advanced as they are, it is still possible to jam them, effectively disabling the type's advantage, or even interfere with them and give false instructions to the torpedo. At times, this results in it turning at the allied ship.

Seeking Torpedoes
200 CP
Seeking Torpedoes are special and rare Torpedoes of the Imperial Navy. Only a very few Forge Worlds maintain the capacity to manufacture the sophisticated guidance systems of a Seeking Torpedo. Torpedoes equipped with these systems employ adaptive cogitators and logic engines that continuously analyze their target's defensive actions, allowing them to not only automatically follow their target but also avoid defensive fire.

Despite these advantages, Seeking Torpedoes suffer from a habit of premature detonation.

Melta Torpedoes
300 CP
Melta torpedoes are one of the rarest and most powerful types of torpedo, second only to the terrifying Vortex Torpedoes. As their name implies, they are packed with numerous melta bombs, which explode into conflagrations of nuclear fire on impact. The inferno is powerful enough to burn through the outer armour of a ship and potent enough to engulf the whole vessel.

Of course, with such power comes great peril, as a successful enemy shot to the the torpedo bay will detonate them, the resulting inferno often annihilating the carrier vessel.

Virus Torpedoes

300 CP
Virus Torpedoes are Torpedoes of the Imperial Navy modified for biological warfare. Similar to the more famous Virus Bomb, Virus Torpedoes are employed when Imperial forces wish to capture a vessel intact, but the targets' crews and passengers are considered expendable. In these situations a Virus Torpedo is fired at an enemy starship, penetrating its hull then unleashing its deadly virus within to quickly wipe out all on board. Stolen or manufactured Virus Torpedoes are also sometimes used by pirates wishing to plunder large cargo vessels.

Vortex Torpedoes
400 CP
Vortex torpedoes are the rarest and the mightiest of all torpedo types. Like other vortex weapons, this torpedo works by creating a temporary rift in the warp, which proceeds to rip apart and absorb everything near it. While nowhere near as powerful as the Jovian Pattern Nova Cannon, in battle use of this torpedo will still see whole sections of the target vessel gone forever into the Immaterium, complete with all the equipment and crew inside.

Like the somewhat weaker Melta torpedoes, the vortex torpedoes are highly unstable and can be set off by a lucky enemy shot into the torpedo compartment, more often than not completely devouring the vessel.

Cyclonic Torpedoes
800 CP
Can perform Exterminatus
Cyclonic Torpedoes are a category of Torpedo utilized by the Imperium for orbital bombardment of a planet once Exterminatus has been invoked. A wide variety of weapons fit the definition of cyclonic torpedoes, and employ varying means of scouring the world's surface, from nucleonic fire to raw plasma. Whatever their method of destruction, the effect of cyclonic torpedoes is the same: the complete destruction of all life on the planet, its atmosphere burned away in a storm of fire and its oceans boiled to vapour, leaving it a barren rock.

The only factions within the Imperium known to have these weapons are the Inquisition and the Adeptus Astartes, though the Inquisition is the only power with the authority to order an Exterimatus.

Two-stage torpedoes are a more exotic version of the cyclonic torpedo. Though the warhead is still the same, the delivery system is radically different. Instead of exploding on impact, this device will burrow though a planet's surface with a Melta charge, and detonate at the core. This will destabilize a planet, and will shatter that world in many cases. They are used against worlds that are devoid of atmosphere or biological life, such as Necron Tomb worlds.

LANCE BATTERIES

"Nought burns hotter than righteous hate for the Mutant, the heretic and the Xeno, but plasma comes a close second."

— Grand Inquisitor Hatticus 'Red' Grimfelt

Lances are Imperial directed energy weapons of extreme power. A Lance battery is, in essence, a gargantuan Lasgun, usually mounted in a large and heavily armoured turret. Thanks to the available energy from the ship's Plasma Reactor, a Lance can fire prolonged bursts instead of the short "shots" of man-portable las-weapons. Often, a bright shaft of coherent light connects the weapon to its target, hence the name "Lance". Lances use triple or even quad-arranged energy projectors to focus their energy into a concentrated beam, capable of burning through even the most heavily armoured hulls and cutting smaller vessels in half. Lance batteries can be used to either apply sustained firepower to one precise location of a target, or, by slightly moving the projector, "rake" across its target. Multiple batteries often combine these two firing modes, in the hope of overwhelming their target's Void Shields and inflicting massive damage.

The Light Of Terrra starts with eight Lance Batteries, and more may be purchased for 200 CP each. The individual batteries may be upgraded to the new version below, with the cost per individual battery.

Godsbane Lance
200 CP
This is practically an archeotech relic-weapon. The lengthened focus apparatus and quad lense-arrays give the weapon extreme range, to the point that beam dispersion becomes a problem. The technological demands of these weapons is intense, and only the older Grand Cruisers of the most powerful Battlefleets possess the structural requirements to mount them. In fact, similar weapons are more often found amongst the forces of the Archenemy, as they tend to possess older vessels dating back to the time of the Great Crusade and the Horus Heresy.

Las-burners
100 CP
Las-burners are scaled down versions of true Lances, utilising focused, high power laser beams to cut through a starship's armoured plating. Though these weapons do far less damage, the turrets are smaller as well, allowing smaller warships to carry them. Due to the small size, three Las-burners will be installed in each turret purchased.

Mezoa Pattern Hybrid Lance Weapon
200 CP
This recent development from the Forge World of Mezoa remains highly controversial in naval circles. It substantially sacrifices range, but increases damage potential by integrating an

emitter into the Lance design. Some ship's captains have complained that the reduced range requires a change in ship-to-ship combat tactics.

Voidsunder Lance Battery
300 CP
Commonly mounted on the Dauntless-class Light Cruisers constructed in the Calixis Sector and neighbouring sectors, the Voidsunder Lance Battery sacrifices flexibility for raw power. Mounted in massive housings hanging off a warship's prow and rear fins, these weapons provide a Light Cruiser with a ship-breaking punch. Unique amongst lances in that the beam doesn't cut into targets, instead 'bursting' at the point of impact, inflicting damage in a wide area, the plasma burning away armour over time, weakening targets for the follow up attacks.

Void Shields

"Almost as good as faith in the Emperor. Almost."

— Arch-Militant Willow Road, watching a Titan shrug off an artillery barrage during the battle of Nottingham on NG7 2WS.

A Void Shield is a special form of gravitic or electrically-charged energy field employed by the Imperium of Man's various military forces to protect super-heavy vehicles like starships and Titans from enemy attacks. Void Shields use Imperial Warp-based technology to displace ranged attacks by subtly distorting the localized space-time around the point of impact. It is unclear whether Void Shields neutralize the projectile or energy beam, transport it into the Warp, or whether they use some other method to displace the damaging force of a physical attack upon the vehicle or vessel. Void Shields act in the same manner as Ork Kustom Force Fields, though Ork energy fields are far less reliable and tend to be inoperable once downed. Inversely, Imperial Void Shields can be re-activated after being collapsed, even during battle. In combat, Void Shields do not protect from close combat assaults or other vehicles moving through them to then attack the shielded vehicle or vessel.

Such shields are also used by Imperial military and civilian starships to to survive the hostile environment that is the vacuum of space. Shields form an invisible band of energy around the vessel, a variable layer of force that can absorb radiation, interstellar dust, and particle showers as well as weapon hits. Shields have a maximum tolerance and can be overloaded by sustained weapons fire or massive collisions, forcing the generators to shut down temporarily to vent the excess kinetic or direct energy.

When used to protect ground forces, these shields are most commonly mounted on Imperial Titans for protection from ranged attacks, but they have also been employed on other

super-heavy main battle tanks. On vehicles with multiple Void Shields, or Void Shield banks, it has been said that the Void Shields must be calibrated to overlap perfectly or "weak spots" can occur. These chinks in the shields appear to be undetectable to anything but direct visuals, and can cause catastrophic Void Shield bank failure when shot at by Titan-sized weapons. Void Shields are also said to whine audibly when active, and fizzle against one another when touching or overlapping.

While The Light of Terra maintains a Void Shield across each area of the ship, giving you six free you may purchase back up shields for 100 CP each or you may upgrade a single shield to one of the following models for the price listed.

Antax Pattern Void Shield
200 CP
An unusual and extremely effective variant, but not a popular one due to the the extremely precise requiresments for its continued use. The Antax Shield projector is in essence three shield generators built into one massive projector, capable of maintaining three different shields, layered one in front of the next in front of the next with a few meters of empty space between them. While the sheer protection this gives is unparalleled the projector is extremely delicate.

Belacane Pattern Void Shield
200 CP
An extremely unusual variation of the shield, this projector incorporates an almost archeotech splitter that means instead of one titanic shield warding the ship, hundreds of meters wide interlocking shields are generated, something like a vast jigsaw of energy floating in space. While each individual shield is easy to overcome and will vanish after a single hit the sheer number of micro-shields in place means that barring anything but unimaginably accurate weapons able to fire through what amounts ot a pinpoint gap or repeated volleys from weapons with a truly monstrous fire rate will be intercepted.

Gryphonne IV Pattern Void Shield
300 CP
Built using schematics from a partially recovered and badly damaged STC, the holy grail of the Adeptus Mechanicus. While utilising it carried the risk of the entire Forge World being declared compromised by heresy, the results spoke for themselves and the world came to be regarded as a true place of faith in the Machine God. The Gryphonne IV is built using ancient and much more reliable technology and so can absorb truly massive amounts of punishment before collapsing.

Raven Guard Reflex Shield
400 CP
A Reflex Shield is a modified version of the Imperium's void shield technology used by the Raven Guard to hide their ships from the enemy. Essentially a void shield in reverse, a reflex shield is calibrated to a higher tolerance and redirected inwards so that all matter and energy

generated by the ship is displaced into the Warp. This effectively makes Raven Guard ships with active reflex shields immune to all forms of detection, as even visible light reflected off ship's hull is displaced, and due to low power requirements the reflex shields can be maintained indefinitely. When activated a Raven Guard ship will appear to shimmer briefly before going completely invisible to both the naked eye and scanners.

One serious downside to the use of reflex shields is that they significantly reduce a ship's sensor capabilities, essentially making them half-blind. Unlike traditional void shields they also provide no protection against attacks, and it can take several minutes for the void shield generators to switch between the two modes. In addition reflex shields have a relatively low energy threshold above which they will no longer work. At most a ship's reactors can only run at half-power and still remain invisible.

Simia Orichalcae Pattern Void Shield
500 CP
A truly inhospitable ice world and since reclaimed by the AdMech after an accident saw the destruction of a massive Promethium refinery, the shield projectors manufactured here are truly unique. Rather than dumping energy into the warp, a sophisticated array of energy sinks and capacitors siphons off enough to keep the ships weapons hypercharged while allowing only the exess energy to spill into the Warp. Volatile and dangerous, with any mishaps most likely spelling an end for large parts of the ship, nevertheless the demand for the shields still far, far outweighs the amount produced.

Warp-Drive

"Liberate tuteme ex inferis."
— Unknown, Name stricken from records. Beleived to be Captain of mankinds first warp capable starship.

The Warp-Drive, or Warp Engines, are devices integrated into spacecraft used by many intelligent races to actually enter the Warp, an alternate dimension of purely psychic energy that echoes and underlies the familiar four dimensions of realspace, making them capable of a form of faster-than-light travel known as Warp travel or Warp jumping. The Warp-Drive allows a starship to enter the Warp, travelling its currents until reemerging into realspace tens, hundreds or even thousands of light years away from the starting point. They are huge and bulky devices which only large voidships possess the cargo capacity to carry. Starships fitted with Warp-Drives are known as Warpships or Warp-capable voidcraft. Warp-Drives allow starships to enter the Warp and bypass light years of realspace in a relatively short time, although the myriad dangers associated with Warp travel are terrible indeed.

The Gellar Field

All Imperial Warp-capable voidcraft possess a special module attached to the Warp-Drive which emits a special protective force field called a Gellar Field. The Gellar Field creates a "bubble" of realspace around the starship that it essentially carries into the Empyrean alongside it. The Gellar Field protects the starship and its occupants from the hostility of the Warp itself, as well as from the predation of Warp entities, such as daemons, as it travels through the Warp, as a daemon cannot enter the field or even survive outside the Immaterium except under very precise conditions or special circumstances. The weakening, failure, or collapse of a Gellar Field while the starship is travelling through the Warp would be completely disastrous. Warp entities would tear the ship apart to reach and consume the souls of its crew and passengers.

An unprotected human in the Warp may be possessed by alien, daemonic entities or driven insane by the phantasmal environment itself. People disappear without trace, while crazed mobs rampage through the decks living out their nightmares, leading to widespread murder and self-destruction. Sometimes a vessel emerges from the Warp physically intact but with no trace of its crew. Many such ghostships drift through the galaxy, and they are considered an ill-omen by all those who encounter them while sailing upon the ebon sea of the void.

The Light of Terra comes equipped with a Gellar Field and a truly mighty Warp-Engine already, one easily capable of shifting the mighty warship into and out of realspace, and unlike perhaps every other human vessel that does or has existed, bears a Cogitator capable of navigating the currents of the Warp, a machine that has never been equalled since. As mighty as it is, it can be retroffited to a different type for the cost listed:

Durandal Warp Engine
100 CP
With a massively oversized plasma reactor larger than anything seen on a starship till it was installed aboard The Light, one would think the ship was capable of entering the warp at will. While this isn't quite the case, jumps to the warp take perhaps a fifth of the time other vessels require, allowing for a rapid string of quick transitions or even a quick escape.

Vakarian Warp Engine
300 CP
An engine with a lightweight Warp Core and stripped two stripped down twin drives taken from much smaller ships, precision engineering of a kind now lost to man allows the ship to function as though she mounted a Warships Engine. The end result of the reduction in weight is obvious when watching the ship manouver in sublight, what should be a slow and ponderous vessel almost darting about with the grace of a light escort ship.

Sulik Warp Engine
500 CP
Another engine with a massively overpowered reactor, this one an unimaginably rare and

ancient Matter reactor that combines matter and anti-matter and allows the resultant and truly catastrophic energy release to be harnessed. The main draw of this Warp Engine is not how she slides into or out of the Warp however, but how she hands in realspace. The incredible levels of power are easily rerouted into the sublight engines, allowing them to propel the ship orders of magnitude faster than previously thought possible.

WRATH OF THE FOUR.

Across the sector space is thick with shipping, mighty vessels of all factions converging on one point. Told about it or not, you somehow instinctively know that place is where things will come to a conclusion. As time passes you feel something there begin to almost pull at you, silently urging you into the maelstrom of war.

Space Marine Legions launch desperate assaults on Necron Tomb Ships, cutting down wave after wave of undying skeletal monstrosities, their slain foes rising up around them even as they struggle to the ships power control. Eldar battle Dark Eldar, their ships almost mirroring each other as they weave and dance between drifting nebula, plasma drifting almost lazily between them as they make war. Ork and Tyranid crash against each other in waves so vast they stagger the imagination, hundreds of thousands of ships thrown to the grinder in each engagement, both struggling to overcome the other for a single reason; hunger. Hunger for biomass, the need to consume all that lives or simply for war, an inbuilt, instinctive need to fight anyone and everything. Tau squadrons battle Adeptus Mechanicus leviathans, ancient, lost technology from the glory days of mankinds greatest empire pitted against the technological prowess of the young and vital Tau Empire, drones clashing against voidships piloted by combat servitors crudely created from the brains of those deemed too heretical to live. Imperial Guard ships are everywhere, mass produced, crude, ugly things designed so that the Imperium can use the greatest and only resource it has to its best advantage, the uncounted teeming billions of people who dwell within its border.

Above and beyond all this the forces of Chaos are rising, ships, ancient things that turned

traitor during the Heresy flying side by side with freshly constructed nightmares forged in the Daemonforges of the Eye of Terror, and even mighty Daemons have begun to spill into realspace, reality straining under the onslaught, growing weak and thin.

Almost by pure, random chance your navigations officers each discover routes to the center of the conflict and whatever prize awaits there. Four routes that seem almost devoid of activity, untouched oases of peace in a maelstrom of conflict.

Route 1 - Terminus Est.

While the route is relatively free of conflict, that may be due to the presence of something ancient and truly, unspeakably vile. The Terminus Est, favoured Plagueship of Greatfather Nurgle lurks amongst these stars.

The Terminus Est was one of the first capital ships assigned to the Death Guard by the Emperor. It was of a unique design that pre-dated the Great Crusade and which was copied in M36 as part of the Gareox Prerogative to create the Despoiler class. As might be expected the older vessel was considerably more powerful than the later copy, although nothing definite is now known of the pre-Heresy configuration of Terminus Est.

References exist that suggest it was originally primarily employed as a planetary assault ship. This is not unusual as it conforms with the role assigned to the vessels of the Space Marine Legions. Many of the vessels used in the Great Crusade were, however, handicapped by system failures that the Imperium lacked the ability to repair. Often this would result in many systems being replaced with less efficient but more easily maintained alternatives.

The role of Terminus Est during the Horus Heresy is better known. At Isstvan the Terminus Est engaged and destroyed the Shadow of the Emperor, the flagship of the Raven Guard. It is argued that this engagement was the earliest recorded conflict between battleships specialised to carry attack craft. The engagement was swift and deprived the embattled loyalist forces of any air support in the massacre that followed.

When the Terminus Est was sighted as part of the armada that followed Horus to Terra it had changed. The Mark of Nurgle was upon it and all the other vessels of the Death Guard. While Mortarion led the assault on the Lion's Gate starport, Typhus controlled the Plaguefleet and it is suspected actually began the orbital bombardment of the Emperor’s Palace.

Following Horus’ death and the arrival of loyalist reinforcements the Terminus Est’s formidable reserves of attack craft were expended as a rearguard while the Death Guard were evacuated back to their ships. Along with the rest of the Traitor Legions the Death Guard fled to the Eye of Terror and disappeared from Human knowledge for centuries.

In the Eye it is suspected that the Traitor Legions fought amongst themselves. It is the boast of the Death Guard that their Primarch-turned-Daemon Prince Mortarion conquered a mighty empire within the Eye and transformed it to his own tastes. Typhus and the Terminus Est were among the first of the Death Guard to be sighted again when they brought plague to the Agripinaa system in M35. The success of the Terminus Est in defeating the battlegroups sent against it had a major effect on the thinking of the Imperial Navy. In M36 an Adeptus Mechanicus expeditionary force succeeded in finding schematics of its design on the perdita world of Barbarus and began building the Despoiler class.

Little were they to know that the core architecture and design of the class' warp shields hid a fundamental flaw. Only when in the following centuries the vessels of this class were either lost in the Warp or turned renegade did the realisation strike home. The Terminus Est and Typhus did not assume a central role in the Gothic War. A single sighting near Anvil 206 was the only evidence of their presence. However, considering the later incidents traced back to Anvil 206 it is clear that a particular mission was accomplished.

In M41 the Terminus Est is one of the oldest ships known to the Imperium, the power of Nurgle holding its ancient hull together while the most virulent plagues seethe through its dank corridors. The Terminus Est is a part of Nurgle's realm given license to travel the stars, spreading death at the behest of its damned captain. There will be no rest for the Imperial Navy until it is finally hunted down and cleansed forever.

The Terminus Est is surrounded by vast swarming clouds of the same Warp-spawned flies which buzz and howl through its interior, and which first transformed Typhus into the Host of the Destroyer Hive. This miasma permeates outwards from the ship, through blisters, boils and fractures in its surface or through corroded, useless discharge tubes and weapon barrels.

This miasma has long ago decayed away the ship's existing turrets, yet still inconveniently works in exactly the same way as flak or point defence turrets would against attack craft, but thankfully seems to have no effect against torpedoes. The miasma is so thick that it obscures and distorts the shape of the Terminus Est itself, making even targetting the obscenity difficult.

Along either side of the Terminus Est, row upon row of festering pustules, hives, boils and sores erupt outwards from the ship's cankered skin. These growths cover the rusted remains of what was presumably once the ship's main broadside batteries, growing in a diseased parody of these weapons like coral over rock. They seep and bloat, periodically erupting violently and hurling a mixture of corroded debris, ammunition and filth out into space. Vast and bloated cancers will tear themselves free of the ships flanks and propel themselves on clouds of diseased fluids, grotesque multifanged maws opening, ready to gnaw into opposing vessels with stained, splintered meter long fangs. Below the massive, rheumy and monstrous eye that has grown onto the prow of the ship stands its most potent and terrible weapon, a manifestation of the Plaguefather in his aspect of decay, the once proud Nova Cannon now a fanged and monstrous mouth that can spew pure entropy at the command of the nightmare thing rotted into the captains chair, the RotSpeaker Cannons projectiles aging anything they touch by billions

of years in a few seconds. Flesh rots, metals rust and crumble away to nothing. Even those immortal need fear this instrument of Chaos, for in the vile spew it projects seethe countless of the Plaguefathers gifts, and in the countless millions of years that pass in the span of a second, hundreds will mutate into forms capable of bringing them low.

Route 2 - Anguish of the Murderhobos

Not all ships that bear the signs of Slaneesh are fallen Imperial ships, though at times it seems that way. The galaxy is vast, and there are a great many civilisations that rise and fall without sight of the followers of the Emperor of Mankind. One hidden and now nameless world saw rise to a truly bizzare civilisation, a civilisation of one man.

Long before the Emperor, before the Unification Wars, before even the Rise of The Iron Men, in the mythical Dark Age of Technology space travel was common and simple, and vast swathes of the galaxy came to be united by humanity. One man lived then, and felt himself better than those around him. Smarter, more athletic, more cunning, more attractive. It was simplicity to manipulate the people who seemed to drift around him, their lives dull and pointless in comparison to his own. Soon he was counted one of the richest men on his home planet. He isolated himself in a palace he designed with his own hands, a towering spire of meter thick obsidian, the inside lined with mirrors of pure crystal so he would see nothing but his own magnificence. In time though, he came to hear the echoes of those outside, those he already considered less than him, those he soon came to see as worthless filth.

In time he began to venture out once again, for he had devised a means by which the teeming masses of wretched filth could be of use to him. They died. They died for his amusement, and for his pleasure. Time and again he carved his disdain onto their screaming, writhing forms, and what did they do? how did they repay him, who had brought to them truth? they hunted him. Fools and blind, idiot heathens they were, and so, tears of sorrow in his eyes he resolved to leave them and find a world of his own. Obtaining a ship was not hard, obtaining one that mached his glamour was. In the end he was forced to build his own.

Finally he travelled the stars. He visited world after world, and each one was filled with vermin. Crawling, foolish wretched vermin who refused to learn the lessons he tought in their flesh, time and again.

Eventually he grew tired of wandering, sick of the wretched faces of the lesser things that poisoned the air of every world he called upon with their wtretchedness, and he vowed to create a world fit for him.

Plants he coaxed forth using the sciences he had mastered long ago on the world of his birth, and such animals as he felt were sufficiently quiet and prefered to hide from him. These he could tolerate. Finally he decided he would have companions. Time and again he cloned

himself, perfect duplicates, one and all, some male, some female.

For a time he was happy, but soon enough the clones began to wear at him. Thinking they were his equal. He was first, and superior. Once more, he began to carve his art into the flesh of scum. They were he and he were they, so his crimes were uncovered quickly, and he was caught. Finally though, he had an audience who understood. With joy he carved, and they came to him with open arms to be shown the truth. Finally, he stood alone, and something far greater than he smile upon him. The bones of the dead rose up, twisting into impossible shapes, fusing together into a massive golden sphere held aloft by massive glittering glass conduits that twisted to a point at the apex of what foolish, lesser creatures who masquerade as people would call a ship.

Taking his reward the Perfect Man went on his way, still carving his lesson upon the ships he encounters, and now has come to the same space you would travel through.

His ship, his reward, his transcendance is a glittering, fragile entity, at once one with and seperate from the Perfect Man inside and shielded by his own ego given form, an unspeakable, almost unbreakable barrier of warp energy. Above and beyond that the soulglass surface reflects and distorts when looked upon, making even targeting the ship in the first place difficult.

Light dances pleasingly across the ships surface, and it isn't until parts of the viewer fall carved away and cauterised one realises that the light cuts as quickly and as deeply as a laser weapon. Against a warship an individual beam will not cut deeply, but there are a great many beams.

The ships main weapon is a strange and terrible engine of woe indeed, a gargantuan psychic focus that allows the ships captain to focus his seething hatred outward for one brief, transcendant second, forcing others to endure what he has endured, a blast from it enveloping an attacker in a sea of what could be and what would be, dozens, hundreds of parallel realities, each crewmember suddenly embroilled in a pitched battle amidst dozens of broken, twisted versions of themselves, all convinced they are real and determined to end the false men who would take their place.

Route 3 - The Iron Blood

As you travel this route, the silence is at first welcoming, though over the next few hours it slowly becomes worrying, then deeply unsettling. The cries of alarm as something is sighted come almost as a relief, at least until you discover just what the IFF transponder is receiving.

The Iron Blood.

An ancient titan of a ship, a dreadnought so colossal it dwarfs any of the weak and feeble ships the dying Imperium of Man can forge today, its size rivalled only by The Light of Terra herself.

Kilometer after kilometer of unbreakable strength and brute firepower, the Iron Blood's craggy flanks clad in armour tens of metres thick. She is without viewports, for the war doctrines of her captain, the Chaos Lord called only the Engine of Woe made it clear the battle should be conducted by calculation and firepower, and viewports into the void war were nothing but vanity. War in space was a matter of calculations, sensors and firepower. That or hacking your enemy apart in spaces so small you could smell their blood.

The prow of the Iron Blood resembled a vast iron arrowhead, followed by a crenellated hull behind it. Her slab-like armoured flanks were blackened by the fires erupting from the carcasses of dying foes smashed asunder by brutal ramming attacks, and her serrated spine was a mountain of bristling weapons turrets of all types. Weapon batteries also lined its sides. At the time of the Great Crusade, it was considered one of the mightiest capital ships in the galaxy, capable of single-handedly annihilating other void fleets and entire worlds.

Long has this ship been a favourite of The Blood god, its master running her with an iron fist and a cold and calculated hatred for all life. Not a berserker but a cunning and brilliant tactician he has obliterated countless foes, simply because they dared exist. After all, Khorne cares not from whence the blood flows, only that it flows.

Now the murders of the Engine of Woe have brought him and the Iron Blood into sight, and he trains his guns on you.

The Iron Blood is a simple ship, build and tempered by warriors and war, he armour the thickest ever recorded, able to laugh off Macrocannon battery fire like a man being attacked by ants. Incredibly heavy and ponderous, the ship moves slowly, ignoring and shrugging off fire till it closes to range and then with a howl of impotent rage the mighty Bloodthirster bound into the engines sends the ship surging forth in a mighty charge, the weight of the ancient battleship, the sheer momentum of it enough to punch through almost anything.

The guns she does have are just as slow and ponderous as the rest of the ship, and they mirror the vessel they are mounted to in range and damage output as well, though the Iron Blood is not without longer ranged armaments. Rare and extremely volatile though they are, the ship mounts several torpedo Launchers that can fire Hatebringers, boarding pods forged from hellbrass in the realm of Chaos and powered by blind, hateful daemons who have fallen from favour and been bound eternally to these sinister war machines. Driven by a need to vent their insane wrath against the universe they will ceaselessly seek to crash into opposing ships, and should they manage to do so they will spill a nightmare tide of berserk chaos marines into the shattered guts of the now crippled vessel.

Route 4 - The Furious Abyss

The wheels of bureaucracy ever turn slowly, and in the Imperium of Man they turn slower still. The IFF system aboard The Light Of Terra still searches databases filled with the transponder frequencies of ships destroyed, scuttled or consumed in the breakers yards above Mars thousands of years ago.

What is surprising about this is that as you travel, it locates one.

The Furious Abyss was a unique Imperial Abyss-class Battleship of special configuration, created and built in the Jovian shipyards of Thule which orbited the gas giant of Jupiter in the Sol System in the early 31st Millennium. This vessel was constructed in secret during the latter years of the Great Crusade by the Renegade Dark Mechanicus faction loyal to Kelbor-Hal, the Fabricator-General of Mars' Mechanicum.

Records also state that the furious Abyss fell burning onto one of the moons of Macragge, the homeworld of the Ultramarines during the Horus Heresy.

Finally the ship moves close enough to view, and your heart skips a beat at the sight of her. Somehow the Furious Abyss has been resurrected, the flames that consumed her so many millenia ago still burning, even now as she moves to attack, the now eldritch fires that fall away from her as she moves to an attack position, flames that your eyes seem to glance away as though they could not or would not bear to linger sweeping out to port and starboard of the ship like two colossal wings.

By the will of The Changer of Ways the Furious Abyss has been called back to existence. And also has not.

The ship flickers as it moves, vanishing from existence as the universe remembers the ships destruction, only for the ship to reapear again a few moments later, the fires that consumed her still dancing across her hull, though now they are eternal, unending fires of burning possibility.

While the Furious Abyss will be difficult to hit, for she is both here and entombed in the ruins of the moon she fell burning onto so long ago she is just as damaged now as she was when she was destroyed, so she can take almost no punishment and the many weapon batteries that flanked her sides are long gone. The Teller of False Lies has been busy with his prize though, for the twin tails of warpfire that trail from her wounded flanks will reform into raptor wings, from

the twisted ruins of her hull with emerge two monstrous clawed birds legs formed from twisted metal and ruined guns, and the massive reinforced armoured prow that bears the likeness of an Eagles head will animate and turn its eyes upon you.

Half ruined battleship and half warp spawned sorcerous avian abomination the Furious Abyss manouverability will be legendary, her claws able to slice through anything, the terrible gouts of warpfire she can blast from her kilometer long beak enough to leave her victims insane wrecks in the middle of pockets of pure, ever changing chaos. For all that she is still phsyically weak, and a few hits will end her for good.

The Nemesis Star.

Few people could claim to have done what you have done, and all those who could are counted amongst the greatest heroes of the galaxy. Before your eyes the battered, lifeless ruin of what was once a flagship of one of The Ruinous Powers themselves falls burning into the atmosphere of a Gas Giant. Even before the atmosphere of the colossal planetoid has shrouded the gutted hulk you can see the incredible pressures of the Jovian sphere you orbit starting to twist and tear at it, almost as if a vengeful universe was raking at the ruined ship with claws of gravity and pressure. The last sight any living being has of one of the most powerful vessels ever to exist within the fleets of Chaos is the ship slowly breaking up into three titanic fragments that silently fade from sight forever before your eyes.

You know where you must go next, even if you do not know why. Perhaps outside forces have conspired to bring you to this place, or perhaps it is simply that you feel it pulling you, urging you to travel for one last reckoning. The Light Of Terra begins to move, and you realise that even your crew can feel the pull now. Destiny, or something else?

Moving on you soon come across the first wreck, a light cruiser daubed with runes of Chaos.

Then another. And another. Soon you find your skills as a Captain put to the test, and the test strains you to your limits, for the closer you come to your unknown destination the heavier the drifting clouds of ruin become, lone ships, then shattered squadrons, then entire fleets, even ancient space hulks smashed beyond repair, a maze forged from the ruin of more ships than you ever could have imagined existed, and they all bear the signs of Chaos.

And each of them was destroyed within the last few hours.

Finally you reach the end of a maze of ruin spanning light minutes and you find yourself surrounded by the still battling remnants of the greatest warfleet the galaxy, indeed, the universe itself has ever seen. Fleets composed entirely of Battleships swarm about, and behind them lurk even greater more terrible vessels, things forged from the nightmares of gods themselves, and at that moment they seem more numerous than all the stars in the sky.

Before your eyes the ships form into a ragged approximation of a battle line and begin an attack, and as they start to burn and die you finally see your destination, revealed by the reflections of fire and explosion that dance across its surface.

A Dyson Sphere.

A construction vast enough to wrap around an entire solar system in a perfect sphere, forged from a material so black it almost hurts to look at, a darkness that makes even the lightless void of space around it seem warm and lively.

Around its equator in runes larger than the world you now call home are glyphs, words of a race dead before humanity even began to try to master fire.

Light dances out, green, vile, arcing light that dances between the ships of the Chaos fleet nearest you. The flare of it is almost enough to drive you to your knees. Not from the brightness, but from the sheer wrongness that sickly green light emanates. Behind you you hear one of the crew not as resilient as you falling to their knees and vomiting in horror.

You do fall to your knees a moment later, as something turns its focus to you. Something vast, immeasurable, an entity that is to you as an elephant is to the tiniest ant. Even something so simple as having it focus upon you is enough to leave you struggling to breathe, the pressure incredible, almost pinning you to the deck with its intensity.

"Ah, finally, you have arrived. You have arrived too late, but

at last you *have* arrived.

Come.

I owe much to you, and it is fitting that there be someone to bear witness to my ascension."

The Light Of Terra begins to move, gliding forward under the compulsion of some strange power you do not understand and as ships, entire fleets die around you in a furious and seemingly pointless attack your ship docks with the Dyson Sphere. There isn't even the tiniest of bumps as your ship is docked inside the construct, nor is there even the tiniest sensation of movement as you are brought forth to confront the one who has apparently marked himself not just your nemesis but the nemesis of all life within the galaxy.

You find yourself standing on a vast, floating platform that hovers motionless before a captive star, the once glorious orb of fire now a shrunken, repulsive and sickly green. Even the weak flares it emits seem lethargic, sullen somehow as they drift forth to slowly dissipate. The vast, kilometers wide disc itself is featureless aside from the twenty four mighty engines ringing it, the ebon things so vast that even with the incredible distance between them they loom over you like artificial mountains.

Twenty four titanic monoliths, each one split into four, and within the four quarters of each is bound something so terrible your mind instinctively shies away from it, your consciousness rejecting it, till only a frail, dim image of a humanoid figure of coruscating eldritch energies struggling in futile rage to free itself remains.

"Impressive, is it not? and rather fitting as well. They who condemned us to these wretched shells condemned it turn."

Where anyone else would be reeling, spasming in pain you manage to grit your teeth, remaining on your feet with a surge of indomitable will. You will not fall you silently resolve to yourself. Not now. Not here.

Slowly you force yourself to perform one of the most difficult acts of your life. You turn to look upon the speaker.

You finally look upon your enemy.

Orikan the Diviner.

The Necron, ancient even by the standards of his kind regards you from the single cyclopean eye in the center of his face, and you can almost feel the age radiating from him as he studies you. He turns, and for a few seconds dozens of ghost images flicker around him, other courses he may have taken, other actions he may have chosen.

Time is already beginning to fracture around The Diviner.

"Amongst the infinite futures that could be, the fall of the Eldar I saw, some sixty million years before they came to exist. The rise and fall of the Empire of Man I saw. Your coming here I saw. All these things I engineered.

The fall of the Eldar that spawned Slaneesh, who trapped The Light of Terra within the Warp till you would arrive and driven by foolish, wretched mortal fear you destroyed the one last thing standing in the way of my ascension.

The great work you stand within was constructed when we were still slaves to the C'tan, before we broke free and in turn broke them. In numbers uncountable we laboured for ages

undreamed by those pitiful creatures who evolution saw fit to vomit across the galaxy. We harnessed the star here, and clad it within unbreakable Necrodermis. We forged the machines that would allow our so called 'masters' to seperate real space from the warp for all time.

This I forsaw.

We rose against them. It took years even beyond our counting to marshal what few scraps of self we had remaining, to remember what we had lost, but in time we rose and the instrument here that would be their triumph was instead turned against them.

This too I forsaw.

We would have ended them utterly, but they were not without cunning. How could they be? they had tricked us into becoming as we are. Utterly vulnerable now, there is not one of us who could raise a hand to finish them. The least effort would unmake them utterly, and we cannot. It was a limitation built into each of these cursed metal shells. So too are we unable to act against the great work you stand in and stare uncomprehendingly, brief, pitiful mammal.

Do you understand yet?

Have you come to realise what you have done? what you did when you in a brief moment of blind greed and want shattered

the artifact you call The Deadlight?

When you did what I could not? When you shattered the Warp Alignment Core of the greatest example of technology that has ever existed?"

The ancient Necron Cryptek taps the floor with the butt of his staff and smoothly and silently a pillar rises to the height of a man, festooned with the glyphs of the Ancient Necron. Before you can think to react he taps a series of the glowing green glyphs and around you the hum of machinery begins to fill the air.

"Just so. With the Warp Alignment Core destroyed I can alter the outcome of the activation of the Great Work. Where once it would have sealed away the warp for eternity, now it shall fuel my rise to something beyond what even the C'tan themselves would call God!

You and you alone shall witness as I bring the warp and realspace together! Can and Can-Not will collide and in that instant all that is will be unmade in fire, and here at the epicenter I shall feed! I shall consume every last scrap of energy caused by the death of the galaxy and I shall rise AS A GOD!"

A TIME OF ENDINGS.

ENDING ONE.
DEADLIGHT INTACT,
CHAIN CONTINUING.

You don't know if you want to laugh, or dance, or just stare in outright confusion.

Is it really that easy?

Orikan has turned away, supremely confident that what he has forseen will come to pass. He makes no effort to stop you as you approach the control column of the Great Work.

For all his skill at divination, everything Orikan saw was filtered through his own belief that power at any cost was something every single sentient creature would pursue.

The idea that someone would willingly turn down the chance to recover the sheer power that was sealed away when you arrived here never even occured to him.

Orikan has risen into the air and is glowing gently as you reach the column, and you can see the energy flowing into him as he drinks in the ambient light. Already the dying corpse star above is starting to swell, the great machines that hold it steady struggling visibly.

The Deadlight was always important, you knew that. The smooth sphere fits comfortably in the palm of your hand as you withdraw it, glad you decided to keep it with you. For lack of anything better to try you press it against the column and it makes no noise as it is absorbed , sinking into the smooth black surface like a pebble into a pond.

The sound in the air changes instantly though, as the Great Work resets itself.

You look up, and for a brief second you meet the gaze of Orikan, and you know that for the first time in longer than humanity has existed he feels fear.

A second later he feels nothing. Realspace and the Warp realign, and the Cryptek trapped between them is simply ground from existence.

The feel of your powers returning is a little like cramp, though considerably better, definitely enjoyable. The tingle leaves you grinning.

The grin vanishes a moment later as something surges up from the floor and clamps down around you.

One of the massive Tesseract Vaults, the prisons of the ancient star vampires, the C'tan has

apparently decided you are close enough to the being it holds captive to actually be an escaped fragment of the nightmarish soul hungry thing.

You find yourself trapped helpless in a prison containing the last tortured fragments of a being old as time itself, something that has existed since the first few seconds after the big bang.

Eyeless It looks at you, and you feel a mind truly alien brush against yours. In that instant, just as Orikan learned not everyone will blindly pursue power to the exclusion of all else the C'tan fragment learns something also.

It learns how to die.

It silently glides into you.

Through you.

Away from you. Away from everything.

To the place that spark that animates all sentient life goes when death inevitably occurs.

And it leaves part of itself behind in you when it does.

Perhaps as a gift, a reward for offering a tortured thing that could never die a way to finally end, for allowing the beacon of your mortality to light the way to the peace of death, perhaps simply because the eternal nature of the C'tan would not allow it to truly utterly cease to be it has left something within you, a tiny piece of its awesome power.

Before you return to the Light of Terra and with your flagship leave this reality behind for your next adventure, you may choose one of the following:

Well of Udr
For a few seconds at the beginning of time the sheer energy inherent in the creation of the universe meant there was no decay. Nothing failed, or broke down or slowed and ceased to be. The C'tan remember these few seconds, and the memory itself resonates strangely, testament to the powers that were at play in the beginning of things. Entropy will have almost no hold over your possessions, for it is denied all you hold dear. Your equipment will never break or degrade or grow brittle and useless with age, and a barrier will surround you at all times, channeling the decay that should be reducing your items to ruin into the weapons and equipment of those who would close to attack you, leaving them brittle and weakened instead.

Pyreshards
Ancient beyond reckoning the C'tan are old enough to have come into existence in the first few

seconds of this universe, in time to witness the last few seconds of the previous one and to steal away a few embers from the strange fires that burned then at the end of time and will burn again at the end of this universe.

With time these slow burning flames can consume any material, but more horribly, these specks of blazing black matter can burn away fragments of your targets thoughts. Memories and experiences and skills will all wither in the flames that scoured away the last of the physical laws of a universe that was.

Transdimensional Thunderbolts
The C'tan watched existence come into being around them, and they remember how it came to hold the shape it does, and why. They also remember the imperfections, and can easily make use of them. Now, you gain an innate understanding of these flaws and how to utilise them. You may project thunderbolts at will and you may project them in such a way that they path outside of reality before plunging back in, directly and instantly striking targets, regardless of what defences they have or the distance between you, though you must be able to see your target to aim properly in the first place.

Moulder of Worlds
The C'tan represented perhaps the most powerful individual entities to exist in the physical world, so powerful that by force of will they could reshape worlds to shapes more pleasing to them. While directly forcing the local environment into the form you choose is possible with the greatest of effort, you risk losing yourself to madness as your mind tries and fails to account for every single molecule, every last atom of what you seek to change, something the C'tan found extremely enjoyable.

While you do not have access to the skill as the star gods did, subconsciously you can change things. You will find the environment responding to your needs almost of its own accord, crowds drifting into the path of pursuers allowing you to escape from a chase, locked doors that would hinder you instead not quite closed properly and still unlocked, all manner of convenient little peculiarities making your life so much easier.

You will also never, ever lose your keys again.

Aspect of the Reaper
The hunger of the C'tan called Nightbringer was so vast it was imprinted on the ancestral memories of every race in the galaxy. While you will never feel this hunger, you will gain the benefits of feeding it. As you attack, you leech away your opponents strength and vitality, slowly aging them to replenish your own strength and force injuries you have taken to heal with incredible speed.

Transliminal Stride
For the C'tan, time and space are things that happened to other people and could cross the vastness of the galaxy with ease, stepping from world to world as a human would cross a room.

While you, a creature innately bound by both time and space cannot fully understand the revelations of the shard, you can make use of enough to allow you to stride across distance of up to a kilometer at a time.

Antimatter Meteor
With an innate understanding of the material universe from the beginning, the C'tan can easiy manipulate the flow of matter and antimatter. While you cannot create the bizzare, otherwise impossible matter/antimatter alloys used by the C'tan and the ancient Necrontyr you can create specks of antimatter the size of a grain of sand at will. The reaction between these specks of anti-matter and matter are visible from space, and best not used against targets nearby.

Cosmic Fire
Once, the C'tan fed on stars, siphoning energy from them over billions of years. Eventually they came to be addicted to feeding on death and abandoned their first, bland foodstuff, though they never forgot how to manipulate it. Should you gain this perk you will become able to call and control flames that burn hotter than the core of stars. Be aware that using this for anything, even something as simple as lighting a cigarette will have dire consequences, for the unimaginable heat will simply obliterate everything within hundreds of meters, flesh almost appearing to evaporate, metals running to liquid and stone and concrete bleached white. The fire itself almost seems to resent being wielded by one such as you after so long as a tool of the transcendant C'tan, and even a seconds lapse in concentration will have dire consequences.

Sentient Singularity
In the first few millions of years after the universe came into being the C'tan were fascinated by gravity, the play of it on objects, the spin of worlds and how everything seemed to fall into curves. In time a few developed this fascination further, mastering rather than simply observing. While the C'tan could become singularities at will for as long as they wished, you find yourself evaporating the instant you make the attempt, able to become a living black hole for less than a second, though that fraction of a second is more than long enough to bring a doom few can even truly conceive of.

ENDING TWO.
DEADLIGHT BROKEN,
CHAIN CONTINUING.

Ahead of you, light flares and the thing that was Orikan the Diviner once again turns its attention to you. You can feel the energy radiating from the thing, and as you watch the ancient Necron form gives way, unable to contain the energies held within, reduced to a few faint trails of incandescent vapour. With a thought Orikan forms a new shell for himself, a final perfection of the ancient machine form he was transferred into so many years ago, a towering regal form of gleaming silver metal, corona of eldritch power dancing around it as he basks in the energies of what, if not stopped soon, will be the death of an entire reality.

You draw yourself up, marshalling the powers you have claimed as your own through countless decades of adventure, every last skill, every last ability that you have mastered, that you have raised to the peak of perfection and beyond.

As powerful as he is, Orikan the Ascended senses it, and for the first time in countless millions of years, fear crawls through him.

This was something he did not forsee.

Taking up his staff the ancient monster steps forth, and you can almost feel the arrogance radiating from his metallic form. He raises his weapon to attack, and then stops. Slowly he simply folds his arms, apparently content for you to make the first move.

Well, his funeral.

Your first attack is quick enough that there are perhaps a handful of entities that could follow it, let alone avoid it.

It passes through Orikan as though he wasn't there.

"You still fail to understand, do you not? I am ascendant. You think I would allow you to commit the blasphemy of sullying my magnificence when moving out of phase with the soon to be gone reality you are bound to, wretched, pitiful thing? Do you..."

His words are interupted by a voice you have come to know well over the past few months.

"Hweeee Whil help hyooooooooooooooooooooooooo!"

In the distance a tiny figure drops down from somewhere above, and her cry is cut short as she plunges into the blazing mass of energy trapped within the core of one of the C'tan Tesseract Prisons.

It sounds something like a giant bug falling into an equally gigantic bug zapper, truth be told.

Orikan looks at you. You look at Orikan. Finally he breaks the silence.

"Did that... what was... what just happened?"

Orikan shakes his head, the silvered giant apparently deciding to simply pretend the last few seconds never happened.

A colossal explosion shakes the platform the pair of you stand on as one of the Tesseract Vaults detonates, the triumphant howl of the captive C'tan fragment a truly nightmarish sound.

Another Vault goes critical and its prisoner tears free. And another. And another. Soon the two of you stand in the center of a circle of the remains of mutilated gods, the energy beings bearing vaguely humanoid shapes as they regard the pair of you.

Evidently they sense something in you, a hunger they recognise, for the first to attack moves to engage Orikan.

The ascended Necron quickly discovers that while you cannot harm him if he is out of phase with reality, the C'tan shards certainly can, his howl of pain and outrage loud enough to send an ordinary person to their knees, head in their hands.

"You... you wretched, insignificant thing!
Before the flows of time were simplicity to map, but now? Oh, now I have achieved understand, and you face not just the present, but the past and future as well!"

As he speaks Orikans form shimmers for a moment, and then there are three of him, floating in the air, a halo of energy rackling around each of them as they focus on you, Past Orikan gorged on youth and vitality, moving so quickly his motions blur into incomprehensibility, Present Orikan glowing with the power he even now consumes and Future Orikan visibly battered, his

shell criss crossed with the scars of the battle you have yet to fight.

"You think you can best me, even now? You..."

For the second time that grating voice cries out, a Chaos Wheel bouncing off the side of Past Orikans head with a SPANG as Cultist Chan announces cheerfully "`Hweee do!`"

You look and not only has she survived, she is now sitting on the shoulder of one of the C'tan shards.

It makes about as much sense as anything else that's happened lately. This time it is you who shakes your head and dismisses the Chaos Cultist.

The final battle is at hand, and now you must lead an army of insane gods in the defence of everything!

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Triumph?

The Fortress of Arrogance.

Should you defeat the three stages of Orikan the Ascended, you will find that the battle has rendered the bulk of the control system for the Great Work inoperable. With a few hundred million years of careful study, you may be able to tease out its working, but for now nothing of the colossal device remains for you here.

Even as you watch, the platform you faced Orikan on is shifting, pulling in on itself as it repairs the damage, reshaping the now empty Tesseract vaults, the containment devices useless, the last of the C'tan shards unmade moments before you struck down Orikan. Just under three hundred meters across the platform ceases to shrink and starts to use the material is has regained to forge itself into something new.

Slowly a monstrous floating citadel takes shape around you, a wall bristling with some of the most terrible weapons the Necron have forged manufacturing itself as you watch, Sentinel pylons flowing out, massive arcs of gleaming metal that hum with eldritch energies, dozens of weapon emplacements and shield generators rising up and placing themselves around you. Two

bands of darkness start to move around what has become a floating fortress, and at first you are unsure if they are a defense or means of attack till you look closer and realise each band is composed of countless hundreds of thousands of tiny Necron Scarabs, ready to swarm down and consume any who survive the massed arrays of truly terrifying weapons.

Behind you the great fortress finally makes a noise. You turn and slowly from the floor rises a jet black throne, a single solid piece of living black metal.

You sit, and the machine almost hums, the massive structure a near-impregnable fortification designed to stand equally against the ravages of eternity, hostile action and deadly environments, something more than the inert relics of the Ancient Necrontyr, a near-living war machine in its own right, and one that has recognised you as master.

You think and the machine responds. Slowly, ponderously slowly it turns and silently it drifts towards your flagship and your next adventure.

The Fortress of Arrogance is as mighty as it is indomitable, but due to being of Necron technology it is almost agonisingly slow, even with its ability to hover. What use is haste when you can simply wait for your opponents to die of old age, after all? Due to the heavy shielding the war machine is arrayed with, teleporting the colossal engine of woe is next to impossible as well, risking a truly impressive reaction that would leave a world uninhabitable. For all that, it is still one of the most heavily armed and armoured fighting vehicles constructed and easily a throne suitable for a conqueror.

ENDING THREE.
DEADLIGHT INTACT,
FINAL JUMP.

NA.

ENDING FOUR.
DEADLIGHT BROKEN,

FINAL JUMP.

NA.

