Warhammer 40k: Squats

Version 1.1

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

Yadda, yadda, I'm sure you know the rest. Well, did you know that in the Dark Age of Technology humanity discovered around the Galactic Core the first planets formed in the galaxy? Ancient worlds, these, brimming with vast mineral wealth and exotic materials found nowhere else in the galaxy. Mind you, the future Homeworlds were also on the farthest margins of "marginally habitable." 2-5 times Earth gravity, hardly lit by dim and dying stars that couldn't provide light enough for plants, nor could they be terraformed. That's not even getting into the dust-storms that could disintegrate a man in moments. Only the bravest, toughest and *craziest* of prospectors, explorers, adventurers and rugged frontiersmen could ever hope to settle such dismal worlds.

And so they did.

Mining colonies flourished on a thousand of these dying worlds, and for a time, it was good. Then came the Long Night, the Age of

Strife, Time of Isolation. Call it what you will, but Warp storms categorically shut down most spaceflight, and when the fledgling Imperium emerged from Terra, the Emperor at their head, they found these miners had evolved, physically and culturally, into a race of space dwarves. The Mighty Squats!

The Squats are organized into Strongholds, great fortresses and underground cities, each ruled by a great Lord with absolute power and defended by an army called a Brotherhood, generally led by the Lord's closest male relative. Strongholds form alliances called Leagues, some of these are temporary arrangements of convenience, others are millennia-old and intermingled to the point they may as well be one Stronghold. There are about seven hundred Leagues, overall, and with 300 Strongholds, the League of Thor is easily the largest.

Besides this, virtually all technical or skilled work done on the Homeworlds is done by a Guild which certifies workers. Unlike the AdMech, the Guilds are all about spreading their knowledge as far as they can, for common survival, and Guild members travel and speak freely to each other, even when their Strongholds are at war.

In foreign policy, the Squats have a thorny and complex relationship with the Imperium. In the Great Crusade, so many Space Marines died trying to take the Homeworlds they had to invent a new model of power armor just for tunnel fighting. Today, the vast majority of Leagues are so wedded to the Imperium that whether they count as the Imperium's most dependable allies or most autonomous vassals is actually an interesting philosophical question, and your answer will depend largely on whether you ask an Imperial or a Squat. Not that this stops a flag of rebellion from going up every so often. Squats consider most humans weak, fragile and effeminate, but respect Space Marines. They have a bottomless contempt for Mechanicus mysticism. In general, the Squats lost less tech than the Imperium, and maintain a pragmatic approach to research and development of Archaeotech. All but the most dedicated of Magos have given up on dissecting Squat technology after messing with a Neoplasma Reactor led to the Contamination of Ganymede. At issue too, is that Squats by and large do not follow the Imperial cult but their own ancestor worship, though Squats on long deployments with the Imperial Guard have been known to adopt or syncretize practices.

If baseline humans are weak and indirect, you can only imagine how they feel about the Eldar. For a while, in the Long Night, the Squats had pretty good relations with the Orks, with limited trade and planets the greenskins had no interest in. Then, out of nowhere, the massive Waaaagh of Grunhag the Flayer nearly destroyed the Squats entirely. The ensuing war, where many Strongholds were destroyed and the fractious dwarves had to unite to survive, became the defining moment of their culture, with a million stories of desperate last stands against the green tide. As 40K Squats are about as forgiving as their WHFB counterparts, it is fair to say all the time between then and now has been spent in a war of extermination against the Orks.

Some few Squats did side with the Warmaster in the Horus Heresy, and with the other traitors were driven into the Eye of Terror. The Homeworlds are close enough to the Eye that raids from Chaos warbands are a constant menace, if mostly to shipping as few warbands have the numbers of stomach to try and invade a Stronghold.

So those are the basics, have **1,000 ceramite points** and try to survive ten years in the Dark Millennium.

AGE & GENDER

Keep or change it as you like.

"*Of all the races of the universe the Squats have the longest memories and the shortest tempers. They are uncouth, unpredictably violent and frequently drunk. Overall. I'm glad they're on our side!*"

-Report to Imperial Guard High Command

ORIGINS

Warrior: You fight for the safety and honor of your Stronghold. Likely, you come from a long line of warriors doing the same, and inherited your father's arms and armor, as well as his name, when he fell. Honor to your ancestors, O Warrior, glory to your hearth.

Guild Engineer: Long have you labored to keep the great machinery of Squat civilization running. From the sunlamps in the hydroponics caves to the mighty war machines of your Stronghold's Brotherhood, there isn't a techpriest on Mars you couldn't teach a few things to.

Living Ancestor: Psykers are really rare among the Squats. Or maybe ubiquitous? Every Squat has some small psychic potential that grows with age, but aside from some flashes of insight and the odd divinatory dream, actual powers seldom manifest before a Squat turns five hundred years old. And most live to 2-300, at most. A few, like you, can make it to 800. When your powers manifested, you passed on your possessions to your heirs, attended your own funeral, and went to live with others blessed by the Ancestors, learning to commune with those who came before. Now you serve your Lord as an advisor and court wizard.

Drop-In: What's this? A Squat with no Stronghold to call home? No Lord to give their life purpose? What an oddity you are. Perhaps you should find a Lord willing to take you, it's a dangerous galaxy to go it alone in.



You people do well at war because you treat it as a religion. We do well because we treat it as a business. It is just a matter of outlook.

-Warlord Hargin, son of Brond, Gruben Stronghold

PERKS

Homo Sapiens Rotundus (free all) You are a Squat, the most successful and widespread of the abhuman races. You are short, the average Squat is 1.4 meters tall (4.5 feet) and stocky. Coming from heavy gravity worlds, you are quite strong and resilient and can drink even Space Marines under the table. Unless they're Space Wolves, then it's anyone's game. Also long-lived (2-3 centuries is common) and have a very keen memory and surprisingly nimble fingers on those proportionally huge hands. Your hair is also tougher and faster-growing than baseline humanity. Finally, you have an inborn psychic potential that grows, very slowly, with age.

THE SQUATS LIVE! (-100 cp) Your will is indomitable, your ability to forge ahead when all the universe seems to want you to die, despite terrible losses leaves heroes and champions awestruck. Naturally, this helps you resist the control and influence of others.

Brusque (-100 cp) Squats value honesty and not wasting time, so have the reputation of being rude. You gain some benefits from this, though, as nobody ever takes personal offense if you're short with someone or demand they get to the point already. It's just expected of a Squat.

Hatred (-200 cp) Let me tell you about hate. Your average Stronghold contains hundreds of kilometers of tunnels, and if the word 'hate' were etched on every square centimeter, it would not match one millionth of the hate you feel. Hate. Hate. Hate.

Like their Fantasy Battles counterparts, Squats treat grudges like treasured heirlooms, passed down father and son, and think nothing of opening your throat for something your great-grandfather did. You have learned to channel this rage and when fighting someone you sincerely hate in melee, your blows come far faster, stronger and surer as you rain vengeance on your detested foe.

Of course, to get revenge it's necessary not to lose your head. Your hate can motivate you, but does not control you or lead you to make stupid mistakes.

Fearless (-100 cp, free Warrior) The Squats are famous for three things; super-heavy vehicles, melee combat, and standing their ground beyond all reason. The last two being legacies of their most common battlefield, the cramped tunnels of a Stronghold. You never let fear control your actions, but react with logic even in the face of certain doom. Nor do you ever startle or hesitate needlessly.

Tunnel-Fighter (-100 cp, free Warrior) All able-bodied Squats fight when their Stronghold is attacked. You are very good at combat in cramped confines, and moving over broken ground.

Lord of the Skies (-200 cp, discount Warrior) The Squats fielded the first flying units, you know, and like any of them would tell you, first come, first served. You are a superb pilot and dogfighter.

Very Dangerous Over Short Distances (-200 cp, discount Warrior) The Squats are like the Tau in having a far less grimdark outlook, and unlike the Tau in that fighting for millennia to defend their underground homes have led them to not do so great at long-ranges, favoring melee and short-ranged weapons. While virtually everyone gets better at hitting a target the closer they are, for you the effect is exaggerated greatly. You continue to get more and more precise, to the point that in melee you could shave someone with a few swipes of a power-axe.

Death From Below (-300 cp, discount Warrior) Like a certain famous captain, you have a great talent for deep-striking via tunnels. You can cross space underground almost as quickly as above, though unless you take your time and shore up tunnels, only a small squad could accompany you and stay close enough to avoid the tunnels' collapse. You have enough sense of distance and direction to pop up at least in the vicinity of the enemy, or where they were when you started.

Champion (-400 cp, discount Warrior) You're about the pinnacle of personal fighting ability, a crack shot and a whirlwind of death in melee. You could engage a Daemon Primarch with at least some chance of victory on the basis of skill alone.

Warlord (-600 cp, discount Warrior) You are the heir to a Stronghold Lord, and thus have been groomed to take over and to lead the forces of your Brotherhood in the field. You are a superlative tactician, administrator and leader, who inspires real loyalty from your subordinates.

Mechanical Basics (-100 cp, free Guild Engineer) You know how to maintain and repair most common equipment of the day. And with that comes a decent knowledge of chemistry, physics and computer science. It's the future after all, things are complex.

Plowshares from Swords from Plowshares (-100 cp, free Guild Engineer) You might have noticed most of the best Squat vehicles and weapons are repurposed mining and industrial equipment. This is no accident, for not only do such things have to be tough, they are intimately familiar to operators and engineers alike. You have a particular genius for weaponizing civilian technology, and finding constructive industrial uses for weapons.

Black Boxing (-200 cp, discount Guild Engineer) While certain red-robed rats of Mars always trying to get their grubby mechadendrites on your stuff is annoying, messing with them is endlessly entertaining. You can easily tweak your work to be nearly impossible for others to duplicate. If you're feeling particularly spiteful, you can build in some cross-connections so anyone trying will blow themselves up.

Fast Service (-200 cp, discount Guild Engineer) Some might wonder what place a mechanic has on the battlefield, but they clearly never saw a tank take a crippling hit. Fortunately, your skills are such that you can repair many vehicles and devices that would seem at first glance only good for parts, and in a fifth the normal time.

Xeno-Archaeologist (-300 cp, discount Guild Engineer) Let the tech-priests wring their hands over tech-heresy, you know that all xenos and archaeotech works on sound physical principles. They worked before, and can be made to work again. You are a master of figuring out and reverse engineering technology, taking less than a tenth the time it would take a Guild workshop, and about a millionth the time it would take the AdMech.

A Matter of Scale (-400 cp, discount Guild Engineer) Let others joke about compensating, you know the engineering it takes to make war-machines function. Most devices work best in a narrow range of sizes, too big and they become unwieldy, too small and insufficiently powerful for the job. Either way efficiency drops off sharpy. Not for you. You can scale up weapons to level cities and slay Titans, or miniaturize them almost to the point of digi-weapons with no loss of functionality, and can do this for virtually any technology.

Guildmaster (-600 cp, discount Guild Engineer) You have risen through the ranks to become the seniormost Engineer's Guild member in a Stronghold. There is nothing about Squat or Imperial technology you do not understand in detail, and you're brilliant at adapting the principles of one device to another. You'd stand a good chance of fixing the Golden Throne, if they'd ever let a filthy abhuman into the Imperial Presence.

Squat Powers (free and exclusive to Living Ancestor) As a Living Ancestor, you may commune with the spirits of Squats who have passed to gain their wisdom and learn their secrets. This is the most

important, most essential power of your office. But you do have others.

- *Slayer* lets your ancestors' experience guide your blade.
- *Hammer of Fury* batters and bowls over all but the strongest foes with your ancestors' wrath.
- *Mental Fortress* lets you shield yourself and others nearby from psychic attack.
- *Dominate* allows you to seize control of an enemy, though you can only do one at a time and the strongest wills or those well-trained in psychic combat can resist.
- *Force Dome* lets you raise a forcefield over an area, to shield yourself and allies from attack, or trap your foes.
- *Tremor* cause the ground to shake and maybe split open.
- *Stoneskin* harden the flesh of allies. Increasing their resilience.
- *Frenzy* calls on Ancestors' need for vengeance to send allies into a berserker fury.
- *Ancestor's Shout* scream with the force needed to pulp flesh and shatter ceramite, very damaging to vehicles and delicate electronics.
- *Mortality* ancestors twist the skeins of a single target's fate, so for a time any slight wound will kill them instantly.

Second Sight (-100 cp, free Living Ancestor) The first power developed by most Squats, long before they are considered an Ancestor. You can see through the illusions and sorcerous stealth favored by your enemies, Slaaneshi and Tzeenchians in particular, and your dreams sometimes contain portents of things to come, or notable events in history. After this Jump, this applies to similar illusions and invisibility.

Glory to the Ancestors (-200 cp, discount Living Ancestor) The funny thing is, as much as Squats hate the Orks, they can be kind of Ork-like. For instance, the larger a Stronghold's population, and the more fervent their ancestor cult, the stronger their Living Ancestors' powers are. You can benefit from this boost, but the primary reason to take it is to establish a minimum level. The lack of ancestor-worship will not lessen your powers below half what you had when you had them all. This extends to other sources of personal energy.

Beneath Father's Arms (-200 cp, discount Living Ancestor) Every child can tell you that the Warp is dangerous, and those who draw on it risk death, mutation, possession, damnation, and worse. But your power comes from your parents, and your parents' parents

and so on. Your own powers can never harm you, and the corruption of Chaos and witchcraft of others struggles to reach you through your parents love, and is much diminished.

Wisdom (-300 cp, discount Living Ancestor) Maybe it's the experience, maybe constant contact with the ancestors, but you have achieved a level of inner peace. With the surrender of ego comes a piercing insight. It rarely takes you more than a single short conversation to figure out what a person really wants and how they go about it. This combination gives weight to your words, making you more persuasive.

As A Fine Wine (-400 cp, discount Living Ancestor) All Squats grow in psychic potential and power with age, you just do so twice as quickly and without apparent limits. This applies equally to all your other powers and skills.

Ancestor Lord (-600 cp, discount Living Ancestor) Normally, a title used interchangeably with Living Ancestor, but you've earned that Lord. Your psychic powers put most Librarians to shame, easily being rated Alpha on the Imperial scale. Your connection with the ancestors allows you to question specific spirits and learn nearly anything any member of your Stronghold once knew, or channel their spirits to make use of their skills. If you encounter the murderer of one of your people, whatever form that may take in the future, you will dislike them immediately, and searching your feelings will reveal why.

One Amongst Untold Billions (-100 cp, free Drop-In) You can blend seamlessly into any culture, whether knowing the thousand and one litanies and courtesies expected of an Imperial citizen or the ancestor worship of the Squats. You quickly adapt to new languages and customs, internalizing them to the point you pass as a native. Finally, if there's any way you can sell any unusual powers as being part of some known or accepted system, you can sell it.

Tunnel-Sense (-100 cp, free Drop-In) The Imperium is full of abandoned mines, labyrinthine spacecraft, underhives larger than many cities and the like. It is easy to get lost, and the lost are seldom heard from again. You, though, have a native sense for tunnels, a good head for direction and distance traveled, letting you sketch out a mental map with ease and tell how far you are from the surface or your starting location. It may not sound like much, but it works wonders for Cain.

Bounty Hunter (-200 cp, discount Drop-In) One way for a lone Squat to make a living, I guess. You are an expert in tracking people down, using means both primitive and highly sophisticated, from the jungle to the depths of the largest hives.

Fair Wages For Fair Work (-200 cp, discount Drop-In) It's a rough galaxy, and if you see someone without any guarding their back, you could take them for an easy mark. Never you though. Whether through the reputation Squats have through vengeance or your own demeanor, people always pay you a fair price for your work, and never try to skip out by killing you. Sure, they may try and kill you for other reasons, but such is life in these times.

Stone-Kin (-300 cp, discount Drop-In) Even in a universe where the Death Guard are a thing and Orks can swap heads, your resilience is noteworthy. Your flesh is as tough as power armor, and you can walk off trauma that would be fatal to a Space Marine. Don't get too cocky though, many things can still harm you, and we all know their are many fates worse than death here.

Pariah (-400 cp, discount Drop-In) Well, well, it seems not all Squats are psychic after all. You are so non-psychic, you loop into anti-psychic. Psykers and daemons can't affect you, and tend to freak out when they get too close. Your touch burns things of the Warp.

Made It To 8th Ed. (-600 cp, discount Drop-In) Your existence cannot be erased, not by reality warpers, time-travelers, malevolent writers. Nothing and no one can deny that you are real, and you matter. So go forth, and fear no darkness.



ITEMS

Take +400 cp just for this section.

The Squats have advanced our cause considerably over the millennia. On no other group of worlds has so much Dark Age technology survived, nor so much expertise been preserved.

-Magos Morgin Harad, Adeptus Mechanicus

Axe (free) It's an ax. It's good for chopping down trees or splitting skulls.

- Power Axe (-50 cp) A better axe that can chop through most materials not protected with a power field.

Rune Axe & Neuro Pistol (free and exclusive to Living Ancestor) A huge heavy axe, covered in runes that allow a psyker to use it as a force weapon. The Pistol disrupts the nervous system, stunning opponents and rendering them more susceptible to psychic powers, but is ineffective against enemies in fully sealed and insulated armor.

Grog (-50 cp) A strong ale brewed from the nutrient-rich algae that is a Squat staple. Technically a couple mugs could substitute for food, but it's got a kick you probably won't enjoy on an empty stomach. Each purchase grants one keg that refills nightly.

Communicator (-50 cp) A handheld communications device that can transmit to any Squat/Imperial system within range and cannot be jammed.

Scanner (-50 cp) A life-signs detector that is pretty good at providing warning of those approaching Kommandos before you get completely blindsided.

Targeter (-50 cp) A handy assist in the form of a visor or glasses that provide a crosshair for your weapons.

Banner (-50 cp) Comes in three flavors. A Banner of Thunder is intimidating to your enemies. A Banner of Command gives a rallying point for your troops. A Banner of Vengeance reminds your forces why they hate this foe in particular, driving them onwards and giving them the benefits of the Hatred perk. Can be taken multiple times.

Carapace Armor (-50 cp) Or as Squats call it, casual dress.

Inherited Artifact (-100 cp) It is traditional for a Warlord or Guildmaster to hand make a weapon or item as a gift, when someone has done a heroic deed, and for these to be passed down father and son. Apply this to any piece of gear on this list, or import any to make it master-crafted and ornate, with depictions of the original act of valor that inspired its creation.

Artificer Helm (-100 cp) A very tough helmet, sloped to deflect fire and blows. But the real treasure is predictive software for incoming fire, making it easier to spot gaps and a person much, much harder to pin down with fire. Plus night vision.

Lightning Maul (-100 cp) Really, it's a Thunderhammer, but from an age when only Squats had them. Really, it'd be rude not to use their name. But seriously, it's a Thunderhammer.

Coil Gun (-100 cp) A pistol that launches a small projectile with unbelievable velocity. Excellent armor penetration, but doesn't do all that much damage.

Phoenix Bolts (-100 cp) The Squats have so mastered plasma technology, they've figured out how to put a small plasma charge inside autogun and bolter rounds. It's not as good as a dedicated plasma weapon, but gives more punch than conventional explosives. Buying this automatically applies the same to your and your armies weapons, besides providing complete schematics and plans for the process.

Rare Earths (-100 cp) A crate, refilling nightly, of any rare or exotic material that may be found in the Warhammer 40K universe, since the rulebook isn't terribly clear on just what it is the Squats mine so much of. Can be taken multiple times. In future Jumps, you may designate a rare material at the start of the Jump and also get a refilling crate of that.

Plasma Gun (-200 cp) Among the best things about being a Squat, reliable plasma guns every bit as potent as the Imperial version *that don't explode.* Come in pistol or rifle versions, can be taken multiple times.

Plasma Field Generator (-200 cp) A personal forcefield that uses plasma to incinerate incoming fire or blows.

Graviton Gun (-200 cp) A weapon that warps gravity around the target, making things much heavier or lighter, depending on the setting.

Fusion Projector (-200 cp) This superior version of a flamer, based on cutting equipment, removes the need for vulnerable tanks of promethium, while producing a much hotter flame. You can also tighten the focus to a single target to work as a poor man's melta.

Seismic Rifle (-200 cp) The Squats are incredibly familiar with sonic equipment, using it for mining all the time. So a sonic weapon is just the thing for surprising anyone trying to tunnel in.

Overcharge (-200 cp) It's a rare Squat vehicle that doesn't have a turbo mode for emergencies. In buying this template, you may give this quality to any and all vehicles you own.

War-Trike (-200 cp) Biker dwarves! This hog will get you around the battlefield with speed and style, and per usual for purchased vehicles has unlimited fuel and self-repairs. Also a pair of forward-mounted autoguns or bolters that never run out of ammo.

- **Attack Trike** (-100 cp) Besides the above, your trike has a sidecar with a pintle mount for, oh, any of the heavy weapons options Squats get. Autocannon, heavy bolter, or let's face it, your choice, plasma cannon. The sidecar seems to vanish whenever you have no need of it, only to suddenly appear when mentioned.

Exo-Armor (-400 cp) The Squat's equivalent to Terminator armor, normally worn only by a Warlord and his retinue. The result of taking the most rugged environment suit needed to handle everything from hard vacuum to dust-storms to wading through toxic radioactive vats, then hanging more armor on. Exo-Armor may look kinda... round, but it's wearers are every bit as tough and strong as Terminators. Comes with a free power axe and shield, though you can swap either for a ranged weapon.

Neo-Plasma Generator (-400 cp) A curious reactor that somehow uses zero-point energy to create and contain a warp rift, drawing Empyrean energies from it and converting that to a form of plasma. This is several times greater than the Imperium can manage in generating power. Comes with complete schematics and plans.

Battle Suit (-600 cp) The Squat version of a Dreadnought. But unlike anyone else until the Tau, they can just pop open the canopy and climb out when done. You can even wear Exo-Armor inside, and fire on the move. One arm hoists a massive Dreadnought Power Axe, and one gun arm with your choice of autocannon, heavy bolter, heavy flamer or plasma cannon. Who's the short one now?

Warrant of Trade (-600 cp) A certificate giving you the absolute freedom to go anywhere in Imperial space, trade with xenos, etc. Congratulations, Rogue Trader.



COMPANIONS

We have always been a race of traders. It is natural to us that we should trade the fighting skills of our Brotherhoods. As well as bringing us a profit, it also allows our youngsters to gain experience and honour, and to keep alive the skills which our strongholds may one day need for their own defence.

-Lord Grunni of Bruggen Stronghold

Waiting For Brothers (free/-100 cp) Import up to eight companions for free, each with 700 cp to spend. Companions cannot take drawbacks, scenarios or a Brotherhood of their own, but do get an Origin and associated discounts, plus an items stipend. For 100 cp, remove the cap on companion numbers.

Thurgrim Ironheart (-50 cp) Warlord of Thunder Hold, and thus military leader of the League of Thor. There is no braver, cannier or more experienced war-leader among the Squats today. He stacks up well against the best strategists of the Imperium. If Thurgrim has

one flaw, it is that while he will have a fighting retreat to an advantageous position, he will never quit the field entirely.

Orrin Greybeard, the Eldest Father (-50 cp) Easily the oldest, wisest, most learned and given the nature of Squats, most powerful psyker of the race. Orrin has a special power to protect allies, but it is his counsel that is most useful to those who know him. Wields Stoneheart, a massive runic axe forged from the still-living stone at the heart of a mountain on a dying world. If there is any shield or armor that can turn that blade, Orrin has never met it.

Festus, Master of the Forge (-50 cp) Guildmaster, inventor and a bit of a mad scientist, renowned among all craftsmen. Creator of the phoenix bolt, artificer helm and his personal weapon, the Arc-gun. An electric weapon that can chain-hit through many nearby targets.

Gullrum Grimm, the Forgotten Slayer (-50 cp) The 40K version of Gotrek. Whatever Gullrum's original crime, it has been long since washed away and forgotten by his many glorious deeds seeking a righteous death. He has trained his body to near super-Squat levels, and fights with a fearlessness and bloodlust inspiring to young Slayers and Berserkers alike, wielding the twin power-axes Heart-Ripper and Soul-Crusher.

Durkin Thanaguard, Captain of the Guard (-50 cp) Leader of Thurgrim Ironheart's Hearthguard retinue. A cunning fighter skilled in ambush tactics and deep striking. Comes with his own followers, his Hearthguard squad.



SCENARIOS

"*Do not underestimate the Squats. They survived for millennia cut off from the Imperium and assailed from all sides. Their determination and resilience is an example to all.*"

-Leman Russ (attributed) ***Meditations on Imperial Command book XVI***

Snow White & The Seven Squats: Your Lord commands you to hide a lovely young renegade psyker recently escaped from a Black Ship, while he entertains her pursuer, Inquisitor Lord Holmz. It's the right thing to do, naturally, which doesn't mean he won't disavow and personally kill you if you're discovered. Right is one thing, but he won't lightly risk the Inquisition droppin in force. You'll have to stay one step ahead of the Inquisitor and his retinue, and it seems the young maiden may have dark secrets of her own...

- **Reward:** Prince Charming You gain the girl's secret power, to raise the recently deceased and heal all their wounds. This takes a massive effort and will probably exhaust you before you get to raising nine people, but you can grow eventually.

Squat Fortress: What?!? The bulk of Hive Fleet Behemoth is bearing down on the Homeworlds, and Imperial support is nowhere to be found? Well, I guess if you want something done right... Whatever else happens, your Stronghold *must* survive. It would go a lot easier if you could unite the many squabbling factions and form a coherent defense in depth, but all that is required is your Stronghold survive, a lifeboat to preserve some of the Squat people and culture.

- **Reward:** Great Dwarf-Lord You survived the twilight of your race, and brought new hope. Now, leave this place of grim darkness behind, and take your world and your whole League you built even if it includes the sum total of the Squat race, to a place they will be better appreciated. Your Warehouse, perhaps, or the next Jump. All Squats bow to you, Lord Jumper.

Too Greedily, And Too Deep: Someone let loose a Greater Daemon of Khorne, apparently bound in ancient times, in the lower levels of your Stronghold. Someone should really get on that. Unfortunately, your Brotherhood seem to be too busy happily butchering each other under the influence of the thing's rage and bloodlust aura. Guess you'll have to take care of it.

- **Reward:** Daemonslayer You are immune to the corruption of the Warp, and can protect people for a wide area from it. Finally, whether in the Realm of Chaos itself or manifested in your living room, you can permanently kill Daemons.

Worst Slayer Ever: You have committed an unspeakable crime against your Stronghold, and honor demands only one recourse. You must forsake your family armor, shun all weapons but a simple blade, and shave your head into the mohawk of a Slayer so you can seek redemption in death, glorious combat against your people's foes. You will be given a hit-list of basically every Ork, Chaos (including Daemons!) and Necron hero character to attack. Your Jump will not end until each is gone, or you perish in the attempt.

- **Reward:** Just the Worst You can kill literally anything, no matter how many lives it theoretically has, or if the local metaphysics say it's impossible.



On one side of me stand my Homeworld, Stronghold, and Brotherhood;
On the other, my ancestors. I cannot behave otherwise than honourably.
-Warlord Kettri, son of Egli, Grindel Stronghold

BROTHERHOOD

All but Drop-In (who must pay 200 cp for the privilege) gain 90 Squat Points (SP) for this section for free. If that is not enough, you can purchase additional SP for 50 cp apiece.

Warriors (-1 SP) A squad of ten Warriors. By default armed with lasguns or Squat autoguns, and wearing carapace armor. Because advanced or custom weapons are more common with Squats, three can be equipped with a; bolter, flamer, melta, plasma gun, autocannon, heavy bolter or plasma cannon.

- For an additional point (-2 SP total) The entire squad can be upgraded to veterans and equipped from that list- except for the three anti-tank weapons at the end, still just three of those- in any mix you please.

Slayers (-1 SP) A squad of up to ten Slayers, yes, Squats have them too. Ax-wielding, unarmored death-seeking berserkers. Not that any of your units are allowed to permanently die, they'll be back in a month. Great at killing monsters.

Berserkers (-2 SP) The serious melee unit, with axes, bolt-pistols (two have plasma) and real armor. Despite the name they're really well disciplined until they really get into the thick of a melee, then all bets are off.

Thunderer Squad (-2 SP) Tank hunters, skilled veterans all. Carapace armor, with autoguns, bolters, autocannon, heavy bolters, Las-cannon and plasma cannon.

Hearthguard (-3 SP) Five Hearthguard, the most elite fighters the Squats have. Like a knightly line, each inherits the name, Exo-Armor and weapons, often handcrafted by a Warlord, of their father. But only after they have proven themselves in combat with a particularly noteworthy deed. In their Exo-Armor, they're effectively Terminators, armed with bolters, power axes (can be swapped for power fists) and shields.

Battle Suit (-3 SP) The Squat Dreadnought, and ahead of the Tau by many years in being able to hop in and out. Like the one you can buy yourself in Items, comes with a Dreadnought Power Axe and one ranged weapon, either an autocannon, heavy bolter, heavy flamer or plasma cannon.

Champion (-2 SP) A single Squat Warrior who has trained all his life for when the Brotherhood can settle things by single combat. Handy fighter to have around even when that isn't the case.

Keeper of the Remembrance (-1 SP) Each and every Stronghold keeps a Remembrance, a massive banner containing the name of every Squat who grew up and lived there- only to die unavenged. The sight of this banner on the battlefield fills even the gentlest Squat with righteous fury.

Guild Engineer (-2 SP) A Guildmaster, among the greatest technicians of the Squat people. Can arm himself with anything man-portable, and fix any damaged vehicles in a jiffy.

Living Ancestor (-2 SP) A psyker to shield your forces and mess with your foes. Old and sometimes cranky.

Warlord (-2 SP) Normally one would presume *you* for this role, but if you want to delegate, here's a figure in horned Exo-Armor to command the Brotherhood in your absence.

Guild Weapon Team (-3 SP) Six guild engineers crewing three heavy weapons, either Laser Destroyers or Mole Mortars. The latter locks on with sensors and AI that baffle the AdMech, tending out a tunnel-torpedo that burrows through the ground before popping up underneath the target and detonating. So successful is this, that the Imperium for a time was sending Squat teams with the mortars wherever they could. The Death Korps has a similar weapon, without the fancy guidance system.

War Trike Squadron (-2 SP) Five warbikes with three wheels and twin-linked autoguns.

Attack Trike Squadron (-2 SP) Three bikes, with sidecars mounting a heavy weapon. Autocannon, heavy bolter, or plasma cannon.

Exo-Trike Squadron (-4 SP) Four Hearthguard in full Exo-Armor, on heavy trikes with twin-linked bolters, and wielding plasma lances that can fire a plasma burst or just burn through armor.

War Wagon (-2 SP) A fast, open-topped transport with twin-linked Squat autoguns and smoke launchers. Carries ten Warriors or five Hearthguard.

RH1No (-2 SP) An enclosed, more heavily armored but slower transport, compared to the War Wagon. Heavy Bolter. Carries ten Warriors or five Hearthguard.

Mole (-3 SP) A burrowing tank/transport. Squats have long learned that nobody but them expects the enemy to deep strike from below. Armed with a giant drill on the front, and two side sponsons that can carry your choice of autocannon, heavy bolters, lascannons or plasma cannon. Carries ten Warriors or 5 Hearthguard.

Iron Eagle Gyro-Copter Squadron (-3 SP) Three attack helicopters armed with a battle cannon and either an autocannon, heavy bolter or plasma cannon. Exceptionally fast and maneuverable, by Imperial standards.

Steel Hawk Gyro-Copter Squadron (-3 SP) Three helicopters armed with pods of anti-infantry Battlehammer rockets, and a melta cannon for anti-tank work.

War Hawk Gyro-Copter Squadron (-3 SP) Three anti-armor attack helicopters armed with armor-piercing, laser-guided Doom Anvil plasma missiles, and two heavy bolters.

War Crawler (-4 SP) Squat basic tank. Forward mounted Battle cannon and two sponsons that can mount autocannon, las-cannon, twin-linked heavy bolters or plasma cannon. Plus one pintle mount. Can transport five Squats, even if they're wearing Exo-Armor.

Thudd Gun (-3 SP) Four rapid-fire mortars on one motorized, remote control carriage. Excellent at suppressing infantry.

Thunder-Fire Cannon (-3 SP) A double-barreled rapid-fire anti-tank gun.

Goliath Mega Cannon (-5 SP) Perhaps the largest self-propelled artillery piece in 40K. Needs a minute to really dig into the bedrock and stabilize before firing.

Hellbore (-5 SP) A massive drilling transport that can destroy superheavy tanks by coming up from beneath and carries three squads, even if they're in Exo-Armor.

Overlord Armored Airship (-6 SP) An armored dirigible, using many chambers of inert gasses and an anti-grav unit to lift what either alone could not. Like many things Squat, it started life as mining equipment, a way to skim exotic materials from the lower atmosphere of gas giants, and so needing to withstand incredible heat and pressure. Armed with eight battle cannon turrets and huge racks of melta bombs, the biggest and most destructive bomber in the game to this day.

Land Train (-6 SP) A massive train that runs without tracks, traditionally how all trade and transport between two Strongholds on the same planet would work, as well as being used to sift heavy elements from the dust seas. They must endure meteor showers, dust storms and earthquakes, so are pretty hardened against enemy fire. The engine itself mounts a Doomsday Cannon, two battle cannon, plus several bolters and two void shields that can

encompass the whole train. The engine can tow up to eight cars, which can move on their own if separated, but slower. You can mix and match to get your preferred train. These are-

- **Berserker Battlecars** are transports carrying a squad, with fire slits and a roof-mounted autocannon.
- **Fire Shield Battlecars** have an extra void shield generator and some token weaponry, autocannon and a few bolters.
- **Dragon Battlecars** mount a heavy flamer, like a Hellhound.
- **Mortar Battlecars** have a rapid-firing Siege Mortar.
- **Bomb Battlecars** have a Deathstrike missile.
- **Skyhammer Battlecars** have an AA missile battery.
- **Iron Eagle Battlecars** have a helipad for an attack gyro, great as an escape vehicle or a spotter, as its telemetry is automatically fed to the train's fire-control systems.

All aboard the pain train. Choo choo.

Colossus War Machine (-8 SP) Based on an automated scout mining craft very familiar to any Squat, converted to a super-heavy tank. The Colossus is a mobile hab block covered with armor and void shields to withstand an Imperator Titan. Boasting a mighty Doomsday Cannon firing shells the size of a Leman Russ tank that can level cities and slay Titans, a Thunderer Cannon not that much lesser, 8 Battle Cannons for destroying humble tanks, 16 heavy bolters, and 4 large plasma missiles.

Leviathan (-8 SP) A troop transport/command vehicle variant on the Colossus frame. Keeps the Doomsday Cannon, but no missiles or Thunderer, and only a dozen heavy bolters. Many were traded to and later copied by the Imperial Guard.

Cyclops (-8 SP) Dating back to the Age of Strife, creation of Hakrund the Insane of the League of Grindel. This is what happens when you mount a starship-grade Lance, called a Hellfury Cannon on the ground, on a Colossus chassis, even if you have to core the thing. Besides being a very effective Titan-killer and bunker-buster, this war machine has a rapid-fire Battle Cannon on a tower-turret mount, two forward-mounted Melta Cannon, six Deathstorm plasma missiles, and numerous fighting galleries for Squats inside to shoot at infantry.



DRAWBACKS

Tales From The Dark Millenium (+0 cp) Been this way before, have you? If you want to keep the consequences from any previous visits to this age, just take this.

Maybe Next Edition (+0 cp) After finishing this Jump, proceed directly to another Warhammer 40,000 Jump.

Beardless Boy (+100 cp) You have no beard, or short hair if female. Other Squats will laugh at this and have the hardest time taking you seriously.

Can't Hold His Liquor (+100 cp) Forget the bit about drinking from earlier, you are the lightest of lightweights, and your fellow Squats *really* can't take you seriously.

Alcohol Level (+100 cp) You must be at least slightly drunk at all times, or be near-debilitated with hangover-like symptoms.

Chaos Squat (+200 cp) As if the creepy whispers while you're trying to sleep weren't enough, the Ruinous Powers are so dedicated to your corruption, you've found the mark of a Chaos Champion on your flesh. Best not let anyone else see it, or you really might be driven to Chaos just to survive.

'Nid Bait (+300 cp) Tyranids seem drawn to you as if to a mature Genestealer Cult. No matter where you go, they dog you. When they land, they always try to come down on your head, and everything from the Carnifexes to the meanest Ripper must think you smell delicious, because they will find you and charge you with wild abandon.

Dragon-Sickness (+300 cp) You are one intensely greedy little person. Profit drives you before all else, including honor, family and Stronghold ties, the very things that bind Squat society together. This doesn't make you stupid, by any means, but your priorities will be distinctly out of whack and you'll never have enough.



END

Remain: I might think you're mad, but if you'd like to stay here, you can.

Move On: Or you can see what the next Jump holds in store.

Go Home: I can understand wanting to go home. Everyone does eventually. Remember your adventures fondly, but don't live in the past.

Jump written by Aehriman, as above. Special thanks to sagajr.

Changelog 1.1- added three perks to each perkline, added flavor quotes, discussion of Squat ancestor worship vs. Imperial cult in the opening, struck “or beta” from the Ancestor Lord description. Added Coil Gun, Fusion Projector, Graviton Gun, Seismic Rifle and Overcharge to Items. Reduced price of Wisdom & Xeno Archaeologist. Added the last five Squat Powers.

So Gunhag led his host to Wyss,
Encamped upon the plain of Swend.
Proud Hargan and rich Erlach fell,
Destroyed and ravaged and defiled.
"You see my power" Grunhag quoth,
"Let Imbach see and quake in fear,
And pay me treasure, wealth and slaves."
He added with a sneer.

Lord Uri sat in Imbach's hall,
His brow as hard as knotted flint.
"No Ork shall take our folk as slaves,
Nor what we win from laden rock,
While one in Imbach still draws breath."
He told proud Grunhag "Nothing here
Is yours except an Ork-shaped hole,
And headstone with your name."

Called Imbach to the vain Eldar,
"Your enemy is at our gates.
Come to our aid against your foes,
Together let us lay them low."
The Eldar never made reply,
But left fair Imbach to the Orks.
"We fight alone, then" Uri said,
"Our friends leave us to die".

-Excerpt from *The Fall of Imbach*, Squat epic